



Lust Bites

ETERNAL PROMISE

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Eternal Promise

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

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Jenika Snow

Dedication

This is for you, you know who you are. Without you I don't know what I would do.

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Jack Daniel's: Jack Daniel Distillery

Prologue

Addalina lay on the soft-carpeted floor, breathing heavily and feeling the warm blood trickling from her nose. Every part of her body ached, and she knew this time he must have broken at least three of her ribs. With an effort that sent excruciating pain shooting through every part of her, she managed to roll onto her back. For long minutes she just lay there, staring at her bedroom ceiling, lacking even the energy to cry. But she couldn't stay here. Gritting her teeth, she tried to pull herself to her knees.

"Get up, and I'll lay you flat on your ass again." His heavily slurred words came from the dark corner.

Her boyfriend, Joel, stumbled a couple of steps into the room.

She should have seen the signs of his abuse, but by the time she'd finally caught on to how he really was, it was too late. He had seemed to be the perfect man, so sweet and caring at first, and just a little jealous, which had made Addalina feel wanted. Their relationship had been great until they had decided to move in together.

That's when the demon in him finally came out. He would stay out late with his friends and come home piss ass drunk only to accuse her of having another man over while he'd been gone. At first, Addalina had denied everything and hadn't really let it bother her. She'd excused his erratic behaviour for a drunken man's thoughts. When he had started with the pushing then the slapping, she had known she was in trouble.

Of course, she had tried to leave him. She had even had her bags packed when he had come home early one day to find her on the verge of escaping. He'd gone crazy. As he always had before, he'd apologised after his abuse, but Addalina knew he would always be like this, and she had feared for her life. Yet until now, she had never spoken to anyone of the way he treated her and had always hidden the bruises and cuts well when she'd gone out.

This morning, though, she had finally reached out to her sister, Sersha, for help. Sersha had been angry Addalina had waited so long, but had been so understanding and loving it had made Addalina weep with thankfulness. She'd packed her bags and had been about to

walk out the door when Joel had come home, horribly drunk again, with a bottle of Jack Daniel's in hand.

She had gripped onto her suitcase when she'd seen his bloodshot gaze shoot to meet hers. Then, her fingers numb with her sudden fear, she'd dropped everything she'd held. He had laughed, a horrible, distorted laugh that had made Addalina flinch. He had stormed over to her, snatched up her bag and flung it across the room where it crashed into a couple of small picture frames that hung on the wall.

She'd had nowhere else to go but up the stairs. She'd run for her life as Joel barrelled his big body after her.

So here she was now, crumpled on the floor, broken and battered with not even her soul intact anymore. She just prayed when she didn't show up at Sersha's house, her sister would come looking for her. And if not...well, Addalina knew her life would end here.

She grimaced at the pain that encompassed her entire body. She gingerly pulled herself up to her elbows, not daring to enrage Joel any more than he already was. He stared at her with his red, glassy eyes that made Addalina's stomach clench and heave. His fists were clenched, and his jaw was tight.

All she could do was breathe quickly and pray help arrived in time.

"All I've ever done was love you! You think it will be that easy to leave me? You're leaving me for your lover, just like a whore on the corner!"

She watched him, her eyes wide, as he hit the wall with his fist with enough force to make a hole in the plaster.

"If I can't have you, Addalina, no one can have you!"

Her heart pounded fiercely in her chest as she watched Joel come towards her. His fists were raised, and his eyes had gone even crazier. She couldn't scream because he had pinned her against the wall by her neck, causing her throat to feel as if she had swallowed sandpaper. Even if she could have cried out, no one would have heard her. The windows were shut, and her neighbours were a good distance away.

When he reached her, she felt him lightly kick her foot as he whispered to her.

"I just love you so much, it hurts."

She looked into his eyes. "Please, stop," she managed to whisper.

He pulled out his hunting knife that he had stashed at the small of his back.

She flinched and turned her head away, squeezing her lids shut. As she opened her mouth in an all but silent scream, she felt the blade slice into her side. The pain was like nothing she had ever felt before, worse when he ripped it out of her skin. The warm stickiness of her blood gushed from the wound. She brought her hands up to cover it and braced herself for the finishing blow.

“Freeze!”

Eyes still shut tight, Addalina was vaguely aware of loud voices around her, noise seeming to bounce off every part of her room. She slowly looked up and saw a swarm of men in uniforms. Addalina’s pain-filled brain finally recognised them as policemen—policemen who had Joel on the floor. Joel did nothing but stare at her, never taking his eyes from her as he smirked a purely evil grin. She watched in numb shock as officers hauled him up and took him towards the door. He was still staring at her as he mouthed the words, “I’ll see you soon, my love.”

She stayed where she huddled on the floor, hands clutched to her chest as her sister rushed into the room. Tears streamed down Sersha’s face as she knelt next to her. Addalina saw Sersha’s lips moving but heard no words, too shocked by the realisation she wasn’t going to die today.

Medical personnel hurried in, moving her sister out of the way as they looked over Addalina’s body. Like a freight train racing towards her, the noise, the pain and the relief slammed into her, making her cry out even through the rawness of her throat.

The world faded to black.

Chapter One

Six months later

As Addalina locked her front door and made her way down the steps of her apartment building, she breathed in a deep lungful of air. The last six months had been difficult and tiring. After Joel had been arrested, she had actually felt safe. Then the police had told her she would have to testify against him, and her heart had clenched with fear.

What she had learned about his past had made her feel physically ill. He had a long history of violent, cruel behaviour, severely injuring all of his girlfriends and almost killing one of them ten years back. He'd gone from one woman to the next, abusing them until their lives hung by threads, then disappearing. He had moved from state to state and changed his name so he couldn't be arrested for the past crimes he had committed.

When the day had come for her to testify, she had arrived at the court just wanting it all to be over. Except, as the prosecutor told her, Joel had escaped police custody. It took a full minute for the horror of that to sink in. Then Addalina had collapsed right there on the courthouse floor, her fear sending her into shock.

She had moved with her sister to the little town of Clarity and just wanted to start her life over again. She had shortened her name to Addie and had found a job, along with Sersha, at Clarity's new – and only – club, *Vitali*. Working there as a waitress hadn't been Addie's dream job, but it paid her bills and she enjoyed the people she worked with and for.

Addie arrived at the club, settled in for the long night ahead of her then made her way towards the main floor in search of Sersha, who had started work earlier. She spotted her sister at the bar and crossed over to join her.

Sersha sat on one of the stools, looking over a large stack of files. Being the floor manager, she stayed behind the scenes, mainly assigning sections to the waitresses and working on the club's extensive paperwork.

“Hi!” Smiling at Addie, Sersha dropped the pages she held on the marble bar counter and patted the seat next to her.

“Hey.” Addie plopped down beside Sersha and brought out her small notepad to jot down her appointed sections. “So, where am I tonight?”

“I’m going to put you in the VIP section, and I want you to take tables A through D. There are supposed to be some high-end clientele coming, though I doubt we would recognise any of them.” Picking up her paperwork again, Sersha went back to writing on the sheets.

“VIP, huh? Are we short or something? I mean, doesn’t Thena usually cover VIP?”

“Yeah, but I was informed by Dimitri she wouldn’t be here tonight. Since he didn’t offer any more information, I didn’t ask.” Sersha shuffled the papers around then picked up the stack of files and stood. “Well, gotta go, sis. Duty calls. I get off at midnight. Call me when you finish, and I’ll swing by and pick you up.”

Addie watched as her sister headed towards the small lift that was partially hidden behind a large, wooden pillar. Sersha entered it and gave a big smile and a wave as the door slid shut.

As Addie started to stand to head to the VIP floor, a large, warm hand landed on her bare shoulder, stopping her. Immediately, her heart began to speed up, and her body went as stiff as a board. No one could hurt her here, she knew that, but she still couldn’t get past the fear of a male hand on her.

And oh, boy, did she know it was a male hand. It was big, warm and calloused, and she knew exactly whose hand it was. Dimitri’s.

