



Vampire Seduction

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Dedication

To Donna, the best friend a girl can have.

Chapter One

What the hell happened?

Anya Vermont glanced around the exquisite room lit by the morning sun peeping through the heavy brocade curtains. Her mind raced trying to piece together where she was and how she got there. She ran her hand over the luxurious Egyptian cotton, and her memory awakened. The pack of werewolves she had encountered in the forest filtered into her mind in a vivid picture, and she remembered thinking her mortality had reached the end as the animals had closed in, nearly turning her to doggie kibble. Safe with the light of day shining through, she now lay on a plush bed in an ostentatious room and knew exactly whose house she was in since she had spent a night in the elegant bedchamber more than once.

Saved by Lance yet again. Cade is going to kick my ass!

Yes, her brother no doubt would throw a fit over the fact he had told her countless times not to cut through the forest and she hadn't listened. Sighing, she relaxed and shoved Cade from her thoughts and instead thought of the gorgeous vampire, Lance, who was sexier than hell and her older brother's best friend. She and Cade came from a rich and highly respected family. Years before, when she was a little girl, a renegade vampire attacked Cade, leaving him for dead. Lance Marquis found him and became friends of the family and a support to Cade, who ended up transforming to a vampire, a repercussion of the near deadly assault. Over the years, she had grown to cherish his friendship and deeply cared about him, in a more than friendly way. Not that she could ever admit that detail.

Nice girls didn't date vampires, even though her family knew that her brother had become one. In her father's opinion, nice girls didn't date vampires, and the detail that her brother Cade happened to be a day-walking bloodsucker was perceived as a disability. Lance, the yummy vampire whom she secretly lusted for, was a notorious ladies' man, changing his female companion as often as he did his clothes. Sure, her parents liked Lance, and they appreciated his friendship and all he'd done for Cade, but he wasn't exactly son-in-law material. Now that Anya was older, any guy she dated and brought home to Mom and Dad had to be exactly that—potential husband caliber.

Although her family adored Lance, she also knew they didn't appreciate the lifestyle he led. Sinful to the core. Her feelings remained buried, and her love for him remained a secret, but it didn't stop her from dreaming about him or fantasizing.

The image of his hard, muscled body naked made her wet between her thighs, and she dipped her fingers below the silk of her thong to her aching wet folds. The tips of her fingers teased slightly while she imagined the gentle touch of the hunky vampire's tongue. Pressure built across her belly, and she closed her eyes and continued touching her clit. On the occasions she had seen him without a shirt, she'd longed to press against him and savor the feel of his smooth skin across her bare nipples. She stopped the pleasing motion of her fingers as she recalled overhearing Lance brag to Cade about the women he'd had, and occasionally his indulgence in more than one woman at a time. However, lately he hadn't talked so much about his sexual exploits. Instead, he'd become quiet and—around her—even distant.

What is up with that?

She stilled, remembering the note Cade had left her about checking on Lance and that it was important. The paper with Cade's familiar scribble never said why Lance needed checking on, but held an invisible urgency between the lines. Something wasn't right, especially since Lance had two vampires in his employ, his butler, Monty, and his housekeeper, Suez. Withdrawing her fingers, she figured she would ask him at breakfast and find out if anything was wrong. She threw back the heavy quilt and noticed she wore nothing but a baggy T-shirt and her thong. The shirt obviously belonged to Lance, by the large fit. Where were her clothes? How did she get out of them? The

thought of the delicious vampire stripping her turned her on even more. The rain last night had soaked her to the bone, and now her jeans and shirt lay folded on a large chaise lounge. No doubt, her vampire host had a servant make sure they were ready first thing for her.

She needed a shower, wanted to angle the spray of the water on her clit to relieve some of the pressure from her arousal. Rarely did her dreams of hot sex turn her on as much as the one she had had the night before. Even now, the wicked images from her slumber haunted her mind, and her pussy clenched, heavy with desire. Her dreams of hot, passionate lovemaking with Lance were her favorite. Last night's had been incredibly hot. She had dreamed of straddling his hips and riding his cock while she raked her hands over his strong chest and defined stomach. Again, her inner walls twitched as she vividly recalled the feeling of his thrusts and the look on his handsome face when he squirted inside of her. Lust drew wet between her legs, which made her more aroused and sexually frustrated than she had been. She needed to climax if she ever hoped of using her brain today.

Crossing the room toward the bathroom, she wondered if her host was even up yet. He had the tendency to sleep late, and often into the afternoon, but that was a vampire for you. A glance to the ensuite confirmed there wasn't a shower, only a very large tub big enough to hold four people. She also knew from having a bath in the expensive tub that the jets were a definite bonus. As tempting as the notion was, she figured a shower would be faster. After, she'd see if Lance was awake and able to give her a ride home. The master vampire didn't suffer effects from sun. He always joked he'd outgrown that phase a couple hundred years ago. A good thing since he enjoyed working on his tan. A grin worked across her lips, and her mind brought the hot images of his sculpted abdominal muscles and powerful legs the last time he and Cade had hung around the pool at her parents' house.

Anya exited the bedroom and decided on using the main bathroom, which had a large shower. Every detail of the home was elegant, much like the vampire who lived in the spacious, but not quite a mansion, home. She walked down the hall, neared the enormous bathroom, and came to a halt. The sound of water running should have twigged into her senses sooner, but she was too busy thinking of the vampire's cock buried deep inside of her. She darted her gaze to the large shower, and her feet refused to move. Heat seared her, and her wet walls released liquid lust as she raked her eyes over the hottest thing she'd ever seen.

One hand cupped his sac while the other worked up and down his thick, long cock. His gorgeous expression was pure pleasure as his hands worked his length. Lance's long blond hair fell down his back, and the water bounced off his broad shoulder muscles. His eyes were closed, and he looked wrapped up in the moment.

She bit her tongue to stifle a moan, and she slid her hand to her stomach. The sight was so hot that she wished she could stand and watch while she rubbed her clit. Swallowing hard, she decided to go back to her room before her presence was discovered. The situation could prove to be awkward since he was preoccupied with his masturbation.

"Anya," he groaned quietly in a feral growl.

A gasp escaped her, and Lance's eyes snapped open. His aquamarine gaze rested on her as he smiled wickedly. Her heart thudded fast and hard, echoing up to her ears.

"Do you like what you see, Anya?" Lance chuckled. "I can see the lust in your eyes. Come join me. Let me take care of that arousal. I guarantee you will feel much better than my hands."

Again, she swallowed hard and this time struggled to find her voice. "I better not."

"I know you'd love nothing more than to have me."

True. To deny she had dreamed of hot sex with him countless times would be a blatant lie, especially, since last night's dream still left her longing. "I've known you for almost my whole life." Her mind replayed the talk and chats she had heard over the years, and her heart tugged. "I guarantee you, I don't have the experience you're used to the women you usually bed having."

"You don't know that, angel." Lance's eyes sparkled as his hands came off his thick, large dick then ran down his chest and abdominal muscles.

He had called her angel since the time she was ten. "Why do you call me angel, when lately you do all you can to avoid me?"

Lance crossed his arms across his chest. His muscles rippled and emphasized his large, toned frame. "I have my reasons for keeping my distance from you."

"I can only imagine what lame-ass excuse you're going to feed me." Her need increased as her gaze worked up his rock-hard dick pointing straight up. By the heavens above, she wanted to experience him. Her wet inner walls tightened. She needed to escape before he read the highly erotic thoughts running through her mind.

"You're all grown up, no longer the little girl."

"Wow, Lance, you noticed?" She shouldn't have been sarcastic, but her sexual frustration overruled her manners.

"I haven't looked at you as Cade's little sister in a long time," he informed her as he stepped out of the shower. His chest and stomach were defined, each muscle outlined by the curves and creases. She longed to run her tongue over him.

"Speaking of your brother," Lance added. "He will be very pissed to find out his little sister was cutting through the Warder's Woods after dark. Those werewolves almost ripped you apart. I hate to think what would have happened if I hadn't gotten there. You could've been raped, possibly even killed." His tone was harsh, firm, and most of all, scolding.

Cade would be furious with her, especially since he had warned her countless times about the haunted forest. "Do you really think my brother would approve if I joined you in the shower?"

Most definitely not. Why did I ask?

He grinned and ran his tongue over a pointy tooth. "He's not stupid. He knows I have lusted after you since you turned eighteen. No doubt, he'd rather have you with me as opposed to some weak human male who can't protect you against the evils in the world. Besides, you can't stay single forever, Anya."

"Sure I can." Her stubborn streak kicked in, and she knew Lance as well as her brother. Determination and strong-headedness were as much of a turn-on as her big, perky chest and her toned legs with a tan.

