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Two Hot

Riley Ashford

Slayer Damon Phillips is dying of cancer. He figures if he's going to kick the bucket, then he's gonna do something really stupid: Seduce gorgeous vampire Belle DeLuc .

Belle has no problem spending a passionate night with Damon, even if he's notorious for staking bloodsuckers. He excites her in a way no other man has for two centuries, and she wants him to stick around. Forever.

When Belle offers to give her new lover immortal life, she doesn't realize she's played right into Damon's devious hands. But the slayer is having second thoughts. Should he abandon his mission and save the vampire... or unleash the deadly secret that will kill them both?

## Chapter One

*Retract your fangs, girl.* Belle DeLuc sipped her merlot as she checked out the yummy man sitting at a table directly in her line of vision.

The darkness of the club couldn't hide the pulse beating under his firm, smooth skin. The loud music couldn't drown out the strong thrum of his heart. The stench of cigarettes and cheap perfume couldn't mask the scent of his blood.

Hmm.How lovely it would be to puncture his neck, imbibe the warm fluid. Her gaze flicked to his face. He had green eyes, blond hair expensively cut, slight crook in his nose, kissable lips. He was dressed in a nice suit... well, a nice suit for an accountant.

His gaze pierced hers.

The heat in those dark-as-sin eyes nearly melted her. As he got up from the table, his stare never wavering, she dipped into his mind to assess his carnal thoughts. She hoped they involved sweaty bodies, twisted sheets, and her. But she found...

Nothing.

Belle pushed harder against the unexpected mental block and gasped when he pushed back. *Stop trying. You don't want to see what's in my head .*

She gaped at him, unable to answer his mind contact or to utter a word when he stood in front of her and grasped her shoulder. Never had she found a human with such strong psychic abilities.

"Hello, my beautiful vampire," he whispered. She tried to move out of his grip, to discard the wisps of lust clinging to her, but he laughed off her attempts. "I won't let you escape this time."

*This time?* She looked closely at him, but didn't recognize his face. "Who are you?"

"My name is Damon Phillips. And you are Belle DeLuc ." He grabbed her hand, twirled her away from the bar, and led her to the dance floor. With one yank, she could rip his arm from his shoulder, but curiosity outweighed her desire to do so. A slow song played; Damon placed his arms around her waist and smoothly navigated her through the crowd.

They swayed together. The warmth of his hands filtered through her thin dress and he exerted just enough pressure to suggest possession. His gaze held hers and burned with emotions that seemed oddly both arousal and fury.

Damon moved her closer and closer to the edge of the dance floor. The back door was only a few feet away. Curious about his motives, she allowed him to whisk her out of the building. A warm breeze teased her upswept hair; already the barely tamed curls were loosing from their pinned prison. In the night sky, the pearlescent moon hung round and full, surrounded by diamond stars.

"Never figured I'd find the undead partying in Key West ." He grasped her upper arm and led her toward the stone path that meandered to the beach. "Aren't you supposed to be in New Orleans ?"

Belle laughed. "I don't go near New Orleans ."

"Bullshit. It's June. All vampires go there to pay homage to your bitch queen."

Belle didn't. Paying homage, as the human so eloquently put it, meant bringing a victim to Queen Isolde for her torturing pleasure. The vampire court was a relic of a world that no longer existed. Those fools reveled in the barbaric -- and the bloodier, the better. Many vampires like Belle had eschewed the old ways, but that didn't mean they outright disrespected Queen Isolde , either. Her memory was long and her wrath often involved dismemberment.

He walked faster and Belle let him drag her along. Where did he think he was taking her? And what did he think he was going to do once they arrived? Her body trilled in excitement. She might not hunt anymore, but she still felt the urges. Two hundred years was a long time to forego the death dance.

The path ended abruptly. Belle's heels sank into the sand, popping free as Damon yanked her forward.

She pulled out of his grip. "Where are we going?"

"Somewhere dark and quiet... so I can be alone with you."

"If you weren't gritting your teeth so hard that would almost sound sexy." She sighed, crossing

her arms. "You're a vampire hunter."

Damon nodded.

"Why aren't *you* in New Orleans?" she asked. "Usually the hunters descend there right now because the pickings are so good."

He stared at her, his lips pressed together. Out on the beach, his suit and those shiny black shoes seemed out of place. Belle wanted to rip off those staid clothes and see what yummy surprise was hidden under them. He was a boxer man, she was sure.

"Come on." She left her high heels and walked barefoot toward the ocean. Gentle waves kissed the shore. Their foamed edges looked like lace edging on black chiffon.

Belle sat down, uncaring about how her flirty gold dress might fare against the beach grit, and stretched out her legs. Once again, the breeze toyed with the strands of her hair. It was an unremarkable shade of brown, a rather un-sexy color for a vampire.

Damon sat next to her, his gaze on the undulating dark water.

"When I was human, I lived on a small farm in France with my family," said Belle. "That was nearly two hundred and fifty years ago."

"You don't look a day over eighteen."

"Ah. So you know how old I was when I was changed." Belle wondered how much more he knew about her. "It gets easy to justify murder when your main source of food is people. I was only forty-seven in vampire years when I decided to never hunt humans again."