Body stiff, her heart pounding, Addie quickly scrambled off the barstool, out from beneath his touch, and turned around, grabbing her notepad in the process. She flipped through its pages in mock concentration. His hand had felt so right on her skin. Glancing up, she saw Dimitri had stepped several feet back, his brows now furrowed in what looked like confusion. Her own brow creased in return at the sight of him inhaling deeply then shaking his head.

Addie cleared her throat and smiled as her heart slowed its fast pace. “Hello, Mr. Steel.”

“It’s Dimitri. Please, Addie, call me Dimitri. Are you all right? You seem a little...jumpy.”

Doing her best to calm her nerves, Addie made her body and mind realise this really was a safe place. The people she worked with were wonderful. It upset her that Joel could have affected even this part of her life.

Finally feeling her heart return to a normal beat, Addie breathed in deeply and smiled a genuine smile. Looking into his eyes, eyes the colour of emeralds, she realised he remained several feet away from her.

Her gaze travelled over him. His onyx black hair appeared slightly dishevelled, the thick locks hanging loosely around his ears giving him the sexy just-got-out-of-bed look. His faded jeans encased muscular legs, which were braced slightly apart. The female in her couldn’t help but notice the impressive bulge that stood out between those large thighs. He was a huge man, easily six foot five and weighing two hundred plus pounds of pure, hard muscle. He wore a black, button-down dress shirt and had the sleeves rolled up his forearms.

Addie felt weird, always searching for him in the club and being drawn to him. It was as if she were a homing pigeon the way she zeroed in on him. Her gaze devoured him just as if he were a piece of candy she was craving. She couldn’t understand why he held such interest for her, why his very presence held so much strength and power. It made her feel a wanting she had never experienced before – a wanting she had never felt with Joel.

Drawing her thoughts back to the present, Addie couldn’t help but notice how he was clenching and unclenching his fists. It made the veins in his forearms stand out under his golden-coloured skin. The first few buttons of his shirt had been left open, giving her a nice view of his smooth, hairless neck and toned chest. She shouldn’t be eyeing him up as if he were a piece of meat, for God’s sake. He was one of her bosses – and a pretty important one, at that.

Wiping her suddenly sweaty hands on her thighs, Addie shook her head and returned her gaze to his face, answering his question at last. “No, Mr. – I mean, Dimitri. Nothing is wrong. I guess my nerves are just a little jumpy. I didn’t get much sleep today.” Shrugging her shoulders, she added in an attempt at some dry humour, “Well, I better get back to work. Don’t want one of my bosses to see me standing around.”

She smiled one last time and walked away.

Dimitri watched as Addie headed towards the VIP stairs. He could sense her fear, hear her heart pounding an erratic beat. He was able to detect all of those things as easily as he could pick up a shot of liquor and shoot it back. That was one of the advantages of being a vampire—or a creature of the night, as the humans called his kind. Of course, humans didn't know that vampires really existed, didn't know what walked among them. People never realised some of the males and females they danced with, spoke with and even slept with were creatures right out of folklore.

Of course, human perception of his kind was pretty far off, although there were some details they'd gotten right. His kind had been known by many names throughout the ages—bloodsuckers, creatures of the night and vampires being only a few. And all were true descriptions, of course.

His gaze lingered on Addie, and a sudden surge of anger consumed his very soul. He had sensed she was frightened—no, not just frightened but scared to death—when he had touched her. As soon as he had placed his hand on her soft, bare shoulder, she had immediately stiffened. He shouldn't really care so much about how she was feeling. She was an employee of the club, and even though he was not the owner, he was still her boss.

But still he couldn't take his eyes off her. A burning need, a burning desire rooted him to the spot as she ascended the big, carpet-encased stairway. She was just so delicate, so gentle and smooth, the very idea of her being frightened made him want to kick someone's ass, and kick it hard. His cock grew hard in his jeans as her long, honey-blond hair brushed back and forth across her tight ass. His erection pushed uncomfortably against his zipper, and he had to shift to try to relieve some of the pressure. Even just looking at her gentle, big, brown eyes did something to him, softened something inside of him.

He dreamt about her more times than not. In those dreams, he could actually feel her soft flesh, smell her sweet scent. Just last night, she had appeared in his sleep at his place, naked and in his bed. Her body had been so delicate and very feminine it had driven him mad with lust. He had brushed her hair aside, had seen the long column of her neck and had noted the strong pulse that beat beneath her skin. She had been spread out on his bed like an

offering to a God. He had kissed a trail down her neck to her breasts, breasts that were so perfect and round it had made him sweat. He had wanted so much to pleasure her with his mouth, but there had been a driving need inside of him to take her as his own. He had wanted to mark her, claim her and make her his forever. He had known she would be tight and hot, so wet for him she would be drenched.

He always woke up right before he slid into her satin depths.

Dimitri shook his head at where his thoughts had turned. His cock had seemed to swell even more by just thinking about the explicit dreams he'd had about Addie. When he had smelled her panic, he had known at once it wasn't him she feared. It was an old, lingering terror that made her every reaction apprehensive. He had been watching her since she'd started to work at the club, had noticed how she avoided any kind of physical contact with males. He hadn't really thought much about it, just assumed she was shy and innocent.

But after today, he knew that wasn't the reason. Someone had hurt her, and that lit a fire in him the likes of which he had never felt before.

There was something about her that caused a need inside of him that he couldn't explain. A need burned within him just from looking at her. He longed to be with her, protect her and care for her.

Frankly, these feelings scared the shit out of him.

He was a vampire. He was a fierce hunter who took what he wanted, when he wanted it, and had no regrets about it. Yet he felt an odd possessiveness towards her, felt the need to protect her against anything that threatened her.

Shaking his head, he cleared away the crazy thoughts that had jumped into his mind. He didn't know where they had come from, but they were dangerous and were best ignored. As Addie slipped through the black-tinted glass double doors, he had to force himself to turn away and walk to his office.

* * * *

The night had started out busy, and from the looks of it there was no stopping the flow of people coming into the club. Even though Addie had only a few tables to look after, she'd

forgotten how crowded the VIP floor could get. It was only Aunna and she working the floor tonight, and the place was so packed there weren't enough tables to seat everyone.

Addie went up to the bar, gave the drink orders to the bartender and glanced at her watch. Sighing inwardly, she cursed the fact she still had two hours before her shift ended. Leaning against the marble countertop, she rubbed the back of her neck, brushing her long hair to the side.

Instinctively, she had the feeling someone was watching her.

She turned around quickly, scanning the floor. She couldn't really see anyone looking at her.

"Cole, I'll be right back." She glanced at the bartender filling up drinks.

He gave her a nod of his head and continued to tend to the long order.

As she walked towards the floor-to-ceiling tinted glass that made up an entire wall, she glanced down at the packed club below. She'd had the sensation of being watched for a while, now, and didn't know if it were her nerves...or if Joel had finally found her.

She prayed it was the former. But, in the back of her mind, she believed it was the latter.

There had been a couple of times she had found roses with no note laid in front of her apartment door. She hadn't told Sersha about them because her sister would have immediately thought it was Joel and would have wanted to hightail it out of there. The flowers, Addie had convinced herself, could have belonged to any one of her neighbours, and she had just received them by mistake.

Of course, she didn't truly believe that. Call her stupid, but she was tired of running. She was tired of feeling scared and looking over her shoulder, wondering if Joel finally had caught up with her.

Well, let him come for her. She had taken some self defence classes, and she would give him a real good hurt before he took her down.

Shaking off the uneasiness as being due to her worked up nerves from earlier, she turned from the window to walk back to the bar. After grabbing her drinks and taking them to the tables, she made a little small talk with the customers. As she straightened up, her gaze landed on a table in the corner that showed the glint of a pair of emerald green eyes staring directly at her.

She knew it was Dimitri, and not just because of the unreal, green eyes. His presence was just so intense, it was hard not to know he was in a room. She watched as he smiled a slow, sensual smile and waved her to his table.

Heart pounding, she made her way through the busy room with her small tray in hand. When she reached him, she immediately noticed the cornered booth held several bodies—several big, hard-muscled bodies. A few of the men she recognised as security personnel and bouncers who worked for the club, but the others were men she had never seen before. The strangers were dressed in suits that showcased their muscle-ripped bodies.

