

AP Shorts

KARMA FEEDING
KANE

Tigra-Luna LeMar

Amira Press

Karma Feeding Kane
by Tigra Luna LeMar

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CONTENTS

[Dedication](#)

[About the Author](#)

* * * *

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Dedication

To Kay and Jay—Don't forget that you are loved.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

To Karma, everything had gone by in a blur. The year flew by at lightning speed and left everyone stunned. Just the other day, it had been New Year's, and everyone was making resolutions about losing weight, quitting smoking, or turning their lives around. Now they realized that it was the end of another year where they would not keep their promises. It was a month before Christmas, and in true northern Canadian fashion, snow was already covering everything. Stepping outside without a hat meant an instant brain freeze.

Crisp, cold winds left small traces of ice on everything. The trees looked beautiful with the dusty snow hanging off their otherwise bare branches, and as far as the eye could see, rooftops were no longer black or brown but were white and dripping. Chimneys blew grey smoke into the air for fires were stoked higher for more warmth.

Cars had brown ice caked to their sides, and people drove with caution because of the icy roads, which caused traffic to draw to a standstill as they tried not to crash into the back of the vehicle in front of them. Buses in the small town of North Bay were few, and with the icy conditions, the wait for them became longer and more unbearable. Passengers, made suddenly overweight by layers of clothing, waited. Many huddled together for warmth, while others paced up and down the sidewalk and inside the bus shelters. Most of them lit cigarettes in hopes that hauling on a cigarette would return some feeling to the parts of their bodies they could no longer feel. A soft hum could be heard as many rubbed their gloved hands rapidly together to keep their fingers warm.

Karma could hear people swearing up a storm, because they had to scrape snow off their cars or shovel their driveways. Others were screaming, "Ready! And pull!" to help some stranger who had been unlucky enough to have his car stuck in a mountain of snow or who had run off the road into a snow bank. Karma's nose hurt like hell, and she could imagine how the other people around her were feeling. Passersby had their shoulders hunched up to their ears, their hands jammed into their pockets, and every bit of skin they could afford to cover without suffocating was covered.

Someone was screaming at a dog that had just dashed out the door and sped off down the street to only he knew where. The trepidation of the cold could be heard in the voice. The dog took no heed to the threats of being locked out—it just kept on its merry way, barking happily with freedom, down Corval Street.

Karma Duval sat across from two of her best friends in a small cafe and sipped a cup of hot, steaming coffee. She closed her eyes, tilted her head, and allowed the liquid to make its way throughout her body, offering her some warmth and an unhealthy dose of caffeine. She smiled, satisfied.

"How can you drink coffee like that?" Charity asked, as she watched her friend. "I mean, yech!" She made a face and pulled her scarf from around her neck. Hauling a chair from a nearby table, she dropped her scarf on it.

"It's really good." Karma giggled, placed her cup on the table, and picked up her muffin. "I've been drinking it so long I don't even notice anymore. It's like I'm immune or something."

"No, thank you." Morgana shook her head, which caused her red curls to dance. "That thing smells lethal enough to kill!"

"Meh." Karma shrugged and took another sip of her black coffee, extra strength, no sugar. "Where's Trinity? She said she'd be here today. Knowing her, she's probably still in bed. I spoke to her before leaving my place. She said she was getting dressed then."

"What time was that?" Charity questioned.

"About"—Karma glanced at her watch—"twenty minutes ago."

"She probably took one look outside and changed her mind." Morgana stirred her orange juice. "She is the sane one. I mean, who in their right mind would want to brave this weather?"

"Hrm. I wonder—here she is! Trini! Over here!" Karma waved her hand over her head, and a bright smile appeared on Trinity's face while hurrying over.

Karma, Morgana, and Charity stood to greet their friend with hugs and kisses on her cheeks before they sat down again. Karma watched Trinity dig herself out from under the layers of jackets, gloves and scarves that she wore.

"Jeesh, Trinity, it's not that cold," Karma said. "You are wearing about five pounds there. The Pillsbury Dough Boy springs to mind."

"Oh, bite me." Trinity giggled.

