

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



Sweet Heat

JAN SPRINGER

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Running from an arranged marriage, Juliette Dárques hides within Vampira, a secret clique of female vampires who live among humans and have sworn off sex with males. Julie thought she was safe until scorching dreams leave her craving every hot, pulsing inch of the twin vamps newly hired at the factory she owns. Every night they set her fangs on fire, sandwiching her between their strong, naked bodies, whisking her into a world of forbidden ecstasy.

Caleb and Zander Davenport have always shared a magnificent brotherly bond, which includes the need to share their females. Lately, they've been hungering for Julie...and plan on seducing her out of her dreams and into their arms.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

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ISBN 9781419927621

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Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication March 2010

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Chapter One

1910, The French Alps

“You will do as your sire instructs and attend your wedding!” Krystal Dárques snapped with such vehemence that Juliette couldn’t help but shrink in fear. Her mother’s eyes were sparkling, bright amber, indicating she’d reached the end of her patience with her youngest daughter. Mother Dearest wasn’t the only one ticked off, Juliette fumed to herself. Over the past century they’d had this fight way too many times.

Tonight, however, things were different. Desperation raged within Juliette, for it was quite literally the eve before her arranged union to two male vamps she’d never met. That she had no wish to go ahead with this joining just so her sire could form one of the most powerful covens in France wasn’t an issue for her parents. It was, however, a big problem for her!

Her older siblings, bless them all, had dutifully obeyed their sire and they seemed happy with the mates selected for them. But Juliette didn’t want happy. She wanted adventure and freedom from the tight constraints of the Traditionalist life. Despite her belonging to the Traditionalists, who forbade single females to roam away from their homes alone, Juliette had snuck out many times to explore the nighttime beauty as well as to meet with other female vampire friends who also defied their parents.

That’s where she’d learned there was a huge world out there with many human women beginning to break free of their restraints. It’s also where she’d learned about Vampira, a clique of powerful female vampires who secretly lived among the humans and took in females who ran from oppressive regimes such as the Traditionalists.

Tension zipped through the air like lightning rods as both her parents stared at her with such obvious disappointment and utmost fury she wanted nothing but to run

away and hide from them forever. Sweet vamps! She would do just that if they didn't call this whole nightmare off! She swore to herself she would join Vampira.

"You dare to humiliate me, female!" shouted her sire. Count Dárques, a staunch Traditionalist, took arranged marriages just as seriously as his right to mate with several wives and keep as many blood-slaves as he wished. During the argument with her mother, he'd kept silent as he sat at the long, oak dining room table counting the enormous number of gold coins he'd been sent earlier this evening from her soon-to-be mates' sires.

Payment for *her*.

Damn him! She would not be sold like some lowly blood-slave to vamps she did not love, let alone had never met!

Rage at both her parents for insisting she marry made her fangs unsheathe. She shrugged back her shoulders in defiance. "I have stated my decision. I will not marry."

Her mother's surprised inhalation at Juliette's steadfast disobedience mingled with the crash of her sire's chair as it hit the hard, marble floor. He dematerialized and before she had a chance to run from his anger, he re-appeared before her, grabbing her by her waist-length, straight black hair. Pain screamed through her scalp as he knotted his hand in her hair and yanked her against him. At a menacing seven foot tall, compared to her five foot six, he was an intimidating figure. His fangs unleashed, gleaming white and pointing with menace.

Cold shivers raced through her as she remembered watching how he'd, in his rage, killed servants or blood-slaves with those fangs, ripping into their throats with fury. For a few seconds she feared he would do the same to her but then realized she was too valuable and doubted he would hurt her. Much.

His brown eyes glowed fiery red. Juliette tried hard not to cower as his cold, too-controlled voice melted over her like a bucket of ice.

"I have arranged this mating from the day you were conceived. I have received the appreciation monitories as per tradition. There will be no more talk of this." His eyes

narrowed with threat and his voice grew louder. "You are female. I am your master. You will do as I say. You will be united with them in exactly twenty-four hours. Now go to your quarters. Nourish yourself on the blood-slaves so you are ready for your mates. Fix your hair and bat your blue eyes at your males when you see them. At least pretend you want them. It will be easier for you that way. I do not wish to ever hear of your fancies again or to see you until I have to hand you over to your husbands."

He unwrapped his hand from her hair and let her go. Anxiety swept around Juliette like a suffocating blanket. She couldn't go through with it! She couldn't! Her spark for life would die if she became bonded with males. She *needed* to be free, wished to explore the world around her. That she hadn't been allowed to venture farther than this veiled valley annoyed her no end. Yet her sire continued to forbid what she craved. Anger spouted anew.

"I will not!" she spat, suddenly not caring if he killed her. Death was better than this union.

"Enough!" he roared.

Pain sliced across her left cheek and silver stars exploded behind her eyes as the back of his hand met her face. The blow sent her reeling against the nearby wall, knocking the breath from her. She struggled to remain standing as raw emotions swelled through her. She detested being hit, but knew it was commonplace in the Traditionalist covens.

When the stars clouding her vision disintegrated and she could see again, Juliette realized her father had retaken his position in his chair at the table. Smugness laced his face as he once again began to count his gold coins.

Her mother was nowhere to be seen, which wasn't unusual when her father got mad. She, as most vampires, was blessed with the unique gift of vanishing and reappearing somewhere else. Unfortunately, no matter how hard Juliette tried, she had never been able to master that art.

Brutal betrayal whipped through her at her mother's abandonment. She couldn't stop the tears from welling in her eyes.

She balled her fists in anger and gritted her teeth. How could they do this to her? How could they force her to mate with unknowns? They had never even told her the names of her future mates!

It was the way of the sect. She knew her father and his wives had been introduced to each other the same way on the day of their arranged marriages. Just as their fathers and mothers before them. Just as her siblings before her. A tradition of arranged marriages wouldn't be broken just because she didn't want to become the mate of two complete strangers.

But there was more to it for her. There was a restlessness inside her. An urge to be on her own. A craving to be free of the constraints she lived in. She certainly did not wish to be a slave to a male as her mother was to her sire. Besides, many males took several wives. She could not fathom sharing her mates with other females. She couldn't understand how her soon-to-be husbands could share her between them. Perhaps she was a different breed of vampire? Or maybe she was the jealous type? Not only that, she detested feeding from her father's blood-slaves. She hated the dismal, defiant looks in their eyes just before she opened a vein and sucked their sweet blood into her mouth. They wanted to be free, just as she wished to be free. In a way her position was no better than theirs. She was a slave here, born and raised.

Her soon-to-be mates would no doubt be Traditionalists too as the sect rarely mated with outsiders. Just thinking the name *Traditionalist* brought shame racing through her.

Due to the stress of being in hiding from the human world, it was difficult for vampires to produce offspring. Yet she couldn't think on the possibility of not having any young ones of her own one day. Under tradition it would be up to her mates to arrange her offspring's marriages, keep them secluded from the outside world, most likely locked up in some old castle as she was.

Her male offspring would be taught they were superior. Her female children would be trained to be submissive and to obey the males. And a couple of centuries down the line she would most likely end up having this same argument with her own daughters. Young females who did not wish arranged marriages, who instead wanted to defy the traditions in order to be free to explore themselves as well as the human world.

Oh! How would she be able to tell them they would never be free, let alone to pick their own mate or mates as the case would be?

Juliette bit back a bitter sob. She could never deny them their freedom. Never!

Venturing into the human world where so much danger lurked was forbidden in the Traditionalist world. Yet she'd heard of other vampires who had broken and run. They disappeared into the human world and most were never heard from again. Whether they were hunted and killed by the Elders was never revealed.

There were whisperings that some who escaped kept secret ties with family members. She'd heard that by eavesdropping among her father's many wives.

There were also whisperings of other vampire worlds beyond the Traditionalists. One of which were the Warriors, a group of dominant males who literally hunted down the females they wanted and took them against their will. Several decades back, the forced mate of the two Warrior Kings, who ruled the Warrior Empire, had left them. She'd been able to disappear with the help of Vampira.

That's what she wanted. To be free.

She would do anything to achieve her goal.

Shots of despair raced through her. Oh Sweet Vampires! She couldn't sacrifice herself to this kind of life anymore. She couldn't! Maybe she could plead with him one more time. If she could just get him to listen.

"Father —"

“Away! To your quarters! Now!” He waved his arm at her as if he were shooing away a fly, as if she was a mere nuisance and not his youngest daughter. He didn’t so much as glance up from the gold he so greedily counted. Acted as if his word was law.

Damn him!

On trembling legs, Juliette did his bidding. Humiliation raged and bitter nausea burned through her tummy as she walked from the giant dining room into the hallway of the centuries-old French castle.

Situated in the French Alps in a picturesque valley bordering Italy, the old castle was concealed from the humans by her father’s mind veil. Reportedly built by King Louis in the thirteenth century, the castle had seven towers and was made of gray schist and white stone. After the king abandoned it and made a larger castle somewhere else, her father had taken it over.

Now, as she rushed down the cold stone hallway, utter loneliness swept through her. If she went through with this horrid union, she would be trading one trap of her father’s coven for another trap in her soon-to-be mates’ coven. Surely she would go insane.

Anxiety swelled in her chest and the long hallway suddenly appeared too narrow. The walls gave the impression they were moving in on her. Crushing her. Panic ripped through her and cold perspiration blossomed across her brow. She struggled to breathe.

Air. She needed to inhale the fresh mountain air. Yes, being outside the castle always made her feel better.

It took several minutes of dodging servants and hiding from a couple of her father’s wives before she reached the back door. There, she twisted the skeleton key in the lock, heard the click, then pushed open the heavy oak.

Icy air and swirling snowflakes slapped against her face as she stepped outside. It felt good. Sobering.

Suddenly her thoughts gathered and she knew what she needed to do to survive. She would go to the one vampire she had heard was suspected of having ties with

Vampira. She would throw herself at her mercy and beg for an audience with those powerful females.

And then she would be free.

Chapter Two

Juliette shivered with a horrible sense of hopelessness as she stood in front of thirty female vampires and awaited her fate. Earlier in the evening they had cast their secret votes on whether she would be accepted entrance into Vampira.

It had happened so fast. Her decision to run and join Vampira had seemed easy. Escape the arranged marriage. Join the secret clique. Live among the humans.

It was anything but simple.

After making her way from her father's castle, she ventured into the small village tavern run by vampires. A discreet mention of her problem to the female bartender suspected of being associated with Vampira got her, to her utter despair, the cold shoulder. The female looked at Juliette as if she'd gone mad, shooing her away and hissing at her to never come back with such nonsense talk.

Another round of desolation and misery wracked her as she huddled in a cold back alley behind the tavern, unburdening herself of a washer full of tears. It was then she realized how much females were made to be so dependant on males in the Traditionalist world, for she had no idea what to do next.

She had no skills or friends she could trust to seek help from. And the rumors her friends and father's wives had whispered about a clique of powerful vampire females had been just that. Rumors.

How naïve she'd been to venture away from the safety of her sire's castle. How his wives must have laughed behind her back over the decades as she asked them questions about Vampira! They had been playing with her all along. Making it all up to feed her dreams of freedom.

Playing her for the fool she was.

Now she had no choice but to pull herself together, return home and present herself to her selected males. Just as she'd resigned herself to enduring the same brutal reign as had befallen her mother, out of the silky mist, a beautiful woman appeared. Her face glowed red from the winter cold and her head was hidden beneath a white fur hat. She was dressed in a most exquisite fur-lined coat and her hands were shoved into gorgeous, white, fox-fur hand muffs.

"M'aime, why do you cry so?" she asked as she bent over Juliette.

At first she'd been terrified when the woman handed her a linen handkerchief scented with lemon. She was afraid the human would guess her a vampire and she would have to use her memory-erasing power. She hated erasing someone's memory. It felt so invasive.

Juliette found herself staring at the lady. This was the most beautiful woman she'd ever been so close to. Someone of such beauty and such a healthy red complexion could not be vampire.

Could she?

But when the woman asked if she was the runaway Traditionalist earlier in the tavern, Juliette knew she was saved. The woman, who introduced herself as Monique, turned out to be a vampire and a French member of Vampira.

