

HOT FLASH

Willa's Master

Violet Summers

Changeling Press

The House of MonMarte: Willa's Master Violet Summers

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The House of MonMarte: Willa's Master Violet Summers

Welcome to the House of MonMarte, where dreams are made flesh, and your darkest fantasies come true...

Willa Amber has long known she was a sexual submissive at heart, so it wasn't the open BDSM practiced at the exclusive House of MonMarte that sent her stomach plummeting. It wasn't even the knowledge that most of the Masters and Mistresses were more -- or less -- than human. No, what sent shivers down her spine was being so close to, yet so far from, Victor Breon.

Vampire and Dom, Master Victor has had his eye on Willa for a long time; long enough to know that she belongs to him, body and soul. Now he just needs to prove it to her.

Chapter One

Orlando MonMarte leaned nonchalantly against the balcony railing, gazing down at his House with a surge of satisfied pleasure. As he watched the people below, a mix of humans and those who were more -- or sometimes much less -- than human, he recalled a time when those of his kind had been forced to hide in the shadows, deny their very existence.

"You look unusually satisfied, *ma cher*." He felt her presence before she spoke. Regine. She'd been his closest friend for over a century, and his occasional lover for nearly as long. She was the only family he claimed, the only person he allowed close enough to see the dreams he so fiercely protected.

"Eh, it is a good night," he replied. "A good mix of Master and slave."

"I see." Her hand was soft and white against the black of his jacket, her crimson nails like blood-tipped daggers. "And is there a slave to tempt the elusive Master Orlando? A soft, sweet *poussin*, or a hard-bodied *canard*?"

"Not tonight, love." Tonight he had a different entertainment in mind. "Victor's little rabbit is back." He gestured to the plump, dark-haired woman trying to make herself invisible in a corner. "And he, I think, is ready to claim her."

"Well, it is Beltane, *mon coeur*. The day when the Lord reunites with his lady."

Orlando smiled at the amusement in Regine's voice. "Let us just hope that what they beget is not a new sun. I don't think that is the sort of fire Victor would wish to start."

* * *

Willa stood in the corner, half covered in shadow. It was the perfect place to people-watch without being obvious or noticed. She clung to her tall glass of

champagne, wanting nothing more than to be invisible, as she scanned the room from left to right.

The House of MonMarte was an erotic haven for those who enjoyed the rougher side of sex with exotic partners. Willa was no stranger to handcuffs and a paddle. She'd chosen most of her previous lovers based on the fact that they, too, indulged in the BDSM lifestyle. She'd tried to resist her friend Lisa's pleas that Willa accompany her to the exclusive home yet again, but the lure was irresistible.

No, Willa's sudden case of nerves had nothing to do with being in the mansion or the sensual perversions happening around her. The reason she wished the floor would swallow her up was standing near the fireplace across the room. She couldn't count how many times she'd watched him from afar. She never wandered close to him, nor sought him out as a potential partner for the evening. He was so far out of her league it wasn't even funny. That didn't stop her from looking, or lusting, though; and he'd been front and center of many fantasies she'd had alone in her bed with nothing but some lube and her favorite vibrator.

Victor Breon. His name alone produced a reaction. Her nipples tightened, her thighs quivered and her lace panties dampened.

He was the perfect romance novel hero. The artist in her itched to paint him. Naked and on his back, he'd have one arm under his head and the other would rest across his flat stomach; long, elegant fingers pointing tauntingly downward. She imagined thick thighs and narrow hips. She'd place a sheet along his hip, wanting only a hint of what he might be carrying between his strong legs. His fangs would be down and she would paint a trickle of blood at the corner of his full mouth.

Damn but she wanted him, and not just to paint. She yearned to know what it felt like to be controlled by one of the sexiest vampires to ever walk the planet. She wasn't a fool, though. Victor Breon was always in the company of some statuesque beauty, usually blonde and definitely stacked. Her five foot four frame and short brown hair wasn't his preferred partner. She bet her small rounded stature would inspire no

lust in him whatsoever. It didn't stop her from coming here to watch him, even though she always swore she'd never return.

