

# SNOWBOUND

*Marteeka Karland*



# **Snowbound: Lionsblood**

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## **Snowbound: Lionsblood**

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Earth of the future isn't a nice place for humans. With temperatures dropping to 100 degrees below zero, humans exist at the whim of the lionsblood and hybrids. Being caught outside at night can be deadly.

Then again, so can incurring the wrath of a lionsblood. That's exactly what Marie does. Never mind he's her best friend, this lionsblood has been tormented one too many times and he's out to claim his prey.

## **Snowbound: Lionsblood**

"What?" The familiar masculine growl of her long time friend Klark almost made Marie sob with relief when he answered on the third chime.

"Klark, I'm so sorry to call this late." She had probably awakened him from his nightly hibernation. Most lionsblood were already deeply asleep by two hours past nightfall. It protected them from the bitter cold that blanketed the northern hemisphere of Earth at night. Not that the temperature was much better during the day. Given the fact that he'd answered at all, he probably hadn't settled down yet for the night.

"Don't worry about it. What's wrong?" He knew her too well. Unless she missed her guess, Klark wouldn't let her gloss anything over. He'd make her tell him everything before the night was out.

"Nothing's wrong, I just need a ride home."

There was a long pause.

"Where are you?"

She took a deep breath. This was the hard part. "Shiffley's Bar."

Again, there was silence.

"Do you have the gem I gave you?"

Marie blinked several times, the question catching her off guard. "Yes." She didn't dare tell him she'd made it into a necklace she never took off.

"Go to Shiff. Show him the stone. He'll put you in a safe room. Do not leave that room."

The link went dead, and Marie cringed. They'd been friends too long for her to hope he'd let this drop. He might not question her tonight, but there would be a grilling, and Klark never stopped until he had all the information he wanted. Not only that, but given Klark's temper, things didn't bode well for her tonight.

She did as he instructed and was shown to a tiny room. She sat down on the bed. The one window was laser-proof and tinted, but she could still see the perpetual drifts of snow that blanketed the landscape outside. Shiff, the vampire lionsblood hybrid, kept the room as a haven for humans caught out in the violent night. Not only were the preternaturals and immortals deadly to humans, but the night turned the Earth into a frozen wasteland in excess of 100 degrees below zero in the summer, and 150 below in the winter. The only things keeping humans alive were the underground farms and the few above ground "safe rooms" the hybrids built for their "pets." This safe room was impenetrable, and impossible to leave unless Shiff allowed it.

When the heavy titanium door burst open, only to slam shut so hard her insides shook, naturally she nearly jumped out of her skin. What a time for him to choose to remind her of the strength of a lionsblood. In this world, the lionsblood were at the top of the food chain.

"Jesus Holy God!" She was at once relieved to see Klark standing there, but her relief was short lived. He looked livid. "You scared the hell out of me, Klark."

He didn't say anything, only advanced on her as if stalking his prey. "And you think getting a call two hours past sunset with you ten kilometers from your assigned farm didn't scare me?" His voice was deathly quiet. "Did you think I'd merely shrug off the danger you were in?"

Marie backed up a few steps until she felt the cool plate of the window on her palm. "Well, I'd hoped you would help me out. Like you did. This is a perfectly good safe house and you could have waited until tomorrow to pick me up. I mean --" She shrugged and tried to smile, but the look in his eyes made the hair stand up on the back of her neck. "-- I can't go anywhere anyway. Traveling after nightfall is suicide for a human."

He continued to advance. "What werebeast deserted you this time? Parmathem?"

She shrugged. "He was being a turd." She tried to distract him by pouting, but he grabbed her by the throat and lifted until she had to stand on her tiptoes.

“Do not play games with me, Marie!” Klark had never acted this way before. Not with her. He was inches from her face. His warm breath fanned across her cheek. “You deliberately ditched him, didn’t you?” With a little shove, Klark let her go and paced away from her. In the small room, his large muscular frame seemed all the bigger.

“Like I said, I quit enjoying his company.” She rubbed her neck, thinking this might not have been the best idea she’d ever had. “Look, I’m sorry I took you away from whatever nookie you were getting. It won’t happen --”

His angry roar was loud enough that she quickly covered her ears and jumped away from him, but it didn’t do her any good. Klark closed in on her with all the speed of his bloodline. In one swift motion, he dove through the air, and knocked Marie to the floor, the weight of his body pinning her.

She pushed and shoved at his chest, but was unable to make him budge. When she continued to struggle, he growled. She felt the vibration all the way through her body. He was an animal who had moved in on his prey.

“There is no other. There never has been and you damned well know it. You’ve toyed with me for the last time, Marie.” His voice had changed. It was deeper, rougher. She’d always loved his silky mane of golden hair, and when his face began to change, the shaggy mass enhanced this side of her best friend she’d rarely seen.

Lionsblood were called such for a reason.

As big as Klark was, his human form was nothing compared to the animal form he was assuming. His clothes were torn to shreds as the long mane, matching his hair, burst through at the chest and down the length of his back with one mighty shake of his head. Ripping cloth was an undertone to his growl, the great bulk of him tearing the seemingly flimsy cloth. Again he shook himself -- much like the cat he now resembled -- flinging his clothing across the room in all directions. Marie had to fist her hands to keep from grabbing his hair and pulling him closer. Surprisingly, there was no fur on the rest of his body, only across the wide expanse of his chest and down his abdomen and, from what she could see in the reflection of the window, down the length of his

back. But his already heavily muscled body was now much larger. He seemed to be a good half meter taller, and the rest of his body had grown proportionately.

