



Purr For Me

By

Belladonna Bordeaux

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Bryanna Stabler checked her reflection in the mirrored elevator doors one last time. She shrugged at her ensemble of black a-line skirt that brushed the tops of her knees and conservative white blouse.

Not much I can do about it. It's not like I planned on meeting Alexi for a tryst while on the campaign trail.

A small smile lifted the corners of her ruby-tinted lips. Beneath her clothes was her sexiest set of underwear—ivory on white floral print bra, matching panties, garter belt and hose. Alexi loved it when she wore a lacy garter, especially if the attached hose ended in a pair of red stiletto heels.

Her gaze lifted to the illuminated numbers while a throb pulsed deep in the pit of her belly. Wetness moistened her feminine folds.

God knows I need this. Worn out from the long days of stomping from coast to coast for her father, she blew out an exhausted sigh. Flipping over the key-card in her hand, her heart rate accelerated as the lift crept up floor by floor. *I can't wait to see what you have planned.*

Although still somewhat stunned by Alexi Bolshenski's surprise invitation to join him for dinner and a dessert of the sexual persuasion, she was glad for the respite. Their six-month long love affair was heating up. Alexi knew exactly what she liked—to play the bad girl to his bad boy persona.

And Alexi was bad through and through. *Notorious womanizer* was how her mother described Alexi. *Unacceptable* was her father's opinion of her boyfriend.

Bryanna considered tall, dark, and absolutely yummy Alexi hot,

hot, hot.

So, she'd hidden their dalliances with coy excuses and outright lies. *What they don't know won't hurt them.*

Well, considering her father's plummeting ratings in the popularity polls right now, what the press discovered might just kill his chances at the presidency. She'd be in the thick of it then.

Luckily, there wasn't a chance in hell she'd be seen by a member of her father's entourage or the press corps tonight. Nope, they were well on their way to Iowa and the next big town hall meeting.

Dear old dad finally told me to take a break. A giggle bubbled up in her throat, but she managed to swallow it at the same moment the bell dinged. She drank in a deep lungful of air and slowly exhaled. Squaring her shoulders, she strode out of the elevator and walked down the burgundy-colored carpet to Alexi's room.

She stopped in front of room 713, pursed her lips, and followed his directions to walk in. The key-card slipped cleanly into the slot. Hearing the lock open, she pushed down the latch with her free hand.

The ding of the second elevator reaching the floor forced her to dash into the room. It was a knee-jerk reaction, but a part of being a Senator's daughter, too. Since before she could remember, the news hounds had been hot for her ass. Hell, her first-day-of kindergarten picture had been clipped from the local newspaper. Her mother thought the framed article sitting on the living room mantle was funny. Bryanna considered it mortifying.

"Hello, Bry." Alexi's resonant bass voice brought her around. "I've missed you."

Gulping against the desert dryness choking her breath, she slashed her gaze across the room. She found him sitting in a companion chair near a run-of-the-mill desk. The etched planes of his face were accentuated by the low glow emitted from the bedside lamp.

God, you are sexy.

Her nipples tightened to hard buds. "I can't tell you how much I've missed you."

Rather than race to where he sat and rip his clothes from his body,

she braced her weight against the door and reveled in the moment. Damn, he looked good enough to eat tonight. Decked in a loose-fitting shirt that accentuated the width of his broad shoulders and jeans which showed off his muscular thighs, he ought to come with a warning label: "Danger, this man will make you do things you never dreamed of."

She checked herself and her thoughts. "You took an awfully big risk coming here," she said.

"You mean you took the risk by accepting my invitation."

A blush heated her cheeks. Aware she'd smacked his masculine ego when she told him they couldn't be seen in public, she wondered for the fiftieth time if she shouldn't have broken it off. Well, at least until the campaign was over. Whether or not her parents approved, there was no way she was giving him up for the long haul. She loved him and as soon as her father called it quits, she was going to let Alexi know. "Let's not fight. Not tonight, Alexi."