Monique ushered her into a nearby cottage and after Juliette bombarded her with questions, Monique explained she would give her some injections. They were of a temporary nature and more would be given if she were accepted into Vampira.

One, a scent disguiser, prevented her father or anyone who had taken blood from her, from homing in on her whereabouts. The other, a daylight vaccine, would allow her to walk unharmed in sunshine. These vaccines had been invented by vampire scientists who worked exclusively for Vampira.

It had been decided by Vampira not to share the vaccines with other covens. This ensured the relative safety of Vampira females. The non-sharing would cut down on the chance of vaccines falling into the wrong hands, where an enemy could come up with a

counter vaccine that would eliminate their effectiveness. Vampira females, Juliette was told, had many enemies who would love to see the empire fall and reveal the identities of the females who hid among the humans.

Thus Juliette's life as a human began. Because Vampira were urged to appear as human as possible, Monique could not transport her via dematerializing and rematerializing to where she wished. Instead, the female accompanied Juliette onto a large water vessel. For weeks she endured an endless view of blue ocean waves before finally stepping once again on firm ground. This time, in the United States of America. She was immediately whisked to Maine, to an exquisite white Victorian home with olive-green shutters. A home owned by a female she knew only by the name of Mati Smith.

Mati was, according to Monique, the founder of Vampira. She'd not only escaped life as a blood-slave to vampires who preferred vampire blood over human, she'd also escaped life as a concubine to three ancient vamps, as well as survived brutal punishments the blood-slave traders inflicted upon her every time they recaptured her. Her final escape from the traders had almost been the death of her but she'd been saved by two male vamps who she'd fallen in love with. In order to protect her newfound lovers from those who hunted her, she'd run away from them too.

Changing her identity, Mati had tried to lose herself among the humans. Pretending to be human hadn't been easy. She could only work at night, for sunshine and daylight would set her body on fire. Literally.

She had to move constantly to avoid vampires who tracked her by the blood mind. Blood mind sensing enabled males to home in on females they had drunk from, and vice versa. But there were always several hours time lag and many females could sense it when they were being pursued. The slavers were constantly tracking her, which made life difficult.

Eventually they grew tired of pursuing her. She went about purchasing old yachts, had them repaired by handymen and resold them for huge prices, leaving her with

enormous profits. In due course she purchased a lucrative shipyard and docks on the coast of Maine and was now in the import and export business.

With her money, she created Vampira, building it to the most powerful clique for females who wished to escape the clutches of the Traditionalists and other suppressing regimes.

To ensure the Sisterhood of Vampira would always come first, Mati had created the Number One rule. No sex with a male—human or vampire. No male lovers. Ever. This rule, it was hoped, would help prevent a female from taking a male love into her confidence, inadvertently revealing she was a member of Vampira.

Juliette now knew she would have to agree to the Number One rule as well as other rules for Vampira to give her sanctuary. If she did not, her memory would be erased. She would have no recollection of Vampira, and they would return her to her Traditionalist family and the arranged marriage would be carried out.

Now as she stood in Mati's home, the females of Vampira remained silent as they surveyed her with cool, emotionless stares.

They looked gorgeous though. All of them did. So beautiful, dressed in long hobble skirts and flawless makeup that cleverly concealed the white vampire skin glow.

Overwhelming envy slashed Juliette. Oh how she wished to be like them. Independent, powerful and beautiful in the human world where she could choose her own destiny.

All the females stiffened to attention when Mati walked into the room and Juliette's tummy hollowed out with sick dread at the other females' gloomy expression. She could see the answer in Mati's eyes.

No. They did not want her.

"You have told us you ran from an arranged marriage," Mati began. Her voice was cool and controlled and it sent shivers of dread along Juliette's spine. "From the research to confirm your story, I received a report and shared it among the females

before the vote was cast. I will divulge that report with you so you understand why the answer is what it is."

Juliette found herself nodding in numbness. They did not want her. She bit back the swell of tears and forced herself to remain at attention, her gaze wavering over the females as she looked for some reassurance that her instincts were wrong. Even a smile from any one of them would give her encouragement. But no smiles came.

The females said nothing. They had sealed her fate and closed themselves off to her desperation. But why would they? She'd come here for help. Surely at one point all of them must have been in her shoes before approaching the clique?

"Your father is one of the most powerful vampires in France. In the whole of Europe. Did you know this?" Mati asked.

"Yes," she answered.

Mati continued, "He arranged this mating because it would unite your coven with another strong and wealthy coven making both more powerful.

"What you do not know, or perhaps neglected to tell us, is that upon your birth, those two males you were arranged to marry were brought to your cradle side and allowed to gaze upon you."

"I had no idea."

"When you opened your eyes and gazed upon them, it was said the males felt something stir between them. A stirring deep within themselves, allowing them to feel each other's emotions and read each other's minds. And for the briefest of moments they were able to read and feel yours as well."

What did this have to do with anything? So the males could read each other's minds. Surely it had nothing to do with her.

"This stirring is very rare. So rare that when something like that takes place, the future males and female must be kept separate. This is done in order for the female's body to fully develop before being re-introduced to the males. She is usually of the age

of two centuries, as you are now, when she is able to handle the links to both males naturally. This abstinence allows the males' emotional, body and mind links to grow strong between them. Only when their links are strong are they fully able to tap into the female. But that can only happen when they meet again. Usually as per Traditionalist ways, at the mating ceremony. Which you ran from."

As Juliette listened to Mati, she felt as if the woman was speaking about someone else. Not her. As if this had nothing to do with her need for independence.

"Have you been told of this?" Mati asked softly, perhaps sensing Juliette's confusion.

Juliette shook her head. "No, I was never told this. I had always thought I had never met them. But I don't see what that would have to do with me. If anything the thought of two males reading my mind and dominating my thoughts makes me wish to avoid such control at all costs," she replied truthfully.

Mati nodded. "As I thought. You don't understand what this means. It changes things and does make them more complicated."

"I don't understand."

Mati sighed, seemingly not wanting to proceed. Not wanting to shatter Juliette's dreams perhaps?

"If Vampira accepted you and some day you meet these males, even by accident, you would find it extremely hard to resist them. Much harder than the average female. It is why Vampira sisters have overwhelmingly voted against accepting you into the Sisterhood. You are an extreme risk to the safety of Vampira because if you defy the rules we would have no choice but to oust you. And, unfortunately, by then the mind erase would not work, as it works best when the memory is fresh."

Devastation flooded Juliette. She suddenly wished she had been sitting instead of standing here in front of all these females.

A wave of lightheadedness swept over her and she clutched the fireplace mantel to keep from sinking to her knees in utter devastation. *They didn't want her.* The words slammed into her like stakes through the heart.

Mati continued to speak and her voice seemed to be coming through some long, desolate tunnel. "Having explained their reasons, however, doesn't make the decision final."

Juliette's head snapped up and a hushed murmur swept through the room as some of the females began whispering among themselves. "W-what do you mean?"

"It means that I, as the leader of Vampira, am always left with the power of overturning their decisions. I have never used that veto power."

Again the claws of rejection swept through Juliette.

"That is, until now. I veto the Sisterhood's decision and in turn fully accept you, Juliette Dárques, as a full-fledged member. Welcome to Vampira."

Welcome to Vampira. Those three words reverberated through her ears like a saving grace. Relief slammed into her, urging her to sit upon the fireplace hearth.

Seeing doubt, dismay, as well as surprise wash over the other females' faces made Juliette secretly vow to make Mati never regret her decision. She swore she would do them all proud.

Chapter Three

Aphrodite, Florida

Current day

"Good morning, Ms. Sandalwood," Julie's human office assistant, Selena cheerfully sang out as Julie quickly brushed past the young woman's workstation and rushed into her office. Closing the door behind her, Julie slapped her purse on her desk, plopped onto the cushy office chair and snapped down the intercom button.

"Morning, Selena. Sorry, I'm late," she breathed.

"That's okay, boss. You're entitled. I mean it's like only the third time this week and it's only hump day," Selena chuckled and Julie couldn't help but smile at the young woman's easygoing banter.

"Just give me a few minutes before we get into today's agenda, okay?"

"Sure thing, boss."

Julie cut off the intercom, breathed a heavy sigh of relief, leaned against her cozy office chair and closed her eyes.

Nine thirty in the morning and she was already tired. Beat. Toast.

Last night she'd been out late with her top client, charming and dining her until Ms. Mallow finally admitted she wanted Julie's newly planned erotic chocolate line.

Normally her sales department handled the clients. But the elderly human had specifically asked for the dinner meeting. Gushing like a teenager, she'd complimented Julie on the chocolate samples Julie had instructed to be sent to their top five clients, which of course included eighty-nine-year-old Ms. Mallow, who still ran her own array of popular chocolate shops across America.

Julie had high expectations there would be a bidding war to get exclusive rights to the line and Ms. Mallow's opening bid last night proved to be much higher than Julie had anticipated. So she couldn't be happier.

Her smile widened as she opened her eyes and gazed around her corner office.

Cozy, she liked to call her office space. Not too big and not too small. Two of the walls were floor-to-ceiling windows, giving her a great view of the blue ocean and weathered docks five floors below. Recently she'd had the room decorated in orange and rust shades. With her furniture being top of the line in plush and black leather, everything looked and felt good.

She had to admit she'd done well for herself with Vampira's support. She'd created several lucrative companies over the decades. Sold them at huge profits and started new companies. Currently she ran her own multi-million-dollar chocolate factory located in Aphrodite, Florida.

She enjoyed visits to Mati Smith's Victorian house where Julie continued to receive her monthly shots to prevent any vampires from homing in on her. She walked in the daylight without frying to a crisp and networked with her Vampira sisters thanking the Vampire Gods every day that Mati had taken her into the clique and all the females in the clique had warmed to her upon seeing how truly productive she had turned out.

She'd never been happier. Sure, occasionally she still had bursts of homesickness, when she thought of those quaint French Alps, but those feelings passed when she thought about how uncaring everyone in the coven had been to her feelings.

Vampira was her coven now. Despite initially not wanting her, Vampira had supported her every goal. They had successfully concealed her identity, put her through university and allowed her to spread her wings as an entrepreneur.

And she had done them and herself proud.

She shook her head, resisting the urge to pinch herself about Ms. Mallow's opening bid. There was still much to be done in selling those rights and she needed to get herself moving.

Standing, she walked into her personal kitchenette where she kept her stash of clone blood. Clone blood was another benefit of being a member of Vampira. One of their members owned a large laboratory on a secluded island, which was veiled from the humans. The mindless clones were created and housed exclusively for their blood and used for vampires in an effort to keep humans safe. She wasn't too keen on getting her energy that way, but it was superior to plasma or synthetic blood and much better than keeping thinking humans against their will for such purposes.

Retrieving a tall glass from a cupboard, she keyed her password into the digital lock and opened the door, welcoming the cool blast of air against her body.

Over the decades she made it a habit of downing a cold glass of clone blood every morning before getting into the day. It kept her energized and thinking clearly. Unfortunately, lately, she'd been drinking more and more in order to keep from succumbing to increased weariness. She knew exactly when things had physically changed for her.

It started around the time she'd hired those two sexy black-haired, dark-blue-eyed vamp males, Caleb and Zander Davenport. She'd put them on the night shift working the new erotic chocolate line. Their qualifications were perfect for positions in the lab where they busily planned the sexy molds for the chocolate. And they had come through for her with devilishly naughty designs.

Chocolate molded into erotic shapes; ménage a trois, bondage couples, gay couples, as well as individualized such as chocolate shaped handcuffs, butts, whips, pussies and fetish, to name but a few.

Not only did her chocolates have to taste good, they had to feel good when going into a human's mouth. Certain shapes—for instance, those with too-pointed edges—were discarded. Not to mention, packaging and shelf space had to be considered as well.

Even after all these decades of hiding among the humans, being one of them, eating their food, she still had a sensitive stomach to it. She knew her sensitivity was due to

her Traditionalist upbringing where she'd been given only blood for nourishment. Due to the increasingly modern thinking of some vampire factions and the need to discreetly blend into the human world, some vamps were introducing their offspring to the human food at an early age. It had been discovered that after an initial sick period, the vampire body began to adapt and accept more than just blood. When in Rome, do as the Romans do, was one of the rules Mati enjoyed quoting when she spoke of the human food.