She cleared her throat, gave her best smile and brought out her order pad. “Hello, gentlemen. What can I get for you?”

Was that her voice shaking like that? For God’s sake, she sounded and felt like some high school teenager on her first date. She would not clear her throat again. She took the drink orders of the other men first then turned at last towards Dimitri.

Good lord, that is a nice piece of man if I ever saw one. Addie almost had to laugh at the floating thought that was gone as fast as it had come. He just sat there with one arm slung over the back of the booth and a leg stretched out. The look he gave her made her swallow. Not with fear but with...what? Excitement? Oh, yes, she remembered excitement. And the man right in front of her made her excited. Since Joel’s abuse, she had stayed away from all men, didn’t really talk to them unless at work and then only because she had to. As she stared at Dimitri, though, she thought she could let him see the real her, let him see Addalina.

He had a presence about him that made her feel safe and comfortable. She couldn’t explain why he could make her feel that way when all other men had left her skittish and on edge. He was a man who could protect her, who could make her feel safe and loved. She just knew he was that kind of man.

But even as she thought about it and liked the idea, she knew she could never be with him in any way. Dimitri always had a slew of women hanging on him, gorgeous women with incredible bodies. Heaven knew, he was good looking enough to have all of those women. He certainly wouldn’t want one who was scarred not only emotionally but physically, as well.

With an effort, she brought her thoughts back to her job and managed a smile. “So, Dimitri. What will you have tonight?”

Chapter Two

Dimitri fought back a grin at Addie's choice of words. Oh, how he wanted to tell her what he wanted tonight—her, laid out naked on his bed, spread and wanting him like she had never wanted anything before in her life. He had to clear his throat as his dick felt as if it turned to stone in his pants.

After giving her his order, he watched her tight, little ass sway back and forth as she made her way towards the bar.

"Dimitri? Yo, Dimitri? You in there?"

Hearing his name being called, Dimitri turned his attention to Jaysin.

Niko, Kallum and Cale were all vampires and experts when it came to business endeavours. They had gathered to discuss the expansion of the club, possibly opening up another establishment on the outskirts of Clarity to cater to vampires that had sexual appetites on the more *experimental* side. After discussing the matter for two hours, it was decided they would buy an acre of land and start the expansion in the fall.

After the other males left, Dimitri sat back down at the booth and watched as the club slowed down. It was only three in the morning and still early for his kind. Because the club was owned and practically run by vampires, it opened at sundown and closed just before sunup. *Vitali* had to rotate around their schedule, since sunlight was not their friend—one of the truths in human folklore.

Slamming back the rest of his drink, he let the feel of the warm liquor travel down his throat. Humans had evolved their folklore to depict vampires as evil. They had named them despicable monsters that fed on women and children. In truth, vampires did need to drink blood to sustain life, but they still were able to drink and eat human food as well—which was also a necessity. They did not, however, feed off the blood of children. Women, on the other hand, were another story—though they were always willing subjects.

Looking around the room, Dimitri had his eye out for one person. One specific female, to be exact. He knew Addie was about to get off for the night. He'd made it his business over the months to know what hours she worked. At times, he felt weird, even crazed, at his need

to know where she was or when she would arrive. He couldn't explain this pull she had on him, couldn't explain why he felt the urge to follow her home when she left the club. True, she lived but a few blocks away, and true, Clarity was a relatively safe place to live, but there was always the occasional predator or the occasional stranger passing through.

At last, across the dimly lit room, he spotted her saying her goodbyes to the staff.

Addie turned away from her co-workers. She was tempted to call Sersha for a ride home but talked herself out of it. Sersha had looked utterly exhausted when she left for the night. Every time Sersha picked her up in the wee morning hours, she looked so tired, and that made Addie feel guilty. Her sister worked her tail off so the two of them could have a nice life. And she worked very hard to make Addie feel normal again, too.

No, she would let Sersha have a night to herself without being wakened for a damn ride. Hell, she only lived a few blocks away. She had walked home before without any problems. Clarity was one of the safest places to live in America, or so she had been told. Taking the employee elevator to the main floor, she headed towards the locker room where she grabbed her purse. Making sure she had her house keys, she left by the back door and let the cool, night air breeze through her hair. The current made small goose bumps form on her skin.

"You know, it's not safe to be out alone at this time of night."

Addie squeaked at the deep, male voice so close to her. She spun around and nearly dropped her purse. Looking up, she locked wide eyes with Dimitri. He stood several feet away from her with a light jacket thrown over his arm.

Flipping her hair over her shoulder, Addie attempted a small smile. He was just so damn gorgeous, what with his hard, tall body and an accent that made her toes curl. She didn't know where he was from, had even heard similar accents from dozens of the club's employees, but had never thought to ask.

"I know, but I live so close, and I didn't want to wake my sister for a ride." Adjusting her purse strap, which didn't even need adjusting, Addie breathed in deeply and gazed at him.

Dimitri just stared back at her, not saying anything and not moving. Starting to feel a little awkward at the silence, she watched as he held out the jacket he'd been carrying.

"It is a bit chilly with the wind," he said. "I would ask you if you would allow me to escort you home."

It was a little chilly out, but Addie felt weird taking the jacket—and even weirder at the idea of letting him walk her home. She didn't want to seem rude, though. Managing a smile, she accepted the offered jacket.

"You really don't have to walk me home. I mean, I've done it before and it's not very far. Besides, I'm sure you have more important things to do." Putting on the light cotton jacket with the silver embroidered '*Vitali*' in the top corner, she suddenly felt very cold. She pulled the edges together. Breathing in deeply, she watched Dimitri step closer to her, now only an arm's length away. She still felt a little nervous, but, because she was looking right at him and knew it was Dimitri, she didn't feel the fear she normally did.

She caught her breath as his hand came out and oh, so gently brushed the backs of his fingers down her cheek.

"So soft, like rose petals."

It was barely a whisper, but she heard it as if he had spoken the words right into her ear. Feeling her eyes close at the gentle motion of his fingers, she let herself lean into them. It had been so long since anyone had touched her with such care and tenderness, Addie couldn't help but let herself melt into the sensations.

His hand left her skin, and the coolness of the air struck her like a splash of cold water. As she opened her eyes, embarrassment flooded through her that she had let him see how much she enjoyed his touch.

Dimitri had to pull away from Addie. The scent of her had wrapped around him, making his thoughts go fuzzy with want and need. She felt so soft, so good against his skin that he wanted to growl under his breath. He could smell the sweetness of her arousal, and it was doing wicked things to his cock. He just stared at her, taking in the sight of her. He'd watched as she had closed her eyes and leaned into his caress. He hadn't been able to help the overwhelming joy which had built inside him at her acceptance.

These feelings he was having were so foreign, they frankly scared the shit out of him. He wasn't meant to experience these things, so many different emotions about one woman. No. He'd felt mostly just one thing for women in the past, and usually only for one night. He'd never encountered the kinds of emotions he had been having since he first laid eyes on Addie.

Holding out his hand, he waited patiently, hoping she would take it. He breathed in deeply again, wanting to inhale as much of her scent into himself as he could. The air smelled clean and crisp and so sweet around Addie. She smelled like the freshest flower to grow from the earth, like an addiction he knew he would never be able to quit.

"I have nothing better to do at this moment than escort a beautiful woman home on a most chilly night."

At last, she slid her warm, soft hand into his. He wanted to roar out into the sky. It was only the gentlest of touches of fingers and palms, but it meant so much more. As he closed his hand around Addie's, a shock of awareness coursed through his body. It wasn't a sexual reaction, although he was feeling aroused just being in her presence. No, it was a feeling as if he had come home, as if this were where he belonged. In all his long existence, Dimitri had never experienced the rightness he felt touching Addie. He should have pulled back and let her hand fall to her side, but something primal inside of him refused to let go.

They walked back to her apartment, talking and joking as if they had known each other forever. Since she had first placed her hand in his, their fingers had stayed intertwined. Her hand felt small and feminine against his big, rough one, and it made a warmth grow inside her that she just couldn't understand. She had never experienced this kind of connection with another person before, not even with Joel at the beginning when things had started off really well between the two of them. Dimitri felt right on so many levels, it scared her.

