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Belladonna Bordeaux



Cry FOR ME

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By

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"Shannon, it's good to have you back."

"Really? I thought you'd prefer me dead for failing the Council," Shannon McGilvrey told her boss. Her raspy voice reminded her of what she'd become, a hunter who'd met the deadly edge of a vampire's fangs. Touching the two small scars marring the side of her neck, she turned her back on Mr. Corning.

What am I now? The answer eluded her.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why did I ask to have you reinstated? That's easy. You are *the* best."

On a sarcastic huff, she spun around to stare at the man who'd sent her on the mission where she'd met Jakob LeFay. Hate, unbridled and agonizing, welled in her chest for him and the Council for the Preservation of Humanity. "You have the wrong hunter." She shook her head when the aging man leaned back in his chair, propped his elbows on the leather-covered arms and steeped his fingers. "Maybe I was the best, but not anymore."

"I don't believe that and neither does the Council." He motioned for her to sit with a nod of his head. "Please," he prompted when she hesitated.

"Fine." The sound of her heavy-soled boots echoed in the palatial room as she moved to the companion chair. Her jeans tightened against her thighs when she planted her ass on the cushion. A niggling recollection of big, strong hands gripping her butt cheeks as he entered

her from behind hit her, but she pushed it aside. There wasn't a damn thing she could do about her nipples hardening to tight buds.

"We have a mission for you."

"Surprise surprise," she muttered under her breath. The urge to shout "I can't do it" shrieked across her nerves. Memories of the vampire drinking from her followed. *Gun shy? Yes. Fucking terrified? Hell yes.* Forcing her hand to pick up the folder placed on the corner of the mahogany desk, she settled it in her lap but didn't bother to crack the cover. "Who's the target?"

Corning didn't hesitate. "Jakob LeFay."

"Hell no." Her nails elongated into talons when she dragged them across the stiff board of the cover. Peeking down, she saw the damage she'd done to the file.

"He's not a vampire."

"Try again." Cynical laughter rumbled through her chest. "I have the scars to show he is." *Along with a few other disgusting traits such as wanting to drink your blood and an undeniable lust for the man who changed me.* Her core clenched at the thought of having the man's cock in her again.

"He's a hybrid. Half-vampire and half-something else. We need you to find out what the 'something else' is."

"And you think he'll trust me since he's already done me—so to speak." She couldn't believe Mr. Corning even entertained the notion Jakob LeFay would let her within ten feet of his person.

"He's requested you attend a ball at his mansion."

"I beg your pardon." She pressed her thighs tight together to keep from squirming.

"Your invitation is in the file. We've already had the handwriting analyzed. The request is legitimate."

Suspicion reared up in her. A handwritten invitation? Novel and telling. "He knows about us."

"Apparently." Corning's narrowed gaze fell on her.

"Vampires read minds," she reminded him. Damning the inhibitor she wore which kept her from doing the same thing to Corning, she waited with unconcealed impatience for him to get to the crux of the

mission.

"Not to the degree he read yours. Our scientists have hypothesized that when he drank from you he gained access to all your knowledge."

Her gaze dipped to her fingers, the nails pulling back. She should be dead. Her failure wasn't just in that Jakob Lefay had taken her blood but that he'd taken all the secrets she held dear. The fact turned her from a washed-up hunter into a traitor. "A blending?"

"Of the highest degree. Mr. LeFay is no ordinary paranormal. The hybrid database doesn't have a clue as to what he is. Not even the specialized demons have this extraordinary ability."

Hypothesized but not determined. She breathed a small sigh of relief. That's why the Council had let her keep her miserable life. They weren't sure yet if the scientific theory was correct. "So, you want me to have another 'go' with him and pray to Holy God that he tells me." Dubious, she opened the file and found the invitation. The instant her fingers touched the heavy stock, she felt Jakob's power roll through her and the euphoria she'd lingered in while his cock was buried deep inside her. She snatched her hand back as if she'd touched a laser beam.

"No, we want you to drink from him."

Just the thought made her stomach rumble. Growling, she fought the gnawing hunger for a pulsing neck. She licked her dry lips. "That's against the rules."