Lance spoke the truth. Lately, her parents had had several prestigious families and their sons over for dinner. Although the guys were good-looking, her heart longed for the one man she couldn't have.

He crossed the floor, closing the distance between them. Water caressed his skin and ran over his magnificent body. His hand snaked out and pulled her close. Her skin flamed beneath his touch, and her nipples hardened. The light fabric of the T-shirt held nothing back, and if the hot vampire didn't pick up the scent of her desire, the fact her taut peaks poked hard against the oversized cotton tee and into his solid chest revealed her need.

She should have been nervous with the way his eyes stared at her, but her body begged for more than his heated gaze offered. Her lashes fluttered as his head lowered and a wet hand stroked the skin of her bare leg. The velvety smooth texture of his tongue teased her lower lip, and her knees almost buckled from the intensity. Her wildest fantasies were coming true, and she planned to take full advantage of the situation. Ladylike or not, she was far from a child and planned to handle the situation like a woman.

Bed the vampire at all costs. Even if it means forgoing a bed and having him take me against the wall.

Anya parted her mouth, and Lance's tongue thrust inside in hot exploration. She lifted a hand to his chest, slick from the shower. She savored the taste of his mouth as if it were her favorite flavor.

His thick, large cock poked into her belly, and all rational thoughts of her brother's or her parents' opinion vanished.

Strong, wet hands caressed her legs, then dipped between her thighs. She bucked as Lance's hands worked to the scant silk of her panties and teased over the fabric soaked by her ache. The graze of his finger over her clit sent every nerve in her body on alert. She moaned against his tongue when his fingers slipped into the fabric and her thong slid down her leg to the floor.

Lance's mouth lifted from hers and nuzzled near the sensitive skin by her ear. "You're so beautiful, angel." His whisper hardened her body further, and his touch caressed over her flesh to her breasts. He captured her nipples in his fingers and rolled them slightly in his touch through the fabric of the shirt. She moaned and reveled in every second of the hunky vampire's attention. Lance's breath teased her behind the ear. "I've fantasized about you and have wanted you for so long."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Her voice came out in a barely audible tone as he caressed her, then cupped the flesh of her ass in his strong hold, and brought his erection harder into her pelvis.

"I wasn't sure how to approach you." His gaze met hers, and an unreadable emotion flickered in the aquamarine depths. "It's complicated. I've haunted your dreams countless times." His fingers released her from their grasp before they curled around the hem of the shirt she wore. "I know your thoughts while you sleep and have tried to please you in them."

She ached, and she wanted Lance more than ever. She thinned her lip. "Well you failed. You may have pleased me in my dreams, but I usually end up very sexually frustrated and far from satisfied come morning."

Lance's delicious mouth curled into a smile, and he lifted a brow. "I think I better redeem myself." His gaze caressed her face before he looked her in the eyes. "Angel, don't plan on going anywhere. By the time I'm done with you, you'll be lucky to walk."

She gulped back her nerves, and her heart picked up speed. Anya's pussy pulsed in anticipation, her emotions running to the quick of her soul. "Tell me, gorgeous, is that a promise or a threat?"

Chapter Two

Lance's body ignited. So pretty, so sassy, and the angel he'd coveted since the day she turned legal almost eight years ago, now was going to be his pleasure. He wasn't playing games anymore and tugged the T-shirt over her head, revealing a curvy body and large, perky breasts. This was more than sex, whether the lovely lady knew it or not. Right now, emotion didn't matter. Burying his cock in her did. He cupped her breast in his hand, then rolled her erect nipples between his fingers, and she bucked. Lifting his other hand, he captured the firm flesh of her ass in his hold and inched her closer to his aching need.

She moaned, and Lance reveled as he lowered his mouth to hers. Hot and wanting full lips met him, and he thrust his tongue inside to have another taste. He dipped a hand between her thighs before he trailed his finger over her skin, then played in her wet folds. She groaned when his thumb grazed her clit, and she pressed her pussy against his touch. He ached to explode and come all over the milky smooth skin of her stomach as her tongue entwined with his and her hand wrapped around his neck. Thank Christ that, at over six hundred years old, he had some control. Anya, though, would push any man's or vampire's resolve to the limit.

He lifted his lips from her and smiled as her dark eyes opened and her chest raised and fell in her struggle for breath. "You're heavenly."

Lance's words left his mouth in a rasp, and he tightened his grip on her, then hoisted her up onto the counter. He tucked one of her feet up on the marble surface, then the other, before spreading her legs and getting a great view of her wet sex. Her pussy glistened with her juice, and he gently teased her wet folds. She definitely had become soaked with arousal, yet he still noticed her hesitation. He knew his friend's sister had not a lot of experience with men, but that didn't matter. Lance knew she wouldn't disappoint him and cherished the fact she wanted to give herself to him. He slid his fingers inside Anya's tight pussy, and his mouth reclaimed her in a kiss. He planned to take his time with her, and though he knew she wasn't a virgin, he still didn't want to run the risk of hurting her with his large size.

She moaned and reached for his hair. Her fingers laced through the strands, then tugged lightly when the kiss deepened.

Lance thrust his tongue into Anya's mouth, and slid another finger into her. She gasped in surprise, and her wet walls became even slicker. His sac ached, and he wanted nothing more than to plunge his dick into her and fulfill his desire to not only fill her but to simply share the intimacy. He lifted his lips from her mouth and lightly trailed kisses over her collarbone. Taking his time to tease her skin with his tongue, he worked down to a hard nipple and captured the peak in his mouth.

Anya shifted her hips to meet the slow thrusts of his fingers. He sucked her breast and flicked his tongue across the hard nipple. The ache and strain of his cock intensified, and precome seeped from the head. Lance desperately wanted to bury himself inside her, but at the same time wanted this moment last. A sad thought crossed his mind that he may never have the pleasure of her again. He quickly pushed the notion from his mind. She had quickly become his world, and as much as he adored the girl, he now very deeply loved the woman. A detail he had kept to himself, though he knew Cade had suspected.

Lance lifted his mouth from her breast and met her gaze. He grasped her knees and pointed the tip of his aching dick at her entrance. His gaze met her dark brown one. "Do you have any idea how long I've wanted you?"

She shook her head that she didn't and caressed the skin of his throbbing cock. "No, why don't you show me?"

Smiling over her sauciness, he pressed himself against her wet folds, then slowly pressed into her. A loud groan escaped him when her wet walls engulfed his erection in a snug hold. He worried a bit that his cock had her stretched too much.

She shifted her hips and wrapped her legs around his waist. "Are you going to stand there buried in me, vampire, or are you actually going to use your dick for what it was designed for?"

Stunned at the mouth on her, he should have known her sassy demeanor would transfer over into the bedroom, or for all intents and purposes, the bathroom. He withdrew almost completely, and she whimpered slightly. Lance eased himself into her wet pussy again, and she moaned. A devil's grin crossed her face, and she laced her arms around his neck and drew his head close to hers in a heated embrace. Her velvety smooth tongue snaked across his lip, and desire consumed him. He captured her mouth with his own before he pressed his tongue between her lips.

Lance worked in and out of her in a slow, steady rhythm while the gentle exploration of each other's mouths intensified the moment. Never could Lance remember being this aroused in his life. Maybe the reason had to do with how deeply he felt about Anya, whether she was aware or not.

Her back arched, and she wailed against his tongue. Lance continued pumping. Her shoulders started to tremble, and he lifted his head. A loud moan filled the air as her tight pussy squeezed his cock and pulsed around him. "God! Lance!" Her breath became shallow, and she struggled to inhale.

He held still and sank a fang into his gum to prevent himself from coming. Again he thrust hard into her, wanting to get deeper. Despite how he enjoyed pumping her divine pussy, he couldn't hold back, and he thrust one final time. His feral groan ripped through the air as his release squirted into her in thick, heavy pulses. Again, she shook, and she gasped while her walls again tightened around him, drawing out all of his release.

Never in his life had an orgasm weakened him. His leg muscles burned, and adrenaline shot through his veins.

Anya ran a shaking hand through his long hair, then stretched up and kissed his forehead. "Maybe we should slip into the shower before the hot water runs out."

He grinned wickedly. "The water is done by electricity, bottomless, no chance of running out, which is good thing since I didn't imagine taking so long to get you in there with me. Let's pick this up under the warm water."

"This isn't over?" Her voice echoed in a whispered rasp.

"Not by a long shot."