They had taken the long way to where she lived, passing through the park and strolling by the pond with the moonlight reflecting off the water, making it sparkle. She had found out he was from Europe, a small village in Russia to be exact, much like the majority of the employees at the club. A family business of sorts, as Dimitri had put it. That explained the thick accents she heard from so many of the workers there.

After making their way up the steps to her apartment building, she stopped to fish from her purse the keys that would allow her access into the main floor. She found them at last at the bottom. She snagged them, straightened up and started to take the light jacket off to give back to Dimitri. She felt the warmth of his hand on top of hers, and she looked up at him.

“Don’t worry about it. You can keep it for when you get chilly again.”

Addie smiled at him, thanked him again and righted the jacket on her shoulders.

“And thanks again for walking me home. It was nice to have someone to talk to.” Feeling nervous all of the sudden, she fiddled with her purse straps. *Don’t act so stupid, Addie. Just say goodbye, turn around and walk in.*

She was about to do just that when he came in closer, as if he were moving in slow motion. The world slowed to a standstill as her heart started to race. Not from fear, though, but from anticipation.

As if hearing her thoughts, Dimitri stopped mere inches from her face.

“I can hear your heart racing, *Malenka*,” he whispered to her. “Please know I would never harm you or let anyone else harm you.”

She thought it a little odd he would say something like that. Why would someone say they could hear her heart racing? Who could really hear something like that? Inwardly shrugging, she just passed it off as his being from another country and not being a native English speaker. He was probably getting some of the words mixed up.

She didn’t fear him. If she felt any kind of alarm around him, it was just because of the emotional scar Joel had put on her. She just knew, deep down, Dimitri would never hurt her. She thought it silly that she felt that way, since really, this was one of the only times they had ever had a full conversation. Sure, she saw him and made small talk with him every time she worked, but nothing like what they had done tonight.

She saw his arm come up but didn’t flinch away. She felt the softest caress of his hand as he took a lock of her hair and twirled it around his finger. She closed her eyes as little tingles started to travel through her body.

“Who has hurt you so?” he whispered close to her ear.

When she opened her eyes, she saw he was so close to her their lips almost touched. She shook with need, with excitement at the sensations he created in her. Closing her eyes again,

she leant back into the brick wall behind her and let Dimitri lightly press his body against her own. He didn't press so hard that she would have felt trapped, just enough so she was aware of his hard muscles flexing where they touched her. She held in a moan at the pressure of his erection. It was like steel against her belly. Her vagina started to coat with her wetness, and her nipples tightened up. Even though they were outside, and anyone walking by might be able to see them, it didn't matter to her. It was late, and if chance passersby wanted to watch, well, then let them enjoy the show. Her eyes fluttered open, and she stared into the emerald green ones that had grown dark with his desire.

"Tell me, *Malenka*. Who has hurt you? Who has made you fear another man's touch?" He still whispered to her, his lips remaining tantalisingly mere inches from her own.

She didn't want to bring up the past, didn't want to allow Joel to force his evil presence into another's life.

"Let's not talk about all that." Feeling bold, Addie leaned in and eliminated the meagre space that separated them. Once her lips landed on his, it was as if a bolt of electricity shot through her, straight to her clit. Bringing her hands up to rest on his shoulders, she lightly squeezed.

He rested his own on her hips, pulling her closer to the hardness that was hidden beneath his pants. One second they were kissing, the next she felt the cool night air waft across her mouth. Her hands still on Dimitri, she brought one finger to her lips and lightly laid it on her bottom one. She felt almost drugged, in a lazy, contented way that only pleasure could bring. Sure, they only kissed, but it was like nothing she had ever felt before.

Bringing her thoughts to the present, she looked up into Dimitri's face and saw he, too, had a finger to his lips with his brow slightly furrowed. Fearing she might have done something wrong and very unprofessional, she straightened up and was about to apologise when he gently pushed her against the wall again and pressed his mouth over hers once more, this time with abandon.

It was like heaven, a pleasure so intense she couldn't imagine what sex with him would be like. His lips slanted over hers, taking possession in a way that drove her mad with desire. He ran his tongue over her bottom lip before sliding it gently against the seam of her mouth,

urging her to open for him. She couldn't deny him, didn't want to deny him. With every bit as much passion as he approached her with, she opened her mouth and sucked in his tongue.

He growled—actually growled. She was so caught up in the moment, she gave the sound only a fleeting, curious thought. Too many other sensations filled her. She was vaguely aware of him softly thrusting against her belly, and she herself couldn't help but moan at the feel of his erection pressing into her. The rhythm of his rock hard dick rubbing against her made her vagina clench with need and caused a fresh coating of wetness to slide from her core. She could feel how long and thick he was even through his jeans and couldn't imagine what it looked like in the flesh. Running her hands up his bulging arms and to his hair, she slid her fingers into its silky depths.

He moved from her mouth, trailing slow kisses down her chin and to the hollow of her neck where he gently sucked. "Do not think you will get out of telling me who has harmed you," he whispered. "This is just a little detour."

She could hear how heavily he was breathing, how deep and guttural his voice had gone. She could feel his fingers flexing against her hips as his dick kept up a steady thrusting against her. Moaning aloud, Addie rested her head against the wall as his hand caressed her breasts. He tweaked the nipple through the thin cotton of her shirt. She thrust her chest out more to him, and he squeezed her swollen breast as he continued to lick and nibble at the hollow of her throat.

"What do you do to me, *Malenka*?"

His voice sounded different, huskier, deeper, but at the moment, Addie didn't care about that, she only cared about the wicked things he was doing to her body. She could feel the silky wetness coat her vagina, preparing her for him. She felt her inner muscles clench with want at the thrusting of his massive cock against her. Her sex was slick with her need, and the way her panties rubbed against her pussy lips was making her clit swollen with her arousal.

"What does that mean? *Malenka*?" It wasn't much more than a whisper, but Addie couldn't manage anything louder than that, not when he moved his other hand to her bottom and began gently kneading it. She shivered at the feel of his hot tongue stroking her neck.

“The rough translation means ‘my small one’ in Russian. That’s what you are, my small one.”

She couldn’t help but breathe in deeply at his endearment. She moaned as she felt him nip her neck again. “You really like necks, don’t you?” She had never known a man could enjoy sucking on necks as much as he did, but it didn’t matter because she only wanted to spread her legs a little wider and accept his weight. She heard him laugh at her comment, but that didn’t stop him from paying attention to her neck—or every other part of her body, for that matter.

“Just yours, Addie, I only like yours.”

Dimitri couldn’t believe what he’d felt when Addie had boldly leaned in and kissed him. His lips still tingled from the contact and the pleasure that swamped him. It was like nothing he had ever before experienced. In all his many years, and all the many women he had been with, never had he felt the pleasure he found with Addie. He hadn’t meant to call her *Malenka*, hadn’t meant for the Russian endearment to come out, but he hadn’t been able to help himself. He had kissed her like a man starving, couldn’t stop when he’d trailed his mouth down her throat to rest at the base of her neck.

That was when he’d felt the change come upon him. His fangs had started to lengthen, his eyes had gone completely black with his desire, and his voice had grown deep in an almost distorted way. The older a vampire was, the more easily he could control his change. Dimitri, being quite old, could change at will—or could suppress the change at need. It was a frightening thought that, at this very moment, he couldn’t keep the change at bay.

In fact, he didn’t want to. He had the strong, almost crazed, desire to change fully then claim her as his own. He wanted to pierce her neck and drink her blood. He moaned out loud at the thought.

He tried to breathe, but all he could smell was her sweet arousal and the delicious blood that lay just below her skin. He was dangerously close to biting through that tender flesh beneath his lips. Gritting his teeth, Dimitri pulled himself slightly away from her and looked down into her eyes. It was dark outside with no lighting except the moon to give away his changed appearance.

Leaning into her ear, he whispered softly as he slid his thigh between her soft legs. “Will you let me inside, *Malenka*? Let me lie next to that soft, sweet body of yours?”