"We're willing to make an exception in this case."

How big of you. "He'll expect a trap." God knows she would. "I tried to kill him once."

"Read the invitation."

Hesitantly, she picked up the envelope and pulled out the card. In the back of her brain she heard Jakob's resonant voice and her cries of pleasure when he'd fucked her. Unnerved, she unfolded the invite. She skimmed the pertinent details of the holiday gala he was throwing. Her gaze came to an abrupt stop when she read then reread the personal message scrawled in bold script across the bottom.

Shall we pick up where we left off?

The whispers streamed from the note to start a tingle in her core.

Her nipples tightened to hard peaks. She slammed the note into the envelope, slapped it down on the sheaths of paper filling the file and closed the cover. "He expects me to screw him." The sensation of her auburn ringlets shifting against her shoulders brought another recollection to the fore—Jakob gripping a handful of her hair as he slid his fangs into the tender skin of her neck.

"You will, and you'll enjoy it, and when he is having his orgasm, you will drink from him." The bang of Corning's hand on the desk blotter jerked her full attention to her boss's irritated countenance. "Is that understood?"

What choice do you have? None.

"Fine, but I assure you, I won't enjoy it—at all."

"Good." Corning turned to the other files sitting on his desk. A pregnant pause passed between them. He didn't bother to take his gaze off his work when he delivered his next order. "You are excused, Shannon."

She placed the brief where she'd found it before she stood. "By the way, Mr. Corning..." She waited for him to look at her. A slight breeze wafted over her. Jakob's scent rose to tantalize her nose. Earthy. Masculine. Divine. The throb in her crotch turned to an uncomfortable pound.

"What is it?"

She blinked her tears of sexual frustration away. "It's good to be back." *Not.*

* * * * *

It's a trap.

Every inch of Shannon screamed, "Run, don't walk, to the nearest exit." Even if she could determine the safest way of doing that she'd still face the wrath of the Council. She was about as stuck as she could get.

Her gaze flowed over the pristine yard covered in a light blanket of snow then to the boxwood hedges skirting the porch. *Nothing obvious.* The observation didn't surprise her. The Council had covert down to a science.

"Okay, go in there, fuck him, drink his blood and get out, preferably in one piece." The plan seemed simple on paper. Now, it was a monumental task.

A tap on the driver's window of her luxury sedan brought her around. She immediately hit the button to drop the pane of glass while her other curled around the oak stake she had stashed in the console. "Yes?" Choking on the word, her gaze collided and locked with Jakob's dark-as-original-sin stare. She let go of the stake. "Sorry, you startled me," she whispered. Her attempt to cover her flub was met with a sardonic smile.

"I see." He didn't wait for her to put her car in park or unlock the doors. Hell no. He reached into the cabin and drove his fingers into her hair. "I've waited what seems like forever for you to return to my home and my arms."

Out of fear she'd lose control of the car, she fumbled to slide the shifter into park. "Where do you want me to put this?" her question tumbled from her lips as her body reacted to his. The heat she'd fought for a week enveloped her in a thrumming hum. Her pussy ached for his cock. Her nipples turned to hard, sensitive nubs. Already, she was leaning against the door, wanting to get closer to him. The experience in Mr. Corning's office was nothing compared to this. "I don't...want to block the driveway."

Instead of verbally answering her, he hit the button to unlock the doors. He took a step back and held out his hand to her.

A burst of euphoria wrapped itself around her, cocooning her in the bliss she'd found in his arms. *Keep your mind on the job.* "How do you do that?"

"Do what?" he asked in a teasing tone.

"I can't explain it." Physically forcing her fingers to turn the key to the off position, she tossed them in her purse. She shook as she opened the door. "Forget it. It's probably my mind playing tricks on me."

He cocked his left eyebrow when he assisted her out of the car. "Later, I'll tell you everything."

"I know." She stared at his large hand before placing hers in his. A

delectable jolt of energy surged through her and made her want to tear his clothes off. Taste his cock again. Have him fill her completely. "You want to pick up where we left off." She'd like nothing better, too.