"More Champagne, Mademoiselle?" a slave asked, plucking a glass off his tray. She smiled and drained the rest of her drink before accepting the new one. The bubbles hit her belly and she giggled involuntarily. She loved the way champagne made her feel, light and airy and without a care in the world. Normally she only allowed herself one glass but tonight Lisa was driving, so Willa was on her third. Not drunk, but definitely light-headed, she moved to a pair of French doors; some fresh air would feel good and might help to cool down her heated body.

Willa walked out into the expansive gardens, wandering along the lush green grass. She kicked off her shoes, savoring the refreshing, velvety dampness of the lawn beneath her feet, and moved further into the garden beyond the flowers beds. Tall hedges, well over six feet, surrounded her on either side, providing a sense of intimacy laced with apprehension. She came upon a large marble table alongside a bench and had a brief mental image of a woman -- herself -- stretched out on the table, a bound sacrifice to a specific Master. Sitting on the cool surface of the table, she gazed at the full moon.

Tipping her head back, she closed her eyes and imagined Victor behind her, slowly running his hands along her arms, kissing the back of her neck and nibbling, softly at first, then harder, until sharp fangs stung soft skin. His hands would move slowly, surely, to cup her full breasts, stealing her breath. The scene played vividly in her mind and she lifted one hand to her left breast. She slipped her hand inside her low cut bodice, stroking her nipple.

She moaned a little as she moved her other hand to her thigh to pull up the skirt of her black silk dress. Her hand dragged across her panties. Soaking wet. She opened her eyes and checked to see if anyone was near, but the height of the hedges afforded her privacy.

She dipped two fingers between her lower lips and stroked around her tight clit. Hot pleasure shot through her and she moved her fingers faster, playing with her full

lower lips and pinching her nipple even tighter. The slight pain rippled from her breast straight to her core. She leaned back on the surface of the wide table, propped on one elbow, and spread her legs wider, allowing her fingers to slip inside her entrance and stroke the wet flesh there. She pushed them as deep as she could reach and moved them sensuously back and forth, her hips rising and falling in rhythm with her stroking.

She cried out and her back arched off the bench as her orgasm rode up her spine; she was only a few strokes away. He'd be standing behind her, watching her, controlling her.

"Do not come." Willa froze, a breath away from explosion, reacting mindlessly to the low, accented voice that seemed to float straight out of her fantasy to wrap around her.

She knew that voice. Even if she'd only ever heard it from a distance in real life, she'd heard it often enough in her fantasies and dreams. It was the voice of her fantasy Master, Victor Breon. Scrambling back to an upright position, she snapped her knees together.

"Keep your thighs open." The voice -- it couldn't really be Victor, that had to be the champagne talking -- was filled with such sensual command that she immediately spread her legs again, helpless to resist. She heard him grunt his satisfaction. "You insult your hosts by coming out here alone instead of finding someone to share your pleasure with." His voice deepened. "You are a very badly trained submissive Willa."

"How do you know my name?" She hardly recognized the breathless quality to her voice. She hadn't turned her head, didn't dare look; she was too afraid it was all a dream.

"Of course I know your name, Willa Amber. I learn everything about my submissives." His voice was closer now. He couldn't be more than a few feet away.

She inhaled deeply as his words washed over her, warming her belly. She licked her dry lips, struggling to find her voice. "You sound sure that I'll agree to be your anything." It was a breach of protocol when addressing a Master, but then he wasn't her Master. Not yet.

She waited for his angry response, but he only chuckled. "I *am* sure Willa. I've seen you, hiding along the wall. Watching me. I've seen the way your nipples peak against your top. I've seen how you clench your thighs together when you think no one is looking. I also know that you haven't had a man between your luscious thighs in almost a year. My Willa," his voice rasped over her, sending a shiver in its wake, "I am *already* your Master."