Dimitri knew he was pushing it. Although they were far from strangers, she might not feel it was appropriate to mix business with pleasure. So when she softly said ‘yes’, it stunned him into silence. Swooping down, he claimed her mouth in a bruising kiss, slipping his tongue inside and stroking it against hers. Her arms slid up his shoulders and her fingers speared through his hair. Moaning into her mouth, he had to pull away before he laid her flat out on the concrete and thrust his cock deep inside of her.

Chapter Three

Addie opened her front door and silently made her way into the apartment she shared with Sersha. Dimitri followed, and she was very aware of his body heat close behind her. Her pussy was soaked, and the silk of her panties rubbed against her labia, causing a delicious friction. Looking over her shoulder, she put her finger to her mouth to let Dimitri know to be quiet. The last thing she needed was Sersha to wake up and find her sneaking in with their boss.

Once they were inside her room, she shut the door and turned on the small lamp by her bed. She felt wanton and sexy, felt as if she were doing something forbidden. She watched as Dimitri looked around the small area, seeming to take in everything. Clearing her throat, she tried to calm her racing heart and stem the excitement that was coursing through her. Her mouth went dry as he turned towards her and slowly came to stand in front of her. She was stunned when he bent down and turned off the light, leaving them in the glow of the moon that washed through her window.

“This gives it a more intimate feel, does it not?”

She shivered at the softly spoken words that brushed across her cheek. Lust shot through her, and without thinking, she gripped his forearms and raised her mouth to his.

His moan of approval did something wicked to her. She stroked her tongue along his, and his fingers slid into her hair, gently holding her to him. She wanted to be a little in control, wanted to show him how much she desired him. She let her tongue dance across his lips then slipped it back inside the warmth of his mouth. He brushed his own tongue against hers before she withdrew hers back into her mouth.

When heat started to consume her to the point she would be lost, she stepped back and began to unbutton his shirt. He didn't rush her, didn't try to take over, which made her all that more comfortable with what they were doing. Peeling the material from his body, she looked in female delight at the moonlit chest in front of her. He was all muscle and smooth skin. She could see every defined ripple and saw them flex under her observation. His body

was like a Greek god's, as if he should have been carved from marble. She could see his thick veins running beneath his smooth skin and wanted to lick them.

"Take your pants off." She hadn't meant for it to come out like it did, a husky whisper, but at the sight of Dimitri's eyes going dark and heavy lidded, she assumed he liked it. She watched in pleasure as his hands went to the buttons and started to pop them out, all the while keeping eye contact with her. He stepped free of his jeans and boxers and threw them to the side, not coming closer, not saying anything.

A fresh coat of juice slid from her vagina at the sight of him completely nude. He was thick and long and jutting from a patch of black hair. She could see he stood completely erect. A pearl of pre-cum dotted the massive tip and reflected the moonlight. She swallowed. She hadn't known men could be that big, and she wondered if he would even fit inside of her.

"May I?" He stepped closer to her and took a gentle hold on the bottom of her tank top.

He waited for her response, and she knew if she said no, he wouldn't go any further. She nodded, and they kept their eyes locked as he slipped the top over her head. Placing his hands on the button of her slacks, he didn't say anything, just waited for her to give the okay. Feeling dazed with lust, she nodded again and closed her eyes as his fingers brushed against the bare skin of her belly.

She stepped out of her pants and looked back into Dimitri's face. She felt a thrill of anticipation as she watched him step back and slide his gaze over her body. She stood in front of him in only her lacy bra and matching thong, and even though she wasn't naked, she felt as if he could see right through the clothing.

"Please..." Dimitri took a deep breath then swallowed as if he struggled to gain control over himself. "Please, take off the panties and bra...slowly."

She felt so wicked, so wanton, that she couldn't help the little smile that danced across her face. She felt like she held some kind of power over him, that she could bring him pleasure just from the act of undressing. Reaching behind, she unlatched her bra and let it slide off her body and onto the floor. The cool air drifted over her breasts, causing her already hard nipples to pucker up more in front of his gaze. Slipping her hands into the lace of her panties, she slowly slid them down her thighs, bending slightly to remove them. She

stood still, looking at him as she watched his eyes rake over her body again, causing her vagina to clench with need. If she were any wetter, it would start dripping down her legs.

Seeming to read her thoughts, Dimitri moaned, and his gaze shot to her sex that clenched again with the need to be filled by him.

She was beautiful standing before him. Her skin was ivory, and her breasts would fit perfectly in his palms. Her nipples were a soft shade of rose, so hard he wanted to suck them into his mouth and make them stand out even more. Travelling his eyes down her body, he noted how small and petite she was. Her waist was tiny and her belly flat and smooth. It was then he noticed the small, white scar that marred her hip. He knew she wouldn't tell him how she had gotten it, and he knew it was the cause of why she tensed up around males. He had to force back the snarl that threatened to rip from his throat. He didn't know where the primal need to protect her and keep her safe came from, the need to rip apart anyone who dared to harm her in any way.

Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, he gazed upon her beautiful form. Next to him, she seemed so fragile, so frail, like a delicate snowflake that landed on a warm hand. His gaze shot to her pussy that gave off the sweetest scent he had ever encountered. It smelled like honey and roses, spilling its wetness to coat her nether lips. His cock was so hard, he feared he would come just by looking at her. It throbbed with the need to be buried inside of her, to be covered with her sweet nectar. She made him want to get down on his knees and cover his face in her pussy, coat it with her wetness.

"Vui nastoilko krasivueshi." Shaking his head he looked into her face and smiled. "You are so beautiful." He was so aroused, it was hard to keep his native language from slipping out.

She watched him run a hand through his hair, saw his muscles bunch and flex, and couldn't help but step into his embrace. She felt him suck in air as she pressed her breasts closer into him. His hand travelled up her arm, caressing over her shoulder where he lightly stroked every inch of her before finally resting it on the small of her back. He tilted her head and took possession of her mouth, and this time Addie met him with all the passion she had

built up. They kissed wildly, and when he gripped her ass and lifted her, she didn't hesitate to wrap her legs around his waist. The hot hardness of him massaged up and down her coated lips, and she couldn't help but rub herself along his shaft. Moaning deeply, he carried her the few feet to her bed and gently laid her down, bringing his body to rest on top of hers. He placed his hands on either side of her head, bringing his own down and delivering a crushing kiss.

Lifting himself up slightly, he braced his arms as he stared at her. "You know from the moment I saw you, I knew how special you were, could feel something deep down inside myself that grew at just the sight of you. I know it sounds crazy. You have this light inside of you that shines upon everyone who is graced with your presence, including myself."

Bracing himself on one arm, he ran a finger down her lips.

As she turned her face into his palm, Addie couldn't deny there was a certain connection that ran between them. She couldn't place it, yet couldn't help but feel as if deep down their souls knew each other on a whole different level. If she would have said that to anyone else, confessed how she felt about Dimitri and the emotions he conjured up in her, they probably would have laughed.

"I feel the same way. It sounds crazy, and I can't explain it, but I feel so close to you." It was just a mere whisper, and she gasped at the sensation of his hand trailing its way down her belly to settle right above her mound. She lay there with her hands lying on his shoulders as he pulled back to stare at where his hand rested.

Dimitri gazed down at her lightly trimmed sex. Being a vampire, he was able to see in the dark as clearly as if he were in a fully lit room. She lay there like an offering—like his dream. Her arms now rested by her sides, and her eyes were now heavy-lidded with her desire. His gaze went to her throat as he saw her jugular beat quickly. He was forced to suppress the need to let his fangs lengthen and the change overtake him. He had managed to calm himself down enough to where she wouldn't be able to tell what he really was.

Looking back to her pussy, he saw how wet she was with want. Her lips were swollen with her arousal, and her clit was so engorged he couldn't resist taking his finger and lightly brushing a small circle around it. He was rewarded with a deliciously feminine moan and

her legs spreading out more for his view. He could see the tight rosebud of her anus and couldn't help the mighty jerk his cock gave at the sight of the little hole.