Karma and her three friends roared with laughter, and a few surprised faces turned to look at them. The people of North Bay were not accustomed to random outbreaks of

laughter or noise in such a public place. She couldn't care less. Neither could her friends. This was the last time they would be able to get together like this before Karma's career-boosting business trip.

"So, are you all packed or do you want us to help out?" Charity wanted to know as Trinity ordered her breakfast. "We would be happy to—right, Trini?"

"Sure." Trinity thanked the waitress, then turned to her friends. "I mean, whatcha need? Clothes, feminine products? Condoms?"

"Trinity!" Karma exclaimed, and her cheeks heated up to boiling point, while she looked around to see if anyone had heard the last part of Trinity's question. "What the heck am I going to be doing with those? I'm going on a business trip not a secret rendezvous!"

"Ohh!" Morgana moaned and rolled her eyes while fanning herself dramatically. "That's hot!"

"You!" Karma pointed, trying to hide a laugh but failing. "Behave yourself."

"Ah, but you never know," Trinity rationalized with a slight wink. "I mean, you could find some devilishly handsome hunk whose name is Pierre and wants to take you away to his little chateau on zee hillside and make mad, passionate love to you."

Morgana was laughing so hard that she was gasping for air. Charity was trying hard not to laugh, and Trinity was banging on the table with mirth. With a smile, Karma shook her head.

"I am not going to Paris, Trini. I'm not even leaving the country," Karma said, correcting her. "And that's not even the right accent! I'm simply going to another province, you nerds. Anyway, things like that only happen in fairy tales."

"Like she said"—Charity giggled—"you never know. So, ah, do you want the condoms or not?"

"Don't you start," Karma threatened them. "As for if I need help, I haven't started packing yet! I mean I have a day before I really need to freak out. I can pack tonight and tomorrow and still have time before I have to leave."

"Are you serious?" Charity blurted out, then turned in her seat almost knocking Trinity's hot coffee from the waitress's hand. "Oops! Sorry! We have to help this girl, Trini—I mean really help her!"

"You've got that right," Trinity said, then looked at the waitress. "Can I get this muffin to go, sugar?"

"You are all overreacting!" Karma exclaimed, but her friends wouldn't listen.

The waitress nodded and darted for a paper bag for the muffin. In no time, they had paid the tab and were on their way out of the café, bolting towards Karma's SUV.

* * * *

With her packing done and her friends gone, Karma sighed while she looked out the window at the night. She really needed to get out more. Pressing her lips into a thin line, she nodded in finality and walked to her closet. If she was going to have some fun before she had to go away, it might as well be tonight. That way, if she got drunk, she would have

enough time to sleep it off and get over her hangover before boarding the plane to get motion sickness from turbulence.

"What a life." She sighed with a small smile before she darted into the shower.

When she was in her vehicle at last, driving through downtown North Bay, she had to figure out what club she wanted to go to. There was a new one, called Purgatory, on the east side of town that she'd heard was pretty good, and dressed the way she was, it was certain that she would get in. She wore a short black skirt with a blood-red tank top and a black trench coat. These were finished off by matching black and red jewelry and stiletto heels.

The streets were unbelievably busy, and by the time she pulled up in front of Purgatory, it had been an hour since she'd left home. After giving her makeup one last check, she hopped out of the car and was shocked when a valet walked over to park her car. Handing him her keys, she accepted the ticket he offered and walked toward the front of the club. There wasn't a line, and that caused her to arch her brow curiously. What kind of hot new club didn't have a line?

The door opened for her, startling her, and she thanked the bouncer who took her coat and handed her another ticket. When she finally got a chance to take in the interior, she felt like a child in a candy store—pleasantly surprised, yet shocked at the beauty around her. The lights were dimmed, but she could still see the gothic decorations, the leather seats, and the large dance floor packed with people. The sounds of Timbaland and Fall Out Boy assaulted her senses.

Singing the lyrics, Karma stopped to do a pelvic thrust.

Bopping her head to the beat, Karma put on her best, sexiest walk as she headed toward the bar.