A thrill of wonder and unadulterated lust shot through Marie. Klark would probably have ground his fangs in frustration at her if he'd known. He was obviously trying to make an impression on her. She didn't think sexual excitement was exactly the emotion he was hoping for.

They stared at each other for a long moment. Marie's heart thudded heavily. "What are you waiting for?" she breathed. "You have to know how much I want you."

With an animalistic growl, Klark shifted his weight and swiped his hand down the front of her leather outfit. The two-inch claws where his fingernails had been sliced through the material like paper.

Before she could so much as utter a joyful cry, he buried his face in her belly, licking and nipping his way down her body. Another slice with his claws, and her pants were cut in half at the crotch. He made short work of the rest of her outfit by simply tearing it from her limbs.

Spreading her legs roughly apart, he dove between her legs and licked at the folds of her cunt. He seemed to know exactly how much pressure to put on her tender flesh without hurting her, and the rough texture created sensations she'd only dreamt about. The real thing was much more enjoyable than the fantasy. Her clit throbbed with his attention, and her pussy wept in excitement at what was to come.

Marie cried out as her orgasm neared, but she held back, clamping down hard on the pleasure that threatened to overtake her body. When she came, she wanted Klark buried balls deep inside her.

When she thought she couldn't take anymore, when she was just about to beg him to quit fooling around and just fuck her already, he gave her cunt one final swipe and stood. Marie looked at him, confused, but he simply scooped her up and set her on her feet facing the window.

"Spread your legs and lean forward."



She did as he demanded and looked back at him over her shoulder. Her legs trembled, and the slick fluid from her cunt trickled down the inside of one thigh.

"Dear God, Klark. Fuck me now," she whispered, her breath catching in her throat. Never in her life had she been this turned on.

Gripping her hips, his claws biting almost painfully into her flesh, Klark positioned himself behind her. His cock rubbed the slick entrance of her pussy, her personal lubricant readying him to sink deeply, unfettered.

Without warning he did just that, cramming the entire length of himself inside her with one smooth motion. Marie screamed, her head thrown back and her hair tickling her ass. He was big. Bigger than big. He filled her so that her cunt burned with his movement, and she reveled in it.

His fangs bit into her shoulder as he found a rhythm to his movements. She wasn't sure if he'd broken her skin or not, and she really didn't care. The erotic pain only added to her pleasure.

Over and over he sank into her, holding her in place with his teeth and his weight. Marie had to use all her strength just to stay upright. She couldn't even move back against him. Any movement was controlled solely by Klark, and heaven help her but she loved being totally at his mercy.

The sensations built within Marie until she knew she couldn't hold back any longer. Her breathing came in little pants and she bit the inside of her cheek to hold off that extra few seconds.

"Now, Marie! Come on my dick!" As soon as the words left his mouth, Klark again clamped down on her shoulder. When her climax started, she screamed again, this time thrashing her head about as the spasms hit her full force, pulsing from her cunt up her belly. Klark gripped her hips and pumped into her ever harder and faster, his own orgasm obviously very near.

Just as her contractions started to ebb, Klark let out a tremendous roar and slammed into her one last time, his cock impaled within her body. The sound mingled with her own screams until both of them nearly collapsed as the energy left them.

Klark wrapped his arms around her waist and turned her to him. He looked completely human now, no trace left of the beast he was. Without a word, he picked her up once more and carried her to the bed, lying down beside her.

"Mating with a lionsblood isn't something you do on a whim, human. I won't have you toying with me like a house cat with a mouse the rest of my life."

She shrugged, smiled, and finally raised her hand to his face, tunneling into the silky soft mane along the curve of his jaw. "We've ignored our attraction long enough. Besides, you know I'd have just tormented you until we finally made love. I'm tired of pretending you're nothing more than a friend to me, and I have no intention of toying with you." She giggled. "Much."

Klark let out a soft sigh and ducked his head to capture her lips in a soft kiss. Marie shivered when his tongue dipped inside her mouth. Her skin prickled, and she couldn't help the shudder that coursed through her. Would she ever get enough of this man?

"You like the animal side of me?"

"You know I do."

He laved her shoulder where he'd bit. "Sex isn't something a lionsblood takes lightly. You've gotten yourself in deep, kitten. I'll never let you go."

"Come on, Klark. Would I have provoked you this much if I wanted a one-night stand? Ouch!" She was almost sure his sharp nip had brought blood, but she honestly didn't care.

"That's a subject best left for another time." He laved the small hurt once again. "Now. Spread your legs, woman."

She laughed with delight. "Again?"

He returned her smile with a wicked one of his own. "And again after that."

## **Marteeka Karland**

Marteeka is an ordinary woman with an overactive imagination. Thank God for a computer, or tape recorder, or pen and paper... whatever she can create a story with! Her husband sometimes thinks she's nuts and asks her every time she gets frustrated with her latest dead line, "Is it really worth all this?" And every time, she answers, "HELL YES!"

Apart from writing, Marteeka's alter ego has worked in the Emergency Room for more years than she'll admit. She has a loving husband, who still chuckles when he tells a buddy exactly what that Goddess of Water T-shirt is all about, and a son who is blissfully ignorant to anything other than he's not allowed to "push buttons" on Mommy's computer.

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