Anya lathered the soap over Lance while he kissed and caressed her lush frame. This morning had not turned out anything like he thought it would or could have imagined past his wet dreams and erotic thoughts. True, he had fantasized about the things he longed to do to her. Sometimes, while in the throes of passion with another woman, he would imagine his willing partner the woman who now shared his shower. Only the women didn't mean anything and never lasted past noon the following day. To have his lust become a reality now made his cock stir in spite of his release only moments earlier.

His dick started to stiffen again, and he knew they would be lucky to get out of the shower before he was ready for round two. Anya slicked her hand over Lance's cock with the soapy water, and the need to claim her seared his soul. "Anya . . ."

He barely recognized his voice and debated if words would ever start to describe what he felt in his heart for the lovely brunette.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" She continued stroking his length, and his dick grew hard in her hand.

"I'm just amazed how the morning has gone. I dreamed of you in my arms, but I'm still slightly in awe over the fact you are with me now."

She nodded once and slipped around him, closer to the spray. He stepped toward her while he worked his gaze over her and allowed the water to rinse the soap off his body and his now fully erect dick.

"I'm glad to be here, Lance, and despite everything I don't regret it." She again stepped around him and worked closer to the shower door. He captured her wrist in his hold, and she pivoted and stared at him with hesitation.

"I believe I told you we would resume our escapade from the counter."

A mischievous smile worked across her face, and she stepped closer to him. Her attention dipped to his hardened length, and again her dark eyes met his as she slipped to her knees. "As you wish."

"Anya . . ." Her name died on his tongue when her soft hand wrapped around him and gently stroked. She lowered her mouth down over the head and sucked, and he gasped. He laced his fingers through her hair, and he moaned when her tongue teased his head. She taunted with her hot mouth and tongue while she hummed slightly. The sound vibrated through his length, down his back, and straight to his sac. He almost squirted in her mouth, but held off as she increased the speed of her hand's motion and the rhythm of her tongue and mouth. A small whimper left her and again resounded against his cock.

His sac ached, and again he wanted to release, but not like this. As if she heard his thoughts, Anya's lips clamped tight around his cock and her grip tightened. He couldn't hold back, and he rocked his hips, making love to her mouth. He stiffened and rammed his cock all the way in, and his release spurted into her mouth. She sucked in her cheeks and milked every drop out of him, her slender throat moving as she swallowed everything down.

Her mouth came off his cock, and she lifted her head to meet his gaze. He helped her to a standing position and she wiped the corners of her mouth with a delicate finger. She then dragged her tongue across the tips, licking whatever semen she had missed.

"Anya—"

The fact his body drained of energy didn't matter. He didn't want their time to end just yet. This morning had been hotter than hell, and even now, as she teased his lips with soft kisses, he wanted her again. She had officially become an addiction. Lance wondered if one morning with her would really be enough. He knew the answer to his question.

No way in hell, but how could he convince her to stay? Maybe after this time, he had found *the one*.

But do I dare risking her life for my own?

Chapter Three

Anya savored the feel of the heavy robe against her skin as Lance scooped her under the knees and carried her to the bed. He eased her down on his lush bed, and she darted her eyes around the room. The heavy cherry-stained oak antiques matched in every way, and the rich tapestries not only emanated elegance, but also pure manliness. Typical Lance, he never did anything halfway.

Desire sparked in his eyes. He stood, naked, glorious and solid, in front of her before he joined her on the bed and stretched out next to her. "So beautiful." His voice came out in a mere whisper, and his hand gently brushed a wet strand of hair from her face. "You're incredible, and what you did to me in the shower . . ." His voice trailed, and a strange expression crossed his face.

His lips came down against her mouth lightly, then trailed over her chin to her neck. He untied the belt of the robe, then quickly brushed the sides apart. The cool air of the room chilled her slightly, but it soon warmed when Lance's solid frame rolled on top of her. His hungry mouth and tongue teased her skin in hot kisses and teasing licks. He shifted his weight, glanced up at her, then lowered his head between her legs.

The man was divine, and while his hands ran over her skin, his tongue gently teased the lips of her pussy. God, how she loved him. Nothing, not ever, would ever equal today, except another day with him. His tongue laved, and the familiar touch of his finger slipping inside her sent her hips to buck. Lance continued licking and teasing her, then gently flicked the tip of his tongue across her clit. She dug her fingers into the heavy feather comforter, and her body flamed. He fell into a steady rhythm with his tongue and finger, and desire coiled in her. A second finger joined the first, and the rapid licking increased in speed. The muscles of her stomach grew taut, and she couldn't get enough of him. She arched her back and rocked her hips, then gently pressed herself against his pleasing mouth. The thrust of his fingers picked up and pushed in deeper. The invisible band around her broke, and her pussy pulsed. The climax shook her, and Lance's mouth clamped around her and his tongue replaced his fingers inside.

"Oh my God!" The three small words paled and became highly understated as her body convulsed. Every nerve, down to the roots of her hair, heightened and became extra sensitive. Her body hummed, and all breath became impossible.

Lance's mouth and tongue left her. She longed for them, but instead, the thick head of his cock pressed at her entrance and thrust inside her. Again she trembled, and her mouth parted in a wail. Firm lips covered her mouth, and his tongue entered in exploration.

Despite already ejaculating twice, Lance rocked gently inside her. Her walls stroked his cock, and again the pressure tightened in her stomach. How many times could the man come? More so, how many times did he plan to make her climax? Then again, he was more than a man—he was vampire. Apparently, all myth and lore about the fangy creatures' sexual stamina held to be true.

Her tongue entwined with his, and her hips bucked with his thrusts. His hand wrapped around her hip, and every stroke of his dick brought him almost completely out then back in deeper than before. The tight band around her belly uncoiled itself, and her walls clamped the thick cock in her pussy. A fierce orgasm sent her into shivers and trembles, but Lance didn't slow, and with a hard thrust he buried into her and groaned against her tongue. His hold on her hips tightened further, and his hot seed pulsed into her in thick spurts. The splash hit her walls, and she climaxed again.

He withdrew from inside her and eased down next to her. "You're amazing, angel," he whispered and gently kissed her cheek.

She curled against him, and she laid her head on his shoulder near his chest.

"Better than a dream."

A warm chuckle tickled her ear.

"Speaking of dreams, how did your morning rate compared to yours?"

Anya continued to struggle to take in a full breath of air as her body relaxed. "This was way better and way more satisfying." Yawning, she lifted a hand and covered her mouth. "Only my dreams don't leave me quite this tired." She closed her eyes, and she wondered how she could stay in his arms and his bed. Thoughts of her family filtered into her head, and a heavy weight settled on her chest at the issues her parents would have since they seemed to be picking possible husband candidates.

There has to be a way.

No matter what her parents or Cade said, with Lance was where she belonged. Now she just needed to convince her family and the hunky vampire of that. Either way she looked at the situation, she knew in her heart convincing people wasn't going to be an easy task.

* * * *

Lance woke to Anya stroking his chest. His gaze met her chocolate brown eyes, and he immediately smiled. Out of all the women who had shared his bed over the years, having the sexy and lovely Anya Vermont was an erotic dream come true. Even now, his cock stirred from her round breasts against his chest, and her feathery caress.

"What? Is something the matter?" Her voice came out only a notch above a whisper, and he reached for her hand and lifted her fingers to his kiss.

"I was thinking that you're incredible and I don't want this to be the only time you share my bed." His words only scratched the surface of what he desired. Worry worked over him, and her brows dipped, revealing her concern.

"What's wrong?" She tilted her head to the side. "You look like something is bothering you."

"Nothing, just exhausted." A partial lie with an ounce of truth.

She nodded her head, then gently shifted to dust his mouth with a sweet kiss. "Just relax and get some sleep. I'll be fine."

He wished he could assure her he would be fine as well. Only, sadly, she didn't know of his condition. Never should he have put his body through such strain, but again, he held no regret. Making love to Anya had been worth every ounce of fatigue he now endured. "I know you'll be okay. Especially if you keep that cute ass of yours out of Warder's Woods."

"My brother's note held worry, and I tried to hurry and get here before the sun set, but . . ."

"Please take more care. I don't think I or your family could handle it if something happened to you." He gently stroked her still partially wet ringlets, and he almost wished the lovely lady had come into his life a hundred years earlier. But she didn't, and now . . .

"I promise you, I will be more careful. Get some rest, and I will see if Monty or Suez is around to get me something to eat."

"I had told them to ensure breakfast for you fit for a queen, but I don't think they were counting on you to be so late in coming down."

She shrugged, then again dusted a kiss across his lips. "I'd be happy with coffee."

"And I'm happy with you." He closed his eyes, and the fatigue again started to catch up to him. The bed moved, and he already missed Anya's soft curves next to him. He longed to have her again by his side, but she undoubtedly had become hungry. If only his situation were different, he would never let her go. In the end, however, he knew there were no other options.

