

Hunting Evil
B.J. McCall

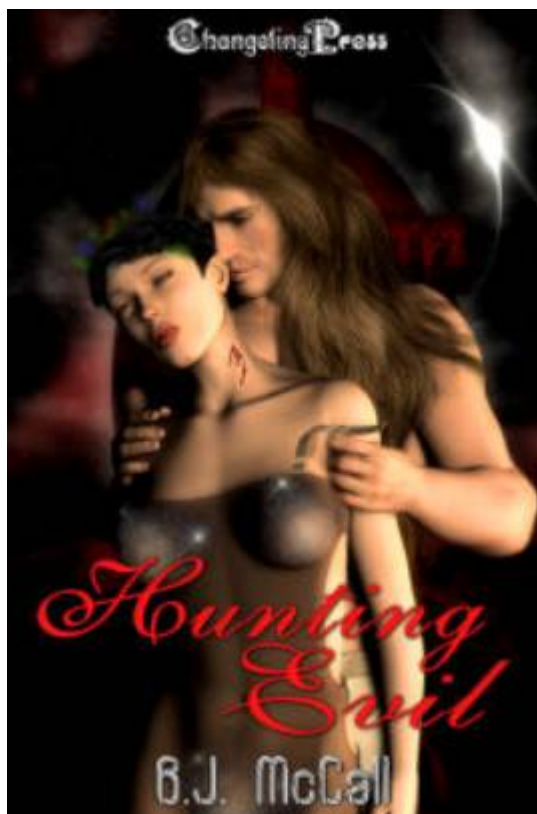
All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2008 B.J. McCall

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

ISBN: 978-1-59596-887-6
Formats Available:
HTML, Adobe PDF,
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
PO Box 1046
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046
www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Sheri Ross Fogarty
Cover Artist: Reneé George



This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Hunting Evil

B.J. McCall

The Interplanetary Ministry has hired Maxim Sange to capture Tarrand, an elusive criminal. Others have tried to capture the evil shape-shifter and all have died trying. Maxim is Vazan Shield's best hunter and if he delivers Tarrand the bounty is huge.

Only one person knows the shape-shifter well enough to find him, Tarrand's beautiful ex-lover, Zoe

Storm. Although he doesn't trust her, Maxim needs her. Although he shouldn't desire her, his body doesn't always obey.

Zoe is willing to do anything to get out of prison and destroy, even deceive a sexy vampire. The two hunters join forces, but once they capture evil all the rules change.

Chapter One

Anticipating the debilitating stun of the force field, Zoe sucked in a breath and gritted her teeth. Fire raced through her feet, up her legs, screamed along her skin to her shoulders.

Fuck!

The shield separating her from the parole board sank silently into the floor. Dressed in official white tunics bearing the prison's insignia, three men sat on a dais meant to intimidate the inmate appearing before them. Pain shot through Zoe's chest and a shriek filled her throat, but the anticipatory grin on one of the bureaucrat's face as the field stabilized forced her to swallow and bear the agony in silence.

She'd been a model prisoner, so why had they dragged her out of her bunk before her morning meal?

A slight movement to her right caught Zoe's attention. To her surprise, a man stood in the shadows. She couldn't see his face, but he was tall. Back straight, shoulders squared and feet slightly apart he had the bearing of a man used to discipline.

The bureaucrat in the middle spoke in *Arano*, the intergalactic commercial and diplomatic language. "Prisoner Zoe Storm. This board is determining your eligibility for parole."

Her breath hitched. She'd been given a life sentence without the privilege of parole so the cautious why of it mingled with exhilaration of possible liberation.

"You have not completed the term of your punishment, but the Interplanetary Ministry, in its benevolence, has taken extenuating circumstances under consideration."

Benevolence my ass! What's the catch?

"An opportunity has arisen for you to serve your government."

Depending on the inmate's skills, serving the Ministry meant anything from killing an enemy to fucking a senior official. Zoe could taste freedom, but what was the price? She wanted to ask, but prisoners were allowed to speak only when directly addressed. Violating the rules resulted in severe pain.

“Are you willing to serve your government in any capacity?”

What could they possibly ask that she hadn't already done? Not much. “I am.”

“The Interplanetary Ministry will grant parole on the condition that you are to be remanded into the custody of a contracted member of Vazan Shield.”

Her gaze cut to the shadowed figure. The vampire planet of Vazan wasn't part of the Interplanetary Ministry, but the government often contracted the services of Vazan Shield, the premier security corporation in the galaxy. Why would a vampire want her? Why didn't he show his face?

“Prisoner Storm, are you willing to accept this condition?”

Even a blood drinker was preferable to a life sentence. “I am.”

“Upon completion of the mission, you'll be granted a pardon. Do you understand?”

For a chance at a pardon, she'd bite the vampire and suck his blood. “I do.”

“Agent Sange, do you wish to question the prisoner?”

Maxim Sange? The reason for her unexpected parole slammed into Zoe.

The famous bounty hunter stepped out of the shadows and approached her. He was a big fucker and dressed like a mercenary in black trousers, a long sleeved dark gray shirt, black vest and heavy boots.

“You recognize my name?”

His eyes were dark blue, the piercing eyes of a predator. His face was rough-hewn and he wore his straight dark brown hair pulled back and tied at the nape. Handsome, he wasn't, but his rugged features were striking. By reputation Sange was dangerous. In person he had raw sex appeal. If she had to be in someone's custody it might as well be Sange. “I do.”

“Then you know I'm hunting Tarrand?”

“I know you're hunting evil.”

His lips curved as if amused then he turned away and addressed the prison authorities. “The prisoner is acceptable.”

* * *

Standing at the top of boarding ramp, Maxim waited for the prison transport to come to a stop. His breath hitched as Zoe climbed out and lifted her face to soak up the blazing sun Maxim preferred to avoid whenever possible.

Maxim understood why his quarry would find Zoe sexy. The prisoner's skinsuit revealed the fullness of her breasts, the shape of her ass and her long legs. But it wasn't her body that had stolen his breath, but her face.

Zoe was simply the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. Framed by long dark lashes, her slanted

silver-gray eyes dominated her face. Her lips were pink and lush and her skin fair and flawless. Her black hair was short and shaggy.

The moment she'd looked him in the eye and told him he was hunting evil Maxim had wanted her. Despite being incarcerated in one of the toughest prisons in the Ministry's system, she hadn't lost her spirit. Given their mission, she was going to need every ounce of it.

Her gaze locked with his as she stepped into his ship. "This bucket ready to fly?"

Struck again by her beauty, Maxim grunted an affirmative.

She yanked open the collar of her skinsuit, revealing an enticing amount of cleavage. "You have anything for me to wear? I look like shit in puke green."

He ached to palm those lush breasts straining her skinsuit.

She ripped the seam open to her waist. "Take a good look."

Her nipples were rosy pink and puckered to succulent points. Maxim's mouth watered.

"Done?"

His gaze snapped up to meet hers.

A grin curved her lips. "Let's get the fuck off this planet!"

Despite her sharp tongue, Maxim wanted her. He ached to feel her blood rich body against his, find out if her skin was as soft as it looked.

"I'll make you a deal. While I clean the prison stink off my skin, you get us out of here. Once we've cleared Ministry airspace, I'll fuck your brains out."

Heat shot straight to his balls.

"Then you can tell me your plan to catch Tarrand."

He dragged his gaze away from her amazing breasts. "I give the orders aboard the *Spitfire*."

"Which idea don't you like?"

"Tarrand was spotted on Girsha. Give me one good reason I should leave Ministry airspace?"

"Because Tarrand prefers the chaotic outer zone where the Ministry influence is minimal. Too many cops on Girsha." She lifted an eyebrow. "Which brings us to my other suggestion, fucking your brains out."

He liked the way she said "fucking," low and throaty.

Big breasts leading the way, she moved closer. "I've been incarcerated for close to a year. Which makes me very irritable and very horny." She grasped his cock, rubbing her hand over the restraining fabric of his trousers. "So you do like women."

Raw need rolled through him, hot and heavy.

She licked her lips. "Thick and long, just the way I like them."

He wanted to slam her up against the bulkhead, spread her thighs wide and bury his cock in her pussy. Any woman who'd been the mistress of the most wanted man in the universe was no innocent. Maxim intended to fuck her.

She smiled and stroked him. "Don't you think we should get off this planet first?"

Maxim clenched his fists. "Your quarters are portside. Clean clothes in the closet."

He suppressed a moan as she released him.

"Thanks, Agent Sange."

Her ass swaying in deliberate provocation, she headed down the gangway.

Maxim's original plan had been to keep Zoe at arm's length, but that was before he'd laid eyes on her. Before she'd touched him in a way that promised utter ecstasy.

Chapter Two

Feeling clean and human once again, Zoe searched through the closet. A black armored skinsuit hung beside loose fitting pants and simple shirts. She had the choice between dirt brown and dull gray.

You'd think vampires would have something in red!

She chose the gray.

With the shirt tucked into the pants, Zoe made her way to the bridge. Long hair hanging almost to his waist, Sange sat at the pilot's console. He wore a loose shirt and pants, similar to hers in style, but he'd chosen dirt brown. His feet were bare.