* * * *

The night had dragged on and on. After helping Charlie at the bar for a while, Kane had made his way through the club to stop and have a chat with some of his regulars. He never allowed blood-drinking vampires into Purgatory because humans attended the club, and the last thing he wanted was trouble. Vamps tended to go crazy when humans were around. Doing the typical mingling wasn't a requirement, but as the club's owner, he had to show his face at night just in case anything happened.

His inspection complete, he made his way to his own private VIP area and fell into a comfortable seat while reaching for his beer. Resting his head against the seat, he took a deep breath. A scent caught his nose, and his eyes flew open.

Kane had smelled her from his position the moment she'd walked into the club. Her raw sexuality intoxicated him, pulled him toward the balcony where he had a perfect panoramic view of the interior of his club. Resting his hands against the rail, Kane allowed his dark eyes to search the crowd. Tossing his head back, Kane sniffed. When the scent stopped moving, he locked onto the ebony goddess that was just pulling herself onto a stool. He focused on her alone. She tilted her head back and laughed at something the bartender said to her before leaning in to say something in return. A primal growl left Kane's throat.

In a slight trance, Kane stepped from where he stood with his eyes still on the woman by the bar to descend the stairs. He moved up behind her like a specter—slow and silent.

"Her drinks are on me," he said to Charlie, the bartender who was an elemental vampire, recently turned.

"Sure thing, boss," Charlie replied, with a mock salute before turning to the next customer.

"Thank you." The woman smiled and lifted her glass to him in a toast, but Kane's eyes were now taking her in from head to toe. She had full lips that curled upward in a sexy smile, and long black hair that fell just past her shoulders. Like a Nubian goddess, she had chocolate skin and curves that made him want to fall to his knees and do what she wanted, how she wanted, and when she wanted it. She smelled of peaches and cream, and he bet himself that she was delicious to the last drop.

"It is my pleasure." He bowed his head with old-time Russian charm that he knew also spoke volumes through his accent. "I am Kane Stefanovich, the owner."

* * * *

A few locks of his long black hair fell into his face, and she watched intently as he pushed it out of the way, when he lifted those beautiful eyes again to look deep into her soul. "The owner. Nice to meet you, Kane." She placed her glass down and turned back to face him. "Karma Duval. Thank you for the drink."

The smile he gave her made her feel like his next meal, and she tilted her head closer to his ear to listen to what he

had to say to her. It wasn't because she was having a hard time hearing him, but because she wanted to be closer. His beautiful, dark green eyes satisfied her eye obsession. That alone had her hooked so getting away didn't even cross her mind.

"Are you here for dancing or fun?" Kane was asking. His Russian accent was strong, but his words were clear.

"Why can't I have a little bit of both?" Karma questioned, crossing her legs sexily.

"Very well." Kane pressed his lips against her ear and licked slightly.

Karma shivered.

"Pleasure or fun?" He rephrased his questions.

"What's the difference?" Karma inquired breathily.

"The difference, dear Karma, is quite the thing. Fun, is what your little sister has when she goes to a high school dance. Pleasure, is what only I can give you."

His ego made her want to scream in irritation, but his voice and breath against her skin made her want to jump on him.

"I don't know." Karma couldn't think. He was too close.

"Come now, Karma. You have to make a decision." He nipped at her ear before licking the slight pain away.

Karma gasped, and her truest desire at that time escaped her lips. "Pleasure..."

"Then I would be delighted to have you for dinner." He smiled at her.

Arching a brow, she took a deep breath. "Don't you mean join you for dinner?"

A wry smile graced his lips. "No, dear Karma. I meant what I said. Come with me."

As though she didn't have a mind of her own, Karma allowed him to take her by the hand and lead her across the crowded dance floor and up some steps. They entered a dimly lit area with its own bar and large leather seats with tables between them. He brought her to a booth in the corner and slid in ahead of her. When she was about to sit down beside him, Kane stopped her.

"Oh no, Karma. Did you not hear me? You are dinner."

He motioned to the table, and Karma shivered before climbing on. He reached across and pulled her to sit with her legs spread before his face, with a leg on either side of him.

Kane looked at her face as he sniffed and smiled with satisfaction. "You are wet," he whispered up at her. "Good girl. Now lie back and let me feast."

