

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT

POSSESSING
Hayley

L. ROSARIO

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Alec has resisted the idea of an eternal bond for six centuries. Now his master has ordered him to save a woman who has been left for dead, and there's a catch—in order to successfully save her life, Alec must make Hayley his own. In every way...

Hayley was only looking for a good time, but when the good time turns into a strange waking dream full of vampires, bloodlust and scorching sex, she no longer recognizes who she is or what she has become. She clings to Alec, the sexy vampire with possession in his eyes. Without him, she'll never be able to adjust, but he holds back, denying the bond she craves.

But it's a bond that cannot be denied for long. Upon returning to the coven, a simple truth awaits. If Alec does not claim Hayley, another will.

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Chapter One

Alec sensed a deep stirring within the coven. *Fear*. The feeling raised the hairs on his nape and pricked at his conscience, but he ignored it. He would not be expected to interfere unless the master commanded him to do so, and until then he had other things to focus on.

He shifted his weight to his hands and lifted his upper body for a view of the woman underneath him. Her long, pale lashes fluttered against her cheeks before she opened her eyes with a lazy smile. Her beauty was enough to make him forget all about the workings of the coven beyond his bedroom door. She looked like an angel with her long blonde hair and bright white smile, but it wasn't her angelic looks responsible for landing her in his bed. It was her blood.

"Why did you stop?" Closing her eyes again, she arched her throat for the taking. "Please, don't stop. Not yet."

Alec worked his tongue over the tips of his fangs, already coated with her taste, then lowered his mouth to the slender offering. Her pulse throbbed against his lips and her breathy gasps ruffled his hair.

"Mm. Yes." Her fingers fisted in his hair, a gesture that would do no good if he wished to leave her, but he didn't. "Bite me *hard*."

He pressed his fangs into her skin and dragged hard at the thick artery. She gasped and clawed painfully at his scalp, but he didn't ease up. She'd asked for it hard and he aimed to please. Another bruising pull on her artery filled his mouth with blood. She was divine, her taste almost virginal. *Almost*. Virgins were forbidden in the coven. The master deemed them a threat to the order he craved. Fine by Alec. He'd rather have a woman who knew what the hell to do. Like Mari. She knew what to do all right; right

down to the way she worked her throat to help the flow of blood and the way she flexed her pussy muscles.

Moaning softly, she ran her hands up and down his back to press his weight on top of her. The new position angled his cock and nearly dislodged him from her tight sheath. He thrust hard, then harder. Her gasps turned to quiet screams and her blood pumped fast and steady into his mouth. He swallowed in time to the buck of her slender hips but held his body immobile. For the moment he'd let her do all the work, and simply enjoy the suction of her pussy and the occasional brush of her swollen clit along his shaft.

Alec ceased drinking but kept his mouth at Mari's neck. Her climax was close, perhaps one slight shift of his cock away, but he hesitated to toss her over the edge. She clawed at his back, bucked her hips and thrashed her head as best she could while captive to his fangs. Her skin pulled and bunched in his mouth, forcing a bit of blood onto his tongue. With a smile, he gladly swallowed. But still he held her on the precipice and waited.

She did not disappoint.

"Now. Please. I beg you, my master." Ah, no sweeter words could possibly exist.

With an accommodating growl, Alec deepened his bite while plunging his pelvis forward. The combination set off a dual explosion, a bloody one on his tongue and a creamy one around his cock. The blood was hot as it slid down his throat and the juices modestly cooler against his heated skin. He waited for the most frenzied of her contractions to ease, for her body to begin to relax, before he thrust hard and high, so high he hit the opening of her womb. Her body contracted around him, pulling him deeper. With his mouth full of blood and his balls burning for release, he jerked once more and poured his seed deep inside her.

The aftermath left Mari shaking in his arms. He eased his fangs free, licked the wounds closed then rolled to his back to allow her to snuggle against his side. Her breath was hot and moist against his chest and her fingers trembled as they petted a line

down his torso. He caught the questing hand before it could reach his cock. She was eager, he'd give her that, but he needed time to recover, time to allow her blood to spread through his veins and reignite his lust. "Not yet, my dear." He smiled at her huff of disappointment then carried her hand to his lips to kiss each slender finger. The gesture seemed to soothe her and she snuggled closer. Her lashes brushed his skin, and in no time, she slept as only an exhausted mortal could.

Alec stared at the ceiling, contemplating how long to let Mari rest before he escorted her from his room. He never allowed any of the servants to spend the night. Such a practice hinted at a bond he shared with none of them, a bond he didn't desire. Mari stirred and settled into a deeper sleep. He should wake her, but before he could, a sharp knock sounded at the door.

"Enter." He barked the word while pulling the sheet up to cover Mari's naked body. She snuggled into the blanket, still sound asleep. Alec glanced toward the door just as the queen entered.

Shit. He shouldn't have ignored the unease he'd sensed.

"Alec, the master wishes to see you." She didn't bother to apologize for intruding, didn't even glance toward Mari. "The matter is urgent." The words were unnecessary. For the queen to do the fetching, the master didn't just want to see Alec, he wanted to see him *now*.

Alec eased Mari away and she came awake, blinking. "I have to go," he said. She narrowed her eyes and started to sit up but he held her down with a hand to her shoulder. "Stay here and wait for me, if you wish." He knew she'd stay, even before she nodded and relaxed under the sheet. "Good girl." He brushed a kiss across her forehead then turned to the queen. "Care to tell me what's going on?"

Green eyes flicked toward Mari and a chestnut brow arched. The queen returned her penetrating gaze back to Alec. "The master is waiting, if you don't mind."

In other words, get your lazy ass out of bed, minion.

Smothering a grin, Alec tossed his legs over the side and shot another look toward the queen. She made no move to leave or turn around. Vampires weren't squeamish about nudity, hell they weren't squeamish about anything, but he'd never been naked in front of the queen before. Was there protocol to be observed? What the hell. He stood. She turned away but not before he caught the brief downward shift of her gaze. His ego grew by a few degrees. Nice to know he had the goods to interest a queen. Too bad he wasn't looking for one.

"Benjamin has returned."

"Excuse me?" The queen's words shocked Alec into focus.

She glanced over her shoulder. "The master is holding him in the underground chamber and requests your presence. I suggest you make haste." With that, she sauntered from the room, leaving the door open and the air ripe with her unique floral scent.

Damn. Ben was back? After going missing for nearly two weeks, his friend had been given up for dead. Clearly that wasn't the case. But why the dungeon, and why summon *him*?

* * * * *

The underground chamber, or dungeon as most called it, was not a happy place. Very few coven members had ever stepped foot down there, nor did they wish to. Used primarily for punishment, the dungeon housed a half-dozen coffins and an impressive collection of swords. The coffins were for bad vamps the master hadn't decided to kill yet, and to Alec's knowledge one was currently occupied. The swords were for...well, it was rather obvious what the swords were for.

Alec sidestepped the row of coffins and found the master standing at the back of the room. They made brief eye contact then Alec followed his gaze toward the wall. He halted in his tracks.

Ben. The vampire was chained, and by the smell of burning flesh in the air, the chains were silver. He was naked, emaciated and looking like he'd just crawled from a grave. It wasn't a good look. Even for a vampire.

Alec moved alongside his master, unable to tear his gaze from his old, yet unrecognizable, friend. "You sent for me, my master?" Given the situation, not to mention the location of the meeting, total deference seemed a good route to go.

"As you can see, Benjamin has decided to drag his worthless hide back to the coven." The master crossed his arms and looked at Alec. "It seems life on the outside was harder than he anticipated."

Ben had run away? What fool would leave the coven and all its delights for life on the outside? "Why has he been quarantined?"

"You know the rules, Alec. Benjamin ran away and then suddenly reappeared. It would be irresponsible to allow him to run about the coven before ascertaining if he is clean."

"And is he? Clean?" Alec glanced at Ben, who looked anything but clean.

"No." The master moved closer to Ben, which caused an immediate reaction. As if jolted from a deep sleep, Ben jerked his head up and violently fought against the chains. Smoke wafted from his wrists as the silver burned away more flesh.

Alec wrinkled his nose and turned away. Poor bastard. "I sense we aren't talking about hygiene, Master."

"No, not at all." The master lashed out and took hold of Ben's greasy hair to yank his head back. "Would you like to tell your friend what you are guilty of, Benjamin? Tell him why you are chained to a wall contemplating the kiss of a sword at your neck."

Ben's wild gaze found Alec. His throat worked, his lips parted but speech seemed beyond him. Clearly if Alec wanted the story from Ben, he'd have to go in and get it. Holding Ben's gaze, he forced himself into the vampire's mind. Weak with hunger and fear, Ben was easier to read than a picture book.

There was a woman, dark and sultry. Her husky laughter crawled through Alec's senses, enticing him as it must have enticed Ben. She was so real, so tangible, he could feel the heat of her skin, smell the fragrance of her hair and taste the sweetness of her lips as Ben kissed her. He wanted to bite her. No, that was what Ben wanted, what he asked for. Another laugh, another passionate kiss then she stripped out of her dress to offer the perfection of her body. Ben swept her hair aside, placed his mouth to her neck and unsheathed his fangs.

Alec sucked in a deep breath. He could feel her pulse against his own mouth; feel the tension in her body as it anticipated the bite. His fangs throbbed, his mouth watered. He heard her gasp, smelled the momentary fear then tasted the blood. She was delicious. Clean. Unsullied by the feedings of other vampires. Envy grabbed hold of Alec. Who was Ben to enjoy such a treat? Alec was older, more powerful, more deserving. The woman should be *his*.