Zoe dropped in the high-backed chair next to him. "So where are we headed?"

His gaze met hers. He really had beautiful eyes, deep vivid blue and long black lashes. She wondered what he'd look like when he smiled.

"Fifteen minutes to the edge of Ministry airspace. After that, you tell me."

She placed her hands on the console screen. "May I?"

His brows drew together then he nodded.

Her fingers flew over the nav-screen, setting the ship's co-ordinates to a commercial space station operating outside the Ministry's reach.

He swiveled his chair around to face her. "You think Tarrand is shopping on Agis?"

Their new course programmed, she turned toward him and smiled. "I need clothes."

"You're wearing clothes."

Zoe shuddered at the thought of wearing the ill-fitting garments in public. "Not the kind I need."

"What kind do you need?"

"Something striking and expensive. Something with color, or at least sparkling. I look like a peasant."

"You look fine."

"I look better naked."

Sange didn't say a word, but Zoe caught a slight movement in the area of his crotch.

"The autopilot's engaged. I calculate we have a couple of hours for you to fuck me before we reach Agis," she said, pushing her pants off her hips.

His gaze dropped and Zoe swore she saw a flash of red in his eyes.

She stepped out of the pants and kicked them aside. Since she'd walked onto the *Spitfire*, Zoe's thought had centered on the pent-up need raging between her legs.

If Sange's abilities in the sack were as good as his hunting skills, Zoe was going to enjoy vampire sex. She pulled off the shirt and climbed onto his lap, spreading her thighs in blatant invitation.

The message zinging between her brain and her pussy was *Fuck me. Fuck me, now. Fuck me, hard*.

The heat in his eyes told her Sange got the message. Zoe's pussy contracted. She was so ready!

His lips curved, a hint of a smile. Catching a glimpse of a fang, sharp need and a twist of fear shot through her.

He cupped her face in his big hands and kissed her with slow languor. His hot tongue slid over hers, tangling gently. Given the vampire's ass kicking, bounty hunter reputation, Zoe was prepared, even eager for, a slam, bang fuck, but not this.

This was so mind-blowing she shivered and so erotic she smoldered.

He sucked on her tongue, drawing slow and deep. Damp with need, Zoe shifted her ass, pushing against the hard ridge of his cock. When she reached for him, he caught her hand and pulled it away.

She wanted to touch him, feel his width and heat.

Sange ended the kiss with a slow lick to her lips before running a fang down the length of her neck. Veins pulsing wildly beneath her skin, Zoe's blood heated.

He groaned and cupped her breasts in his big hands. Sange squeezed and stroked. Zoe burned and ached. His thumbs raked over her stiff nipples, flicking and teasing.

"Suck me."

He rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, tugging, driving her insane, then licked and flicked with the tip of his tongue. The urge to beg him surged, but Zoe bit her lip.

She rocked her hips, nudging his hot erection. The heat of him seeped through his pants to tantalize and torment.

Sange gripped one thigh. "Easy," he murmured.

Heart banging in her chest, Zoe held her breath as a fang slid over the rise of her breast. Wet and hot, his tongue flicked her nipple then he swallowed the hard point drawing it deep into his mouth.

Ohhhhh. Yes!

He suckled in slow, lush tugs, his tongue rubbing her nipple and his fangs teasing her sensitive flesh.

A scream of need rose in her throat and her pussy wept for his touch. Zoe's gripped his shoulders. "Touch me."

He slid his big rough hand up her thigh, fingering her curls, caressing her throbbing flesh. She expected him to jam those long fingers inside her. Instead he stroked her damp slit, with slow, featherlike strokes. The pad of his thumb skated over her clit.

Heat streamed from her nipple to her clit and a quick spasm racked her body.

With a deep groan he released her breast. Zoe whimpered at the loss.

The thick ridge of Sange's hard shaft dug into the inner flesh of her thigh, a promise of pleasures to come. She reached for the fastening seam of his pants.

He sucked air between his teeth and pushed her hand away. "Not yet."

The next sweet stroke made her whimper. He had her aching, mind and body, begging for more. Zoe shifted her hips, rubbing her pussy against his fingers.

"Don't move," he said, his voice husky. "Keep your eyes closed."

He gripped her hip, holding her in place while the simple stroke of his thumb wrought the most exquisite pleasure.

Zoe's breath hitched. She needed his fingers, his tongue, his cock, *something* inside her, fucking her. "You're killing me."

“Don’t think,” he whispered. “Feel.”

Using the pad of his thumb he circled her clit, applying the most exquisite pressure. Then he touched her exactly how she needed to be touched and Zoe exploded in fiery pleasure.

Trembling, Zoe gave in to the long, sweet intensity.

Breathing raggedly and momentarily appeased, she slumped against him.

Sange slid a hand through her cropped hair. “We’ve cleared Ministry airspace.”

“Good,” Zoe said, lifting her head from his chest. “Those fuckers shaved my head. My hair was longer than yours.”

“It’ll grow.”

His gaze caught hers. She shifted her weight, nudging his erection. “How about we take that big thing out for a hard ride.”

He gripped her by the waist and lifted her off his lap. “You’ll have to earn your ride.”

Sange stood and scooped her into his arms. Within seconds they were in his quarters. He dropped her onto his bunk and yanked the shirt over his head. His long hair fell loose over his back and shoulders. Everything inside Zoe tightened and heated. His shoulders were broad, his chest and arms muscular. A real hunk, Sange was surprisingly lean for his size. His skin was paler than hers and several scars marred his torso.

Zoe ached to touch him, to run her hands over those hard muscles, to kiss his scars.

Her heart rate jumped in anticipation as he shoved his pants down his muscled thighs. His cock was bigger than it had felt through the fabric of his trousers, long and thick, the broad crown slightly pink. Imagining it in her mouth, Zoe swallowed.

Gloriously naked, Sange moved closer and cupped the nape of her neck, guiding her face toward his cock. She hadn’t known what to expect from a vampire. Like Tarrand, Sange liked to be the one in control, but the vampire’s willingness to explore, to take his time and give pleasure brought a new intensity to fucking.

Zoe blew softly, letting her warm breath caress the sensitive head of his big vampire cock. He shuddered and grunted softly. She touched the tip of her tongue to the tiny slit, then swirled her tongue around the broad head. Once, twice, she teased his flesh. Then she sucked him into her mouth.

He gasped and gripped her hair.

Sange thrust his hips pushing his cock so far into Zoe’s mouth she couldn’t breathe, almost choked. She gave him the edge of her teeth. Moaning, he rocked back on his heels, pulling out.

Zoe latched onto the thick head and sucked him back in.

Using lips and tongue she suckled his rigid flesh. Palming the thick root of him, she tugged and squeezed his swollen length. She slid her hand between his legs and cupped his sac.

His grip on her hair tightened. "Sweet blood!"

Sange's vampire curse encouraged Zoe. She gently squeezed his balls as she suckled him. A ripple slid along his delicious length then she tasted salty heat.

He tugged her hair and stepped back, withdrawing his cock from her mouth.

Zoe looked up. A red glow ringed the irises of his eyes and heat poured off his body.

"You do that well," he said.

Well? Maybe she was out of practice, but Zoe gave great head. "Well, Sange, let's see how good you fuck."

His lips curved and with fangs fully displayed, Sange lowered her onto the bunk and slid between her thighs. Was he going to bite her or fuck her? Or both?

She quivered in anticipation. Sange licked her neck then rammed his cock inside her, burying the head so deep Zoe gasped.

Yes. This was what she needed. Hot, hard cock.

She forgot the fangs, the whole vampire blood-sucking thing, nothing mattered except the big cock drilling into her, making her quake and gush. Zoe hadn't taken a cock his size before, hadn't known what she'd been missing.

Sange's hips were moving so fast, Zoe wondered if he were part droid.

She wrapped her legs around his waist, gripped his long hair and held on for the ride.

"Ohhhhhh!"

Suddenly, he stilled and Zoe eyes snapped open. Head thrown back, his arms trembling, fangs exposed, Sange sucked a sharp breath as a ripple moved along the length of his cock.

Her body ached. Her pussy wept. She wanted more. If he came, Zoe decided she'd kick his ass all the way to the outer zone.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

Looking her in the eye, Sange reached between their bodies and brushed her damp curls, found her clit. She clenched.

His hips began to move, the rhythm slower and deeper, pushing and dragging his big cock against her slick walls. The pressure of his thumb on her clit added an intense counterpoint. Each touch, each stroke had her pussy convulsing. Each hot clench pushed her along a new erotic plane of pleasure.

Was she just so horny she was beyond reason, or was he giving her the fuck of her life?

He thrust deep and cried out in a language she didn't understand, taking her with him to the edge and

beyond.

Chest heaving, he gripped her hips, rolling onto his back. Splayed over him, Zoe smiled at him. The red glow had left his eyes. "You do that well."

"So do you."

"Of course, I'd like great."

He arched a dark eyebrow. "A blood orgasm is great."

