

Sugar and Spice Press

The
BEAST
Within



CHARISMA KNIGHT

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

Sugar and Spice Press

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CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Coming in Mid 2010 :](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Sugar and Spice Press](#)

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Chapter 1

'TGIF,' was all Diana Carrington could think of as she made a beeline for the nearest exit of her office. The crisp November breeze greeted her, causing her nipples to swell, as she walked across the parking lot to her jeep. It was playtime now. Whisking out her cell phone as she proceeded to dash out of the parking lot, she called her best friend, Charlene.

Envious upon hearing music to TekNoir, Diana chastised her friend for not waiting for her. "I told you I'd be leaving work at five o'clock, Charlene. Quarter End is approaching and I need to crunch these numbers for that she-bitch boss of mine." Diana laughed.

"Aw, come on Diana, don't be pissed. You should have taken the day off like I did. I'm on a mission girl, tonight, I'm getting laid," Charlene said.

"Alright, order me a drink. I'm only twenty minutes away."

"I gotcha, babe," Charlene said before hanging up.

Tonight was going to be great. Last weekend had almost proved dangerous. Remembering the brief sexual encounter with Julian Grey made her slick with want. The man rendered her powerless, leaving her aching for another encounter, hopefully longer than the last. Dark and brooding, he had approached her after closely studying her with lust-filled eyes for fifteen minutes. There was something magnetizing about those icy blue eyes of his, something she could not explain. Clearly remembering how his eyes seemed to control her and

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

penetrated her soul caused her slit to moisten and the hair on the back of her neck to stand at attention as she drove. Clamping her thighs together, she prayed he would be there tonight. She'd greet him with open thighs.

She and Julian hit it off perfectly, although she shouldn't have left the club with him. The jet black 2009 SUV he drove was simply awesome, with plenty of room to spare. He'd driven to a nearby park at two o' clock in the morning when the tantalizing conversation grew to an overheated make-out session and promises of making her come endlessly permeated the evening air.

Something odd occurred between them when Julian sucked on her neck. She could have sworn he'd bitten her, but the skin didn't appear to be broken. Without much of a protest, they ended their steamy talk in the back seat of his car, bringing Diana to countless orgasms as he had promised with his mouth and fingers alone. Lips parted, she gasped as she remembered how passionately he drank from her creaming slit as she wildly bucked her hips, pulling on his ponytail. He lapped at her pussy as though his life depended on it.

While driving, Diana almost had an orgasm while thinking of Julian. He was that potent, that powerful to her. The urge to slip her hand between her thighs was overwhelming as she pulled into the parking lot of TekNoir. As she made her way from her car and to the entrance of the club, she cursed herself for not bringing an extra pair of panties.

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The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Got damn, girl, it's about time," Charlene said, sliding the large Bloody Mary towards Diana as she sat down.

The club was crowded, and sexual tension and lust hung heavy in the air. Couples danced seductively against each other, some sat in booths, joined together as one. A mixture of cigarette smoke, liquor, and sex permeated the entire club.

"Did you get some on the way here, or something?" Trisha, another friend, asked, giggling. "You look like you just got laid Diana."

"Ok, now see how you heifers treat me? Where's the love, I ask you?" Diana laughed, sipping at her drink. "I wish I had, I'm hornier than hell."

"Hey Diana, take a look at this," Trisha said, flicking a red card towards her.

"The Vampire Chat Room?" Diana asked, rolling her eyes.

"Yeah girl, I've been having some heated chats with some fine ass men. Well, at least their profiles are attractive." Trisha confessed.

"You mean to tell me you've never actually met anyone?" Charlene asked.

"Hell no, there's too many crazy fools running around these days," Trisha stated.

"Diana would," Charlene grinned.

Feeling her cheeks flush, Diana nonchalantly sipped her drink, giving herself time to think of a nifty comeback.

"Alright, dammit. I probably would hook up with someone from this chat room. I would have to meet them a few times to see if we were compatible," Diana confessed, looking at the card.

"What about that dude with the black SUV from last weekend?" Charlene asked.

"Oh girl, I never gave him my number." Diana laughed as she squirmed in her chair at the thought of Julian's hands on her body.

"You got it on good in his car though," Trisha teased.

"Actually, we just fooled around in the back seat. I told you, I didn't let him fuck me, not the first time," Diana said laughing. "He wanted to, but something weird happened. He bit me or something. I think he's just as big of a freak as I am. Oh my God, he got me off so many times, I lost count." Diana squealed. "He'd probably wear my ass out, if I gave him half the chance."

"I know, you were telling us. Next time hooker, let us know where you're going," Charlene snapped. "Safety comes first, just in case you happen to hook up with some sicko psycho mother fucker," she added.

"Yeah, and don't forget, Diana," Trisha added, "Make sure you use a safe word while with him. I know you're into some kinky ass shit, girl."

"Yes," Diana grinned, as a strange sensation suddenly gripped her, almost claiming her. "It's getting hot in here." she exclaimed.

"Take of all your clothes." Trisha and Charlene sung in unison, hooting with laughter.

"Umhm, someone needs a bucket of ice water thrown on her cooch." Trisha teased. "I swear, girl, you are a female bitch in heat. I thought I was bad. Look at you breaking out in a sweat."

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Oh girl, that's just from my drink," Diana gasped, fanning herself with a napkin. "Damn, I swear someone turned up the heat in here." Blank looks suddenly appeared upon Trisha and Charlene's faces, sending a chill down Diana's spine. Hair stood up on the back of her neck, and her breasts tingled as her nipples became erect.

"Diana," a husky voice called from behind her. Julian towered over her, gazing at her with lust-filled eyes. Diana let out a soft moan as hot cream gushed from her pussy.

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

Chapter 2

"Julian." Diana gasped, feeling the heat flood to her cheeks and the mischievous eyes of her female posse upon her. She just knew they had jokes.

"Aren't you going to introduce us, Diana?" Charlene asked, a big ass grin carved upon her face. She would throttle Charlene later, the smart ass.

"Julian, this is Charlene and Trisha," Diana said, nervously fumbling through the introductions. She so hoped her friends had not picked up how she'd turn to putty in this man's hands.

"Pleasure to meet you ladies," Julian responded.

"Sit down for a spell, Julian," Trisha said, grinning.

The man oozed sex appeal. His large, six-foot three inch frame was broad and muscular. Diana liked her men built, with unlimited pushing power. His skin, although pale, was smooth and unmarred under the strobe lights. His face was ruggedly good looking, leading her to believe he was about forty-something, possibly older thanks to the tell tale signs of his smile lines and crow's feet. He sported a goatee, making Diana cream her sopping wet panties again. His long, straight brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail that came half way down his back. Julian had sleek side burns from hell, giving him more of a dangerous look.

She loved the way he dressed, in those tight black jeans, black leather jacket with a silken black shirt underneath. He wore those black boots again as well, knowing it would get

her going. She made the mistake of mentioning how much boots got her off.

His full lips invited her to lick and suckled on them, and she nearly stopped breathing when she saw his eyes glow briefly within the club's lights. *No, his eyes didn't glow just now, they couldn't have*, Diana thought. Julian held her gaze, causing her to squirm mercilessly in her chair. If the man were to smile, his face would probably crack. Oh he would give her no mercy, not tonight, not when she managed to get away from him the weekend before.

"So, what do you two plan to do later?" Trisha asked, dodging a nudge from Charlene.

"Well, I was thinking maybe I could borrow Diana for the rest of the evening, if you ladies don't mind. I was thinking of a late movie, perhaps a quick bite at a diner?" Julian purred.

"Umm, with Diana as the main course," Trisha said slyly, turning her head, pretending to look past Charlene who could not help but stifle her giggle.

"I would hate to ruin your plans." The brooding, dark man grinned.

"Well, you should drive, because Diana has had quite a few drinks since she arrived, and I don't think it's a good idea for her to drive," mumbled Trisha, her liquor going to her head.

"I guess Diana's truck will have to stay here, because you can't drive either," Charlene warned.

"I'll be more than happy to take care of Diana," Julian said in a husky voice. "I'll see her safely home. Shall we?" Julian rose, extending his hand. Diana's heart skipped a beat, and her breathing labored as she rose on unsteady feet. Even

when she stood, he towered above her, another added attraction. Anticipation rose within the pit of her stomach down to the center of her sex. There was no way she'd turn him down tonight.

"Go on, girl," Trisha coaxed. "Don't be scared. We'll be all right, go enjoy yourself."

Before leaving, Diana fumbled through her purse, throwing a fifty dollar bill on the table.

"Come on, D, don't do this," Trisha said.

"Hey, I sucked down quite a few drinks while I was here," Diana said, throwing on her short leather jacket, and latching on to Julian's arm.

"Be safe, girls."

"Call us." Trisha said.

"Oooh yeah, she's going to get it good tonight," Charlene said. "Did you see the look in his eyes?"

"Oh yeah, I saw the look in his eyes, did you see what he was packing in those tight ass jeans?" Diana's going to be sore tomorrow." Trisha smirked, the two friends howling with laughter.

* * * *

Diana hoisted herself into the passenger side of the large SUV, feeling Julian's hard glaze upon her as he purposely touched her ass. Sucking in her breath as Julian slammed the door shut, her nipples hardened and the spot where he'd touched her ass seemed to burn as she listened to him walk around the car to the driver's side. He continued to look at her as he pulled himself into the leather seat, firing up the

engine. Immediately, she was greeted with his musky, masculine scent. She wriggled in her seat as her pussy continued to ache again.

"Something wrong?" Julian asked, his eyes lowering to her thighs.

"No, everything's cool, Julian," Diana said clearing her throat. "Are we going to your place?" she asked, trying not to appear nervous. "You know, we need to stop and get some—" "As though he read her mind, Julian completed her sentence before she had the chance.

"—Condoms," Julian glanced quickly in her direction. "Don't worry, I have plenty," he said sternly. "Do you have a safe word?" he asked in a firm husky voice.

"A safe word?"

"Yeah, you'll need a safe word. I have plans for you tonight, Diana," Julian said in a husky, but stern voice, causing an icy hot chill to caress Diana's body.

Between the sound of his voice and the threat he just unleashed upon her, Diana's pussy creamed some more.

"Baby, I'm going to make you climb the walls tonight, and there's no way in hell you're getting away from me this time. Not until I free you," Julian murmured.

Sensing a bewitching, magnetizing carnal aura, Diana laid her hand on his thigh, eventually feeling the huge bulge nestled beneath those tight, black jeans. She imagined how big and thick his tool was as she imagined deep-throating it.

"Don't start something you can't finish," Julian warned. "I'm more than happy to claim you in the park or the side of

the road, it's your choice. You will still need a safe word. I plan to pick up where we left off and then some," he added.

"What are you plans, Julian?" Diana whispered, as the swelling in her core intensified.

"You will call me 'master' when the night is over with. Furthermore, don't look for me to be around when the sun comes up, understand?" Julian muttered, in a cold, uncaring voice.

"Of course, you'll fuck me and leave me, I'm fine with that," Diana laughed. She could get her jollies off the same as a man could, and not think twice. Funny about that double standard though. When men sought conquests, it's all well and good, but when a woman sought conquests, she's labeled a whore.

"I guarantee you, it's not like that," Julian claimed. "We'll discuss some things later on down the road, but for now your ass is mine."

For a split second, his eyes glowed again, causing Diana to suck in her breath. There was something strange about this guy. She got off on the fact that he was a stranger, got off on the fact that she had fooled around with him last weekend, and she got off on the fact that he could control her with certain looks and words. He rudely invaded her dreams, making her think of him the entire week. Two evenings in a row she'd fantasized about the fucker while shoving one of her best vibrators up her pussy.

"I can smell your cream. Take off your panties and give them to me," Julian demanded.

"What?"

"I didn't stutter. Remove your panties before I rip them off you," He demanded.

"I might like that," Diana grinned, bracing herself as Julian's hand crept to her thighs, pulling up her black skirt. His hand snaked past the black lace garter, forcing her to lift her ass off the seat until he grabbed hold of the red, lacy material. Teasing her for a bit, Julian tugged at the flimsy material until he heard her moan. His cock hardening, he forcefully ripped the panties from her body without much effort.

Holding the material in his hands, he brought them up to his nose, a groan escaping past his lips as he inhaled her musky fragrance. She became shocked upon seeing him rub her panties on his face and the bulge in his pants. She actually became turned on when she heard Julian inhale her scent. The man was a horn-dog, plain and simple, just like she was a bitch in heat.

"You're so fucking wet," he growled.

"That's what you do to me, Julian," Diana whispered. "You make me cream hard, and I'm horny as fuck. How long before we get to your house?" Diana demanded impatiently.

"Another twenty-five minutes," Julian moaned. "Come here, let me finger that sweet pussy of yours," he demanded, his voice almost a growl. Diana moved as close to the console as she could, spreading her legs. Just as he had managed to rip her panties off, Julian slowly slid his hand up a curvaceous thigh, eventually reaching Diana's creamy moist center.

Groaning, Julian thumbed Diana's clit, as she lifted her hips off the seat in an effort to have his digits swallowed

within her pussy. Briefly, he allowed a finger to slip inside. "Ummm, you're so hot and wet," Julian groaned, enjoying the squishing sounds her soaked pussy created. His skilled fingers brought her to the brink of an orgasm, suddenly stopping, pissing her off as he blatantly ignored her pained protests. Julian licked her juices off his fingers, glancing over at her upon stopping at a red light.

"Why did you do that, Julian?" Diana asked, her voice a low whisper, squirming in the leather seat. Spreading her legs, she began to play with her pussy, but came to a brief halt when Julian grabbed her wrist.

"Oh no you don't," he commanded in a firm tone. "You're not allowed to play with yourself."

"Why not?" Diana demanded.

"Because, that's my pussy," he spoke in a firm tone throwing a searing gaze at her; one that made the hair stand up on the back of her neck. The bastard had such control over her, and although she struggled to keep her independence, Diana found herself swiftly losing the battle. She was definitely putty in his hands, and Julian knew it. The low growl made her gush again, especially when she remembered his words, "*That's my pussy.*"

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

Chapter 3

Diana turned to see Julian's eyes glow a soft blue with a beautiful set of canines to match. She could hear them tearing through his gums as they lengthened, and a gasp escaped her lips. Strangely Diana was turned on by the fear he produced within her, the sight of him, and the sexuality Julian exuded.

"We need to pull over. I must have you now," Julian confessed, his voice different from the last time he had spoken to her. It somehow seemed strangely demonic, something else that caused her juices to drip down her ass cheeks and saturate her already damp black skirt. Her nipples painfully strained against the lace of her bra, and her senses tingled with excitement. The sudden rush of adrenaline mingled with the effects of the vodka, and Julian's control over her, clouded her judgment immensely. Somewhere deep inside, she knew she should be afraid.

Julian found an out of the way business park with no cars in the lot. She noticed the intensity of his eyes as he scanned their surroundings. Finding a suitable spot, Julian turned off the engine and turned towards Diana. Reaching out, he cupped one of her breasts, teasing the nipple beneath the fabric of her clothing. Diana threw her head back and bit her lip, as the dark, brooding man unbuttoned her blouse.

"Come to me," Julian commanded. "Straddle me," he said, his gaze reaching the depths of her soul. Diana did as he commanded, her thighs straddling his large legs while he

hoisted the black skirt up to her waist, revealing her soaked, dark triangle. Skillfully, Julian ran his hands up the length of her body, and down again. Growling slightly, he inhaled her fragrant, musky scent lingering within his nostrils. His cock, hard as steel, grew a few inches more, straining against the black denim of his jeans.

"I love the smell of your desire," Julian murmured. "It's intoxicating to me. You make me rock fucking hard baby," he growled, cupping both hands over her breasts through the fabric. Eventually, he slid his hands down between Diana's thighs, causing her to moan loudly. She bucked her hips violently as Julian slowly eased a finger inside her tight, wet snatch.

"Ooooh," was all Diana could muster, throwing her head back, her hips matching the sweet tempo of his finger. Adding another digit, Julian licked his lips as his gaze laid upon her neck. His breath left him as he imagined her ovaled lips around his thick, throbbing cock. "Oooh," Julian, you're going to make me come," Diana squealed as Julian violently fucked her with his fingers.

"Look at me," Julian growled, finger-fucking Diana senseless. The woman let out a stifling moan as she peered into those glowing blue eyes. Her hips bucked harder as she leaned against the steering wheel, swallowing hard.

"Julian, oooh, Juliannnn, what the fuck are you?" Diana gritted her teeth, eyes rolling in the back of her head. She pulled the leather band from his hair, his brown tresses spilling over his black leather jacket.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"I think you know," his dark voice whispered in her ear, his lips falling to her neck, grazing the tender skin with his incisors. Diana squeezed her eyes shut tight as she felt a hiss and a growl rumble against her body, causing a chilling sensation to embrace her entire being. Like a snake, Julian's tongue slipped past her lips, wrestling with hers, eventually sucking, feeding on it in a desperate manner. Instinctively, Diana's hands began unbuttoning and unzipping those black jeans as Julian removed his wet fingers from her body.

"Yes, yes, dance on my cock, lusty wench," Julian growled, his massive cock springing free from the confines of his jeans. Slowly, he sucked the juices off his fingers as Diana looked on. He enjoyed teasing her, loved how her eyes grew wide with desire, striking an animalistic carnal chord deep within his ancient soul.

Diana slid down his thick tool until she could go no further, riding him. Julian slid his hands around to the soft, voluptuous ass cheeks, digging his fingers into her flesh, causing her to squeal with desire, holding her at the base of his cock. Sensually, she gyrated her hips in unison with his as he slowly reached up, wrapping her hair around his fingers. A gentle tug of her hair made her grip her pussy tightly around Julian's thick cock. Enjoying the feeling, he purposely pulled Diana's hair again, enjoying her hot liquid around his cock, dribbling down the base of it, saturating his pubic hair and balls.

"That's it. I need to pound that sweet pussy of yours," Julian groaned. "Get in the back, now," he demanded. The two separated momentarily until they were in the back of the

SUV. Instinctively locking her thighs around his waist, Diana clung tightly to Julian as he mounted her. Pressing his body weight lightly against her, he slammed his cock deep inside of her, forcing her to cry out in pleasure.

"Say my name," Julian commanded her.

"Ooooh, J-Jul..." was all Diana could muster.

"Say my name, now, woman," Julian demanded harshly, as he continuously rammed his thick cock inside Diana.

"Do you like that baby?" he asked through gritted teeth.

"Yes, oh yes," Diana whimpered.

"Say my name, dammit!"