"You almost sound sincere."

Belle glanced at him and saw him staring at her hungrily. *What are you thinking, mon amour?* Too bad his psychic shield was so good. "We cannot live without blood," she said. "But we can live without the hunt. When you can look a human in the eyes and see his terror, hear him beg for his life, and still rip out his throat, then you are a monster."

"Your queen says that vampires are the lions of the human world. Lions don't worry about the feelings of zebras when they kill them."

"She is not my queen," said Belle. "Animals live by their instincts. They do what they have been genetically programmed to do. Vampires don't have that excuse." Belle drew up her legs and wiggled her toes into the sand. "Many vampires live successfully, without hunting or killing, in the world of humans."

"Like you?"

"Of course."

She felt the heat of his gaze, but she waited a long moment before turning to meet it. The lust flickering in those dazzling green eyes caused her pussy to clench. *Oh, you are so yummy*. She licked her lips, held his stare for another heartbeat, and then turned away.

"What are you waiting for?" he demanded raggedly. "I know you want to sink your fangs into my neck." His breathing was uneven. Her ears picked up the increased beat of his heart. She might not be able to read his thoughts, but she could practically feel his fear, his excitement.

"I've already had dinner, thanks. The blood bank served a terrific AB entree with a lovely O for dessert."

"Great. I get the one vampire who still has a soul." He took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. He re-directed his gaze toward the ocean. "I found you in Chicago last month."

The bombshell was dropped casually, with the intention of rattling her.

"You were the one tracking me?" she asked pleasantly. Outwardly she showed no signs of distress, but inwardly, she cursed her complacency. Because she rarely fed directly from humans and never killed them, she was almost always off the radar of hunters. How had this one found her? And why?

His mind was blank, as immovable as a mountain. If she wanted answers, she would have to ask direct questions. Damn it.

Ignoring his verbal bait, Belle allowed herself the luxury of thinking, of waiting. She had accumulated enough wealth to do anything she pleased. She often visited Chicago because she enjoyed the city so much. Apparently, she was not as random about her movements as she'd thought. She'd sensed someone watching her, following her, but never managed to figure out his identity. Now, she knew why. Damon was a powerful psychic.

"I've been off my game," he said suddenly.

Once again, Belle found herself off-balance. She'd expected him to interrogate her, but instead his tone was confessional.

"Tired, unfocused, weak. But I still managed to follow you home. It was easy to sneak into your nest. Your wolf is a mental pushover."

"You entranced Rolf?" Her guardian was huge, vicious and fiercely loyal. And yet, Damon had managed to control him. Belle's stomach squeezed in dread. "You could've staked me."

"I stood over you with that spike hovering about your heart and... I couldn't do it. You were lying there -- naked and perfect and vulnerable. I wanted to kiss you, not kill you." He curled up a fist and slammed it into the sand. "I'm a hunter! Growing a conscience about slaying the undead is the last thing I needed."

She heard the defeat in his tone and guessed at its cause. "Something is wrong with you?"

"Yeah. I went to a doctor and he did a bunch of tests. *Cancer*." The word fell bitterly from his lips.

"Ah. You believe that a vampire hunter murdered by his own prey offers you a noble end. That's why you tracked me here."

"No," he said, his eyes blazing with pure lust. "I want to fuck you. If that means my death... well,

"I'm already dying."

Shocked, Belle stared him. She certainly wasn't opposed to having hot, sweaty sex with him, but she wasn't in the habit of murdering her lovers. God! Had it never occurred to the darling idiot that she could save him? "Two bites and you could be mine forever."

"Just yours?"

She smiled and let her fangs descend. "The first bite is on the neck. I drink from you and a chemical is released into your system that makes you... happy. Humane vampires stop there when they feed. The wound heals, the victim feels like they've had a couple of margaritas, and that's it."

"When you feed, you also leave your mark."

She inclined her head. "That is true. A marked human is not supposed to be harmed or to be fed on by another vampire. We are very territorial."

"I know." He watched her, his eyes snapping with heat, with need. "And the second bite?"

Her body tingled with anticipation as she dipped her hand between his legs. "The second bite is on the inner thigh. I drain you to the point of death, and then release another chemical that essentially poisons you."

"Then I'm changed?"

"I know it's so Anne Rice, but you have to drink directly from me to complete the process. In your death throes, I'll open the vein on my wrist and you suck as much blood into your system as possible. Then you'll pass out. I'll take you to my nest and watch over you. The transition takes two days, sometimes three, and if you wake up, you'll be a vampire."

"If?"

"Not everyone is strong enough," she admitted. "And with cancer ravaging that fine, fine form... I can't make any guarantees." She climbed onto his lap and pushed him onto his back. "What do you care? You are going to die no matter what."

He slid his hands up her thighs, under the silky hem of the dress, and cupped her hips. His thumbs hooked under the thin lace of her thong. He looked so resentful, and yet intrigued. Did he really want her so much that he was willing to forego his own principles to have her?

She had conquered him without even trying.

It was so odd.