When she hesitated, he kept his eyes locked with hers and lifted one hand beneath her skirt. Prying her thong to one side, he grazed her clit with his finger, before inserting it into her wetness. A gasp left her lips. She let her head fall and lifted her hips from the table against his finger. After withdrawing it, he placed it in his mouth and moaned. "Do you not want what I want to do to you?"

"Yes," Karma hissed and obediently lay against the table.

With a smile, Kane lifted a leg over each of his shoulders and scooted forward. He grabbed the seat of her thong and yanked. It shredded in his hands, and he let the wet pieces fall to the floor. Using the tips of his fingers, he spread her before his eyes, licked his lips, and began feeding.

Karma writhed against the table with the thought that maybe she shouldn't be letting a stranger eat her, on a table inside a crowded club. All she could think about was his tongue, that wonderful tongue, licking at her, driving her wild.

"Kane!" She got out on a muffled moan before reaching down to bury her fingers into his hair.

One of his hands reached up to pull at her tank top, exposing a ready nipple that he pinched, causing her to scream. But no one would come running, because Britney Spears was blaring from the speakers with "Gimme More."

"More," she panted. She felt fire curling her toes and racing through her veins. "More!" She shrieked when her first orgasm slammed through her body. She lurched up off the table, but her elbows would not hold her up. When Kane's tongue and lips became more insistent over her sensitive clit, she closed her eyes, arching her back. "Oh Ka..." was all that came out, as fireworks went off behind her eyelids.

Falling against the table, she shivered with aftershocks.

* * * *

Kane lapped at her, tasted her, fed from her, and even as she began coming, he greedily drank from her. It had been decades since he'd had anything this delicious. When she reacted to him squeezing her nipples, he was happy that he had, because her nectar ran freely over his tongue and down his throat.

He felt his pants tighten the instant he had tasted her. He knew that he must take her soon or lose control. Standing up,

he licked at one of her tightened nipples, before kissing her. The kiss was rough, and filled with desperate need. Her tongue tangoed with his, and he loved that. He loved her fight, the way she clawed at his clothes. She was rough, just the way he liked it, and when she ripped his shirt apart and splayed her hands against his flesh, he hissed.

When she shoved against his chest, he spun her around on the table with her feet dangling off the edge. Her breasts were pressed sweetly against the table, which allowed him to stroke down her back before spreading her legs. When he freed himself from his pants, he didn't even have time to think, but he pushed into her roughly.

"Oh damn!" she yelled and began moving against him. Kane heard the surprise in her voice. He could tell then that Karma didn't normally have rough sex. He pulled her up, "Harder!" she cried out to him.

"Karma..." He growled.

She was coming again, and Kane knew it. She had tightened around his member, and sucked it deep within her when he tried to pull away. His eyes rolled back into his head, and he could feel himself getting ready to explode. Pulling away, he turned her around and covered her lips with his. He lifted her to sit on the table. Before he pushed entered her again, he leaned in and sucked against her nipples. Her fingers clawed at his back as he felt her teeth against his ear. That spurred him on even more, and he reared his head before slamming into her.

He watched her eyes widen, and the brown changed to liquid puddles while another orgasm coursed through her.

Kane couldn't hold on anymore. His eyes widened, his body stiffened and as though he was being run over by a bulldozer, his orgasm began vibrating through him.

He erupted within her.

Kane's eyes were no longer a dark, green color, but they were blood red and glowing. His teeth were fangs, slowly descending into his mouth before he tossed his head back. An animalistic growl left him before he lurched forward and bit down against her neck. That heightened her pleasure, causing her to flutter in pure bliss against the table.

She didn't try to fight him like other women would have. Instead, he felt her body jerking against him with her orgasm before she stopped moving.

* * * *

Struggling, Karma screamed and her eyes sprang open. She rubbed frantically at her body as she glanced around before realizing that she sat in her car with the engine running. Staring at her watch, she gasped in confusion. It was nine in the morning. Had it all been a dream? Reaching up, she felt at her neck before she shut off the engine, grabbed her purse, and bolted into her house. The door had barely closed behind her before she fled to her computer and typed "vampires" into a search engine. After clicking on the "Types of Vampires," she read anxiously. "Yada, yada, blah, blah..." She skimmed, then stopped. "A vampire feeds off sexual energy and during the sexual act..."

