



SLEEPING WITH  
THE ENEMY

*Delilah Devlin*



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## *Sleeping with the Enemy*

Malcolm crouched behind a cinder-block pillar of a wrought-iron fence, counting the seconds after the last footfalls faded.

Slowly, as the danger passed, his heartbeats settled to a steady rhythm. He drew a deep breath. They'd come close to catching him this time.

He'd been spotted in a known blood bar just outside the French Quarter, a lone rogue vampire among the elite Born trolling for meals with their enslaved, "made" minions in tow.

If he hadn't paused to watch one in particular, he might not be in his present predicament.

She'd been playing with her food, ruffling the young man's hair as she whispered in his ear—and while doing it had pinned Malcolm with her pale silver gaze.

The challenge in her eyes, along with her feline grace and her strong resemblance to the woman who'd turned him, had

caught Malcolm's interest. The pale hand that smoothed slowly down the chest and stomach of her prey had kept Malcolm ensnared, wanting to see how far she'd take her little game.

Clearly, she had no interest in the man she teased. When her palm slid down to cup his burgeoning sex, Malcolm had felt the squeeze she delivered all the way to his toes. That same embrace rendered her playmate pliant, rutting into her hand and ready for whatever she chose to do next.

A quick flick of her slender fingers and she delved inside his trousers.

Malcolm slipped off his stool then, his dick slowly filling as she slid her lush lips along the young man's cheek and nibbled on his ear. While the man pulsed his hips, Malcolm tightened, wanting to rake his cock forward and back.

Her lips curved, her eyes narrowed—and Malcolm grew furious with the vampire's teasing. If she wanted to arouse him, she'd succeeded. If she wanted more than a puling human boy, then she'd played the wrong hand.

He forced his gaze away in time to notice that she hadn't been the only one staring at him.

The privileged ones' gazes had met over the heads of their blood hosts, almost imperceptible nods were shared, and slowly the Born had gracefully faded from the sides of their hosts.

He'd been recognized. How, he wasn't sure. Perhaps one of them had seen him in one of the "mixed" bars, where free rogues and the Born intermingled on neutral ground. However, he knew that the how wasn't important. Escaping was a matter of life or death.

Quickly, without a backward glance at the bitch who'd tried to trap him, he slipped out a side door and ran like hell.

Malcolm knew better than to tweak the tails of vipers,

but once in while in his long, solitary existence he enjoyed reminding them he was there—untethered from their shackles, free to choose his own path just as they did.

He'd been created free, as a human; he'd rejected the tender leash his mistress offered when she turned him. "Serve me," she'd pleaded. Although sorely tempted by her beauty and sweetness, he refused, knowing the risk, resisting her allure with iron determination. Knowing he'd be forever hunted.

A crisp footstep sounded behind him, and he whirled, straightening to face this hunter.

Before him stood the Born vampire who'd teased him almost to extinction. Now, a long, wooden stake dangled from her fingers.

She was blond and slender, every muscle honed by her low-carb meals and the activity demanded by her hyperactive metabolism—and sex, lots of it.

Her glittering glance swept down his body, and he braced his legs apart, hoping to reignite the heat he'd witnessed earlier. She'd been hungry, aroused as she played with the boy and as she teased *him*. He could use that. When her gaze paused over the juncture of his thighs, his lips stretched slowly.

Her fingers tightened around her weapon, and her gaze slashed upward to deliver a glare. Her own thighs, encased in dark sleek leather, tensed as she stayed loose on her feet, ready to pounce in whichever direction he chose.

Malcolm remembered well the way her thin silky tee had clung to her breasts back at the bar, ripe little nipples popping against the fabric. "Sorry I interrupted your meal," he murmured as he leaned back against the pillar, his fingers sliding into the pockets of his jeans as though he wasn't standing a hairbreadth from death.

Her lips curved, lush and full despite the stretch. “You don’t think I’ll have any trouble finding a replacement, do you?” she asked silkily.

He let his eyelids fall halfway closed as he made a leisurely stroll down her body. “None at all,” he murmured. “But will any one of them satisfy you?”

Her chin rose and pale blond hair brushed the tops of her shoulders. “I don’t know,” she said, her voice sliding deeper, toward a sultry lisp. “It’s so hard to stop with just one.”

There they were again—those little spikes, stabbing at her shirt. Malcolm eyed them, his lips pursing at the thought of pulling one lush nipple into his mouth. When his gaze met hers again, the hard gleaming challenge had heated.

She swallowed, almost unnoticeably. To draw moisture into a suddenly dry mouth?

Maybe he could earn a reprieve yet. “I was on the prowl tonight,” he said, keeping his voice soft. “I’ve already fed. Maybe we could trade.”