* * * *

Anya glanced to the sleeping Lance from the threshold of his bedroom, then slipped through the door and closed the heavy oak quietly. Over the years, she had stopped being a guest, and though

her sexy host insisted his staff treat her like royalty, she hadn't ever felt like a guest in his extravagant home.

She walked into the kitchen and discovered Monty, Lance's aged vampire butler, having a coffee and reading the morning newspaper. The older man smiled and revealed his pointy teeth. "Well, good morning, Miss Vermont. I trust you slept well?"

Her cheeks stung mildly, and she wondered if he knew how she had spent her morning. "I did, thank you. I also noticed my clothes cleaned and folded. I appreciate that."

"Thank Suez. She just ran to the market, but wanted to make sure there was plenty to eat for you and the master."

A variety of food adorned the breakfast bar. He eyed her carefully, then placed the paper down. "I must say you look more radiant this morning than I have ever seen you." He paused a second and sighed heavily. "Forgive me for overstepping my boundaries, Miss Vermont, but since I have known you since you were a child, I feel the need to say something."

"Oh dear, is this a lecture on sharing your master's bed?" Her stomach fluttered, and she suddenly became not only a bit embarrassed, but also resembled a scolded child.

"Quite the contrary. I think it's about fine time. I may be old, but I can see how you two feel about each other and have for some time." He gently squeezed her hand. "Things often take unusual turns, but instead of being afraid, we need to search for the meaning and the reasons as to why we have ended up in the situations."

"Usually I am a wolf magnet and need my brother or Lance to rescue me."

"You were lucky last night. Then again, I believe having you face such danger made my master face a few things. Like how deeply his feelings for you run."

A heavy sigh raised, then dropped her shoulders. "I'd share Lance's bed every night if he'd let me."

Monty nodded. "Could you spend the rest of your life with no one except—" The sound of the door chime echoed through the house "Stay here. I'll be back, and we can finish this chat."

Anya sat in the kitchen and eyed a croissant. As usual, the buffet was over the top. A smile tugged at her lips.

"Thank God, Monty, you're awake! Lance wouldn't be up yet, would he?"

Oh hell. My brother.

Anya scooted out of the kitchen and walked down the hall to where Monty's tall, slender frame stood.

"Cade. What's wrong?" Monty blinked against the sunlight, but he and Lance had overcome any adverse reactions to the sun centuries ago. Cade, being a convert to vampirism, suffered no ill effects except eye sensitivity, easily remedied by sunglasses. "Come in. The master isn't up yet."

"Is everything okay?" Concern echoed in her brother's words.

"It's been an interesting morning, sir."

"I bet." He chuckled. "I can only imagine what Lance brought home last night." His smile faded, and worry marked his face. "I'm here because I had some business to attend for my father, and I left a note for Anya to check on Lance."

Oh dear, I am so busted.

So far, her brother hadn't noticed her.

His brows furrowed, and his forehead wrinkled. "She didn't come home last night, and my parents are having a fit." He shook his head and slammed his hands into the front pockets of his jeans. "She is notorious for cutting through the woods, and we both know there are lots of creatures that would love a chance at a girl like Anya."

Hell. Hell. Hell. Poor Monty does not want to be the messenger for this one.

Monty nodded, then chuckled. "Anya's fine and—"

It was now or never. She officially was going to hell, her only hope that the trip would be in a designer handbag. “Hi, Cade, what are you doing here?”

Her brother lowered his sunglasses and peered around Monty. “Anya?”

As if on cue, she came up next to Monty. “Is everything okay?”

Cade took off his sunglasses. His features fell as he eyed her face then dipped his attention over the robe—Lance’s robe—she still wore. “What are you doing in Lance’s robe?”

“My clothes were wet last night and—”

“Oh my God! You and Lance . . .”

How the hell does he know? Or is he just guessing?

“Cade, relax! I got your note and thought I’d come and check on Lance, just like you asked. Only it was late, and so I decided, since it wasn’t quite dark, I would cut through the forest.”

He narrowed his gaze. “Tell me you didn’t walk in Warder’s Woods.”

“Okay, I won’t. There is no other forest between here and our house, so I’ll let you think whatever. Anyway, I ran into a pack of werewolves, and Lance rescued me. Then this morning things took on an interesting twist, and that’s how I ended up in his robe. I obviously couldn’t come down in just one of his T-shirts.”

Cade’s dark brows lifted, and his dark eyes stared at his sister. “Interesting twist? I can only imagine, after hearing about his previous escapades, what happened.” He scowled. “If I didn’t owe him my life, I would kill you and Lance both for what I have this sinking suspicion you did.”

“Cade, you don’t know—”

“You’re in Lance’s robe!”

Monty cleared his throat. “Mr. Vermont, perhaps you and your sister should continue this conversation in the kitchen over a cup of coffee.”

Anya’s heart tightened. “It wasn’t our intention.” How did she tell Cade she cherished his best friend and didn’t want one of the men their parents approved of, but instead a vampire?

“Please come into the kitchen. Have a coffee and something to eat. Don’t be upset with her.”

With all her heart, Anya seriously hoped her brother took the good butler’s advice.

Sighing, Cade hooked his sunglasses on the collar of his shirt and covered his face with his hands. “I can’t believe this.” He glanced up over his fingers and shook his head. “Let’s have that coffee, though I feel like spiking mine with hard liquor for this talk.” Without waiting for Monty or Anya, Cade walked off in the direction of the kitchen.

Monty shut the door and cast a worried expression.

She blinked up at him through long lashes. “I don’t need his approval, but his acceptance would be nice.”

He brushed the hair back from her face. “I know. Let’s go calm the protective brother down.”

She rolled her eyes and spun on her heel. “Great, a vampire on a hissy fit, lucky me.”

He wrapped an arm around her in a quick hug, then led her to the kitchen. Cade stood with a mug of coffee already in his hand. “Where is Lance?”

“He’s resting,” Anya responded, unsure if her brother was faking his calm or taking the notion she had shared his best friend’s bed with a grain of salt.

Cade’s expression turned bleak, and he blinked, then darted a quick look to Anya before glancing to Monty. “How’s he been?”

“He tires easy,” he confessed as she stepped deeper into the room. “Things will not improve.” They exchanged a look, and a sick, invisible punch hit Anya in the stomach.

Something is wrong.

“Cade, Monty?” Her voice came out foreign to her own ears, worry covering her words. “What’s wrong with Lance?”

Her brother shook his head, and Monty sighed, then glanced to Cade with a bleak expression.

“I’m sorry, sir. I thought she knew.”

Cade shook his head. “Nope, but something tells me she is about to find out.”

Chapter Four

Anya's heart came to a stop for the second time in five minutes. It was one thing for your overprotective brother to figure out you had been bedded by his best friend, but the look Cade and Monty exchanged only froze her soul. "What's wrong with Lance?" She darted a look to her brother, who met her gaze.

Monty heaved a sigh so heavy his shoulders and chest rose, then lowered. "He's slowly dying."

Swallowing hard, she held her breath as she asked the dreaded question. "From what?" Her voice cracked, and sorrow wrapped an icy hand around her soul.

Her brother set his mug down on the counter and glanced out the window. After a moment, he exchanged a worried look with Monty. "Can I talk to my sister alone for a minute?"

Monty nodded. "Of course, sir, but don't lose your temper with her." Although the words were simple enough, the tone held firmness, a gentle warning, and her heart skipped a beat. He glanced to Anya. "I'm going to check on the master." His faint smile warmed her, and she smiled back.

Would my brother believe me if I tried to express how I feel? Doubtful.

They remained quiet while Monty exited the kitchen. She then again held her breath, waiting for Cade to say something.

"What the hell were you thinking, Anya?"

At least I didn't have to wait long.

"Last night was very bad. I almost ended up kibble to wolves. As usual, Lance was there to rescue me and brought me here since the rain was coming down hard. I guess I gave him a pretty good scare. A moment longer alone with those werewolves, and I don't think I would be standing here this morning under that scrutinizing gaze of yours."

"I gathered that part. I mean this morning. Anya, you aren't naïve in regard to Lance's sexual exploits, though we try not to hold such conversations around you. Mom and Dad would lose their ever-loving minds if they even suspected what has transpired. They're talking to the Sutters, shipping tycoons, about getting you and Freddie together."

"I don't want Freddie. I don't want any other guy." She hung her head and had no clue where to begin. Inhaling deeply, she glanced back to her brother. She knew in her heart that he wanted the best for her. "I always adored Lance, and if I had my way, it's him I'd have."