"Before we were rudely interrupted by the Council assassins," he explained. "Please." He raised his free arm toward the mansion's porch.

She swept her gaze over the two men leaning casually against the porch pillars. A warm bubble of excitement took root in the pit of her belly. "Who are they?" Sure as driving a stake into a vampire's heart, she'd not seen them the last time she'd infiltrated Jakob's home.

"You'll find out soon enough."

Part of her wanted to race back to the safety of the car, another part ordered her to get the job done. "You know they are watching you? The Council. They probably have the house surrounded...and...and..." Her voice trailed off when he leveled his hand on the small of her back.

"Voyeurs. Who would have thought?"

"Mr. LeFay," she said. Hoping she added the right amount of warning to her tone, she shook her head when his smile brightened and his black eyes twinkled in the low light coming from the streetscape lights illuminating the path.

"The last time you were here you called me Jakob." He smiled at her as he walked her up the brick path. "If memory serves me right, you cried my name when you climaxed. I'd hear you do so again."

True, but beside the point. Too bad. She was already reacting to him, and with every step they took toward the foyer, her body hyped up even more. She was about to argue that he was being stupid for ignoring the obvious danger he'd put himself in when he held a finger to his lips. "I don't understand you." It was a gross understatement if ever she'd muttered one.

"Later," he reiterated. Their feet had just hit the stairs when he introduced her to the others. "Donatello Melchior and Cameron MacGreggor."

Shannon managed to nod at them. Donatello stood inches shorter than Jakob but had the face of an angel. He wasn't too boyish for her tastes though. In fact, if she wasn't so into Jakob, she wouldn't mind taking

him for a spin across a bed.

Cameron was a cross between the bad-boy of Jakob and handsome Donatello. With moss green eyes, dark auburn-hair and a scowl marring his brow, an involuntary shiver raced up her spine when he inspected her. There was something about him. A dark aura she couldn't name. It was as if she were staring at death personified.

Something inside her snapped when they merely stood there. She tossed a glance over her shoulder in time to see a shadow dart from around the girth of one ancient oak tree to find a safe haven behind another. Rage consumed her when she recalled the last time she'd visited the mansion. The death of so many of Jakob's friends hadn't disgusted her then, but it did now. Unbidden, she imagined him lying lifeless on the floor with a wooden stake through his heart.

It hit her hard, as if an elephant had stomped on her. The men were looking for a good time, and because of their lust, they'd all end up dead. "You understand I'm duty-bound to kill you. That's what I do. Hunt paranormals." She swallowed against the lump of fear growing in her throat. "There are others too. They've probably surrounded the mansion by now." *And I'm the bait.* She tried to pull her arm from Jakob's grip. Laughter rang in the crisp winter air. "You're all crazy."

Jakob pulled her against him. "Shh."

Why the hell are you trying to console me when all your lives are in danger? I just don't get it.

He tipped her face up to meet his. "That's the thing, my dear, we can't die. At least not by any method the Council is aware of."

"I've been sent to collect intelligence on you." She blurted out the truth before she recognized how vulnerable they were on the porch. She glanced over her shoulder again.

"I know." He ushered her inside. Holding her tight to his frame, he didn't continue until the door closed behind Cameron. "Just relax."

"How can I?"

"Because you're safe now."

Her brain kept returning to the past. Over and over, she pictured the dead littering the floor of the mansion. She'd felt joy because she was

so pissed at them all for being what they were. Freaks. Now she was one of them. "I ought to hate you for infecting me."

"Yes, you should." He turned to Cameron for a second. "You know what to do." After delivering his order, he immediately fixed his gaze on her lips and palmed her breast through the thick material of her blood-red satin batiste gown. "I read your blood. I know your intimate fantasies. Tonight we'll explore one of them."

A shiver raced the length of her spine. "Which one?"

"You've met my friends. Donatello wants your delectable ass."

"What about the other one?"

"Bo, please come in here."

"Hi," Shannon greeted.