"*Julian, Julian!*" Diana shrieked, wrapping her fingers around his long hair.

Julian continued pounding her aching pussy, then held himself balls deep within Diana, his muscles straining against her.

"Don't move," he instructed, his nose nestled in the crook of her neck. Diana loved his body on top of hers. One leg flung over his shoulders, and the other wrapped around his waist, she was as close to coming as Julian was. Slowly he pulled back of her until he was almost out, then he slid his throbbing cock deep inside Diana as she lay moaning, pulling his hair.

"Ahhh, Julian. Why not?" Diana groaned, knowing full well he was ready to bust his load inside her. She felt his cock twitch a few times, swelling within her even more. Raising his head to look at her, she observed the pained look upon his face, as he held back his orgasm. She ran her fingers down his nose, to his lips, tracing his jaw line. Those sideburns of

his drove her wild, and as she lightly stroked them with a fingertip, her pussy spasmed.

"I want to take you from behind," he breathed, nostrils flaring. Julian resembled a pagan god as the moon shone upon him through the windows of the SUV, with those glazed, glowing eyes, and his long brown hair framing his face.

"Would you like that?" he asked, brushing his lips against hers, his hands exploring every inch of Diana's burning body. Playfully he nipped her neck with his incisors while gently pulling on her hair.

"Yes," Diana said through pleading eyes, her need for him to fill her overriding her senses. She was insatiable, and if there ever was a time she had an addiction, it was now. Julian was her drug of choice.

Julian waited for Diana to roll over, adjusting herself on all fours, her ass hoisted deliciously up in the air. Julian's thick fingers caressed Diana's soaked pussy, causing a stifled moan to slip past her lips. Slowly, he eased a finger inside her cunt, causing her to buck against his hand.

Goose bumps appeared on her flesh, causing her to shiver with delight as she gazed hypnotically out the window at the full silver moon. To further increase her pleasure, Julian unbuttoned her blouse, releasing her breasts from her bra. Cupping her breasts, Julian sank deep into the tight, wet cavern of Diana's cunt.

Swift strokes of his cock nearly brought her to orgasm as he squeezed her nipples painfully. Her wet heat, suddenly more than he could handle, made him grunt loudly as her cries rung in his ears.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Harder, Julian. Oh please, fuck me harder," she begged him, writhing in pleasure, suddenly realizing they hadn't used the condom. Somehow, it didn't seem to matter since the man wasn't even human. Her mind had arrived to that determination long ago when she saw his eyes glow. It was a mystery to her that she wasn't afraid. Julian made her feel intense, carnal emotions she'd never experienced in her entire life.

"Oh you sweet wench, I'm going to come," Julian growled, moving the hair away from her neck. The last thrust caused him to spill his thick hot seed into her pussy, simultaneously biting deep into her neck with a loud growl.

Clawing at his hand holding her fast, Diana succumbed to the pained-pleasure that flashed throughout her body. Eventually, she surrendered to the warm, dark cloak of submission Julian so freely offered.

* * * *

Diana awoke to the feel of silk sheets against her skin. The room was pitch black and as far as she could tell, she was alone, until she felt movement next to her. The blue eyes peered at her through the dark, causing her to sit straight up in fear.

"Relax, beautiful. It's me, Julian," a soft, hypnotic voice assured her.

"Julian, what time is it?" Diana asked in a panic. Suddenly, she realized how sore she was. Every muscle in her body ached, and she experienced a strange tingling sensation in her neck and inner thighs, along with some mild stiffness.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Do you have somewhere to go?" the dark creature asked, his voice reaching the depths of her soul. He enjoyed the dark spell he held over Diana and sought to claim her for his. His way of thinking horrified even him as his mind sought ways to detain her from leaving.

"I had hoped you would stay with me until the sun rises." He spoke sternly.

"No, but I just need to know the time. Julian, please turn on a light. Your eyes are kind of scary in the dark," Diana admitted, hoping it was from contacts and the way the street lights shone through the Venetian blinds of his bedroom windows. "Why did you undress me? The last thing I remember is the hood of your car, and I must have passed out. I wasn't that drunk," Diana insisted.

Julian sat up, turning on a dim light, his gaze cutting her like a knife.

"Is that better?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you," Diana said, averting her eyes from his gaze.

"It is four in the morning darling," he murmured, releasing a sigh.

Pulling the black silken sheets to her chin, Diana laid her head against the headboard of the four-poster bed, wondering what had happened to her from the time she had the earth shattering orgasm until now. She shuddered at the thought of him having his way with her while she was totally unaware of anything.

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The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

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

Chapter 4

The man had a beautiful home. His bedroom was large, about the size of her small office. His taste in furniture was exquisite. Some pieces were old, appearing to be that of Victorian times, and other pieces were of modern times.

"Make yourself at home, and understand there is no need to rush off so soon," Julian suggested.

"Did you slip something in my drink back at the club? Also, when I was passed out, did you have sex with me again, without my consent?" Diana asked, barely remembering all the occurrences after they left the bar. She knew they had wild sex, but everything else was a blur, almost like a dream. "I swear, if you did, my brother is a cop, and he'll—"

"Now, why would I do something like that?" Julian impatiently interrupted, cocking his head to the side. "Either you want to be with me or you don't. Last night showed just how much you wanted to be with me. It is beneath me to spike a woman's drink just to get her in bed. Furthermore, I would *never* have sex with a woman without her consent. That's just totally barbaric, and any man who would do that should be castrated."

Oddly, his words gave her comfort. "Julian, I'm going to ask you something," Diana said calmly.

"I'm listening."

"What are you?"

"What a sudden change, Diana. Are you truly that concerned over what I am, especially after all we've shared

tonight? Surely you remember me banging you until you couldn't walk straight," Julian said, anger slightly rising in his voice. "After all we've done, your body still aches for more, and I can sense it," he said, his gaze piercing her soul again.

"Are...are you a vampire?" she asked, half believing the words coming from her lips.

"I am, and then again, you knew that hours ago, in the car," Julian said calmly.

"Did you bite me last week?" Diana asked, unbelieving their conversation. Julian sighed, laying his head back against the headboard. Heat flashed throughout her body as she noticed Julian had a gold pierced hoop on one of his nipples. She wondered if he was so much of a freak that he enjoyed a little bit of pain mixed in with his dominant male nature.

"Maybe," the devilish man murmured.

"Julian, I don't have time for fucking games!" Diana challenged. "Did you bite me or not?"

"Diana, why are you asking me questions you know the fucking answers to? Yes, I bit you. I fucking bit you! You didn't seem to mind when I was slipping it to you in my truck, and when I was getting you off in the back seat last weekend. You wanted to fuck, and I fucked you. I gave you what you wanted."

In a fit of rage, Diana slapped the man hard in his face.

His eyes narrowing, Julian thrust her upon her back, his hand around her neck. "You want to play Diana? Let's play. Apparently, you like playing games," Julian said, baring his incisors. "Would you like a little pain on the side as well? If so, I'll give you pain, beautiful," the man growled.

"Let me go, asshole!" Diana gritted her teeth, struggling against Julian's strong grasp.

With his other free hand, he pinned her wrists above her head, straddling her as she thrashed about in vain.

"Let's play again, my sweet," the vampire hissed, eyes glowing with lust. Unknowingly, Diana was pushing her luck with the beast. Ancient primal instinct coursed through Julian's veins, suggesting he take her once again.

"There is so much I want to show you, to do to you. Be mine, be my submissive, Diana," Julian growled.

"Julian, let me up dammit!" Diana demanded, even though her body betrayed her.

"Stop struggling," Julian warned.

"Let me go now!"

"I smell your pussy creaming, baby. Don't deny us this pleasure," Julian hissed. "Let me slip my cock inside you. It will feel soooo good," he coaxed.

True, she liked the thought of him taking her by force, but the vampire part would take some getting used to, then again, maybe not. The idea of succumbing to this creature was the ultimate desire, and her downfall. Almost giving into her desires, Diana took on a serious tone, letting the vampire know she was serious. She began to wonder if he would take her by force, even though she told him otherwise.

"Please, Julian, I want to leave, *now*," she demanded. "My friends know I left with you, and will send people looking for me. My brother, Damian, he'll—"

"Okay, whatever you say." Julian loosened his grip, rolling off Diana. Grabbing his jeans off the floor, he put them on and reached for his cigarettes.

"I won't hold you against your will, Diana. I would never take you by force, although we both like to play rough. That isn't my style."

Seizing her opportunity, Diana jumped up, collecting her clothes, neatly folded on a chair across the large master bedroom. Once dressed, she looked over at Julian who sat emotionless, smoking his cigarette, his messed up, long brown hair framing his rugged face. She simply couldn't believe he'd just let her walk out, no strings attached.

"If you want to see me again, I can give you my number. I also have a profile on The Vampire Chat Room under Lord Greywolfe," the dark brooding man said.

"Perhaps another time," Diana said as she grabbed her purse, strolling out of the room.

"Diana, wait. Your truck is still at the club. Let me drive you home," Julian insisted.

"No thanks, I'll catch a cab or something," she said, whipping out her cell phone. "I need time to process everything that has happened...what you are, and well, my feelings. I've never experienced feelings like this before."

"So, you're asking me to give you time?" Julian asked coldly, her rejection cutting him like a knife.

"Well...yes, Julian. I would appreciate it," Diana said, standing in the doorway.

"Why don't you stay, so we can discuss this further? I don't have food to offer you, but I will gladly give you the

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

keys to my truck. There's a twenty-four hour store around the corner that sells milk, eggs, and bread," Julian offered.

"Julian, I think its best that I leave, now," Diana said sternly, still not fully comprehending her feelings. A part of her would have loved to hang out with this strange, awesome being that she thought were only found in movies and books, and the darkest imagination of men.

"Then go," Julian said with a wave of his hand.

She had not just witnessed warmth from this being one moment, then a stern coldness the next. His emotions flip flopped, like night and day. Saying her good-byes, Diana turned on her heel, leaving Julian to his thoughts.

* * * *

Relieved the sun was finally up, Diana arrived home after retrieving her car from the club. Flinging her keys and purse on the kitchen counter, the crimson red card slid out. "The Vampire Chat Room," Diana read aloud. *My God, Trisha had discovered yet another enticing way to meet men.* Flipping the card over, she discovered the Goth club where folks who occupied the chat room could meet. Pretty cool set-up. Whoever invented this idea must be making a killing.

The clock on the stove only read eight o' clock, and she was nowhere near ready for sleep. Today was Saturday, and she planned on sleeping until three o'clock, after checking out the chat room. Firing up her computer, Diana found the enticing website, and started browsing member profiles. For the hell of it, she created a profile, bringing to life

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

Raventhorne69. She was feeling tired, but apparently, not tired enough. Curiosity caught the best of her.

Trisha had known about this little chat room, and naturally, so did Julian. Kicking off her shoes, she flopped into the black leather chair, switching on the computer. The site was an awesome collaboration of red and black. Clicking on the large fangs surrounded by a pair of gothic black lips, Diana began hunting for Julian's profile.

* * * *

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

Chapter 5

It was six o' clock before Diana awoke. Tired and listless, she sat on the side of the bed, her neck still tingling, nipples aching, and pussy insanely jonesing for Julian's cock. The telephone rang, startling her.

Cursing, she checked the caller I.D. Realizing it was her brother Damian, she picked up, preparing for the lecture of a lifetime.

"Hello," Diana answered.

"Diana, where the hell have you been?"

"Damian, I'm fine, I got in about eight this morning,"

"What the hell where you doing? Oh, never mind, I don't think I care to hear what you have to say."

"Damn Damian, I'm a grown ass woman, not some little child. What's the matter, being a big time Los Angeles cop getting to you?" Diana teased.

"I know sis, but I still have to keep an eye on you. Look, I just needed to see if you were alright. And no, I like it here in Los Angeles. It's just that there is some weird shit going on out here, and from what some of the guys at the downtown precinct in Maryland tell me, there have been some strange things happening there, too. That's why I'm calling you. I tried your cell, but it was disconnected."

"I'm sorry, Damian. I changed it. What do you mean strange things?"

"Just a lot of murders lately. Headless corpses, bodies with stakes through them, damn near decomposed. I'm working

on so many homicides, I can't see straight. Giving your number out to the wrong men, huh? You better be careful, D."

"Stop it, Damian." Diana demanded, still thinking about headless corpses and stakes.

"Look, I know you love your lifestyle, but honey, you need to be careful, especially at night at those damn clubs. Please promise me you won't go to the clubs by yourself," Damian pleaded.

"Oh, alright, Damian. My girlfriends are always with me. Remember Charlene and Trish?"

"Oh yeah, how's Char doing?"

"She's fine, honey. Look, Damian, I'll call you later. I need to eat. I'm starving."

"Alright, lil sis. If you need anything, call me."

"I promise."

"All right my dear, good night."

"Good night, Damian."

Strange things indeed. Diana strolled lazily through the apartment, deciding a hot shower would do her well, as her body ached from last night's activities. Grabbing fruit, crackers, a beer, and some cheese whiz out the fridge, Diana ate until she had her fill. The Vampire Chat Room piqued her curiosity once more, but she declined. She'd had enough sex for one night, although Julian's face continued to invade her psyche.

Vampire indeed, the fool. How stupid did he think she was? Diana replayed Friday evening's images in her head. Perhaps he had contacts or something. No, contacts would not glow in

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

the dark, not like those eyes she saw this morning upon waking. Oh well.

Diana grabbed a romance novel, and started reading, something, anything to occupy her mind. Eagerly, she skimmed to the juicy parts of the book, suddenly realizing she truly didn't want to go out. How strange was that? There was no need, no interest currently. A dull throb centered in the pit of her stomach, traveling to her pussy, causing her to cream, and her nipples became erect. The painful realization overwhelmed her as she discovered her heart missed him as well as her mind. Placing the book down, she allowed sleep to claim her, along with dreams of Julian.

* * * *

It was a dull, dreary Sunday morning. Hoisting herself out of bed, Diana slipped into the shower, but not before putting on a pot of much needed coffee. It was only nine o' clock, and she longed to get out of the house. Perhaps she'd go to her aunt's house and watch some football. The Ravens were playing the Cowboys in Dallas, and she'd bet Charlene they would win.

Sitting at the kitchen table, she thought about her life, all she had accomplished and how many risks she'd taken when it came to her 'lifestyle'. She had grown tired of one-night stands these last six months. Sighing, her mind drifted to Julian. He was the first man she had seen more than once in a long time. At least she didn't jump his bones the first time they met, she thought as she grinned to herself. Still, there was no explainable reason why she felt strong feelings

towards Julian. She missed him, and deep down inside, she hoped he missed her.

Feeling better physically than the evening before, she slipped on a comfortable pair of faded jeans, an old sweat shirt, and a pair of black ankle length boots. The rest of the day seemed to speed up, causing Diana to dread Monday morning. God, how she despised Mondays. Quarter End would start in a few more weeks, and she'd be stuck in the office until late in the evening. Her she-bitch boss would hound her to no end.

It was chilly out indeed, so she grabbed her short, soft, black leather jacket, suddenly remembering to make a quick pit stop to the grocery store. She wanted to bring a few chips, and a pie, just so she felt like she wasn't freeloading.

Happy to change scenery, Diana greeted her cousin Mel and her husband Cameron who were hanging around, waiting for the game to start. Using the key to her aunt and uncle's home, Diana was greeted with the spicy smell of Buffalo wings. Hot damn. Hopefully, her aunt had made her famous potato salad, too.

"Hey, D, how's it going?" Cameron asked.

"All is well, I guess," Diana replied.

Mel leaned off the bar stool, giving Diana a big hug. "How ya doing honey? What have you been up to lately? We don't see much of you anymore."

"Things are getting busy at work, and there just isn't enough time in the day," Diana replied. Mel and Diana used to hang out whenever Cameron went out with his boys. When Chippendale's came to town, Diana, Mel, Trisha, and Charlene

were there, shamelessly shoving dollar bills into the thongs of muscle bound, hot, sweaty men with washboard abs from hell.

"Well, you should come around more often, girl. Let's get together and do lunch. You don't work that far from me. I'm about fifteen minutes from you," Mel complained.

"Deal, let's do something next week, perhaps Shean Bistro?" Diana replied.

"Oooh yeah, they have good food, or how about that Japanese place next to the mall?" Mel's eyes grew wide. "Maybe we should start going to The Gold Bull Buffet again. Remember when we had to unzip our jeans because we ate too much?" Mel laughed.

"Oh my God, yeah, and we complained about how we should have worn yoga pants." Diana howled with laughter. "They have too much food. I need several plates, you know I have to sample everything they have, and let's not forget about the desserts," Diana stated.

"I know, right." Mel laughed.

Cameron looked at both of them, shaking his head as he reached in the fridge, grabbing a couple of beers.

"Well, you both are wearing jeans today, and Mel, your father is cooking wings. I sure as hell hope you two don't overeat. We don't need any buttons flying off those tight ass jeans and ricocheting off the walls. I mean somebody could get hurt around here," Cameron teased.

"Aw, shut up Cam," Mel said. She swatted Cameron in the back of the head as he walked past her.

"Ouch. Damn it Mel. *Stop playing.* Hey D, you want a beer?" Cameron asked, rubbing the back of his bald head.

"Oh hell yeah, why not," Diana said, grabbing a long neck from Cameron.

It was good to be around family for a change, Diana thought to herself, settling into a large Papa-San chair, one of many her aunt purchased from Italy when she was in the Army.

Once again, Julian's image burned into her memory. She could have sworn she heard him call her name a few times, and her dreams were filled with nothing but images of him. Sitting on her uncle's couch, Diana's pussy began to cream. A black, empty void of despair had suddenly become a part of her life, and she missed Julian now more than ever. Damn, why couldn't she make her mind up? She knew where he lived; she could visit, allowing him to fuck the shit out of her again, what the hell? Too stubborn for her own good, Diana was determined she wouldn't approach the man, he probably was busy fucking some other lucky gal. Diana's heart sunk at the very thought of that. It was her own damn fault, if only she hadn't left him Saturday morning.

"What's wrong with you?" Mel asked.

"Nothing, Mel. I'm fine," Diana lied.

"You suck at lying, girl. Spill it. What's the matter with you?" Mel insisted.

* * * *

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

Chapter 6

"What time is the game starting?" Diana asked.

"Another half an hour," Mel said.

"Come on, D, let's go on to the patio."

"Alright, damn, you always have to pry, Mel," Diana snapped.

"Well, you're my cousin, and I love you. That's right, who loves ya baby." Mel laughed.