He sighed and shook his head. "When you were born, I was ten and hated the fact I had a sister, but soon I found it pretty cool, and you became cute and so full of energy. Now, I'd do anything to keep you safe. The same goes for Lance. I was twenty when I was brutally attacked, and owe him my life. Mom and Dad adore him, but don't particularly care for his overtly sexual lifestyle."

"They've never held it against him, Cade."

"No, but you didn't end up in his bed before either."

Biting her tongue, she decided not to say anything about the bathroom counter or the shower prior to the bed. "I love him."

He sighed and stepped toward her. "Christ, Anya, any moron can tell you love him. Hell, I can't even tell you how long you have or how long I've known. It's not a simple situation."

"No, because Lance is dying. Now tell me why." She resented the fact fat tears filled her eyes, and an invisible grip tightened around her heart at the thought of losing her friend and now lover.

"He didn't want you to know. He's as protective over you as I am."

Anger and frustration blended with her fear. "Tell me what the hell is wrong with him." A rebel tear fell over her lashes, and she quickly brushed it away.

"He needs to feed. He's not a convert like me. He was a born a vampire. He may have women share his bed, but he's never been able to bring himself to feed on one. It's risky. She could either

die or convert, and as much as he may enjoy bedding the women, none of them means enough to keep around. The lady would be tied to him forever.”

Well, I would . . .

His dark gaze ran over her face, and his eyes widened. “Hell no! Go get dressed, and wipe that idea from your mind right now. I’ll drive you home.”

Her brother had no right to read her mind. “I’m not going home. Besides, how do you know what I am thinking?”

“Because your brother is smart and knows you as well, if not better, than I do.”

Lance!

She swung her gaze to the entry of the kitchen and took in the sight. Monty stood just behind his master on the threshold of the kitchen entrance. Lance stepped toward her, his heated gaze raked over her, and he grinned. “You do look lovely in my robe, by the way.”

She wasn’t sure what to say. He’d had sex with her, he adored her, but . . .

Her temper kicked up, and her pride took a sting. She folded her arms across her chest. Never once did her gaze waver from the gorgeous blond vampire in a navy robe that reflected the blue of his eyes. “Thanks for the compliment, but what good is it if I’m just like every other woman you’ve fucked?”

“Oh dear!” Monty let out a low whistle. “I should leave you, sir.”

“No, you can stay for this talk.” Lance’s blue gaze never once wavered from her.

Cade ran a hand over his face and picked up his mug. “Anya—”

“Save it, Cade! I don’t want to hear it.” She shook her head. Her heart ached. Why did she think . . . “I’m going to get dressed.” She didn’t wait for any of the men to comment, and hurried out of the kitchen. When her foot hit the first stair, she finally allowed tears to fall down her face.

* * * *

Lance let out a heavy sigh and glanced to the empty threshold. Seeing how hurt she looked cut through his heart. He darted an unsure look to Cade. “I bet you are ready to kill me.”

“I admit, knowing she ended up in your bed is not the highlight of my morning.” He frowned. “Why Anya? Women flock around you by the droves.”

He exchanged a glance with Monty. The butler remained quiet. Lance cleared his throat. “If I simply wanted a fucking, I could have gotten it anywhere, you’re right. Plenty of offers, but they aren’t what I want.”

The expression on Cade’s face revealed his confusion. “Then why did you have a tryst and God knows what else with Anya?”

He glanced to Monty. He’d always been there for him and carried wise advice. “Be honest with him, master.”

Lance focused back on Cade and sighed. “I refuse to bind myself to a woman I have absolutely no feelings for. I deserve more, and lately I’ve considered looking for a permanent to share my life with.”

Cade blinked in surprise. “You are over six hundred years old and just now debating marriage?” He shook his head and stared up at the ceiling a moment, as if debating, then looked back at him. “Aren’t you getting a little old for this? Besides, could you really go to bed with one woman every night for the rest of your life?”

“No to being too old, some vampires marry well into their seven hundreds. As to the last question, yes. I love her, Cade.” Lance’s heart tightened. “I have for a very long time, but hold reservations. I would have to feed off the lady I choose. I fear for Anya. Her converting is one thing, but . . .”

Fear tightened every muscle in his body, and he recalled memories of vampire friends feeding only to have death find the women of their choosing dying in their arms. Some were never the same, and one took his own life at four hundred and forty-three since the woman he believed he would be with for eternity didn't survive.

"If she died, my life would be of little regard. Do you understand? I may have life, but my soul would ache. It's not as if she's a stranger, and your family would be devastated. I couldn't do that to you all. When she was a child, your parents let me babysit. When she was a teen, she talked to me about the boys and shopping and—"

"I know my mother blames you for her expensive and purely decadent fashion choices."

His friend made an excellent point. Lance knew he was an incredible dresser with a penchant for designer clothes, come to think of it, designer everything, which explained the decadence of the house and the elegant furnishings.

Anya would want for nothing.

He didn't care if Cade read his thoughts. The words in his mind were more of an assurance to his own soul. "However, I'm also aware that having her older brother a vampire and hanging out with his vampire friend wasn't an easy feat. Especially since she tried to keep up."

Cade grinned finally, then nodded. "She did keep up, and every stupid extreme sport we did, she did too. Her need for adrenaline runs a little high even now."

"As much as I fantasized about your sister, Cade, I never meant for what occurred this morning to ever happen. The sex with her was divine. I will spare you the details, though."

"I appreciate that. Thank you." His words were laced with sarcasm, and silence stretched between them. "You can't do it." Cade's gaze held the same awe and grief as his tone. "You can't take a chance with her, so you're choosing death." A faint smile crossed his lips, and understanding reached his eyes. "You won't risk her life, and for that I also thank you."

So many emotions tore through him. "I love her and cherish everything about her." His chest grew heavy, and his soul ached. "She may be upset with me for quite some time over this."

His friend's expression held sorrow, and he shook his head. "She loves you." Sighing deeply, he paused. "If you feed, I mean more than a snack, which I am sure has kept you going, how long will you live?"

A fair question.

"I'm not a convert like you and Monty, or even Suez. I eventually need a great deal of blood, but I refuse to kill, and I didn't plan on being bound to a woman. I only want Anya." Even now, his cock stiffened at the images of his thick erection plummeting into Anya playing in his mind. "I would have another five or six hundred years, maybe longer."

Cade stepped closer to where Lance stood near Monty. "I'm going to go and leave you to bring my sister home, but let me say this. You would never give her injuries as I suffered. Also, if Monty or Suez is near, you won't drain her."

His heart picked up speed. "Are you suggesting—"

"I don't want to give you my blessing, but you saved my life, and frankly, Lance, if you die, I'm afraid you'll take a huge part of my sister with you. Plus, I lose my best friend." He sighed and walked to the threshold of the kitchen, then glanced back. "I'll leave you to figure it out. Give me a call later and keep me posted on what you decide."

Lance's chest tightened to the point breath became impossible. Having Anya forever would be heaven. Even now, beneath his robe, his cock stood straight and ached to be buried in her mouth while she sucked his seed and swallowed his release. He bit back a groan and thought of the repercussions of feeding on her delicate throat.

To risk her death wasn't an option. Last night when he arrived in the clearing as the wolves closed in on her was the most terrifying experience of his life, strange since he no longer had

immortality. When she had climaxed the last time this morning and had collapsed against his chest, he had heard the strength of her heartbeat.

"Are you all right, sir?"

Monty's quiet question brought him back into the moment. For three hundred years, he had had Monty's loyal service. He had been converted later in his life than Cade, but had stood by him through the centuries. The words he had to choke out were the hardest he would ever have to say. "You and Cade are right. I can't do it. I won't feed off her."

Pain and grief washed over his butler's face, but in true form, he forced a small smile. "I understand. Will you think about it a little longer before you decide? Since Anya hasn't come flying down the stairs dressed, wanting to leave, my guess is she is soaking in the tub in the guest room."

A valid point. He thought again of her words and the expression on her face. "Would you go check on her, please? Maybe soothe her. Try to help alleviate her anger. Like always, please make sure she wants for nothing."

"She is probably naked in a tub big enough to hold four large men, and you want me to go in and *talk* to her?" He cleared his throat. "I don't mean to question you, sir, but that does hover on inappropriate."

Lance couldn't resist the smile spreading across his face. "Please keep her modesty in mind."

"I would never make her feel anything less than comfortable."

"She is probably ready to put a stake through me, so do whatever you need to comfort her." He patted his faithful servant's back. "Reassure her she wasn't just a piece of ass, please, I beg of you."

"I will see what I can do."

"Now go deal with my angel before she decides to come down here and argue with me." He admitted silently, though, she became sexier when her fiery temper sparked her eyes. Life—no matter how long—would never be dull with her to share every day.