A smile flitted across the woman's face. Gorgeous. Exotic. Shannon couldn't help but grin in return. Her every fantasy? This was number one on her intimate hit parade. Voyeurism of the orgy kind. She'd let one guy get her off while waiting for the dominant person in the room to join them. And she knew exactly who she'd bring into the mix. Jakob. He was a force unto himself. The petite Asian woman bowed to Jakob then fixed her black gaze on Shannon. The stiff fabric of her kimono swished as she short-stepped toward their position.

"Do you approve of her?" Jakob asked in a husky voice.

Shannon imagined Donatello licking her clit while Jakob fucked her mouth. In the background she would hear Bo screaming with ecstasy as Cameron fucked her. Her pussy started to ache. "Oh, yeah, I do."

Jakob kissed her thoroughly. His tongue licked the crease of her lips. A low rumble of a growl vibrated in his chest.

Stunned when a gentle touch flowed over her shoulders, Shannon gasped into his mouth when the hands caressed a slow path down her back to her hips. The feel of a strong chest plastered to her back combined with the feel of Jakob's tongue dueling against hers. Adding in the feel of her long skirt being gathered up her legs, she would have collapsed to the floor if Jakob hadn't held her upright. Her feminine folds dampened when the hands reached under the yards of cloth to caress her ass. A fresh set of tremors rode her inner thighs to tease her core. Donatello's fingers stroked

her slick feminine folds through the gossamer thin fabric of her panties but didn't stop there. No, they teased her dark hole too. Her legs quivered with unrequited lust.

Ah, she thought. Donatello's fingers moved aside the elastic edge of her panties to expose her sex to the air. The man swirled his finger over her clit while toying with her vagina. *Yes.*

While she was held in Jakob's arms, Donatello plunged two fingers into her core. His thumb took up the stimulating massage of her sensitive nub. Shannon had never known such eroticism. She sucked in a sharp breath when Donatello laid a smack to her ass cheek. Heat raced through her feminine walls. A throb started low in her belly. Her orgasm built to a driving crescendo.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Jakob was relentless in his kiss. His tongue drove deep into her mouth while he held her to him. One hand tangled in her hair while the other dipped to the small of her back. She felt his middle finger slither between her ass cheeks to stroke her anus.

With Donatello's fingers deep in her core and Jakob now thrusting a digit in her ass, Shannon couldn't do anything except hold on for dear life. On the verge of a cataclysmic orgasm, she tensed when Jakob eased a second finger into her ass. Every inch of her shook.

Give it to me.

She heard his words echo in her head.

Now.

On a hitching breath, her body went haywire. Deep, driving contractions raked through her muscles. From the top of her head to the tips of her toes, she lived in the moment. Without warning, he lifted his head.

"Jakob!" The cry was wrenched from deep in her soul. Panting, she let the glow she'd felt the last time consume her until she'd recovered.

Shannon peered up at him. Her arms clung to his broad shoulders. Through gritted teeth, she felt his erection pressing against her belly. *Good God in heaven, help me.* Trained to kill, she blew out a breath. Everything in her world was upside down and backwards. She wanted it all. The kicker

was once would not be enough. *Stop arguing and get to it.* "Does this turn you on?"

"You can tell it does," he responded.

"What about the others?"

"They'll join us in a little while. First, I'd reward you for your bravery. It took a great deal of courage to come here tonight."

She almost told him she wasn't given a choice, but he kissed her before she admitted that truth. His lips molded to hers, drawing out the feminine side of her, the woman who wanted the whole shebang of loving, wooing and great screwing. It was a dangerous aspect to the female members of the Council who earned the title Hunter. They weren't supposed to feel anything for their targets. They were cold-hearted sluts who fucked then killed.

Clutching the soft cloth of his suit, Shannon ripped her mouth from his. "I can't do this." *I can't kill you. Not any of you.*

"Leave us," Jakob ordered. "I'd like a word with my mate."

A cold draft whispered up her back as Donatello bowed away. Bo followed suit. "They are all well trained."

"As are you," he informed her. "Who was your mentor in the Council?"

"You don't know? I thought my blood would have told you." She gasped when he lifted her in his arms and carried her to a room that could only be described as a Great Hall. "What the fuck are you doing? Put me down."

"What you are feeling is normal."