Zoe had heard about the blood orgasm. Tarrand had paid handsomely for the experience with a female vamp. He'd been eager for the experience with a male. Tarrand may have already fulfilled that desire, but even if he had, one look at Sange would have him craving it again.

She suspected Sange's style was to challenge Tarrand, let him know the most famous vampire bounty hunter in the universe was after his ass. The vampire had no idea who he was up against. Tarrand was a killer with the ability to assume multiple forms. The only chance they had was to lure the elusive shapeshifter to a place of their choosing and Sange was the perfect bait.

"Tell me about the blood orgasm."

"It can't be hurried, it has to build, each moment taking us to the precipice and just beyond. Then I bite. We link and experience it together."

"Plenty of enhancers, both legal and illegal, promise a rush."

Sange reached out and stroked her face with his fingertips. "They pale in comparison."

She turned her head, pressing her lips to his palm. "You're a renowned hunter. How much is Tarrand worth to you?"

His gaze narrowed. "When Tarrand's delivered to the Ministry, we both get what we want. I get my bounty fee and you get a pardon."

Maybe a vampire with the corporate power of Vazan Shield behind him could trust the Ministry, but odds were her ass would go right back in prison. Zoe had one goal, kill Tarrand. If she survived the confrontation, she'd live free. If not, she'd die free.

Sange was a paid hunter and Zoe doubted he'd understand her quest.

"I want that pardon and I know how to get Tarrand."

His eyes widened and Zoe felt a quick tremor in his chest. "Keep talking."

"What are *you* willing to do to earn your bounty fee?"

Chapter Three

The look in her eyes and tone of her voice gave Maxim reason to worry. “What do you have in mind?”

“Instead of chasing Tarrand, why don’t we lure him to us?”

The steady beat of her blood-rich heart sounded against Maxim’s chest. His fangs ached. “Are you willing to be the bait?”

“Of course, but Tarrand won’t chance leaving his safe haven for me. I’m not a desired prize.”

“I find that difficult to believe.”

“He used me to take the fall. Tarrand killed the hunter and shifted into his hawk form. I had to make a run for his ship on my own. By the time I made it to the docking port, he was long gone. I managed to make it to a room Tarrand had rented using one of his aliases, but the Ministry police received an anonymous tip and I was captured.”

“He gave you up.”

“He’d used my weapon to kill the hunter. The Ministry finally had a capture and Tarrand went into hiding. Everyone was happy, except me.”

“How did you hook up with him?”

“Why do you care?”

“I’ve read your criminal file, the Ministry’s official record. I’d like to hear your version of the crimes.”

She drew circles on his pale skin with her fingertip. “You want to know if I was his partner in crime and if I’m capable of committing all those terrible sins and misdeeds.” She looked him in the eye. “I am. I’ve lied and cheated, thieved and whored. I’m rather good at whoring. Satisfied?”

“Did you enjoy your sins and misdeeds?”

“If you’re trying to figure out if you can trust me, you can until Tarrand is captured. I’ll watch your back and I’ll expect the same of you. Once Tarrand is dealt with, I make no promises.”

“Fair enough. You understand the consequences if you fail to keep your word?”

“I’ll have a new and dangerous enemy, you.”

Maxim took her hand. “A blood oath.”

She started to pull her hand away. He held tight. “Just a nip, a little spill of blood to demonstrate one’s sincerity.”

Underneath his fingertips, her pulse leaped. “A vampire’s nip?”

Maxim had to sample her. “Nip, bite, suck.”

He scraped a fang along her soft skin, her eyes closed and her pulse fluttered. Whether in fear or desire, Maxim wasn’t sure, didn’t care. He wanted to taste her, fuck her. Just thinking about her hot blood made him hard.

“Be careful, Sange.”

He met her worried gaze. “My lovers call me Maxim.”

“Maxim.”

He liked the way she said his name, soft and breathy.

“It’s your turn to learn trust, Zoe. It won’t hurt,” he said, licking the spot he intended to bite. Beneath her pale skin were blue veins, lush with her blood.

Fangs extended with needle sharp tips, Maxim selected one sweet vein. The nip was quick, hot and glorious. Fresh female blood covered his tongue. His body hungered, his senses stirred to life and his cock stretched and filled.

Her breathing quickened, fast puffs of air telling Maxim his nip had excited more than it had frightened her. He licked her wounds, sealing the tiny punctures before he was tempted to taste more.

Maxim wrapped his arms around her, splaying a hand on the small of her back and kissed her.

Some were repelled by the taste of their own blood, but she fisted his hair and rubbed her magnificent breasts against his chest. He filled one hand, sensed the blood heating in the veins lacing her soft flesh and deepened the kiss.

She suckled his tongue. His body coiled, every muscle tensed and ready. Her heart pounded, each sweet thump made him ache.

He tore his mouth from hers, tossed her onto her back and shoved his face between her legs.

Plump with hot blood, Zoe’s pussy made him delirious. He lapped at her, rubbed his fangs gently against her swollen flesh. Maxim wanted to bite and suck, to taste her while she climaxed.

Her harsh, throaty moans made him wild with need and tested his control of his natural vampire urges.

Maxim licked her wet walls, felt the erratic thrumming of her heart in her engorged vessels. The slide of her slick flesh had his fangs aching and his cock throbbing. Longing to bite, Maxim licked up to her clit and suckled, hard.

Her ass came off the bed as a climax ripped through her. She shuddered, cursed and pulled on his hair.

Before her pussy stopped convulsing, Maxim rolled her onto her stomach and positioned her on her knees. Fisting his cock, he drove into her heat. Wet and slick, her pussy grabbed at his length.

Grasping her hips, Maxim drove deep, burying his cock in her hot, silky, blood-rich flesh. The pressure building behind his balls intensified with each stroke, becoming explosive when she arched her back and clamped down on his cock.

Maxim didn't try to hold back. Shuddering, he spilled into her tight sheath, climaxing before the compelling need to taste her blood overwhelmed him.

His chest heaved and his muscles burned from exertion. He couldn't recall the last time a human had worn him out. No wonder Tarrand had kept Zoe as his mistress.

Taking her with him, Maxim rolled onto his side and tucked her soft body into the curve of his own.

Molding his hand to one firm breast, Maxim rested his head against the soft cushion of her hair and slept.

* * *

Zoe awoke to a caress of silky hair and hot breath. Maxim had pillowed his head on her chest. His breath feathered her nipple and his hand was sheltered between her legs. She stretched, loving the feel of freedom and a lusty man. Life abroad the *Spitfire* was good.

His hand moved, his fingertips probing her pussy.

"You're awake."

Grunting, he nuzzled her breast and captured a nipple between his lips. Using lips, tongue and teeth, he drew the firm peak deep into his hot mouth and suckled.

Heat flooded her middle, oozing through muscle and bone. He rolled onto her, eased her thighs apart and slid inside her. Instead of ramming into her, Maxim moved with slow grace, filling her with big, hard vampire cock.

Maxim didn't speak as he kissed and caressed, fucking her slowly and swamping Zoe with such tender pleasure all she could do was wrap her arms and legs around him, hold him close and enjoy the sweet ride.

The need smoldered, the fire building inside with each measured stroke. Each time he withdrew, her pussy convulsed, sucking at his hard length to pull him deep inside her again.

The air heated, surrounding them in a simmering cocoon. Hot and damp, skin slid against skin, legs entwining and hands caressed. Moving as one, the heat intensified, overtaking them like a long, hot wave. Unlike anything she'd experienced before, Zoe embraced the rapture. Muscle and bone hummed in a contented aftermath.

Heat pouring off his skin, Maxim rested his forehead to hers. "I like fucking you too much. It's distracting."

"You have something else you should be doing?"

"Planning, preparing to catch Tarrand."

Zoe stroked his upper arm, relishing his power and strength. "I know how to catch him."

“Tell me.”

“Do you fuck men?”

He jerked, levered his upper body on one elbow and stared down at her. “I don’t fuck men, vampire or human.”

“Tarrand experienced the blood orgasm with a female vampire. Now he craves it like you crave blood.”

Maxim rolled off her, settled onto his side. “I doubt that.”

“When we parted ways, he was seeking a male vampire. He’s willing to pay for the experience and you’re exactly his type.”

Maxim splayed a hand on her belly, easily spanning the distance between her hipbones. “Think again.”

“We make a vid, selling you as a vampire companion.”

He kneaded her flesh with his fingers. Whether his touch was rough or gentle, Zoe loved his hands on her.

“We can make this work.” Zoe wound his silky hair through her fingers. “In your vid, you’ll show off your amazing body and your beautiful hair.”

“I’ll never convince him I like sex with men.”

“I know what he likes and your appearance is only part of the package. Perhaps a series of stills with sexy poses and music will work better. I’ll hire a narrator for the vid. While random photos of you flash, a sexy male voice will guarantee the ultimate orgasm, the blood orgasm only a vampire can deliver. He’ll let the viewer know your services are expensive and confined to only select clientele. When you show off those glorious fangs, Tarrand will come to you.”

“You’ve done this before?”

She nodded. “We can produce a vid on Agis. We’ll need an untraceable source of credits to pay for the production.”

“How much is this going to cost?”