"Fine." He rose to his impressive height. "The cable news stations are saying if your father doesn't win Iowa, his run will be over," he said as he strode toward her. A shiver raced the length of her spine when he leveled his palms on the door and leaned down. "Is this true?"

"I don't want to talk about the campaign," she whispered against his lips. "God, I need you to fuck me."

"Your wish is my command, love."

From the first touch of his lips on hers, she succumbed to his spell. Wanton desire flowed through her system. "Yes," she murmured.

He planted her to his hard frame. Even through their clothes she felt his erection tightening his jeans. His grip slid down her arms to tighten around her wrists.

"I like it when you're rough with me."

A low growl rumbled in his chest. Pinning her wrists in one of his and above her head, he took her lips in another crushing kiss. He palmed her breast before caressing a hot path down her side to gather her skirt.

She sensed he held his desire and his strength in check. Licking his lips, she moaned when his hard grip shifted to her ass. Their tongues dueled. His tongue thrusting and retreating while he pushed her legs

apart with his thick thigh. He ground his jean-clad leg against her crotch. Heat pooled in her panties.

"I want you so damn bad," he rasped once he'd lifted his head. Plastered to his body, her pussy pulsing, she wanted him deep inside her, thrusting, driving all the stress from her life in the way only he could. And she needed him now.

"I can smell your heat." His shoulders lifted and fell on his next breath. "Purr for me, Bry."

She smiled. "I'd rather scream your name."

His laughter only served to ratchet up the heat flowing between them. "Tonight, you'll purr," he told her. Waltzing her across the room, he eased her down on the bed.

The cheap comforter felt rough against her sensitive skin. Pulling his shirt up, her hands drifted across the ridged muscles of his chest. She gazed deeply into his fathomless sky-blue eyes. An apology sprang to her lips. She'd treated him badly and all for her father's fucked up political aspirations.

I love you.

Her heart swelled in her chest when he laid a kiss to her forehead. "I'm sorry about what I said. My father can take a flying leap off the Capitol rotunda. You mean more to me than the stupid campaign," she rambled.

"Shh," he whispered. "No talking shop—remember?" He levered his body up until he stood staring at her.

"See something you like?" Stretching her arms over her head, she arched her back. Through the veil of her lashes, she shivered when he pulled his shirt over his head. The acre of tan skin he revealed made her gulp against the knot of lust growing in her throat. The tattoo on his left pec stared back at her. It was a wild cat surrounded by a frame of thorns. She recalled her mother's reaction to learning about the ink; she went ballistic.

"Only all of you," came his sultry response. "I'll start by undressing you. Then, after I've explored your body with my hands, my lips, I'll spread your gorgeous long legs and lick your sweet pussy."

She sucked in a gasp, her heart pounding in her chest. "Oh God." The words slipped from between her parted lips. She reached for him.

"Not yet," he told her. "I've brought you a surprise." He reached under the bed and pulled out two good-sized boxes. "Tonight, you'll wear this." His fingers drummed over the cardboard tops.

"Don't do this to me, Alexi. I want you." *God, how I hate it when you do this to me.*

She also knew this was a prelude to get her in "bad girl" mode. Bad she could handle. As horny as she was, though, she needed him to get her over the proverbial hump. And there was a quick, easy way to achieve her goal. Tease him with a bit of self-satisfaction. Tempt him out of his omnipresent attitude. Give him a show meant to make him crazy for her.

"Please."

"Please what?"

"Master, I need you." Without a blink, she fell into her role as his sex slave. A part he had introduced her to and which she found both intriguing and highly satisfying. She slid her panties down her hips and across her thighs then kicked them off. She spread her legs wide and allowed her fingers to roam across her disheveled clothes to find her feminine hot spot. Her finger flicked across her clit. She was about ready to thrust her forefinger into her channel when he stopped her with a growl.

"Enough, slave." His hand went to his belt buckle.

She could sense he was at the end of his patience. A small, devilish smile twitched at the corners of her lips.

"You'll do as you are told."

"I thought you wanted me to be bad for you," she cooed in a seductive voice.