"Of course." Monty nodded and left the room.

Lance sighed, and exhaustion settled over him. He probably shouldn't have pushed himself so much this morning, but the very willing Anya was more than he could resist. He glanced at the spread of food, completely untouched, and wondered if he had indeed made the right decision by not risking her life and, in turn, sentencing himself to death.

* * * *

"What was I thinking?" Anya groaned, placing the brush on the expensive vanity counter of the guest bedroom's large bathroom. She stared at her reflection. "What the hell is Lance thinking?"

Doesn't he know I would do anything for him?

"I think Lance is trying to do what he does best, and that is protecting you."

She turned to the entry of the enormous en suite bathroom and noticed Monty leaning against the frame. "Can I say he is being a dumbass?"

"Only if you let me agree with you, Miss Vermont," he replied with a grin. He pushed his shoulder from the threshold and stepped toward where she sat on the plush velour stool.

"Agree all you want." She wished Lance had come up to check on her, though she was still a little pissed off at him.

"The master has been stubborn ever since I have known him, when he took me in, nursed me, and gave me a job." A reminiscent smile and a tender look crossed his face. "He is a good man who helps others whenever possible."

Anya's pride still stung, and she still wasn't happy with Lance. What good would yelling and screaming do? He obviously didn't care about her as much as his words proclaimed. Then again,

men often said things they didn't mean while they had their cock buried in you. "Too bad he can't help himself."

"He fears for your safety." Monty almost sounded convincing—almost. "Do you have everything you need?"

Anya nodded "Yes, thank you. Where's Lance?"

"He's in the kitchen. He needed some time alone and thought I should check on you."

"I don't want him to die. He tells me how he adores me, then treats me just like every woman he has ruthlessly fucked then discarded."

His dark eyes narrowed, and his expression turned to one of displeasure. "You are nothing like the other women. You are so completely different. Don't ever doubt that." Sadness clouded his eyes. "Nor do I want death to find him, but there isn't much we can do." His hand lifted and gently brushed back her hair from in front of one eye. "Feeding off you is complicated. You could die, and he won't risk the possibility you won't survive."

Anger, frustration, and love flooded her veins where her blood once traveled. "What if I am willing to take the chance?"

"It's not that simple."

She groaned in frustration. "I am so sick of people saying that."

"Could you spend the rest of your existence not only as a vampire, but also the mate to a master vampire who has the sexual appetite of a demon?" He paused and studied her. "Think about this, only one man for the same duration as ten or twelve lifetimes."

"What if I said yes? What if I told you I don't want to share my life with anyone but Lance—vampire or not—and can't do that if he dies?" Fear etched her throat and coated her words. The threat of tears warned of their assault by the fierce pricks behind her eyes.

"There is a way to tempt him." Monty's expression turned thoughtful, but hesitation laced his words as if he debated something silently.

"Tell me." Desperation filled her tone, and she stood. She was open to any idea if it gave Lance a shot at life and her a chance at spending eternity with him.

"No vampire can resist blood. Chances are, if he were to sample yours and he were close to releasing his seed, the urge to feed as he filled you would overtake him."

"That's entrapment." However, if it meant actually saving Lance, the idea held possibilities. Besides, after her morning, the thought of his dick buried deep inside her even now made her pussy clench and grow heavy with lust. Already, she craved his heat and all his body had to offer. "What about Lance, though? If I converted, he'd have to put up with me for a long time."

His brow lifted, and mischief sparkled in his eyes. "You question his feelings?"

She didn't know how to respond, but didn't have to.

"Your expression reveals what's in your mind and heart. Only Lance can reassure you, but I promise, my dear, he does indeed love you. I would never lie to you, not after watching you grow from the girl to the woman before my eyes."

"I certainly didn't feel his love in the kitchen. Actually, I felt like a stupid little girl who gave herself willingly to nothing more than his sexual pleasure. What I carried in my heart became of little regard." Weight still hung heavy on her from her mixed emotions and wounded pride, but her love for the vampire downstairs ran deep. The ramifications could cost not only his wrath, but also her life.

"Give him a sample of what he can drink."

"All right." The words were simple enough, but she wasn't exactly sure how to go about that. "Any idea how to go about doing that without making it blatantly obvious and having him go running for a Band-Aid, or worse, a doctor?"

A slow smile crossed the butler's face. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a straight pin with a round pearl head. "Lure him to join you in the tub. When he isn't looking, pierce your tongue. Then share a kiss before he climaxes."

Anya swallowed hard and wasn't sure if she had officially become embarrassed discussing sex with the older vampire or struck with the fear Lance wouldn't want to be bound to her. What she contemplated wasn't something you resolved in divorce court. If she lived, she would be with Lance for eternity. She swallowed back nerves and quickly took the straight pin. "Let's hope I am brave enough to do this and he doesn't kill me for betraying him."

"Listen to your heart. Now go enjoy your bath while the water is hot."

"I could die." The thought, for some reason, seemed less frightening than risking Lance's rejection of her.

Monty shook his head. "I will send Suez up to be close by, and I, too, will not be far."

Anya nodded as Monty walked out of the bathroom. She knew the old vampire loved his master, and he risked his life and opened up his loyalty for debate with what he had suggested.

She held the pin tight in her grasp and slipped off her robe. She stepped into the opulent tub and carefully placed the pin on the ledge behind her. What if he noticed? What if he didn't want her? Did she have a right to take his choice to live or die away from him?

This is a really bad idea.

Then again, Lance dying wasn't exactly a happy notion, or even an option. She loved him and wanted to be with him, leaving her no choice in what she needed to do.

Anya needed to relax. She reached out and hit the button for the jets, and the whirl of the water started around her. Images of her morning with Lance invaded her head, and her pussy twitched. How could she still crave him after all they'd already shared?

The answer was lost on her, but she ached in need. She slinked down deeper under the water and brought her fingers to her clit. With a slight shift, she aligned her sensitive nub with a jet. The powerful spray vibrated against her, and pressure coiled in her belly. She teased her fingers in her folds, and the pad of her one finger grazed her swollen need between her legs. She dipped her head back and remembered Lance's tongue laving where her fingers now played. A soft moan escaped her, and she longed to experience his velvety wet licks and hot breath again. She picked up the speed of her fingers caressing her folds and clit, and vivid and detailed images of their earlier encounters played out in her mind. She brought the fingers from her other hand up to a nipple and gently rolled it in her touch with the slightest of pressure.

"I have to admit that's the hottest thing I've ever seen, and I spent my morning with you."

Lance's sexy baritone snapped her eyes open and drew her attention to the door. Her gaze met Lance's aquamarine eyes. His robe hung open, and he stroked his long, hard length. There was something intensely sinful about the man she loved pleasuring himself while she did the same to her body. Lust burned in his deep-blue-colored depths.

"Come join me." The head of his dick already seeped with precome, and her carnal need to have him inside her again ravaged her soul. She licked her lips and smiled, darting a quick look to where he still stroked himself. "Are you going to do the job yourself, or will you let me help you with that?"

"I take it you're not mad at me anymore?" He let go of his thick cock and allowed the robe to slide to the floor as he stepped toward her.

Nope, not mad. Livid still holds possibilities, though.

"Monty did an incredible job assuring me I'm not like the other women you've fucked."

"Don't say that." A pained look crossed his face when he stepped up the stair then into the tub. The water came almost up to his large sac. "Anya, I don't mean to hurt you. You'll never understand

how deep my feelings run. I swear to you, my angel, sex with you, no matter how intense, was nothing short of making love.”

Okay, that was sweet, and he seems sincere.

Anya remembered what Monty said, and beyond doubt, she was willing to take the chance to save him and quite possibly suffer his wrath. A smile tugged at her lips. She lifted a hand from the water and grasped Lance’s large dick in a snug hold. She slid closer, snaked her tongue across the tip, and relished the musky, salty flavor of the gorgeous vampire’s precome. A loud groan filled the room, and Lance held her head tight as she covered his cock with her mouth.

“God, Anya, you will be the death of me.”

Whether the sexy vampire knew it or not, she was actually going to give him life. He just needed to take the bait.

Chapter Six

The suction of Anya's hot mouth around Lance's cock almost led to his undoing. His libido jumped into overdrive. Why did she think she was like the other women? Hell, if he didn't love her as much as he did, he would have sucked her blood by now. However, no matter how much he loved her and wanted a life with her, he wouldn't risk her death. When he told her brother he wouldn't survive, he knew losing her would be death even if he fed.