“It won’t be cheap, but neither would chasing Tarrand around the outer zone. How much did it cost to get me paroled?”

He ignored her last question. “How do we know Tarrand will see the vid?”

At least he’d stopped resisting the idea. “He likes watching companion vids and I know where to advertise.”

He trailed his fingertips along the length of her torso. “How do I know you’re not setting me up?”

“How do I know you’re not going to toss me right back into the Ministry’s hands?”

He cupped her breast, raked his thumb over her nipple. "I like fucking you. Why would I put you out of reach?"

"Even a possessive man likes variety."

"Tarrand had male and female lovers?"

"Human and animal. Tarrand has appetites. We can exploit his craving for the blood orgasm." She pulled gently on Maxim's hair, drawing his face to hers. "But since you won't be fulfilling his desire, you can satisfy my appetite for the ultimate bite."

"You realize there's a cost? A blood transfer during orgasm can bond the human to the vampire. To some the craving is like a drug high."

She brushed her lips to his. "I can think of worse addictions."

A deep female voice announced the approach to Agis.

He kissed her soundly, rolled off the bed and pulled on his trousers. "Get dressed. Once we've passed security, you can start spending my credits."

Chapter Four

Zoe loved the multi-level shopping mall. During her years with Tarrand the occasional visits to Agis had given her a rare sense of normalcy. If only for a few hours Zoe would pretend that she was like the other shoppers, free to spend her credits at will, buying new clothes, jewelry and shoes.

Tarrand had always chosen her clothes for her. He trusted no one and he'd performed cruel acts just to remind her of who was in control. Determined to enjoy her time on Agis, Zoe forced those memories away. This time she was really free to choose the colors and styles she preferred and to purchase exactly what *she* wanted. That Maxim trusted her enough to give her credits and some time to shop filled Zoe with joy.

Maxim moved closer to her, protecting her against the crush of shoppers. He grumbled beneath his breath as the central moving walkway zipped them deep into the bowels of the main level. "Noisy. It's like an insect hive."

After months in a completely colorless and soundless cell, Zoe thrived on the sweet hum of life and the brilliant colors. Agis was alive with light and sound, every wall filled with vids competing for the shopper's attention. "Wonderful, isn't it?"

At the central hub, Zoe stepped off the walkway. "This way." She guided him to a bank of elevators.

“Take the Entertainment Car. I’ll meet you in a couple of hours in the Viper Bar.”

“A couple of hours?”

Zoe leaned close to him and lowered her voice so only he could hear. “Check out the male companion vids. They’ll give you ideas. Arrange for a secure com-link, so your clients can apply for appointments. You’ll need a valid companion’s license to appear legit. One issued from Vazan and one allowing you to work on any planet governed by the Ministry. What’s the most common name for a male vampire you can think of?”

“Dazin or Gavid. Why?”

“Dazin. Get a license in that name. Tarrand’s smart and cautious. He’ll research the source of the vid, the com-link and the companion.”

She gave him a quick peck on the lips and charged into the Media Car. After she booked an appointment in a vid creation studio, Zoe joined the throngs of shoppers on the huge Fashion Tier.

Zippering into her favorite store, she purchased a variety of garments from slinky to practical. Her favorite was a sheer, black two-piece outfit. The top had thin shoulder straps leaving her neck bare. The matching pants were fitted with tiny sparkles strategically slung like a comet tail across her groin and wrapping around to scatter over her ass.

Her purchases tallied, Zoe punched in the code Maxim gave her and strolled out of the shop in a fabulous teal-blue, auto-temperature regulating skinsuit with an adjustable front seam that allowed for full coverage or opened to expose a decadent amount of cleavage. Visiting another favorite store, she purchased several pairs of shoes.

Her final stop was a drop-in salon. Zoe slid into an unoccupied chair, picked a style and watched as a droid morphed her prison cut into a spiky style streaked with blue and green.

During the elevator ride to the Entertainment Tier, Zoe watched a short vid promoting the Relaxation Tier. If she managed to survive this mission, she’d return to Agis and treat herself to the advertised experience. She’d start with a soothing gel bath, followed by a massage, body hair removal and complete skin treatment. The doors slid open and the blare of music vids struck the shoppers from all sides.

Thanks to her cool air boots, Zoe zoomed down the winding corridors of the Entertainment Tier and slid into the Viper Bar. Brow furrowed, Maxim sat at a far table, his attention on a small vid screen.

Switching off her air boots, Zoe’s feet settled gently onto the brilliant red carpet. She opened the neck seam of her skinsuit and walked through the bar. Maxim’s gaze lifted from the screen as she slipped into the chair next to his.

“You look good in blue.” His gaze raked over her, pausing briefly on her cleavage and slid up to her hair. “I should have known you’d prefer a wild style.”

“You don’t like it?”

“It’s you.” He brushed her arm with his fingers, his knuckles brushing the side of her breast. “I like it. Would you like a drink?”

“I’ll take a Viper fizz.”

He changed the screen to food and drink, ordering a fizz for her and ale for him. When Zoe told him the amount of credits she’d spent Maxim merely nodded. Within minutes a droid delivered their drinks.

“Have you watched any vids?”

“A couple. I don’t think I can do those things.”

“What things?”

Maxim switched the screen to entertainment and selected male companions. From the list of vids, he picked one. Zoe sipped her fizz as she watched the male vid he’d chosen.

The companion was a handsome male human with wavy blond hair and a very agile mouth. The only visible portion of the client was his torso. The vid ended with the client’s semen spurting on the companion’s tongue.

“I won’t do that. I’d rather chase Tarrand to the end of the universe.”

Zoe scrolled through the selection of companion ad vids and picked one. “We’ll do something like this.”

The ad consisted of a series of still photos, some of them very graphic, flashing on the screen in quick succession to upbeat music.

“The hook in that ad is the variety of acts offered. In your ad we’ll focus on your fangs, pose you at the moment right before the bite and sell the delicious blood orgasm. We don’t want the viewer to witness a bite, but to imagine it and want it enough to pay outrageously for the experience.”

He drank half his ale. “No sex?”

“Let me put the ad together. You’ll have final say on content.” Zoe cupped his cheek and turned his face to hers. “Trust me, Maxim.”

* * *

In the studio, Maxim gave control to Zoe. “I’ll never look like those men in the vids.”

She cupped his face. “When I’m taking the pictures, I want you to think about fucking me. Can you do that?”

Maxim imagined opening the seam of her skinsuit and rubbing his face between her lush breasts.

“That’s the look.”

He didn’t protest when she posed him for a series of naked stills, taken from several angles. With her soft hands touching him, Maxim managed to forget the camera.

A naked man and woman entered the studio. Zoe introduced the human models as Ven and Saren.

Zoe directed the woman onto her hands and knees then arranged the woman’s long blonde hair over

one shoulder. Positioned behind Saren, Maxim grasped her by the hair and tilted her head to expose her neck.

Maxim saw the fear in Saren's blue eyes. "I won't harm you," he said, before bending his head. Fangs extended, the points hovered over the slender column of the woman's neck.

Mimicking the same position with the Ven, the male model, was uncomfortable for Maxim. He glanced at Zoe.

She licked her upper lip. "Focus your thoughts."

When Ven reached up and grasped his upper arm, Maxim closed his eyes and imagined Zoe naked. The awkward moment passed, but Maxim's discomfort had only begun.

"Ven, kneel in front of Dazin," Zoe said.

Maxim cleared his throat.

Zoe smiled and mouthed the words, *Trust me* .

Maxim sucked in a breath. The man did as instructed, dropping to his knees, his mouth mere inches away from Maxim's cock. When Zoe placed Ven's hand on his upper thigh, Maxim grunted in protest.

"Dazin, take Ven by the hair," Zoe ordered.

Maxim gripped the model's blond hair so tight his blue eyes widened and his mouth opened.

"Perfect," Zoe said. "We're done."

Relieved, Maxim released Ven and stepped back. The model scrambled to his feet.

"Thank you, Ven, Saren. Good job."

Dismissed, the models hurried out of the studio.

"You better have what we need," Maxim said, reaching for his trousers. "I don't think I can do that again."

Zoe's fingers flew over the production screen. "Wait till you see the ad. Every vampire companion will be copying your style."

"You're going to spread this all over the universe?"

"Just the outer regions, but companions are competitive by nature."

"How do you know so much about companions?"

"I worked as a companion on Jirat. Business was good until a local authority tried to capture Tarrand and pocket the bounty on his head. Tarrand killed the official along with a few cops, so we had to shut down."

“He shared you with others?”

“Often. I like sex and my clients paid Tarrand well for my services.”

A fist formed in Maxim’s chest. Any male, human or vampire, would desire her. Maxim caressed Zoe’s cheek. “Is one man enough to please you?”

She rubbed her cheek against his palm. “If he’s the right man.”

“Was that man Tarrand?”

She looked Maxim in the eye. “Never.”

The fist in Maxim’s chest eased. Part of him feared she loved Tarrand and would turn on him the moment capture was imminent. Maxim realized if given the choice between having Zoe at his side and catching Tarrand, he’d choose Zoe. Maxim never believed the day would come when a woman would be more important than the job. He swore beneath his breath.