"I want you on your knees, sucking my cock."

That's more like it.

"But not before you change into your new ensemble." He reached over and rapped his knuckles on the wall.

Bryanna's head jerked to the door leading to the adjoining suite. "What the fuck?" she muttered when Alexi's friends walked in.

Donatello Melchior was a man who she could really get into. He had the face of an angel and, if gossip was to be believed, could fuck with the best of them.

By contrast, Simon Burke was a bit of a tawny haired enigma. She didn't trust him, and his demeanor never failed to remind her of a grumpy bear who had awoken from his hibernation early.

More telling was the men's nonchalant stances. The way they carried themselves informed her that her lover was about to push the limits of her bad girl persona to the extreme.

Am I game? Hell, yes.

"They were a part of the surprise." Alexi nodded toward his friend. "Now, I want you to go into the bathroom and change your clothes. When you get back, we're going to give you the ride of your life."

She was having none of it. Her fingers slid easily into her pussy. A long, low moan burst from her throat. On the verge of telling him she didn't need him or his friends to get off, Bryanna was stunned when Donatello pulled her hand away from her cunt and held both her wrists over her head.

"You know better than to disobey me," Alexi stated crisply. "You'll do as I say."

"Jesus, Alexi." Her hips bucked as Simon gripped her left leg and Alexi took her right. "What do you want from me?" She moaned when Alexi's strong hand stroked down her thigh to tease her slick folds.

Oh, God.

"Absolute compliance," Donatello answered her.

Sliding her gaze to the chiseled planes of Alexi's face, she saw him nod. "Masters?"

She'd never considered multiple partners before, but she didn't want to reject the notion outright. Fuck, it might be nice to have one guy pummeling her pussy while another stroked her ass. Her pussy clenched with the first twinges of her orgasm. Alexi pulled his hand back. A scream of frustration gathered in her throat, but she managed to swallow it.

"Yes, Masters. Whatever you want."

They released her. "Get changed," Alexi ordered.

"Okay." She shook her head when her voice trembled. *I've never been this turned on before.*

"Don't keep us waiting too long," Alexi warned. Assisting her off the bed, he pulled her close and laid a kiss to her brow.

"I won't, Masters." She gathered the boxes and headed for the bathroom. A "thank you" sat on the tip of her tongue, but she decided to save her gratitude for after the sexual smorgasbord. An involuntary shiver raked the length of her spine.

Three on one. Who would have thought her boyfriend was into group sex?

Not me.

* * * * *

"Alexi, are you sure you want to go through with this?" Simon asked once the bathroom door closed. "It isn't as if you are a half-caste."

Snorting in derision, Alexi stared at the mass-produced painting hung on the wall. No, he wasn't half-caste. He wasn't even close to the half-blooded paranormals who'd banded together for the sake of survival, although he had accepted his place in the New Pack.

If he was totally honest with his pack mates, he'd tell the rag-tag bunch of hybrids their best chance to survive the coming war was to run for the hills, find a comfortable cave, and stay put until the battles were over. In that respect he was like them, except the decision to face the enemy had been taken out of his hands. His overlord, King Samuel Burke of the Royal Werelions, had commanded the last Maltese Tiger to secret himself away to Great Britain. There he'd live in Falstaff Manor.

Raking his fingers through his hair, he tilted his gaze to Simon, crowned prince and heir to the Royal Werelion throne. "What would you do if you were in my position? Let her go?"

"There are dozens of lionesses who'd jump at the chance to be your bride," Simon countered.

In Simon's statement lay his problem. He didn't want a werelioness, tigress or any other werecat. *Hell no, I want Bryanna.*

Desperately. Slashing his hand down, he felt his fingers curl and his claws prick through his skin. He forced his claws to retract. "I won't reject the primal instinct."

"Stop thinking with your dick. It's bad enough she's a mortal. The news that her father is a card-carrying member of the League for the Preservation of Humanity is nothing short of suicide. He'll nail your hide to his wall and raise his glass of port to it every night because he killed the last Maltese Tiger."