Her face burned a little more with each word he spoke. She wanted to deny everything he was saying. She wished she could muster the anger she should be experiencing at his invasion of her privacy. Hell, she should get up and walk away and never return to this house. She drew a deep breath, catching the faint spice of his scent. To hell with shoulda, woulda, coulda. She was not about to walk away from her living, breathing fantasy.

"I know almost nothing about you," she said, hearing the tremor in her voice and recognizing it for what it was: the signal of her surrender.

"*Au contraire*. You know that you yearn for me with every fiber of your being." A hard, cool finger traced along the arch of her neck, and Willa was still too afraid to open her eyes; terrified he might disappear, like every other fantasy she'd had of him. "You know that I will take you to limits you did not even imagine existed. You know that my touch alone can set your soul to flight. You know I am vampire, you know I am Cajun and you know that I can Master you like no other, *mon poussin*."

Oh I bet you can, she thought to herself, as her pussy began to ache. She jumped slightly when he laid his large cool hand on her ankle. He finally came into view, backlit by the moon so that she couldn't make out any details except the width of his shoulders and the gleam of his blue eyes. They were glowing slightly around the iris, a sure sign he was aroused.

His hand continued to travel up her calf, cupping her knee, stopping where the dress met skin. He took his hand away and Willa stifled a whimper.

"Raise your arms." He command was direct, his tone authoritative. He moved to the end of the bench. Taking one of her arms, he raised it above her head and wrapped

a nylon strap around it. He repeated the action with her other hand, bringing them together and anchoring them to something. She wasn't sure what; all she knew was that she couldn't move them.

"You've earned a punishment, my pet," he murmured, moving along the side of the table, stroking cool fingers along her ribs through the thin silk of her dress. "You've insulted your hosts, and you've lied to me by denying what you know to be true."

She closed her eyes and concentrated on the feel of his fingers gliding along her side, craving their touch on her bare flesh. It was almost as if he read her mind. In a sudden move he ripped her dress in two. The cool night air hit her sensitized skin, shivering over her flesh. Her nipples were so hard they literally hurt.

A small lantern flared to life, drawing her gaze to the man who lit it. Her eyes widened as she gazed at her Master. Standing shirtless, his long raven hair falling past his shoulders, he was everything she'd imagined, and more. His body was male fucking perfection. His chest was broad and pale; each tiny nipple was pierced with two silver hoops.

Willa's mouth watered as she imagined tugging on the hoops with her teeth.

"Your safe word is luscious." Just the sound of the word from his full, dark lips sent a ripple through her pussy.

He'd moved to stand at the foot of the table, where he'd have the best view of her as she laid spread out like a banquet before him. She'd been so caught up in the reality of his presence, rapt in the moment, that she'd forgotten to be self-conscious. Until now. Now, as Victor's glowing blue eyes mapped every swell and curve of her unfashionably curvy frame, all Willa's insecurities flooded back. Her eyes closed and she swallowed painfully. Was he toying with her? What could someone as beautiful, as perfect as Victor want with someone as... ordinary as her?

"Another punishment already, *mon poussin*?" His voice, though low, contained a thread of menace that hadn't been present in his earlier threat. "Look at me," he snapped, and Willa's eyes popped open. He looked angry, aristocratic nose flared to pull in air, lips flat and grim. The shiver that skated over her this time wasn't arousal.

"What did I do wrong?" she ventured, unsure of the source of his anger.

"You question my choice of pet," he answered coldly. "You denigrate my possession and deny its value." She thought she must still look confused because he huffed out an irritated breath. "You doubt your beauty, your worth to me, because you feel compelled to conform to some arbitrary social 'norm'." He drifted closer, and the tight line of his mouth softened just a bit. "By criticizing yourself, you criticize me, *mon poussin*. I do not choose that which is imperfect." Those glowing blue eyes held her paralyzed. "I have chosen you."

Chapter Two

"Now," Master Victor continued briskly, "I shall punish you for your many transgressions, so that we may truly begin."

Willa felt every muscle go tense, waiting for her erotic punishment. She'd played before, had shared painfully pleasurable scenes, but something in the vampire's glowing gaze warned her that for him, punishment was something entirely different.