Zoe glanced at him. “You don’t like the photo?”

Maxim focused on the naked still of him. Most humans he’d interacted with thought him scary, but Zoe had managed to make him appear similar to the men in the vids he’d viewed. “I don’t look like a hunter.”

“You’re very handsome and very sexy.”

Did she think him handsome? Or was she commenting on how she’d made him appear in the photo? “You’re very good.”

“Look at this one.”

It was the photo she’d taken of Ven kneeling in front of him. The model had a look of anticipation on his face.

“And this one is the best of all.”

The photo was of Maxim, fangs extended poised to bite. The look of anticipation on the model’s face had changed to one of ecstasy. “You believe Tarrand will respond to these?”

“I know he will. When an attractive male client wanted a ménage with another man and a woman, Tarrand and I would perform the service. I learned his tastes. He’ll love these and he’ll want you. He’ll imagine himself in Ven’s place. That’s why I chose a male model with blond hair and blue eyes.”

“But in human form, Tarrand is reported to have black hair.”

She shook her head. “When Tarrand is in his natural form, he’s slender with a sculpted body. His skin is golden, his hair long and blond. His eyes are pale green. There is something about him that draws people. Looking at him you’d never believe the evil residing in his heart.”

“What forms can he take?”

“I’ve seen him change into a huge bronze bird with talons, a black panther, and morph his appearance

into that of a woman and a male youth. I've seen him appear as a human male with black hair and dark blue eyes. I don't think anyone knows all his forms. It's the reason he's avoided capture. Watch this."

She flicked her finger on the screen and Maxim's ad began. Synchronized to pulsing music the photos flashed on the screen. A rich male voice bade the viewer to experience the ultimate orgasm, the blood orgasm given by the vampire, Dazin.

Maxim squeezed her shoulder. "Impressive. Now what do we do?"

"Buy advertising space on the major communication systems serving the outer region. Do you have the secure com-link?"

He gave her the contact code. Zoe added the code to the end of the vid.

"It's done. Now all we have to do is wait for clients to request your services."

"How will we be able to identify Tarrand from others responding to the ad?"

"I know the alias he uses. Since he doesn't know I've been paroled, I don't imagine he'll invent a new one. Also, the meeting location will be a clue. He'll choose a place he considers safe, like the Ridath moon or Corros. We'll need to draw him out of his comfort zone."

"Vazan Shield has a place on Pixtes at the edge of the Outer Region. I think it would suit our purposes. Ownership is through a dummy corporation on Vazan but it's not traceable to Vazan Shield. There's a safe house, very private, with a holding facility built into the mountainside."

She looked up at him. "Sounds perfect. The vid will begin running in a few hours and I expect we'll start receiving requests for appointments. Tarrand should have one of his minions make an appointment as a test. To make this appear legit, you'll have to take appointments."

"Since I'm not ready to become a companion and you know the business, I'll let you handle the appointments. Set them up, but well in advance. Let's make him think I'm booked."

Her lush mouth curved into a smile so sexy Maxim's insides went hot.

"We could book you with women. You might enjoy it. I know the clients would be well satisfied."

Maxim wanted Zoe, he had no desire to enjoy other women and no taste for anyone's blood but hers. "The blood orgasm can be dangerous. Humans are more fragile than vampires. In the moment, vampires have killed their human lovers."

"Are you afraid you'll kill someone or is it that bonding thing you told me about that has you worried?"

He didn't tell her that the blood orgasm had to be repeated with the same partner for the bonding to happen or that the accidental killing of humans was very rare. "I would rather not worry about either occurrence."

She stood and slid her hands up his chest. "Then I guess you'll have to be satisfied fucking me."

Maxim cupped the nape of her neck and drew her against him. The heat in her eyes promised pleasure and the feel of her soft breasts made him hard. "How much longer do we have this studio?"

She started peeling off her skinsuit. "Long enough."

Without taking his gaze off her lush curves, Maxim unfastened his belt and opened the seam of his trousers. His eager cock sprang forward, aiming right for the vee between her legs.

Lifted off her feet, Zoe's back hit the door. Her pussy throbbing in anticipation, she opened her thighs and wrapped her legs around his waist. His hands gripped her ass, anchoring her against the door. She threw her arms around his neck and grabbed a hank of hair.

The hot, broad tip of him probed, seated, plunged deep.

She screamed in pleasure as his cock slammed inside her, sliding back and forth against her slick walls. His hips pumped, fast and frantic and his cock rammed hot and hard, filling her again and again.

He groaned and grunted, whispered words in an unfamiliar language. Although she couldn't translate the words she understood their intent. He said them with a deep thrust of his big cock, a kneading grip on her ass and a hitching breath. Hot, sex words that sent shivers down her spine and made her pussy throb and burn.

She grabbed at him, sucking on his length.

He groaned and his cock twitched. Zoe opened her eyes and saw his gleaming fangs. Making the vid had made her horny. At the thought of a blood orgasm, her pussy clenched, clamping down on his thrusting shaft.

Zoe felt the shudder of his climax and welcomed the sharp edge of her own pleasure coming together as a female voice announced the studio time was due to expire.

His lips swept over hers before he stepped back. She moaned as he slid out of her and cool air brushed her bare skin.

"I like fucking you. Let's get back to the ship so I can do it again."

Zoe pulled on her skinsuit as he fastened his trousers. "We have more shopping to do."

He glanced at her shopping bags. "Haven't you done enough?"

"You can't meet Tarrand dressed like a hunter. You'd look really hot in a short robe. Deep red or perhaps a rich dark blue. Matching underwear of course."

"If you're thinking of those confining, skimpy underwear I saw in those companion vids, think again."

Zoe's gaze slid to his groin. "That's exactly what I'm thinking."

Chapter Five

By the time the *Spitfire* punched through the Pixtes atmosphere, the vampire companion Dazin had received several requests for appointments.

Zoe sat before the com-link in the safe house and read all the requests. One showed promise, a client called Tarij requesting a meeting on Corros. Her pulse leaped. She had him. Now all she needed to do was reel him in.

“Tarrand often uses the name of Tarij,” she explained.

“Jirat spelled in reverse?”

“Not very original, but he’s used it often since he left Jirat.”

Zoe responded to Tarij, stating that due to other commitments and the distance to Corros an appointment was impossible in the near future, but could be scheduled for a much later date.

The promising client demanded an immediate appointment.

“Are you sure it’s him?”

Used to instant gratification, Tarrand wasn’t accustomed to being turned away or put off. “I’m confident it’s him. Let’s see if we can bring him to us.”

Zoe offered a compromise location, Pixtes, and quoted an exorbitant fee to accommodate the client’s request.

Maxim stood behind her, giving her a light shoulder massage. “Do you think he’ll take the bait?”

Zoe loved the feel of Maxim’s big hands on her. “He wants you.” *I want you*. “The Ministry has no authority over Pixtes. He’ll accept our terms.”

Maxim’s hands slid down to touch her breasts, his fingers plucking playfully at her nipples. Whenever he touched her, she pulsed with need.

“Tarrand doesn’t want me,” Maxim said. “He wants what you created. Will he come alone?”

He rolled her nipple, sending fire racing to her pussy.

“Tarrand rarely travels alone. He has an entourage he calls his wolf pack. He’s the alpha wolf.”

Maxim kneaded her breasts. “Then we’ll have to separate him from his pack.”

Zoe arched her back, thrusting her breasts into his agile hands. “That feels sooooo good.”

Maxim swiveled her chair around and opened the robe she wore. He kneeled before her. Gripping her thighs, he dragged her to him. “I want to taste you.”

She flung her thighs over his shoulders. "Make me scream."

He buried his face in her pussy and gave her a long lush lick. His tongue darted inside her, flicked over her slick walls and pulsing folds. Everywhere he licked, she heated and burned.

Zoe dug her fingers into the padded arms of the chair and held on.

As her body temperature rose Zoe's heart pounded, pumping blood to every artery, vein and capillary. Heat pooled in her pussy, plumping her throbbing flesh.

Watching his fangs extend gave sex an erotic twist.

She wanted him to nip her and suck her blood from the tiny capillaries that fed her pussy, but he'd always refused. Perhaps he feared she'd bond with him. This partnership they shared, although erotic and satisfying, was secondary to the mission.

Zoe had to convince him to give her the experience of the blood orgasm before Tarrand arrived. Maxim's mission was to capture the shapeshifter. Hers was to destroy evil. She wanted the experience before their erotic partnership dissolved. "Bite me, please."

He sucked her clit between his fangs, drawing firmly on her flesh as he plunged a long finger inside her pussy, pumping in and out, hurling her toward climax.

The moment she touched ecstasy, her ass came off the chair. She felt a sting. The sharp point of a fang penetrated her flesh. Then he suckled, drawing blood from the wound.

Her heart swelled and a flood of heat rolled through her, moving between them in a thick wave. For a moment Zoe felt his fierce hunger and his blood lust reminding her of what he was. Fear flashed through her, sudden and unstoppable.

He laved the wound and lifted his head. The look in his eyes told Zoe he'd felt her terror.