Diana proceeded to tell Mel about Julian. She explained how they met, with the exception of his being a vampire. Mel would have freaked or simply called the men in white coats to come and haul her away.

"Well, I think there is only one explanation, Diana, you're in love with this man, apparently," Mel said.

"No, no way in hell."

"Well, honey, your body language is telling me you're in love. I mean, you're depressed. You look as though you've lost your best friend," Mel insisted.

"I do miss the hell out of him, or is it the sex?" Diana asked.

"Well, D, you've always told me about your adventures at these clubs."

"But this is different, it's like I'm addicted to him, Mel. He's constantly on my mind, I'm feeling sad and lonely. I never felt sad and lonely, not over a man. You know it's hard for me to be lonely."

"Well, D, you do have a very addictive nature. I think you're addicted to sex, you know, a nymphomaniac," Mel suggested. "However, this is more than an addiction. I believe you are seriously in love."

"Oh fuck, I probably am. I just love sex, I can't help it. Julian gets me going though. I have never experienced how he makes me feel with anyone else. There's something about him," Diana said, containing her desire to spill her guts about Julian being a vampire.

"Well, maybe he's the one. You know, you deserve to have a soul mate, perhaps Julian is feeling the same way. You really should go and talk to him," Mel suggested.

"No, the fucker is probably banging some other bitch," Diana snarled between clenched teeth.

"Yup, you're in love. I can't honestly recall you being so jealous over any man," Mel said. "You've got it bad girl."

"Yeah, I guess I do," Diana swallowed, a knot forming in the back of her throat.

The girls went back into the house, ready for the game. Try as she may, Diana couldn't keep her mind free from Julian. Strange, it felt as though he was calling to her.

* * * *

Diana had fallen asleep, and awoke to Mel shaking her. Cameron was standing next to the door with two plates of food wrapped in aluminum foil, waiting patiently for Mel. Diana's aunt was snoring in a large leather recliner next to the television. Her uncle was just eager for them all to leave so he could lock the hell up.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Come on, D, time to go. It's eleven o'clock."

"You've got to be fucking kidding me. Damn," Diana blurted out.

"Come on, girl, let's walk out to the car together."

Saying their goodbyes, Mel, Diana, and Cameron walked out into the brisk November night. Diana peered up into the starlit sky where the half moon hung, naturally, her thoughts gravitating towards Julian.

"Where are you?" she asked, as she climbed into her vehicle, hoping somehow Julian would receive that message.

* * * *

Once Diana reached her house, she quickly showered, dressed in her pajamas, and hopped under the warm black and gold comforter. She tossed and turned for a few moments, then sat up in bed, swearing an oath. She was too restless for sleep. Angry, Diana picked up one of her pillows, flinging it across the room. She needed to kick-box, bust suds, clean, anything, as long as it kept her mind off Julian. Exercise was something she hadn't done in quite some time. If there were ever a time she needed to occupy her mind and body, it was now. Sliding out of bed and turning on the light, she did a few stretches, and could not help but noticed her anger was directed at Julian. A punching bag would have been perfect right now. She just knew he was fucking someone else.

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The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

Outside, beneath Diana's balcony, Julian stood, gazing up at her window. The cool night air flowed through his long brown locks, his pale skin, almost translucent under the light of the moon. She finally responded to his mental calls. He had heard her call earlier, causing a wave of happiness to wash over him, a rare emotion for him. His breathing labored at the thought of giving her the large bouquet of blood-red roses he had in his truck.

Unfortunately, hearing her every thought, and feeling her strong emotions towards him convinced him that he should avoid her. He wasn't supposed to have this type of feelings. He was only supposed to have bedded the wench and moved on to the next weeks ago, but with this one, he could not. Closing his eyes as his cock began harden, he remembered every luscious curve of her ebony body.

Oh, how her tits filled his hands, and the hot, musky flow of her arousal flowed freely from her slit. Her taste was exquisite, pure and sweet. He recalled that sexy ass look in her eyes when he fucked her hard and ate her pussy. She could ask for the world, and he would have given it to her. Remembering her cries made his cock grow hard as steel, with an overwhelming need to fill her completely. Tonight, if given the chance, he would make slow passionate love to her, worshipping every inch of her from head to toe.

For the past week, he thought of finding someone to sate his powerful sexual urges, but could not bring himself to do so because the void that once contained his heart yearned only for Diana. This was not the norm for Julian. Oddly, no other woman would suffice. 'She' was the one who controlled

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

his every thought, made him hunger for her, and he would continue to ache with an everlasting need never to be fully satisfied, until he had her again.

Dread filled him as he suddenly realized he couldn't allow her to know his true feelings. Not with the dark secret that haunted his psyche. All he wanted at this moment was to make mad, passionate love to her. To please her, make her squirm with desire beneath him. Loneliness was eating away at his soul again, and once more he began to tire of his existence.

Damn her. She brought him to his fucking knees. He could have her now if he wanted, and all the frustration and heartache would end. Perhaps it was fear of her rejection, and the fact that he was a vampire didn't help her decision earlier. Briefly, the thought of controlling her crossed his mind, but he simply could not bring himself to do that. Cursing silently to himself, Julian turned to walk to his truck, grinning from ear to ear like some adolescent schoolboy as he received a sudden burst of confidence. Retrieving the large bouquet of roses, he strolled towards the building.

* * * *

Diana was sitting down on the side of her bed, her heart heavy when a strong feeling enveloped her, damn near stealing her breath from her lungs. She was unable to fight the strong urge that pulled her to the balcony in her living room. Startled at first at the silhouette she saw through the curtain, she pulled the material back, amazed as Julian

flashed a nervous smile at her. Quickly, she unlocked and opened the sliding glass door, pulling the vampire inside.

"Where have you been?" Diana asked, throwing her arms around the large man.

"So, you *have* missed me?" he asked, handing her the large bouquet of roses. Quickly turning on the lights in the living room, Diana gasped at the beautiful flowers, then fixated her gaze upon her lover. A surge of heat rushed throughout her body, and her nipples hardened. Julian looked damn good. She looked at him from head to toe and wanted nothing more than to jump his bones.

"Yes, you know damn well I've missed you, Julian," Diana crooned as Julian scooped her up into his arms.

"Then prove it," Julian murmured, before locking her lips with his. A powerful warm and fuzzy feeling flowed through their veins as they kissed for what seemed like an eternity. Strong, powerful emotions embraced them, encasing them together as one. Slowly, Julian carried Diana to her bedroom, gently sitting her down on her bed. Eagerly, she attempted to unbutton his faded blue jeans, but he deterred her. Diana began protesting, only to have Julian hold his index finger gently upon her lips.

"I need to taste you," he insisted in a hushed voice.

"I want to suck your cock," Diana whispered. "I want you to come in my mouth and down my throat." At this particular moment in time, the overwhelming desire to please her man enveloped her.

"Oh, you will have your chance," Julian said, with a serious look. "For now, I need to taste you. I've wanted to taste you

all bloody week long woman," Julian said, freeing Diana from her baggy pajama top and bottoms. He was happy to see she did not wear panties or a bra. Dropping to his knees, Julian caressed her smooth silky thighs as he slowly kissed her stomach. He reveled in the fact that he made her body quiver upon touching her.

Satisfied by her moans and whimpers, he slowly licked his way down towards her navel. With each passing moment, perspiration clung to her wanton flesh as Diana slowly inched forward, her buttocks nearly off the edge of her bed. Her body trembled beneath his touch as she achingly waited for the moment he would pay attention to the spot that yearned for his tongue the most. Teasing her with soft wet kisses around her mound as she eagerly spread her thighs even wider for him, Julian inhaled Diana's sweet musky fragrance. It was all he could do to contain himself as his erection boldly pressed against the soft faded blue denim of his jeans.

Diana leaned back on her elbows and began to caress her breasts and pinched her nipples which had grown two-fold. Her moans grew louder as Julian came achingly near her sweet spot. His eyes sparkled as he slowly licked her smooth clean-shaven pussy lips, teasing her, bringing her to the edge as he licked and gently nibbled her inner thighs. Julian repeated this several times, grinning at Diana's tortured moans. Gently, he felt the velvety smoothness of her pussy lips, damn near causing him to relinquish all control and devouring her. Her pussy was just that damned good, Julian thought.

Spreading her legs as wide as he could, he massaged Diana's clitoris with his thumb, pulling back the hood. With his other hand, he teased her tender, swollen flesh, enjoying the contrast of pink against her dark brown skin. Slowly, he slid a finger inside her while continuing his sweet manipulation of her clit.

"Julian," Diana called out. Legs shaking, and perspiration beading her flesh, Diana began gyrating her hips as Julian matched the tempo with his finger, eventually sliding another in.

"That's right, darling, call my name," Julian coaxed, his pre-come forming a large wet spot on his faded blue jeans. "Your pussy is so pink, so wet," he teased.

"Eat me Julian, please," Diana begged as she continued to pinch her nipples and squeezing her full breasts, shoving her crotch against Julian's probing fingers.

"Ummm, in due time my sweet, in due time," the vampire teased. "My God, you're creaming all over my fingers and hand," he murmured. "You really have missed me."

At Diana's protests, Julian slowly pulled his fingers out of her pussy, once more teasing her so much, she believed she'd lose her fucking mind.

"Julian, I can't take this anymore, it...it hurts," Diana gasped. "It fucking hurts, you're making me wetter and wetter, and I need your cock, tongue, something, anything," Diana moaned, feeling like a bitch in heat.

"Awww, tell Julian where it hurts. Is it here?" he asked as innocently as a vampire could. Slowly, gently, he kissed her swollen labia, quickly pulling his face away as she bucked

against him. "What about here?" Julian asked, spreading her creamy folds apart, slipping a tongue inside, savoring her sweet juices.

"Yes, oh yes Julian. There. Oh Please, yes right there. *Don't stop,*" she hissed as he rocked her body with endless pleasure from what his tongue was doing to her. His thick, long vampire tongue reached so far inside her, she thought she'd come on the spot as she baptized Julian's face with her juices. All the other times he ate her out was fabulous, the best she'd ever had, but for some reason this was absolutely different.

Slowly, he licked her slit from bottom to top, worshipping the swollen fleshy nub that so craved his attention. Like a juicy peach, he suckled, then placing it between his teeth, gently nibbled at it as he inserted two fingers inside her, causing Diana to wildly buck against his fingers. To her, he couldn't go deep enough. Arching her back, she pulled his hair as she continuously creamed on his fingers.

"Oh fuck. Why do I let you do this to me?" Diana cried out, all control lost to her.

Grunting against her flesh at her question, Julian continued pumping his fingers deep inside her until she screamed like a banshee. Her body left this world and journeyed to the next. An intense orgasm centering in her core rippled through her body, like a pebble in a pond. Julian continued his fierce pumping action of his fingers as he lifted his head from her drenched sex. The mixture of his skilled fingers, husky voice, and the intense glow of his eyes brought her to a second powerful orgasm.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"That's right, come for me, Diana," Julian coaxed in a deep growl as he reached for one of Diana's perky, dark nipples. Running his thumb across her clit caused her to tighten her thighs around his neck, lifting her ass off the edge of the bed until suddenly, her body returned to earth, feeling fully charged, her carnal desires *almost* sated.

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

Chapter 7

Diana collapsed onto the bed, drawing her legs together tightly, and rolled onto her side in the fetal position looking at the gorgeous hunk of man rising to his feet. Her juices clung to the stubble on his face.

"What are you trying to do to me, man?" Diana asked, as pleasurable sensations continued dancing within her creamy center.

"We have only just begun, my sweet," Julian murmured. "My emotions are running high for you tonight," he confessed.

"Oh, and they were running low on other nights we were together?" Diana inquired, raising her brow.

"No, my love. They have raged out of control after our first evening together. I've recently come to terms with my feelings for you," Julian replied.

"What feelings?" Diana asked, in a shocked manner.

"Let me show you," Julian said, his voice cracking with passion.

"Allow me to *show you*," Diana said, licking her lips.

To tease her, he licked his lips slowly, savoring her juices as he undressed. Standing before her completely naked allowed Diana to take in every inch of the vampire's body. His chest was hairy, not too hairy, but just right. She could see the well defined pectoral muscles, and how erect his nipples were. Her eyes continued exploring his body, following that delicious thick narrow trail of hair, leading to his groin like an arrow.

His large, throbbing cock jutted straight out in front of him, with a single drop of pre-come at his large, purplish head. Diana's mouth watered at the large, heavily veined organ that would bring her pleasure soon enough.

"See something you like?" Julian asked, wrapping his hand around his thick cock, slowly stroking and squeezing it, enticing her. Instinctively, she crawled to the edge of the bed, her face hovering inches away from his cock.

"Oh fuck yeah," Diana confessed.

Sticking her tongue out, she continuously lapped at the head of his cock. He was so huge. Taking him in slightly, she sucked at the thick head. Satisfaction approached her as he groaned, placing his hands on her head, gently forcing his cock down her throat. Her lips, coming inches away from his pubic hair, she desperately tried to suck him down further. She wanted to feel her lips touch the base of his cock, her lips and nose buried in his pubic hair.

Gripping his large, tight balls, Diana returned to the head of his cock, ensuring her tongue raked across his throbbing veined organ as she lightly bit the swollen head, causing a growl to escape his lips. With a swift movement, she returned to the base of his cock, taking him in deeper, his large, bulbous head deep inside her throat. Repeatedly, Diana greedily sucked her vampire lover's cock, enjoying his moans and curses.

"Oh *fuck yeah*," the vampire hissed through gritted teeth, gyrating his hips against his lover's face.

"Ah, take me deeper love, deeper," Julian insisted, fighting to regain his control.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

He didn't want raw animal passion, not on this night. He wanted, *needed*, to make love to his woman, appeasing her in every way. And if she wanted to greedily suck his cock and all the come he possessed in his balls, so be it. Grabbing handfuls of her hair, Julian vigorously pumped in and out of Diana's mouth, holding his head back, eventually looking down at her. Seeing those sexy brown eyes of hers looking up at him, with those long beautiful eyelashes almost made him bust his seed down her throat.

Julian's eyes glowed softly as Diana slipped a hand around to his taunt buttocks, forcing him further down her throat. Regretfully, this was the first time she'd ever had a chance to wrap her lips around his succulent cock. Other encounters had them in the park, and parking lot. Briefly, they had an encounter at his home, but she didn't believe she sucked him. He had always seen to it that she was pleased, and for her that was simply fabulous. Her pleasure was his, and he reveled in how her body responded to everything he did to her.

Soon, the vampire would burst. She could feel his balls tighten and his cock twitch in her mouth. Somehow, his pre-come was rejuvenating. She could only imagine how his come would make her feel. She wondered if it would temporarily give her supernatural powers. That would be an awesome perk.

"Ahh, Diana," Julian moaned loudly. "I'm going to come baby, ahhh." He snorted, as his cock twitched violently in her mouth, blowing his seed in the back of her throat, almost gagging her. Greedily she continued shoving his meat into her

throat, becoming instantly 'high' on his come. There was obviously something about vampire come, because Diana suddenly became energized, like someone had given her some sort of an injection.

His come slowly oozed out of her mouth and dribbled down her lips, jaw line, and neck. Slowly, he eased his cock out of her mouth, bending down to kiss her, licking his own seed off her full, pouty lips and face. Lowering his body onto Diana's, Julian continued licking his come off her neck, slowly sliding to her chest, and eventually her full brown breasts. He gently licked and nibbled her nipples that jutted up like little dark chocolates. The sight of him licking his own come off her turned her on immensely.

"Ummm, Julian," Diana moaned, squirming beneath her dark lover. Slowly, his kisses worked their way back up her body, along her throat, running his tongue over her pulse, and tracing her jaw line until he found her lips. Slipping his tongue past them, they locked in a passionate kiss, their tongues dancing wildly with each other as Julian slipped his cock inside Diana's swollen juicy pussy. Her sexy scent tingled within his nostrils as he slowly made love to her, easing himself halfway out of her, almost causing her to protest, eventually sliding deep into her slick tunnel.

"Diana," Julian moaned, burying his face in the crook of her neck.

Locking her legs around Julian's waist, Diana entwined her fingers in his hair, as she nibbled his neck. He loved that, loved to feel her hot, wet tongue along his neck. She could have sworn she felt his cock grow inside her. Damn, how hard

and long would he get? To top it all off, she felt that vibration taking place deep within his chest again. He was purring, not like a regular house cat purred, she discovered, but a mixture of some sort of wild animal, perhaps a large predatory cat. It was fucking pure animalistic, carnal, and ancient. She enjoyed the vibration, and loved how his chest hairs tickled her nipples.

The intense pleasure was almost more than she could bear. Raking her nails down his back caused him to thrust harder inside her. The pain drove him fucking insane, so she raked her nails down his back again, just to see...

"Oh don't do that," Julian hissed in a strange sounding deep voice.

"Why not, baby?" Diana asked, feeling her orgasm approaching.

"Ummm," Julian mustered. "You're making me crazy woman," he moaned, holding his cock balls deep within her pussy. She felt his cock twitch, ready to burst again. Her pussy twitched as well, ached with need to come, baptizing Julian's cock.

"Don't Diana," Julian warned. "I want this to be slow and passionate for you. Please allow me to make love to you. I swear on my existence, if you keep that up, I'll pound the living fuck out of you." He struggled, the words slipping from his mouth breathlessly.

Amazed at his words, Diana had never had a man beg her to let him make love to her. She kissed him, allowing him to proceed. Fire rushed through her veins as she arched her back and lifted her hips off the bed to meet his cock. Julian

was teasing her again, his cock buried within her to the hilt one moment, and the head almost out of her pussy the next.

"Oh, you're fucking driving me insane, Julian," Diana screamed, panting like a helpless bitch in heat. Body shaking uncontrollably, she tried moving underneath Julian. He held her fast as she realized she could barely move.

She loosened her grip from around his waist as he rose to his knees so he could look down on her. Julian gently grabbed her breasts, squeezing them within his hands, causing a moan to escape Diana's lips. Her legs, now bent at her knees shook slightly out of control as he slowly pulled his glistening cock from her drenched pussy. She watched his priceless facial expression at the sight of his cock coated in her juices. He stared at her body in awe as he slowly bucked his hips forward, driving his throbbing cock insider her once again.

"Julian, you feel like you'll burst inside me," Diana panted, literally feeling as though she would explode from the inside out. Her hand quickly crept to her clitoris, stroking it, providing herself with more pleasure. Although he prevented her from doing this in the truck, now, his eyes were glazed over with excitement as Diana continued to provoke her clit.