He was wearing dark trousers. His black silk shirt hung gracefully from the same post that held the lantern. With slow, almost inhuman grace, he began to remove his belt. She'd thought it was merely an oddly woven bit of leather, but as he unwound it, she realized it was actually a long whip. What had looked like an ebony buckle was really a short handle, which he grasped with a casual confidence that made her tremble.

"You have earned three punishments, my Willa," he mused gently as he moved to her side. Seemingly over his fit of anger, he propped one hip negligently on the marble table by hers, and trailed the handle of the whip down the line between her breasts. The cool ebony felt so good on her overheated flesh but at the same time, the anticipation of the pain to come burned along her nerve endings. "Tell me, *my pet*, what were your three transgressions?"

She drew a breath, on slightly more familiar ground. She recognized the ritual of this, the submissive's requirement to admit to their sins. "I insulted my hosts by pleasuring myself alone out here," she mumbled. The ritual might be predictable, she realized, but the man was not; and that unpredictability had her tripping over words. "I denied that you were my Master," she continued, but stuttered to a halt when he laid the handle of the whip gently over her lips.

"Is that what you denied, my Willa? Truly?"

"No." It left her on a sigh. "I denied *knowing* that you are my Master. Truly."

"That is better," he praised softly. "Continue."

"I questioned your taste. I..." This was the most difficult confession of all, because it felt so inauthentic. "I insulted you by insulting your chosen pet."

"I think you still question my choice," he murmured. He leaned across her, bracing himself on one broad palm, which he planted near her opposite hip, creating a bridge over her quivering torso. "I think that soon we will address this flaw, but not tonight." Perhaps he did know her better than she'd believed, for he clearly understood that hearing him call her perfect and believing it were two different things entirely. "Tonight I will let your acknowledgement be enough."

He was leaning in close, hovering over her, the whip trailed like a cool extension of his touch across her abdomen. He moved closer still. His gaze locked on hers; the blue flame held her. His breath, cool and scented with exotic spice, caressed her cheek and neck. She didn't realize she was holding her breath until he reached up with his free hand and lightly stroked her throat. "Breathe," he whispered, and she obeyed, drawing in the cool night air and the essence of him.

"Fifteen lashes, I think," he mused, trailing his fingers along her neck. "Five for each infraction. Hmmm. It would be a pity to mar such beautiful breasts." He paused his stroking and examined her bonds. He poked and prodded for a moment, and she felt the bonds give a bit of slack; just enough for her to roll to her stomach, she realized. "Ah, but first I have a use for that beautiful, lying mouth of yours."

With another of his inhumanly quick and graceful movements, he leapt onto the table, straddling her chest like some dark, pagan god claiming his tribute. She was reminded - vividly -- of her vision of this table as a sacrificial alter. A flick of his hand and his trousers opened, the fly forced wide by the bulk of his hard cock. With a naughty smile, he eased both pants and briefs down enough to free the raging flesh.

His cock was as beautiful as the rest of him. Full and thick and flushed deep pink with blood, it rose to strafe the flesh just below his navel. His smile grew, flashing just a hint of fang. Moving slowly, he palmed himself, dragging his hand along the shaft and rubbing a rough over-hand caress across the head.

"*Oui*," he all but hissed as he continued stroking himself slowly before her eyes. "First you will pleasure me with your mouth. I want to feel your wetness on me as I mark that creamy skin."

With no further warning, he dropped to his knees, one planted firmly outside each of her shoulders. "Open, *mon coeur*." Bracing one hand over her head, he gripped the base of his cock with the other and guided it to her lips.

She kept her mouth closed for a moment, not in resistance, but to feel the smooth dome of his cock rub over her lips. He seemed to understand, because he didn't try to force his way in, merely painted her lips with the slightly sticky pearl of pre-cum that gathered on the tip.