Karma gasped with a smile, before moving to the mirror and looking at the puncture holes in her neck. "I was indeed Kane's dinner."

With her mind going a million miles a minute, she changed into a business suit and wrapped a soft, satin scarf around her neck. She had to hide the marks. When she was satisfied with how she looked, she began hauling her suitcase down the stairs. She was halfway down when the doorbell peeped. "Coming!" she shouted. The airport limo was on time.

* * * *

For months, Kane stood watch over her house at night and hurried to the club during the daytime so he could avoid the sunlight then return. He barely fed because he could find no one that filled him like Karma had. All the women he got close to during her absence would not satisfy him nor made him want to growl at the moon when they made love. They were nothing compared to Karma. He wanted the violent electrical spark that had surged through him when she climaxed with him inside her. He needed the heat that came from her mouth against his skin. Kane needed Karma.

Her scent was gone from the air and, most nights, he would yell his disappointment to the moon. The big yellow orb spread its glow over everything. He was angry and just barely living above starvation.

He sat at the bar and, taking a deep breath, rested his head against the counter.

"Boss, you really should feed," Charlie suggested for what seemed like the millionth time.

Lifting his head, Kane nodded. "I know, and I have tried, my friend," he responded. "But feeding from anyone except her is like slowly dying inside. She tasted so good."

Charlie patted Kane on the shoulder. "You have your choice of any woman in this club, Kane." Pick one. You are getting sicker."

"I know that, too." Kane saw the worry in Charlie's eyes and nodded with a smile. "One more night. Then I shall feed."

When Charlie nodded and turned away, Kane checked his watch and picked up his jacket. After pushing his way through the crowd of the club, Kane exited the building and let the darkness swallow him whole.

His spirits lifted though as he got closer to her home and smelled her. Soaring through the air, Kane looked around him. He then hid himself, standing upright in the large tree outside her house, and watched her leave her car and hurried inside to get away from the drizzling rain. A smile graced his lips, and he moved again. Soon, he was standing on her balcony, waiting for her in the darkness.

* * * *

Karma hated the rain, but she guessed it was better than snow. Shaking her body like a dog, she shivered and, glancing at her car, debated whether to brave the weather and get her suitcase. Deciding there was nothing important in it, she closed the door and slowly climbed the stairs toward her bedroom. A nice, warm bath was just what the doctor ordered. It had been a successful trip, and she had managed to get a second company opened and running filling her

business there with great opportunities. As she walked through the bedroom door, she began stripping. Her jacket was first to hit the floor, followed by her scarf and purse.

That was when she felt it. She reached for the light. When the room lit up, she turned around, but saw nothing. The door leading to the balcony was open, and the curtains blew inward.

"I could have sworn I closed that," she muttered, wondering why she would have left it open when she had known she was going to be gone for so long. Shaking her head, she checked under the bed, in the bathroom, and behind the doors. Finding no one, she walked back into her bedroom and continued stripping.

When she was dressed in nothing but her panties and bra, she froze. She remembered that feeling. With a smile, she turned to face the darkened balcony. "Kane," she called out.

"I am here." His voice came to her, and even though she had expected it, the deepness of it weakened her knees. But there was something else. When he entered through the balcony doors, his head was down, and he was skinnier than the night he had fed from her. "I have missed you, Karma."

"What happened?" she stepped forward instinctively. "You've lost weight."

Touching his face, she pushed his chin up to see the look in his eyes. "You're a vampire."

He nodded. "Does that scare you, Karma?"

Karma shook her head and smiled. "You're not a blood drinker. You're a sexual vampire."

Again, he nodded.

"You need to feed."

"Only if you want to." His voice broke.

Backing away from him, Karma stripped off her panties and reached up to remove her bra before she crawled onto the bed and rested back against the pillows. Crooking a finger, she motioned for him to follow "Come on Kane," she spoke breathily. "Dinner is served."