"That's right baby, play with yourself for me, love. I want us to come together," he groaned, obviously holding back his pleasure. He held his head back, gritted his teeth, and groaned as he continuously drove his rod in and out of her pussy. Increasing the tempo, their sweaty bodies bumped and ground against one another, their release soon to come.

"Come for me, Diana. Come on baby, fucking come for me," Julian moaned, feeling her pussy gripping him tightly.

Crying out, Diana's back arched and she jumped as Julian thumbed her clit.

"I'm coming Julian," she screamed, her eyes tearing up. Julian's orgasm rapidly followed, letting out a large throaty roar, releasing his load inside Diana. Her pussy was tight, hot and gushing. Throbbing heat enveloped his body, awakening feelings of complete happiness within him.

His seed washed her insides, making her tingle from the center of her core, and outward. His come quenched the dull throbbing ache she carried around with her for weeks when they were apart from one another.

Wrapping her legs around his waist, she tightly pulled him close to her, kissing him. Their slick bodies sliding against one another as they slowly stilled their movement, panting rapidly, their limbs turning to jelly.

Julian remained hard within Diana for half an hour after their lovemaking. Occasionally, he'd thrust in and out of her until she creamed on his cock again.

"More," Julian insisted, his cock still fully hard.

"Oh no, Julian, enough. I'm raw," Diana moaned.

Growling his need, he buried his face in her neck, smelling her hair.

"But it will feel so good," he purred in her ear, slowly pulling his aroused cock from inside her.

"Oh baby, *fuck*," Diana moaned. "Don't take it out, do it to me again," she exclaimed, marveling at her lack of self control around Julian. She was a shameless hussy, but nothing mattered right now.

"Ummm," the vampire moaned. "I'd thought you were turning me down again." Julian chuckled.

"Fuck me, please, fuck me, Julian," She moaned.

"I thought you were sore," Julian murmured.

"Oh fuck, yes, I am, but it feels so good," Diana whimpered. "Don't make me beg, Julian, oh, it fucking hurts so good," she murmured, burying her face in the soft silk of his chest.

"Do you want it hard, baby?" he asked.

"Aaarghh, fuck yeah, I do, I fucking do," Diana moaned, raking her nails purposely down Julian's back, just to get him going.

"Oh, you will pay for that," Julian said, thrusting inside Diana until she begged him to stop. His balls slapped loudly against her pussy, and a strong sexual, primal scent hung heavy in the apartment. The harder she dug her nails in his back, the harder Julian fucked her, causing her to lose her mind.

"I want to fuck you, then eventually, pull my cock out of your pussy, and spew my come all over that beautiful skin of yours," Julian confessed.

"Diana," he moaned, pulling out of her pussy as his spasming tool shot another large, hot load on her breasts, stomach, and pussy.

Collapsing in yet another sweaty heap, the couple quickly submitted to sleep.

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

Chapter 8

It was early when Julian lightly stroked Diana's cheek. Lying on their sides, they were still entwined with each other. His keen eyes absorbed every inch of her body not covered by the sheet.

"Julian, what time is it?" Diana asked upon waking. "I've got to go to work."

"Honey, its six o'clock in the morning," Julian said, turning slightly, peering at the clock behind him on the nightstand.

"I hate Mondays," Diana groaned, snuggling close to her lover as the rain pounding caught her attention, ruthlessly beating against her bedroom window. "Fuck. It's raining out too."

"Call in," Julian suggested. "Spend the day with me. I'll cook breakfast for you, let me treat you like a queen. At least you have food here in the house."

"Awww, you're too sweet, Jules," Diana chuckled. "I could lay here forever, with you."

"So, you'll call in?" Julian asked, kissing her on top of her head.

"Yes, I will call my boss and let her know. It's rare when I play hooky. I deserve it. I need coffee, Julian," Diana said. Stretching, she realized she wanted nothing more than to spend the day getting to know her lover. She had so many questions for him. She looked at him in awe as the vampire rose from the bed, heading out into the kitchen. Oh, what an ass he had on him. Firm and muscular. Every muscle flexed in

his body when he moved. Slowly he slid into his faded blue jeans, winking at her as she watched him exit the bedroom. Also, surprise gripped her as she realized he was going to make coffee and cook breakfast.

"Julian, coffee will do for now. I'm not really hungry at the moment," Diana called after him. Grabbing the remote from the nightstand, she flicked on the television, wondering if the vampire even knew how to operate the coffee machine.

"Then coffee it is," Julian replied from the kitchen. "And yes, my darling Diana, I know how to make coffee," he added.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, and then a little ticked off for him invading her thoughts, Diana hauled herself out of bed, grabbing her robe from the chair next to her walk-in closet. Slowly, she strolled into the kitchen, staring in amazement as Julian flicked on the switch to the coffeemaker. Usually, *she* was the one making coffee in the morning at least that was the way things went in her last relationship.

"Do you have a habit of reading another person's thoughts?" Diana asked as her eyes roamed over Julian's denim-clad ass. Her nipples tingled at the discovery of his half-hardened cock.

"Yes I do," Julian replied, turning to face her. "My apologies to you, love, but it is something I've been doing for centuries," the vampire said. "I can work on this. I see you aren't too happy."

"I would appreciate it. I like to keep my thoughts private," she giggled.

"No worries, Diana," Julian said, walking over to her, wrapping her in his arms, pulling her close to him. "We have a lot of catching up to do," Julian suggested. "I want us to take this time and enjoy this day, so if there is anything you want to ask, please feel free to do so."

"Were you reading my mind again, Julian?"

"No, Diana, that was basic common sense." He laughed. "Naturally, since we have the time, I know you have many questions for me."

"Hell yeah, I do."

When the coffee finished brewing, the couple sat at the dining room table in the living room. Diana was like a child, curious to know where Julian hailed, what he did...

"I was a knight for King Richard the Lionhearted. I was sired when I returned from the Crusades," Julian continued.

"Who sired you, a male or female vampire?" Diana asked, taking a sip of her coffee.

"A female named Judith," Julian responded.

"What ever happened to her?" Diana asked, experiencing a slight pang of jealousy.

"I'm not sure what became of her. She stayed with me for a month or so, teaching me how to avoid humans who actually hunted vampires. She often said how discretion was the key to survival," Julian said, reminiscing about his transition from human to vampire, barely remembering his sire's face.

"She taught you how to hunt?" Diana asked.

"Yes, she enjoyed hunting and killing," Julian explained, as his mind drifted off to occurrences he barely remembered. "I

refused to feed at first, but realized I needed to, or I would cease to exist. I learned that lesson the hard way. She was a very bitter person. She had been a vampire two hundred years before our paths crossed," Julian said. "Each time I hunted, deep inside I knew it wasn't right. I realized after a few kills that it wasn't necessary, something she never told me. Vampires can sustain themselves without taking lives," Julian explained. "She was very good at deception. I was so angry when I found out it wasn't necessary to kill, however, by then, I enjoyed the thrill of the hunt and the kill. It took me centuries to curb my bloodlust. It's an addiction, Diana," Julian warned, remembering how he once tore into human throats, and savoring the sweet taste of flesh and blood. The very thought caused the saliva in his mouth to increase.

"Wow, Julian. So you never let that urge drive you to madness?" Diana asked.

"If a vampire exercises enough control, then yes. Once you become a vampire, when your body dies and the transformation is complete, there are raw emotions to deal with. Imagine sadness, happiness, anger, and the need to feed combined into one huge emotion. And when you start hearing thoughts from people coming from every direction, it drives you fucking insane," Julian said, half smiling.

"Everything little thing is magnetized, like High Definition. All your senses become magnetized, hearing, vision, everything. Sex, is out of this fucking world," Julian said, biting his lip as he caressed Diana's chin. "It becomes an addiction," he whispered, peering into Diana's eyes.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

Giggling, Diana grabbed his hand, holding it to her face. She enjoyed talking to the amazing creature, and learning about different times, and places. It was like talking to a living history book. As he promised, Julian cooked eggs, bacon, and toast for his woman. He even brewed a second pot of coffee.

"So, no coffin?" Diana asked.

"No, that's actually the choice of some vampires. We can move about freely during daylight hours, as long as direct sunlight doesn't seep into our dwellings. If you noticed, all my curtains are black. For the most paranoid of vampires there is a certain type of glass that has a chemical within to reject the sun's rays. I forget the name of that. There are underground vampire covens, that started creating and marketing the glass to other covens. You'd be amazed, Diana." Julian laughed.

"What happens if you were to go out in sunlight?"

"I would become deathly ill, and eventually die, depending upon how long I was out in the sun. It also depends upon our origins and how long we've existed. Ancient vampires can endure sun for the most of the day, but even then, they would need to rejuvenate themselves. It is very important for a vampire to sleep and gather his or her energy, especially if they've been in the sun for whatever reason," Julian said, taking another sip of his coffee.

"Wow. I didn't know all that. What of the underground vampire covens?" Diana asked, feeling like she was caught in some awesome void derived from a book or movie.

"Yes, we must remain secret, so we blend into society," Julian said, sipping his coffee. "What's wrong, Diana?" Julian asked, concern coming over him at the funny look on his lover's face.

"My brother, Damian, is a cop out in Los Angeles. He was telling me about strange happenings and seemed overly concerned about me. He warned me not to go to clubs alone. There have been many homicides out there and here," Diana said with concern. "Would you happen to know anything about that?"

"Some vampires are rogue. They hunt and kill without remorse, not caring if humans find out about us. There are covens that will terminate rogue vampires when they discover them. We are a secret of the night that should remain as so," Julian said. "Also, modern day vampires exist. Some kill to rid the world of vampires, others sell vampire parts for a hefty price."

"Damn," Diana murmured, shaking her head. "I would have never dreamed in a million years."

"Yes, deep down in your subconscious, you knew we existed, but you denied it, even after our second meeting." Julian smirked.

"Well, of course, Julian. I actually thought it was the drinking screwing with my mind, you know?" Diana blurted out. "What of the ancient vampires? How old are they exactly?"

"They are at least three thousand or more years old," Julian said. "They are strict, much stronger, and some of them even look down upon us newly turned vampires."

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Wow, snotty ass vampires, who would have thought. By the way, exactly how old are you?"

"I'm nine hundred and fifty years old," Julian said, peering at Diana with an intense gaze.

"Damn, Julian. I was thinking you were at least five hundred. No wonder you make my toes curl. What now? Are you going to turn me?" she inquired.

"If that's what you want," Julian said, suddenly growing uncomfortable, remembering he'd bitten her twice. The third bite would begin her transformation, but he was too afraid to tell her so. *If* she asked, then maybe he would tell her. Things were going too good right now for him to fuck it up. Julian knew he'd lose her again if she were to catch wind of it.

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

Chapter 9

It was noon when Julian prepared a chicken Caesar salad and baked Tilapia for Diana. Julian shared as much as he could remember about his ancient life. Diana told him briefly about her earlier years, which he found intriguing.

"So, you were an exotic dancer?" Julian asked. "You're sexy as hell, but you don't seem like the type to have worked as a dancer." He grinned. "Let me expand upon that," Julian suggested. "In my eyes, you are savvy. You exude sexuality in a classy way and you're business-like. You are strong, elegant, and confident in public. Behind closed doors, you are that wild cat that I so love about you or you can be as gentle as a house cat. You have these special needs, to be held and stroked in the correct manner; something you've searched for most of your life," Julian explained as the passion in his eyes grew stronger. "I love that aura of mystery about you. With most dancers, you can spot them as soon as you lay eyes on them."

"I know what you meant. I got that all the time." Diana snickered. "I've been working in the corporate world for ten years now. I wish I came on with this company after I graduated high school. I'd be better off in my life." Diana sighed. "Julian, I'm eating and you're just sitting there, still drinking your coffee. That's like the fourth pot."

"Well, I can suck down coffee without a problem. I also love to drink alcohol," he confessed

"And yet, you never go to the bathroom. That totally fucks with my head, man," Diana said. Julian laughed hard at her innocence.

"What about food? Can you eat?" she inquired

"Yes, but it makes me sick. There is no taste, and so, there really is no purpose. Technically, I'm dead, darling." Julian grinned. "Haven't you noticed the lack of a heart beat?"

"Yeah, but not in bed," Diana said, hopping in the vampire's lap. She kissed Julian, and then ran her hands through his hair. "I'm so glad I met you, Julian. You bring out feelings in me that I never knew I could experience again."

"You do the same for me, Diana, my goddess of the hunt," Julian said as he wrapped his arms around his woman. "Sooo, beautiful, what do you say we go out to dinner tonight? Are you in the mood for Japanese?" Julian asked.

"Yeah, Julian, I would love to go out to dinner with you," Diana exclaimed as a spark ignited deep inside of her. "At last, something normal for us to do."

"Normal?" Julian asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, normal, silly. I want to experience a movie and dinner with you, walk around the mall, you know?" Diana replied.

"I understand perfectly well what you mean, Diana."

"Are there other vampires in this area, and can you sense them?" she asked.

"Oh yes, of course. We simply go about our business, just as you humans do," Julian said.

"Okay, one more question. What is your occupation? I mean, you have a nice house, nice truck and nice clothes," Diana inquired.

"Well, when I was a knight, I was compensated well for serving the king. I had an insurmountable amount of land in England that I *still* own. You see, even us vampires invest our money wisely," Julian joked. "Luckily for me, the land is solitary. Neighbors would have been wondering why I never aged."

"Yes, I would imagine that would propose a problem. How wealthy are you?" Diana asked.

"I'm not bragging, Diana, but I have more money than all of Hollywood put together. I'm nine hundred and fifty years old, I better have something for existing all those centuries," Julian said, reaching out to stroke her cheek. "I have owned many businesses throughout the centuries, many of which I've sold. I have traveled to every country that has ever piqued my curiosity, so there really isn't much for me to do now except revisit these countries many times over. Things change, and history has always intrigued me. You and I will need to travel, Diana. We can do that now. I'll take you wherever you want to go," Julian said.

"Oh that sounds exciting. I have always wanted to go to Europe and Asia," she said in a dreamy voice. "I would even visit Africa, Australia, Turkey, oh hell, I want to travel all over the world," Diana giggled.

"You would never have to work again in life, I would always provide for you," he said.

"Well, that sounds great, but I'm an independent woman. I love my job, and I can't see myself being supported solely by a man," Diana said. "But damn, if it doesn't intrigue the hell out of me."

Staring into Julian's eyes, she recognized a certain look that told her he wanted her. Boldly, she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, her eyes never leaving his. Julian's hard cock popped out of his jeans as he hoisted his ass up to lower them. Untying the sash to Diana's robe, he greedily sucked her breasts as she impaled herself on his thick cock.

"It doesn't take much to get you going, does it?" the vampire inquired, inhaling the scent of Diana's creamy pussy.

"You know it doesn't," Diana whimpered as she slowly pleasured herself with Julian's cock. Reaching around, he squeezed her ass, and eventually ran his hands up and down her back. Perspiration erupted on their skin as Julian lifted Diana while still inside her. Wrapping her legs around his waist, he took her hard against the wall, increasing his tempo as the two passionately kissed. Breaking the connection, Diana demanded more of her lover.

"After this, I will need to sleep again. I haven't fed, Diana, and I don't want to lose control with you," Julian said breathlessly, lowering her to the floor, on her back. The beast beneath his human facade needed blood. Gently, he made love to her until they both came.

Lying next to her, Julian stroked her hair and traced her curves with his index fingers.

"I'm sorry that was a quickie, but any longer, I would have needed to feed on you," Julian confessed.

"Didn't you do that before, the first night?"

"Yes," Julian said quickly, rising to his feet, pulling his jeans off. His dishonesty made him uncomfortable around her. Lucky for him to his relief, she never asked how many bites it would take before a human became a vampire.

"Diana, I need to lie down for a while," Julian said, kissing her on the lips. "Come lay with me, my sweet. We will sleep until later this evening, and then I'll take you to dinner, after I stop past my house for blood."

"You have blood in your house?" Diana cringed.

"I have animal blood. With the exception of you, it has been forever since I've had human blood. I used to buy it from a doctor I knew really well in England. I actually need a new supplier now." Julian grinned. "I've only lived in this city for about a year. I was going to move back to England until I met this beautiful black woman," he murmured huskily in her ear. "My plans have changed now that I've met you, Diana. I hope you realize that," he said, as they walked back to the bedroom together. "I do have to travel there to check on things, so perhaps you can make a vacation of it?" Julian asked, raising his brow.

"Yeah, that sounds good. I'm due for a vacation Julian. Quarter End starts in three weeks, when I go back to work tomorrow, I'll put in for some time off," Diana said.

The two climbed back into bed, snuggling up to one another, Julian's cool flesh absorbing heat from Diana's body.

"Lucky for you, I'm hot-blooded right now." Diana laughed. "I've noticed, sometimes you're cool, other times you're freaking cold, I mean *freezing*."

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Well, I'm going to get colder until I drink blood, Diana. The night we met, I didn't feed. That was one of the reasons why I let you go so easily," Julian said as he wrapped an arm around her body.

* * * *

Julian awoke eager for a shower. Shocked to see she was still asleep, he gently shook her. Rolling over, Diana smiled at him before sitting up in bed.

"I'm so tired, and my body is stiff," Diana said. "That's from you stretching me in every way imaginable, you bastard." She laughed.

"Ahh, don't blame me, woman, accept some responsibility." Julian snickered as he started dressing. "Hop in the shower, you'll feel a lot better. It has stopped raining," he added.

Slowly, Diana walked towards the bathroom, hoping a shower would awaken her body. After twenty minutes, she emerged to find Julian flicking through the television channels. "You know, we pay so much for cable, and there never is a bloody thing on," the vampire complained. "When I'm home, I never find anything intriguing to watch."

"You watch television?" Diana asked as she searched her closet for something sexy to wear out.

"Of course I do. I watch the news, television shows, if anything piques my interest. Mind you, I don't succumb to television often. I love to read," the vampire said. "Come on woman, stop your primping, you look good enough to eat," Julian said, eyeing Diana up and down.

An hour later, after trying several outfits on and putting on makeup, and curling her hair, Diana was finally ready. Julian had retreated to the couch, watching a werewolf movie he found while flicking through the channels.

"Wow, finally you've find an outfit you like. I still need to change out of these jeans if we're going to the Bronze Dragon," Julian said. "I guess these are the things I must get used to, huh. At least I know I'll get a nap in whenever we decide to go out," the vampire said, dodging a slap on the arm from Diana.

"Okay, I'm ready, honey."

"You look fabulous," Julian grinned. "Are you sure you don't want to eat in?" the vampire coaxed.

"Stop it, pervert. We need to go out more," Diana challenged.