"Don't worry, it will heal."

When he started to rise, she grabbed his shoulders. "I'm sorry, Maxim. Please, I don't know how to explain."

"Trust must be earned."

"I do trust you. Please, Maxim. Give me another chance."

He gripped her wrists and removed her hands from his shoulders, effectively closing all communication concerning the blood orgasm. His gaze cut to the com-link screen. "You have a message."

When he stood Zoe swiveled her chair around and touched the screen. "Tarrand has agreed to the price and the location. He'll arrive on Pixtes tomorrow."

"Do companions usually work alone? Will he think it odd that I am the one to receive him?"

She turned to face him. "Many companions are free-lance. Tarrand will perform a species scan before he lands. If he detects only one vampire, then he'll feel safe."

“Then you should be in the holding facility control room when he lands. Scanners can’t penetrate the walls. Will he feel safe enough to come alone?”

“He’s too cautious for that. But the number may be limited to one or two.”

“Do you think he’ll ask one of them to join us?”

Zoe shook her head. “He’s paid far too much and this experience is too special to share.”

“He’ll expect a male capable of attaining an erection. How am I going to convince him I’m legit?”

“Super enhancers. They’ll keep you hard. Can you handle them and keep your head?”

Maxim nodded. “It’s part of our Vazan Shield training to handle drugs. When Tarij arrives, how can I be sure it’s Tarrand?”

“No matter his form, no matter the color, Tarrand’s eyes are ringed in gold. He can’t change that.”

“I’ll have to get him in a position to take blood?”

“You’re going to have to touch him, make him believe you’re going to fuck him.”

Maxim’s lips curled into a snarl. “Will I have to kiss him?”

Zoe grinned. “Tarrand doesn’t kiss anyone, but he’ll suck your cock.”

Maxim shook his head. “That’s not going to happen. After he arrives we have to separate him from his friends and quietly disable them. Confirm the appointment and tell him Dazin will receive him personally.”

Zoe sent the message and without looking at him apologized again. “I’m really sorry, Maxim.”

She’d hurt him and the knowledge tore Zoe up inside.

Maxim ran his fingers through her hair, his touch affectionate but far too brief. “Let’s prepare for our guest,” he said.

* * *

Maxim felt a bit foolish dressed in a blood red robe that barely covered his ass and a ridiculously small scrap of matching cloth that emphasized the size and shape of his genitals, but Zoe assured him Tarrand would find the costume appropriate man-sex-for-hire attire.

Zoe had coached him on protocol. Apparently highly paid companions didn’t allow the clients to jump their bones, but served drinks and engaged in flirtatious banter first, verified payment second and only then led the client to the bedroom.

She’d decorated a bedroom with bold colors and soft pillows, set the lighting low and sexy, and arranged the enhancers, oils in ornate containers and expensive lubricants she’d purchased on Agis on a table. None of which he had any intention of using. He’d taken enhancers and Zoe had worked his flesh into a painful erection.

Standing by the open door, Maxim watched the sleek rover land. Thankfully, Tarrand had chosen to leave his main ship in orbit. According to Zoe, the shapeshifter preferred maximum speed and quick departures.

Maxim focused his attention on the two men exiting the rover. He'd leave it to Zoe to ascertain if any passengers remained in the four-person rover. She was secreted in the control room, able to observe the grounds and every room in the house through hidden cameras and operate hidden valves that would force undetectable gas that would render Tarrand's comrade unconscious.

As the men approached, Maxim immediately picked out the leader. Although he was dressed more casually, in a simple black tunic and pants, than his comrade, the brown-haired man had the bearing of one accustomed to giving orders. The blond friend looked to the man dressed in black too often for guidance and approval to be the one in charge.

Playing along with Tarrand's ruse, Maxim fixed his gaze on the expensively dressed blond man. "Tarij. I am Dazin." Maxim stepped back and with a sweeping gesture, welcomed him to his home.

The blond removed an instrument from his pocket. After sweeping the room, he nodded at the man in black. Maxim cut his gaze to the man in black.

A handsome man, Tarrand's face was lean, with high cheekbones, a long straight nose and deep-set blue eyes. Eyes ringed with gold.

He stepped toward Maxim. "I am Tarij. Forgive my deception, but one cannot be too careful."

"I understand. Many of my clients require complete confidentiality. May I offer you refreshment, Tarij?"

Maxim lead Tarij to a room where Zoe had set up several bottles of excellent wines she'd purchased on Agis. He seated his guest, allowing his fingertips to trail along the man's arm the way Zoe had taught him. Maxim shuddered in disgust, but from the flash of Tarrand's eyes he'd construed the reaction as desire.

Tarrand reached out and ran his hand along Maxim's thigh.

Maxim growled low in his throat. Any vampire would understand the warning, but Tarrand slid his fingertips dangerously close to Maxim's ass.

Stepping out of the shape-shifter's reach, Maxim picked up a bottle of wine. "May I?"

Tarrand nodded and shifted his legs so Maxim could see the obvious bulge of the man's erection beneath the black material of his pants. Zoe had warned him, but the reality of being the object of another man's desire, a man hard as stone and wanting sex, shocked Maxim.

Following Zoe's coaching, he forced himself to smile and poured two glasses of wine. He had to allow her time to take care of Tarrand's blond friend and any others that might be in the rover. The timing was precise, get the shape-shifter immobilized and into the solid walled transport cell on the *Spitfire* and leave the planet before Tarrand's main ship completed an orbit.

He focused on the task of keeping Tarrand fooled by imagining Zoe naked with her beautiful legs spread wide. His cock jerked. Maxim joined Tarrand on the sofa and handed him a glass. Their fingers brushed and this time it was the shape-shifter who shuddered.

After a few sips of wine and enduring Tarrand's hand on his thigh, which would have killed his erection if he hadn't taken super strong enhancers, Maxim mentioned payment.

"The credits are being transferred."

"Thank you, Tarij," Maxim said, displaying his fangs.

Tarrand's eyes widened then went dark with passion. "Dazin, I'd like you to remove your robe."

Despite Maxim's discomfort, the powerful enhancers were coming on strong. His cock stretched painfully inside his outrageously small underwear. He finished his wine in one swallow and set the empty glass aside. "Of course."

He stood and turned toward Tarrand. Closing his eyes, Maxim allowed the shape-shifter to remove the robe. When Tarrand touched his cock, Maxim suppressed the urge to plow his fist into the man's face.

"You're huge."

Maxim licked his fangs. Silently thanking Zoe for her coaching, he let his gaze slide over the shape-shifter. "So are you, for a human."

Tarrand's chest heaved and his breathing was audible.

Maxim grinned and held out his hand. "Would you like to see my bedroom?"

Thankfully, the shape-shifter lifted his hand from Maxim's cock.

Once inside the bedroom, Maxim removed the empty glass from Tarrand's hand. Then Maxim did something he'd never done or thought he'd ever do. He undressed a man with a raging hard-on.

Standing behind the naked shape-shifter, Maxim rubbed the column of his neck. "Relax, Tarij. I always take a test bite. Just a sip to make sure my guest can withstand the rush." Maxim blew gently, deliberately brushing the shape-shifter's skin with his warm breath. "Your throat is far too exquisite to maim."

"I've experienced the blood orgasm before."

Maxim touched his fingertips to Tarrand's pulsing vein. "What was his name? Perhaps I know him."

"Her name was Nara. The pleasure was indescribable."

"Is fucking a woman the same as a man?"

"Both are satisfying, but the experience is entirely different."

Maxim licked the throbbing vein in Tarrand's neck. "This experience will be different."

"It's better with a male vampire?"

Maxim licked again. "Who understands a man's pleasure better than a man?"

The shape-shifter visibly trembled.

Maxim gripped Tarrand by the hair. "I'll hold you against me like this." He wrapped an arm around the shape-shifter's torso, splaying a hand over Tarrand's chest. "I want to feel your reaction."

"What should I do?"

"Stroke yourself to climax." Maxim licked the distended vein in Tarrand's neck. "Just a trial run, but very pleasurable for both of us."

"May I touch you?"

Maxim gritted his teeth. "Not yet."

He imagined taking Zoe from behind, burying his cock inside her hot pussy and sinking his fangs into her slim neck. "Relax, Tarij. The next time I bite you I'll be deep inside you, pleasuring you."

Maxim scrapped his fangs against Tarrand's neck. The shape-shifter's skin shimmered, changing to a golden hue and his hair turned pale blond. Maxim suspected he was seeing Tarrand's true form, the one he was born to.

Tarrand began to masturbate, moaning in pleasure as his hand action became more aggressive. Maxim waited, letting the momentum build and the rate of Tarrand's heart increased. Then he drove his fangs through skin, striking the vein. The blood sliding over his tongue was hot and tangy, the taste unique and delicious. Sucking deep and hard, Maxim drew blood until Tarrand's muscles trembled and his skin shimmered to gold as the shape-shifter ejaculated.

The shape-shifter was too caught up in his climax to notice the amount of blood he was losing. Maxim sucked harder, drawing so much blood Tarrand slid into unconsciousness.