Lost in his own cravings, Alec nearly missed the feel of the woman's pulse slowing against his mouth, the taste of her blood changing. She was dying, and yet Ben continued to take. The images shifted, blurred, until Alec could see nothing but red. The woman's blood. It poured from her, from the tear in her throat. She lay on the bed whimpering, once, twice, then nothing. He saw her from far away, as though Ben stood on a threshold, unsure if he should stay or go. As the images faded to black, Alec recognized the dark city streets and tasted Ben's horror.

The bastard had left her. He'd left her to *die*.

Alec took a step back, disgusted to be so close to the monster he had once called friend. "Do we know where the girl is?" He kept his gaze on Ben but addressed the master.

"That is why I summoned you, Alec." Releasing Ben, the master stepped back. "Benjamin was kind enough to supply this." He reached into his shirt to pull out a necklace. Taking it off over his head, he tossed it toward Alec, who plucked it from the

air. Dangling from the long cord was a key. On one side was the logo for a seedy motel, and on the reverse, the number sixty-six.

Alec frowned. "He left her *here*?" If she hadn't been dead when Ben left her, she would be now. The motel was located in just about the worst part of town imaginable. The master couldn't possibly be thinking to send—

"I want you to find the girl."

Fuck.

"If she is dead, dispose of the body."

"And if she isn't?" Alec put the key around his neck. Centuries of loyalty kept him in the room when all he really wanted to do was leave before the master could answer.

"Make her yours."

Double fuck.

The frantic rattling of chains and the smell of burning flesh drew Alec's attention back to Ben. "Mine," the captive vampire hissed. "*Mine!*"

Alec arched a brow at the master. "He doesn't seem too happy about this."

"Benjamin has lost the right to an opinion." *Ouch.* "I will keep him alive until you find the girl and contact me about her condition. If she's alive, killing Benjamin might harm her. For the time being, he *is* her sire."

"Unless he didn't get around to giving her any blood." Ben's final memories of the incident had been fractured by fear and guilt. Alec hadn't been able to tell exactly what had happened once the girl's throat had been ripped open, just that Ben had placed her on the bed before fleeing the scene. Blood could have been exchanged, but he doubted it.

"We will play it safe and keep him alive for now." The master left Ben and took hold of Alec's arm to guide him away from the prisoner. "If you find the girl alive, she will be confused, angry even. Being with someone who understands abandonment should help her."

“Forgive me, Master, but my sire abandoned me well after the change was complete.” And good riddance to the selfish bastard. Once the initial shock of being alone had worn off, Alec had been better off without his sire, safer too. There’d been rumor of the vampire’s capture and destruction. Never confirmed, but a void existed in Alec where a blood link should be, leaving him to believe rumor was fact.

“Aye, I know, but I still believe you’re the best one to see to this.” The master’s stern expression discouraged protest, even in one as old as Alec. Maybe in the outside world, were they to meet one on one, Alec could take the master. His sire might have been a bastard, but he’d been old and powerful. It would be one hell of a fight, to be sure, but Alec didn’t exist on the outside. He existed here, in the coven. The master’s coven; where obedience bred happiness.

“Very well, I’ll call you the moment I find the girl.” He’d do as instructed and save her life if possible, but the part about making her his? The memories he’d pulled from Ben, the woman’s laugh, her scent, her naked perfection, they reappeared long enough to make Alec falter.

No, he did not crave a bond. What he felt for the woman was pity, nothing more.

The master studied him closely. “I can only imagine the thoughts you’re hiding behind that mental shield of yours.”

Alec smiled, confident in his ability to keep the master out.

With a soft chuckle, the master shook his head and moved toward the door. The air barely stirred in his wake. “One more thing.” He halted and turned. “Find an unbound male servant to take with you. If you find her alive, and she survives the transformation, her body will crave more than just blood. You will be grateful for the help, trust me.”

Having never made a vampire, Alec could only go by his own experience and how he had felt upon awakening for the first time. He’d been beyond hungry and hornier than a teenager with his first hard-on. Within the first six hours he’d fucked his way

through four whores, and had all but drained three of them of blood, before his sire stopped him. Yeah, he was going to have his hands full.

“Will one servant be enough?” Why not bring two? Or three?

The question seemed to amuse the master. “Do you question the stamina that has earned you a rather interesting reputation within this coven, Alec?”

Reputation? What the fuck? “I had no idea I *had* a reputation.”

The rare grin actually widened. “One servant will suffice, Alec. Be gone within the hour, and good luck.”

“Thank you, Master.”

* * * * *

Nearly an hour later, Alec pulled into the motel lot and parked in front of door sixty-six. Instead of turning off the engine, he threw the Mercedes into park and glanced at Chase, the servant he’d chosen to accompany him. “I’ll go in, you stay with the car.”

The motel was like something out of an episode of *CSI*. The paint was peeling, the other cars in the lot didn’t look capable of running and the smell of drugs permeated the air. The only thing missing was the sound of gunfire. Alec would have to be a fool not to worry about his sleek black ride.

He popped open the door and stepped out. Pulling a duffel bag from behind the seat, he slung it over his shoulder and looked around. The smells he’d detected from inside the car were annoyingly pungent outside. Mixed with the drugs was the unmistakable aroma of decay. How lovely.

Leaning back in, he nodded toward the vacant driver seat. “Switch seats just in case you need to get the hell out of here quick.”

Chase slid over the console and went to work adjusting the seat. He wasn’t a short guy but Alec was taller. He reached for the rearview mirror and glanced at Alec, who still hovered with one hand braced on the roof, the other on the door. “What if you need me in there?”

Alec frowned toward the motel. There was a window to the right of the door, but dingy curtains hid the room inside. Not that a view mattered. He could smell blood and Benjamin. The girl was definitely inside. "One problem at a time." He shut the door and motioned for Chase to lock it. Once he heard the mechanism engage, he headed for room sixty-six.

The door moved under the slightest pressure, rendering the key around Alec's neck unnecessary. He pushed it open just enough to see inside. No lights had been left on but the TV flickered across from the bed, illuminating the pale body sprawled atop the stained sheets. It was the vision made real, and anger flared hot inside Alec.

How could Ben have left? How could he have abandoned this woman to die a miserable death? It showed a weakness of character so foul that Alec spit to rid the taste from his mouth. He'd do what he could to help her, to save her, but the stench of impending death hung heavy in the air, labeling him a failure before he could even begin.

Stepping into the room, he tossed the bag next to the TV then moved to the bed. Jaw locked and teeth clenched, he took in the gray pallor of the woman's skin, the prominence of her veins and the gaping wound at her neck. He'd seen this in Ben's mind and had felt the damage as though his own teeth were responsible. It sickened him now as it had then, and he dragged his gaze upward to her features. In repose, her lashes fanned across high cheekbones and her full lips were slightly parted. She wasn't a beauty, not by Hollywood standards, but there was something about her, something that turned the pity he *should* feel into something he didn't want to feel.

"Why did you allow him to bite you?" Alec asked the question under his breath while resisting the urge to trace the woman's slack bottom lip. Unless he'd interpreted Ben's thoughts wrong, the woman had done nothing to stop the horror, which meant she either wanted it or had been unable to do anything about it. The latter meant mind control, the equivalent of rape in Alec's mind, and another crime to lie at Ben's feet.

Alec brushed tangled strands of brown hair away from the woman's neck and took another look at the wound. Ben's teeth hadn't come out as cleanly as they'd gone in. The skin was bruised and ravaged. Once Ben had released the woman from his control, she must have felt pain...horrible pain. The need to make Ben suffer fisted Alec's hands at his sides, but he couldn't think of Ben now, not when the odds of saving this woman were stacked against him.

Not wanting to waste another moment, Alec stripped off his clothes, climbed on the bed and arranged the woman across his lap. Her skin was cold, nearly devoid of any mortal warmth. Maybe it was already too late...but no, she had a pulse. It was weak, barely a flutter, but enough to encourage him to do everything he could to prevent her death.

He'd been sent here to clean up Ben's mess, but it was about more than that now. He didn't want to fail. He didn't want this woman to die. She awakened feelings he might not like, but he couldn't ignore them. What if she was what he'd waited for all these centuries, the reason he had shunned every opportunity to bond?

There was only one way to know for sure. She needed to survive so he could look her in the eyes. According to the master, the connection, if one existed, would be unmistakable. It was scary to think that might be true, but he had to know.

Alec sliced his fangs across his wrist to open a vein then placed the wound to the woman's lax mouth. He'd brought implements with him to inject her with blood, but it would be more potent straight from the vein. The trick would be getting her to drink.

Blood trickled down her chin and he cursed her inability to swallow. He pressed his wrist closer, sealing her lips around the wound. The blood had nowhere to go but inside her mouth. Her body would either reject the healing qualities of his blood, or accept it. Either way, it was a waiting game.

Chapter Two

Hayley was dreaming. About blood. About how good it tasted, how it felt sliding over her tongue and down her throat. It was wonderful, this dream. It had chased away the nightmare she'd been having. The one that began and ended with a handsome face, gorgeous dark eyes and a voice purring, "Do you like it kinky?"

She focused on the blood. A few more drops slid down her throat. The dream allowed her to feel their path from her throat through the rest of her body. Her veins expanded, her skin warmed. The blood tickled her throat again, and she swallowed this time, hungry for more than a few drops. She got what she craved and the taste exploded in her mouth. Mm. So good. Had blood always tasted this good? She swallowed again then began to suck.

Blood rushed into her mouth. She coughed, swallowed, coughed again. She no longer liked this dream.