"That's good to know. Confusion and my job aren't necessarily compatible with each other." Engulfed by his scent, she melted against him. Even when he settled her in a throne-like chair, she held him to her. "You know what I am." *What I wish I wasn't.*

"Allow me to show you that you are more than the fucked-up training the Council has fed you all these years. For tonight, all I ask you to be is my mate. If tomorrow you regret what's happened, then I'll return you to your world."

She rubbed her cheek against his hand when he tucked a curl of her

auburn hair behind her ear. "What if I kill you tonight?"

"I already told you—you can't." He laid a kiss to her forehead. "Not you or the other assassins have the knowledge to kill a Royal."

"A stake through your heart? Silver bullet? Holy water?"

He threw his head back and laughed at her. Sobering, he started to undo the long line of buttons gracing the front of her gown. "No. No. And, no."

"You're sure?"

"Positive." He eased the cloth from her shoulders to expose her lace-covered breasts. Cool air chilled her skin, and he placed his palm over her heart.

She wondered what he waited for until the barely alive organ in her chest gave out a heavy thud. "It only beats about four times an hour. The scientists have no explanation for why I'm not 'undead'. In their opinion, I'm barely alive."

"You haven't evolved as much as I thought you would have." Their gazes locked again. "Don't worry about it."

She thought he might be consoling her but couldn't be sure. "You were expecting more?"

He didn't answer, but dropped a kiss to her collarbone. He worked his lips down to her cleavage where his tongue licked the delicate skin. His mouth came excruciatingly close to her nipple, but he pulled away. "Donatello, join us." He rose to his impressive height and once more Shannon was taken in by his good looks. A giant amongst men, Jakob was dark, daring and dangerous. His chiseled features were to die for, but his fathomless black eyes were his best feature.

"I want you," she implored.

"You'll have me." He nodded to the angel-faced Donatello. His powerful legs took him a few paces away. There, he leaned his weight against a banquet table. Shannon thought it had to have been constructed during the medieval times. The baronial piece was complete with a rope patterned marquetry inlay and lion's head carved feet. "Undress *my* lady." Loosening the knot of his tie, he undid the top button of his shirt.

Shannon's gaze dropped to the erection tenting his pants. "You

think you can handle me?" she teased him. Her body was humming for go number two with Jakob.

"I know I can," he retorted with a chuckle. Holding up a hand when she opened her mouth to question him, he shook his head. She interpreted the move as a straightforward command to shut up.

Her gaze snapped to Donatello's face. The wink of encouragement the man sent her brought a fresh wave of desire crashing over her. Aching for release, she shivered when Donatello eased her gown down her torso. She lifted her hips so he could pull the garment and her panties off.

She wasn't disappointed when his fingers spread her slick feminine folds to expose her clit. A delicate brush of one up her cleft made her moan. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Tell him what you want, Shannon," Jakob demanded in a husky voice.

"Lick me. I want you to fuck me with your tongue then your fingers."

Curling her hands around the heavily carved arms of the chair, Shannon's back arched on the first swipe of Donatello's tongue against the sensitive nub. She sucked in a breath when Donatello inserted his middle digit into her pussy. Her body was going haywire—fast. The warm glow of the euphoria she'd enjoyed earlier encroached on her brain. It wrapped her in a bubble of sexual pleasure where every caress was heightened, every twinge riding her channel stronger. "Oh, my God."

"Don't come yet," Jakob ordered her.

In the background, she heard Cameron moan. Peeking out the corner of her eye, she saw Bo taking his whole cock in her mouth. The view caused her fingernails to bite into the hard wood beneath her palms.

"Argh!" Shannon cried when Donatello lifted his head. Bucking her hips against the fingers still pumping her pussy, she clamped her thighs tight on his arm. "I want it." She panted. "I *need* it."

Through narrowed eyes, she shifted her gaze and watched Jakob nod. Donatello forced her legs wide. "Yess!" Shannon let her head fall back. She closed her eyes to the riot of emotions assaulting her. Her core clenched. Donatello's experienced tongue flicked over her clit, and his

fingers worked Shannon harder. "So close. So damn close."

"Do it, Donatello." Jakob's tone permeated Shannon's passion-hazed senses. He didn't sound angry, but intrigued. "Now."