Removing his fangs, Maxim heaved the naked shape-shifter over his shoulder and exited the bedroom through a hidden door inside the closet. He stepped into a tunnel and touched his hand to a lock panel.

The shape-shifter's skin shimmered. If the guy woke up now, subduing him would prove difficult. Storming down the narrow tunnel, Maxim wondered if Zoe had made it to the *Spitfire* and had its engines ignited as planned.

Maxim skidded to a halt. He had his answer. Dressed in an armored skinsuit, Zoe stood before him, pointing a laser pistol at his chest.

“Drop him!”

Maxim should have known he couldn't trust her. She wanted to free Tarrand and if he stepped away from the shape-shifter he was doomed. Maxim realized this was how the other hunters had died. Mesmerized by Zoe's beauty, they, like him, had walked into a trap.

“Drop him!”

Maxim stood his ground. “Never.”

“Do it, now!”

The shape-shifter's skin shimmered once again, but this time his body shuddered.

“He's coming to. Drop him and move away.”

Fearing the shape-shifter might awaken, Maxim placed Tarrand in front of him. He couldn't afford the surprise of finding he had a snarling beast with teeth and claws slung over his shoulder.

“He's coming to. Move deep into the tunnel. He'll be so focused on me, he won't know you're here.”

Another shudder rippled through Tarrand. “I can't do that,” Maxim said.

Zoe stepped closer. “I don't want to hurt you.”

Part of Maxim wanted to believe she meant it, but the lethal weapon in her hand said otherwise. “If that's true why are you here? Why aren't we aboard the *Spitfire* with this thing locked inside the cell?”

“Because he has to die.” Her eyes were fierce, her voice cold.

“He will, at the Ministry's hands.”

“No, he won't. He'll get off by being deported to his own world.”

“He'll stand trial. The Ministry can't afford --”

“He's a Zyafayan. Once that becomes common knowledge, the Ministry will be forced to release him.”

Throughout the universe the Zyafayan were highly respected, some worshiped them like gods. The powerful shape-shifters were renowned for their beauty and their benevolence. If Zoe spoke the truth, Tarrand was an aberration to his race.

“So let his own kind deal with him. I get the bounty fee and you'll be pardoned.”

She shook her head. Again her eyes were cold. “He has to die. He has to pay.”

Her words dripped with hate. Whatever compelled her to kill Tarrand was very personal. “Pay for what?”

“He killed them. Year after year, I did what he wanted, what he demanded. I subjugated myself and I did things I never thought possible. And still he killed them.”

“Killed who?”

“My sister and brother. He promised no harm would come to them as long I did what he wanted. As long as I saw the vids taken by people hired by Tarrand to monitor them, I remained his creature.”

“Your siblings cooperated?”

“They had no idea they were being watched, no idea I was still alive, but at least I knew they were safe.”

“Seems like a lot of work to keep one woman in line.”

“It’s a game of power to Tarrand. He liked knowing he could kill them at any time and they were oblivious to his power or to stop him. I did what he wanted, for them, never for him. My refusal to adore and worship him like his pack members drove him crazy. The more I refused him love, the more he wanted it. I was a chink in his armor.”

Maxim understood Tarrand’s weakness for he’d almost succumbed to it. When Maxim had accepted the assignment, he’d researched Zoe’s past. Her history prior to becoming Tarrand’s mistress was non-existent. It was a missing piece of the puzzle. He had to talk her out of killing Tarrand before the shape-shifter regained consciousness or his pack started searching for him. “How did you meet Tarrand?”

“We don’t have time for this.”

“I’m not moving until you tell me.”

“He raided the settlement where I lived. My father was one of a team of archeologists who had unearthed an ancient city on Odreen. The artifacts were worth a fortune. Tarrand demanded the artifacts, but the archeologists refused to give up what had taken them years of hard work to find. After he killed them, the pack fanned out to search the site. We were a small colony and my father was the only one with children. The four of us had hidden, but were discovered during the search.”

Her eyes were glistening with unshed tears. “When Tarrand threatened to kill the twins, my father told him where to find the artifacts.” She blinked, but a tear escaped, sliding down her cheek. “They gathered the valuable pieces and as they were leaving, Tarrand noticed me. I was fifteen. My father tried to stop him and was mortally wounded. The twins were barely eight years old. I heard them crying in my dreams for years.”

“What about your mother?”

“She died right after they were born. I was the only mother they knew.” Zoe’s hands shook, but she didn’t lower the weapon. “After all those years I thought he’d leave them be. Even when I was captured, I kept his secret to protect them.”

“How did you find out the twins had died?”

“The warden wanted Tarrand’s mistress. During my confinement he offered to make prison life easier for me if I’d fuck him. Every time I refused, I was thrown into solitary. Then he told me to name my price. I couldn’t refuse.”

“News about your family?”

“He made inquiries, found out they were dead. I didn’t believe him until he showed me the police vids of the scene. They were murdered, both of them struck down in their homes at the same time on the day of my arrest. I knew Tarrand was responsible.”

“Why kill them?”

“I’d been arrested. They were no longer of use to him.”

“And thinking they were alive, you never told anyone what Tarrand really looked like. I’m sorry, Zoe.”

“Tarrand deserves to die.”

“This is not the way.”

“Step aside or die with him.” The cold anger returned to Zoe’s voice, determination rested in her eyes and her hands were steady.

Maxim believed her and the temptation to let her kill the shape-shifter rose inside him, hot and fierce. He forced the dark thought away. “If you kill him, what makes you any better? You’re not a murderer, Zoe.”

“My family is dead. My soul is dead so I’m taking him out. Please, Maxim, step aside. So you don’t get paid this time. There are a lot of bad guys to catch. Believe me, money isn’t everything.”

Maxim extended his fangs. One vicious bite, ripping out the shape-shifter’s throat and it would be over. He’d killed in self-defense, but never in cold blood.

“Bitch!”

The shimmering shape-shifter morphed into a huge snarling cat and sprang out of Maxim’s arms, lunging at Zoe. The cat knocked her backward and the pistol went flying, skidding out of her reach. The cat tore at her throat and clawed at the armored skinsuit.

Weaponless, except for his fangs, Maxim leaped upon the cat and drove his fangs deep into the cat’s neck. The cat roared, slashing with sharp claws, but Maxim dug his knees into the animal’s flanks and held on. Biting and tearing, Maxim ripped muscle and veins. Hot blood splashed on his face and neck, ran down his arms.

The cat shimmered, his golden fur turning into skin, his powerful limbs changing into arms and legs. Tarrand slumped, a gaping wound in his neck and his blond hair streaked with blood.

Maxim grabbed the shape-shifter by the shoulders and pulled him off Zoe. A knife protruded from Tarrand’s heart.

His gaze met Zoe’s. Blood was spattered on her hair and face. “Are you hurt?”

Her chest rose and fell, her breath audible and harsh. “No. Are you?”

Gashes on his arms began to sting. “A scratch or two. I’ll live.”

Maxim helped Zoe to her feet, looking her over for injuries. The skinsuit she wore was ripped in several places, the armored layer shredded at the neck and shoulder, but it had held up, protecting her from the cat's fangs and claws.

Heart pounding in his chest, abject fear sliding into relief, Maxim pulled her into his arms and held her tight. "Armored suit. Smart thinking."

Zoe clung to him. "I found it on the *Spitfire* and hid a blade in the sleeve. That cat form took me by surprise."

Despite the bloody violence, Maxim felt tremendous joy. She'd survived and the terror that had controlled her life lay dead at their feet.

She pushed him away. "Leave, Maxim. Take the *Spitfire* and get out before Tarrand's pack notices he hasn't called in. He's rarely out of communication with his main ship for long."

"I'm not leaving you to face the pack."

"As soon as they discover he's dead, they'll run, grabbing for and fighting over any assets they can get their hands on and get out of the reach of the authorities. The press will ask questions and the Ministry is going to blame someone for his death. I was doomed a long time ago."

Maxim heaved the dead shape-shifter off the floor and over his shoulder. "We're getting out of here and no one is doomed."

"I can't let you do this, Maxim."

He locked gazes with her. She was willing to let him walk away and shoulder the burden. His heart twisted, the fear that had shot through him when Tarrand had pounced still very real. The moment he'd jumped into the fierce battle with Tarrand he'd been willing to sacrifice all for her.

So this was love, a gnawing ache that had begun the moment he'd laid eyes on her, a fear that had threatened to rip him apart at the thought of losing her. He'd rather die with her, than live without her. "I love you, Zoe. We'll leave together and we'll face the Ministry together."

She started to protest, but her words were drowned out as an explosion rocked the tunnel.

"They're in the house, trying to blow the tunnel door. Grab the pistol and run!"

With Zoe racing in front of him, Maxim ran for the *Spitfire*.

As the *Spitfire* slipped away, a huge explosion demolished the safe house.

Zoe turned to look at Maxim. He sat in the pilot's chair, blood streaked on his face, his gaze focused on the control screen. "Sorry about the house, but this was my last chance."

"You did that?"

"I couldn't let him escape."

"You were willing to take me out to get him?"

Never. "I thought you'd do the smart thing, forget the bounty and leave."