Running his finger down her slit, he coated it in her wetness and brought the nectar to her anus. She wiggled and squirmed beneath him as if pleading with him to take her. Her hips lightly thrust up at his hand, and he couldn't help but take his other, coat it with her wetness and slip one digit into her tight, hot core.

He couldn't take any more of it. He pulled away from her and gripped his cock. He gave it a tight squeeze, stroking the full length from root to tip as Addie watched him.

Chapter Four

Addie couldn't help how her hips were thrusting up against Dimitri's hands, couldn't help how her nipples were so hard they ached for his touch. Her eyelids felt heavy, and her body pulsed with an arousal she had never felt before. She suppressed the shudder that passed through her when he ran his finger along her clit then touched her anus. Moaning softly, she felt the need rise inside of her but wasn't quite to the point where she would go over the edge.

She watched with eyes she could barely keep open as he took his hand and gripped his thick cock. He kept his gaze on her at all times as he stroked his mighty erection. Her breathing picked up when he moved towards her vagina, his head lowering to her core.

At the first swipe of his tongue, Addie thought she would explode. He did wicked things, licking her clit then sucking it into his mouth. His finger was still inside of her and was sliding in and out to match the motion of his tongue. Feeling her orgasm creep up, she urged him on.

"Oh please, harder, faster... Ahhh." Arching into his face, she felt her orgasm come up, could feel her vagina clench around his thick finger. Her climax washed over her, a pulsing pleasure throughout her body. It was like nothing she'd ever felt before. As the sensations started to ease away, she was vaguely aware of Dimitri sliding up her body. As she felt the broad tip of his erection press against her entrance, she stared into eyes that were completely black—the pupils and the whites, as black as the night outside. She didn't feel fear, didn't feel scared at the strange sight even though she knew it wasn't a trick of the moonlight that washed over his face.

"Are you sure about this, *Malenka*?"

His words sounded drugged and distorted. She could see how he was fighting for control, shaking with the same need that was burning her alive. Not saying anything, she brought his mouth down to hers and kissed him hard. She slipped her tongue inside, and they both moaned at the pleasure. She didn't need to tell him anything, the kiss alone was his answer.

Before she could think about it anymore, Dimitri plunged his cock deep into her still clenching vagina. Her body broke into another massive orgasm as he thrust in and out, going balls deep. She relished the feel of him sliding almost all the way out only to plunge back in. She cried out into his mouth and broke the kiss as she laid her head back into the bed and closed her eyes.

Dimitri moved his mouth down to an elongated nipple and sucked it in. He swirled his tongue around it before gently nipping it with his teeth. She could hear sounds coming from him, almost animal-like in their intensity. He left her nipple with an erotic popping sound and paid attention to the other, equally erect, one, not missing a beat of his thrusting erection. She gripped onto his lean, muscled hips as their sweat-soaked bodies moved against each other.

The room was filled with their combined arousal and the erotic sound of Dimitri's cock thrusting into her vagina. Her orgasms were never ending, and she didn't know if she could take any more of the intense pleasure she was feeling. She could hear Dimitri whispering against her skin in his own language, then he moved his mouth to the hollow of her neck where he licked and nipped at it. Wrapping her legs around his waist, she tucked her head into the crook of his neck and moaned out an orgasm that was so intense it caused her to bite down. She was vaguely aware she had broken his skin, couldn't really think as she whimpered in abandon. She felt him tense and groan right before he bit into her neck and started to suck.

As Dimitri slid into her welcoming body, he immediately felt the change start to fully overcome him. He was lost once his cock was nestled all the way into her already clenching pussy. She felt hot, tight and wet, and he couldn't help sucking in a stiff nipple. The pleasure took him to a place he had never been before. He felt like he was where he belonged—inside her body that gripped him like an unyielding fist. He could feel her inner muscles tighten around his rod, milking him to an intense bliss. His orgasm grew quickly and fiercely, and the need to be at her neck was more than he could handle. Moving towards it, he didn't miss a beat of his pistoning hips. He kissed her throat, feeling the thick blood-filled vein under his tongue pulse with her arousal and excitement. In that moment, he couldn't think clearly, couldn't hold back the primal need to pierce her tender skin and take big gulps of her sweet

blood. He felt her grip onto him at the same time her vagina once more clenched tightly around his dick.

Opening his mouth, he bit down as his orgasm claimed him. Her skin gave little resistance, and he was rewarded with the rush of her hot, arousal-filled blood into his mouth. He would have stopped in that instant, would have pulled away at the first taste, but he could feel her pleasure through her blood, and it sent his cock spewing forth another load of semen into her body. His penis gave one last, hard spurt, then he lay there, arms braced by her head as he pulled his mouth free of her neck and licked the wound closed. He stared at the puncture he had made that would never fully heal and was stunned into complete silence. He could feel his neck throb at the small, blunt lesion she had given him and knew from that moment on, nothing would ever be the same for either of them again.

She was his blooded mate.

The one woman created by fate to be his alone.

Rolling off her, he threw an arm over his eyes, trying to catch his breath. He should have known by the primal need that arose in him every time she was near. He should have known by the way something in him was drawn to her in a way he'd never been to anyone else.

Finding their blooded mate, the one person created solely for only them, was what every male of his species dreamed of. And once a male found his blooded mate, the only way transformation could happen was by the exchange of blood.

He and Addie had been intimate, he had taken her blood, and since she had unknowingly broken his skin and let his blood touch her mouth, she was eternally his.

Looking over at her, Dimitri felt his heart beat a loud rhythm. She was his, only his, for all time. Since she had now eternally been claimed by him and the exchange had been made, the transformation would happen to her soon. And there was nothing that could stop it. She would become one with the vampires, never human again.

His for all time. He repeated that thought, savouring it.

He could still feel the extended length of his fangs, knew his voice would still be distorted and his eyes completely black. He didn't want to scare Addie, but he knew she would need to see him fully changed eventually. Turning on his side, he looked at her

sleeping form and couldn't stop himself from running his hand down her cheek and along the two small puncture wounds that would let every male of his species know to whom she belonged. It would let all know what the consequences would be if any male dared to touch her.

Addie dreamed she was surrounded by the night, that no light but the moon and stars touched the ground. She turned in a slow circle, finally spying a form leaning against a tree. She wasn't frightened, she actually felt safe, felt a sense of calm knowing he was near. It was then she knew, even though she couldn't see his face, that it was Dimitri who watched her from the shadows.

She knew she was dreaming and nothing she was seeing was actually real, especially when Dimitri stepped out of the darkness. He seemed bigger and stronger, with something primal about him brewing below the surface. She couldn't gasp, couldn't move as he approached her, and she stared into his face that wasn't the face she knew. His eyes had gone black, from the whites to the pupils, and she could see fierce-looking fangs as he opened his mouth to speak. She felt her own teeth lengthen into wicked, long fangs, felt the need to pierce his neck and drink his blood. She could see everything crisper, clearer—but then again, it was all a dream.

She could hear Dimitri but couldn't understand what he said, only that he spoke reassuring words to her, words meant to calm her. His voice was different, distorted in a way that made her shiver at its intensity. She couldn't take her gaze off his long, thick fangs that were like little daggers in his mouth. Her own voice came to her like a whisper, and she didn't know if he would even be able to hear her.

"This is just a dream. I'm dreaming you're a vampire, right?" She knew the question was stupid, knew just from looking at his fangs that was what he was, but she was dreaming, so nothing was really relevant.

"That's not true, my sweet. Everything is relevant when it concerns the two of us together."

He stepped closer to her, took her hands into his and brushed his fingers along her skin. She didn't flinch, didn't turn away from his touch, just stared into the black orbs that were

now his eyes. She felt safe with him, knew that as long as he was near, nothing could harm her. He brought his head down to her and kissed her lightly on the lips, moving slowly towards her neck again to lave at it and nibble her skin. She heard him whisper to her, then she felt the sting of his bite a second before an ecstasy filled her, washing her in pleasure. She was vaguely aware of his presence in her mind, felt as if he could read her every thought and see the things she saw. Then again, dreams were never what they seemed.