Her hand, already wet from the water, stroked his dick while her mouth and tongue feasted on the erection in her grip. The slight sucking made his desire more intense. The way her tongue ran over his throbbing dick, combined with the emotions he had for her, he didn't know how much stamina he would have. As it was, their sexual escapades this morning had taxed him, and he needed rest. Even though he had slept some, he required more. Only Anya drove him wild with lust, and he doubted he would ever get his fill of the woman now picking up the speed of her strokes, her mouth carnally savoring every inch.

Her lips came off him, and she blinked. He found it a little hard to believe the little girl he'd cherished had grown into the woman who boiled his blood with desire with the bat of her dark lashes. "Have a seat."

His balls ached from the thought of where this was leading, and he knew that this time his climax would be even more intense and, in turn, sap his energy even further. Every time he made love to her, the more she seared herself into his soul. He couldn't imagine spending a day without her now that he'd experienced what she had to offer. "I can stand."

She shook her head, and a sweet smile crossed her face. "No. I don't want you to overdo it."

Her concern touched him, and he allowed her to guide him to the marble bench of the tub. He took a seat and stared into her eyes. "Come here." A gentle tug brought her closer to him, and despite his weakness, he longed to have his dick buried deep within her wet walls.

His chest tightened, and hunger ravaged him. Witnessing her long black lashes close held an intimate sexiness, and he lowered his head toward her and covered her lips in a passionate kiss. Truly she belonged with him. Her mouth tasted divine, even with the mild blend of him on her tongue. The ache of need straining his length reminded him of not only all he'd shared with the beauty but also of how close he had been to climaxing when he interrupted her intimacy with the jet of the tub. Neither of them had reached their peak, and he now planned to remedy that situation.

Anya moaned and slid her tongue into his mouth, which allowed him to completely mate with her tongue. Lance savored the gentle touch of her hand as she laced her fingers through his hair. Needing more of her, he pulled her into his lap. Her lips lifted, and her lashes fluttered open.

"Positively delicious." He smiled weakly, and she nodded.

As she straddled his hips, her breasts came against his chest. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and she lightly kissed near his ear. He enveloped his arms protectively around her slender waist. His aching cock brushed against her folds, and he resisted thrusting inside. By the speed with which her heart pumped blood and the fear radiating off her, he knew she just needed holding. Guilt panged him, and he didn't need anyone to tell him that the lady in his arms loved him with all of her heart and soul.

He reached for her breasts and teased the hard tips between his fingers. Anya's back arched in response, and the pleasure on her pretty face aroused him further. He removed his fingers from her nipples, grabbed her hips, lifted her, then wrapped his mouth around one of the taut peaks and began to suck. Her hands reached for his shoulders, and her long, dark hair fell back as she exposed her neck. His eyes rested on her jugular and the steady rhythm silently beckoning to him.

Lance lifted his mouth from her breast as she wrapped a hand around his dick, guided him to her entrance, and sheathed his length in a single downward motion. Lance groaned and bucked his hips, and she took his entire cock, right to the hilt. He couldn't get enough of her. Having waited all these years to reveal his emotions and true feelings for her had truly been worth the wait. The only regret now—he'd acted too late. She wiggled, contracting her pussy and enticing his dick to grow even harder within her snug walls. Lance tossed back his head and tightened his hold on her hips, lifting her slightly before slamming her back down. He groaned and straightened his head to stare into her eyes. He thrust hard, and she moved with him. He wanted to give her the climax of her life.

If only things could have been different.

* * * *

Anya tightened her hold around Lance's neck. Did the vampire not have any idea how much she loved him? Then again, would a proclamation of emotion make that much difference? He'd sentenced himself to death, and now she debated still thanks to a twinge of insecurity about changing his destiny and, more so, possibly her own. She closed her eyes tighter until her lash line ached. This plan had to work, and she seriously hoped her antic wouldn't piss off Lance and induce his temper. Of course, she was setting him up. Her intentions, however, were ones of love.

His hand tenderly cupped her head in his palm, then stroked the length of her tendrils. "Don't be afraid, angel. I'll stay with you among the living as long as I can. I can't give you promises on the length of time."

His soft words of comfort fell short. Anger and determination swirled with her love and arousal. She refused to let him die. Not without a chance to save him—no matter the risk. Suddenly her own life meant nothing without the vampire she cherished and had become addicted to, to share the days and nights with. Her eyes rested on the straight pin on the cool marble behind his back.

The time is now.

A whisper inside her mind taunted her, and the sick sensation of "now or never" hit her stomach similar to a punch. She lifted herself up and pressed her breasts in his face. She reached for the cool pin and took the thin item between her fingers as his tongue roamed and teased over one of her nipples. Without a second thought, she parted her mouth and delivered the pin into the flesh of her tongue in a fluid swipe.

Pain shocked her mouth, and she released the thin, sleek metal at the same time she lowered her pussy down Lance's thick length. She sealed her mouth tight as the bland metal taste reached her palate and she fully realized what she was about to do. She swallowed back her own blood, blending now with uncertainty in the pit of her stomach.

She turned toward Lance and gulped down more blood. Her tongue pulsed, and she tried not to make the swallowing noticeable. Again, his strong hands wrapped themselves tight around her hips, then eased her up and lowered her back down in a slow, penetrating thrust.

Riding his dick, she tightened the muscles of her inner walls. His one hand raised and cupped her head. His even strokes hit the right spot every time, pressure worked across her belly, and her body begged for release. He brought his mouth to hers, and her heart thudded loudly in her ears. His tongue thrust between her lips in a hungry kiss, deep into her cavern filled with blood. The force coiled in her pelvis snapped, and she pushed the blood from her mouth into his as she shook in a violent climax.

Lance groaned, and his thrusts came to a stop. Her strength left her from the intensity of the orgasm. Tiny dots danced in front of her eyes in a multitude of colors. His fingers laced through her hair, then gently pulled back. She lifted her lips from his to meet his gaze.

Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, and his lip curled over a fang before his tongue, dark in color from her blood, snaked across the incisor. Grief filled his eyes as surprise overtook his expression. "God, angel." He sounded stunned. "What have you done?" A hand came off her hip, and his finger ran along his lip line. He glanced to the blood on the tip, and color drained from his face.

"I didn't know what else to do." Her voice was now a mere whisper, and fear chilled her blood.

"You truly are sweet, angel." He closed his eyes, then opened them. Tears filled his aquamarine gaze "Why?" The word came out in a whisper.

"Because I love you." She swallowed back her sadness and more blood while her pussy muscles tightened around his length, coaxing him in a dare to continue making love to her.

"Damn it!" The words held temper, but his hand gently pulled her hair and drew her close. He licked her lips. "I love you too." Lance wiggled his cock inside her, then tugged her hair while he placed a soft kiss on her neck and ran his tongue over the skin. "I love you very much."

Those words gave her strength, and she lifted her body until his dick was almost completely out, then slammed back down over his length. She gripped his shoulders, and he groaned. His hand fell from her hair to her hip, and his hips bucked her weight in a hard plunge. She moaned as he hoisted her up before he thrust her down again. This time his fangs pierced her skin on her neck. She closed her eyes against the pain, and the gentle suckling sent fire through her body. His hands lifted, and she worked her pussy as much as possible. Her ears took in the sound of his gulps, and his suction increased as, again, the pressure increased across her belly. Blood burned in her veins, and still Lance fed on her. Her head became light. Without warning, her climax exploded, and her body ignited in invisible flames and shook.

Lance's sucking didn't stop. All she saw was a flash of brightly colored dots behind her eyes before the room reappeared in her vision, only to sway. Dizziness assaulted her while her pussy contracted and sent another wash of orgasm over her. His gulping increased, and Lance continued to drink. Then he plummeted into her deeply, and his release shot out in hot spurts. The room spun. A feral groan vibrated over her neck, the sound cutting through the ringing in her ears while his seed pumped inside her inner walls.

Exhaustion filled her, and she closed her eyes. Her blood became hotter, to the point she swore she would combust, and her stomach rolled in nausea just before her mind went blank and weakness consumed every muscle of her body.

Oh my God, I'm dying.

* * * *

Lance's heart slammed to a stop when Anya went limp in his hold. Grief consumed his soul, and movement at the door brought his attention. His faithful housekeeper, Suez, stood with the loyal butler. Terror ripped and shredded his being with the realization of what he had just done.

"Your color has already improved, master." Monty's words held no meaning as Lance took in the white pallor of the lifeless woman in his grasp.

"My God!" He scooped the beautiful brunette into his hold and smoothed her hair back off her pretty face. "What have I done?"