* * * *

Shedding his coat, Kane began removing his clothes. A sharp wind blew through the room causing the doors to bang shut, but he didn't care. She had started something that he was going to finish. When his pants hit the floor, he stepped from them, and his shirt followed his boxers after them. Kneeling onto the bed, he leaned forward, climbed over her, and pressed his lips against hers. It wasn't until her hot tongue touched his, that he felt it—the same, raw, hot splendor he'd felt the night she had so willingly given herself to him on a bar table.

He growled, lurching backward when her hand closed over his rigid shaft and she began stroking it. Her fist tightened around it and pumped up and down. He couldn't think, and when he fell onto the bed, she pounced on him. The look she gave him all of a sudden made him feel as though he were the meal, and he was all too willing to let her have her fill.

Stroking himself with one hand and dragging the nails of the other down his chest, Kane growled. He hissed, pushing air out through his gritted teeth while he tangled his fingers in her hair.

"Where do you want my mouth, Kane?" Karma locked eyes with him. "Can I feed from you and give you pleasure?"

"*Da*," he moaned in Russian.

Kane was lost when it came to the things she was doing to him. The smile that curled her lips as she reached up and licked one of his nipples told him he was in trouble. But he couldn't dwell on that thought for she was dragging her breasts against his body while lowering herself to go face to face with his cock.

"Yes," Kane growled.

When she pulled his full length into her mouth, he stiffened, and his fingers tightened in her hair. The first droplets of liquid fell against her tongue, and he was tangy and sweet. Why was she doing this? She had stayed away from performing anything orally during sex but with Kane—with Kane she wanted to be as naughty as possible. She wanted to do things to this man that she didn't even think were sane.

Karma moaned and began milking him for more. She swirled her tongue around the hot, throbbing member in her mouth before pulling on him over and over, forcing his desires to rise to her level, and when he got there, she brought him higher.

* * * *

Kane felt his whole body become one, blazing inferno as he tried to push up on his elbow to watch her. It was the sexiest thing to watch her dark lips against his white flesh. He never thought it would be such a turn on, but it was. It was driving

him crazy. He felt his eyes change from human to vampiric—a beautiful red glow. He felt his fangs appearing. Fighting, he pulled them back, because he didn't know how she felt about it, though he knew she must have seen the imprints on her neck.

Kane let go her head and pushed his hips upward sending his arousal into her mouth. This was the hottest thing she could have done for him. When he thought he would explode, he took her shoulders and pulled her upward while he shifted his body. With her on her back, he spread her legs and looked down at her. She was so wet that she was dripping onto the sheet. With a smile, Kane eyed the small puddle that was pooling beneath her and leaned down to take a taste from a Hershey-Kiss nipple. When she purred for him, he moved to the next. Slowly, he dragged his tongue down over her flat stomach to drop a kiss on one hip, then the other. He nibbled on the inside of her thighs, behind her knees and licked at her abdomen before going where he truly wanted.

When he sucked her clit, an explosion of delicious Karma flowed over his tongue, and he growled before ravishing her tender bud.

Looking up, Kane noticed that Karma's back was arched from the bed, her eyes were wide open and her mouth hung open. It was as if she was trying to scream but no sound left her. Her knees locked and loosened then locked again against him. He felt her toes curl inward against his back, and she let her hands fall to her sides to gather handfuls of her sheet in them. Her body was shaking.

Then she screamed, "*Kane!*"

She shook like someone was sending a volt of electricity coursing through her. The rain was coming down harder outside, but he didn't care. Send a flood, a typhoon, whatever, all he cared about was that he was kneeling between her legs eating her like a giant, chocolate banana split.

The thought was enough to send torrents of desire through his body; causing the hair on his arms and the back of his neck to stand up. He loved the way, with wanton abandon, she lifted her hips up to his lips and tongue. His probing fingers were flickering over her clit and entering her over and over again.