“I have to kill you,” she said flatly.

“Because your coven demands it?” He canted his head. “Do you always follow the rules?”

“You’re a rogue—dangerous if left to roam.”

“Perhaps I’ve never met my true mistress.”

“You’re free. You resisted the allure of the one who turned you, so don’t pretend you’d even consider changing your spots now.”

His lips quirked at her quiet intensity. “I bet you colored inside the lines when you were a child.”

“You think I lack imagination?”

“No, I think you like to please.”

He almost smiled at the scowl that pouted her lips and

narrowed her pale eyes. "I could take you. You're all alone. One on one, I might win," he drawled, noting the way her glare darkened with the insinuation she might not be the victor.

Her fingers clutched the stake tighter. "You're not helping your argument."

"I'm just saying . . . I'm willing to battle you on a different field. If you're strong enough, maybe you can leash me."

"A different field? Do you really think I'd let you go anywhere?"

"Follow me." With that, he spun on his heels and leapt, clearing the fence, to stand on the other side of the bars. "My place is just down the road."

Not bothering to wait and see what she decided, he walked away, nonchalantly, knowing he was baring his back to her stake. However, he'd had a feeling about her earlier, when she stared above the spiky red hair of her host. He had felt the air crackle with sensual awareness.

The soft thud behind him made him smile. Her steps trailed his, not overtaking, and he breathed easier.

At another gate, this one enclosing the courtyard of the house he'd rented for the summer, he turned and swung it open, waiting for her to pass.

Her face still tight, her lips crimped into a slight frown, she stepped quickly by him and waited as he closed it, trailing him again when he walked to the front door.

Maybe she was simply waiting to kill him once they were out of sight. But he didn't think so. The scent of her arousal wafted in the air, mixing with the heavy perfume of roses from the neighbor's garden. Delicious, sultry—she'd be his, if he was clever enough.

His dick filled again, pressing insistently against his jeans, reminding him that while he'd satisfied his blood lust that night, he hadn't had sex in a while. Little Miss Vampire would ease the ache tonight.

Inside, he didn't bother turning on the lights, didn't pause to politely offer her a drink of another sort. Instead, he strode up the staircase to his room, which overlooked the gardens, knowing she'd follow. The stiff steps behind him told she was angry at him and herself for being led by her hungers—unable to contain her curiosity about what exactly he offered.

In the bedroom, he pulled apart the curtains and let moonlight flood the room. He heard her step inside, keeping close to the doorway. With his gaze on the courtyard below, he said, "My name is Malcolm."

"Do you think by giving me a name to accompany your handsome face I won't follow through?"

He glanced over his shoulder and gave her a smile. "I'm giving you a name to call when I make you come."

"Your blood's all I want," she bit out, even as her deepening aroma said she lied.

"Then why follow me up here? Sweetheart, I think you want more than blood." He turned away from her again.

Her frustration was a palpable entity, growing as insistent as the scent of her need. As she shifted from one foot to the other, he could imagine the hot mixture of feelings boiling inside her. She'd meant to kill him, but now she hesitated, wondering how many different ways he'd take her—what it would be like to lay beneath him, on top of him, bodies entwined in a hot tangle of limbs.

Her throat cleared. "Maybe I didn't want any unsuspecting eyes to see your death."

“Liar.” Without preamble, he unbuttoned his pants and tugged his shirt free to skim it over his head.

“You can stop there.”

Malcolm ignored her and sat on the edge of the bed to pull off his boots one at a time, watching her shoulders and back stiffen and her gaze widen. “I don’t know about you, but I find my meals are tastier with a bit of sex to flavor them.”

“I take it straight.”

“Pity.”

He stood again, slowly, and reached for his zipper. She didn’t demur this time when he slid it down and pushed his pants down his legs. Naked, he sat down again and then lay back.

As moonlight bathed the room in silvered shadows, he knew exactly what she saw. He’d been handsome all his life. Fawned over by the women he’d bedded as a human, worshipped by the playmates he’d taken after he’d been turned. He knew his body was pleasing to women, especially so when his cock rose to prominence.

Her lips parted and her sharp tongue darted out to lick her bow-shaped upper lip.

Yes, she liked what she saw.

He placed an arm beneath his head and waited.

“Fuck you,” she whispered.

“With pleasure,” he said softly. “Now, come here.” He waited, knowing she was pissed off. Probably thought he was an arrogant ass, lying there, seemingly unafraid she could—would—try to kill him.

The way her gaze settled on his erection and roamed over his body said that before she *tried* to kill him, she’d take what he offered.

To break the silence and raise her spiky little hackles higher, he said, "It's not so easy to kill someone you want, someone you know can give you pleasure."