Alec cupped the back of the woman's head and held her upright as she began to cough. He eased his wrist away to prevent more blood from dripping into her mouth. He watched her face for any sign of consciousness but her eyes remained closed, and in time, she calmed. Keeping her head up, he pressed his wrist to her lips again and flexed his fingers to get the blood flowing. Her throat worked as she swallowed. Good. Very good. As long as she kept the blood down, this just might work.

At some point Alec became aware of Chase in the room, but he kept his focus on the woman. She continued to drink, the suction of her lips growing stronger with every swallow. If he wasn't diligent, she could lose control, succumb to hunger and drain him dry.

"Stay close, Chase." He would need to resupply.

“Yes, Master.”

Alec briefly met the servant’s gaze. “And get naked. When she wakes up, she’ll be hornier than a fifty-year-old virgin.” Considering the amount of blood he was pouring into her mouth, Alec hoped he’d have the stamina left to help appease the fledgling’s sexual hunger. If not, Chase was in for one hell of a night, a night full of feeding one vampire while fucking another.

* * * * *

Hayley woke to the taste of blood in her mouth. Tongue burning and head pounding, she pried her eyes open. “Ben?” But the man standing over her wasn’t Ben.

“Hush, don’t waste energy talking.” The man looked like some sort of Nordic god with his blond hair, blue eyes and square jaw. In fact, he possessed the sort of looks a woman was unlikely to forget, and Hayley knew she’d never seen him before. So who the hell was he and where was Ben?

“Where’s Ben?” She tried to sit up but the man held her down. Panic lanced through her. “Let me up, dammit!”

“Hush, easy. You have to try to stay calm.” His blue eyes were kind and his tone soothing, but her heart continued to race with fear. What did he want from her? What had he done to Ben? Who *was* he?

“Tell me where Ben is. Tell me *now*.” Speaking hurt, as though there was something wrong with her throat. She swallowed and tasted the blood again. Yes, there was something definitely wrong. “What happened? Why does my throat hurt? Why do I taste blood?”

“Hush...”

“Stop saying that!” Tears blurred her vision. Oh God, why did she feel like crying? What was *wrong* with her? “What’s going on here?” Her voice cracked. She tasted more blood. “Where’s Ben?” The question was nothing more than a sob. The man’s hands gentled on her shoulders but he still held her down. She didn’t care. She didn’t have the

energy to fight him. Her eyes drifted shut. Maybe she was dreaming? Yes, that would explain why her brain felt fuzzy and why she'd conjured a Viking to hover over her.

She just needed to rest a little longer then she'd wake up and Ben would be here and everything would be back to normal.

Normal? There had been nothing normal about her evening. Normal would have been staying at home, eating in front of the TV then reading before going to sleep. She might have thrown in a soothing bath in lieu of a shower, but that was as daring as she normally was. Instead, she'd decided to go out, to live for once in her life. What could be the harm? She might even meet a nice guy, and her friends were always telling her she needed a nice guy in her life. So she'd chosen a club a few coworkers had mentioned, and had headed out dressed more like a Pussycat Doll than a loan manager.

The club had been crowded, the bar nearly impossible to reach but she had finally managed. It was while waiting for the bartender that a voice spoke in her ear.

"Do you like it kinky?"

Instinct had prodded her to say no, to tell the guy to take a hike, but that was before she had turned and looked into his eyes. They were like two pools of chocolate tempting her closer.

"So, do you?" he asked again.

"Depends on your idea of kinky." She hadn't recognized the coy creature answering, but it had felt good to be naughty.

He took her hand within cold fingers and eased her away from the bar. "Come with me and I'll show you." He had brought her here, to the motel, and they had...what? What had happened? Why couldn't she remember?

Someone shook her and she opened her eyes to find the Viking sitting beside her. "I know you're tired," he said, "but you need to take more blood."

The words made Hayley swallow and she tasted the blood again, though the flavor was fading. Maybe she did need more? No, wait, that was wrong. Why would she need blood?

“Wh—” She wasn’t able to say more. Suddenly a wrist pressed to her parted lips and the taste of blood wasn’t just a memory. It was real, and it made her crave.

“Go ahead, kitten. Take more blood. It’s what your body needs.”

Kitten? She liked that. She smiled against the pressure of his wrist then flicked her tongue out. The tip was soon saturated with blood. She drew it into her mouth, swallowed, savored then went back for more. She remembered Ben saying something about blood, about wanting to bite her, and his willingness to pay for the privilege. She had laughed, and he had laughed with her, his eyes twinkling. She flicked her tongue out again and gathered more. She moaned as she swallowed. Yes, this *was* good. Wrong or not, the blood tasted good. Foregoing another flick of her tongue, she simply latched on to the man’s wrist and began to suck. Blood filled her mouth faster, forcing her to swallow great quantities, but it was all right. This was what she wanted, and according to the Viking, it was what her body *needed*.

Something brushed against Hayley’s side. Skin to skin. Why was she naked? Oh right, Ben. While laughing with her, he’d asked her to take the dress off, to strip for him. Caught up in the naughtiness of being someone she usually wasn’t, she’d complied. He had looked at her with such hunger, such *need*. No man had ever done that before. It was as if her body was a meal he craved, and it had seemed so natural when he’d placed his mouth at her throat.

“Is the transformation complete, Master?” The question came from beside her, from another voice. Another man who was not Ben.

Hayley rolled her head as much as possible without compromising her suction on the wrist and peeked through her lashes. This man was blond too, but paler, with hair that fell over his shoulders and trailed toward his waist. He appeared more angel than Viking.

He shifted his gaze, caught her staring and smiled. "Hello." The deep rumble of his voice did not match the angelic looks. So maybe he was a fallen angel. That made her smile around another swallow of blood.

"Don't distract her, Chase." The Viking barked the command and the fallen angel dropped his gaze.

Hayley tore her mouth away, determined to give Mr. Bossy a piece of her mind. She never got the chance.

As soon as she abandoned his wrist, he bent close and covered her mouth with his. She barely had time to react before he grabbed hold of her tongue and sucked it deep into his mouth. It hurt. His teeth were sharp, sharp enough to prevent her from trying to break free, so she simply froze. The whole time, his eyes remained open, as did hers. What she saw awed her. It was hunger, but not the hunger she'd seen in Ben's gaze. This was different, darker, as if this man yearned to possess her in ways she couldn't fathom.

Captivated, she stared into the deep blue of his gaze and allowed him to suck the flavor of his blood back into his mouth. She didn't know why he was doing it and she didn't care. The eroticism of the act sent a wave of heat straight to her core. The suction of his mouth awoke her sexual hunger in a flash. Ben had sucked at her throat, had even nipped with his teeth, but it hadn't affected her like this. She had felt lethargic in Ben's embrace, content to let him do as he pleased, but she felt anything but lethargic now. The Viking's kiss was like a prelude to something more, something primal, and her body responded in ways she had never felt before. She wasn't just wet, she was saturated, overflowing. Moisture dripped down the crack leading to her ass, wetting the sheet trapped under her hips.

Hayley squirmed and the Viking deepened his kiss. His tongue flirted with the back of her throat then skimmed along the roof of her mouth. Her vaginal walls contracted, jealous for the same treatment. She squirmed again, desperate for a way to

communicate what she wanted but unwilling to end the kiss. His mouth angled again, his tongue thrusting hard then withdrawing to thrust again.

Yes. Fuck me. Fuck me like that.

The Viking growled into her mouth then cupped her face with both hands. He held her prisoner while he continued to drive her crazy with his kiss. She arched on the bed, silently pleading to be touched. A hand cupped her breast, but not the Viking's. It was the fallen angel, it had to be. She arched again, pressing her aching nipple into the soft palm. He rubbed the tight bud then pinched it. Hard. Hayley's scream was muffled by the Viking's mouth.

"I think she needs to be fucked, Master."

Yes, fuck me. Both of you. Fill me until I can't take any more.

The Viking pulled back, ending the kiss, and stared down at her with mind-blowing intensity before shifting his gaze past her shoulder. "No intercourse, not yet. She isn't strong enough."

Hayley wanted to scream. How could he not realize how much she needed it? Couldn't he smell it? Hell, *she* could. The scent burned the inside of her nose and coated the back of her throat. She was so aroused it actually hurt. If someone didn't fuck her, she'd die.

The Viking returned his gaze to her and his lips split into a subtle grin. "But there are other ways to ease her body's hunger." His voice dropped an octave and she shivered with anticipation. "Maybe you should tell me your name before I put my face between your legs, kitten." The grin widened, turning her insides to jelly.

"Hayley."

"Nice name." And then he positioned himself between her legs, hauled her hips off the bed and planted his sexy mouth against her pussy. At the same time, the fallen angel covered her nipple with his hot mouth.

Hayley bucked against the Viking's mouth, wanting more of everything. He could obviously read minds because he increased the pressure of his mouth then slicked his

tongue through her wet folds before swirling it around her clit. The angel caught her nipple between his teeth. He pulled and sucked then soothed with his tongue. The room began to spin. She closed her eyes, reached over her head for something to hold on to and braced herself for the approaching orgasm. If only he would...*put his tongue inside.*

He thrust in and out, showing no mercy, and her fingers clenched and unclenched around the thin spindles of the headboard. All the while, the fallen angel continued to suckle one breast while reaching across to knead the other. What he did felt good, but it wasn't enough.

Hayley released the headboard to reach down and fill her hand with silky blond hair. One tug brought the angel's head up from her breast. His light blue eyes met hers, questioning.