Instead of letting up after her first orgasm, Kane added a finger to the melee of tongue and thrusting hips. He was being fed and then some. A flood had attacked his mouth for his troubles, but he wanted more. He had gone months without sweet, delicious Karma, and he intended on making up for lost time. She tightened around his finger, and that was his sign. Making his way up her body, he flipped her on the bed so she was lying on her stomach. Pushing her knees up, he entered her from behind.

"Sweet, burning..." he got out slowly, her hot wet sheath pulled him in. He let his head fall back, praying for some form of sanity. Praying, something he hadn't done in almost a hundred years, because he had sworn that any god that existed had turned its back on him a long time ago. How long? The night those gods had allowed a beast to take his soul.

But with this woman, he had to pray. It would have been a worse sin not to have. She was everything that he had never known existed and had always wanted. He moved his hips faster and faster as he pushed into Karma over and over. Soon his hips were a daze at the speed and ferocity in which he was taking her. She screamed for more and yelled his name over and over.

He turned her around and entered her again, but this time he couldn't hold on. He had gone for too long without her. Her scent, taste, feel, everything about her he had missed so much. Kane was going to take his fill and give her more pleasure than she could handle for the night was still young. When he felt his fangs lengthening, he smiled down at her while she focused on his eyes. There was no control left inside him.. This time, while he had his orgasm, her name was torn from his lips before he slumped against her trembling form.

"That was amazing," Karma said in a sleepy whisper.

"Oh Karma, you have no idea."

* * * *

Karma woke up extra early and snuck out of bed. She pulled the curtains in place, because she knew the sunlight could not be allowed to reach him. She then hung a few blankets over the curtain rod to make doubly sure that no sunlight would enter, before taking a quick shower and heading into the kitchen. After cutting up some fruit, she placed the pieces in a bowl before making her way again to her bedroom. She shed her robe and climbed onto the bed with her treasures. Beside him, she pulled out a strawberry

and bit into it. She trailed it over his lower lip then his top lip before leaning forward to lick the juices off.

She moaned and smiled when his tongue danced over hers. Pulling away, she looked down into the green orbs, she knew was there, covered by long curled lashes. Was it even legal for a man to be that sexy?

When he smiled at her something pulled at her insides, and she reached in for a kiss. She was glad that he accepted the kiss. His arms snaked up and wrapped around her, pressing her sweetly into his body. Just as she was getting into the kiss, the telephone began blaring. Frowning, she reached for it.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Girl, you were supposed to call us when you got home yesterday!" Trinity yelled only to be chorused by Karma's other friends. She blushed and pressed her face against Kane's chest. Her friends always did that. When a few of them were in one area, they spoke to the missing others via speaker phone.

"What is the matter, Karma?" Kane questioned. "Is it bad news?"

"Who is that?" Charity asked. "Did you bring home a sexy Nova Scotia man?"

"I love his accent. Does he have a brother?" Morgana called, and if Karma hadn't been sure she was on speaker phone before, she was certain she was at this point. "I love me a man with an accent."

"Behave yourselves," Karma chided with a grin.

"Let him say hi," Charity and Trinity cheered.

"Yah!" Morgana cheered and shaking her head, Karma covered the mouthpiece.

"My friends would like you to say hi." Karma smiled at Kane whose sexy grin caused her to bite onto her lower lip to keep from jumping him. She extended the phone to him.

"Hello," he said, but his eyes were still on her.

"Hot damn, he's Russian!" Charity hollered. "Tell me, is he as big as the ones on TV?"

There was a scuffle from the other side before Trinity's voice rang out, "Does he have a big Johnson?"

"Would you horn dogs relax?" Karma called with a smile on her face before she moaned, because Kane was moving down her body while inserting a large finger inside her. He began dancing his finger in and out of her. He then inserted his tongue into her belly button. Panting for air, Karma tried to keep her mind on what her friends were saying, but she couldn't do it.

"Oh God ... c-c-can I call you guys back?"

Kane was feasting on her as though he hadn't eaten in years, and she had no complaints. He was rough to give her pleasure but, shockingly, he wasn't hurting her—he was hurting her but with a wonderfully mind-shattering kind of hurt. She arched her back and purred, because she was in absolute heaven.

"You'd better, because I think you're about to have an orgasm," Morgana giggled, and the others laughed.