His gaze met hers. "Run like Tarrand did, leaving you alone and at risk?"

"I didn't think of it in that way."

"From this point forward, start thinking of it in that way."

The *Spitfire* launched into hyper-drive, its hull shuddering as the thrusters warred with the planet's gravitational pull. The roar of the thrusters fell silent as the ship slid into the black void of space.

While Maxim piloted, Zoe slipped away to the quarters they'd shared since the first day she boarded the *Spitfire*. She stripped off the ruined skinsuit and stepped into the narrow sonic shower tube. She preferred soap and hot water to wash away the blood but nothing would cleanse her soul.

The twins were lost to her forever. She'd killed, taken her revenge, destroyed evil, but her soul and heart still ached.

Yet, a ray of hope burned, lighting her wounded soul.

He'd said he loved her. Maxim loved her. Her heart hurt and tears flooded her eyes. Was it possible? She looked at the blood staining her hands. Would the day come when Maxim regretted the bond forged by Tarrand's death?

She closed her eyes and started the cleansing process. When the cleaning cycle ended, Zoe leaned her head against the tubular wall and cried. She'd stopped crying years ago, tears were useless, but it felt good releasing the pain and making room for the love. She had a decade of unshed tears to release.

The shower tube door opened. "Are you okay?"

Already clean and dressed in his usual hunter attire, Maxim held out his hand. He must have used the cleansing tube in the portside quarters. She wondered what he'd done with Tarrand then forced the thought away. Maxim would know what to do.

He pulled her out of the shower tube and cupped her face in his big hands. He touched his lips to each of her tear stained cheeks, his gentle kisses a balm to her soul.

"I love you."

His whispered words gripped her heart. Zoe clung to him, not in heated physical release as she had with

others, the moment meaningless and easily forgotten, but in healing. She needed Maxim and the need wasn't born of weakness but of mutual respect and admiration.

She wanted to say the words filling her heart, but they froze in her throat. Love meant devastating loss and the fear of losing him swamped her. She couldn't handle love. Love was pain. Her heart had been ripped out years ago. Did she dare making it whole again?

Maxim lifted her into his arms. Limp and exhausted, Zoe leaned her head against his solid chest. He settled her in his bed and picked up an injection gun. Fear shot through her, but the will to fight had gone out of her.

"Just something to make you sleep," he said, touching the nozzle to her throat. The last thing Zoe heard was his voice. "Trust me."

* * *

The roar of the thrusters woke her. The *Spitfire* shuddered indicating the ship was entering an atmosphere. Maxim's voice boomed through the intercom unit in the wall, next to the bed. "Are you awake?"

"Where are we?"

"Radus."

The headquarters of the interplanetary police force was on Radus. The body had to be delivered to the authorities.

"We'll be swarming with cops the moment we land. The Vazan Shield attorneys have been in communication with the commissioner, but be prepared for an official inquest."

After a quick cleansing, Zoe donned the sheer black garment she'd purchased on Agis. If this was the final minutes of her freedom and her last moment with Maxim, she was determined to look her best. She slipped into thin-strapped high heels and walked to the bridge and settled into the co-pilot's chair.

Maxim's gaze slid slowly over her. Eyes gleaming and ringed with red, his lips parted and his fangs extended.

"I wouldn't show those to the cops," she said. "They'll think you're angry instead of horny."

"You look good enough to eat."

She managed a smile. "Sounds promising, but I might not be around to enjoy it."

"You'll get your pardon."

"Never trust the Ministry."

"I don't. I trust my boss, Aser. The Ministry has granted a full pardon to Vazan Shield's newest employee."

"A non-vampire employee?"

“You have special skills and an ex-convict needs honest work. Officially you’re an apprentice hunter.”

“And you’re the master?”

He gave her a seductive sigh and licked his fangs.

“I thought you were supposed to bring Tarrand in alive?”

“That was the mission, but once the Prime Minister learned Tarrand was a Zyafayan, the desire to publicize the capture changed. The police will take the body and we’ll give our official statement at a private inquest then quietly leave Ministry controlled airspace.”

“I thought Vazan Shield was run by a vampire not a magician?”

“Aser is very good at his job. After the inquest, I thought we’d take some time off before our next assignment. Where would you like to go?”

Zoe thought about all crowded, dirty cities she visited over the last decade. “Somewhere with clean air, grass, flowers and water. Somewhere it rains. I want to stand naked in the rain.”

Chapter Eight

Zoe’s skin was slick with the soft ocean mist. Thighs spread, she lay upon a wide, padded lounge chair with a gray Vazan sky above, the sound of waves lapping at shore close by and a sexy vampire suckling eagerly on her clit.

Her drenched pussy convulsed as a second orgasm claimed her.

Maxim gave her trembling flesh a soft lick then lifted his head and pulled two long fingers out of her weeping pussy.

He rose to his knees. “I think you’re ready.”

His gleaming fangs were extended and his cock was thick and long. Just looking at him made her ache with expectation. “I’ve been ready.”

“You’ve been ready physically,” he said, rolling her onto her stomach. He stroked the curve of her ass then lifted her onto her knees. “Now you’re ready for the bonding.”

“You think drinking my blood will make me fall for you?”

He gripped her ass with his big hand and squeezed. “You already have. When I drink your blood, I’ll be

deep inside you filling your ripe, quivering womb with hot vampire semen.”

The thick head of his cock probed her fluttering flesh.

Hot vampire semen. His words were as exciting as his hard muscled body. Her pussy convulsed, drenching her aching folds.

“Fuck me.”

He pumped fast and hard, sliding into her, filling her, making her forget everything except the sweet tremors rolling through her body, the fiery heat building in her pussy and the intense ache blooming in her chest.

With each thrust, each sweeping caress along the side of her breast to her hip, she burned for him.

Knowing he wouldn’t take her blood until they hovered at the brink of ecstasy, Zoe rocked back, forcing his thick length deeper. “Fuck me!”

He gripped her by the hips, thrusting hard and fast. Skin slapped skin and heat poured off their bodies. Wanting more, Zoe arched her back.

The mist turned to soft rain, drenching their hair and cooling their hot skin. Rivulets ran down her back, between their thighs as Maxim drove into her.

“Fuck me! Bite me! Now!”

His palm connected with her ass, her wet skin making the sting all the sweeter. Another slap had her creaming and screaming his name.

Knees burning from the friction, Zoe dug her fingers into the soft cushion beneath her. She threw back her head, keening as pure primal lust overtook her.

He thrust harder, deeper, filling her, fucking her until every cell burned, her blood ran hot and her heart threatened to leap out of her chest.

Maxim thrust deep and grabbed her by the hair. He yanked her back against him and palmed her breast. He twisted her nipple, sending fire racing through her blood. His cock pulsed, his hot flesh rippling inside her clenched walls.

He slid his hand down her rain-slicked torso to her pussy, finding her clit. Rubbing her aching bud, Maxim brought her to the edge of ecstasy. Tightening the grip on her hair, he sank his fangs into her neck.

She came, her pussy flooded with hot cream, the rush unlike any drug-enhanced climax she’d experienced. Maxim took her blood, sucking her life force as he filled her with hot pulsing vampire semen. Heat flowed between them, bonding them in erotic pleasure as her heart thundered and her vision went blurry.

“I love you,” she whispered as everything went black.

* * *

Blinking, Zoe came to and licked the rain off her lips. She lay beside Maxim, her head on his chest. She reached up and touched her neck.

“The wound is healing.”

She lifted her head from his chest. He looked as satisfied as Zoe felt. “I didn’t dream it?”

He shook his head.

She rolled on top of him and brushed her lips against his. “How do I taste?”

“As good as you look.” He caught her chin in his big hand and kissed her slowly, thoroughly.

Since they’d been on Vazan, the need, the want had been building, but the words never came. Now they came freely. “I love you, Maxim. I didn’t believe I could feel again, but when I’m with you I feel this amazing glow inside.”

He took her hand and held it to his heart. “I never thought any woman, especially a human, could make me feel the way I do. When I look at you, my heart trembles. Love’s a powerful thing. I can’t imagine a day without you.”

“You’re taking me on your next mission.”

“Our mission. We leave in two days. Make sure you pack that black outfit, the one that sparkles and barely covers this,” he said, gripping her ass with his big hands.

“I’ve got to go shopping.”

“Agis is out of the way.”

She wiggled her butt. “I need ass-kicking vampire style bounty hunter clothes.”

Maxim squeezed her ass cheeks. “I’ll take you to the ass-kicking bounty hunter store tomorrow. Right now I’d rather do some ass-kissing.”

Zoe licked a protruding fang. “That’s the vampire I love.”

B.J. McCall

A multi-published author of contemporary and futuristic sensual romance, B.J. McCall is a West Virginia native now residing in Northern California. Thanks to an older sister who was a librarian, reading became B.J.’s favorite pastime. B.J.’s idea of the perfect way to spend a rainy afternoon or a day at the beach is reading a romance novel. The phrase “Do what you love,” applies to B.J. -- she loves to write and each

story is special. She hopes her readers will enjoy each and every one of them. Visit her website at www.BJMcCall.com.