"Come here." She mouthed the words, unable to get her voice to work. But it seemed the silent command was more than enough. In no time, the fallen angel was at her side, kneeling with his naked glory on full display. She stared at his long, narrow cock and her mouth watered. The Viking nipped her clit with his sharp teeth. Momentarily distracted, she cried out then pushed hard against his mouth to encourage him to do it again. He did, but with less aggression, as though afraid to break the skin.

The fallen angel smiled and grabbed hold of his cock. He slicked his hand up and down, catching the drops of moisture at the tip and using them to lubricate the length. She wanted him in her mouth. Now.

Hayley reached out.

"Chase, no!" The pleasure down below stopped. The Viking still held her hips but he pinned the fallen angel, Chase, with a lethal glare. "If you go anywhere near her mouth, she'll rip you to shreds. What are you thinking?"

"I'm sorry, Master." Had he possessed wings, he likely would have folded into them. With an apologetic look toward her, Chase released his cock and slid out of view.

Hayley glared at the controlling Viking, angrier and hornier than she'd ever thought possible. "Why did you do that? What business is it of yours if I want to suck his dick?" It was as though the words came from somebody she didn't recognize, somebody who had stolen her voice and commandeered her tongue. She'd never craved a threesome. Sure, she'd thought about it, didn't all women? But thinking and doing were worlds apart, and yet being denied the opportunity now felt like her parents had taken away Christmas.

"Here, suck this." The Viking shoved two fingers into her mouth, plunging them in and out several times before refocusing his attentions between her legs. His actions were aggressive, angry, and they made her forget all about the cock she'd been denied. The harder he sucked and pulled at her clit, the deeper he plunged his tongue into her hole, the hotter the fire burned. She needed to come. Now.

Burying both hands in the Viking's hair, Hayley pressed his face hard against her crotch. Teeth scraped her clit and she screamed. Fingers brushed along her lips and she curled forward, nearly sitting upright to take them in her mouth. She sucked and he pushed them deeper, toying with the back of her tongue before withdrawing to trace her parted lips. Gasping, she dragged the fingers back into her mouth and held on with her teeth. She must have bitten down too hard. Blood bubbled into her mouth, urging her to suck, to feed as she had from his wrist.

The heady flavor of the blood and the rapid in and out of his tongue coaxed her orgasm to the surface in an onslaught of powerful contractions that turned her limbs to useless noodles and made her toes curl. Her hands fell from his hair, his fingers slipped from her mouth and the world spun on its axis.

Able to hear nothing but the labored sawing of her breath, Hayley squeezed her eyes shut and thought of the Viking's refusal to allow her to have intercourse. He had said she was too weak, but didn't he realize the talent he possessed in his mouth? The orgasm had robbed her of the ability to move a single muscle, as if something sat on her

chest and pinned her arms and legs to the bed. God help her if and when the Viking ever decided to fuck her.

The mere thought was enough to ignite a new blaze of need.

Lifting her heavy head, Hayley looked down the length of her lethargic body and caught the Viking's gaze. His nostrils flared and his tongue snaked out to whisk across his lower lip, erasing the sheen left behind by her orgasm. Her vaginal muscles clenched.

He spoke before she could. "No. You need to rest now."

"But—" Hayley tried to push her weight onto her elbows but couldn't. What the hell?

"Do as I say, Hayley. You need to rest."

Yes. Rest. How heavenly that sounded.

Staying just as she was, on her back with limbs splayed, she closed her eyes.

Alec collapsed on the bed, exhausted. He had ordered Hayley to sleep, knowing the final stages of transformation would be hastened by rest. Though given the amount of blood she'd sucked from his fingers, it was a wonder she hadn't fully changed yet.

"Are you all right, Master?" Chase's question was tentative, making Alec feel like a monster. He hadn't meant to bark, but really, what had the servant been thinking to almost allow a fledgling to suck him off?

"I'm fine, Chase. Just tired."

"Do you require blood?"

Alec lifted his head. Chase, naked but for the fall of his long hair, hovered near the edge of the bed. "You don't have to be afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of you."

“Well, your actions say otherwise, not that I blame you.” Alec dropped his head back down and stared at the ceiling. “I’m sorry I yelled at you, but Hayley is more dangerous than she looks.”

“I understand.” Chase’s voice was closer but Alec didn’t bother to lift his head. “Let me feed you, Master.”

The offer got Alec’s full attention. He pushed onto his elbows and Chase drew closer, an unasked question in his eyes. Nodding, Alec sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

Chase stopped just within arm’s reach and swept his long, blond hair away from the left side of his neck. “Or do you prefer to take it from somewhere else?”

The question, whether intentional or not, brought a slew of images to Alec’s mind, the most vivid involving the thin skin connecting Hayley’s pussy to her inner thigh. “The neck will be fine, thanks.” There was no resistance when Alec grabbed Chase’s arm to haul him closer. “Kneel down.” Chase obeyed then dropped his head back. Alec wasted no time. He lunged, struck and sank his teeth deep into the offered artery.

Like that of all servants at the coven, Chase’s blood was pure and delicious. After only a few swallows, Alec began to feel renewed, but he continued to drink. He’d need all the strength he could garner for when Hayley woke again. She would need more blood, his blood. The thought of having her mouth sucking at him hardened his cock. He grabbed hold of it to ease the ache, thinking of what it would be like to have her sucking something other than his wrist. And then there was her pussy. She had tasted so damn good, and been so tight around his tongue. He wanted to spread her open and force his cock inside, feel her body stretch around his girth as she took every inch.

He slicked his hand down to the base and moaned around a swallow of blood before pulling his mouth away.

Chase lifted his head. “Is something wrong, Master? Do you need something more?”

Yeah, he needed something more. He needed a hot little mouth wrapped around his cock.

“Let me help you, Master.” Still on his knees, Chase scooted closer. Their eyes met.

“What are you doing, Chase?”

Chase didn't answer. He removed Alec's fist from around his cock and maintained eye contact while slowly lowering his mouth. The request for permission was written all over his face. All Alec had to do was say yes. His cock bobbed and dripped, fully aware of what *it* wanted.

Chase licked his lips, his breath whooshing hot across Alec's tight skin.

Cursing, Alec grabbed the back of Chase's head and finished the descent for him, thrusting into the servant's mouth with raw need. It felt good, real good. Hot mouth, sucking lips, twirling tongue. Yeah, this was what he needed. He bucked his hips to go deeper and Chase took it all. Damn. Moaning in pleasure, Alec fell back onto the bed, content to let the skilled mouth have its way with him. While Chase worked his tongue up and down his length and around the tight sac of his balls, Alec glanced at Hayley's sleeping form. Her naked curves, although not as lush as he usually preferred, called to him. He wanted to pin her body with his and possess her in a way that scared the hell out of him. If he wasn't careful, he'd find himself bonding with her.

Chase chose that moment to take hold of Alec's cock with a tight fist. He pumped it up and down, following in the wake of his slippery mouth. The feeling was almost enough to banish all thought from Alec's mind, but not quite. He imagined Hayley's mouth consuming him, her rose-colored lips sucking him off. The image grew more vivid with every flex of Chase's fist. Soon Alec could think of nothing but thrusting into Hayley's mouth, feeling her tongue, touching the back of her throat. He bucked fiercely and Chase accommodated without a sound. He drove deeper until he felt the heat at the base of Chase's tongue. Would Hayley feel this good? Would her throat vibrate as he pushed deeper? God, he wanted to find out then he wanted to fill her with his seed and watch as she swallowed every last drop.

Hayley opened her eyes and rolled to her side. Her vision filled with the sight of a pale blond head bobbing up and down. She blinked. The vision remained the same, only this time she noticed the parted lips and the thick cock being swallowed. The fallen angel was giving the Viking a blowjob.

Okay, wow.

Eyes wide, she was careful to hold perfectly still. She didn't want to interrupt the naughty little show. Stifling all reaction became almost impossible though when Chase wrapped his hand around the base of the Viking's dick and began to suck with real intent. A deep moan drew her gaze up the Viking's body, past the impressive display of tight abs, hard pectorals and muscled shoulders. His head was thrown back in obvious pleasure, exposing the thick column of his neck. Her mouth watered at the sight of his stretched artery. *Blood.*

No longer caring if they noticed her, she got to her hands and knees and crawled toward the Viking. He lifted his head and his eyes flared wide. "Chase, stop." His voice was strained, letting her know his orgasm was close. Down below, Chase obeyed, easing his wet lips from around the thick cock.

Hayley frowned and shook her head. "No, let him keep going." The fierce Viking arched a brow, and she smiled. "I like it, it's sexy." Reaching his side, she leaned down to brush her lips across his. He tasted like blood, but not his own. She flicked her tongue out to taste more but he dodged the move and swiped the back of his hand across his mouth. The action brought a wave of disappointment, but it didn't last long.

Without warning, the Viking grabbed the back of her head and sealed their mouths in a deeply possessive kiss. Hayley didn't have time to miss the flavor of blood, not with his tongue thrusting hard past her teeth. She sucked until he took it away.

"Sit on my face." The coarse command echoed exactly what she wanted.

"You can read minds, can't you?"

"Yeah."

Hayley's smile faltered. Really? But she didn't ask. There'd be time later for questions. At the moment she wanted nothing more than to perch on his mouth while watching Chase finish him off.

He chuckled when she turned around and presented him with her ass. "Fine, you can watch him suck my dick." Chase obviously took the words as an okay to resume, and after sharing a smile with Hayley, took the Viking into his mouth with one swallow. In response, a hot hiss of pure pleasure singed her pussy. So the Viking liked that, did he? She'd have to keep that in mind.