Ah. Belle was not in the habit of denying herself. Hunter or not, there was something primal about Damon that made her crave him almost as much as she sometimes craved the hunt. Vampires were not humans. They weren't as concerned with morality. When you lived forever, the lines of conscience were blurred. And that was why she'd worked so hard to create her own boundaries, her own rules.

Damon had the choice never given to her.

Her sire, Pierre, wanted her, body and soul, forever. So he killed her family and changed her. He taught her how to be a vampire, including how to hunt. He was very skilled, and very dangerous. He didn't care if he took the life of a human child or slaked his thirst on old women. He told her that the longer a vampire lived, the weaker his connection to humanity. Queen Isolde was one of the oldest; she thought humans were errant animals cavorting in her garden of delights.

Perhaps Pierre had allowed his kinder emotions to fade, but he'd held on to lust and greed as though they were shiny gems. He took what he wanted because he had the power to do so. For forty-seven years, she'd lived as his slave and his protégé. Unwilling, but learning her lessons all the same.

Belle hadn't regretted, not even for a second, the moment she plunged the oak stake into his black heart. He turned to ash before her eyes. That was the same day she swore she would never hunt again. Pierre had been a liar. Vampires didn't lose their humanity. They chucked it away, gladly.

"Belle?"

She blinked down at Damon and saw the questioning look in his eyes. "Lost in old memories," she said. "What do you regret, Damon?"

It was an impulsive question. She looked away, suddenly feeling vulnerable. What had possessed her to give away even a sliver of her control?

"I regret that you're still wearing your clothes." He delved between her thighs, one calloused thumb stroking her clit through the wet lace. "And that I'm still wearing mine, too."

She laughed, running her hands along his chest, her fingertips coasting along the edge of his buttoned shirt. She grabbed the collar and pulled. The buttons popped off and the cotton material fell away to reveal a well-defined chest with a light furring of blondish hair.

"I'd do the same," said Damon drolly, "except I wouldn't get the same results."

Belle grinned. "Once you are vampire, you will be able to rip off my clothes with two fingers." Her smile widened. "Or if you are very good, with only one."

His gaze went dark, but she still recognized the guilt flashing in those green orbs. Her fingers, already sifting through the springy curls arrowing down his stomach, paused.

"If you do not wish to do this," she said softly, "then I will walk away. You can live to your natural end without becoming what you hate."

"I don't hate you," he said roughly. He lifted up, grabbed her, and rolled her onto her back in one smooth motion. He covered her, pressing his hard cock between the vee of her thighs. "Does that feel like I don't want to be with you?"

"You don't want to want me," she said, cupping his face and searching his gaze. "You feel this craving, this terrible hunger, and you do not want to deny yourself. You are tired, are you not? Of wanting so much? But I tell you, Damon, that you can resist me. Resist that urge to have what will surely end your self-respect."

"Your French is showing," he said. Then he blew out a breath. "That's how you feel, isn't it?"



About the hunt. You really don't kill humans. Why do you resist, Belle?"

"Because I choose my humanity. I may not have wanted this life, but it is still mine, and I have choices. Just as you do, Damon."

His mask slipped then, and she saw the pain and the doubt and the wonder. Even his psychic shields wavered, and she heard one thought: *She's not like the rest*.

"*Mon amour*," she whispered, and brought her lips to his.

She meant the kiss to be gentle, but Damon wouldn't accept the kindness. He plundered her mouth, his tongue thrusting, his lips relentless. He shoved her dress up and worked off her panties.

He unzipped his pants, and wiggled them down just enough to free his cock. "Bite me," he said. "Bite me while I fuck you."

"I will," she promised, "but not yet." She flipped him easily, and he grunted as his backside hit the sand. Her gaze traveled his half-clothed form. He was quite handsome, and very toned. When he changed, he would stay just as he was now, young and beautiful and muscled.

She let her fingers dance along his bared skin. His pants had caught above the knees, and yes, he wore boxers. They were blue silk. Very nice.

She sat on his thighs and leaned down to suck the mushroomed head of his thick cock. He sucked in a sharp breath as he slipped his hands into her hair and pulled out the pins still clinging to the loosening strands. "Belle, don't." *I don't deserve this*.

"I want to," she said, wondering at the angst in his wayward thought. He was such a strange mix of emotions, but what did she expect of a dying man?

She sucked his cock into her mouth, tracing the bulging veins with the tip of her tongue. She cupped his balls, squeezing gently, and savored his shaft with long licks. She tormented him until she felt him tense, his stomach muscles quivering, his shaft so sensitized that it pulsed at the slightest touch.

She kissed her way up his chest, lingering on the rope of every muscle. She sucked on his nipples, biting the tiny nubs, smiling when he gasped. Only when he was quaking beneath her, his eyes glazed with need, did she lower her wet, swollen pussy onto his cock.

She squeezed his thick length within her, which filled her so well. She tossed off her dress and leaned forward to offer him her breasts. He cupped them, tweaking one aching peak as he sucked the other into his mouth. She began to move, rubbing her cunt against him as she increased the pace, building her orgasm.

"Bite me," he said. "Please."

"As if I would forget," she gasped. Her breasts tingled from his touch, and she wanted more of him. More of this. She lay flush against him, her body still straining for its pleasure. Damon grasped her ass, and stroked into her, taking over the rhythm.