"Damn it, Simon, I know what's on the line." He wished someone could stop the rampant passion Bryanna brought out in him. It was impossible. Nobody, not even the great goddess, Diana, who'd gifted him with immortality, could stave off the need to fuck Bryanna. Even as his penis throbbed against his button-front jeans, his heart swelled with love. This went beyond the physical aspect of mating.

He adored her. Cherished her.

Turning to his best friend, Alexi glared at the half-demon, half-elf. "Donatello, is there any rule in the Were code which states I can't claim a mate?"

Donatello didn't waste any time in answering. "She's a wonderful woman, and if you really want her, I say go for it." Donatello sighed with vexation at Simon. "And, for the record, the Were code states you must woo your mate whether she's mortal or not. The decision to complete the ceremony is strictly hers alone."

"Donatello, can you hear yourself?"

"I'm sure Bryanna can hear *you*, Simon," Alexi interrupted in a vicious whisper. "If you're out, then say so and leave. I'll not have an unwilling second at my mating." His proverbial best man, or second as they were called in the paranormal world, shook his head but stood rooted to his spot. "Fine. I want her so mindless with lust that she won't even know what's happened until after I've marked her as my territory." Alexi jerked his gaze from Simon to Donatello. "Is that clear?"

"Crystal," Simon drawled.

"I'll do my best, Alexi," Donatello stated enthusiastically.

Only mildly concerned Simon would do something to thwart the

mating, Alexi nodded. His heart throbbed. He could feel the tension in the room grow. *Hurry up, Bry.* Gulping against the anxiety choking his throat, he propped his fists on his hips. *Don't make me come in there and get you.* Though the idea held some merit, he mused less than thirty seconds later.

In his mind's eye, he could picture her surprised expression. She'd be in a state of undress. Maybe she'd be adjusting those sexy garters she knew drove him crazy with lust.

His cock swelled more, and his palm itched to touch her, his mouth to taste her silky skin.

Fuck me.

* * * * *

Bryanna peeked her head out the door. *Holy Mother of God.* Gulping against the desert dryness forming in her throat, she took in her rapt audience. Moisture clung to her feminine folds when Alexi sent her a wink.

She brushed her hand down the ultra-suede halter top Alexi had ordered her to wear. The skimpy thing, like its matching micro-mini skirt, left very little to the imagination. Her boobs felt ready to spill from the plunging V-neck. The mini was something else all together. It hugged her hips and barely covered her ass cheeks. Strategically placed brass buckles added just enough sparkle. Considering she was sans panties from their earlier play, she felt decadently sexy and ultra slutty. It was as if a whole new person, the dirty little sex kitten she kept hidden from everybody, was released.

"How do I look?" she asked. Sauntering across the room, she smiled at each man before sitting on the edge of the bed. Her gaze went to Alexi's face when they continued to stare. *Did I do something wrong?* "This isn't what you expected, Masters?"

"You look good enough to eat," Alexi muttered in a husky voice. "Turn over. I want to see your ass."

Doing as she was told, she levered herself farther up the mattress rather than risk landing in a heap on the floor. Two pairs of hands pulled

her back so only her torso was on the bed. Instinctively she bent her knees and realized they wanted her butt in the air. Her pussy ached for some attention when Donatello slapped her cheek.

"Spread your legs—wide," Alexi ordered. "And, clasp your hands behind your back."

Her thigh muscles twitched in protest, but she silently admitted she had to make a sight. Especially with the way the boots pushed up her butt and her skirt was forced up by her spread legs. Her pussy was on display for all three men to see.

"Hands behind your back."

No sooner had she complied than she felt furry bracelets go around her wrists. She recognized what they were by both sound and feel. *Hand cuffs. Jesus, talk about making my darkest fantasy come true.*

"Are you wet for us, slave?" Alexi asked from his place near the foot of the bed.

"Yes."

Punished for her response with another slap to her ass, Bry pushed her stinging cheek against the hand caressing her soft skin. "Oh God," she whispered. She tried to wiggle her butt closer to the fingers lingering near her crotch. Another smack jolted through her. Her channel clenched.