Addie woke up drenched in sweat and breathing heavily. A pleasure still rode within her body like little aftershocks, making her clench her legs together. The dream had been bizarre, and the things Dimitri had told her in it had been even more bizarre. He had said he was a vampire, that since they had exchanged blood during intercourse they were bonded for all eternity. He had said she was his chosen.

It was nothing but a very bizarre dream.

Sitting up in bed, she shook her head and looked next to her at the empty spot where a folded piece of paper lay on the pillow. Reaching over, she felt a twinge of sadness that Dimitri wasn't lying there. She opened the paper and couldn't help the smile that washed over her face.

My dearest Addie,

My deepest apologies for leaving before you awoke, but I wanted you to rest. A gift will be delivered to you later this afternoon. It would please me to no end if you would accompany me to dinner tonight. I will be at your home at sundown, waiting with much anticipation for your company. Until we see each other tonight, my sweet, I will be thinking only of you.

Sincerely,

D

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The day had gone by quickly, with Addie sleeping late then being able to lounge around since she did not have to work that night. Sersha had been gone all day, working extra hours at the club on paperwork for the new construction that was scheduled to start in

a few short months. Addie couldn't help but feel the excitement at what the coming night would hold. Dimitri had somehow found his way into her heart. She hadn't thought she would ever let another man there, but the sweet words and gentle touches Dimitri showered on her were more than she could have hoped for.

The day had been bright, so bright that she'd had to close all of the blinds just to make her eyes stop hurting. Dimitri had sent one of the employees from the club to her house with a beautiful black box and a dozen red roses in a crystal vase. She'd been stunned when she'd opened the box to find a blood red satin dress with a pair of matching strappy shoes to go with it. Under the dress had been a black lace strapless bra and matching panties that left nothing to the imagination. She had felt the blush that rode her cheeks as she ran her fingers along the lace.

Hours later, she stood in front of her full length mirror behind her bedroom door, looking at herself in the dress. It flowed around her, only showing her best assets, and the heels made her legs look a mile long. She ran her hands along the silk covering her body and felt herself already starting to grow wet. She wanted to know what it would feel like to have Dimitri caress her body through the filmy material, to feel his hands gliding along her breasts and brushing across her puckered nipples. She wanted to feel his mouth covering her pussy through the lace of her panties as he sucked at her clit.

She shivered at where her thoughts had gone and tried to push them away. It wouldn't do her any good to get herself worked up when she probably wouldn't get any relief until the end of the night.

A cramp surged through her, and she held her stomach. She hadn't been able to hold anything down all day, throwing back up everything she tried to eat or drink. Her eyes hurt just looking at the bedside lamp. She feared she was coming down with something, but the symptoms would come and go, and when they went, she felt fantastic. Feeling the cramp ease away, she stepped closer to the mirror and opened her mouth. Her teeth ached as if maybe she had something stuck in them but couldn't get it out. Shaking her head, she smoothed the soft fabric over her body.

"Eat your heart out, Dimitri." Giggling at how silly she sounded, she turned towards her bed to grab the small, black clutch she had thrown there. After looking at the empty

coverlet in confusion, Addie glanced at the floor, not understanding where the little bag could have gone.

“Well, well. How is Addie this fine evening? You are going by ‘Addie’ now, right?”

Addie stood where she was, shocked at the voice that pierced the small room. Turning around quickly, she made sure to step several paces back as she stared in horror at the twisted, furious face of Joel. He stood by her closet, the place where he obviously had been hiding. She shivered at the thought of how long he had been there, everything he could have seen. He watched her, gripping her clutch so hard his knuckles were white. His face had a psychotic smirk on it, and his eyes were glazed over with hate.

“Oh, Addalina, how you grow more beautiful every day.”

The last was spoken with such lust that Addie could feel herself shake. She shouldn't be frightened, shouldn't feel as if she were trapped, but she did, and she was helpless to stop it. She had taken classes for protecting herself, but at the moment all she could think about was the past, the hurt and the pain, and it wiped the training from her mind.

Taking several more steps back, she hit the wall by her bed. Her heart pounded so loudly, she felt as though it echoed in the room. Her eyes widened as she watched Joel bring the clutch up to his nose and inhale while keeping eye contact with her.

“You always did smell so good, Addalina. Once I'm done with you, I'm going after your little boyfriend and finish off him, as well.”

He let out a horrendous laugh that had her trying to back up even more into the wall.

Shaking his head, he tossed the clutch on the floor.

“Come on now, Addalina. You know there isn't anywhere for you to run to. I have been watching you, seeing what you've been doing.” A look of disgust crossed his face as he walked closer.

“Seeing *who* you've been doing.”

In one giant lunge, he reached for her and grabbed her arm in a bruising grip. Yelling out at the pain, she managed to twist out of his grasp, and with courage she didn't know she had, kneed him in the groin. She felt joy at the sound of him grunt with agony but didn't turn back to see if he went down.

She bounced over the bed and didn't stop running until she had her hand on the bedroom doorknob. About to twist it open, she felt the sting in her scalp as he gripped her hair and pulled her backwards. She fell to the floor and saw stars pop up in front of her eyes. Feeling dazed, she blinked several times, but saw only blackness and those sparkling lights. As her vision began to clear, she felt the heavy weight of a large body pressing on her chest.

She tried to suck in more air, but with Joel on top of her, the act of breathing was becoming harder by the moment. She stared into his face that was all grim with no hint of the sadistic smile he had sported earlier. He leaned in close to her face, just inches from her mouth.

In that instant, she felt her teeth lengthen, could actually feel them sliding out. Her stomach cramped again, and her eyesight grew sharper. She could see every little line on his face, could actually smell the hate and arousal that came off his skin. She watched as he reached behind his back to pull out a serrated knife from his belt—the same knife he had used to cut her with all those months ago. At that moment she didn't feel any fear, only experienced the power washing through her.

She pulled her lips back from her teeth and hissed at him. She didn't know how or why she did it, she just felt it happen. His face paled, and his eyebrows knitted in confusion. She twisted her head and bit into his arm that was holding onto her hair. Her teeth sank easily into his skin, and when his blood washed into her mouth, she had to choke back her gag reflex. He tasted acidic and corrupted, foul like rotting meat. He was filled with so much hate and deranged arousal, she knew she had to get away from him at that very moment.

With strength she didn't know she possessed, she threw him off her body and spit out a mouthful of his rotted blood. Scrambling for the door once more, she became dizzy and disoriented. She wanted to cover her ears, wanted to shut her eyes, everything was so clear and defined. She could hear hearts beating, blood rushing through veins, and see things a human shouldn't be seeing, little details that a microscope would have had a hard time picking up.

This time, she did turn around in time to see Joel pick his big body off the floor and come after her with determination written all over his face. He had a tight grip on his

bleeding arm, and his eyes were set like stones. Twisting the handle of the door, she whipped it open and stared up into the face of Dimitri.

But the Dimitri standing before her wasn't the same man she had been intimate with the night before, not the man whom she had worked for at the club. The man standing in front of her looked like he had in her dream—fierce, powerful and very intense. His eyes were completely black, his lips were pulled back to reveal long, sharp white canines, and he wasn't looking at her. His vision was trained on the man behind her.

She could hear Joel stammering out his hate. Then she heard an animalistic growl come from Dimitri's throat as he stared at Joel. Glancing down at her, he brushed a hand down her bruised arm.

"He will never hurt you again, my sweet."

She was confused at why she heard Dimitri's voice in her head.

"Everything will be explained soon, Malenka."

In one swift move, he launched himself at Joel and pinned him against the wall by his neck—with his legs dangling. It was a sight to see, big, muscled Joel looking weak and scared at the hands of a much bigger, more powerful person. He always used to look so strong and intimidating, but now he just looked pathetic and helpless.

Joel's eyes were big and fear struck. He clawed at the large hand surrounding his neck as he tried to force air into his lungs. If Addie hadn't known that Dimitri would never harm her, she would have run from the house screaming long ago. Dimitri looked calm but fierce in a black suit that outlined his massive body to perfection.

Looking down at her arm which now had Joel's handprint bruised on it, she cleared her throat. "Dimitri, let's call the police. He isn't worth risking everything for."