Her fangs descended, and as her new lover fucked her, she sank her teeth into the strong column of his neck. His blood filled her mouth. It had been a very long time since she'd tasted the warm,



nourishing blood of a human straight from the source. Pleasure rushed through her, zapping all the way to her pussy.

Damon groaned, and she knew the erotic sensations of her feeding would make him orgasm. He increased his pace, frenzied, and bucked and rocked, and she took him, all of him, and sucked in his life essence and he exploded.

He shoved deeply within her, his cry echoing across the sand to join with the ocean's music.

Then she went, too, all the way to the stars, and after an eternity of bliss, she collapsed against him.

"Oh, my God," he said. "Oh, my God."

She heard the thick satisfaction in his voice. Belle licked his wounds until she felt the blood lessening, and knew the skin was healing. She swiped the blood from her lips before sitting up, his softening cock still trapped within her.

He looked utterly shocked.

"It's different, yes?" She tapped his ribs. "You see why some humans get addicted to the vampire's bite."

"Is it always that way?" he asked.

"Yes. Always more intense, always more satisfying. One of the few perks of vampirism."

"Jesus." He wiped his sweating brow. "It was fucking amazing."

She grinned. "You want to do it again?"

## Chapter Two

Belle's rented bungalow was within walking distance. They'd gotten hastily re-dressed, and now Belle pulled Damon along, trying to walk at a human's hurried pace. As a vampire, she could've already raced home, dashed into the bedroom, and been naked and stretched out across the silk sheets.

A growl greeted them as Belle flung open the front door. She flipped on the lights and bent down to rub the massive wolf's ears. "Rolf," she said affectionately. "This is my new friend, Damon."

The wolf's ears went back and his black gaze went mean. He bared his teeth and grumbled a

warning from the impressive maw.

"Oh, ssshh now, *mon ami* ." She kissed his nose, unaffected by his menacing stance. Carelessly, she drew Damon around the massive animal and led him into the living room. She pushed him onto the overstuffed brown couch.

The wolf wouldn't stop posturing, or growling. Belle looked over her shoulder and glared at the beast.

Rolf barked, sounding pissed, and padded out of the room.

"He's very sweet," she said. "A good protector. You are the only one to have bested him and lived."

"So far," murmured Damon. He took Belle's hand and pulled her onto the couch. His lips captured hers, his tongue slipping inside to duel with hers.

She melted into his arms and deepened their contact. Desire streaked through her, pooling wet and hot. Reaching between them, she stroked him through his pants. Then Belle kissed his jaw, dragging her lips down his neck then back up again. Her fingers curled under the edges of the tattered shirt, which she opened to reveal his delicious body.

With lips and tongue, Belle worked her way to his pectorals, taking a detour to one coin-sized areola and its tiny, hard peak. She tugged it between her teeth, flicking the tip rapidly. He groaned, his hands wrapping in her hair as she attacked his other nipple and gave it the same treatment.

"Belle," he gasped.

Smiling, she moved further down his chest, exploring the muscled ridges of his stomach. He trembled under her touch, his body begging for more even though his lips were silent.

He wanted her.

She could feel the depth of his need. She didn't need confirmation from his mind, which was locked tight against her. It was almost as if he strengthened his psychic shields, as if, perhaps, she was capable of making him lose control, too. That was a gratifying thought. It meant she was not the only one enraptured.

Slipping to the floor, she knelt between his legs. She undid his pants and reached through the gap in his boxers to grasp his thick, hard shaft. She swirled her tongue around the head, flicking the tiny bumps on the underside. The musky scent of his sex excited her. She went down on him all the way, sucking his cock to the base. His breathing went ragged and his thighs tensed.

Lust thickened her blood, made her cunt hotter, wetter. Belle gave him a down and dirty blow job, lubing his cock with her tongue as she went down on him again and again. He pumped into her mouth, his cock banging against the back of her throat, but she took him, took him all.

"Belle. God." His fingers twisted in her hair, and she knew he was close to coming, so she released him.

"Not yet," she said. Pre-come pearled the tip of his engorged cock. She licked it off. "Mmmm."

"Bitch." He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing, his eyes glazed with passion.

"I have worse in mind for you, *monamour*."

She stood up, taking off her dress and the thong. Then she turned and walked into the hallway, down to the bedroom.

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In the bedroom, the walls were painted a delicate green and all the furniture was oversized and dark wood. Belle faced the bed, waiting for her new lover.

She heard the slow cadence of his bare feet on the wood floor, and sensed his hesitation. If he changed his mind about becoming a vampire, she wasn't sure now if she'd honor his choice. Why settle for a night of passion, when they could have several lifetimes?

She had never met a man who could engage her mind and her body so well. She did not know his thoughts and could not guess his secrets. That was rare. She had never known love or marriage, thanks to Pierre. And unlike most of the village girls who gave themselves on haystacks to men with bad breath and grubby hands, she'd refused such overtures.

Her virginity was another reason Pierre had changed her. First, so he could sip every drop of her pure blood. And second, so he could take her innocence, which he did as he slowly drained her to death.

*I would stake him again*, she thought viciously. *It is too bad I could only kill him once*.