"You will only speak when commanded to respond. Is that clear, slave?"

Biting her lower lip, she nodded. Through wisps of hair, she watched Alexi undress. Turned on, she fought the urge to tell them to hurry up.

If his friends were anything like Alexi, she ought to get ready for a long night. Alexi wasn't a "get to it" kind of guy. He was a "make you wait until you're about ready to shatter" man with the patience of a saint and the stamina of a marathon runner.

A low moan broke from her throat when fingers rubbed the length of her cleft.

"Get her on her knees," Alexi stated. "I want to see how she does with two cocks at once."

Oh my God. Carefully hoisted so she knelt on the bed, her slick folds

moistened more when Donatello and Simon joined her. Her gaze flew to Alexi's face. He stood in front of them, bare-ass naked, and his cock at attention. His strong hand stroked it from base to tip, and she remembered how good it felt to have his shaft riding her pussy. As if he could read her mind, a wolfish grin broke across his features. She licked her suddenly dry lips, waiting for the play to begin.

She didn't have to wait long. Donatello brought his erection to her mouth. "Open up, slave," he ordered her. "I'm going to fuck your mouth."

Donatello adjusted his position so he faced her. Out of her peripheral vision, she saw Alexi nod.

"Begin," Alexi commanded in a voice that brooked no disobedience.

Simon's fingers wrapped around her bound wrists and guided her hands to his staff. No sooner had she began to stroke him than he gripped her scantily clad breasts. He tweaked the nipples through the lush suede. A minor twinge of pain shot from her nips to her pussy.

"Ah," she whimpered.

"Easy, Simon. I don't want her bruised but trained."

Alexi's statement permeated her passion-hazed brain. The words made her want to be her best for the man she loved. Anything he wanted her to do, every fantasy she wanted to experience culminated in the desire to prove herself to the one man who treated her like a real woman instead of a bauble to bear children and increase the family's social status.

Donatello pushed his cock between her parted lips. Cupping her head, he slowly worked his erection to the back of her mouth. The fire low in her belly turned to an inferno.

"Take all of him, slave," Alexi said. "Give him a blow job he'll never forget."

She pulled back for a split second. Measuring Donatello's length, she licked the head then took all of him into her mouth. Slowly at first she bobbed her head up and down his shaft. He took over, forcing her to take him down her throat.

"Oh God," she mumbled around Donatello's cock.

Simon had moved his fingers down to her pussy. He kept his punishing grip on her left breast while he flicked his free fingers across her clit. Unable to effectively stroke Simon, she relaxed her arms and palmed his balls.

Simon tapped her clit. Her pussy ached for his fingers to delve deep into her cunt. *Please.*

"Not yet, slave," Alexi said. "Simon, release her." He strode for the bed and motioned with a nod for Donatello to back off. Using the tips of his fingers on her chin, he brought her face to his. "Understand this, slave. Disobey us once, and you'll find yourself tied spread-eagle to the bed and at our mercy. Don't doubt we won't follow through on this threat."

What do you want me to do? Fight or submit?

He winked at her. "Just relax. You're going to enjoy this." Leaning in at the same instant Simon undid the cuffs, Alexi kissed her hard. His tongue drove between her lips to duel with hers. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and met his passion.

Simon's palm came down hard on her ass. "Ah," she moaned.

A cold trickle of fluid oozed down her crack. Fingers massaged it into her dark hole. If she hadn't been clinging to Alexi, she would have bolted forward when a finger jabbed her anus. Her pussy quivered with need as Simon pushed a second digit in. The sharp stab of pain dissipated. She broke the kiss. Panting, she closed her eyes to the sensations wracking her body. Tiny contractions raced down her channel. *Almost there.*

"Yes," she muttered, his thumb brushing her clit. "More."

Another smack jerked her forward. Panting, her orgasm so close she could taste it, she grabbed Alexi's cock in one hand, Donatello's in the other. Collapsing, she took Alexi's cock into her mouth and began to suck.