"God." Shannon's low moan whispered over her lips as her body came undone. Deep, driving contractions shot down her channel. They even tingled in her toes. "Fuck," she whispered. "That was...incredible." Panting, her heart gave a huge pulse in her chest. "Ow." She laid her palm on her chest.

Jakob joined her. "Allow me." He dislodged her arm and leveled his hand on her sweat-slick skin.

She listened to him say something to Donatello in a foreign language. "What?"

His smile was full of sympathy. He dipped his head to kiss her. It wasn't the lip-lock she expected. There was something extraordinary behind the way his mouth moved over hers. Undemanding. Caring.

The kiss only served to whet her sexual appetite for another go with Jakob.

Shannon reached for his crotch. Desperate, she tugged his belt free of the buckle. Her fingers skimmed the thick ridge of the erection tightening his suit pants. She knew what she wanted. She even had a pretty good idea of how she was going to get it.

Not one of her boyfriends had ever complained when she gave them a blow job. Most of them were thrilled when she offered to go down on them.

Sliding off the chair, she knelt in front of him. Her gaze lifted to see him watching her. Encouraged by the heat in his stare, she undid the hook and eye at the waist of his pants then pulled the tongue of the zipper down. "Tell me what you want me to do."

"You're doing fine so far."

She felt herself smile. "Maybe you need a little incentive to give me some direction." She took a quick glimpse of Bo climbing on top of Cameron. *Holy shit.* She saw the tiny Asian woman take Cameron's thick cock deep in her ass.

"Are you offering?"

Offering? What the hell does he think I'm doing here on my knees? Instead of engaging him in verbal banter, she pulled his boxer briefs down. His cock sprang free. She wrapped her hand around the hot flesh and began to pump.

His groan fueled her lust, and she darted her tongue over the head. There was no way in hell she could take the full length of him down her throat. She took the silky-skinned shaft into her mouth, taking her first tentative stroke downward.

Licking the sensitive underside, she worked her mouth and hand in unison until he cupped her skull and began to set a steady pace. She followed his lead and took more of his length with every downward thrust. She weighed his sac in her free palm and felt his scrotum tighten.

"You have no idea how much I desire you."

She wished she could talk to him, to tell him she wanted him to fill her again. *Please.*

"I'm going to fuck you, Shannon. Then, when you scream my name, I'll order Donatello to take your delectable ass. Would you like that?" He held her still with an even pressure on her cranium. "Does that turn you on? To know we're going to fuck every one of your delectable holes?"

Unable to speak around the shaft filling her mouth, she gave a little nod. Her body thrummed with the idea that he was about to fulfill all her fantasies. Pulling her head from his cock, she licked the shaft. "I ache to have you fuck me again."

"I know," he answered. He took off his suit coat and tie. With quick, deft moves he had his shirt lying on the floor next to his coat. With a slight shift of his body, he sat down in the chair. Before she could blink, he was naked. "Like what you see?"

She sure did. He was ripped in all the right places. His shoulders appeared even broader than before, and the sight of his muscular chest made her want to attach her fangs to his jugular and drink.

"No." Her orders came barreling back to pound her lust into dust. *Fuck him, drink his blood, and then report back to the Council.* "I can't."

"You can," he challenged her. "All you have to do is climb on top

of me and go for the ride of your life."

She watched a bright light shimmer across his eyes. Her heart gave out another hard throb. If she didn't know better, she'd think she was suffering from either a crisis of conscience or a major heartbreak. "You don't understand." Ready to run, she half turned, but he caught her wrist in his iron grip.

"Let me go. I won't destroy you or let the Council hurt you."

"I already told you, they can't."

"They can. They will." Panic took control of her entire being. In her mind's eye she could see his name written beneath hers on the lengthy list that was her kill list. Worse, if not her, who'd at least be kind to him, there were too many other hunters who wouldn't care about him. As far as any of the other hunters were concerned, he was a freak who should be exterminated like a nuisance cockroach.

"Come here, my lady. Let me complete the mating. Afterwards you'll see we're completely safe inside the mansion."