"Doesn't much look like a vampire's lair," said Damon as he finally entered the room.

He stepped behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders. He kneaded out the kinks, smoothed away tightness, and Belle felt her tension release. She sighed deeply and leaned into the massage. Slowly, Damon's touches changed from comfort to seduction. His fingers stroked long lines down her back and up her arms. His warm breath stirred the hair at the nape of her neck.

His hands trailed up her ribcage, stopping under her breasts. She felt the barest touch of his fingers. She moaned. His lips found the curve of her neck, and his tongue traced a path to her ear. "What do you want, Belle?"

"To live again," she answered, giving voice to useless yearning she kept tucked away. "Make me live again."

Damon turned her to face him and lowered his mouth to hers. He stopped a breath away -- his tongue flicked out. He traced the inner curve of her lower lip. Oh, how she wanted him to plunder, to take. But he was gentle, coaxing... tormenting her.

She let him do as he wished while her desire blossomed like a fire flower, petals of heat and light curling through her. When he finally took her mouth, she melted into his embrace, and gave to him the same tender punishment he'd visited on her.

Damon pulled back, his heated gaze filled with a hunger that weakened her knees. He pressed his mouth to the hollow of her throat and tasted her. Then he nipped kisses up her neck.

Lust twisted inside her, consuming her, until all she could feel, all she could think was Damon. She grasped his cock, lightly stroking. He gathered her close, kissing her, touching her.

While her fingers danced along his shaft, he bent and took a nipple in his mouth, teasing it to hardness. She felt electrified, sensations rolling through her. Sensations that shouldn't exist without working nerves or pulsing blood.

Holy God. He really was making her feel alive.

Damon lifted her and took her to the bed, laid her down and knelt between her thighs. He spread apart her cunt and licked the glistening flesh. She sucked in a startled breath, clutching at his hair.

Grasping her ass, he pulled her to his mouth... sucking... licking... kissing. Then he shoved his tongue into her pussy, and he thrust inside her over and over, until her cunt was soaked and tingling.

Belle squirmed and moaned, and damned near begged for the release he wouldn't give her. No, he was too busy savoring her spice, bringing her to the brink without letting her fall over. It was delicious torment.

The same kind of torment she'd delivered to him not so long ago.

He withdrew from her, the bastard, dragging his lips over her stomach, between the valley of her breasts, along her throat. Her hands curled around his buttocks and she rubbed her slick cunt along his cock. Obviously, he was just as eager to mate as she was. He wasted no time fitting the head of his cock against her entrance.

His heartbeat went wild as he entered her slowly. She sighed in satisfaction as he stretched and filled her. She arched against him, offering her breasts. As he scraped her sensitive nipples with his teeth, he increased his pace.

She raked her nails down his back, felt the blood well under her fingers. Smelled the rusty delight of his essence. A different kind of lust rose inside her, the need for blood, and the need for satisfaction too long denied.

Belle wrapped her arms around Damon and rolled, easily landing him on his back. She carved his chest with her nails, and watched the tiny rivers of blood flow over the taut flesh. "So beautiful," she said. Her eyes flicked to his.

He wasn't afraid.

She leaned forward and licked the wounds. Every swipe of her tongue brought a mere taste of his blood. She wanted more.

Damon grabbed her hips and thrust up. She gasped, impaled all the way to her womb. She put her palms on his bloodied chest and rode him, squeezing his cock with her inner walls as he caught her rhythm. "Yes," she cried. "Fuck me!"

The orgasm coiled tightly, and as the first wave of pleasure flooded, she lifted his right hand from her hip and bit into his wrist.

Her gaze melded to his. He was still thrusting, and her pleasure ebbed and flowed, contracting still as the blood flowed into her mouth.

"Oh, God. Belle!" Damon thrust hard and deep, his other hand clenching her thigh as his hot seed splashed inside her. His face went tight and his eyes rolled.

She feasted on him, and brought him to another orgasm. He cried out, his shaft throbbing with the dry release. Only then did Belle let go. She licked the wound until it started to heal. She laid his arm onto the bed and slid beside him. Her fingers smeared the drying blood on his chest.

"We should take a shower," she said.

"You don't like looking at your handiwork?"

Her gaze went to his. His tone was teasing, but his eyes held a different expression. She couldn't pinpoint why he should feel guilty, though she might better understand his resentment. "I still have sand in uncomfortable places," she said.

He chuckled and kissed her forehead. The gesture threw her off guard. It was affection, and she wasn't sure he meant it. And confused about why she hoped he did.

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Under the hot spray, Belle squeezed the lemongrass bath gel onto the loofa and washed Damon thoroughly from head to toe.

As she soaped his penis, she cupped his balls and lightly squeezed them. His gaze was enigmatic. She'd sensed a shift in his emotions, which seemed like determination coupled with fury.

Had Damon changed his mind? She was not sure she was strong enough, or unselfish enough, to watch him waste away and die. She would not abandon him, though he might try to leave her.

Whatever he was feeling, and why, didn't prevent him from getting hard under her persistent ministrations. Damon turned toward the pulsating water and scrubbed off the soap. Then he backed Belle against the wall and pushed his cock into the wet vee of her thighs.