But consumption of human food wasn't what made Julie tired. It was the scorching fantasies. Hot, powerful, addictive sexual fantasies that consumed her every night as she fell asleep.

Dreams.

The three of them. Her and those black-haired twin vampire males.

Naked.

Tangled in silky white sheets. Her, sandwiched in the middle. Moaning wantonly as they double-penetrated her with exceptionally long and thick cocks. Plunging into her over and over until she screamed in arousal and her fangs pierced the flesh of one and then the other male as she greedily sucked the erotic offerings of sweet, powerful blood into her very being.

In her fantasies their blood zipped through her with lightning speed, nourishing her and giving her so much power she could fuck them for what seemed like hours.

But when she awoke, she felt more tired than when she'd fallen asleep.

Just thinking of them sent another wave of erotic heat searing into her and she couldn't help but hurry and pour herself that ice-cold glass of blood in an effort to cool herself down.

Where once she looked forward to drinking clone blood or even plasma blood to sustain her, she now craved it hot and sweet. Vampire and male.

Their blood. Forbidden blood.

Shit.

Upon being allowed into Vampira she had sworn never to succumb to her desires for a male. Be he human or vamp. It had been easy to commit to get what she wanted, which was their protection from the arranged marriage and her freedom.

For more than half a century, during her monthly heat cycle, she managed to keep herself in isolation and away from anything male. She claimed her “periods”, as the humans called them, were too painful to go to work. So she worked from her veiled beach home during those times, keeping tabs on whatever company she owned at the time. Using masturbation, fantasies and toys she achieved personal relief.

Lately, however, she was thinking what had once been the unthinkable.

Getting it on with those two sexy males.

Julie wiped away the sheen of perspiration from her forehead and drank the icy-cold bland-tasting blood. The liquid melted over her tongue, doing nothing for her taste buds. She swallowed in large gulps and it gushed down her parched throat.

Usually the buzz of energy hit instantly, screaming through her system, waking her and giving her the pick-up she needed. Not lately though.

Definitely not this morning when she needed energy so badly.

No buzz. No get-up-and-go.

Just her pussy pulsing with a wanton need and her body flaming with desire.

Thank the Vampire Gods those two vamps worked nights and she worked days, so contact with them was kept to an extreme minimum.

Sure, she could fire them. But what would that accomplish? She’d still fantasize about them.

No, all she needed to do was stay away from them. Far far away and with time, she would adjust and her body would go back to normal.

She groaned in frustration and headed into the nearby bathroom to retouch her makeup, gasping at her utterly paler than normally pale complexion in the mirror. Yes,

vampires did see themselves in mirrors, contrary to human folklore. And she was glad too because she definitely needed to retouch, cover those shadowy circles beneath her blue eyes and run a brush through her red hair.

Touching up her foundation, she followed up with a zip of blush across her cheeks and nose and a gentle swirl of pretty pink lipstick. She couldn't help but chuckle at how different she looked now than when she'd first run from her Traditionalist parents.

Back then she had waist-length straight black hair, a white complexion and a too-long nose. As Vampira did with most of the females being accepted into the clique, her appearance was altered. Her black hair cut short and colored and the makeup of the times became her best friend. When plastic surgeons came about, she had her nose done shorter to change her appearance even more.

Her nose was now perfect, making her cheeks naturally look fuller. Over the years she permed and colored her hair, her latest hairstyle was sassy and a rosy shade of red. Also in order not to bring suspicion to humans of her aging at a much slower rate, she occasionally changed her name with every new appearance and founded a new company.

She had to admit that upon first joining Vampira a new look didn't do anything to help her lack of self-esteem and low self-confidence. Those things she struggled to change on her own in the beginning years. When they became available, she read self-help books and participated in workshops on those subjects. Changing her internal thoughts, she blossomed from being a frightened, helpless, lost young vampire female to believing herself a success. Education, of course, had been her best helping hand, giving her the courage and knowledge of pursuing her goals of independence and freedom.

Unfortunately education and a new look hadn't been able to stop her from craving sex during her monthly heat cycles. Nor did it help stop her from fantasizing about those two males she'd hired.

She groaned her frustration, swept the brush through her short, curly hair and returned to her desk. Plopping back onto her plush leather chair, she sighed and wished for it to be the end of the day so she could go home, climb into bed and fantasize about those two delectable males.

Unfortunately she had a company to run and an entire day stretching ahead of her.

Sighing again, she snapped down the intercom button and invited Selena in.

* * * * *

Even though Zander Davenport knew the icy liquid wasn't going to do the job in dousing his arousal tonight, he stepped into the shower and turned the cold water faucet on full blast. In less than an hour he'd meet with Caleb at work and they would wait for Julie's mind link to open. It was getting harder to keep from thinking about her. That female was going to kill him if he didn't have her fully soon. He had it bad for her. Really bad.

The lust for her had hit his brother and himself one split second to the next after seeing her the first time in Maine several months ago. Caleb and he had been staking out a female vamp's Victorian home. The owner of the home, a sexy vamp with a past, turned out to be the leader of Vampira and she was a female their fathers desperately wanted.

The stakeout, however, was all but forgotten when a white limo pulled in front of the house and a female, her red hair tossed in a bun, her lush body dressed in an elegant white suit, had stepped out. When they spied her it was like a lightning bolt going off inside them.

At first they'd fooled themselves into thinking perhaps it was an infatuation with a human woman. Hours later, as she left the home belonging to a woman named Mati, they followed her and found out her identity.

That night she'd appeared in their mind link. Hot, passionate and looking for sex. Of course, they'd obliged. The night had left them reeling. Who was she? Why had they reacted so intensely to her? How had a human managed to get into their mind link?

Discussing the matter with their sires, they were told only one female could make them feel so intensely—a vampire. Their fated mate. The one who'd run from the arranged marriage decades ago. She must have instinctively homed into their link now they were in the same vicinity.

Upon discovering she was hiring for a new planned erotic chocolate line, they had garnered an interview through the personnel department, willing the human interviewer to get the boss to come to the interview.

The males showed Julie their credentials and she'd hired them on the spot. But lately, she'd been avoiding them like the plague. He knew it had everything to do with the sexual fantasies she was having during her sleep times. The fantasies in which they played the starring roles.

She had to know they were vampire. She had to realize they knew she was one too. How could she not? She had to smell their lust scents.

They'd never felt this way about a female and instinctively knew she was their destiny.

Zander turned himself in the shower and allowed the cold water to lash his cock and balls. Instead of withering his erection, the pummeling of the cold water enhanced his need for release.

Shit. He was too far gone. Just as he thought!

Told you not to think about her, brother, Caleb's humorous chuckle sifted through their mind link.

Fuck off! Zander muttered feeling frustrated and desperate for release.

Caleb chuckled harder.

Get out of my fucking head!

Make me, Caleb taunted.

Zander found himself smiling as he popped a vision of Julie into their mind link.

Her face was flushed, her pretty blue eyes dazed with lust. Her fangs glistened as they elongated in arousal against her lush pink lips. He pictured her with her red hair splashed like a cloud around her shoulders. She wore nothing but a white lab coat. The flaps of the coat were slightly open giving him a glimpse of luscious rounded breasts, a bare belly and her pussy.

He found himself reacting to the vision, his cock jerking with anticipation.

Oh fuck! He heard Caleb groan. Felt him touch his own cock and squeeze. The pressure made Zander moan again.

Made Caleb moan again too.

I said get lost, Caleb, he willed as he tried to maintain control of his lust. There were times he just wanted to be alone with his fantasies and this just happened to be one of them. Thankfully he had a brother who respected his needs most of the time and they were lucky they could disconnect their mind link. Their body link, however, was a different story. What his brother felt physically, he felt, and the other way around. No matter how hard they tried in the past to disengage it, that link never disconnected.

Oh man, but she's so beautiful, Caleb breathed.

Go! Now!

He heard his brother growl in disappointment and the connection disintegrated. However Zander knew even without the mind link open, his brother would feel his arousal. But that was something Caleb would have to deal with.

Right now, he wanted to be alone with Julie.

Her earthy, erotic scent whipped fire into his veins and he watched her as she stepped closer to him. Her lab coat opened a bit more, allowing him to see her taut nipples. They were the same color as her lips. A deep, lush, icy pink that looked so perfect on her; he swore pink was her color.

His breath caught as her lips parted, revealing more of her fangs. Oh she looked so damn sexy he prayed he wouldn't come just by gazing at her. He wanted a full fantasy. Wanted her touching him, her body melting against him. He willed it and it began.

She stepped into the shower and joined him, seemingly not caring that she still wore her lab coat and cold water sprayed her. Heat radiated off her, warming him, making him flush from head to toe. Quite literally.

He leaned into her, taking her succulent mouth, hard and fast. Her lips were like fire against his and when she grabbed his shoulders, he allowed himself a satisfying sigh.

In his fantasies, she wanted him. Craved him. Loved him. But would reality ever be that way? Could they seduce her away from the powerful Vampira clique?

He kissed her harder, felt her yielding, kissing him back. Pain flared in his shoulders as her nails dug into his muscles. The harder he kissed her the more she demanded.

He felt the sharp tip of one of her fangs cut into his lower lip. He tasted blood.

Bitch! She bit him.

Surprise and excitement lashed him as he realized he wasn't fantasizing anymore. She must have fallen asleep and her mind link had opened, and she had hooked into his fantasy of her!

At the idea she was mentally here, his arousal grew. Pushing past her lips with his tongue, he touched hers, dueled with it. Mated with it. His hands slipped beneath her lab coat and splayed over the smooth curves of her hips. Her skin felt so hot and smooth and impatience rolled over him.

She was panting. Her body straining. Needing.

"Fuck me, Zander. But first, feed me. I need to taste you. Need to feel your power inside me," she whispered as she broke the kiss. Her smile was soft and intoxicating as she gazed into his eyes.

He shivered from the lust waves her command created and then he obeyed. Lifting his wrist to his mouth, he punctured a vein, ignoring the small bite of pain and sighed into the erotic sight of his crimson blood flowing outward to mingle with the water.

He lifted his arm and offered her his bleeding wrist. Her head lowered, her fangs so erotically long. He groaned as her succulent, moist mouth clamped over the puncture wounds, her lips so delicate and hot as she fused over his flesh, her red hair sweeping down around her shoulders, wet and tangled prettily from the water gushing over her. Heat waves wafted off her body as she suckled and moaned. Her arousal scent grew stronger as she nourished herself. It was then he realized she must be entering her monthly heat cycle, a time when a female was at her sexual peak.

Sexual fever lashed him and by the desperate way she pressed her body against him he sensed Julie didn't have the time or the patience for foreplay tonight. She wanted release just as badly as he did.

While she fed, he dropped his free hand to her right hip. Holding her steady, he arrowed his solid erection into her pussy, groaning as her hot, tight cavern enveloped him, welcoming him. She let out a gasp and quickly recovered, sucking harder from his wrist.

The sweet eroticism of pain swept through him like a jolt of electricity.

He shook at the luscious impact.

He could feel her trembling too, arousal flaring through her like a tornado. As she continued to feed, he withdrew and using his cockhead, teased her clit, feeling it engorge with blood. He kept teasing until she whimpered and begged for penetration. Then he plunged back into her slick heat.

She cried out against his wrist. Writhed against him. His senses spiraled as he stretched into her. Parted her. Invaded her. Loved her.

He gritted his teeth, withdrew and thrust harder into her. She bucked against him, swiped her tongue against the puncture wounds, sealing them before letting go of his

wrist. He jolted with arousal at seeing his blood lacing her lips, the crimson spilling down her chin and onto her breasts.

But she didn't give him much time to enjoy the erotic sight as she moved her head closer, kissing him, their fangs clashing in a fight for dominance. He kept thrusting into her, and she exploded on a cry. He moaned as wicked spasms racing along her vagina wrapped tightly around his cock. The erotic scent of her heated arousal slammed into his nostrils, claimed his senses and rocketed him toward the release he'd been craving.

Pushing her against the shower stall wall, he moved against her. Dominated her. Fucked her.

Lust flared, screaming through his body as she bucked and twisted, her cream-soaked pussy massaging him, sucking him, loving him.