Tears welled in her eyes. What she really wanted was his arms around her. "I wish you'd listen to me."

He pulled her into his embrace. "I have heard all I need to. Now, listen to me." Tipping her face to his with a gentle touch, he inspected her features. "They can't hurt me, and I'll be damned before they ever lay a hand on you again."

She nodded that she understood. "I'm afraid."

"You have every right to be." He brushed an errant ringlet from her face. "Are you ready to complete the mating?"

"I think so."

"Shannon, there is no half-way with this. Either you are or you aren't. You can't go back to the human race as you are, and you can't become fae until you take my blood. It's that simple."

Blowing out a sigh, she swallowed hard. "That's what they want me to do."

"I'm aware."

"You can read my mind too?"

"More than that. Once you are my full mate, you'll have some of

my talents but not all of them. I'm a little older than you, and it will take time for your powers to develop." He sent her a teasing wink. "Shall we continue?"

"You're sure we're safe? That we won't be interrupted like we were the last time?"

"Positive." He was already positioning her legs to straddle his hips. "Donatello, we're ready."

She sucked in a sharp breath as he eased her down his shaft. Passion returned tenfold. "Good God in heaven," she muttered as his cock filled her. With the feel of his finger toying with her anus, a fresh burst of euphoria fogged her mind. All she knew was lust, and it all revolved around the man who was lifting and lowering her on his erection.

Each stroke drove him deeper into her until she had taken his full length. She was about to shoot off when he inserted one finger into her dark hole, then another.

"Suck Donatello's cock, sweetheart," he commanded her.

She opened her mouth and tasted Jakob's friend's flesh. Licking the tear of pre-cum lubricant from the tip, she swirled her tongue over the head.

"Hey, that's cold," she said on a startled giggle when a chilly liquid slid between her ass cheeks. "Ah," she moaned when Donatello's fingers messaged the slickness in and around her dark hole.

"Are you ready?" Jakob asked her.

She jerked her head away but had the foresight to pump Donatello's shaft with her hand. The grunts coming from the other side of the room sent her libido into overdrive. She imagined Cameron fucking Bo hard. "I think so."

The feel of Donatello's cock entering her ass while Jakob's remained firmly planted in her channel was incredible. Dropping her head to the crook of Jakob's shoulder, she panted against the exquisite sensation of Donatello's cock slowly sliding into her.

Thigh muscles twitching, she tuned into Jakob's steady heartbeat thrumming in his chest.

"Take it, my lady," Jakob ordered her. "Take him hard."

"Yes," she whispered on a hissing breath. Her fangs began to grow, and her talons elongated. "Fuck." The slithering voice of her vampire rushed from her lips.

It was incredible to have Jakob pumping her pussy and Donatello taking her ass. "Give it to me. I want it harder," she told them both.

"Jakob." Donatello's voice broke through the crackling energy surrounding her.

"It's time," her lover responded.

Hunger. All Shannon could think about was how half-starved she was. She licked the tips of her fangs. The razor sharp canines tingled with the expectation for blood.

No.

"Yes," Jacob demanded of her.

Wincing when Donatello gripped a handful of her hair and steered her mouth toward Jakob's neck, she tried to shake free. Her climax was right there as was her need for Jakob's blood. "I can't."

Too bad, a little voice said inside her head. *Take it.*

She felt Jakob's hands cup her skull. Her jaw widened. Before she took her next breath, her fangs pierced his skin. The sharp metallic taste of blood scurrying down her throat brought her closer to her climax.

Jakob hammered her pussy. Donatello met him thrust for thrust, and between them, Shannon felt her climax build.

A scream accumulated in her chest. *Yes. Yes. Yes.*

"Scream for me," Jakob said, his tone harsh, animalistic.

They continued to thrust into her. Then...then...she shattered.

"Ah!"

* * * * *

Tears fell down her cheeks. Not since she was a kid had she cried like this. Her mother would have called her weepiness a good, old-fashioned cleansing. In her case it was a tear for each of the paranormals she'd hunted over her career. Shannon scrubbed her arms with her hands. She'd walked out on the terrace for some space as she

came to grips with a new reality. Jakob had given her inside information as to what he was. A hybrid. A member of a once great royal family. A faerie.