"I was only joking, well half-joking," Julian said as they walked out the door. Diana's ass was just too inviting in those black leather pants with the high-heeled boots and studded heels. Her blouse was a blood red silk shirt showing an enticing amount of cleavage, and she wore her black leather jacket.

"You look pretty damned good. I love how you put your hair up. Sexy and elegant, and it elongates your neck," Julian said, licking his lips.

"Keep your eyes off my neck, vampire," Diana said as they stepped into the elevator, just in time for an elderly couple to hear them. Julian shot Diana "the look." Discretion was a necessity, and although the elderly couple could have taken it as a figure of speech, Diana would need to learn not to speak

so loudly concerning vampires, especially since there were vampire hunters in every city.

Once in his truck, Julian started the engine and glanced over at her. "You need to be careful in what you say," he warned her. "It is possible that old couple could have ties with hunters. Remember, there is a market out there for vampire parts, especially fangs and blood," Julian said.

"Oh yeah, I'm sorry, darling. I remember you saying that," Diana said apologetically. "Wait a minute, blood?" she asked in awe. "What the hell would a person want with vampire blood?" Diana asked, lowering her voice to a whisper, carefully looking around for other people.

"It's all right. Our blood actually can make humans powerful, almost giving them super human strength. That's a part of the reason why I prefer not to feed directly from humans. Once, there was this vampire I knew in Prague who approached a female on the streets. He thought she was a hooker, but she was someone from an organization that hunts vampires. Needless to say, his cock was his demise. As with the underground covens, there are underground vampire hunters."

"Fucking wild," Diana said.

The streets were lively, and despite the rain, the night was mild, and a beautiful harvest moon hung heavy in the sky. After stopping past his home, changing, and gorging himself on blood, Julian felt electrically charged. As he drove, he noticed Diana looking at him with much intensity.

"What's wrong?" Julian asked.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"I'm not sure, I'm just feeling funny. I feel like you are keeping something from me," Diana said, reaching for his hand. "There is much more you need to tell me about the life of a vampire, isn't there?" Diana asked.

"Well, of course there is. Let's see, when I go without blood for long periods of time, I become more dangerous to humans around me. Feeding frenzies do occur with vampires. You see, with every vampire lies a beast that lusts for blood. This is the hardest part for a newly turned vampire, controlling the beast within. It is a natural, predatory creature that I can never allow to gain control over me. When I drink blood, it suppresses the beast, giving me strength, do you understand? Even animal blood keeps my beast contained, Diana."

"Yes, I understand perfectly well, Julian," Diana replied, feeling a little frightened.

"Let's change the subject, please," Julian insisted, as the dark secret ate at him like a cancerous tumor.

"I'm in total agreement."

When they reached the restaurant, it was six o'clock and Diana was ravenous. Sitting down at a nice booth, they were able to see the cooks preparing blow fish, and other items Diana wouldn't dare touch with a ten foot pole.

"So, what are you getting?" Julian asked.

"Beef Teriyaki, California Rolls, and Shrimp Tempura," Diana said. "They are my favorites. My cousin, Mel, and I used to come here often. I haven't eaten here in forever."

The evening went well, and when it was time for Diana to go home and prepare for Tuesday, they found it hard to say goodbye.

"I better not come in, Diana, you must work tomorrow," Julian said, wanting nothing more than to bend her over the coffee table and fuck her until she came repeatedly.

"I know, I do...but, I—"

"Shhh," Julian placed a finger on her lips. "We both know if I come in, you won't get any sleep. I want you too damn bad right now, Diana. See, look at that," Julian said looking down. "You've already made me hard as steel."

"Come in, Julian, please. I called in sick, remember? Tomorrow will only be the second day. If I call in three times, then I'll need a doctor's note." She giggled, pulling the reluctant vampire in. Slamming the door shut, she stood on her tip toes, until he bent down kissing her. Grabbing his cock through his leather pants caused Julian to growl.

"Woman, be sure this is what you want." He groaned with pleasure.

"I know what I want, vampire, and that would be you," Diana teased, leading Julian to the bedroom by the loop in his leather pants. Once in the bedroom, Julian's patience wore thin as he quickly removed his clothes in a flash. Diana opted for a sensual, seductive removal of her clothing, wallowing in satisfaction of Julian's tortured look upon his face.

"Diana, you push me too far," Julian groaned, approaching her as he slowly stroked his cock. She had already stripped down to her red lace bra and panties, but that simply wasn't good enough for him. What he wanted was her naked flesh.

"Like what you see, vampire?" Diana teased, slowly slipping a strap over her shoulder. She leaned against the wall, slowly pulling the flimsy red panties down just enough to show her trimmed triangle. "Stay right there, don't come any closer," she demanded, slowly gyrating her hips.

"Diana, don't," Julian warned. "It's not polite to tease a sex-starved vampire."

"Sex starved?" Diana exclaimed. "We've fucked each other's brains out all day long. I would hate to see how things would be if we lived together." She laughed.

"Diana, I could fuck you the entire day without resting. I'm a vampire, remember?" he said. "Believe me, you please me greatly, but the more I'm with you, the more I want you," he said huskily, making one swift movement towards Diana.

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

Chapter 10

Picking her up, Julian carried Diana to the bed. He quickly ripped the flimsy, lace lingerie from her fevered flesh so fast, it made her head spin and her pussy wet.

"So, that's the lightening fast speed you vampires possess?" Diana chuckled, as Julian slipped his hand between her legs.

"Yes, pretty much," the vampire chuckled, pushing her to lie down flat on her back. His mouth covered every inch of her, making her cry out with want. "Don't tease me again, woman," Julian groaned.

"Fuck me now, Julian. Just take me," Diana demanded.

"Fucking impatient, aren't we now? I should tease you for a few hours," Julian suggested before slipping his cock inside her. The rest of the evening swiftly passed as the couple devoured one another, one moment making slow sensual love, and the next, surrendering to scorching hot carnal lust. Two o'clock, Diana literally fell asleep in Julian's arms. Although insatiable, she was still human.

Pulling the sheet over her curvy body, Julian stared at her as she slept. He could spend all of eternity watching her. She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever lay eyes on and for the first time in centuries, he acknowledged the fact he was in love. Then dread crept in, along with his dark alter ego, threatening to tear down his newfound happiness as he thought of the third bite that would change Diana's life

forever. This would be the ultimate betrayal if she found out, and there would be no coming back from it.

"We should make her ours tonight," the beast demanded.
"Take her right here, right now."

Leaping to his feet, he quickly exited the bedroom and sat on the couch, fighting for control of his beast. It would have been such an easy task for him to take her in her sleep. She'd have no memory, and he would use his power on her to slowly ease her into her new life.

Just as quickly as the thought entered his mind, Julian pushed it back, along with his beast. He wouldn't do that to her, it was bad enough he was dishonest in not telling her about the third bite. That would be something that would have to wait.

* * * *

Diana woke up at eight o'clock, just to call her boss. Surprisingly there was no rebuttal, although Quarter End was rapidly approaching. She'd promise her boss she'd take care of a few orders while at home. She awoke to Julian not being in her bed. While she was on the phone, she wandered out to the living room to see Julian watching television and wearing a long towel, covering his 'goods'. His long hair was wet, and hanging past his shoulders, making her want to do nothing more than jump his bones.

"I'm sorry I fell asleep on you last night," Diana said after she hung up the phone.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"No worries, my darling," Julian said, stroking her hair. "I know your body needs its rest, and time to heal. I noticed you're walking with slight difficulty."

"I think I need to soak in a tub of hot water this morning," Diana said laughing. "Alone."

Laughing, Julian stood up, letting the towel fall to the floor. Slowly, he walked to the bedroom, feeling her gaze burn into his flesh.

"Oh now, look who's teasing." Diana laughed

"Go take your shower, woman. You have work to do today. I overheard your conversation with your boss, and now I wasn't purposely eavesdropping. You spoke loud enough for me to hear," Julian said, disappearing into the bedroom.

* * * *

The day progressed as Diana worked on a few projects while Julian sat next to her. This gave her a wonderful opportunity to show him her business world was like. The man became fascinated with her job, and she was amazed at how quickly he caught on when she explained the procedure for processing orders.

"You see, Julian, once I book these deals, I'm responsible for the equipment shipping out of our corporate headquarters and to the customer site. Sometimes, other small corporations will rent or lease our equipment, some purchase the equipment. Depending upon how they buy is the governing factor of how I book these deals.

"Interesting. So many of your accounts are for customers with large databases who can't afford to have a major outage or a delay when installing this equipment."

"Exactly. That's when our managers start receiving nasty phone calls. I'm also responsible for the sales guys receiving their commission from these purchase orders I book. Some of my managers are on call twenty-four seven. When Watussi's site goes down, it's a major Severity 1. My managers are responsible for getting customer engineers out to fix the problem. These customers spend big money for their equipment and expect nothing but the best. I love my job, but I could never have a manager or a sales person's job," Diana added.

After finishing a few of her projects, Diana powered down her computer and sat down on the couch.

"No more work for me today," she said. "So handsome, what are we going to do now? It's a beautiful sunny day outside, but we can't go out. Any suggestions?" she asked.

"I can think of one right off the top of my head," Julian said, reaching for her.

* * * *

Throughout the course of three weeks, Diana and Julian bonded. In the evenings, they went to movies, dinner, and even hung out with Diana's friends once. Trisha and Charlene seemed to almost approve of him.

"Diana, I'm not trying to rain on your parade or anything, but I think Julian is a very secretive person," Charlene said.

"Oh, I'm secretive, too," Diana said, knowing Charlene was possibly picking up on the fact that Julian was a vampire. Interacting with humans on a social basis was something totally out of the norm for the nine hundred and fifty year old vampire.

"So you two have been hitting it off pretty well, huh? Good for you, it's about time you found someone. He seems secretive, but I can tell he cares for you deeply. I swear, he still seems a little dangerous, but I guess that is just me," Charlene said.

"Yeah, you worry too much, Charlene. Oh, Damian told me to tell you hi," Diana remembered.

"Oh, girl, your brother is fine. Give him my number next time you speak to him, perhaps I'll even take a trip out to Los Angeles," Charlene said eagerly.

"Don't worry, I will," Diana promised.

* * * *

The Saturday evening before Quarter End added a little more stress than usual to Julian and Diana's relationship. The weeks had passed by quickly, and although Diana enjoyed having someone in her life, someone who loved her a great deal, she noticed how possessive Julian had become. She knew it was simply because he was a vampire. If another man even looked at her for too long, anger quickly rose within Julian, and she hated it.

"Julian, drop me off at my place, please," Diana insisted, not wanting to be around him any longer one evening after they had left Brewster's Cafe.

"Why, did you see something you liked back at the restaurant?" Julian snapped. "If I didn't know any better, I would say you two knew one another. I swear, if I even smell another man on you Diana, I'll—"

"Julian, what the fuck is wrong with you? You're threatening me now?" Diana demanded at the top of her lungs. "You have changed into a completely different person these past few weeks. I don't have time for this shit from you. I don't have to put up with this."

"What are you suggesting?" Julian asked, pulling over on the side of the road, turning the engine off. He was having a hard time dealing with having a new mate. Every time they walked into a crowded restaurant, human thoughts attacked his mind with ferocity. Julian caught mental images of what men wanted to do with her. Sometimes, women were envious, sometimes he picked up on racial tension, but ignored that as a whole. Humans irritated him, and he now knew why he never socialized with them. Perhaps the demonic shadow lurking beneath his human facade was correct. Maybe he should have bitten her, claiming her. She would never crave the human interaction as a vampire, and he would not feel threatened each time they walked in public together.

"Diana, I'm sorry," Julian said, trying to calm his temper, knowing he would run her away if he became too possessive. Perhaps it was too late already.

"Julian, no. I need some time alone, please. Take me home now, or dammit, I'll fucking walk." Diana shouted at the

top of her lungs, suddenly feeling confined and feeling like they had spent too much time together.

Clenching his teeth tightly, without saying a word, Julian started his truck, pulling off from the side of the road. Perhaps, if he gave her some time, she'd come around. She was pissed; he could feel her anger penetrating his aura. Although he tried not to read her thoughts, he did. She wanted to be as far away from him as possible, and that was too much for him to bear. Feeling like his whole world was falling apart, he entered the gate and pulled into the parking lot, next to her car.

"When will I see you again?" Julian asked, looking up at the stars.

"I don't know, Julian. Tomorrow is the first day of Quarter End, so I'll be really busy. I won't be leaving the office many nights until close to midnight. This is normal for my job," she added, sensing his temper rising. He didn't even have to look at her. She could see the muscle in his jaw twitching. "Perhaps we should give each other some space," She suggested.

Julian clenched his left hand tightly in a fist until he drew blood with his nails biting into his palm. He wanted to do nothing more than to smash the window of his truck in. He needed to smash something. The place where his heart once beat was filling with loneliness, sadness, and anger, all at once. With every ounce of mental strength, he fought hard to contain that anger, agreeing with her suggestion. If he burst now, he would manage to frighten her away forever.

"Alright," Julian spoke softly. "We'll give one another space." Finally turning to look at her, surprise gripped him as he witnessed hurt, pain, and a little fear in her eyes. The last thing he ever wanted was for her to fear him. Regretfully, he watched as she opened the door, and slowly eased herself to the ground without saying a word. She never even turned around as she entered the building.

Anger clouding his mind, he backed out of the parking spot, and sped towards the gate. Instead of taking the scenic route to his home, he opted to take Highway Fifty-Five, giving him the opportunity to haul ass at one hundred miles an hour. He had to release his anger some way, until he got home. Only then, he'd be able to work out on his punching bag, which he kept for such instances. Wiping the blood he drew from his hands off on his pants, his fangs elongated, and the beast within spoke to him, chastising Julian for not taking the opportunity to turn Diana.

"You should have turned her the first night you were with her."

"Shut the fuck up," Julian hissed within his mind.

As the war within raged, Julian knew he must not relinquish control to the beast under any circumstances.

* * * *

After entering her home, Diana threw her keys hard against the wall and paced several times through the living room. She loved for Julian to dominate her while in bed. Seizing control over her life was something she could never submit to, with any man. He pissed her off so badly, she

didn't even want to see him. Sleeping with him was totally out of the question, as she only knew he wanted to fuck her to remind her that she was his. She had begun to feel like a piece of property, and she wasn't having it.

To make matters worse, he had showered her with many gifts in the last three weeks. Often he would present stuffed animals, perfume, diamond earrings, and bracelets before taking her out to dinner. A part of her truly wanted to give them back or throw them away. Then, a larger part of Diana believed she should keep it, for all the pain and suffering Julian caused her. She'd recover quickly, and when she did, she would have awesome jewelry to wear. In the meantime, she put everything back into the jewelry boxes and eventually shoved them into her dresser drawers.

Turning the computer on, she decided to get a head start on Quarter End. Tomorrow would be busy. Past experiences had always proven to be positive whenever she buried herself in her work, forgetting the unpleasantness of life. If that's what she would have to do to remove Julian from her mind, then so be it.

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

Chapter 11

Diana sat at her desk, staring hypnotically into space and tapping her pen rhythmically against her keyboard. Her cubicle was decorated with pictures of friends and family members. Two Bonsai trees provided an appealing atmosphere to the otherwise drab grey and blue color of the office. For her, time crept, making her wish it were later in the day. Her gaze fixated upon her miniature fish tank containing her two small gold fish, Oscar and Cleo.

"Well, you two seem to be happy this morning," Diana said, staring at the fish as her mind drifted off to Julian. She gave them small amounts of fish food. "I would gladly trade places with you two little darlings in a heartbeat. You don't lead complicated lives, although your life span is a bit short." Diana chuckled. It wasn't unusual for her to talk to her fish.

"I guess, when I go on Christmas vacation, you two are coming with me," she said. She could have smacked herself silly. Here she was talking to her goldfish when she could have been talking to her friends. She spent twenty minutes crying before going to bed last night, but then toughened up. She had been alone for years, so what the hell was the problem now?

"Diana, I need you to update and run these reports, and eventually put them into an Excel spreadsheet," Toni, her boss said, startling Diana.

"Mike Betz, the Divisional Vice President will be here tomorrow from corporate, and we've got to make things happen. Can you do this?" Toni asked.

"Of course, it's the only way to keep him off our asses Toni, you know that. I don't need him coming into my cube every fifty seconds asking me to submit those purchase orders. The guys will make their numbers and then some this month," Diana said, opening a program on her computer.

"Okay, cool, keep me in the loop of things, alright D?" Toni asked.

"No problem," Diana responded.

"Diana, were you talking to yourself again?" Toni asked.

"You know it," Diana said, uncaring of what anyone thought of her.

"It's quite alright to talk to yourself, answering yourself is an entirely different animal," Diana stated, remembering the words of her great-grandmother. Toni gave her a strange look before quickly exiting her cubicle.

At least work kept her mind clear of Julian. For some odd reason, he wasn't in her mind, not like before. It puzzled and relieved her at the same time. Diving heavily into her projects, Diana temporarily put Julian out of her mind. Quarter End had arrived and she was well prepared to stay late in the evenings.

* * * *

At approximately nine in the evening, Diana decided she'd go for a stroll of the office. It was Quarter End, and there were folks from other departments who still lingered, trying to

crunch their numbers. Naturally, Toni, her boss was working from the comfort of her home. There was a problem with a purchase order Diana had to smooth out. If it weren't for that, she'd be working from home as well. The company she worked with would not receive their equipment if the purchase order wasn't handled correctly. While she waited from her contact from corporate to call her on her business Blackberry, Diana hit up one of the vending machines.

"Hey Diana, how's it going?" Barbara asked. Barbara was one of the few within the company willing to lend a helping hand when needed. Basically, everyone within the office were all for themselves.

"I'm fine Barbara, just a little tired," Diana murmured. "See, I need my sugar rush." Diana laughed, tearing open the cheese danish she just purchased.

"Oooh yeah," Barbara murmured. "Don't forget to get a cup of coffee with that. That looks good. I think I'll have one, too."

"Don't say I twisted your arm." Diana laughed.

"I need my sugar, too. These sales guys are killing me," Barbara said, leaning against the counter.

"I know, they can be demanding. It's a shame, we're caught between corporate and the sales teams, and trying to make both happy is very challenging," Diana said. "But hey, it's a living."

"That's alright girl, the overtime is good, let me tell you. Christmas time is right around the corner, too," Barbara said.

"I know," Diana laughed.

"Ok girl, I'll check you later. If you need some help, let me know," Barbara offered.

"You too, Barb, thanks."