He came hard. Spurting into her, over and over again, relishing her soft feminine mewls as she glowed in the after spasms rippling through her.

And then to his surprise, she vanished. Just like that.

Her mind link snapped shut, leaving Zander breathing heavily, his arms bracing around nothing but air.

Shit!

She must have woken. And he had thought they were just getting started.

Next time, he vowed silently. Next time he wouldn't allow her to get away so easily.

Chapter Four

Julie opened her eyes on a moan and twilight greeted her. For a split second she thought she was at home, in bed, but then she recognized the green illumination of her office clock on her desk just inches from her face.

Seven p.m.

Oh wow! Somehow she'd fallen asleep in her office. Vaguely she remembered Selena peeking in and saying good night while Julie was going over a couple of last-minute bids on the new erotic chocolate line. That had been shortly after five.

Lifting her head from the desk, she stretched and yawned, then stopped at the sharp tips of her fangs pressing against her lower lip. She tasted the blood in her mouth.

Sweet. Erotic. Forbidden blood.

A wave of anxiety gripped her as images lashed her. Visions of stepping into a shower. Of Zander waiting there for her. His dark blue eyes blazing with desire as he parted the lab coat she wore, his hand smoothing over her bare hip...

Sweet Vampire Gods! It had been dream, hadn't it? How could she taste his blood in her mouth? And if she'd been drinking his blood, wouldn't she feel the power of feeding from him sifting through her as she did in the dream? Yet weariness still tugged at her and fever heat pulsed through her, making her pussy cream. She whimpered as she remembered curling her hands over his hard, muscular shoulders. His long, swollen cock pushing inside her. Filling her. The incredible climax.

Even now her vagina spasmed softly, the same way it did in the afterglow of climax.

Julie swallowed, blew out a tense breath and tried hard to ignore the pulsing arousal between her thighs.

She should masturbate. Right here. Right now. Recapture the arousal she'd just experienced in the dream. But she couldn't. Not in the office. That would be going too far. Wouldn't it?

If things had been different she would only have to go to the lab and ask those two males to fuck her senseless. But things weren't different. She belonged with Vampira and they had regulations. Rules she had eagerly accepted in her youth, which these days, especially with Caleb and Zander fucking her every night in her dreams, were becoming increasingly difficult to stand by.

She had never regretted her decision to join Vampira. Until now.

Now all she wanted was to be with those two males. Yet she knew fantasy was in fact much different from reality. At least that's what she'd thought.

She stiffened as a shadow shifted across the frost-tempered glass pane on her office door, snapping her out of her thread of thought.

A sharp rap followed and the door swung inward. The twin brother of her just-completed shower-sex fantasy stepped inside. Although the two males looked identical, she knew it was Caleb. Knew him by his scent. Dark. Dangerous. Dominant.

She tried to control the shimmer of arousal shivering along her spine as he grinned at her. Fire licked his dark eyes as their gazes met.

He shifted a shoebox-sized box onto her desk and without waiting for an invitation, sat on one of the two chairs she reserved for visitors.

"So? How did it go with Ms. Mallow, last night?"

Despite his acting casual, she sensed the tight coil of sensuality racing through him. Smelled his erotic, spicy scent. Thick and heavy.

Anticipation swept through her and her breasts swelled, her nipples tightened into hard beads. They ached for his touch. Between her thighs she creamed warmly.

Oh boy. She was in trouble. Big time. She swallowed against the arousal. Shifted uneasily in her chair. Forced herself not to squeeze her legs together. Couldn't stop from reliving in her mind the sexual shower dream she'd just had with his brother.

Would Caleb be the same kind of lover in real life as in her dreams? Would he taste the same? Was she still asleep at her desk and this was an actual dream?

"Julie? Did you hear me?"

Julie blinked at him, unable to speak. His sensual scent inundated her to the point where she had to part her lips and pant. Sexual tension zipped through the air between them and suddenly she had an overwhelming urge to beg him to fuck her. For him to lay her right out here on the edge of this table, part her thighs and sink his cock into her.

But something inside her made her catch herself. Made her force herself to push those insane ideas aside. She'd worked too long and hard to lose herself in these fascinating urges.

She could control them. She had to.

And she could control herself for that matter too. She needed Vampiria. Needed those monthly shots to continue to live in the daylight without getting fried and to prevent herself from being found and forced into that arranged marriage.

Gathering her wits, she cleared her throat and forced her attention to the box he'd placed on her desk.

"More chocolate samples?" she asked with a bit too much cheerfulness. The last thing she wanted was for him to see how hot she was for him.

"Made especially for you," he replied and casually leaned back in the chair, folding a nice pair of muscle-bulging arms over his white-lab-coated chest. Oh boy, she wasn't going to be able to look at a lab coat without thinking about her latest dream, that's for sure.

She swallowed at the heavy lust shining in his gaze as he studied her.

Good grief! No wonder she fantasized about these two males all the time. They weren't even concealing their want for her!

She urged herself to focus on business. But he wasn't making it easy. Especially with the gleaming points of his white fangs peeking out from between his lips.

"How did the meeting go with Ms. Mallow last night? She make an offer?"

"Yes. More than I had hoped, actually."

Caleb whistled beneath his breath and grinned.

"Wow. Humans do love chocolate."

"Actually it's yours and Zander's designs they've all fallen in love with. If I'm not careful they're going to take you two away from me."

"Won't happen. The three of us make a fantastic combination, wouldn't you agree?"

Warmth flushed her cheeks as she ran a snapshot of the fantasies she'd been having of both males. She chose not to answer his question, opting instead to move to a safer subject.

The latest chocolate design in the box.

Leaning over, she slid the box in front of her and lifted the lid.

And froze.

Inside the box lay a life-sized chocolate cock, complete with an intricate weave of veins and plum-shaped cockhead. She certainly couldn't miss the two puncture wounds halfway up the shaft.

Vampire bites.

She drew in a deep, steadying breath. Spicy musk scent poured off him and mingled with the dark chocolate, wrapping around her like a seductive glove. Her fangs throbbed with intense excitement. Her body tensed harder in raw awareness.

"What do you think, Julie?" he asked with a low growl lacing his otherwise soft voice.

"It's getting late," she found herself whispering, finding it quite difficult to keep her eyes off the giant cock.

She could barely breathe. Could barely keep herself under control.

"Perhaps you should try it? See what you think?"

Try it? Why did she think he meant more than just licking it and sucking it and taking it down her throat?

"I'm late for an appointment."

"A date?" Was that anger lacing his voice? Annoyance blazing in his eyes? Did he think he had a claim on her? Now that thought certainly made her pussy cream warmer.

A sheen of perspiration blossomed across her forehead. She needed to get away from him. Needed to collect her thoughts. Her composure.

Surely he could smell her arousal because she could.

He stared at her, knowing amusement flashing over his face.

Yep, she definitely needed to get away from him and stay away from these hot males.

With trembling hands she replaced the lid on the box, concealing the delectable contents.

He stood.

"Okay, I'll let you go." He paused and then said, "This time."

This time?

He headed for the door, all six feet three inches of jam-packed muscled vampire male.

Oh she wanted him. Wanted him so bad, she almost called out.

At the door he stopped and turned around.

She stopped breathing as he spoke.

"Let us know if that size works for you."

Sweet vampires!

Julie frowned as he closed the door behind him. Lifting the lid off the box, she gazed at the chocolate cock, realizing what he meant by that remark.

Long and thick. Fang marks along the shaft.

But not any shaft. A cock made to the dimensions of their own cocks.

Julie licked her lips and forced herself to replace the lid.

Oh dear. What were those two vamps up to?

* * * * *

"Do you think Julie liked the chocolate cock you brought over earlier?" Zander muttered from the other side of the metal laboratory table they sat at while waiting for a trial mold to cool.

"She likes it. It certainly got her thinking about what we're up to concerning her," Caleb replied as he doodled on a sketch pad. He was trying hard to keep his mind on their job of coming up with another design. But it was difficult to think of work when the only thing on his mind was Julie. Her office had been filled with her intoxicating, fiery arousal scent. Almost overwhelming him to the point where if he had just a little less self-control, his fangs would have fully unsheathed and he would have been splaying her out on her office desk, taking her, biting her and making love to her.

He'd noticed too upon entering her office that she'd just woken up from a nap. And he knew now that she had indeed been asleep shortly before he arrived on his surprise visit. Knew it because Zander had confessed what happened during his sex fantasy.

Right after disconnecting the mind link with his brother, the body link kicked in and Caleb felt Zander's arousal roar to an almost out-of-control frenzy. He'd been sorely tempted to pop back into that shower fantasy Zander had conjured because he swore his twin, and himself for that matter, had never felt so aroused. Now he was

sorry he hadn't reconnected because his brother confessed that Julie had actually willed herself into Zander's dream fantasy, whether she knew it or not.

But he was sure she'd figure out their mind connection, sooner or later because the more they were exposed to each other the stronger the link would become.

"The chocolate is ready. Let's see how it turned out, shall we?" Zander grinned as he flipped the chocolate-laden white plastic mold onto the freshly cleaned lab table.

After a couple of gentle taps, he lifted the plastic and revealed his latest creation.

Caleb's eyes widened in appreciation at the erotic pose of a chocolate female with curly, shoulder-length hair, a perfect nose and enhanced cheekbones. Small chocolate fangs peeked out from between her slightly parted lips. She looked a hell of a lot like Julie and she stood sandwiched between two males who looked like Zander and himself. "Well done, brother," Caleb complimented, feeling his fangs elongating and the throb of arousal shifting through him as well as his brother as they studied the erotic pose straight out of their sexual fantasies.

"She's too passionate to be with Vampira," Zander replied coolly after a long moment of silence. According to the research on Vampira, they only take in females they are sure to be cold like themselves."

Caleb nodded. "I have to agree. From the mind fantasies we've experienced with her, she doesn't fit the profile. Those females are supposed to be genetically defective, cold and emotionless to males and driven to power and wanting to be alone. So why would they take her into their clique? Surely they knew how vulnerable she would be if she ever met up with her fated males?"

"Maybe they didn't expect we would ever meet?" Zander pondered.

It was the same answer Caleb kept coming up with.

"Despite that," Caleb countered, "They would know she would be unable to deny the attraction between the three of us and that would make her a high risk. Vampira is very thorough in their homework about their females before accepting them. Either

someone screwed up big time, which I highly doubt, or maybe the Vampira females aren't as cold as they want everybody to believe."

Zander grunted and picked up the erotically shaped chocolate for a closer inspection. "Well, if that's the case, those females are living under a whole lot of false security."

"And that would also mean Julie truly is as passionate in the dream world as in reality." At least that's what Caleb was hoping.

Over the centuries he and his brother had hurt badly for their missing mate. They'd been told on their mating day she had disappeared. Most likely run off because she needed her independence. Her father had tried many times to home in on her, but to no avail.

So the two of them sought sexual comfort with many females, both vampire and human. They were highly sexed and demanded satisfaction as well as gave it on a daily basis. They had gone so far as to try to find their own mates, but weren't successful due to their mind link. Not having a woman or a female handy when the other was having sex was excruciating. They could feel each other's arousals and orgasms despite shutting down their mind link so they decided to search for one mate for the two of them. Unfortunately that angle was unsuccessful as they couldn't feel passionately about the same female.

That is, until seeing Julie stepping out of that limo in Maine. Since then, they hadn't been with any female, let alone looked at one or even craved having sex with anyone other than her.

She was their fated mate and they would take her as soon as she realized the three of them were meant to be together. They wanted her in real time. Needed her fully and unconditionally. They wanted her as they wanted no other. It was as simple as that.

Waiting for Julie to go to sleep every night so they could join her through their three-way mind link was driving both of them insane.

"I need to be with her and the longer we abstain, the more painful it gets," Zander complained.

Caleb had to agree there. Every time he saw or spoke to Julie or visited her in her dreams, it grew increasingly difficult to pull away from her. The pain was literally physical now and not just emotional.

"I've reached the point where if I see any male so much as looking at her I want to kill him," Zander growled.

"Easy, bro, your fangs are showing." Caleb winked.

"Then I'm glad I'm your linked brother or I'd have to fight you to the death for her," Zander replied.