He'd told her all about his heritage. How his father had been trapped outside an invisible barrier known as the Veil when the border between the mortal world and his world was shut tight during some war.

A war that was still occurring.

Jakob's father had met a vampiress.

Technically it made sense to Shannon. Survival of the fittest also included procreation. Jakob was the product of that mating. Half-fae, half-vampire, one hundred percent alpha.

All the memories of a man who was something more than a mere paranormal kept flitting through her mind.

"Tell me what you are thinking?"

"I don't know anything about anything anymore." Except her heart was beating again. She'd like to say she appreciated the nearly dead organ doing its job but couldn't. One epiphany, that of being the mate of a faerie, couldn't cut it. Her worries ran deeper. She just didn't know what pound of flesh the Council would call for once they returned to earth. "It's beautiful here."

She watched him nod. "Tir na nOg's border. Cu Sith land, to be specific. It is a little bit of Eden in the Astral Plane."

"Where Cameron's from?"

Cameron had transported not only the group of them but the entire mansion to the Astral Plane. If the Council ever discovered there were paranormals with that ability, they'd be number one on the hunters' hit parade.

"Yes." He pointed to a bright spot far off in the distance, barely visible through the thick mist rolling in off the hills. Shannon relaxed against Jakob's broad chest when he wrapped his arm around her. "That's my great-grandmother's castle, the Soul of Magicke."

"We can't go there."

"No. The Veil has been closed for more than two hundred years now." His sigh ruffled her hair. "It's the hope of all those who were

caught outside when the Veil was ordered sealed that some day soon it will be reopened."

"You'll be able to go home." A fresh batch of tears started to stream down her cheeks unchecked. She didn't want to lose him any more than she wanted to lose her own life.

"As will you, my lady." He laid a kiss to the top of her head. "Nobody would dare touch us here. This land, though outside Tir na nOg proper is protected by the Great Goddess of the Tuatha De' Danann."

A shiver raced down her spine. "Do you think they'll approve of me? I mean, I once hunted paranormals."

"They won't question the Great Goddess's motives. She mated us. It's all they'll care about."

"We're safe."

"Yes."

"Thank you."

"Now, tell me you love me."

Shannon reviewed the events of last night. Ever since her infection up to now she'd felt a deep-seated need to return to Jakob. *Do I love him?* She didn't have an answer. What she could say was she cared deeply for him. "I'm not sure."

The sound of twittering faeries hit her ears, their bell jinglers ringing as the sun peeked over the horizon.

"Are you sure?"

With the first rays warming her face and the innocent tinkle of pure happiness hanging in the crisp air, she turned in his arms. Mopping the tears from her face with the backs of her hands, she tilted her gaze to his face. "I love you, but I don't know why."

"It was destined by the Great Goddess."

Rising on her tiptoes, she settled her lips on the fang marks she'd left on his neck. "I can handle that, but I don't ever want to go back to Earth."

"Now that I am mated, there is no need to."

She pulled back. Her heart did a little flip in her chest. *No more Council lording over me.* "Won't you miss your friends?"

Cry For Me by Belladonna Bordeaux

“Probably, but I have you.”

“And I have you.” She licked the twin scars marring his skin. A sense of well-being and belonging filled her. Tangling her fingers in his hair, she tugged gently until his lips were a scant inch from hers. “Forever.”

The End

Author Bio

In Belladonna's formative years her mother told her, 'an imagination is a terrible thing to waste.' That's what happens when your mother is also an author. In adulthood, life took her in a different direction. She became a professional portrait photographer.

Her mother never gave up on her imaginative daughter and finally convinced her to try to write a story. Drawing inspiration from the candid moments that occur in her daytime job, she believes every human being has a story to tell. She writes paranormal, multi-cultural contemporary romance with emphasis on real life cultural divides, historical, fanta-historical and might even move into the genre of science fiction. First, she'll have to photograph a real live alien.

When not working on her next story she's out with friends or kills time with her family, but her camera is never far from her side and the next story never far from her thoughts.

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