"Your slave likes this, Alexi," Donatello muttered. "She's good. You'd do well to keep her close."

"She's ready," Simon announced.

"Not yet," Alexi contradicted. "Lie down on your back, slave."

"Oh God, you're trying to kill me." Delicious tremors tightened her pussy. She rocked back and forth, searching for any means of release.

"I won't warn you again, slave," Alexi told her. He pulled her away

from Simon and Donatello. "Lie down—*now*."

Donatello freed her breasts from her halter while Simon held her hands over her head. Gasping, Bry jerked when Alexi ran his tongue up her thigh. "A little closer."

"Simon, teach her the meaning of silence."

Okay, so we're not playing good master, bad slave. "Ah," she moaned. Gladly giving Simon more head, she almost came undone when Donatello took her nipple into his mouth. Alexi's tongue was so close to her feminine hot spot, she shivered with anticipation. Give it to me. Just give it to me.

Struggling against Simon's firm grip on her wrists, she writhed. Alexi spread her legs wider. *Yes. Yes. Yes.*

"Alexi, you better hurry," Donatello said. "She won't last much longer."

Hurry. She nodded her head as far as she could. *Hurry is good.* The bed shifted and the tip of Alexi's cock teased her folds. Simon's cock slid from her mouth.

"Purr for me, Bry," Alexi demanded.

"*Fuck!*" she screamed. Her orgasm exploded on his first plunge and didn't stop. Hard, driving contractions raced from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. *Jesus.*

"Alexi, we aren't alone." Donatello's voice sounded far away.

Barely cognizant of anything but the huge cock pounding her pussy, Bry reached for him. "I want you. All of you."

Pulling her close until he lifted her off the bed, he plunged into her. His thrusts frenetic, building her up to another world shaking orgasm. "Trust me," he whispered against her lips.

Left no choice but to hang on, she threw her head back and shouted when he bit her collarbone. Her climax broke through her with renewed strength, the contractions haphazard, rampant. "Don't let go of me."

"Never," he muttered.

She tasted the tangy, metallic flavor of blood when he kissed her. Shaken to the pits of her soul, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders. "Come...for me."

A roar echoed off the walls. She heard the splintering of wood.

"Alexi, we're out of time," Simon informed them all.

"It's done," Alexi announced.

Given no time to recover, Bry cried out when Alexi pulled out of her and unceremoniously dumped her in the chair situated in the corner. "What the hell is going on?"

"Later," Alexi answered. He stood in front of her, his gaze on the other side of the room. "Donatello, get her out of here."

"Easy, Bry, this won't hurt."

She thought about fighting off Donatello's hands. The sound of a camera's auto-winder took the decision out of her hands. Peeking between Alexi and Simon's bodies, she gaped at the trio standing in the doorway. Her father's campaign manager was taking pictures of them?

"I'll see you at Eternity's Gate," Donatello exclaimed.

She didn't have the time to blink before a rushing wind gushed over her. Startled, her gaze slashed from one side of the gothic room to the other. "I...I..." Off balance, she shook her head to clear the fog from her mind. "Help," she muttered. A tingling cold sweat dotted her forehead and flickering specks swirled around her field of vision. She fainted.

* * * * *

"I want an explanation, and I want it now." Furious, Bry fixed her gaze on Alexi's face. Pulling the borrowed terrycloth robe tighter around her body, she shook her damp hair away from her face. She appreciated the hot shower she'd taken once she roused from her faint. Her lover's silence she could do without.

"I already told you. We're not normal."

"That's obvious," she sniped. "Alexi, I love you, but you're going to have to do a whole lot better than your 'By the by, I'm a Maltese Tiger. A man gifted with immortality by an ancient goddess.'"

She didn't know which was harder to believe. That Alexi was a paranormal—something her father believed in but she rejected as old wives' tales and fodder for stomp speeches—or that she'd landed her ass

in the middle of a brewing war between things that went bump in the night and the normal world. "I'm trying to wrap my brain around this, but I need more information."