"You can do eet!" Trinity cheered, and the others joined her as Kane nipped against her clit and she began coming.

The phone fell from her hand and clattered to the floor, and her fingers found their way into his hair.

Kane smiled and shifted up her body. "Good morning, my little exhibitionist." He reached in to kiss her before she could say anything more. When he lifted his mouth, she was smiling up at him.

Karma blushed. "You're making me do things I've never even thought of doing. Like having sex with a stranger in a club ... Using my mouth to—" His kiss cut off her words.

"Then you are perfect." He grinned at her.

"So, how did you become a vampire?" Karma asked before reaching for a grape to pop into his mouth. She watched him roll from her and fell beside her on the bed. Sighing he scooped her into his arms, and Karma happily snuggled into his body.

"It was four hundred years ago."

Tilting her head to the side, she looked at him in confusion. How old was he? He looked so good. He couldn't be all that old, even for a vampire who had the possibility of living forever. "How old are you exactly?"

He paused and look down at her. When he took a deep breath, she thought he wouldn't tell her.

"Four hundred, twenty-five. Will that be an issue?"

Karma giggled and reached down to stroke his hardening cock. "I love older men."

Kane smiled. "Good. I was twenty-five and a really stupid kid. I never listened to anything anyone had to say to me because I thought at the time I knew everything. There had been some really strange murders and disappearances, and

my father told me to be careful, but I wanted to go out and have a good time. I never even saw it coming. Before I knew it something was biting at my neck."

* * * *

Talking about how he had been turned was enough to bring a tear to his eyes. It was a horrific time in his life that he did not care to think about. The way he had staggered into the church and the priest who had hidden him from the sunlight. The man had been good enough to figure out what kind of vampire Kane was. That alone had to have been sacrilege since Kane was officially dead.

Feeling rose within him, and he pressed his eyes shut. Anger rose through him for his mortality had been tampered with and now he was going from night to night, lover to lover just trying to survive. Sometimes he wished he was a blood drinker, but other times he just wanted to die, and he was too much of a coward to do anything about it. Sighing he turned his head to face her.

"It has been hard for you." It was more of a statement than a question.

"I am sorry I bit you. I have never been carried away like that before."

"I know you are.... I'm sorry."

Kane kissed her head "There is nothing for you to be sorry about, Karma. You did not do anything to harm me."

"I know," Karma nodded. "I just wish there was something I could do for you ... Is there?"

"There is one thing you can do for me."

Karma grinned. "What's that?"

"I have been starved for months, Karma, and you are the only one that can satisfy me. How about a little breakfast in bed?"

Karma smiled at him and attacked with laughter erupting from her lips. He caught her against him, and she reached down for his kiss. Inhaling deeply, she reached up to push some hair from his face.

"I have to ask you something," Kane said between kisses, and Karma sat up with a leg on either side of his body.

"Okay." She looked down into his face.

"There is something about you that speaks to me, and I would like to know if you would like to be my girlfriend."

Karma laughed so hard. The cute look in his eyes when he asked her to be his girlfriend reminded her of high school. She giggled because she had only been asked that question once before. The other men she had been with had assumed that she wanted to be with them.

Pleasure soared through her killing her mirth when he pinched her nipples. "What is so funny?"

"You are so cute!" Karma exclaimed, and he growled. It was a sound that told Karma that she was about to be devoured.

"I do not know if I care to be cute." Kane sat up while wrapping his arm around her waist so that she was now sitting in perfect position for him to enter her. "I prefer dark and cranky; brooding even."

"Oh?"

"Yes." Kane slipped his arousal into her and watched her neck bent backward.

"Oh yes," she hissed.

"Oh yes to what, Karma?"

Her mind seemed to be drifting in and out of a pleasure coma. "I will be your girlfriend, see where things lead."

"Good, because it is time for breakfast."

The End

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

About the Author

Tigra-Luna is a Jamaican who is obsessed with culture. She loves singing, dancing, writing and travelling. She speaks English, and Spanish. She now lives in Canada, where she dreads the winter and looks forward to sunny days at the beach in the summer.