Caleb knew Zander was deadly serious. If they hadn't shared this mind and body link and fallen in love with the same female, he'd have to kill his brother. It happened more often than not in the vampire world. Most blood vampire brothers without links fought to the death for the same female they craved but had no desire to share. "I consider myself lucky then because I know I'd have a good fight on my hands," Caleb stated, feeling his brother's tension ebb as he licked the female figure on his chocolate creation.

Man, they were both lucky they'd fallen in love with the same female, even though she didn't know. Not yet anyway.

But she would.

Very soon.

Chapter Five

She should have left the chocolate cock in the office, Julie mused as she lifted the heavy item out of the box and laid it on her kitchen table.

The cock was definitely as big as Zander's and Caleb's cocks. At least as huge as she'd envisioned them in her fantasies.

She should do the smart thing and melt the chocolate in her saucepan and get rid of the erotic delight. It reminded her of what transpired in the office with Caleb shortly after she'd awakened from her scorching shower fantasy dream about his brother. But had that really been a dream? She'd tasted his blood in her mouth. That hadn't been her imagination, had it? And her pussy had been spasming softly as if she'd just climaxed in reality.

How had Caleb known she was still in her office? Had he smelled her arousal all the way from the labs? She knew males had a powerful sense of smell when it came to aroused females but from two floors down?

Julie shook her head in denial.

No, he probably took a chance and dropped by with full intentions of leaving the cock on her desk. He most likely had no idea she was still there.

He said they'd made the cock especially for her. Not for the erotic line? But for her?

What about the comment he'd made before leaving. *Let us know if the size works for you.*

She could feel the currents of desire building as she wondered what those two vamps were up to. But no matter how much she craved it, she could never be with them. Not in reality, anyway.

She eyed the kitchen clock. Midnight. She should get to bed now or she'd be dragging herself in late again tomorrow. But if she went to bed, her sexy vamps would be there in her dream world waiting to fuck her all night long.

Julie closed her eyes and sighed into an erotic tremble at what awaited her tonight. She wished those fantasies were real. Wished Zander and Caleb could be her mates.

She certainly had felt something powerful and sensual zip through her the instant she'd entered the conference room for the interview several months ago. Had she hired them because of her sexual attraction toward them?

Lately she'd been toying with the idea of making her dream fantasies a reality. But toying didn't mean doing. She couldn't mate with them. She'd lose Vampira's protection. Lose the vaccine, which prevented her sire from homing in on her. Lose her ability to walk in sunshine.

She loved her beach house too. Nestled on the ocean shore just outside of Aphrodite, Florida, the yellow-painted, one-story, three-bedroom, board-and-batten home with the pale green shutters made her feel as if she belonged somewhere. She also enjoyed the sunshine beating down on her body as she jogged along the sandy beach every morning before getting ready for work.

But her routine had all changed since meeting those two males. She found herself thinking of them way too often during waking hours. Dreaming about them every night.

She was tired and aroused continuously. Truth was they were ruining her life. Or they would if she acted upon her lust for them. Surely that's all it could be. Just lust. Right?

Somehow she didn't think so. Over the decades she'd met males—vampires and humans. Some she'd been attracted to but never like this.

What she felt for these two vamps was intense. This blood-pounding excitement and wild desire was how she imagined she would have felt for a mate. This is how it

should have been when she was younger, had she been allowed to be free and choose her own mate or mates as the case would be.

Yes, this sexual attraction would certainly prompt her not to run had her intended mates been Zander and Caleb.

Julie frowned, left the chocolate cock lying on the kitchen table and headed into her bedroom. Who said that she—after acquiring her freedom and independence, after becoming rich and powerful—could not have it all?

She should have a male lover who adored her and the offspring she had always wanted. But Vampira had forced her to put aside some of dreams in order to fulfill her other dreams.

Why had she been so naïve in thinking she couldn't have it all? Why had she simply accepted Mati's imposed rules and not used her friendship with the female and tried to change the rules from within?

Heck, she knew why. She'd been so busy trying to impress her Vampira sisters in becoming rich and powerful as well as making Mati proud of her decision to accept her into the clique that she hadn't really thought of it.

Julie shook her head and undressed, tossing her clothing into her hamper. Padding naked across the plush white carpet to her king-sized bed, she pulled back the sheets and climbed in.

The cool mattress came as a welcome relief to her heated back. Tonight she'd leave off the sheets too. It was way too hot for covers. Way too hot, period.

No shower tonight. She was too tired. Besides, she couldn't wait to meet up with her two vamp lovers in the dream world.

Closing her eyes, Julie's thoughts returned to Vampira again. She knew another reason she'd never confronted Mati on the issue of allowing sex with males. Because Julie had never experienced such an intense sexual attraction before. Never had a reason to fight to change the rules.

She needn't get upset about it. In actuality sex with the male vamps might not even be as intense. It would most likely be different. Fantasy was never as good as reality, was it?

But how could she know? She was still a virgin. She had no experience to compare both worlds.

She never would know either, because if she did, she would lose Vampira, her sexy dream lovers and be forced into an arranged marriage with two dominating Traditionalists. Even after all these decades she could still be forced to mate with those vamps she'd run from.

Sighing heavily, Julie wished with all her might things could be different.

She swore she wasn't even asleep when they materialized at the foot of her bed. Dark lust shone brightly in their eyes and white, long fangs glistened in the moonlight, splashing into her bedroom. They gazed with appreciation at her as she lay nude splayed out on her bed.

Zander moved first, strolling to the side of her bed. Heat swept through her like an inferno as she surveyed the washboard ripples of muscles on his tight belly, the engorged erection with a pair of swollen balls beneath and the sultry grin tilting up the sides of his lush mouth. He held out his hand. She took it and he helped her out of the bed, standing her in front of him.

"I want you males so bad, it hurts," she found herself confessing.

"We're always wanting you, Julie," Caleb said, his voice melting over her senses like liquid lightning. Arousal spilled low in her belly knowing these two males wanted her. Lately it seemed as if she needed them to continue existing.

"It can be like this always, Julie," Zander proposed.

He'd maneuvered himself behind her, his heat from his strong body caressing her back and the hardness of his cock pressed against her ass. His fingers curled around both her shoulders and he rained tender kisses on the sensitive area between her neck

and shoulder blade. The erotic scrape of his fangs moving over her flesh made the familiar wild hunger to mate curl through her.

A whimper escaped her lips and she found herself leaning back against him for support.

Caleb moved in front of her, teasing her with his body heat, moving near but not close enough to touch any part of her. Reaching up, he smoothed his hand against the back of her head, holding her steady as his mouth melted over hers.

"We need to be together," Zander said against the back of her neck.

Yes, she would love to be together with them like this. Them making love to her like this.

Caleb's kiss intensified, weakening her knees. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, the invasion blistering her to the tips of her toes. His hand tightened, steadying her. His fingers spiraled through her hair, pulling until an erotic burst of pain seared her scalp.

She moaned at the intensity of the impact and heat shifted through her.

The smell of chocolate drifted into her lungs. He broke the kiss and she snapped her eyes open to find the chocolate cock mere inches from her mouth.

His eyes sparkled with lust.

"Take this cock into your mouth, Julie," he whispered as he moved the chocolate closer.

"Good, huh, baby."

She nodded, enjoying the sweet taste and feeling intense and needy.

Opening her mouth, she accepted the thick piece of shaped chocolate and he slid it in tenderly, slowly as she sucked leisurely, swallowing the sweetness and exploring the raised veins and two punctures.

"That's good, Julie. Taste it. Take it."

He moved it deeper, the size stretching her lips, pushing it in until the cockhead touched the back of her throat. Then he slid it out. Her lips tingled as he thrust it in again, giving her tongue a sweet explosion of chocolate.

A sultry rhythm followed. In and out. Nice and slow. Sexy and arousing until she found herself panting and swallowing.

Behind her, Zander parted her ass cheeks and she tensed as a lubed finger found the entrance to her anus.

“Relax, Julie,” Zander’s heated voice moaned.

She forced herself to calm her excitement and a moment later Zander’s finger entered her. Tightening her hands over Caleb’s strong shoulders, she steadied herself.

As always, when Caleb or Zander entered her that way, she jerked in surprise at the fullness and went tense with the invasion. Quickly, she relaxed herself, knowing pleasure would soon follow.

Perspiration swept across her forehead, coating the small of her back and whispering down the valley between her breasts. Their combined scents intoxicated her, left her reeling and disoriented with pleasure. She took the smell into her lungs, getting high. It was a wonderful aroma. A giddy feeling she loved.

Caleb and Zander began an utterly perfect rhythm, the chocolate cock moving in and out of her mouth in the same unique plunge of Zander’s finger in her ass.

Pleasure sifted through her, teasing her self-control.

As Caleb kept up the rhythm, she moaned when he tweaked a nipple. First one and then the other, until they beaded and ached. He withdrew the cock from her mouth, moved it down, smearing both her breasts with warm, wet chocolate before handing it to Zander.

“Your turn, brother,” Caleb growled.

The sight of his bared fangs, bright and white, sharp and pointed, shot another round of excitement through her. She gasped when he dipped his head, his tongue quickly lapping off the melted chocolate.

She moaned as Zander removed his finger and smeared her ass cheeks with the chocolate and began licking her flesh. Their combined slurping sounds mixed with her moans of arousal. Tension slashed through her and she forced herself to keep her legs widespread and steady, despite dying to clamp them together.

They teased her with their hot licks, and between her thighs tension mounted inside her pussy. Her legs quivered. Her ass and breasts became hot with need as they tended her.

“You’re killing us, Julie. My brother and I feel each other’s arousal beating through us. We feel your needs too. Do you feel ours?” Caleb asked softly as he pressed the sharp tip of a fang against the middle of her tender nipple.

She could barely breathe as he sucked her flesh into his mouth then pulled with his teeth until she was writhing in pleasure-pain.

Just then, something, no, two pulses of energy began to beat deep inside her. She couldn’t tell where they originated. It seemed everywhere. Waves of energy. That’s how she could explain it. The pulses came in erotic waves, hugging her, caressing her, loving her.

Oh she had to be mad to think she could feel them.

Wishful thinking, just because he’d made that suggestion?

Zander thrust first one and then a second lubed finger inside her ass. She bucked at the thick intrusion. Whimpered as he stretched her, explored her and kissed her curved cheeks.

Her self-control weakened and she began gyrating her hips, needing more pressure inside of her. Wanted Zander taking her in the ass. Her cunt wept. She wanted Caleb there.

As if reading her thoughts Caleb stopped nibbling on her nipples. He was breathing hard as he licked his lips. A thin sheen of perspiration beaded his forehead and he lifted his head.

“Oh, baby, I want to fuck you so bad.”

She whimpered as his mouth slammed down on hers in a show of strength and dominance. His tongue dove into her mouth, taking her in a fast, hard kiss. His hand cupped her pussy. The heat of his palm pressed and kneaded her sensitive clit in the most perfect way, caressing her excited nerve endings to new heights. Enflamed with heat, she bucked into his hand.

Behind her, Zander thrust a third lubed finger into her ass. The pressure caused her to cry out and Caleb caught it in his mouth.

Her body tightened. Her thighs tensed. She held on to Caleb for dear life.

Both males were driving hard and fast, pushing her to where she wanted to go.

Suddenly, Zander removed his fingers. When he left, her ass wept with emptiness but he came back, his swollen cock sliding into her.

He groaned.

She whimpered at the intense pressure, the wicked pleasure, which quickly followed.

Julie shuddered. Held Caleb tighter.

Zander withdrew and Caleb thrust his erection into her, stretching her, impaling her.

They began perfectly timed plunges. Caleb stroking in, Zander withdrawing. Caleb came out and Zander drove inside.

Muscles stretched, spasmed, gave way, submitted. They pushed into her, their cocks possessing her. She shivered at the white-hot satisfaction arcing through her, felt the sharp bite of Zander as his fangs pierced into the curve of her shoulder.

Caleb broke the kiss, nuzzled his face into her neck. She held her breath as he penetrated a vein in her throat, sucking hard and growling his pleasure.

The sweet pain of their fangs sinking into her intoxicated her, gave her the push she needed to go over the edge. To the bliss she craved.