After walking through the entire office, Diana grabbed a cup of coffee and returned to her cube. Perfect. The purchase order she was expecting came through on the fax, and now she could process it. Happy at the idea of leaving within another forty-five minutes, Diana turned on the radio, listening to her favorite song, a song that sadly reminded her of Julian, causing those hot passionate moments to return to her, along with heartache.

Muttering under her breath, Diana switched off her radio, burying herself within her work again. Another purchase order arrived, allowing her to book another deal, leaving the office for the evening.

* * * *

The rest of the week was a pain in the ass. Michael Betz was the demanding type, expecting Lily, the office admin to brew coffee for him. Diana could see the rising anger in the office manager's eyes as she repeatedly told Michael where coffee and filters were kept.

"What seems to be the problem?" Diana asked.

"Michael insists that I brew coffee for him," Lily replied, her cheeks still rosy red from her blood boiling. "I don't mind putting on coffee, but I'm not going to serve it to him." She insisted as she walked away.

"I don't blame you Lily." Diana said.

"Well, in headquarters the administrators brew our coffee and will sometimes bring it to us." Michael insisted, folding his arms.

"Michael, in this office whenever the guys want coffee, they usually make it themselves, unless one of the coordinators is jonesing badly enough for the fresh brewed instead of the machine. Sometimes Lily will make it when she has the time, out of the kindness of her heart. Now, if you're asking her to brew the coffee and bring it to you as well, then she has the right to decline making it." Diana said sternly.

"Hmm, well I see Diana. Michael said, stroking his chin.

"When I used to be the office manager, you never demanded anything like that of me," Diana stated.

"Well, truth be told, Diana, I was just trying to see if she would do it or not," Michael said.

"That's rotten, Michael," Diana said, noticing he was eyeing her up, causing her stomach to churn. "You may be the Divisional Vice President, but you apparently need to sharpen your people skills. Folks don't want to be messed with like that. You have power over these field offices, but not over people, Michael," Diana blurted out.

"Diana, can't you take a joke?"

"No, not when your title goes to your head," Diana snapped. "That's the only thing about being an administrative person, folks will try testing you out, if you're a jelly-fish, then soon, you'll have tire marks all down your back. If you're stern, people think you a bitch. I prefer the latter," Diana said with a stern look.

That's why you're in this particular role," Michael said. "You kick ass and take names later. The sales guys push, and you push right back. Have you had an opportunity to run those reports?" Michael asked, changing the subject. If he wasn't careful, she'd roast his nuts over an open fire. A part of him liked how she was so blunt, however, another side of him wanted to bed her down and rock her world.

"Yes, this is the last day of the quarter, and I'm getting things squared away because I don't wish to be bothered over the weekend," Diana murmured. "Michael, do me a favor, don't fuck with Lily again. She's a real sweetheart and extends above and beyond the call of duty." Diana spoke through gritted teeth.

"I don't believe you, talking to me like that. Funny, in most offices, the administrative personnel go out of their way to appease me." Michael laughed.

"Well, that's most offices, not this one. You're the Divisional Vice President, not God," Diana snapped.

"Diana, you're a force to be reckoned with. Can I treat you to lunch today?" Michael asked.

"No thanks, I need time away from here, so I'm going out," Diana confessed.

"Suit yourself," Michael said. Diana never ceased to amaze him. He always admired for how she spoke up for herself and others, never taking shit from anyone. She was also a fine piece of ass.

Friday at last. The last day of Quarter End. Diana couldn't be happier. After busting her ass during the week, she met her goals, booked and closed her deals. As though her life

depended upon it, she quickly exited her office as soon as the computer clock showed four fifty-seven. Diana felt triumphant. After a long week of overtime, she wanted nothing more to do with the office. Quarter-End had been a bitch, and she sought the solitude of her home.

The ironic thing about her rushed exit from the office building was the fact that she made no plans at all for the weekend. As she hopped into her vehicle, her mind scanned many possibilities. Shopping was an option, but she was just too lazy to try clothes on. The thought of getting laid by an absolute stranger no longer intrigued her. Her thoughts leaned towards Julian. She wondered what he had been doing to occupy his mind and sexual needs.

Deciding upon pizza, video on demand, and the internet, Diana figured she would entertain herself, *maybe* even read a little more of her erotic romance novel. She truly did not want to be around her friends. As cool as they were, she seriously wanted to be alone, with the exception of her vampire lover, Julian.

Once she reached home, she neglected to check her mailbox. Eagerly unlocking the door, Diana kicked her heels off as soon as she entered her sanctuary. "The Vampire Chat Room. *Hell yeah.*" She and Julian often spoke about living out a fantasy, pretending they were strangers, then having mind numbing, toe-curling sex for the rest of the evening. Something similar to a couple going to a bar, pretending not to know one another.

The chat room was something she wanted to check out for weeks, until that she-bitch of a boss so rudely intruded upon

her plans. The emails continued blowing up her Blackberry until Diana reluctantly contacted her. Although she had created her profile weeks ago, before she and Julian became hot and heavy, she had only received a small opportunity to explore the chat room. Since Julian was no longer in her life, she figured she'd do a little exploring. Perhaps she could find someone else to fantasize about, as it was entirely too painful to think of Julian. But then again, she even doubted she wanted anyone else.

Julian Grey's profile caught Diana's attention, causing her breath to leave her in short shunts. She had managed to put him out of her mind for the past week, until now. Feverishly, she reviewed his profile. "Sweet Jesus," she murmured. He was "yummy," His profile read forty-two years of age in human years—two hundred in vampire years. *Interesting*. His pictures caused a pool of moisture to develop within the folds of her pussy. Julian's long brown hair hung past his shoulders, and icy blue eyes piercing her very soul. He looked like a pagan metal god. True, he yielded an ax that only he and Thor himself could swing. Remembering her encounters with him caused Diana's heart slammed against her ribcage, and her slit became creamy. She missed him, there was no denying it. Memories of their coupling invaded her mind. He could be so gentle one moment, and the next, a raving maniac.

This man obviously took his vampire identity seriously. Donning a long black cape with a high collar, black slacks, and it looked like a pair of designer shoes he was sporting. He oozed raw, dangerous sex appeal.

While in the midst of ogling Julian's profile, a chat box appeared on her screen from the man himself. What a coincidence, she had been eye-balling his profile for less than five minutes or so, and she received a chat, in which she graciously accepted, suddenly realizing she was actually jealous. Why the *hell* was he in some damn chat room, when he could have been with her? Perhaps he had been waiting for her to log on. He knew Quarter End was over with. After all, she was the one who demanded they spend some time apart. Deep down inside, she knew he missed her just as much as she missed him.

"Good Evening, Raventhorne69."

"Hello, Lord Greywolfe. How are you doing?"

"I couldn't be better, now that I'm chatting to you. I must say, your profile is stunning. I had hoped you would check the site out. Dammit Diana. Okay, enough of this bullshit. Diana, I'm sorry. I miss the living hell out of you, woman."

Was the man trying to score brownie points *already*? Flattery and an apology would definitely get him everywhere. Breathless and smiling from ear to ear, Diana proceeded to type.

"Diana, I miss you. I need you."

An intense heat gripped Diana's insides, as she bit her lip and clamped her thighs together. Have mercy, she would have to change her panties after conversing with Julian. Suddenly, something he said registered, slamming into her psyche like a freight train.

"Are you there, Diana?"

"Oh darling, I'm still here," Diana said aloud, her heart beating rapidly against her ribcage. Licking her lips in anticipation, Diana began to type.

"Yes, of course I'm still here, Julian. I miss you too, and I'm sorry for pushing you away. I just don't like to be controlled. I think we both need to talk things over, and spend some time making up."

"I can't think of a better opportunity than now. I want to play a game with you."

"What type of game, Julian?"

"You remember the fantasy we spoke of, where we pretend I'm a complete stranger from the internet. Submission Raventhorne69, complete and utter submission. I mean, completely obeying my every command, without question, becoming vulnerable within my presence, bondage, control, humiliation, pleasure. Will you address me as Lord Greywolfe? "

The man couldn't be serious, then again, maybe he could. The idea of surrendering herself to Julian in a submissive way struck a chord within her creamy center. Diana licked her lips and shifted in the chair, eventually crossing her legs. She loved it when he dominated her. It was within his vampire nature to do so.

"Raventhorne69, are you there? Answer me when I speak to you."

"Yes, I'm here." With a groan, Diana had not realized how wet the cyber conversation made her until she wriggled in her seat. Her erect nipples poked through her blouse, yearning for attention, *his attention*.

"Can you be a true submissive for me, Raventhorne69?"

Diana enjoyed the passionate love making they had shared earlier in the week and the carnal, animalistic fucking as well. They both needed; required the different forms of expressing their feelings for one another.

"Raventhorne69, I asked you a question."

"Yes Lord Greywolfe, I can be a true submissive."

"Good. Shall we begin?"

Swallowing hard, Diana bit her lip again as she reached up, squeezing her nipple. The sudden urge to surrender completely to this man became stronger, with each passing moment.

"Yes, we shall, Lord Greywolfe."

What the hell, three weeks had passed since they fucked. Somewhere, deep within the pit of her soul, she knew Julian would fuck and make love to her the way she wanted again. She craved him, *needed him*. She allowed the desire for Julian to escalate, eventually consuming her. The dull ache between her thighs grew to an intense, agonizing throb. This ache was one that not even her favorite vibrator could harness.

"Undress for me."

Immediately, Diana stripped down to her birthday suit, cool air manipulating her slick, hot folds. Her own musky scent turned her on. It was a shame Julian wasn't physically with her. She envisioned him kneeling before her, pleasuring her slick folds with his tongue while she held him fast, her fingers entwined in that long brown hair of his.

"Soon, it will be dark, Raventhorne69. Exactly at five o'clock, I want you to go into your bedroom and lie down on your bed, in complete darkness. There are to be no lights on whatsoever, not even the television."

An ebb of desire washed over her, causing her to groan aloud. The ache in her loins required immediate attention. The thought of grabbing her vibrator from her bedroom possessed her mind for a brief moment that was until Julian chastised her.

"Don't you dare, Raventhorne69. Absolutely no vibrators, no more squeezing your nipples, you aren't even allowed to come, do I make myself clear? You must completely submit yourself to me, and I will know if you come before I allowed you."

The hair on the back of Diana's neck stood on end as she wondered how the hell he knew she had played with her nipple and thought of pleasuring herself with her vibrator. Damn him, he was using his vampire powers again. He could probably even smell her pussy creaming.

"Lord Greywolfe, how did you know I thought of pleasuring myself?" Diana asked. She wanted to get that tidbit of info straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak.

"You already have one strike against you, Raventhorne69. You have just made the horrible mistake of questioning me."

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

Chapter 12

The throbbing sensation between her thighs mercilessly attacked her body, and her nipples painfully ached for a hot tongue to lick and teeth to nibble gently on them. Her breathing labored as she fought the urge to slip her hands between her thighs and tweak her nipples.

"It is approximately four o'clock, Raventhorne69. Are you ready for this evening? Once you accept, there is no turning back. However, there is but one thing you must do."

"What is that, Lord Greywolfe?"

"You must invite me into your home."

"Julian, I mean Lord Greywolfe, you need no invitation, you were here a week ago when you brought me the roses." Giggling aloud, Diana shook her head, enjoying their game. This cyber sex stuff could prove addicting.

Diana swallowed as though she had a lump in her throat. Vampires needed an invitation before crossing over the threshold of anyone's home. The vampire fantasy intensified, so she decided to continue playing along.

"Raventhorne69, are you there?"

"Yes Lord Greywolfe, I'm here, and I'm waiting for you. I invite you into my home."

Diana's breathing labored. He couldn't possibly enter her home without her letting him in. He may have accessed her balcony, but surely he couldn't enter her locked apartment? Or could he? When he knocked on the door, she'd have to greet him, naked. Surely, he required her to answer the door

naked. She knew better than to ask. Her mind was swept back to those glowing eyes that pierced her soul, filled her with fear, and aroused her at the same time.

"Very well, I'll see you soon."

Immediately, Julian logged off, leaving Diana waiting with anticipation. Glancing at the clock, she stood up, pacing the floor, her pussy wet with desire. Julian Grey was definitely on his way over; she could feel it, unless he planned to make a total fool of her. On the other hand, had she achieved that herself? After all, it was she who had left him hanging last week. She thought she'd actually hurt his feelings when she asked him to leave because of the jealous fit he threw the prior week. At four-thirty, Diana was totally climbing the walls. Thirty more minutes of this agonizing wait and he would soon be at her home. As requested, she didn't have one single light on in the house.

Taking deep breaths, Diana approached the window. The sun was down, and it was almost five o'clock. The dark brooding man probably wouldn't even show she thought as she lay down on her back, staring at the ceiling, in complete darkness.

Suddenly, Diana sensed a presence in her room. The hair on the back of her neck stood erect, and goose bumps erupted upon her flesh. She lay frozen and vulnerable, squeezing her eyes shut. What the fuck? Her heart slammed against her ribcage. Had she forgotten to lock her door?

A cool hand grasped her foot, and fingers lightly massaged her toes, sliding their way up her legs, eventually to her knees. Then, they slowly, seductively crept along the inside of

her thigh, forcing a gasp from her lips. Even though the hands were cool, heat engulfed her body, and she began to shake. Once again, she saw cool blue eyes glowing softly in the dark, the moon illuminating them more.

"Don't be afraid," a deep, firm voice spoke to her. "I told you I'd come."

"Julian?" Diana gasped, not believing he was actually in her house. She wanted desperately to ask how he accessed her apartment, but she could not bring herself to do so, out of fear of pissing him off.

His hands, explored every part of her body, causing her nipples to swell and her juices to flow from between her thighs. Desperately fighting the urge to open her eyes, Diana turned her head to the left, away from Julian's gaze. A strong aura of danger hung heavy in the atmosphere, but Diana ignored it.

"I've missed your body. Please don't tell me we'll part once again after having sex," Julian said, cupping Diana's breasts in his hands. Sucking her breath in, she squeezed her hands into tight fists, sighing heavily as the throbbing, painful ache presented itself to her again. Her body cried out to him, begging him to control her, and touch her where she needed him most. A moan slipped past Diana's lips as his touch created fire upon her skin. She gyrated her hips, and licked her lips as his hands traveled over her ribcage, across her tummy to her trim triangle, causing her to suck in her breath. Teasingly, he traced the thin patch of hair down to her clit, lightly grazing the swollen, fleshy bud with his fingers.

Roughly, Julian spread her legs apart, cool air greeting her soaked flesh. Diana groaned as her arousal dripped down the folds of her flesh, creating a damp pool beneath her ass cheeks. Softly, he strummed her clitoris with his thumb, forcing a whimper from her lips. He circled her clit several times with his thumb, and then lightly tickled her thighs, causing her body to break out in a cold sweat.

"Do you like that, Diana?" Julian asked, his voice cracking with desire for her.

"Yes." Diana panted, her breath catching in her throat, eventually turning into a moan as he parted her swollen lips with his thumb, sliding in and out of her slowly. Her body required more of him, as she lifted her hips off the bed, wanting him to use two or more fingers on her aching pussy. Abruptly, he stopped the sweet assault on her pussy, leaving Diana frustrated, a moan of protest slipping past her lips.

"Perhaps I should clue you in on *my* rules. Movement is forbidden, no matter what I do to you. You shall lie perfectly still, and speak only when answering me. Under no circumstances are you allowed to come, unless *I* grant you permission."

"How did you get in?" she asked, forgetting her promise of not questioning him, biting her lip. Realizing her mistake, she swallowed hard as Julian tugged hard at her nipple, causing Diana to wince in pain.

"I told you never to question me," Julian growled through gritted teeth, slapping her thigh. The slap stung, causing her to freeze and her nipples to stand erect. Squeezing her eyes

shut tightly, she licked her lips as Julian squeezed her inner thigh with his right hand.

"I'm sorry, Julian, please forgive me," Diana pleaded. "I'm enjoying the role-playing, but I...I think I may need a safe word. Please allow me to choose a safe word, Julian."

"Hush, my sweet," Julian murmured softly. "Now, you must be punished for your fool hearted mistake. I warned you earlier, did I not? A simple yes or no will suffice. You're with me, you need no safe word."

"Yes," Diana whispered, her greedy, throbbing pussy demanding more attention than it received. Lightly, Julian scratched Diana's sensitive skin, leaving an invisible trail of fire within the wake of his nails.

"Ummm," Julian murmured. "Your pussy weeps sweetly for me," the man whispered, sliding a finger deep inside her. "Ahh, you are so fucking wet with desire for me." Julian moaned, adding another finger inside of Diana, his cock straining to break free from the confinement of his jeans. "You don't know how much that pleases me," he breathed, as anticipation caused his entire body to shudder. He loved so much, until it hurt. How could he have allowed this to happen? The demon watched, waited, knowing Julian's weaknesses had broken down his defenses.

Slowly, he fucked her with his fingers as she lie straining against the sweet temptation of not moving. Julian continued to milk sticky sweetness from her pussy, the room filling with squishing sounds. Julian leaned down, his hot breath caressing her apex as he asked if she would welcome a hot tongue in her hot pussy. He spoke of wicked delights, as his

breath assaulted her sensitive clitoris. To make matters worse, Julian stuck out his tongue, briefly lapping at Diana's aching clitoris.

Her insides, craving release started to swell, causing her to pant as Julian agitated her g-spot, bathing his fingers in her cream. Diana's tummy quivered, and she became light headed, ready to pass out from the pleasurable torture Julian was inflicting upon her. Withdrawing his fingers from her, he sucked the juices from them, loud enough for her to hear as he groaned in approval of her taste.

"Turn over, on your knees," Julian growled. "I want that beautiful black ass sticking up in the air." Diana did as he asked; only to have him spread her thighs apart even further to obtain a perfect view of her exposed pink flesh.

Puzzled as to how he could possibly see anything in the dark, Diana exhaled sharply, shaking as she eagerly awaited his plans for her. Julian's hands explored her ass, pinching, squeezing, eventually smacking the cheeks, causing her to suck in her breath as the slaps became harder. The stinging sensation permeated into her being, to her core, emanating to her clitoris, pushing her to the edge of orgasm, which she knew was forbidden.