She cupped his face in her palms and kissed him. He jerked away, his jaw tight. "No. No more of that."

"No more of what?"

The water beat down on them, as Damon lifted one of her legs and used his other hand to guide his cock into her pussy. Belle clutched his shoulders as he thrust hard and deep, grunting and groaning, his teeth clenched as he took her over and over.

This mating wasn't gentle. It was carnal . Primal.

She felt the wild pulse of pleasure, and that insatiable need to taste him. She had denied herself a human blood source for too long. She was breaking her rules, overriding her principles to drink from him.

Her fangs extended, and she found herself angling toward his neck.

"Don'tfucking bite me," he ground out. "Not ever again."

Hurt slapped through her.

But Damon's relentless fucking drove her past the hurt. She couldn't resist the pleasure he offered. Again and again, he slammed into her. Her ass slapped against the tile and her moans mingled with his. He plunged deeply, his fingers jabbing into her thighs, his breath hot on her neck.

"You have the sweetest cunt I've ever tasted," he whispered. "Like a fucking juicy peach."

Bliss had already sparked inside her, and his words expanded the burn, made it bloom, and tingle.

"Belle," he panted. "I'm going to come in your tight little vampire pussy." She could hear his heartbeat raging out of control, feel the tightening of his scrotum as his cock seized. "Come on my cock, Belle. Come with me, baby."

Her orgasm burst like the Fourth of July. He shoved her against the wall, groaning heavily as he came with her.

Belle was shell shocked. If Damon had not continued to hold her, she would have slid to the floor, boneless. She had never had such a fierce lover, someone who could be so gentle, and so raw. She hadn't yet begun to tap all the possibilities with him.

"Let me give you the gift," she said, her voice ragged. "Think of it, Damon. An eternity of this... all the pleasure you could want. We can go anywhere. Do anything."

"No." He withdrew from her, but kept her pinned to the wall by her shoulders. "I don't want to be a vampire."

Belle swallowed the knot in her throat. "But you said --"

"I wanted to fuck you, and I have. I'm disgusted with myself. I feel dirty. But you were worth it." His grin held no humor. "I don't want your gift, bitch. I'd rather die."

Unshed tears clotted in Belle's eyes. His blood had given her the ability to cry red droplets. "I should kill you."

"Go ahead."

"That's what you want, isn't it?" She chewed the inside of her mouth. " *Non*. I will not be your instrument of destruction. Let the cancer eat at you until you wither away, Damon. Or be a man and take your own life."

She could've easily shoved him through the glass shower door. Instead, she stepped around him and walked out, stopping long enough to grab a thick towel to wrap around her shivering form.

Belle hid in the kitchen, counting the minutes until he left. The front door slammed shut. Only then did she slide to her knees and let the bloody tears flow.

### Chapter Three

Damon sat on the bed in his crappy hotel and lit a cigarette. His hands shook so badly it took a couple of tries to get the flame steady enough to light the Marlboro.

Fucking Belle and her fucking moral code. That's what he got for letting his dick choose the vampire. He had no excuse for not staking her in Chicago. He'd never let anything like feelings, or worse, pure dumb-ass lust, get in the way of his calling. Not until her.

His parents had been slayers. His friends were slayers. His only purpose in life was to kill bloodsucking bastards. He'd been trained, in body, in mind. He'd been told vampires were soulless, greedy power-mongers.

Belle shot that belief to shit.

How many vampires were like her? Was she an anomaly? Or were Queen Isolde and her bunch the only ones who deserved a sword in the neck?

He didn't know anymore.

And he was sick about it.

So, he couldn't kill Belle. And thanks to the cancer destroying him, he wouldn't have enough time to find out the truth. Had he been blindly following the laws of the Guild? His psychic powers made him more valuable than other assassins. The Guild always gave him the hardest jobs because vamps couldn't sense him and they couldn't break into his mind and control him.

But Belle hadn't needed access to his thoughts.

She'd found another way to reach him. To make him doubt himself. To make him want something else. With her.

"You're still breathing." The shadow keeping vigil in the corner finally detached itself from the wall.

Damon had known Kel was there, watching. It didn't bode well when the Guild sent their best cleaner to give greetings. Damon didn't fear death. It wasn't like he had other options. Dead from cancer. Dead from a vampire. Dead from the gun Kel leveled at his head.

"She didn't take the bait." He drew hard on the cigarette, drawing the poison into his lungs. It felt good, that cloud of nicotine. He blew out, nearly smiling when the smoke shimmered around Kel's face.



The man grimaced. "Filthy habit."

"So's killing people."

"Vampires aren't people."

"I was talking about me, numb nuts." He gauged the distance, maybe a foot and a half, between him and Kel. Kel was too good with his weapon. Damon would have a bullet in his brain before he'd gotten off the bed.

"Wouldn't take the bait? Bullshit. Everyone knows the females are whores who'll fuck you and suck you until you're dead." Something like regret flashed in Kel's blue eyes. "You had a chance to do something good for the Guild. Why'd you blow it?"

*I like her.* I fucking like her, okay?" Maybe I changed my mind. Maybe I don't want to be some experiment." Damon flipped the cigarette to the carpet and ground it out with his shoe. "You really think poisoning will kill them?"