Her tongue peeked out, stole a taste, and his flavor exploded through her senses. Spice, but nothing she could identify; it was wicked and exotic, like him. Wanting, needing more, she opened wider, pressed wet, sucking kisses to the head and down the sides of the shaft. He moaned softly and tapped her hard on the cheek with the marble-hard length.

"This is not for your pleasure, my Willa. This is for mine."

Properly chastened, Willa opened wide and Victor took full advantage. The heavy head worked over her lips, the width stretching them pleasantly. He was satin on her tongue, the flesh of his cock warmer than that of his hands. Pulling in a deep breath through her nose, she began to devour him. Sucking hard, she lifted her head as far as she could, took him as deep as she could, and reveled in the bittersweet spill of his pre-cum on her tongue.

Far enough inside now that he didn't need to guide himself, he moved his free hand to her jaw, stroking gently over her cheek and chin, exploring the bulge and hollow of her cheeks as she swallowed him down. All the while he crouched over her, like some great beast, some indescribably beautiful creature from myth or fantasy.

"Take all of me, *mon poussin*," he groaned, and she fought hard to relax her breathing, relax her throat, to let him fill her beyond even the need for air. He paused there, lodged deep in her throat, so deep it was as if he'd stabbed clear to her heart. He

held there until her head grew dizzy, her eyes clouded with tears, and her fists clenched with the need for oxygen, and still when he pulled free, all she wanted was to suck him back in, until there was no Willa, no world, nothing but Victor.

"Naughty." He smiled down at her, drawing his thumb firmly across her damp, swollen mouth. He leaned down and followed the same path with his tongue; not a kiss, more a branding. It certainly felt like fire to her. "Mmm. You taste like me."

Her eyes slid closed at the eroticism of the moment, and when she opened them again, he'd moved off the table, landing so lightly she never even heard him move. He paused, and she knew now his pauses were deliberate, meant to let her look her fill, to let her regain her balance. He was so beautiful, overwhelming to her senses. Pale, ripped torso. Thick cock glistening with the moisture from her mouth and his own essence. The sight burned through her.

Her pussy, which had been wet since she'd first sighted him inside, was awash in honey, slick and creamy and desperate for his attention. He knew it, too. Another of those wicked smiles, and he slammed two fingers deep into her waiting channel. Nothing more, just the hard thrust of his fingers, and she had to clench every muscle in her body to hold back the orgasm.

Running his tongue languidly over one fang, he raised his hand to nose, sniffed appreciatively at the thick cream coating his fingers, then sucked them into his mouth with a low hum of pleasure. "You taste as sweet as you look. All plump and juicy." For once the word plump didn't even faze her; she was too caught up in the sight of him licking and sucking her cream from his fingers. "Taste," he commanded, and swiped his fingers between her labia again, sending little shocks of pleasure through her pussy as he gathered up a generous slick of her cream.

She blinked dumbly when he pressed his fingers to her lips. She'd never tasted herself before. Had never even thought about it. But now, licking her own taste from Victor's fingers, she thought it might just be the hottest thing she'd ever done.

"It is sweet, no?" It wasn't really a question, but she nodded anyway, tongue searching her bottom lip for any remaining trace on her mouth -- a trace of her, a trace of him, it didn't matter which.

Pulling back, he somehow managed to flip her in a move so graceful that one moment she was stretched out on her back, and the next she was on her belly with no clear idea of how she'd gotten there. Some of the tension she'd lost coiled back into her body as he peeled her ruined dress up the length of her, dragging it clear over her head until the tattered fabric dangled out of sight from her bound hands.

Her lace panties parted with a sound like a sigh under his steely grip, and in less than a minute, Willa found herself naked and waiting for her Master's punishment.

"How many strikes, *mon poussin*?"

"Fifteen, Master," she whispered shakily.

"*Oui*. Three sets of five. You will count them out. Keep your count, or I will start again from one."

With no further preparation, the whip cut a fiery line across the back of her right thigh. Willa gasped at the pain, but quickly recovered enough to begin counting.

"One. Two. Three." Each strike seemed perfectly aligned with the one before, perfectly parallel. Her voice was growing fainter with each number as pain and tension stole the air from her lungs.