"Come here, Bry," he said, holding out his hand. "Please."

She glared at his hand for a moment. "Why should I trust you?" *Why should I trust anybody?* The memory of Vincent Delgado taking pictures of the foursome made her sick. *Dad.* His need to control every aspect of her life had gone too far.

"Because I have never done anything to hurt you except not tell you what I planned to do tonight. When you came up with your plan to hide our relationship, I agreed. Not because I thought it was best for us but to save you from your father's anger." He dropped his hand to his side. "And you can't tell me there's another man on the planet that can make you purr like I do."

He's got a point. She'd been the one who had proposed they keep their affair secret until after the election was over. "Relationships based on sex never last. Look at the divorce rate—"

"Maltese Tigers mate for life."

"You're an immortal. You can't tell me you're going to watch me grow old and die then never look for love again. I know your sexual appetite, Alexi. Two days out of respect for the dead and you'll be out hunting for skirt."

"You are now immortal, too."

"Ha ha."

"Look at my mark."

"You mean where you bit me?"

"Yes."

Turning her back to him, she peeked at her collar bone. "This is no good." She couldn't see a damn thing. She padded across the room to the vanity. Easing the collar of her robe to the side, she stared at the tattoo on her shoulder. "It's like yours except mine has flowers framing it."

"It's the mark of a mated Tigress. The Goddess help any who'd try to harm you for I'll have no mercy upon them."

She didn't doubt he meant what he said. She tilted her gaze to his

handsome features. He skimmed his hands down her arms to weave his fingers with hers. "Hey, what are you doing?" All her attempts to get away from him were useless. "I'm not done being mad at you yet."

"Yes, you are."

"Alexi," she started but ended up moaning when he ran his tongue lightly around the shell of her ear.

"I'd hear you say you love me again."

Trembling, her feminine folds growing moist, she shook her head. "I don't."

"Less than five minutes ago you did." He palmed her tits through the thick cloth. "What's wrong, Bry. You don't want to play?"

Held to the firm wall of his muscular chest, she gritted her teeth. "Stop it." She broke free. The fire in his stunning silver eyes warned her, he wasn't going to give up. "I have a headache."

"Sure you do."

"I'm tired."

"Just think how good you'll sleep after I fuck you."

"I don't want to." Step for step, he backed her toward the massive four-poster bed dominating the bedroom.

"I'll prove you do in less than three minutes."

She ran for the bed, intent on crawling across it. He caught her by the hem of her robe. It fell from her shoulders. She'd only made it halfway across the bed when he was on top of her. "Let me go," she meant to say it in a forceful voice; instead, she giggled when he flipped her over and pinned her to the mattress with his weight.

"Less than three minutes," he corrected his estimate. "Be bad for me, Bry." He took her lips in a blistering kiss. His tongue slid easily into her mouth, teasing her out of her foul mood.

Bad is in my repertoire. She felt a smile creep across her lips. "Want to get naked?"

"Don't move."

She knew this game inside and out. A little rough play followed by hard sex. Holding her breath until he rose to his full, impressive height, she made a great show of watching him peel off his tee-shirt. Her pussy

started to throb. "What are you waiting for?"

"You to make your move," he informed her.

"I'm not going anywhere." It was a lie and part of the game. Alexi liked the stalk and capture part of this. She'd gotten pretty good at eluding him. The other side of this play was once he did grab her, she continued to fight him. That part never failed to make her hot for his cock.

She dashed for the other side of the bed as his tee slipped over his head. "Okay, this is how we're going to handle this. Every time you catch me, you have to answer one of my questions." She held up her index finger.

"You think I'm going to let you go once I catch you?" he asked as he undid his button fly and shoved his jeans down his legs.

"Maybe I only have one question." The truth was she had two.

"And for every orgasm I give you, I get a promise."

Dubious, she eyed him. She couldn't imagine what he was up to. *Promise?* "Okay."

He nodded. "Let the game begin."