She jumped when she felt his long hot tongue lick the places he slapped, resulting in a strange aching sensation upon her ass. It was literally on fire, especially when Julian proceeded to play with her asshole. It puckered at his touch, causing his incisors to lengthen. The thought of filling her ass with his cock caused a large drop of pre-come to soil his jeans, making Julian groan with desire.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

He wanted nothing more than to plunge his cock into every orifice of her body, making her scream out in pleasure, only for him to punish her. Julian kissed and licked Diana's ass cheeks, and gently nibbled her stinging flesh. Her musky scent permeated his nostrils, and in an effort to make her release, he licked the area around her asshole, eventually penetrating the puckering flesh. His demanding fingers pummeled her asshole, causing a double helping of hot cream to seep from her pussy as she bit her lip hard. Soon, he licked her throbbing asshole until he heard a sigh of relief escape her lips. Diana choked as the man kissed her spread pussy lips, his mouth pressing upon her slick folds; he cleverly stuck out his tongue, lapping at her juices.

Reaching underneath her, he caressed and squeezed her breasts. His tongue slid deep into her pussy, savoring the sweetness of it, groaning, feeling as though his cock would burst any moment. Greedily he lapped at her juices as he extended his tongue further into the slickness of her tunnel, groaning with pleasure as her hot juices coated his tongue. Julian pinched and squeezed her nipples as he thrust her tongue in and out of her pussy, groaning as her sweet pearl twitched around his tongue.

He lapped the juices from her inner thighs, eventually biting her, making her body shudder as she fought to hold back her release. He wanted her to come, and wanted to punish her for doing so.

"Do you want to come, beautiful Diana?" Julian asked.

"No," Diana whimpered stubbornly.

"Don't you wish to have your release?" he persisted, hoping she would succumb to his torture.

"No, I don't, plea..." was all Diana could muster.

"Ride my face," Julian commanded as he slipped in between her thighs, lying on his back. Placing his hands on her ass, he gently ground her pussy onto his mouth, sucking at her flesh mercilessly.

Tears stung her eyes as she withstood the delightfully wicked torture of her flesh. Julian played her like a fiddle, holding her in place, feeling her leg muscles quivering above him. Biting her clit, he pulled at it gently with his teeth a few times, eventually sucking it with force, then stimulating it with his index finger. Julian repeated this several times. The overwhelming ache centered in the pit of her stomach, until Julian halted his assault on her flesh.

Sliding from underneath her, he quickly undressed, finally springing his cock free, rubbing it against her pussy and ass cheeks. He ached with the need to fill her, make her tremble with desire, to make her beg. The urge to destroy her from the inside out was overwhelming as he slowly slid his hard cock into her pussy. Gritting his teeth as the liquid fire coated his dick; Julian grabbed her hips, slowly pumping in and out of Diana. Her greedy pussy greeted his thick cock by caressing and squeezing him, making him feel as though her tightness would chop him in half. Eyes aglow, throwing his head back, he groaned as he fought back the urge to come. She was so damned tight, he decided, as her pussy quivered with desire to gush on his cock.

"This wicked woman will be the end of my existence," Julian thought, as he held his cock balls deep within her.

"And you wanted to fuck her and leave her when we first met her. We must make her ours forever," the dark beast demanded.

"Yes, we must," Julian agreed, allowing the beast to cloud his judgment.

Unable to control her urges any longer, Diana allowed a moan to escape her lips, as her hips bucked in unison with Julian's thrusts. Purposely she backed into his cock, wanting him to drive it deeper within her body. Reaching around to her throat, Julian hissed, giving her a quick and deep thrust, pushing against her cervix, causing her to cry out in agonizing pleasure. This is what she had craved these past six months. Not even her ex had pleased her this much in their entire two years together. The man was pure magic; she sensed not only her body being consumed, but her soul as well.

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

Chapter 13

Her musky smell hung heavy in the air, making Julian lick his lips and fangs, in anticipation of drinking from her. "Tell me, Diana, do you want to be with me for all eternity?" Julian asked, holding his cock deep within her. "Do you wish me to fill every orifice of your body, racking you with pained pleasure, making you cry out in pure lust?" The vampire snarled, grabbing a handful of her hair. He nibbled at her earlobe, traveled down her neck to her shoulder, and back up again. He bit her neck gently, slightly breaking the skin, allowing a few small drops of blood to wet his palette. "Ummm," he growled, the rich, coppery taste awakening every nerve in his body. With his other hand, he gently squeezed her neck, causing her to grip her pillow tightly.

Stopping, he demanded she turn around, slowly. Obeying, Diana turned around, frozen in disbelief at the sight before her. The room was completely dark, with the exception of a hint of moonlight peeping through the Venetian blinds, causing Julian's eyes to glow like she'd never seen them glow before. Something was strangely different about these eyes, as though they weren't his. Slowly, she back towards the headboard.

"Turn on the light," he commanded; closing the gap Diana had placed between them. The man was gorgeous, his pale body covered in perspiration, and his cock coated in her juices. Pre-come dangled at the purplish head of his thick veined cock, which sprouted from a bed of thick, coarse

brown curls, saturated in her pussy juices. Horrific danger dwelled within his eyes, and his long brown hair stuck to his clammy chest. Baring his fangs, he grinned sheepishly as she gasped in awe. Julian had never looked this way before. There was something horrifying about his eyes, and what lurked behind them.

"Tell me, my sweet, do you like being fucked by a vampire?" Julian asked, running his fingers through her hair, her skin tingling with pleasure at his slightest touch. No man had ever lit such fire within her body in all her life. Everything she experienced tonight had been heightened twenty times over.

The lamp illuminated Julian's eyes, causing them to become a bright pale greenish blue, giving him an almost eerie, but sexy look. There was something different about him tonight, something entirely dangerous, even more now than the previous times they were together. Gasping, she crawled towards the side of the bed, in an attempt to escape the feeling that caused fear and lust to grow within the pit of her stomach.

"Stay the hell away from me," Diana cried, wondering why she let this vampire fuck her again, or was this jerk just screwing with her mind? The second night they met, she thought he must have had specially made contact lenses in his eyes. Those fangs were special made, or he had his teeth shaped that way, like members in some of the darker metal bands. She fucked him, loved him, and rejected him. Now, somehow she had allowed him back into her life. Now she knew ultimately, she had bedded the devil.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

Something inside him shifted, causing his eyes to flash with anger, prompting Diana to rise to her feet and slowly approach the doorway. Danger permeated her senses, and she could not help but seek safety, somewhere far away from Julian.

"Where do you think you're going?" Julian asked her, raising an eyebrow. "You didn't mind my being a vampire when I was fucking your brains out," he said sternly, approaching her. "The time to change your mind has long passed, sweet one. I told you many weeks ago not to start something you couldn't finish."

Diana reached for her silk robe, but Julian snatched it from her, shredding it in his bout of anger, causing her to suck her breath in as her mind desperately tried to think of a way out of her situation. She experienced trouble when trying to catch her breath, and her knees turned to jelly. She had managed to piss Julian, or whoever he was, off *big time*.

"Never hide your naked body from my sight," he growled, throwing the shredded garment to the floor.

"So, you're telling me, I'm unable to change my mind? We have had our moments together, Julian, and I'm very tired. I need some sleep," she lied, hoping he would be up for reasoning.

"Why must you humans lie your way out of situations you find unpleasant?" he asked as he folded his arms. "I'm a vampire, Diana; you know I can read your every thought, and yet, you still lie to me. I made it perfectly clear to you in chat that once you accepted this agreement, there would be no

turning back. I let you go several times, and each time you came back to me."

"Julian, please make an exception for me. I'm intrigued by the entire vampire theme, I really am, but I would have never guessed in a million years that vampires existed," Diana explained, her voice becoming increasingly hoarse. "I understand, you entered my house without me answering the door, perhaps I never locked it once I arrived, and..."

"Umm, typical human, always denying the inevitable, seeking excuses, but never truly giving any thought to the inexplicable. Look, we've been through this shit before, Diana. I'm tired of the bullshit," Julian growled, his eyes growing angrier with each minute. "You may have never thought vampires existed my sweet, but deep down inside, you prayed we did, like I told you before." He grinned. "Do you deny our time together, and all that we've shared as well? Come here," he commanded.

"Take her," his beast demanded.

Diana swallowed hard, scared of what he may do to her, she inched her way along the wall in an effort to sit in the chair next to her closet. Her head hurt, and her heart pounded hard against her rib cage, especially upon witnessing the wicked smile forming upon Julian's lips.

"I love the taste of your every emotion," he purred, as he grabbed her wrist, leading her towards the bed, gesturing for her to sit. He loved the sight of her looking up at him, her luscious breasts jutting out, aching for him. He wanted to play and lose himself between her voluptuous brown thighs once

gain. He sought to possess Diana in every way, and taking no for an answer was not an option.

"What do you mean?" Diana asked, looking up at the handsome devil.

"Your strong desire to find a sexual partner is what attracted me to you," Julian explained. "I'm here now, and plan to be with you for a very long time," he breathed. "Perhaps, forever."

"What do you mean you'll be with me for a long time? Like you, I was only seeking a night of pleasure, Julian. I wasn't truly looking for a relationship," Diana lied, her voice completely leaving her. Clearing her throat, she tried convincing him she had sickle cell anemia, and her blood would probably weaken him.

Julian threw his head back, laughing then caressed her jaw line, forcing her to look up at him. "My sweet, you are borderline anemic and have a sickle cell trait, either way it makes no difference to me." He snorted. "You still taste as sweet as you smell," he growled. "I've already tasted your blood, the very first night we met, remember? Why do you seek to escape me now, Diana? I know damn well I pleased you just as much as you pleased me," he said in a husky voice as he sat down, pulling Diana on to his lap. "I will be with you for a very long time, and there is nothing you can do about it."

"I'm just not in the mood anymore, alright?" she snapped at him. She bit her lip out of frustration. If she wasn't careful, he could kill her and no one would know the difference. Julian caressed the back of her neck, and moved her hair to the

side, gently nibbling at her earlobe while sliding his hand between her thighs.

"You're still wet for me I see," he purred, his face buried in the crook of her neck. He ran his tongue over her pulse, the blood in her veins beckoning him. A long purr erupted from his throat, and his eyes changed color.

Diana arched her back with pleasure as Julian stuck a finger inside her for a few moments, and quickly retrieved it. A small groan escaped her lips as she tried closing her legs, only to have him pry them apart, his purr turning into a low warning growl.

"Don't do that again," he hissed, pinching her nipple sharply, as a reminder of who was in control.

Diana whimpered at the pained-pleasure, as the vampire smiled at the results of his chastising.

"I want you to sit perfectly still," Julian commanded, as he continued exploring Diana's body. "I'm not finished with you. I don't think I'll ever be finished with you," the vampire moaned.

"What if I don't want to? I could scream, my neighbors can hear everything," Diana threatened. She cringed as she felt his body shake as the expression upon his face changed, and a look of betrayal presented itself within his eyes as they glittered with a mixture of blue-green hues.

"How dare you threaten me," Julian hissed, pulling Diana's hair. She had done it now, pissing him off completely may mean her death tonight. Her neighbors would never hear a struggle since he possessed the ability to drain her completely of her blood. "Do you really think that putting up a struggle

will help you? I advise you against it, as you will only make things harder on yourself," Julian insisted. "Furthermore, I now deny you any release, for the entire weekend. I will spend the entire night, tomorrow, and Sunday torturing you," Julian growled.

"You're hurting me," Diana whimpered, almost ashamed of the fact that she liked the slight pain. Aroused, her nipples were hard and her pussy ached for his touch again. The ache she experienced upon leaving work was nothing to what her insides were feeling now. It almost appeared the vampire magnified all her feelings.

"You like it," Julian said huskily as his fangs descended before her very eyes. "You're bringing out the beast within me," he groaned. "I suggest you behave my submissive one. I may not have the strength to contain him. Then again, maybe you *want* me to unleash the beast upon you?"

Diana wriggled in pleasure as he brushed his fingers over her wet mound. He positioned her on his lap so his cock could rest against her ass cheeks and back. Julian spread her legs so they hung on either side of his, seductively sliding his nails over her flat stomach, up to her breasts, around her shoulders, and down her back, causing her to shiver and moan as chills gripped her body. Retracing his path, he ended at her pussy again, squeezing and gently tugging at her clitoris while talking dirty to her. He repeated this process several times, each time digging slightly deeper into her flesh until Diana thought she'd lost her mind.

Growling, Julian nipped her back, causing Diana to moan loudly, and grit her teeth. His incisors inflicted sweet torture

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

upon her, bringing her heat quickly to the surface of her skin. Her entire body felt like he'd set her on fire as he continued raking his incisors across her flesh, sometimes nipping, other times barely breaking the skin, while holding the skin beneath his incisors. When she started moaning louder, harder, Julian slipped two fingers into her tight cavern, releasing a groan himself.

Slowly he finger fucked her, while continuing his hold upon her with his incisors. Diana met every thrust of his fingers with her hips as she closed her eyes, feeling the approaching build up of her release. The vampire fueled her every desire, causing her to become addicted to him, and all he was doing to her. She could not deny the fact that she got off on the potential danger of being with such a creature. The whole ordeal had become quite intriguing to her. Still, in the back of her mind, a small part of her wanted to escape him.

Reading her thoughts, Julian sunk his teeth into her flesh, causing Diana to cry out, in pleasure and pain. Drawing in her blood caused him to become even more sexually charged than before, and he enjoyed making her submit to his will. His cock became even harder and throbbed with the need to fill every orifice of her sweet body, her cries empowering him, caused him to pull on her blood even harder than before. Something gripped him as his name rolled off her lips, begging him not to stop, her ass grinding into his crotch.

Chills felt like invisible fingers creeping along her inner thighs, and her pussy as she heard a growl emanate from Julian that made the hairs on the back of her neck stand at

attention, and goose bumps erupted on her flesh. For all she knew, perhaps the little chills were indeed fingers.

Squeezing her nipples, Julian could barely contain himself as he withdrew his incisors from Diana's flesh. Greedily, he lapped at the blood, soothing the wound with his tongue, until the puncture marks were barely visible. Squeezing her voluptuous ass with his large hands, he spoke dirty to her in an ancient tongue. After spending countless years alone, there was no way in hell she was ever getting away from him, not after tasting her blood, and not after experiencing true happiness again. He could not help but know there was something bewitching about her that required him to want her for all eternity.

"Ride me," Julian demanded, placing an arm around her neck, his forearm gently pressing against her windpipe. Her juices seared the cool flesh of his thighs, causing her to slide across his lap. A muffled moan escaped her lips, as she gyrated her wet cunt against his slickened thighs. Tightening the grip around her throat, Julian began talking dirty to her, this time so she could understand him.

"Why do you continually attempt to piss me off? I'm trying to be nice, simply asking you to do things to pleasure us both. The next time I will not be so kind as to allow you to become wet before I insert my dick into your pussy. Maybe I will do the same with your ass wench." Diana's body shook, as her body yearned for release. "Stop your moaning, my sweet, you will taste the pleasure of your release only when I see fit," he hissed. He always knew when she was at the brink

of orgasm, and he taunted her, making it clear that he now controlled her.

"Let me up, Julian, please," She murmured. "I need to go to the bathroom."

The vampire smiled, licking his lips. "What will you do for me if I allow you to use the bathroom?" he asked.

No way was she bargaining with a vampire. Seething anger rose within her chest, wishing she could punch him. She knew he read her thoughts because he began to chuckle, and shook his head.

"It's your choice, my sweet. Tell me what is in it for me, or you can piss where you sit, for all I care."

"I'd be pissing on you, dumb ass," Diana snapped.

"Oh, I so like that nasty little mouth you have, Diana, my dear," he hissed. "This is going to be such a long weekend, for the both of us." Julian grinned, baring his fangs. "Now, it is time for your punishment. Perhaps I should agitate that sweet clit of yours some more, while I finger fuck you again. Surely the need to piss and come will make you burst with an earth shattering climax?" he growled, stroking her fleshy bud as he slid two fingers into her wet pussy.

"You sick fucking bastard." What do you mean; I've done everything you told me to do, Julian." Diana shook with pleasure, knowing the ache she now experienced was her punishment. She was close to coming, and Julian knew it.

"Obviously, you haven't listened to a word I spoke earlier," the vampire said in a low voice, almost hissing. "I informed you there would be no movement on your part, and you've disobeyed. You gyrate your hips, you've moaned, you've

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

called me names, and now, you must be punished." He looked at her briefly before averting his gaze, scanning the room for restraints, abruptly pulling his fingers from her cunt.

"Go and piss, bitch," he seethed. "But I want to watch," he grinned, as the iridescent colors danced wildly within his eyes. Not caring whether the beast watched or not, Diana seized the moment to relieve herself. Soon, she hoped he would allow her to relieve herself in another way.

* * * *

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

Chapter 14

After she washed her hands, Julian grabbed her by the arm, returning to the bedroom, informing her again how she would be bound for her insolence. Diana opened her mouth to protest, only succeeding in pissing Julian off further. Panic struck her heart as she realized he was not joking. She was about to be punished for succumbing to basic primal instinct. The bastard, when would she have the chance to torture his ass? That's if vampires could be tortured. There was no way she'd ever be able to restrain him without him breaking the ties.

"There, in the living room," Julian commanded. "Fetch those gold ties from your curtains, and return to me. Don't even think of escaping out that door, I move with the speed of light if I choose to, and your punishment will be enforced ten times over. Do I make myself perfectly clear, Diana?"

Glaring at him with anger, she rolled her eyes, and proceeded to walk over to the curtains to obtain her own restraints. Before she knew it, he was behind her, chastising her for not answering him.

"Answer me now, you little wench," Julian growled. Shaking she nodded, for fear he'd kill her because of the underlying danger she witnessed in his eyes. Perhaps she should acquiesce and endure her time with him. After all, he had caused her to experience immense pleasure. He spoke of eternity with him, so apparently he wouldn't kill her, not unless she pissed him off too much.

"If you keep fucking with me, I'll kill you," Julian threatened, reading her thoughts. "But first, I'll fuck you until your mind and body goes numb, and I have sucked every last drop of liquid from your body. You best not vex me, dark angel, my cock grows hard at the very thought."

Diana thought she was going crazy as she comprehended his words. They were threatening indeed, however, she found them very intriguing, and she experienced a deep throb in her pussy again, a throb that only Julian could extinguish. As she retrieved the ties from her curtains, her mind tried to grasp the reality of being fucked to death by a vampire. Perhaps it meant she would die happy, upon being found, naked and bruised, and she would have this big ass shit eaten grin plastered upon her face. She almost laughed aloud at what her friends would put on her tombstone. *"Here lies Diana Carrington, 1970-2009; she received the last fuck of her life."* Looking up at Julian, she noticed he had a gleam in his eyes and a slight smile upon his lips. He must have been reading her thoughts again. Handing the ties to him, his eyes hardened and the slight smile disappeared from his face, leaving him to look cruel and merciless.