With her gaze riveted on the sight of dick disappearing and reappearing between Chase's lips, Hayley wiggled her ass, desperate for release again. She got it in the form of a tongue jammed inside her pussy. Bracing her hands on the Viking's hard belly, she rode the invasion in time with Chase's technique.

As good as it looked and as good as she felt, there was something else she craved.

Reaching down, Hayley pried one of the Viking's hands from her hip and lifted it to her mouth. He moaned against her clit and increased the tempo of his tongue. Did he know what she intended?

Pressing his wrist to her mouth, she surrendered to instinct and tore into the skin with her teeth. It ripped under the pressure. When had her teeth become so lethal? His blood pooled on her tongue, hotter and thicker than it had been before. Her veins caught fire, screaming to be filled, urging her to take more. She sucked harder and ground her pussy against the Viking's mouth. He worked her with tongue, teeth and lips, coaxing her toward what promised to be one hell of an orgasm. The hand still clasping her hip slid up toward her breast. He played with her nipple, pulling and pinching, adding torment on top of pleasure.

Nearly overcome by sensations, Hayley ripped her mouth away. "How close are you to coming?" She got nothing but a grunt in reply. Close then. Good, because she wouldn't last much longer. Chase glanced up through long lashes, caught her eye and winked. It seemed he was willing to do his part to finish the Viking off before she lost

all control. How sweet. She smiled in return then dug into the Viking's wrist again. Chase's free hand vanished from sight, his features tightened and his eyes drifted shut. So he was giving himself a bit of pleasure too. She couldn't blame him.

Under her left hand, the Viking's large body shuddered. Oh yeah, he was close, so close that the moment her body began to liquefy against his mouth he arched off the bed and growled into the depths of her pussy. Chase pulled back a little, just enough to expose about two inches of cock to Hayley's pleasure-blurred vision. Veins throbbed under the glistening skin, making her mouth water with jealousy. She should be the one taking the Viking's load. It should be *her* throat working to keep up with the jerky movements of his cock.

Still swallowing, Chase let out a low moan and the sharp smell of semen filled the air. Hayley inhaled, forgetting all about her jealousy as she let the aroma add to the mind-numbing contractions of her climax. She'd never had an orgasm like this, had never felt as though it would only end if she died.

But it did end, and she was still alive. Gloriously alive.

Hayley fell forward, collapsing atop the Viking's trembling abs, her cheek pressed to his hipbone. "Oh my God." The Viking let out a breathless chuckle and Chase, resting on the Viking's other hip, opened his eyes and smiled at her.

Right then and there it didn't matter why she suddenly possessed teeth powerful enough to tear skin, or why she craved the taste of blood like it was a new party drink, or even why she was all right with watching a guy give another guy a blowjob, as long as she never woke up from this fantastic dream.

Chapter Three

“Are you a prostitute?”

Hayley lifted her head from the pillow to meet the Viking’s penetrating glare. “No.” Chase’s soft snores filled the space behind her. She lay wedged between the two men, but seemed painfully aware of only one of them. The glaring one.

“Then how do you explain the money on the bedside table?” He jerked his chin to indicate the impressive stack of bills next to her small black clutch. It looked like Ben had paid her after all.

Hayley looked at the Viking again. “Do I really owe you any explanations? I don’t even know your damn name.”

“Alec.” He shifted his weight onto his elbows. “Nice to meet you.”

Her face grew hot. She didn’t know why. Well, maybe it had something to do with learning his name *after* sitting on his face.

“Now, tell me why Ben paid you.”

Oh, what was the point? “He wanted to bite me.”

“And when did biting turn into him ripping your fucking throat out?”

“What?” Sitting up, Hayley reached for her throat but felt nothing but smooth skin.

“The wound is gone, but trust me, he did a real number on you.” He looked toward the money again. “Did you agree on the amount?”

“No.” She crossed her arms, irritated by Alec’s questions and her inability to remember all that had happened with Ben. If he really had injured her throat, how could there be no wound?

“Why not tell me exactly what you did agree to?”

Hayley glared. “I agreed to come here with him and I agreed to let him bite me.”

“Why?” The question was tight, as if forced past a great deal of suppressed anger. What did he have to be angry about?

“Because I was bored.”

“Bored? What the fuck does that have to do with anything?” Alec sat up and shook his head. “You were bored so you let a fucking vampire try to kill you?”

“Wh-what?” Her mind had fixated on the word *vampire*. She didn’t want to believe it. Vampires *did not* exist, not in the real world.

She closed her eyes, remembering. Ben had had fangs. *Fangs*, for God’s sake. The realization terrified the shit out of her now, but she hadn’t been afraid of him. Why the hell hadn’t she been afraid of him?

“You didn’t know he was a vampire, did you?” Alec’s voice wasn’t as angry.

Hayley shook her head then nodded then shrugged. She didn’t know what she’d been thinking, or even if she had been. She just knew she had wanted to give Ben whatever he asked for. Oh God, what had she done?

“You did exactly what he wanted you to do, Hayley.” Alec cupped her shoulder to get her attention. “He had control of your mind. There would have been no way for you to stop him.”

She reached for her neck again. “He really tried to kill me?”

“The bite got out of control, and once he had taken too much, he left you here.”

So she should consider herself lucky then. “Where is Ben now?”

Alec shook his head. “That doesn’t matter, but he cannot and will not hurt you again.”

Hayley stared into Alec’s eyes. “You saved my life, didn’t you?”

“After a fashion.”

“What does that mean? You either did or you didn’t.”

The bed dipped behind her. “She doesn’t know, Master.”

Hayley looked over her shoulder to find Chase sitting up behind her. He smiled but his eyes seemed sad. "I don't know what?"

"You're a vampire, Hayley." The answer was courtesy of Alec's no-nonsense tone.

She nearly broke her neck as she jerked her head back around to gape at Alec. "That's ridiculous. I can't be a vampire. Vampires don't even exist..." She trailed off as he continued to stare at her. What was she saying? She now knew Ben had been a vampire, complete with fangs and a deadly lust for blood, so why not her?

"It might take some time to get used to the idea."

Hayley laughed. It was just too...*much*. Suddenly being part of a three-way with two complete strangers seemed normal when compared to the rest.

Oh God, she'd had a three-way with two complete strangers. She didn't *do* things like that. Had they controlled her mind, like Ben?

Alec's hand locked around her wrist. "No. Everything happened because you wanted it and your body needed it." She recognized the truth behind the words, but it didn't completely erase the humiliation.

She needed to throw up.

Alec stopped her from leaving the bed by tightening his grip on her wrist. "I can't let you out of my sight, Hayley. Besides, vampires don't throw up."

"You really *can* read minds." It just got weirder and weirder by the second. "So what happens now?" Hadn't some self-help guru mentioned something about talking as a way to ease hysteria? "Is he a vampire too?" She glanced at Chase.

He smiled with enough warmth to bring back all the details of what had happened between the three of them. In a flash, Hayley's mouth began to water and her body grew wet. What the fuck? She'd never been this easy to turn on, but the longer she stared at Chase's smile, the more she *wanted*.

She turned and reached out, aiming for the pale strands of hair bisecting his cheek. Her arms were grabbed from behind and pinned to her sides. Being denied what she

wanted sparked an anger unlike anything she'd ever felt before. She fought Alec's grip but he held tight.

"Chase is not a vampire, and he's off-limits to you for the time being."

Off-limits? Then why was he naked, in *her* bed? And why was he looking like he'd let her do anything she could possibly want to do to him?

"Let me go." Hayley ground the words out while staring at Chase's slender neck.

"If it's blood you want, you'll have to take mine."

"I want *his*." She wanted to press her lips to the pulse she could see, wanted to feel it throbbing before she sank her teeth in. She wanted to know what his blood tasted like.

Alec yanked her back and wrapped his arms around her, locking them together just under her breasts. "You can't have his, you can only have mine." Their eyes met over her shoulder. "Whether you like it or not."

Oh, she had liked it all right. Her gaze dropped to the vicinity of Alec's neck and she licked her lips. Were her new teeth—no, *fangs*, strong enough to rip into his throat, strong enough to allow her to feed from the thick, tempting artery?

"I think I'll play it safe and say my neck is off-limits for now too."

Was there *anything* she could have?

Alec's chuckle vibrated up her spine. "You're in bed with two naked guys. I'd say there's a lot to be had."

"You told me Chase was off-limits."

"His blood. You aren't ready for human blood, but the rest of him is up for grabs."

Hayley shifted her gaze to Chase. He was sitting up, watching the byplay between her and Alec. It didn't seem to faze him to have Alec offer him up like a well-stocked buffet.

"He's a servant," Alec said, once more reading her thoughts. "Pleasing vampires is what he does, and he looks most eager to please you."

Chase nodded. "I'll do whatever you desire, Mistress."

Oh wow. No wonder people killed for power.

Holding Chase's gaze, she bent her legs and let her knees fall open. Chase's focus lowered but he didn't make a move. What was he waiting for? Oh, wait, Alec had called him a servant. Servants needed to be told what to do.

The words formed on Hayley's tongue, but the person she'd been before all this madness reared up just long enough to prevent her from saying them. Damn. What was the big deal? She was naked, in bed, with two guys she hadn't known until tonight *and* she was a vampire. A member of the walking dead...or was it undead? Regardless, she shouldn't have a problem telling Chase to fuck her.

"Fuck her, Chase." Alec's low voice came to the rescue. Hearing him say the words did funny things to Hayley's already jacked-up libido. She squirmed against Alec, feeling the heat and hardness of his penis smashed against her lower back. Why didn't *he* just fuck her?