Pleasure and pain exploded, destroying her thoughts. Shudders raced through her and she fought for breath as her males rocked into her, their thick, hot cocks impaling her at the same time.

Yes! Her males! She could feel them now. Pulsing inside her. Around her. Through her.

Both of them straining toward their own releases. The three of them were connected somehow. She knew their hunger. Knew their pleasure. Understood how much they wanted her and it was almost painful. Almost overwhelming in its intensity.

Then the pain shattered into pieces of crystal, bright and beautiful lights of pleasure as the males broke. Their bodies convulsed in unison. Their groans spiraled through her senses like intimate caresses.

She accepted them. Received them into a place deep inside her. A safe, warm place where she could nourish their seeds of love. And where she could wholly be free.

* * * * *

The shrill ringing of her bedside phone sliced Julie out of her sleep and back to reality. In a clumsy effort to grab the phone, she accidentally knocked the receiver off its cradle. Disappointment shot through her as her assistant's concerned voice echoed from the receiver.

"Hello? Ms. Sandalwood? Hello? Julie? Hello?"

Sunshine blasted into her bedroom, heating her already fevered body and a quick glance at the bedside clock revealed she was late for work.

Oh vampires! She'd forgotten to set her alarm!

Moaning in frustration she tumbled from beneath the tangle of sheets and sat on the edge of the bed. Her pussy felt needy. Pleasantly sore. Her ass throbbed with a gentle, pleasurable ache.

Cursing at being interrupted, she grabbed the phone off the floor.

"I'm here. Just dropped the phone," she said and quickly cleared her voice, trying to conceal the heavy, sultry sound of someone who'd just had a night of wild, intense sex. Even if it was just in her dreams.

"I was just wondering if you're coming in today? Your ten o'clock appointment will be here in half an hour. Should I cancel?"

"I'll be in. Um, just call them and let them know I'm running about half an hour late."

"Sure thing. See you in a bit."

Selena disconnected and Julie sighed.

She couldn't even remember whom her ten o'clock appointment was and she'd left her appointment book at work. She couldn't go on like this. She had a company to run and these night fantasies were going to kill her.

Anxiety mingled with the tight need gripping her. How was she going to deal with this problem of wanting those two males? What in the world had happened last night? Vaguely she recalled coming to the realization those males and her were connected. That they belonged to her.

Possessiveness, something she'd never experienced before, raged through her in one solid wall.

Her males.

They belonged to her. She wanted them. Craved them. Yearned to be with them.

Julie shook her head. It was craziness in the way she thought and felt. Wasn't it?

A shiver of cold zipped through her as she remembered something Mati had said that day she had vetoed the others and allowed Julie into the clique. Hadn't Mati said

she would have trouble resisting her arranged mates? That they read each other's minds? Felt each other's emotions? Isn't that what Caleb and Zander had told her in last night's dream?

Julie shook her head in denial.

It wasn't possible. Caleb and Zander were far from Traditionalists. It was just lust coming out in her sleep, that's all. It had to be.

But what she was experiencing was far from normal. Maybe she should give Mati a call and let her know what was going on.

The phone shattered through her thoughts again and she picked it up on the second ring. It was Selena again.

"You better get in here fast, boss. I just received several bids from the companies who want the chocolate line, and Ms. Mallow is outbidding everyone. Her offer is substantially larger than the one she quoted you the other night."

Julie's heart began a crazy fast beat. This was it. Looked as if they had a bidding war on their hands.

"I'll be right there."

Screw the shower. Screw her fantasies. She would have to deal with everything later. Leaving Selena with instructions on how to handle the bids until she got there, Julie hurried to get dressed.

* * * * *

The entire day was chaos. Sure enough, a bidding war raged for her planned erotic chocolate line. By the end of the day, Ms. Mallow was by far the winner, outbidding all the competition by a mile. With the contract freshly signed, production would begin by the end of the month and distribution would shortly follow to Ms. Mallow's entire chain of chocolate stores.

It was long after midnight before Julie flopped into bed looking forward to drowning herself in pleasure with her two sexy males. When she fell asleep, they

materialized. She didn't have the patience to question them about why they came to her in her dreams and not in real life.

Fuck me, she urged them.

Fuck me hard. Fuck me fast. And fuck me all night.

And they did. And she loved it. Craved it.

Wanted more and more. So much more.

Chapter Six

Friday morning, Julie dragged herself to work.

Cursing herself for not confronting Zander and Caleb in her sexual dreams last night, she had to stop and remind herself they were mere dreams. Red-hot sex fantasies. As if she could get any answers out of them in a fantasy, Julie thought wryly, chastising herself for even thinking such nonsense.

She poured herself a good shot of human clone blood and forced herself to drink the bland stuff.

Zander and Caleb were her dream males. Who just happened to work for her. Maybe, instead of staying away from them in real time, she needed to get near them and check them out. Surely she would discover for herself the real males were nothing compared to fantasy. Hadn't she always heard that reality was nothing compared to fantasy?

Julie found herself nodding in agreement.

Washing out her mug, she felt the relief of her decision pouring through her in waves. It was a good idea. She would face them and discover they were a couple of jerks in real life. Then her fantasies would go away and she would get back to normal.

Hmm, but how would she live without all that scorching sex every night? She loved having sex. Enjoyed seeing her two well-hung hunks and talking to them in her dreams. Not that there was much talking, but she had discovered they were friends. Hell, they were more than friends. They were her lovers.

Surely when she exposed they were jerks in real life she could hang on to her fantasies?

Yes, she could still fantasize about them. Just not to the point where she woke up more tired than when she fell asleep. Tonight, she'd pay them a visit in the lab and put all her worries to rest.

* * * * *

Julie smelled them as she stood in front of the lab door. Hell, she smelled them the instant they entered the building, five floors down, just before the night shift began. But that was crazy. It had to be. She couldn't home in on them that much, could she?

Suddenly she wished she were more experienced with sex and everything that went with it. In her sire's castle she'd been shielded by relationships due to the Traditionalist ways. No outward affection was allowed. Sex took place behind closed doors and was discussed in whispers. Then when she joined Vampira, discussions about sex were taboo and the females never spoke of it. At least not with her.

She'd never really pursued Mati about what the leader of Vampira had learned about her fated mates. Truth was, she hadn't cared.

Her knowledge of sex was limited to whatever she'd picked up reading books, on the television, movies or most recently on the Internet. In other words she knew next to nothing about vampire sex but lots about human sex.

What she experienced with Caleb and Zander couldn't be normal. It *had* to be fantasy because it was so awesome!

She was ill prepared for how to react and fend off the males if her fated mates were to find her. Very ill prepared indeed. Maybe she should just get the heck out of here and talk to Mati before speaking with Caleb and Zander, she thought as she continued to stand in front of the lab doors. Confess to her about the sex fantasies and ask for her help?

Julie shook her head. No, Mati would probably force her to go into hiding. She wouldn't cower from these males nor any other males. She needed to deal with this herself.

Swallowing her nervousness, she took a deep breath, pushed the door open and stepped into the lab. Their scents were richer and darker in here. She had no problem making out which belonged to each brother. Caleb's scent was more dominating. He smelled of power, of raw lust and primal animal. His scent almost frightened her it was so overwhelmingly erotic. Yet Zander's scent balanced everything out. He smelled of an all-consuming hunger, a yearning for love and a vibrant need to fuck her.

That last realization jolted her. Before she could decipher this new yet foreign thought of sensing what they wanted, she realized they'd been in here waiting for her. As if they'd known she was coming. They must have smelled her just as she'd smelled them.

They sat in chairs behind a spick and span metal lab table, their arms casually crossed over their chests. Two sets of bold dark blue eyes latched onto her and she grew instantaneously flushed as she took in their six-foot-three-inch frames. Her fingers itched to grab them by the muscular shoulders she knew were hidden beneath their lab coats. She wanted to dig her fingers into their strength, feel their power and feel those muscles move beneath her fingertips. A tremor of vulnerability shivered through her with both of them studying her. Their mouths were parted, giving her a glimpse of their gorgeous fangs.

They looked dangerous. The two of them with their shaggy black hair and tense bodies dressed in neatly pressed white lab coats. Garments she wouldn't mind removing, she thought as she pictured them standing here and slowly doing a strip tease, tossing their coats onto the floor and wearing nothing underneath.

Just bare flesh and solid hard-ons. Like in her night fantasies. Big, long, thick erections she wouldn't mind getting a taste of in real life. Julie cleared her throat and forced the erotic images from her thoughts. Images that were hard to get rid of because they entailed what she wanted. To be sandwiched between their rock-hard bodies. Forcing herself to break their magnetic eye contact, she strolled into the lab.

"I wanted to give you two the good news in person. Ms. Mallow won the bidding war today. She made an offer the company simply could not refuse."

"We heard. Congratulations, Ms. Sandalwood." Caleb's low drawl smoothed over her senses like melting chocolate and Julie instantly knew she was in trouble.

The current of desire lacing his voice was unmistakable. Blood zipped through her at an intoxicating speed. Her skin suddenly felt way too sensitive. Her breasts swelled; her nipples felt too tight against her bra.

Carnal sensations hummed through the rest of her at lightning speed. All at once she became aware of the many fantasies she'd had of both males. Tons of them over the past several months. Yet she'd never fantasized about the three of them doing the naughty here in her factory.

Oh shit! Something else she realized too. She felt exactly the same way about them here in reality as she did in her fantasy dreams.

She needed to find out what was going on and she needed answers now!

"Who are you two? Why are you doing this to me?" She could barely speak as the two males circled her like predatory animals.

More of the rich and dark male lust scent wafted off them. She could feel herself tumbling into the warmth of it. Their safety. Their love.

"We are your fated mates, Juliette," Zander replied.

Dammit! They knew her real name. Was this true about their being her fated mates? Was this why she was reacting so intensely to them? Dreaming of them? Craving them? Obviously they knew about the arranged marriage created between their sires. The familiar cheapness of being sold washed over her. For decades she hadn't felt it, but now it was back just as bad as ever.

"How did you find me?" She would need to know that so when she escaped them she could cover her tracks better.

We found you by accident. It was Zander's voice clear as a bell inside her head. Shock sizzled through her. She could hear his thoughts?

And what of you, Caleb?

We have a link as well, came Caleb's heated voice.

Oh dear. She'd been delusional thinking she could stop this insane attraction. Tonight, it was stronger than ever.

Unbreakable.

The word echoed through her mind and she realized all three of them had said the word in her mind at the same time. They were linked. In her mind?

"According to vampire legend our bond is unbreakable," Zander remarked out loud and Julie became transfixed as both males stood and sauntered toward her.

Caleb melted against her and nuzzled her earlobe. The sharp prick of a fang pushing against her tender flesh was unmistakable. Hunger at wanting him to pierce her flesh invaded her senses.

"Over the decades we kept wanting you, Juliette. Kept needing you. But we couldn't find you."

She couldn't breathe as he moved away from her. Couldn't assemble her thoughts.

This is happening way too fast, was all she could think.

It's been happening for months, Zander's voice whispered in her mind. *In our dreams we came to you. Made love to you. We are exactly the same in reality.*

Julie cleared her suddenly dry throat, feeling like a fool. These were her fated males? Her head whirled. Why hadn't she sensed it? Why hadn't she known?

Panic dashed through her and she knew she really needed to calm down. Needed to digest this. Figure things out.

She wasn't a young one anymore who was running from a trap. She was a mature female with needs and these males had taken full advantage of that. It wasn't something she should be forgiving easily.

Grabbing a chair she plopped into it and didn't miss how their bodies were tight with tension as they studied her.

She couldn't believe how she hadn't noticed what was happening more than she already had. Was she so naïve? Was she so inexperienced that she hadn't realized they were a threat to her senses and to her independence? To her life under Vampira protection?

"You don't belong to Vampira. You belong with us," Caleb growled with fierce possession.

Her head snapped up at his Vampira comment. Dark and smoldering, his gaze injected pure excitement through her nervousness.

Okay, so they'd found out she belonged to the elite clique. Knew she was protected. That she was off limits to males.

"The reason we approached you in your dreams is because we thought you wouldn't perceive us as a threat," Zander said. "You would simply think you were fantasizing. We wanted to seduce you every night until you came to us. And you finally have."