Suez knelt down near the tub and cast a sympathetic look. "She is destined to be with you, sir. I've know since the day the young Miss Vermont came with her parents to see her dying brother. She captured your soul even then. The fact the young Vermont boy lived, thanks to you, bound you to her family and to the little girl, now the woman you hold"

Fear thundered through him, and he took one of Anya's wrists in his hand and searched for a pulse. Beneath his touch, a faint, a slow, almost nonexistent beat met his finger. He released the breath that, up until now, had lain trapped in his lungs. "She's still alive."

Monty held a thick blanket in his hands and entered the tub without the removal of his clothes. He covered Anya's naked body and wrapped her in the safety of a large quilt. The faithful servant exited the tub while Suez grabbed a thick robe.

"Let's get her warm and into bed. After this, she better live," Suez breathed, and he knew the woman who had been with him even before Monty carried worry in her ageless features.

Although he could already feel the rejuvenating effects of Anya's blood take hold, sorrow and fatigue weighted his muscles. With every ounce of strength, he rose from the water and followed the same path out of the tub that Monty had taken.

His butler exited the bathroom, leaving Lance alone with Suez. The fact he stood completely naked never fazed him, nor did he care. His housekeeper had been with him for centuries and had seen him indisposed more than once over the years.

Suez draped the robe over his shoulders, and he pulled the heavy terry on, then walked with the silent woman into the room as Monty placed Anya on the bed, still covered by the blanket. Monty's pants were soaked and forming wet puddles on the floor. The mess held little meaning. Anya was all that mattered. Monty and Suez got her underneath the covers. Suez carefully removed the wet blanket. Anya looked so peaceful and drained of all color. Her full pink lips were a light gray, but her breath, though shallow, remained.

"Dry off, master. You, too, need rest." Monty's words barely registered.

"How can I rest with her like this?" He met the worried expressions of his butler and housekeeper. "All I can do is think I've caused her pain and death."

"That's not true. You might have easily given her immortality." Sorrow etched across his faithful servant's forehead. "She is aware you love her." He smiled, though faintly. "And we know how deep hers runs for you."

Lance nodded once and darted a worried glance to Anya. "But will it be enough to save her?" Mixed among all his fear, there was a small shard of hope.

Chapter Seven

Anya's head ached, and her mouth was dry with a horrific taste on her tongue. She opened her eyes and took in the bedroom around her. The room wasn't in darkness, thanks to the soft glow of candles, and she could make out things rather well. If she had to guess, the time had to be sometime after dark.

How long did I sleep?

Swallowing, she discovered her throat as parched as her lips. Feeling disorientated, she shifted in bed and tried to figure out what had happened. The last thing she remembered was being in the bathtub with Lance's dick buried deep in her and her blood trickling from his mouth. She recalled the sharp pain in her neck, and she lifted a hand to her throat and on the side found no scabs from fangs, but the skin there was sensitive to the touch.

What time is it? Where are the guys?

She shifted and brushed against warm, naked skin. Turning, she glanced to see Lance sleeping. The lush duvet in Egyptian cotton was pushed to his waist, exposing his well-defined chest. He slept deeply, and his gorgeous face held a peaceful look. Unable to resist the temptation, she leaned over and kissed his cheek and savored the sensation of his five-o'clock shadow against her lips and skin. Inhaling, she took in his scent and loved the woodsy smell he carried from his soap. She lifted her hand and stroked the hair back a little more off his face. As she lifted her fingers away, his large hand snaked around her wrist, and his eyes opened.

"Lance." His name fell off her tongue in a surprised whisper. Memories of what she had done flashed through her mind, and her heart started to race.

He shifted against the pillow, and his gaze raked over her face. He didn't say anything, and his expression was impassive. She had no clue as to what he was thinking. Her stomach churned with nerves. He shook his head as if he didn't believe something and yanked her toward him. Anya's bare breasts came against his chest, and he let go of her wrist long enough to wrap both his arms around her tightly and bury his face against her nape. "You scared the hell out of me."

Warm kisses nuzzled the skin of her neck, and she relaxed in the warmth of his hug. "Are you mad at me?" she whispered and kissed his cheek close by his ear.

"At first I was furious, but being sexually compromised with your sweet blood on my tongue . . ." His breath tickled the sensitive spot by her ear, and he slipped her on top of him. The hardened length of his cock pressed against her belly, and desire grew between her thighs.

"I love you," she whispered and shifted so her legs straddled his hips. Pulling herself from his hug, she trailed kisses down his neck and over his chest. A low moan left him, and he caressed her back as she worked her lips over his chest. Strong hands caught her beneath the arms and lifted her. She slipped a hand between their bodies, grabbed his solid dick, and brought the tip to her entrance. She lowered down on him in a downward thrust and enticed a louder groan from him.

"I love being this close to you," he whispered, working his erection inside of her.

She reveled in his size, and erotic shivers had her inch forward and rock back. His hands went to her hips and held her tight as he picked up speed. "You're never leaving me, angel."

He plunged hard and deep into her, and lust coiled in her belly. He thrust again, and this time the moan came from her mouth. Her headache dissipated, and all that mattered was Lance.

"I didn't want you to die," she breathed as she bucked her hips and met his thrusts.

"Now you're mine, and I'm never letting you go."

"You never have to." She didn't care what her family said—especially her brother. Being in Lance's life, bed, and arms was all that mattered.

Hesitation revealed itself in his expression. His movement came to a halt, and he lifted back her hair to look at her neck. "You're almost completely healed." His brows furrowed. "How do you feel?"

"Good. I had a bit of a headache, my jaw ached a bit, and I was thirsty when I first woke up, but I'm now too aroused to care."

Lance chuckled. "Let me look in your mouth for a second. Then you can have this." He bucked his hips and thrust his cock into her deeper.

She ground her pussy against him before she opened her mouth. He tilted her chin and peeked inside. Her entire jaw ached, and she flinched. "Well there, you looked."

He laughed and shook his head. "The conversion is already halfway through."

"My teeth?"

"Very nice-looking incisors." He held her hips and rocked her so his full length tickled her wet walls.

She hadn't stopped to think about the physical changes she would endure. The word *conversion* registered in her brain, and carefully she ran her tongue over her teeth. Sure enough, the tip came across a pointy fang.

Oh! My God!

"I'm a vampire." She didn't mean to sound as pleased or as surprised as she felt. However, considering what that meant, she was more than a little excited.

"Yeah, angel, you most certainly are." Lance grinned. "We'll have to keep an eye on you over the next few days and make sure you're careful around the sun."

"Uh-huh, I'll get right on that." If she had her way, she wouldn't be going anywhere near the sun. Instead, he could keep an eye on her with sexual encounters. She didn't care as long as he kept her satisfied, and with this new sexual addiction, she was grateful for vampiric, rock-hard stamina.

Heat traveled through her, and she couldn't get, for her mouth being so dry, how soaked her pussy was, to the point that her liquid arousal slicked both her thighs.

Lance's cock rocked deep in her as she rode his length and met his thrusts. His penetrating strokes picked up speed, and desire tightened in a belt across her belly.

"I love you." Lance's proclamation was all she needed, and the belt of lust broke.

Her walls contracted tightly around his thick dick. Anya shook violently as wave after wave of her climax claimed her entire body and her release gushed out of her in hot, slick wetness. Her body flamed in lust, and desire filled her veins for the countless time.

"Any!" he bellowed in a feral groan as he released his seed into her in hot spurts.

She couldn't breathe, and her body crashed and trembled in her umpteenth orgasm. Strength left her, and she fell forward, landing on Lance's sweat-slicked chest, his breath as irregular as hers.

"Incredible," he whispered and placed a kiss on the top of her head.

"I'm wondering how long I will have to wait before you do this to me again."

"Not long, but you should get some more rest." Lance eased her down to the soft mattress so she stayed close to him, then fixed the heavy duvet, and wrapped the blanket around them tightly. "I love you, angel."

Gratification and exhaustion worked over her. "I love you." She giggled. "I'm curious, though, how you plan on explaining this to my brother and parents."

"That should be an experience." He brushed his lips against hers. "You're worth the wrath and comments that conversation will stir."

She sighed in contentment with her sexual need temporarily satiated. Anya didn't want to think about what Cade's or her parents' reaction would be. All that mattered at this moment was how she felt lying naked and satisfied with her vampire. Now she was a vampire too. She reveled in the knowledge that immortality had its benefits and that she had the love of her life to share forever.

The End

About the Author

Part of JT always knew she was supposed to be a writer. Always writing stories and driving her grandmother crazy was a good indication even from an early age. Her true passion in life is writing. Corrupted as a child with “Happily Ever After” to the point that now, all her stories have to have one. Creating characters people care about keeps her stories coming. Reading great books and watching movies are also loves. They were the motivation for her to write and explore the “what ifs”.