His mouth found her ear at the same time his hands found her breasts. "So it's only one or the other, kitten? Don't you think you can handle both of us?" Before she could find her voice amidst her shock, he had a hold of her waist and was lifting her. When he lowered her back down, the fat head of his penis was poised to penetrate her ass. "Well?"

"I can't." She couldn't, could she? She'd never done the anal sex thing, had never been with anyone who made her want to take things that far. Did she want Alec to claim her in such a primitive way? He nudged the head of his penis deeper, deep enough to begin widening the tight hole. She gasped.

Yes, she wanted it. Him. She wanted *him* to do it.

"Good girl." After kissing the side of her neck, he addressed Chase. "Get her good and wet. I don't want to hurt her."

Hearing Alec tell Chase to make her good and wet made her good and wet, but Hayley gladly succumbed to the feel of Chase's hand between her thighs. He was only

obeying orders, after all, and who was she to come between master and servant? Chase rubbed his palm hard against her clit then slipped three narrow fingers inside. As soon as he was as deep as he could go, he parted his fingers and wiggled them around. The action, combined with Alec's hands kneading her breasts, actually accomplished what Hayley had believed impossible. She grew wetter. With a sigh, she dropped her head back onto Alec's shoulder.

"Tongue her, Chase."

Yes, use your beautiful mouth on me, Chase.

The fingers were replaced by Chase's mouth. He used his tongue to part her folds then sucked her clit between his teeth. Hayley bucked as a jolt of ecstasy sizzled through her. Still sucking, Chase slipped his fingers back inside, wiggled them around then withdrew them to lubricate the skin between her vagina and anus with her juices. He repeated the action a few times then grabbed hold of her hips to angle her up to accept the thrust of his tongue. After some glorious tongue-fucking, he angled her higher and licked all the way to her ass.

Hayley smelled blood, and glanced down. Her nails had ripped into Alec's forearms. "Sorry." It was an effort to get the word out.

"Do you think I care?" Chase let her go and Alec repositioned her, setting her legs astride his thighs and spreading her wider. "Feel free to draw as much blood as you want, kitten." With that, he guided her pussy down onto the head of his cock, halting the moment he breached her.

Hayley clawed at his arms, panting. "Why are you stopping?" She twisted as much as she could to see his face. His blue eyes looked darker, almost navy. "Why?"

"Chase?" He spoke without taking his eyes off her.

"Yes, Master?"

"Would you like to fuck Hayley now?"

“Very much so, Master.” The bed shifted, and Hayley swung her gaze toward Chase to find him kneeling between her legs. His hard, dripping cock pointed the way.

Alec withdrew and wedged his cock against Hayley’s ass. He pumped a few times, working his way between her cheeks. *Oh God.* She looked at Chase, who smiled then gave a little nod to lower her gaze to the sight of his hand stroking up and down his cock. She reached out, wrapped her hand around his and helped him pump more pre-cum from the tip. Her mouth watered with the need to taste those drops, but Alec was there to stop her with strong hands on her shoulders.

He pulled her back against his chest. “There will be plenty of time for you to suck as much cock as you want. You just need to be a little patient for now. Let the newness of the transformation fade. Allow your body to understand it can control the cravings.”

He made it sound so easy, so inevitable, but how? At the moment, Hayley felt that if she didn’t fill her mouth with cock she’d die a slow, miserable death. She could think of nothing but how divine it would be to wrap her lips around Chase. She’d siphon out all his cum then sink her teeth in and drink—

“Easy, Hayley.” Alec’s voice soothed but did not erase her need. “Never forget it is you who controls the hunger, not the other way around.”

Hayley took a deep breath and eased her hand from around Chase’s dick. Fisting her fingers at her side, she nodded. “I’m okay. Really.” *I can do this*, she added silently. *I can control the fire inside.*

“Take her now, Chase.” While voicing the command, Alec’s grip fell to her waist. “Fuck her good.”

Chase didn’t hesitate. He shuffled closer, slid his hand to the base of his shaft then probed between her legs for her opening. The angle was awkward at first, until Alec took hold of her hips and tilted them forward. It was a position that shouldn’t have been possible, but Alec was strong. *So strong.* He supported her as though she weighed nothing. Chase bucked, his cock slid inside and Hayley dropped her head back with a shaky sigh of relief.

Yessssss.

While Hayley was lost in the feel of Chase rolling his pelvis to nudge his cock deeper and deeper, Alec slipped a hand around her hip to finger her clit. The dual sensation nearly shot her off the bed. Her pussy clenched around Chase, trapping him deep inside.

“Do you like that?” Alec whispered in her ear.

Hayley nodded. “Yes. God, yes.”

After tormenting her clit for a little while longer, Alec shifted his hand to her ass. His fingers delved between her buttocks then one pushed against her anus. “Nice and wet,” he murmured. The tip of his finger pushed inside. “I’m going to fuck your sweet little ass, Hayley.”

Oh God.

“Are you going to be able to take it?”

Hayley could only nod. Words were beyond her.

“Lie down, Chase.” He obeyed as Alec moved back. Withdrawing from Hayley, Chase stretched onto his back, maneuvered his legs between her knees then positioned his pelvis under hers. A cheeky smile was her only warning before his knees came up behind her. They bumped her ass, knocking her forward. She caught herself with her palms flat on his chest. Chase grunted then chuckled. Bucking his hips, he teased her pussy with the head of his cock.

“Put him in.” Alec’s hoarse command raised the hairs on Hayley’s nape.

Supporting her weight on one shaky arm, Hayley reached down and wrapped her fist around Chase’s dick. The moment she had him at her opening, he jerked his hips and buried himself to the hilt. Bracing both hands on Chase’s chest now, she arched her back and sighed.

“You sigh now,” Alec said as he curled over her back. “But get ready to scream.” With a harsh grunt, he slipped into her ass. Her body constricted, preventing him from

going all the way with only one thrust. He nudged deeper, coaxing the tight sheath to open.

Hayley's nails dug into Chase's chest, her teeth bit into her bottom lip and her eyes watered with a mixture of pain and pleasure as her body stretched to accommodate. Alec eased out, but only halfway before thrusting deep again. His hands held her hips in a bruising grip but she didn't care. Nothing mattered but the fullness of him inside her.

Then Chase moved. He gathered her breasts in his hands and rolled his hips to rotate his cock inside her pussy. Gasping, she stared at his face but his eyes were fixed over her shoulder. Watching Alec? For some reason that possibility enhanced the crazy pleasure of having both of them fuck her at once. After a few thrusts, their rhythms synchronized and all Hayley could do was hold on.

"Tell me how good it feels, kitten." Alec's voice was rough in her ear then his lips slid down her neck toward the back of her shoulder.

Shivering, Hayley struggled to find her voice. "Yes."

Alec chuckled then scraped his teeth along her skin. Would he bite her? "No," he breathed. "I want to, but I can't."

She wanted to ask why but Chase chose that moment to thrust hard. All her focus centered on the orgasm she could feel building deep in her gut. "Blood." The word fell off her lips without warning. "Please?"

Alec's wrist appeared beside her. She turned and he pressed it to her lips. "Control how much you take, kitten, or you'll deprive me the strength to climax, and I really want to fill your ass with cum."

Hayley groaned against Alec's wrist, her teeth already seeking the vein. She could do this. She could control the hunger. The skin ripped and blood seeped into her mouth. The first taste stung her tongue and burned her throat, all but erasing any thought of control, but she managed to fight against the overwhelming hunger. The second swallow went down slower.

“That’s it. Nice and easy, kitten.” Alec put action to words by slowing the tempo of his thrusts. Chase mimicked, and soon they both fucked her in time with her swallows. She bucked, wanting them to go faster, but her movements only seemed to stop them completely.

Fine. She’d do it herself.

Sucking lightly at Alec’s wrist, Hayley pressed down to force Chase’s cock deep then arched back to take all of Alec’s length. Despite the wetness dripping down her inner thighs, the friction began to burn. She moved faster, wild with the need to come, but the orgasm remained stubborn.

Growling, Hayley shoved Alec’s wrist away, curled one hand against Chase’s chest and put the other between her legs. She pinched her clit then spread her fingers over the swollen nub. The touch was what her body had been waiting for. Her arms shook then gave way as the climax tore through her. With a gasping scream, she collapsed onto Chase. The weight of Alec’s body followed her down. Sandwiched between the two men, she rode out the strong contractions of the orgasm and marveled at the throb of Chase’s release against her womb and Alec’s against places she couldn’t even name.

* * * * *

Alec propped his head on his palm and stared down at Hayley. It seemed safe to say she had survived the transformation and was now a full-fledged vampire. He had the marks on his wrist, where her fangs had torn flesh, to prove it. When next she woke, her dual hunger wouldn’t be so intense. What a pity.

Smiling, he brushed a few strands of sweaty hair away from her mouth. Exposing the rose-hued lips made him want to kiss her, but he resisted. It would be too tempting to pierce her tongue and taste her blood. The sight of her slender neck was bad enough. It might be all right for her to bite and feed from him, but the moment he put his fangs in *her*, story over. They’d be bonded for eternity, and that was the last thing he wanted.

Or was it? Staring at her muddied the waters, to say the least.

He brushed his hand over her hair again, liking the semi-coarse texture of the dark waves. Hayley wasn't a beauty like Mari, but there was something striking about her large dark eyes, rosy lips and sharp nose. He liked looking at her, but was it an eternal kind of fascination, or one that would fade as others had?