Joel snapped his eyes to her and gave her a smirk that apparently did not go unnoticed by Dimitri. Dimitri gripped his neck tighter, causing Joel to wheeze and bring his gaze back to his captor.

"You do not look at her! Ever! Do you hear me? If you ever come near her again, or even so much as look in her direction, I will hunt you down and rip off your limbs."

Dimitri's voice was deep and distorted—animalistic in the way he seemed to growl the words. His tone held no room for argument, and even Addie felt chills go down her spine at

the threat lying just beneath the surface. Dimitri leaned his head in close to Joel and inhaled deeply. He opened his mouth and just about hissed at Joel before taking his hand from his neck and letting him crumple to the ground. A wheezing Joel could do nothing but rub his throat and take in big drags of air.

“You smell of poison. Your blood is thick with hate.”

Dimitri had a disgusted look on his face as he calmly adjusted his suit and turned back to stare at Addie with an emotion she couldn't decipher. He was still changed into the creature from her dreams. He must have seen fear and surprise in her face, because even as she stared at him, his teeth receded, and his eyes went from completely black to their normal brilliant green colour. She should have told him she wasn't frightened of him, that she was just stunned by everything that was happening. Nothing seemed clear anymore, everything seemed like a dream.

“What are you?” She knew how stupid the question was but couldn't help but ask anyway.

“I will explain everything tonight, *Malenka*.”

“What about him?” Looking over, she saw Joel still crumpled on the floor, not even moving as he sucked in air.

“The police are outside and waiting to take him into custody. He will never bother you again, Addie. I promise you, no one will ever harm you as long as I am alive.”

Addie knew, deep inside of her, that Dimitri would keep his promise, that no matter what happened, he would protect her. She fought back the tears that threatened to spill down her cheeks. She didn't know if it was shock from what had happened or the fact that she actually felt safe again.

He seemed to know how she was feeling. He didn't say anything, just walked close to her, enveloped her in his arms, and together they walked out of the house as the police swarmed in.

Epilogue

One year later

A year had passed since the incident with Joel, and Addie was the same—but had also changed into a new woman. That night, when Dimitri had dealt with Joel, had turned out to be something out of a fairytale book.

The police had taken Joel into custody, and he had been put behind bars for all the crimes he had committed and all the people he had hurt. She and Dimitri had talked that night, and Addie had learned that vampires truly were real, which to her surprise wasn't so hard to grasp. She had learned about how vampires searched for their 'blooded mate' to spend eternity with—and it *was* eternity, since they were immortal. She was Dimitri's blooded mate, the one woman fate had created to be his alone.

It had been a hard concept to accept at first, for she had grown up thinking vampires and the like were make believe. But she had seen Dimitri change and had found out she, too, would go through the change whenever she was scared, angry or aroused. The older she got, the better able she would be to control it. In the meantime, though, her emotions would be in control of the change.

She had been disappointed to find out that the tales about how vampires couldn't tolerate sunlight were true. She had never been a daylight person anyway, liking the night best, but still, she had felt a slight sting of disappointment at knowing she would never see the sun again. Then she would look into Dimitri's eyes that held so much love and hope in them, and she knew it was all worth it.

She had found out the majority of folklore she had ever known about vampires was nothing more than that—folklore. They were far from dead, just another species living amongst many. It was hard to believe at first that the club was not only owned by vampires, but that the majority of the employees were vampires, also.

She didn't have to worry about telling Sersha about the bizarre turn of events, since her sister had known that vampires weren't just make believe since she had started working at the club. Addie was happy to know she could eat the same foods she normally did, but would often have to drink Dimitri's blood to sustain her. She had gagged at the idea, but when Dimitri had taken her into his bed and gone between her legs, the need to pierce his neck while he did the same to her became the most erotic experience of her life.

Walking through the club, Addie made her way through the throngs of people towards the private elevator that would take her to Dimitri's underground office. There was still so much that she had to learn, but she was glad Dimitri was there to teach her. Opening his heavy office door, she walked in to find him hunched over papers.

"Well, hello, handsome." She sashayed over to him and gave him her best sexy look as she sat on the edge of his desk and crossed her legs. She didn't miss how his head had snapped up when she spoke or how his eyes travelled down her body.

"How is my beautiful one doing this evening?"

His voice had gone low, and she could see by the way he was moving around in his seat that he was just as turned on as she was. She hopped off the table, walked around to join him and turned him around in his chair. She could see the long, thick erection straining against his pants.

"I was sad when I woke up and you weren't in our bed." Speaking softly, she looked up at him from underneath her lashes and started to undo his button and zipper.

"I didn't want to wake you before I left."

She heard how guttural his voice had gone and enjoyed the sensation as he ran his hand down her hair. Over the past year, they had moved into Dimitri's house, which was built underground on property he owned just outside of the city limits. She was stunned when she had realised tunnels ran everywhere under Clarity, connecting to just about every establishment the town had to offer, including *Vitali*. It was how vampires travelled during the day, since they did not need a whole day's worth of sleep, only mere hours.

"I missed you, *Malenka*."

He was trying to work, but she knew that was not what he needed right now. Kneeling between his legs, she pulled his massive erection out of his pants. She ran her tongue on the

underside of his penis, making sure to pay close attention to the thick vein that ran the whole, long length.

He groaned and spread his thighs wider, letting her body move in even closer. She loved the taste of his skin, loved running her tongue against that thick vein that pulsed beneath his velvety flesh. She felt herself start to change but welcomed it, knowing exquisite pleasure would come with it. Sucking the head into her mouth, she tasted the saltiness of him and moaned around it. Going down the length of him, she could only fit half of him in her mouth. She moved her head up and down, running her tongue around the satin over steel of his erection. She could hear his groans and moans, could hear him draw in his breath when she sucked the head of his penis while running her tongue along the wetness that beaded at the tip.

Picking up her pace, she felt him tense right before he pulled away. He picked her up and set her on the very edge of his desk, spreading her thighs and ripping her panties off her. She looked up into his face and saw the heavy lidded look he gave her. He, too, was changed, and just the sight of his fangs did fantastic things to her pussy, making it clench and grow wetter with need.

She spread her legs wider, letting the hem of her dress slide to her waist. She let him get a look at her pussy that wasn't covered by panties anymore. He growled before stepping between her thighs and grabbing his cock, stroking it firmly. She felt the hot, slick head nudge her opening and whimpered at the sensation.

"Please, Dimitri, do it. Oh, yes, do it now."

She didn't have to wait long, because with his next move he pushed all his hard, long inches into her, seating himself so far that she felt his balls slap her ass cheeks. They both groaned in unison at the feel of him lodged so deeply inside of her. He started to rock, pulling almost completely out right before he plunged back inside. His pace started to become quicker, more frantic.

Putting her arms around his neck, she brought her mouth to the hollow of his throat and started to lick. She felt his cock give a mighty jerk at the same time he licked at her neck. Her orgasm was coming, and the smell of their combined sex and the erotic slapping noises

their bodies were creating only brought it closer. Feeling her climax on the brink, she whispered, "I love you," before she pierced his skin and let his blood flow into her mouth.

He tasted hot, thick and purely male. She felt his teeth go into her skin and the motion of her blood as he drew it out. At that moment, her orgasm washed through her at the same time Dimitri pulled his mouth free and roared out his own release.

Pulling away at last, she licked the two tiny points on his neck. Then Dimitri was dragging her back into his arms and burying his face in her hair.

"I love you so much, baby."

Running her hands up and down his back, she couldn't help but smile at how her life had turned out. She was whole again, actually felt as if the piece that had been missing inside of her was now put back. Pulling away once more, she smiled up into Dimitri's face and kissed him lightly.

"You make me the happiest woman alive. I love you."

They stayed that way, just holding each other, feeling each other's heartbeats as they joined passionately several more times, expressing the depth of the emotion they held for one another. She would never have to fear again, and would only know love, and for that she was truly thankful.

About the Author

Who is Jenika? Nobody special, just a girl who loves to read and write. She is a free spirit that thinks outside of the box and wants to break the mould. Don't believe that? Just take a look in one of her stories to find out the truth. You might be surprised, you will probably be shocked, but it's ok to like the unusual...it's only natural.

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