Her fangs throbbed and heat seared through her, despite feeling angry at being duped.

"Consider fantasy time over, Juliette. Now it's the real thing," Caleb growled.

She watched as they both removed their lab coats.

When her gaze dropped first to Zander's significant bulge pressing against his pants and then Caleb's impressive one, she felt alive. More alive than she'd ever felt in her life. Power zapped through her giving her an insane amount of energy. No longer did she feel tired. But so beautiful and feminine. And vampire.

Suddenly she wanted one of them in her mouth, the other one in her pussy.

Between her thighs, her pussy creamed in anticipation, preparing her for them.

Oh hell, she'd just have to deal with the fallout with Vampira later. "I want both of you males and the pleasure you give," she heard herself confessing.

Their sharp inhalations indicated their appreciation at her comment. "Pleasure is our middle name, baby," Caleb drawled roughly as he undid his buckle.

"And pleasure is the name of the game," Zander replied in a strangled voice.

Their fangs were dropping big time now. Elongating past their lush lips. Sharp and sparkling white, readying for her. Her own fangs ached with a fierce need as she thought about biting them, piercing their hot flesh and tasting their blood for real this time.

"You'll get the nourishment a vibrant female as yourself needs to keep her males happy in bed," Caleb growled.

Yes, energy. She needed their energy pounding through her. Gosh, it had been many decades since she'd had fresh blood. Not since she'd been young and feeding from her sire's blood-slaves.

Now she craved vampire blood. No, she craved two vampires. She wanted to feed from them. To get energy from them. And best of all she wanted the pleasure they would give.

Oh yes, she wanted them.

Anticipation flushed through her and her fangs continued to elongate, dropping past her bottom lips. My, oh my! She didn't remember ever having such long fangs!

Both vamps groaned, obviously seeing her intense arousal.

"You're going to enjoy us, baby. We've been aching for you for too long. Zander, I want to play with our sexy Vampira first," Caleb said thickly.

Without warning he grabbed her by her wrists and yanked her from her chair. Pulled her against him. His eyes glowed a crystal blue as he melted against her length. He was so much taller than her. Both men were. They dwarfed her. Made her feel vulnerable.

"I know you want us, sweet baby. Just as much as we want you."

A thick vein of gentleness whispered through his husky voice. She found herself whimpering as he pressed his hard cock against her mons. Slick tension solidified between them as he cupped the back of her head and drew her to him. His mouth slid over hers like a band of smooth silk, his fangs rasping along her bottom lip sparking the threat of pleasure to come.

Desperate hunger curled through every cell in her body. Sank deep into her bones.

Caleb's head lowered and warm lips pressed against the pulsing vein in her neck. Fangs scratched like blades against her flesh. Sensations exploded through her, destroying her senses, making her shudder at the impact of desire slamming into her.

"Yes, this is what I need," she whispered, feeling more heated moisture spill between her thighs. Caleb's mouth covered hers again. Forcefully. Demanding. Conquering.

His tongue pressed past her lips and tangled with hers. She moaned as Zander's hands smoothed over her shoulders.

He pressed against her.

His body was searing, powerful and perfect.

As Caleb kissed her, Zander's hands roamed her body. Cupping her breasts, making her shudder at his touch.

Her senses were reeling now. Her eyelids heavy, ready to close. Her body willingly ready to surrender to them.

When Caleb broke the kiss and Zander let go of her breasts, she whimpered in disappointment. But when Zander's palms slid erotically up and over the curves of her hips and Caleb began to undo her blouse, her excitement rocketed. She became intricately tuned to her body's reactions to both men's intimate touches. Electrified. Aware of the intoxicating anticipation as it soared through her bloodstream like a drug.

Caleb's face looked flushed, his eyes so heavy with desire, she almost cried out at the impact of seeing him so close to losing control because of her. He pushed her blouse aside, revealing her lace bra.

"So pretty," he muttered as he gazed upon her.

Warmth flowed through her at the appreciation in his eyes. She held her breath as he lowered his head to the valley between her breasts. There was a quick tug, a snap, and her bra fell open. He yanked the cloth away and her breasts spilled free for him to see.

She shuddered as Caleb hoisted her onto the top of the metal lab table. It was a long, sturdy table, cool beneath her ass.

"While Zander locks the door, I want you to lie down on your back, baby," Caleb growled. "Legs up and your ass as close to the edge as you can get it."

Her breath caught at his fierce command and she did as he instructed, her heart slamming against her chest as a moment later she heard the door click into the locked position.

She watched Caleb walk to the foot of the table. He peered between her spread legs.

"Pretty. Very pretty," he whispered.

Julie cried out, her fists clenching as Caleb dropped to his knees. He dipped his head between her opened legs and she found herself panting, the heat of his tongue shocking her senses as he licked sensitive areas along her inner thighs. She tried to breathe as his finger smoothed over her clit. He massaged her rapidly until pleasure zipped through her with lightning speed.

"Zander is up for a sweet treat, babe. How about you?"

In her fixation on Caleb, she hadn't realized Zander was climbing onto the table to join her.

Placing his feet on either side of her hips, he squatted, his hands coming down on each side of her head. He stood over her doggie style, grinning at her.

She zeroed in on his cock as it lanced out like a thick arrow from between his thighs. Hard and so stiff and swollen.

He angled over her, allowing her to reach up and curl her hands on his waist, leading him down. Urging his cock closer to her mouth.

Arousal speared through her as Caleb continued to massage and lick her pussy. His licks were destroying her attention and Zander snarled down at her, his fangs bared.

Bringing her hands off his waist, she rubbed her fingers around his swollen sac, massaging him, gently squeezing him. With her other hand she grabbed the base of his raging erection. He growled again and thrust his hips forward until she was able to suck his cock into her mouth.

Closing her eyes she enjoyed the taste of his power. Licking along the elevated veins she accepted him deeper into her mouth. He moaned, obviously loving the tender way she explored him. With her fangs she delicately scratched his straining shaft. He groaned and swore.

Between her legs, two fingers plunged inside her wet vagina, bringing more pleasure. Caleb began a steady rhythm there and extreme need rose within her and seared through her fangs.

Sensations invaded her, urging her to take the cock now. She didn't hesitate and bit into Zander's hard powerful flesh with her fangs and ignoring his gasp of surprise and pain, she quickly sucked and moaned in appreciation as sweet scorching blood flowed over her tongue and into her mouth. He tasted just like her fantasies. Dominant and powerful, and she knew her fantasies spoke the truth—that the two brothers were the same in reality.

She swallowed the hot blood and eroticism rushed through her. She feasted upon Zander's throbbing flesh, relishing every new rush of energy into her mouth.

As she nourished herself, Zander groaned and moaned. From between her legs Caleb moaned as well, obviously experiencing the pain and arousal of his brother. She felt the sexual tension plunge through both males as she continued to suck and greedily

enjoy the offering. Through her sexual haze she vaguely sensed them fighting their orgasms. Recognizing she was being too greedy in nourishing herself, she reluctantly retracted her fangs, allowing Zander to once again thrust.

Fingers plunged into her pussy in the same carnal rhythm as Zander's cock into her mouth. She went wild as sharp fangs pierced along the inside of her thighs, the burn of pain turning erotic. Sensations intoxicated her and surges of power rushed through her, arcing like lightning.

She was exploding. Fighting for breath. Shattering. She loved the powerful feel of a mouth drawing blood from her and embraced the spasms racing along her vagina.

Chapter Seven

Having Julie bite his cock and feed from him was the sweetest torture Zander had ever experienced. The pain as she pierced his flesh had been so heavenly he'd just about shattered his self-control.

He groaned as he looked down at her.

Her eyes were tightly closed and he loved the cascade of her red hair tossed around her shoulders. Loved her flushed face, noticed the perspiration dotting her forehead and he watched with erotic fascination as his punctured cock thrust in and out of her mouth.

She took him deeper. A wild moan came from somewhere deep inside her chest and he felt Caleb feeding from her and fucking her deeply with his fingers.

His brother's emotions were in a fantastic turmoil. They were hard to read as they tumbled together with a brilliant array of sensual sensations. They were powerful feelings that melted through Zander with intoxicating speed. He tried to concentrate on his own pleasure but Julie's emotions were also playing havoc with his.

While they made love to her, she was thinking of them. Loving the pleasure. Loving them.

Desire burned through Zander and he wanted her even more. Wanted to know everything about her. Her likes and dislikes. How many offspring she wished for. He and Caleb wanted many. But they had all the time in the world to explore each other to the fullest. Right now though, he knew she was about to come.

Thrusting between her lips, fucking her mouth, he listened to the musical tone of her moans as she climaxed again.

As Julie's sweet blood gushed over Caleb's tongue, exploding in an array of flavors he found quite thrilling, he couldn't help but groan at the exquisite taste. She tasted of heaven, freedom and sex, all rolled into one fine package. It was an exquisite elixir, to say the least.

As he sucked her blood, energy blasted him. His erection throbbed and he couldn't wait to replace his fingers inside Julie. As he sensed both Zander and himself nearing their climaxes, he stopped feeding from her. Retracting his fangs he licked her sweet blood and watched the puncture wounds quickly heal over.

Right now, he wanted her. Yearned for her more than anyone he'd ever desired in his life. He continued thrusting his fingers into her in the same erotic rhythm as Zander's cock. Kept massaging her clit, easing off the pressure, giving her some time to collect herself after her orgasm. Her clit looked swollen, engorged with arousal and he couldn't deny himself the pleasure of going down on her again.

Withdrawing his fingers, he once again moved his head between her legs, his lips closing over her pussy. He sucked greedily.

She moaned, her arousal scent washing over him in sensual waves.

Sending a message via mind link to his brother to hurry up, he snarled his anticipation as Zander withdrew his cock from her mouth. He maneuvered away from Julie, giving Caleb full access to gazing upon her lithe body spread out on the table.

He moaned at the seductive offering. Of seeing her heavy-lidded eyes blinking up at him, her hair tousled, her mouth red and swollen from Zander's cock.

She looked absolutely lovely.

His mate. His love.

Grabbing her hips, he yanked her off the table and she practically fell into his arms, she was so weak from her climax.

"Hurry," Julie whispered. "I want you both to feed from me at the same time. Make love to me at the same time. Make me yours."

Make me yours, her command resounded through both brothers in a brilliant haze.

Yes we'll make you ours, their voices echoed together.

Forever.

Desperation slammed through Julie as Caleb kissed her so deeply, so erotically, it unleashed sensations of wonder through her in the utmost brilliance of colors.

Then, without warning, and without breaking the kiss, in one solid thrust, he sheathed himself into her slick, hot pussy, making her gasp and writhe beneath his impalement. In a moment she'd swept her arms around his waist, her breasts crushing against his chest. She felt the wicked pounding of his heart and holding on to him tightly she hoisted herself up and wrapped her legs around his thighs, the heels of her bare feet digging into the tense muscles of his butt.

While they continued the kiss, in the background she heard an unusual squirting sound and a moment later cried out as Zander's hot hands clutched her arms from behind her. His thick swollen cock head pressed against the sensitive puckered ring of her anal muscles and she could tell he was slippery with lubrication.

She would be tight back there.

Yet she wanted them both. Bad. Craved for them to take her. Make them hers. Forever.

Her thighs trembled and need raged as Caleb withdrew from her pussy and Zander stretched into her ass, his cock swollen and wonderfully long, his moans raspy and strangled. Caleb broke his intoxicating kiss and both men's breaths caressed each side of her neck.

Oh yes! Take me," she pleaded, feeling the intense longing for relief screaming through her.

And they did.

Julie writhed beneath their controlling hands as they held her tight. Caleb's cock entered her again and Zander withdrew. She tightened her vaginal muscles around Caleb and jerked as he withdrew and Zander thrust into her ass.

Their mouths were at her neck. Their fangs erotically teasing her tender flesh as both men took turns impaling her, fucking her, filling her.

Their thrusts stretched into her and burned her, leading her toward the carnal heights she craved.

She exploded. Convulsed.