"Lab boys sure as hell think so. What we needed was a successful field test. Think about it, Damon! If we get captured, we bite down on a little tooth capsule and let the poison kill every motherfucker who sticks their fangs in us." He sighed. "No worries, bro. The vamps will still eat a fresh kill."

Damon's heart sunk to his toes. "You're gonna shoot me and throw me on some vamp's doorstep?"

"Yeah." He shrugged. "You're already poisoned, man. It's a waste to just kill you and throw your ass in acid."

The safety was already off.

Kel's hand was steady.

And Damon was fucked.

He refused to close his eyes. He wanted to see it coming. He wanted to look in his murderer's eyes as he took his last breath.

The door to the hotel flew off its hinges. Kel whirled around, and Damon rolled over the bed, falling to the floor on the other side. He peeked over the edge and watched Kel empty the Glock. The silencer did its job, but the bullets did not.

Belle was too fast. Even as Kel shot at the doorway, she was already behind him, her slim pale hands around his head. *Crack*. She snapped his neck. Kel dropped to the floor.

"Remind me never to piss you off," said Damon as he rose to his feet.

"You already have," she reminded him. She wore a white silk blouse tucked into a black mini-skirt, and black leather calf boots. Her blonde hair hung in soft waves around her heart-shaped face.

She was beautiful.

"I am not quite so angry anymore."

Damon cleared his throat. Embarrassment crawled up his neck. "You heard."

"You let your shields down."

"I don't need them for vermin." He walked around the edge of the bed and looked down at Kel. His eyes were wide, sightless. "Prick."

"You need new friends," said Belle. Her gaze flicked to his. "You walked away. You hurt me. Because you knew if I drained you, the poison would kill me."

"Vampires metabolize too fast. You can't get drunk or high. You're essentially dead, so diseased blood cannot infect you. You're impervious to almost everything." Damon looked away, unable to face the accusation gleaming in her eyes. "A large concentrated dose of the Guild's poison will kill you, in the worst way. They dosed me with three times the normal amount. If you drain me, you'll die."

"And this terrible substance does not affect you?"

"Not like it will you. Silver burns you, right?"

Her expression turned to horror. "There is silver in the concoction?"

"Yeah." Damon sighed and shoved his hands into his pockets. "This shit is already killing me, Belle. I've got less than six hours."

"We must go." She strutted to the door, and Damon's gaze was drawn to her pert ass. She paused and looked over her shoulder. "You are dying, Damon Phillips. Do not waste time."

"Baby, if your ass was the last sight I ever saw, I'd die a happy man."

She rolled her eyes. "You will not die tonight, *monamour*. But I am still not happy with you."

"I'll find a way to make it up to you," he promised.

"Yes," she said, tossing her hair. "You will."

\* \* \*

"This is the plan?" Damon asked. "No. Hell, no."

"Don't be a pussy." Belle was already naked and on the bed. Rolf lounged next to her. In his human form, Rolf was a big dude. Probably close to seven feet tall, Damon guessed, and as bulked with muscle as a WWF wrestler. He had slate gray eyes and short spiky hair. Damon was no slouch in the cock department, but Rolf's was freaking enormous.

"That's the problem," he said. "I like pussy. Dicks are not my style."

Belle sighed. "I explained this already. Rolf is different from other werewolves."

"No shit."

"I'm not referring to his preference for males. Werewolves are born, just like human children. Rolf is one of the very few wolves who can make others."

"Fine. He can bite me. But he's not having sex with me."

"He utilizes sex magic," said Belle in a tone that suggested she was losing patience. "Our lovemaking will strengthen the bite and give you a better chance of surviving the change. You will be immortal, and we can be together."

"This fucking sucks," said Damon as he took off his clothes. "I don't know which would be worse -- croaking or letting Jumbo over there put his dick up my ass."

"You might enjoy it," offered Rolf in a rumbling voice. His gaze traveled over Damon's naked form. "God knows I will."

"I thought silver hurt wolves, too."

"He just has to bite you, not suck your blood." Belle patted the spot on the bed between her and Rolf. "No more waiting, Damon."

Rolf wasted no time exploring the hard ridges of Damon's bare chest. Damon flinched, sidling a glance at Belle. Her hands joined Rolf's. Soft and feminine. Rugged and male.

The contrasts were surprisingly erotic. He closed his eyes and tried to relax, tried to enjoy the feel of being touched. When two mouths kissed his nipples, tongues flicking the tiny peaks, he moaned.

"He likes it." Rolf sounded amused.

"Shut up, furball."

Rolf's laughter rolled over him and then the dog gripped Damon's cock.

Damon's eyes flew up and his mouth opened.

Belle kissed him. Probably to make sure his mouth was too occupied to insult the werewolf. His heart beat a rapid tattoo as his cock reacted to Rolf's rough stroking. He was shocked because he was so not into dudes. But maybe a touch was a touch, a kiss a kiss, and a fuck... just a fuck.

Belle's tenderness warred with Rolf's brutality. Lust pulsed through Damon as white-hot as lightning. His cock hardened, his balls tightened.