"Master?"

Alec looked over his shoulder, toward the bathroom. Chase stood in front of the doorway, using one hand to hold a towel around his hips while the other held up Alec's cell phone. *Shit*. His phone. He hadn't even heard it ring, and only one person would be calling. *Double shit*.

Without having to be told, Chase approached and handed over the phone. Alec spoke without bothering to look at the display screen. "Forgive me, Master."

"Hello to you too, Alec." The master's tone was only somewhat agitated. "I assume you were too distracted to call, and that must mean the woman survived?"

"Yes." Alec glanced at Hayley again. She rolled over in her sleep, exposing the minimal rise of her breasts. No, she wasn't like Mari at all. "She's resting right now, but I should be able to bring her to the coven at the next sunset." He glanced at Chase who held up two fingers. Sunset was only two hours away? Where the hell had time gone? Another glance at Hayley and he had his answer. Time flies when having fun, after all.

"Good. I knew I could count on you."

"Yes, Master." Alec no longer listened fully to his master. Hayley was awake, her brown eyes smiling at him.

"Now that she is yours, I will dispose of Benjamin. It will be better for everyone if he's not here when she arrives."

"Yes, Ma— Wait. You can't kill Ben." Alec flinched as Hayley frowned at his words and sat up. He waved her to silence but he could do nothing about her thoughts. *Who's going to kill Ben? Where is he? Why does Ben have to die?*

"And why is that, Alec?" The tone said, loud and clear, the master knew why.

"We aren't bound." Silence punctuated his reply. He met and held Hayley's questioning gaze, her thoughts still screaming in his mind. *Bound? What does that mean? We, who? Us? You and me?* He wanted to yell at her to shut up, to give him a minute and he'd explain. Or try.

"Finish it, Alec." The master ended the call, not allowing Alec any opportunity to protest.

"Fuck." He snapped the phone closed and threw it across the room.

Hayley ducked as Alec's phone whizzed by her ear. She glanced toward the bathroom just in time to see Chase disappear inside and close the door behind him. Coward. Alone with Alec's obvious anger, she pulled the sheet to her chin, squared her shoulders and dove in with both feet.

"What was that all about?"

Alec glared and raked a hand through his hair, a gesture that did little to the short, spiky style. *"That was about what I was ordered to do and what I haven't done yet."*

Well, that cleared things right up, didn't it?

Hayley tried again. "Who were you talking to?"

"My master."

"Your master? You mean you aren't the top vampire, or whatever?" She scanned Alec's broad shoulders, muscular chest, powerful-looking arms and fierce expression. "I can only imagine what he looks like."

"I doubt that." Tossing that droll reply over his shoulder, Alec left the bed and paced toward the TV. Given the size of the room, which wasn't all that impressive, he took three strides before turning to head back in her direction. It might not have been the best time to gawk, but he was naked, and the sight of his thick thighs and dangling penis made her feel like she hadn't had sex in years.

Would it always be like this? Would one little glance be all that was needed to turn her into a horny monster? While parts of her, those located below the neck, were thrilled by that prospect, the logical parts of her brain rebelled. This wasn't her. She wasn't a sex-crazed monster with fangs.

"You are now." Alec stood at the edge of the bed, clearly reading her mind. "With bloodlust comes good old-fashioned lust for sex. You'll get used to it."

Hayley's face heated. "What did your master order you to do that you haven't done yet?"

"He wants me to bond with you, so that when he kills Ben, you safely belong to another."

Whoa. "Is all that supposed to make sense to me, and why does Ben have to die? Where *is* Ben?" She had a thing or two she'd like to say to Ben, about how his lust for kinky had turned her life into a twisted mess. How the hell was she supposed to explain all this to her family?

"You can't." Alec's sudden comment fractured Hayley's wandering thoughts.

"I can't what?"

He sighed. "You can't contact your family. I'm sorry, but you're dead to them now."

A brutal chill snaked its way down Hayley's spine. Shivering, she burrowed deeper into the sheet. "But that's not fair. I'm not dead. They deserve to know where I am, what's happening. I need to t—"

"No." Alec was suddenly at her side, clutching her shoulders. She hadn't seen him move. "You have to listen to me. For your safety, and the coven's, you must be dead to them."

"Coven?" The more he talked the more there was for her to process. It was too much, and her body simply chose that moment to break down. The tears fell almost

faster than they could form, and in no time, she curled into herself and sobbed like a lost child.

Alec sat next to her and gathered her against his chest, but his comfort didn't help, not when his nearness and his smell wreaked havoc on her already-stressed-out nerves. She wanted to cry and feel sorry for herself, not think about sex and taking more of his blood.

"You have to be strong, kitten." Holding her tighter, he stroked a hand down the back of her hair. "The physical transformation might be complete, but if you reject what you are mentally and emotionally, you'll find adjusting harder than it has to be. You might even make your body start to rebel against what it needs to stay strong, and I won't let that happen."

"Why?" Hayley lifted her head from his shoulder. "Why do you even care what happens to me? Why didn't you just let me die here?"

"I was ordered to save you."

"Gee," she sniffed and swiped a few tears away. "Nothing like making a girl feel special."

"I had assumed you would want honesty." He released her and stood up. "Was I wrong?"

"No, you're right, I do want the truth. I need the truth." Hayley took a deep, shuddering breath. The tears had eased but they hadn't stopped. "Will you answer the rest of my questions honestly?"

Alec took a seat again, his profile to her, and nodded.

"Why must Ben die?"

"He broke coven rules, rules that exist to protect the welfare of our kind." He threw her a quick glance. "Lesser minions are forbidden to leave the coven without permission, let alone use mind control to nearly kill a mortal. When things got out of

hand, he should have attempted to change you, though that would have been against the rules also.”

“Why?”

“Creating new vampires is an honor reserved for only the oldest and most powerful.”

“Didn’t *you* technically make me?” Was she really having this conversation? Twenty-four hours ago she’d been normal. Now? Now, she didn’t even know what the hell normal was.

Alec glanced over and held her gaze this time. “I am both old and very powerful.”

“Oh.” It seemed rude to ask how old, and what did it really matter anyway? He didn’t *look* a day over twenty-five.

“Twenty-nine, actually, but thank you.” He smiled, and the expression lightened the color of his eyes. Such beautiful blue eyes, like an ocean. Would it be wrong to spend the rest of her immortal life right where she was, staring into those eyes?

The light in his eyes darkened, the firm line of his lips tightened and he turned away. Well, too bad, she wanted to say. If he wasn’t going to like her thoughts, maybe he should think twice about reading them.

Alec shook his head and frowned. “Anyway, Ben broke the rules and will die for it. There is nothing anyone can do to prevent that.”

In other words, don’t ask him to interfere.

Yeah, she got it.

“What does it mean to bond?”

He sighed and looked at her. “Hayley, can your lessons in all things vampire wait until I take you back to the coven?”

“No. I want you to tell me. You’re the only one I trust right now.” Her words seemed to soften his expression, bring the light back to his eyes again. Were all vampires so changeable?

“Bonding happens between two vampires who have decided to spend eternity together. It’s a marriage of sorts. Only instead of divorce, death is the only thing that can separate them.”

“And your master wants you to bond with me? He wants us to get married?” Who knew that waking up a vampire would set the wheels of her life spinning at such a rate? She was only twenty-five and had never given marriage any thought beyond browsing through bridal magazines. Now she suddenly had to agree to it for...*ever*.

“Bonding has to be consensual, Hayley. Even if I decided to follow the master’s order, you would have to ask me to give you the final bite. It’s not something I can force on you.”

“Would you do it if I asked you to?” Just the thought of him finally biting her was powerful incentive.

He reared back as if surprised by the question. “I’ve been a vampire for close to six hundred years and have never felt compelled to bond.”

“So that’s a no?”

Without answering, he stood and turned to hover over her. “Get dressed. It’s time I returned you to the coven.”

Chase chose that moment to pop his head out the bathroom door. “We still have close to two hours ’til sunset, Master. We should stay here.”

“No,” Alec barked. “The sun is low enough not to cause too much discomfort.”

“And what about Hayley?” Chase nodded her way. “Maybe you should ask her if she wants to risk a fiery death? *Master*.”

“Do not push me, Chase. She will be fine under a blanket and the windows in the car are tinted. End of conversation.” Hayley sensed the comment was for her benefit as well.

Chase ducked back into the bathroom and Hayley worried her bottom lip with her new fangs, careful not to draw blood. She had dealt with enough commitment phobic males to know when to let a subject drop, but just one more question couldn't hurt.

"Won't your master be angry if we return unbound? Will he kill you for disobeying?" The master would have to kill her as well, because the prospect of doing the vampire thing without Alec was too overwhelming. She'd never be able to handle it. The mere thought made her tremble.

Clutching the sheet, she gazed up at Alec. It was written all over his face that he knew her thoughts, and yet he said nothing to appease her worries. After a few tension-filled moments, he turned his back and began gathering his clothes off the floor.

The entire time he dressed, he didn't look at her, and when Chase reappeared in the bathroom doorway, the tension was thick enough to cut with a knife. He glanced at Hayley, his blue eyes and angelic features offering silent comfort. She shook her head and swiped at fresh tears. It wasn't Chase's comfort she wanted. Only Alec could make her feel better, less like an unwanted burden that had been dropped in his lap, but that didn't seem likely to happen.

Feeling wooden and ironically soulless, Hayley crawled out of bed and went through the motions of getting dressed. She even managed a mumbled thank you when Chase located the shoe she couldn't find, but all the while, her gaze strayed to Alec. Why wouldn't he *look* at her? Just one little glance was all she wanted. All she craved. But he didn't.