Diana slowly walked past him, out in the living room to retrieve the other set of ties from her curtains. Breathing slightly, she turned her head as far to the right as she could to make sure he wasn't following her. Heat and overwhelming fear gripped her as she plotted to run out the door. Surely, one of her neighbors would take her in, they would probably think someone broke in and raped her. Her heart slammed

against her ribcage, and she became slightly dizzy as the blood rushed at a quickened pace towards her brain.

Even if she acquiesced to whatever he wanted, would he allow her to leave once the weekend was over? Diana wasn't waiting around to find out; instinct caused her to bolt to the door, unlatching the deadbolt, turning the knob, and....damn. She managed to open the door, but a mighty force pushed it shut, and she felt seething hot breath upon her neck.

"Oh shit, oh shit, shit shit," she thought, squeezing her eyes shut, and biting her bottom lip. She would surely die now.

Julian growled, a deep throaty growl causing the hair on her neck to stand up. Forcefully, he pressed his body hard against hers, pressing her against the cold hard door. His fingers laced themselves in her thick tresses and he spun her around so fast, making her woozy. His eyes raging with fury caused Diana to push against the door, wishing it would magically suck her up. Reaching down, he grabbed her jaw, holding her head back against the door, his nostrils flaring, her fear and human scent filling them.

Julian's incisors grew longer than she had seen them all evening, thanks to the light from her bedroom. Cringing as he slid his hand to her throat, and squeezed, hitting her head against the door, Julian threatened to fuck her harder than he fucked her earlier.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard, my cock will come out your belly button," Julian threatened, pulling her to the window, and retrieving the ties himself.

In a desperate attempt to escape, Diana dug her heels into the carpet, clawing at his fingers in vain. What good that did her, he simply picked her up, slinging her over his shoulders as though she weighed nothing. Something pulled within her center as he carried her to her bedroom. Throwing her on the bed so she sat on her ass, he grabbed her arm and flung her onto her belly.

Immediately, Julian spanked her ass, hard. Diana howled in pain as he spanked her again, in the same area. He continued this ten times, eventually slipping a finger deep into her dripping cunt, forcing her body to shake with pained pleasure. He spanked the ass cheek five more times, groaning as he witnessed the blood rushing to her stinging ass cheek. Bending down, Julian swirled his tongue around on the stinging cheek, eventually grazing it with his incisors. He continued to nip her cheek, eventually penetrating the skin, drawing blood from her while he fingered her slick pussy.

"Ohhh fuck," She groaned. This was absolutely the most delectable, darkest pleasure Diana had ever experienced. He had taken her to so many heights within their short time together, introducing her to pleasures she never experienced, and emotions she never thought she owned. Her instincts warned her of approaching danger, but she ignored them, completely surrendering herself to her vampire lover. Grinding her sopping cunt against the bedcovers, she let out a stifled moan. He pulled at her ass cheeks with his incisors, reminding her she had yet another strike against her. Eventually stopping, Julian treated the opposite cheek in the same manner.

"You do know you are in violation of our agreement," he whispered in mid-slap. With every word, he slapped her ass harder. "How many times must I remind you of this, not to move, or speak?" His final slap was hard, causing Diana to jump, biting into her lip, actually drawing blood. He obviously wanted her to fuck up again and scream.

Tears stinging her eyes, he continued the aggressive assault of her pussy with his fingers, while feeding on her other ass cheek. She lay there, as pleasure and pain possessed her body. Her juices dripped to her clitoris, and produced loud squishing sounds as Julian bathed his fingers in her juices. Her body shook as she fought to contain herself, which was becoming a losing battle. Julian smiled wickedly after withdrawing his incisors from her ass cheeks.

"Stand up," he commanded. Quickly, she arose; afraid he would feed off her again. "Oh, I do plan to feed from you again. What I have done so far is just snack on you, once I fuck you again, I will drink from your neck, quenching my bloodlust," he promised. "Now, what I need is your pussy again. You're going to let me fuck you," Julian snarled, placing his arm around her neck again. Pulling her close, with the force of his forearm against her neck, breathing his hot breath against her earlobe, whispering, "You are forever mine, Diana. You belong to me, and no one else. It is only you whose neck I shall drink from, and it is your pussy only that will sate my sexual cravings."

With those words, her liquid fire dripped along her inner thighs, and her clitoris swelled even more, especially upon finding out what he actually planned to do with those ties. He

was going to tie her to the four-post bed. By the time he had finished with her, she had her arms in the air, and pulled in opposite directions, by the cords. He accomplished the same feat with her legs, they were spread as wide as they would go, leaving her vulnerable to him.

"One last thing," Julian said, eyeing Diana with ferocious intensity. He looked around the room for something, *anything* he could blindfold her with. Quickly, he decided on tying a pillowcase around her head. Now, the wench would never suspect what was coming. He witnessed her body trembling, and she sniffled a few times, but she was doing well in suppressing the talking.

He decided he would ignite her senses by running his fingers lightly over her entire body. Inhaling deeply, he smelled the sweet cream of her pussy. He tickled the medial side of her arms with his touch, causing her to inhale sharply, watching with lust-filled eyes as she bit her lip, and wrinkled her face. Oh, those fucking full sensuous lips drove him insane. Tonight, she would wrap them around his thick cock, and he would have to give her a special pearl necklace. He growled at the thought of his cock busting a load deep into her throat. He continued touching her neck, chest, and breasts in this manner. Every now and again, he would stop, allowing her to let her guard down, as he continued his sweet torture upon her.

He toyed mercilessly with her breasts, and her pussy, eventually he entered her, his cock parting her creamy pussy lips. Letting out a groan as he deeply penetrated her insides, Julian pumped her pussy hard, pulling her hair roughly, and

quenching the heavy ache that assaulted her core. Diana loved being so helpless to the dark creature of the night. Her pussy creamed heavily as he placed his arm around her neck, pulling her towards him with his forearm, quickening the pace in which he pumped vigorously within her sweet snatch.

Inhaling deeply, he could smell her pussy cream. Her scent was intoxicating, as were her other attributes. He reveled at the fact that she could not move or see anything. His incisors ached to penetrate the sweet spot upon her neck as he brushed them ever so lightly across her pulse. He observed how hard she fought not to move, sinking her nails deep into the palms of her hands, as she clenched her jaws tightly in ecstasy. Continuing his hold upon her neck, his other hand slid to her large clitoris, stroking it with an increasing pace as her muscles tightened even more around the girth of his cock, forcing pre-come to spill slightly against her aching walls. It was time to unleash his beast, the dark shadow that lurked restlessly beneath Julian's human facade, waiting impatiently to consume the dark beauty.

"Ah, you are behaving so nicely, my dark jewel. It is time for us both to savor our release, do you agree? You are free to move, to grind against my cock, and to scream if you want. Yes, scream, I want to hear you scream as I devour you," he grunted in a deep demonic sounding voice, causing her rising orgasm to snatch the breath from her lungs. Although she couldn't see it, she sensed a noticeable change within Julian. His voice was strangely deeper, his strength increased, and his scent changed, deeply intoxicating her. The way he caressed her body and thrust into her changed as

well, as though he was assuming an alter ego, but Diana no longer cared about anything at this point. At this particular moment in time, two lovers had invoked the deep carnal desires within her, and it was the lovers who would feast upon her flesh and blood tonight.

"Oooh...Oooh," Diana moaned as she bucked her hips, her juices flowing against the vampire's cock. Her body shook uncontrollably. Julian slipped his finger between her parted lips, coaxing her to suck it, like a small cock, in which she greedily obliged him. She wrinkled her face, looking as though she were in great pain, her oval lips sucking, biting mercilessly on Julian's finger. His chest rumbled against her, it was awesome feeling his growl, making the hair on her neck stand on end. Something ancient, powerful, dark and dangerous was rising to the surface from the depths of Julian, something she knew she would never be able to deny. Although bound, the instinct to run surged through every nerve in her body, yet the urge to helplessly surrender to him was even greater.

"Fuck me harder, fuck me harder," she groaned, gritting her teeth as Julian squeezed her clit, and nipped her neck, breaking the skin a little, causing Diana to buck and grind uncontrollably. His nostrils flared and his eyes glowed at the sound of her screams as he picked her up slightly off the floor. The adrenaline rush within her was too great.

"That's it," The demonic voice coaxed. "Keep creaming on my cock baby. Give it to me. Come for me, Diana." He grunted as her liquid heat soaked his coarse pubic hair, creeping to his tight, firm balls. "Ahhh," he growled as the

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

mind numbing orgasm began rocking his body. At last, he would bust his seed deep within that dark, wicked pussy of hers. Greed gripped him as he almost withdrew his cock from her creamy pussy, slamming it deep within her one last time, his heavy balls twitching, as his thick hot seed rushed into the slick walls of her hot, pulsating cunt. Sinking his incisors deep within her throat, his body shook as her life essence spilled into him, coursing through his veins like liquid fire, making every nerve in his body awaken with life; her life.

Diana screamed at the top of her lungs as the combination of her fierce orgasm, his orgasm, and the sensation of his fangs penetrating her fevered flesh, rocking her soul and her body. With every thrust, Julian sucked even harder at the sweet spot of her neck, causing her body to twitch uncontrollably. His hot seed rushed with impending force against her cervix, causing her muscles to grip hold of his cock for dear life. An invisible force seemed to levitate her body in mid-air, as she wanted nothing more than to surrender to the deep dark submission of her dark lover again, and again, for all eternity. Cursing as her body returned to earth, she could not help but succumb to the approaching darkness, covering her entire being like a dark veil.

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

Chapter 15

Diana awoke, lying on her side, her vision blurred at first, as her eyes fought to read the green digits of her alarm clock. Slowly, her eyes adjusted; it was three fifty-seven in the morning. Julian lay beside her, his arm possessively pulling her closer to him. A soft sigh escaped her lips as her nipples swelled and, and her pussy purred as she remembered how Julian ravished her body the evening before. She panted heavily as her body screamed for more of the same treatment.

Her hand instantly flew to her neck in an effort to ease the throbbing sensation, causing a gasp to escape her lips as she felt two small scabs. A smile formed upon her lips as she realized she now belonged to Julian, body and soul. An alien hunger engulfed her, and a foggy mist entered her brain, making her dizzy. She felt weakened and decided there was something she needed, something only Julian could give. She ran her tongue along her sharp pointy incisors, and a loud demanding growl released from her throat, causing Julian to stir, stroking her full breasts.

"Ah, are you ready to feed my pet?" Julian asked huskily. "Roll over my sweet, allow me to give that which you now crave so freely," he coaxed, sitting up in the bed, his disheveled hair framing his handsome face. Diana sighed heavily as she straddled his cock, eventually impaling herself upon it. Saliva dripped from her incisors as Julian guided her head to his neck. Instinctively, Diana fed with greed as a

wounded growl formed deep within Julian's throat. She bucked her hips and ground hard onto his cock, twitching, bursting, and eventually spilling her creamy liquid upon his cock as she sucked greedily at the vampire's blood.

"Harder, greedy bitch," he demanded, gritting his teeth as the mix of her liquid fire and incisors pushed him over the edge. He squeezed her voluptuous ass cheeks as the pained pleasure gripped his body, eventually causing him to bust his seed deep into her cunt.

Diana met his climax with equal abandon as she came again, feasting upon his neck until she had her fill. Holding her head back, she roared with such ferocity, causing Julian to sink his fangs into his mate's neck, sucking for all he was worth, eventually stopping once he rode his climax to completion, filling Diana. After his fill of her blood, he sealed the small puncture wounds and looked at her in awe.

"What have you done to me, Julian?" Diana seethed, his blood still fresh in her mouth. Her body shook, with an overwhelming desire. All her emotions and thoughts were rolled into one, which frightened her. The voices she heard caused her head to pound. Thoughts and voices from people in other condominiums came pouring in on her, like an avalanche.

I have sealed our bond forever, Diana." Julian spoke softly, placing a hand upon her shoulder.

Pissed, Diana pushed his hand off her. She felt dazed, confused, angry one minute, happy, the next. This emotional roller coaster of hers was pissing her off to no end, and all she wanted to do was smash Julian's skull in.

"I fucking hate blood," Diana admitted. "I can't stand the sight of it. How could you do this to me?" she asked, slapping him in the face.

"Diana, I'm warning you. Put your hands on me again, and I'll..."

"You'll what?" Diana growled through gritted teeth, her fangs causing her pain as they broke through her gums once more.

The woman was a force to be reckoned with, Julian decided. Her eyes glowed with pure fury, and he read her thoughts. She wanted to destroy him, for what he turned her into. He would have to act fast to teach her the ways of the vampire. Right now, she was a danger to herself, him, and anyone else who came into contact with her.

"Diana, I want you to be happy, but I'm not going to let you put your hands on me. No matter how angry I become with you, I won't ever put my hands on you, and I expect the same from you, do I make myself clear?" Julian said in a firm tone.

"Why yes, master, anything you say," Diana spat in a sarcastic tone that felt like nails clawing a chalkboard to Julian. He hated sarcasm, and she knew it. Wonderful, he would have to close his mind to her temporarily. Right now, she was throwing a huge hissy fit. Getting out of bed, Diana began to dress.

"Where are you going?" Julian asked.

"Out," she replied quickly.

"Out where?" Julian asked, rising from the bed.

"Well fuck, Julian, do I have to tell you every fucking thing now, since we share this bond, and I'm now some blood sucking monster, like you?" Diana hissed.

Julian understood Diana's feelings, but she was taking things too far. It was normal to experience a myriad of emotions, but Diana was purposely trying to get his goat.

"I can't let you leave, Diana. You need to stick close to me, so that I can train you," Julian insisted.

"Julian, I'm fucking hungry," she hissed, clutching her stomach.

"I need more blood, but I fucking hate it! Why have you condemned me to hell?" she cried, tears streaming down her face.

"What have I done to you?" Julian asked, approaching Diana, taking her into his arms. He relaxed when she didn't put up a fight.

He had gone too far, allowing his beast to gain control, the demon now only a slight echo, was laughing, enjoying the chaos he created. He should have never bitten her again, for the third bite was the last before transformation. Ensuring his mind was closed from Diana's, he feared the worst. Diana would most likely become a rogue vampire if he couldn't tame her. If he wasn't successful in controlling her, she'd become the target of vampire hunters and certain covens. She shifted in his arms, quickly grabbing his forearm, placing his wrist to her mouth. Before he could stop her, she latched on like a leech and commenced to suck his life essence with her fangs.

The little conniving bitch. She was bold in helping herself to his blood. Julian didn't protest much, as he gave in to the

soft, hot feel of her mouth, and the sharp canines that fed profusely on him. His cock hardened, and he shivered as he felt a small drop of pre-come ooze out of the large round head. A soft growl escaped his lips as his mate fed from him.

He hoped she would not need to feed again until twelve hours from now. If he wasn't careful, she'd drain him while in blood lust. She was now his responsibility, and he had to be careful.

Withdrawing her fangs, Diana looked up at Julian, wrapping her arms around him.

"You taste so sweet, Julian," Diana purred. "Let's fuck."

"No, we need to talk," he replied.

"There's nothing we need to talk about. If you won't fuck me, let me go out," she snapped.

"For what?"

"Darling, to feed, I just want to feed. Maybe even fuck."

Diana smiled an evil grin, pissing Julian off so badly, he actually had to step away from her because the urge was so strong to slap her. He didn't believe in beating women, and he wasn't about to start now. The thought of her writhing under another male, vampire or human was too painful for him to bear and infuriated him to no end.

"What do you plan to hunt?" he hissed, knowing she would give him an answer he didn't want to hear.

"Humans, of course. Maybe I should pay that she-bitch boss of mine a visit." She giggled. "I've always fucking hated her. It wasn't enough that I had to do my job, I did hers as well," Diana seethed. "Sometimes that bitch took the fucking credit. I'll enjoy ripping her fucking throat and heart out."

"Diana, watch what the hell you are saying!" Julian bellowed. "Humans are off limits, and you need to watch your emotions, Diana. I have a large blood supply at home. We can go there tonight once the sun sets," Julian informed her.

"What kind of blood? Human hopefully."

"No, Diana, damn you. You know I drink animal blood," Julian replied.

"*Oh fuck you.* I want the real thing."

"No, what you want is the thrill of the hunt, Diana. You can't do that, it's wrong," Julian insisted. "You're in a blood-rage right now, and I can help you control it. Please, you must trust me."

"Well mother fucker, you should have thought about that before you bit me while you fucked me. I was quite happy a human. Do you know you have taken my entire life from me? I'm now a threat to my family," Diana growled through gritted teeth, clenching her stomach as she doubled over in pain. Julian tried helping her, only for her to almost push him on his ass. The transformation had left her weak momentarily, but once she gained full strength...

"Diana, you were never happy, neither was I, until I met you. We were both two lonely, pathetic souls who hated the confines of our existence. We sought to live instead of merely existing, why do you think our paths crossed?" Julian explained.

"You're full of shit, Jules. You betrayed me. You knew the third bite would turn me. For that betrayal, bastard, you will pay dearly," Diana growled.

The Beast Within
by Charisma Knight

"Diana, you don't have to fight me every step of the way. I can help you control your beast."

"You know what I want? I want to go to Los Angeles. I need to pay my brother, Damian, a visit," Diana whispered. "I hear the clubs there are awesome."

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The End

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

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Transformed into a she-vamp, Diana learns there is a price to pay for her bloodlust. Although Julian tries to teach her the ways of the vampire race, Diana decides she doesn't want to play by the rules, ultimately wreaking havoc upon the humans, leaving a wake of bodies drained of their blood. Not even Julian can contain the monster he has created. After attracting vampire hunters, Diana and Julian retreat to Los Angeles

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Damian and his werewolf partner, Kwan Lee are forced into a world of underground vampire Goth clubs, deadly games, and close calls as Diana tries to lure them to their doom. Julian ultimately sees that she is totally out of control, eventually teaming up with Kwan and Damian. In an effort to contain her instead of destroying her, the trio is forced to deal with Diana in a most harsh manner, until they can find a way to stifle her dark beast within.

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

About the Author

I enjoy writing historical and contemporary novellas, some of which are a mixture of the darker paranormal. My heroines and heroes are old, reincarnated and cursed souls who are forced to live out their existence until they have atoned for past sins they truly care not to remember. Most often, my characters are struggling between good and evil within, while some easily succumb to the darkness, others aggressively fight for what they believe in, ultimately achieving a higher level of happiness and salvation within their cursed existence.

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

The Beast Within
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