Damon rolled onto his side, unsure if he was relieved or disappointed that he'd effectively removed Rolf from rubbing his shaft. He felt much better about nestling his cock against Belle's slick pussy. She wrapped her legs around him and pulled him tight against her. She sucked on his lower lip then chased kisses across his throat, licking his collarbone.

Rolf's hands cupped his ass.

"Whoa. Hey."

" Sssh." Belle kissed him, trying to distract him from what Rolf was doing. Only she didn't quite succeed.

"Do not clench," demanded Rolf. He put something metallic and cold into Damon's anus and squeezed. Cool gel filled his ass.

Oh, crap. Damon clenched.

"You can do that after I'm inside you," said Rolf. "You squeeze those ass muscles as tight as you want."

"It's not gonna fit," whispered Damon. "Did you see that thing?"

"Pay attention to something else." Belle's lips twitched and he realized she was trying not to laugh.

"How would you like it?"

One golden eyebrow rose. "Why don't you find out?"

Rolf handed him the lube. Belle rolled over and offered Damon her perfect, sweet ass. He parted her cheeks and squeezed the lube inside her. And when Rolf punctured him with one long, thick finger, circling and widening, he did the same to Belle.

She moaned.

And wiggled.

He nestled his chin on her shoulder and watched Belle pleasure herself. Maybe he was trying to distance himself from what Rolf was gonna do, which was pointless. Still, Belle offered a nice distraction. Her hands cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples. Damon went hot. One of her hands slid down her flat stomach to the blonde curls at the juncture of her thighs. He watched as she slid one finger into her pussy, and then two.

He followed her lead, inserting another finger into her ass.

Rolf did the same.

Damon hadn't really done much anal play, and certainly not like this. Not with a man behind prepping to fuck his ass, and not with a woman in front of him, ready for him to do the same.

Belle moaned, working one plump breast and her pussy.

"Slow down," he said. He was sweating, from anticipation or worry, he didn't know.

"Get inside me," said Belle, her voice reedy. "Fuck me."

Rolf chose that moment to fit the tip of his cock against Damon's puckered entrance. Damon sucked in a steady breath, his fingers stilling within Belle.

"Push back," said Rolf.

Damon did, as Rolf slowly inched his enormous length inside. It felt so full, so strange, and so... good. Rolf's hand gripped Damon's hip.

"Take her," he said. "And we will begin."

Damon removed his fingers and fit his cock against Belle's tight bud. As he worked his shaft into her quivering channel, she pushed back, and soon he was fully seated.

Rolf started to move, and Damon pressed against Belle as Rolf thrust and thrust. Although it burned, the sensation of being fucked in the ass wasn't entirely unpleasant. And when pleasure started to tremble in his cock, he caught Rolf's rhythm and plunged into Belle.

"Yes," she cried.

Damon lost himself in all the tumbling sensations. He was surprised at how quickly the orgasm built, at how much he enjoyed being sandwiched between two sensual people striving for his pleasure.

"I'm coming," cried Belle. "Oh, yes. Yes!"

Her hand was pressed hard against her cunt, her body arching as she orgasmed, and her ass clenched him so hard, he came. Pleasure burst, hot and sweet as he filled Belle's ass with his seed.

Rolf groaned as he shoved his thick cock deeply into Damon. The throbbing of the man's cock as he came created even more pleasurable shivers for Damon. Damon saw that they were all glowing, as shiny as gold. Sparks snapped and sizzled around them.

Sex magic.

Then Rolf bit him on the shoulder.

The werewolf's teeth were big and sharp.

Something metallic electrified him. Then he was falling into lava, burning, burning until his bones cracked and his flesh flaked and he crumbled into nothingness.

\* \* \*

Damon swam up from the liquid black. He broke the surface of consciousness, but he felt fuzzy and weak. He couldn't open his eyes. He was lying on something soft, surrounded by its comfort. Belle's bed. He sensed someone else in the room. No, two people. Restless. One pacing, one shifting from foot to foot.

What had happened to him?

"He has not stirred in two days." Belle's sweet, French-tinged voice was filled with worry. For him?

"He's alive," said Rolf. "If the poison did not kill him, then the bite was effective. He's immortal, just as you wanted."

"Thank you," said Belle, though Damon recognized the uncertainty edging her tone. "Your debt is paid, *mon ami*."

"You know the debt never kept me here. He's a good protector, and now that he is werewolf, he's even better. You no longer need me."

"Rolf..."

"It's time for me to go, we both know it." He paused. "I'll return when he's ready to do his first shift. I don't think it'll take him long to get used to his new life."

\* \* \*

On the third night, Damon woke up.

Belle, who was leaning over to straighten the covers around him, fell onto the bed and rained kisses on his face and neck. "How do you feel?"

"Like I could eat a whole cow.Raw."

She grinned. "My beautiful werewolf."

"My gorgeous vampire."

They kissed, slowly, sweetly, because now, Belle DeLuc and Damon Phillips had all the time in the world.

To dream.

To adventure.

To love.

Riley Ashford

Riley Ashford loves to write sensual love stories that explore unusual relationships and supernatural settings. She lives in theMidwest with her family, and enjoys reading, knitting, and watching action flicks.

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