"Two more, my lovely slave," he encouraged softly, and a gentle hand feathered over the welts she could already feel raising on the backs of her thighs.

"Four," she panted, light-headed. She'd been paddled before, spanked and even lightly flogged, but this was her first experience with the whip, and she was quickly realizing that all her preconceived notions about submission were pale reflections of the reality. "*Five!*"

"That is your first set," Victor soothed, bending over her to run his tongue along each throbbing line of fire. *Oh, gods*. That was just the *first* set. She didn't know if she could take two more. "You did beautifully," he continued, pressing light kisses to the

full cheeks of her ass and stroking a comforting hand along her back. "Your skin is so delicate, so fine. You shall wear my marks for a good long time, my Willa."

When she'd almost got her breath back, he pulled away with one lingering caress of her ass, and said, "Second set."

By the fifth lash of the second set, the numbers were coming out on sobs. Tears streaked Willa's face. Tears of pain, yes. But their source welled much deeper than merely physical. After each strike Victor paused, soothing with soft words, soft touches, and somehow that was even more painful than the lash. It was as though something was breaking free inside her, something foreign and new that she'd never suspected existed.

“Third set.”

The first lash cut clean across her right cheek. The second mirrored the mark on the left. "Three," she gasped. "Four!" She didn't even try to hold back the scream. "Five!"

And he was on the table again, crouched between her spread thighs, hands locked on her hips as he ran his tongue over the welted, stinging flesh that bore his mark.

“Someday,” he promised as he ran his tongue along one hot, red mark. “Someday I will mark you just like this, and I will seal it with my cum, branding you as mine for everyone to know.”

The pain should have killed her arousal. The emotional trauma, the confusion, should have clouded her mind. Instead, the opposite had happened. Every hot throb of blood she felt in her swollen, abused ass and thighs echoed in her swollen, dripping pussy. Her confusion solidified into one driving need.

“Yours,” she agreed, sobbed against the wet marble of the table. “I need you to make me yours.”

Chapter Three

"What do you need, *mon coeur*?" he asked, using his hands to part her cheeks so his tongue could delve into her channel from behind, maddening little forays that stole her voice. "Shall I tell you what you need?" he taunted, licking at every creamy fold, setting nerves alight that she hadn't guessed existed. "This is what you need."

With that he moved again, pulling her to her knees, helping her to brace on her forearms. One steely arm wrapped tight around her hips, then he was there; the thick, broad head of his cock prodding her spasming channel.

"Yes!" He was right. It was what she needed. To be surrounded by him as he crouched over her; propped on one forearm which he'd planted on the table near her own arms, his thighs bracketing hers, his other arm around her hips, holding her tight against him. To be filled by him, the scent of him, dark and exotic and all around her; his flavor still in her mouth, her throat; his cock, delving inch by agonizing inch into her clenching heat. "Oh, gods, please yes," she wailed as he powered into her. Surrounded. Filled. Owned.

The steely control he'd showed while he Dom'd her disappeared as if it had never existed. His cock surged into her, stretching and pummeling delicate tissues, as his hips snapped in increasingly fast thrusts. And all she wanted was, "More, Master! I need more of you." She'd never been a vocal lover, never been uninhibited enough to just let go. Victor had blown past all that, had stripped her bare, past any consciousness of self. All that was left was a creature of sensation. His creature.

"*Oui*," he growled, hips pistoning faster. He rose to his knees, somehow freeing the clasp that held her bound hands in place, and dragged her with him. A deft movement and he'd draped her still-bound hands behind his neck, leaving her spread and vulnerable, impaled on his cock and a prisoner to brutal ecstasy.

"I need to come," she panted, turning her face against his shoulder. Her mouth opened against his skin, his hair stuck to her lips, her cheeks. The marble smooth strength of his thighs smacked against hers, slapped the raw marks he'd left on her skin, and the sensation sent her even higher. "Please, Master, I need to come."