Her chest rose and her lips curved downward. "I never kill lightly."

"You don't have to. I may not have a mistress, but I don't kill lightly either. I'm not one of the rogues who thinks immortality is a license to take anything he wants."

"You could have fooled me."

"I only take what's offered, and I've never turned another. I leave playing God in your privileged hands."

"Why should I believe you?"

"Do you trust anyone outside your covenant?"

"I don't really know anyone outside of my family."

The conversation wasn't leading anywhere, and certainly wasn't drawing her away from the door. He looked beyond her shoulder. "Aiden, please take the lady's weapon."

She froze, and he knew she hadn't heard his friend's approach. Aiden's hand closed gently around hers, and she surrendered the stake. Her expression told him she expected to be killed.

He nodded to Aiden. "Leave us now."

Aiden raised his dark eyebrows, but left as silently as he'd come.

Malcolm patted the mattress beside him. "Come."

Her chest rose and fell quickly. "Your friend was here all along?"

"He's discreet," Malcolm said with a wry smile.

"He could have taken me," she whispered.

He didn't like her rattled and more than a little frightened. "You're mine. He wouldn't make a move unless I invited him," he said, deliberately misinterpreting her meaning.

Her breath slowly hissed between her lips. She was thinking about it. Being with them both. Only he wasn't going to share. Not tonight.

"I'm . . . not . . . yours."

He grinned. He liked the way she bristled, already discarding her fear to flare angrily. "You could be. But you're wasting the night. Now, come on over here."

Her nostrils flared. Her hands slowly relaxed to smooth down her sides. "This is only sex. And blood."

"Of course," he lied. "I'd like a name."

"Tova," came the surly reply.

"Lovely. Your clothes?"

Tova closed her eyes briefly, then began to undress.

Malcolm remained rigid, knowing his dick would speak of his approval. Her breasts were small round apples, her areolas nearly as pale as the creamy skin surrounding them. The nipples were taut beads, and already he could feel their scrape along his tongue.

Her body was lithe, supple, the thatch of hair between her legs pale wisps. Her thighs were surprisingly muscular. He couldn't wait to feel them clasp his hips.

When she was nude, he held out his hand.

All hesitancy seemed to fade as she slid her hand inside his and touched him for the first time. They smiled tentatively at each other, and then he tugged her hard, pulling her down to sprawl over him.

Their mouths met, open, tongues touching, lapping as they learned each other's distinct flavors. Her mouth tasted of some minty drink. No doubt she tasted the whiskey he'd used to chase the blood.

He rolled, taking her beneath him in the center of the bed,

snagging her wrists loosely with one hand, trapping her legs beneath his.

“Don’t,” she gasped.

“Because you have to be in charge?”

“I’m always in charge.”

“Not here. Not with me. But you knew that when you followed me.”

Tova didn’t reply, just reached up to press her lips to his.

He wasn’t in the mood to argue his point. Another “point” was grinding into her belly. He pulled away from her kiss and moved down her body, halting at her breasts to plump them with his fingers, then scooped a nipple into his mouth to at last get a taste of the little berries he’d coveted from across the bar.

Tightly blooming, they did indeed scrape his tongue and the roof of his mouth when he suckled hard.

Tova moaned and undulated her hips, the roll rubbing against his erection. Unable to help himself, he let his fangs descend and scraped them over her tender areolas, drawing a fine line of blood that he quickly licked away while she rocked back and forth, her cries becoming more insistent now that first blood had been drawn.

A quick glance upward and he could see her fangs gleaming in the darkness, pressing into her lower lip.

“Soon. I’ll let you drink soon, love.”

He suckled the opposite bud and swirled the flat of his tongue on it, lapping hard, clasping it between his shorter teeth to deliver a quick, stinging bite. Then he scooted farther down, at last releasing her hands so he could reach lower and slide between the damp folds of her sex.

His mouth followed, pressing kisses to her taut belly,

nipping her skin to make her moan. When his mouth blew a gust of warm air over her open sex, her thighs quivered as they widened, and he smiled. She hadn't begged, hadn't given him the words, but he knew she'd given over control—probably for the first time in her existence.

Her scent, rich and heated, had him breathing hard to drag more of it deep into his lungs. The moisture gleaming on her plump lips beckoned him down, and he lapped up the creamy coating until a hot, fresh release streamed from inside her.

He spread her plump lips and speared his tongue inside, reaching for the heated liquid that seeped steadily to drench her short curls. Her hips tensed and lifted, urging him deeper, circling to follow the swirl of his tongue.

When he lifted his face, her eyes were squeezed tight, her fingers clenching the bedcovers, her jaws clenched to hold back the sounds he'd earned.