She raced for the door, then switched direction and headed for the Queen Anne chair flanking the gothic fireplace. Searching the room, she sighed. "Disappearing wasn't one of the rules." *I can't believe I just said that.*

"Who said I disappeared?" he muttered from behind her. "I always play by the rules. Can I help it if I'm one of the fastest natural born predators?"

"True," she said. Dodging around the chair, expecting to face him, she screamed when he wrapped his arm around her waist. He had her knees on the chintz cushion and her hands planted on the back before she could say "Boo." His fingers skimmed down her spine across her ass cheek, then he sank two into her pussy.

"Yes." His fingers drove into her core. Twinges raked her feminine walls. "Yes."

"Ask your question."

"Do you love me?" she managed to say around her panting breaths.

"If I didn't, I wouldn't be here." He added a third finger. His hand worked her pussy hard. Hit her clit in the best way. Her nipples tightened to hard buds. Sucking in a sharp gasp, she clenched her teeth.

Damp tendrils of hair clung to her cheeks. She couldn't hold off her orgasm. Her chest rose and fell in rapid succession. Her thighs pulled together, trapping his fingers. "Fuck," she shouted.

"Come for me, Bry." He held her head to his chest. She grabbed for his shoulders.

She didn't need further encouragement. Safely tucked against his body, she cried out as she climaxed. Clinging to him, she kissed the tattoo gracing his pec.

Taking a moment to recover, she spied his erection.

"You owe me."

"What's...ah...the promise you want?"

"You'll travel with me to Falstaff Manor and remain by my side for as long as the war lasts."

"Do I have an option B?"

"No. You're now one of us. The Council won't care who you were or where you came from. They'll want your hide." He kissed the top of her head. "I can't live without you, and I'd rather die than watch you cut down by a hunter."

Put in those terms, what choice did she have? "I'll go with you."

"Good." He eased his fingers from her soaked channel. "Your move."

Leave it to Alexi to handle this like a chess game. She slapped him hard. Climbing off the chair, she stood in front of him on legs that felt boneless. "I can't." It was a lie. She was just trying to throw him off his game. Her heart pounded in her chest, and she stiffened her spine.

"Then cry surrender."

"I'm not known for giving up." She sent him one of her best innocent smiles.

"That's what I'm counting on," he said, a serious tone marring his words.

She squealed and raced for the bed. "Let me go."

“Never,” he said, pulling her toward him. “Ask your next question.”

Their gazes met and locked. The time for games was over. “What’s going to happen to us?”

“Ah, my mate, I don’t know. Both the elves and the fae have agreed to give the cat-shifters sanctuary should the battles go awry but there are no guarantees in life—even an immortal one.”

Sobered, she nodded. “I’m tired of playing.”

“So am I.” He eased into her. Lifting her in his arms, he held her close as he started a slow dance.

Supported by his strength alone, she moved with the flow. Every plunge perfect, he brought her down gently and laid gentle kisses to her neck. He slowly increased the pace drawing out the passionate woman she knew she was.

“Bry, just remember this, I love you now and forever.”

“I love you so much.” Hugging him close, she exploded. She felt his cum flood into her. “You better demand your next promise before I faint again.”

“I don’t need any more promises for the moment. I have everything I could ever desire right here in my arms.”

“Me, too,” she whispered. Staring into his gaze, she kissed him for all she was worth.

The End

Author Bio

In Belladonna's formative years, her mother, an author, told her, "An imagination is a terrible thing to waste." She wanted Belladonna to write, but instead she became a professional portrait photographer. Drawing inspiration from the candid moments occurring during her daytime job, Belladonna decided that every human being has a story to tell. She now writes paranormal, historical, fanta-historical, and multi-cultural contemporary romance with emphasis on real life cultural divides—and she wants to write science fiction. First, though, she'll have to photograph a real live alien.

When not working on her next story, she's out with friends or killing time with her family, but her camera is never far from her side and the next story never far from her thoughts.

You can learn more about Belladonna and her work on her website at www.belladonnabordeaux.com, on Facebook by looking up Belladonna Bordeaux, and by reading her blog at <http://bellabeenbad.blogspot.com/>.