"*Oui*," he repeated, grunted, as his hand dropped to cover her pussy. "Come for me now." The last word was punctuated with a strong pull on her swollen clit, and the universe exploded around her, flashes of light and rain of fire until Willa would have sworn she saw the sun in the sky at midnight.

Before she could come down, before the sparkles faded from her sight, Victor gave a deep, groaning sob. His body bowed and arched, lifting her; and his cock swelled magnificently inside her. With a rough shout, he exploded right along with the universe, filling her with sweet, slick cum, and setting off a whole new set of shockwaves.

She couldn't have said how long they lay there, Victor cradling her against his chest, one leg wrapped possessively around her thigh to keep her still. She was tired, and gods knew she was sore, but she was also filled with a strange sense of euphoria. She felt as if she'd finally glimpsed the white stag; had finally seen proof of some half-remembered dream. What she'd shared with past lovers? A weak imitation. What she'd found in Victor was the real thing.

"Tell me what you have learned tonight," he commanded softly, once again showing that uncanny ability to almost read her mind.

"I learned never to lie to you," she teased, then yelped when he directed a light slap to her abused posterior. "I learned I belong to you," she said more seriously, "that you want me to belong to you," and even she could hear the wonder in her voice.

"Why does that amaze you so? You are a beautiful woman, my Willa. So smart, and soft, and sexy. What man wouldn't want you to belong to him?" She didn't answer, knowing that any criticism of her body would draw another punishment. "Ah, it's no matter," he finally concluded. "You do belong to me, from the moment I saw you enter

the house I knew you would be mine. And I have an endless supply of nights in which to instruct you on your value to me."

Willa sighed and nestled closer. "Did you see it?" she asked drowsily.

"Hmm?" She knew he wasn't near sleep like she was, but she loved the lazy, satisfied tone of his voice

"When you were loving me," she explained, pausing to lick delicately at his neck. "I saw the sun."

* * *

"He did not bite her," Regine commented with a raised brow. "That was unexpected." For vampires blood and sex were nearly always entwined.

"Not so much," Orlando disagreed. "He intends to keep her. He knows he's got plenty of time. There's no need to rush that pleasure."

"Eh, you men and your delayed gratification." Regine made a rude gesture that had Orlando coughing into his hand to hide an inappropriate laugh. She sauntered up to him and cupped his jaw in deceptively gentle fingers. "It is much better to take what you want now," she tapped his lower lip with one crimson nail, "and then to take it again later."

Orlando didn't bother to hide his laughter this time, merely pulled Regine into a quick embrace, before leading her out of the garden and back into his House.

Violet Summers

Violet Summers is a married mother of three beautiful children, including one set of twins, one rambunctious puppy, and one husband, except when she's a single mom of one spoiled teenaged godchild, three spoiled kitties, and two spoiled, elderly parents. Both of Violet's personalities are very busy!

No, Violet has not suffered a psychotic break yet (though she may after dealing with creating web-pages and MySpace accounts). Violet is actually the writing team of Sierra Summers and Violet (VJ) Johnson.

Neither woman can remember quite when she started writing, though VJ has a vague memory of a story written in the seventies about a girl named Carmel (that's Car-MELL) who wore designer Sassoon "shapes," or jeans. It was not, she says, her finest work.

Both women read voraciously, and in a multitude of genres. Sierra classifies them as "readers, as opposed to readers of romance. This means when we write, we're as concerned with the story as we are with the sex." That said, Sierra has been known to boycott books where the characters haven't "done the deed," by page 125.

Sierra and VJ live in Southeast Michigan, and the spice of the Metro-Detroit area often flavors their work. "Why look for a more glamorous setting," VJ asks, "when we've got the beautiful, re-vitalized Downtown area to draw from?"

Violet Summers writes in a variety of genres, from contemporary to paranormal; from soft BDSM to fantasy. The two things all her stories have in common are their deeply emotional stories and their scorching erotic love scenes.

Sierra and VJ love to hear from their readers. You can contact them at VioletSummers@yahoo.com, or on MySpace and Facebook!