All three cried out as both men sank their fangs into her neck. Renewed pleasure seared through her as they greedily fed. Powerful spasms clenched her lower belly and claimed her senses, throwing her into an emotional roller coaster of arousal, pleasure and a love so brilliant she knew she could never explain the full meaning as it wrapped around her heart and sank deep inside her.

She knew she would be their mate. Forever.

* * * * *

Oh sweet Vampira! What have you done?" Mati scolded Julie after she confessed she'd been shared by two vampires with a brother bond.

It wasn't as if she had a choice about confessing. Her Vampira sisters' noses went into overdrive the minute Julie walked into the gorgeous Maine mansion they used for their monthly meetings.

"Have you no loyalty? No shame!" Mati chastised. Her face had turned deathly white. Whiter than her usual pale complexion. Her eyes bulged with anger and her fangs were unsheathing in obvious distaste. The thirty females in the room, her sisters in Vampira, remained silent. Disappointment melted through Julie as none of them came to her defense.

Okay, so they all had every right to be shocked. She'd just dropped a bomb on them without so much as a warning.

"What you have done cannot be undone, Julie." Mati's voice quivered as she practically flopped into the nearest armchair, obviously swooning from her shock, her usual calm composure shattered.

Guilt, betrayal and compassion slithered through Julie. She had repaid Mati by stabbing the other female right through her heart, betraying her.

"Maybe you should leave," a Vampira member tsked.

Another female, Meg, grabbed her by the elbow. "Yes, maybe it would be best if you came back when Mati has had time to accept what has happened."

Mati waved them away. "It is the Davenport brothers, isn't it?" Mati said coolly, knowingly. She still looked awfully pale, yet her green eyes sparkled with a bright light Julie hadn't seen in the female before.

"They captured you with their fantasy dreams. Seduced you into their bed, didn't they?"

Mati's words made Julie feel dirty and cheap and she could see Mati and the sisterhood were judging her as weak. These females had sworn to support one another no matter what. Through thick and thin. Yet now they looked at her in disgust.

Julie tried to ignore them. Dropping to her knees she took Mati's cold white hands into hers.

"How would you know what they did?"

"I knew what you would face if you went back to carry out the arranged marriage. You weren't ready for them. You were too young and your passion for exploring was very strong. Yes, you might have been happy with them then. But I didn't want you to wonder about what kind of life you would have had, had you never been given the chance to pursue your goals without the males in your life. Even though I knew you were not of a true Vampira nature, I decided to help you. I have always known you are not as cold and independent as some of the rest of us. I should have warned you of the intensity you might face, but I wished your Vampira experience to be peaceful and for you not to look over your shoulder as I had to do."

Julie remembered Mati's reluctance in helping her in the beginning, but then Mati had vetoed the other females' decision. Julie had never asked why. She'd considered herself very lucky to get into Vampira and had relied on the support of the clique.

She watched Mati get a faraway look in her eyes as if the female were looking right through her, as if she'd slipped into another time in her life.

"The Davenport twins' sires almost caught me in their seductive world. I must admit I was very happy with them in the short time I had with them. They pleased me and loved me and I wanted so badly to stay with them. But their lives would be in danger if I stayed with them.

"Besides, I couldn't take the chance of being thrust into another type of servitude. A world of love. The love the three of us shared was very powerful, but I could not be with them. I craved freedom more than our love, so I left them. I heard they'd mated with another female and twin sons were a result. Twins with a powerful blood brother bond that would make any female love to feed off them. There had been an arranged marriage for the young brothers, but the female, you, ran away."

Powerful blood brother bond.

Oh boy, they certainly were potent, Julie mused as flashes of their times together over the past several nights rushed through her. Both vamps taking her over and over again until she was screaming, begging, whimpering for them to bring her the release she craved.

Mati's voice grew higher. Her fingernails clenched painfully into Julie's palms, making her gasp.

"Have I taught you nothing? Have I told you to trust no one? To hide during your heating cycles?"

Mati was shrieking now and Julie totally understood why. Mati had trust issues. Understandable with her past. Julie should have respected Mati's wishes. She should have remembered what Mati and the others had done for her. But Zander and Caleb were irresistible. So powerful in drawing her to them. It just felt so right to be with

them. She found herself smiling at the pleasure those two naughty vamps brought to her.

"You must choose. Those two vamps or Vampira."

The shock of Mati's words hit Julie in a gut-wrenching blow. Now it was her turn to feel betrayed. How could Mati turn so easily against her?

"Choose now, Juliette. Choose now," Mati's voice shuddered thickly. "If you decide to stay with Vampira you must begin anew. A new face. New identity. Everything new."

Tears burst into Mati's eyes and flowed down her cheeks, making Julie swallow at the clog of emotion. She shook her head.

"No, I will not choose, Mati. I won't."

"You must! I cannot have confidence in you if you stay with them. I cannot!"

"You can trust me. You can," Julie insisted. Tears stung her own eyes and she swiped them away.

"I did trust you. This is how you have repaid me. I've never allowed myself to put faith in anyone outside of Vampira. I cannot and I will not do it now. Not even for you. And the fact we are having this conversation means I have my answer, doesn't it?"

Anger burst inside Julie. Letting go of Mati's hands, Julie stood.

"If you want to keep me in your life you're going to have to believe in me that I won't hurt you. Keep me inside Vampira, and I will prove to you that you can trust me *and* my lovers. That we can help protect you. You denied that chance to their sires. Do not deny their sons a chance to help you," she stated.

Mati sat, silent and looking stunned. The other females remained quiet as well.

"Trust me, Mati," she urged, feeling desperation rip through her as she realized all these strong females were in fact not strong. They were in hiding. Hiding from their emotions. Hiding from their past. From each other.

Before she turned from Mati she swore she saw her nod ever so slightly. Instinctively she knew Mati would give her another chance. When she calmed down, she would realize it was in everyone's best interest to allow Julie to remain a member, despite her having a relationship with her fated males. Besides, having Julie inside the elite coven would allow Mati to keep a close eye on Julie's males. It would encourage Julie and her males to keep their loyalty to Vampira for Julie knew a lot about each member. Besides, she knew her males would help protect Mati against anyone still searching for her from her past. Mati was a smart female. She would do what was in her best interest as well as what was best for Vampira.

"And that goes for the rest of you, Vampira! Get your acts together. We need to trust each other with far more than attaining just power and wealth. We need to stick together and protect each other and to support each other emotionally in relationships with males. We need to trust our own feelings. If we feel it is right to pursue a male for us, then by all means we should be allowed to do it. Vampira is supposed to stand for freedom. That should mean everything."

She swore she saw tears of shame in some of their eyes. Disappointment and anger in others.

Oh to hell with them! Each female would have to figure out her own destiny. And Julie was going to embrace hers.

Dammit! She would take her destiny!

* * * * *

After leaving Mati's Victorian mansion, Julie caught the first red-eye flight back to Florida. She picked up her car at the airport and drove around until the full moon made her fangs throb with longing.

Damn them! They'd seduced their way into her life and into her heart.

Pulling her car in behind her beach house, she got out and inhaled the fresh ocean air, feeling the tension ebb from her shoulders. She was home and that's all that

mattered now. When she let herself into her house, she stiffened when she smelled their sexy scents. She found them in her kitchen.

Obviously they'd materialized into her home. They seemed quite comfortable with their surroundings for Caleb lounged on her kitchen bar stool and Zander sat with his long legs splayed out beneath her dining table. They'd helped themselves to the clone blood she kept in her refrigerator.

Both looked up from their mugs when she threw her purse onto the counter. She realized she'd let them off too easy in the way they'd seduced her. She would have to make them pay for a long time for deceiving her about their true identities. Placing her hands on her hips she forced herself to give them her iciest stare.

Neither of them flinched.

Bastards.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, forcing a coolness into her voice she didn't feel.

"We missed you, baby," they both said at the same time.

Oh shit. They sounded so cute when they spoke in unison. Her anger was already peeling away, replaced with a need to have them loving her again.

"Having the two of you in my life is something I hadn't planned," she began.

Zander grinned. "Hadn't planned? Speaking in the past tense, are you?"

"Definitely past tense," Caleb agreed.

Frustration gnawed at her.

"You're not listening to me. Vampira asked me to decide. It's you or them. They've invested a lot of time and money into me and —"

"Vampira is safe with us. We would never put you or your friends in any kind of jeopardy. You have my word," Caleb reassured her.

"And my word. We'll protect them with our lives. We'll protect you with our lives," Zander added.

She'd never seen them this serious before. Now, as she thought about it, somewhere deep in the back of her mind, she'd instinctively known from the moment they'd stepped into her dreams, they were trustworthy.

As soon as possible, she would set up a meeting with Mati and introduce her to Zander and Caleb. They would put Mati at ease and Julie's two males would show Mati that some males could be trusted. Just thinking about helping her friend with her trust issues brought Julie such a rush of relief and excitement, she wanted to get on the phone and call her right away and set up a meeting.

But she stopped short when she noticed the pink tip of Zander's tongue dart slowly from between his slightly parted lips.

Suddenly she wanted Zander's tongue dipping into her pussy and circling her clit in leisurely strokes.

Shoot! Mati would still be ticked if she called her now. Maybe it would be best to wait for just a bit. Besides, Julie couldn't talk about her idea to meet Mati when these two vamps kept looking at her with such ravenous hunger in their eyes.

If they didn't get out of her beach home soon she knew what would happen tonight. She could already make out their huge bulges against their pants. Could feel her own needs pulsing through her anger.

She watched Caleb unzip his pants and Julie's breath backed up.

"I never said I would make love with you two tonight," she protested as Zander started undressing as well. Even as she said it, she could hear the lust heavy in her voice. Could feel her fangs begin to unsheathe with excitement.

"You don't have to say it, Julie." Caleb got off the stool and sauntered over to her. "It's written all over your face and your scent is all over the air. You want us, baby, and we want you. Arranged marriage or not, we do belong together. The Vampire Gods have blessed us with a gift so few are given."

"And we've bonded with you," Zander said from where he'd taken up position behind her. Their combined intoxicating scents weakened her knees. The familiar hum of sensual anticipation flooded her as both males continued to undress.

"We won't take your freedom," Zander continued. "We aren't Traditionalists. We only want you, no others. You can live wherever you want. Do whatever you want. We just want to make you happy. To be with you. Let us show you how much we need you, baby. How much we've come to love you."

Their scents grew stronger, teasing her nose and her heart picked up speed.

"You are the strongest female we've ever met. The most sexy. The most alluring. We can't resist you, baby. It's been hell trying," Caleb growled.

She found herself melting under his words. Her anger at their fantasy seductions dissolving under their scorching gazes.

"You can't resist me?" she replied, feeling her pussy warm at their nearness. Hmm, she liked the idea they couldn't resist her. It appeared she had as much power over them as they did over her. This could be a very interesting relationship.

"You can't deny our attraction," Caleb spoke softly and nipped her earlobe with his fang. The pain quickly turned into arousal and she wanted more bites from him.

Within moments both males stood totally naked in front of her.

Julie's blood stirred. Her breath halted. Within a minute they had her fully naked and lying on top of her dining table. Her knees were up, her legs widespread and Caleb's long, thick cock was plunging into her pussy.

She moaned at her quickly rising pleasure, whimpered at the love glittering in his eyes for her. At her breast, Zander sucked her nipples until she was gasping.

"We belong together," Caleb said as he grabbed her hips and pushed into her pussy.

“Together, forever,” Zander echoed as he devoured her tight nipple, his mouth a searing, possessive brand of heat. Diving her fingers into his silky hair, she held tight to the back of his head and pressed his face into the pillow of her breasts.

“Forever, baby,” Caleb muttered. He plunged harder and smiled down at her. His smile warmed her. The wild erotic tightness coiled deep inside her unraveled.

Julie exploded on a scream and spasms tossed her into a pleasure world filled with lust, desire, trust and best of all – love.

About the Author

Jan Springer writes on four acres of paradise tucked away in the Haliburton Highlands of Ontario, Canada. Past careers include accounting, truck driving, farming and factory work but her passion for writing won out in the end. Now Jan writes full time and is a part-time caretaker. She enjoys kayaking, hiking, photography and gardening. She is a member of the Romance Writers of America and Passionate Ink (RWA Erotic Romance chapter). She loves hearing from her readers.

Jan welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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