He flicked her clitoris hard with his fingers, making her gasp sharply, and her eyes popped open. When he had her attention, he shook his head. "No holding back. If I'm working this hard, the least you can do is give everything to me."

A single brow rose. "You want me screaming?"

He nodded, flicking her hardened little nubbin again, since she seemed to like it so well.

"Maybe you just aren't that good," she said, her voice tight.

He gave her a final, stinging flick, and her back arched off the bed. "Damn you, fuck me!"

"All you had to do was ask." He came over her quickly, centering his cock at her entrance. "We go at my pace."

"So long as it's fast and hard," she gritted out, curving her hips upward to force him inside.

Malcolm rested his forehead on her shoulder to hide his smile. The woman wasn't going to give an inch of her pride. With his face set into a feral grimace, he came up on his arms and waited while she lifted her knees on either side of his hips.

Then he pushed inward, sliding into her moist heat, circling and nudging from side to side to work his thick cock into her.

She was small, tight, with the benefit of nightly rejuvenation to keep her inner walls youthful. The snug fit suited him, made his shoulders bunch, his back tighten with a primal flare of possession. Despite the fact that he knew she must have had too many lovers to count, he wanted his cock to be the one to stretch her, spoil her enjoyment with any other man.

Why it should be so with her, he couldn't have said. Maybe it was the bald fact that she'd meant to kill him. Maybe it was the shadow of vulnerability she'd betrayed when he worked her flesh, raising her ardor to a fever pitch.

Maybe it was just male pride.

Or maybe he simply wanted her to remember him.

He stroked forward in a hard sharp burst as she mewled beneath him, her thighs shivering, her belly jerking with each sharp thrust, until he was as deep as her body would allow.

Not satisfied, he hooked his arms beneath her knees and rolled her hips upward. Persistence won as he slid deeper, every inch of him encased in shimmering caresses that clenched hard around his cock.

Malcolm opened his eyes to find her wide-eyed gaze roaming his face. "Am I hurting you?"

"Yes," she hissed, then she licked the perspiration from her upper lip and smiled. "It's . . . exquisite . . . but please move."

He leaned down, crowding her body tighter, and kissed her hard, then came up on his knees, arms still locked beneath her legs. "Tova?"

Her upper lip lifted, baring her fangs. "You want me to beg, don't you?"

A strained smile was all he could manage. His balls were ready to burst. "A pretty please would suffice," he ground out.

Her breaths coming faster, her eyes filled. "Malcolm?" she said, a quaver in her voice.

"Yes, love?"

"Please. Now."

A request and an order. He would have laughed, but he was too hard, feeling too savage to do anything but jerk her legs higher and thrust his hips forward, spearing deep, then pulling out, gliding deeply, without rhythm or finesse, because he was exploding, his cock erupting as he thrust into her again and again.

Tova's back bowed, her legs straightening, extending, widening as he hammered into her. Her breaths came in harsh, ragged gasps until they caught and she tensed, and suddenly she screamed.

Malcolm couldn't stop, cum spurting in a long stream to fill her, his cock swimming in their juices as he powered harder, trying to extend the moment beyond his release, trying to hold onto the powerful flush of heat and ecstasy that warmed his whole body.

However, at last winded, weakened, and shaking, he lowered her legs gently to the bed and stretched over her, tucking his head into the corner of her shoulder as he struggled to recapture his breath.

Her hands smoothed over his back, coming up to caress his neck. Then she cupped the back of his head and tugged his hair to bring his mouth to hers.

Their kiss was soft, tender. Surprising.

Malcolm lifted his head to stare into her face.

"Why did you show me where you live?" she asked, her gaze searching his face.

"So you could find your way back here again."

"What if I brought friends?"

"Then I gambled and lost."

"I should still kill you."

"If I prove a liar, you know where to find me. You can keep me on the straight and narrow."

"You really aren't a dangerous rogue, are you?"

"Oh, I'm dangerous, sweetheart. Just not in the way you thought."

Her lips curved into a radiant smile. "I'll have to keep tabs on you."

"Often," he said, kissing that sweet smile.

"Often," she echoed. "Now?"

"I did promise you a drink."

## About the Author

Delilah Devlin resides in South Texas at the intersection of two dry creeks, surrounded by sexy cowboys in Wranglers—she likes living dangerously! To Delilah, the greatest sin is driving between the lines because it's comfortable and safe. Her personal journey has taken her through one war, many countries, cultures, jobs, and relationships to bring her to the place she travels now—writing sexy adventures that hold more than a kernel of autobiography and often share a common thread of self-discovery and transformation. She has e-published numerous books, which have garnered her awards and rave reviews.

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