Feeling hollow all the way to her core, Hayley wordlessly accepted a blanket from Chase then followed Alec from the room.

Chapter Four

"We're here. Remember what I said." Alec slipped the Mercedes between two identical cars and threw it into park.

"Sure." But Hayley wasn't listening, not really. She stared toward the house. No, she shouldn't call it a house. Not when it looked like a Spanish mission she'd seen featured on The History Channel. The place even had a large bell dangling from a stone arch. It was too easy to imagine a coven full of vampires living here. Easy and creepy. The Gothic splendor of it all almost made her forget Alec hadn't offered a single word of encouragement the whole way here, only instructions and warnings. It seemed their vampire relationship, if it could be called that, was not getting off on a good foot.

Alec unlocked the doors. "You ready?"

"No." Hayley kept her eyes on the house. The front doors opened and a woman stepped onto the stoop. Surprised, she glanced at Alec. "I don't know why, but I wasn't expecting to see a woman."

"Really?" Alec looked back to tell Chase he could go then returned his attention to Hayley. "Were you hoping all vampires were male?"

"*She's* a vampire?" Ignoring Alec's sarcasm, Hayley shifted her gaze back to the woman, who looked quite normal under the soft glow of the overhead light. She wore dark slacks and a green sweater. Not exactly blood-sucking vampire attire, though now that Hayley gave it some thought, Alec didn't exactly look the part either in his jeans and sneakers.

"*She's* not only a vampire, she's the queen." Alec leaned close to speak the words quietly in Hayley's ear. She jumped a little and turned to face him. He smiled and reached back to open his door without taking his eyes off her. "Don't worry, she's nice."

Hayley glanced at the queen. Somehow she doubted the woman was actually *nice*. There was just something about the set of her shoulders and the tilt of her chin, not to mention the way she fixed her gaze on the car as if irritated to be kept waiting for its occupants. Chase strolled past her on his way into the house, but she didn't even glance his way. Hayley bristled at the slight. Chase did not deserve to be ignored as though he was nothing but a walking blood bag.

"Easy, kitten." Alec spoke into her ear again. "The master recently exiled a member because she couldn't play nice with the queen. I suggest you guard your thoughts."

"Are you saying she can read my mind also?" Hayley pulled her gaze from the queen and it struck her she was alone with Alec. His presence filled the car, as did his scent. Without wanting to, she leaned closer and inhaled. Her body grew moist and her nipples hardened against the thin fabric of her dress. She licked her lips and dropped her gaze to Alec's mouth. She knew she was supposed to be mad at him for behaving like an ass, but she wanted a kiss, a long, deep, sucking kiss full of tongue and teeth.

A hand against her shoulder stopped her from closing the gap between their mouths. "Yes, she can. *All* of them."

Hayley dragged her eyes to his. "Kiss me, Alec." If he did, she might forgive him for his boorish behavior.

His fingers curled around her shoulder but he still held her back. "Behave yourself in the presence of the queen and you can do whatever you want to me once we're alone."

"We're alone now." She fought against the pressure of his hand and stared at his lips again. "Let me see your fangs." She knew she spoke without thinking, and that she should probably shut up, but the words couldn't be taken back.

"Damn, for some reason that might be the sexiest thing a woman has ever said to me." He laughed a little and eased up on her shoulder so she could lean closer. But not close enough to let her kiss him. Damn him.

“Just one kiss, Alec.” Hayley pleaded with her eyes and slicked her tongue along the seam of her lips. He wanted her too. She could smell it. “A quick one.”

“It won’t be quick, kitten, which is why it won’t happen now.” He pushed her away and got out of the car all in one fluid movement. She had no choice but to tamp down her raging disappointment and follow him. She slammed the door but he didn’t react to the show of anger.

Men!

Hayley trailed after Alec and managed a polite smile when she ended up in front of the queen. Up close the woman didn’t look quite as fierce. She had friendly green eyes that shone bright and vivid in her pale face, and long, to-die-for chestnut hair fell in waves around her pretty features and slender neck. Like Hayley, she wore high heels but still barely topped five-five.

“Welcome to *Villa Sanguie*, my dear.” The queen extended a hand and offered what seemed to be a genuine smile, though one that revealed not a hint of fang.

“Thank you.” Hayley hesitantly took the hand, not sure if she should curtsy. The woman was a queen, after all.

Still smiling, the queen led Hayley past Alec into the coven. The interior matched the exterior when it came to awe-inspiring historical splendor. Honey-colored walls gave the place a sense of warmth, as did the soft lights glowing from the wall sconces. Hayley felt very small and very out of place as she gazed up at the soaring ceiling then around at large paintings and multi-sized statues. Realizing the queen had walked on without her, she hurried to catch up, her heels clicking loudly on the terra cotta floor. She glanced back, searching for Alec. He followed at a leisurely pace, his hands shoved in his pockets. Catching her eye, he winked.

Gee, how reassuring.

“I realize you’ve been through quite an ordeal, but I hope you understand the master’s impatience to speak with you?” The queen captured Hayley’s fingers and

squeezed then led her from the foyer into a narrow hallway. This too was lit with sconces.

Hayley glanced over her shoulder again and frowned to find Alec had halted. His gaze was trained on something she couldn't see, but not for long. A woman appeared out of nowhere to coil her curvy body around him. The purr of her voice floated down the narrow hall to torment Hayley's sensitive hearing.

"It was very naughty of you to leave without saying goodbye." Tan arms wrapped around Alec's neck and pulled him down for a long, consuming kiss.

Hayley dropped the queen's hand and turned fully to stare at the scene. *What the...?*

"Sorry, Mari, but there was something I had to take care of, and I knew if I woke you up, you'd delay me." Alec extracted himself from the vulgar kiss but did nothing about the skinny arms around his neck or the fleshy curves melting into him. "I'll make it up to you."

Hayley's insides clenched. She did not know who *Mari* was or what claim she had on Alec, but he belonged to *her* now.

She started forward then stopped. *Whoa*. What was wrong with her? Where had this crazed sense of possession come from?

"She is his servant, or one of them, I should say."

Hayley hadn't heard the queen approach, and it was almost impossible to tear her eyes from the tableau at the end of the hall. "*One* of them? How many does he have?"

"As many as he wishes." The queen's eyes filled with compassion. "Did he bond with you?"

"No." Hayley was too distracted to worry if she should have admitted as much to the queen. Her jaw clenched as she watched Mari lead Alec away like an eager puppy.

"What is your name, dear?"

"Hayley," she answered without taking her eyes from the now empty hall.

“Look at me, Hayley.” The queen waited until she did. “You must not allow yourself to feel jealousy where the servants are concerned. They exist to feed our needs, and though some might become more to their masters, it is rare. Alec has never shown any inclination to bond with a servant.”

“Or anyone, from what I gather.” Thankfully the queen chose to ignore Hayley’s mumbled comment.

“Come, the master is waiting.” Taking her hand again, the queen led Hayley the rest of the way down the hall. She stopped before a closed door and knocked twice. The voice that beckoned them to enter sent an icy shiver down Hayley’s spine. *No. No. No.* She didn’t want to be here. Not without Alec. Damn him.

The queen opened the door and Hayley hung back, forcing the queen to drag her inside. A man stood behind an ornate desk with his arms crossed over his chest. He was blond, blue-eyed and nearly as handsome as Alec, though not as physically imposing.

Fixing bright blue eyes on the queen, he nodded once. “You can leave us, my love.”

If this guy was the master, and Hayley assumed he was, he was not at all what she’d been expecting. Where was the cape or the long black hair? Hell, he wasn’t even dressed in black. His pants were dark gray and his shirt dark red. At least he wasn’t wearing jeans and sneakers. But still.

His gaze fixed on her and all thoughts vanished. The icy feeling she’d felt when hearing his voice slithered down her spine again. It kind of hurt. No, not kind of. It hurt *a lot.*

Panicked, Hayley looked to the queen but the woman was gone. The door was closed and she was alone, alone with a master vampire, whether he looked the part or not.

Alec, I’m scared. Where are you?

She no longer cared about how many clingy servants he might have, or even what he might be doing right now with the blonde. She just wanted him here, with her.

Alec, I need you. Now.

* * * * *

Alec lifted his head from Mari's neck. It had taken no time at all for her to find a private corner or for him to get his fangs inside her, but no matter how good her blood tasted, Hayley needed him. He felt it in a way he hadn't anticipated. He hadn't taken her blood, they shared no bond, and yet he could feel her as though a tether stretched between them.

"What is it, Master?" Mari's sexy voice breathed in his ear.

"I'm sorry, but I have to go." He untangled himself from her arms then lowered the leg she had hooked over his hip to the floor. The pout she gave him was fierce, but he ignored it. Hayley needed him.

"If you keep rushing off I might have to find a different master, one who appreciates me."

Alec turned back to Mari and caged her against the wall with a hand on either side of her head. He leaned close, making sure she got a good look at his eyes. Unsatisfied hunger and the need to be at Hayley's side would have turned them black. Who did Mari think she was to threaten *him*?

"I am not your master, Mari, nor will I ever be. I'm just the vampire who drinks your blood and fucks you on occasion." She gasped. "I suggest you remember your place and think twice before issuing any more threats." Pushing away, he left her looking as though he'd just smacked her across the face. No matter. She had begun to bore him anyway.

Alec, I need you.

Thoughts of Mari fled as Hayley's plea filled his mind again. If the master hurt her, there'd be hell to pay, and so be it if his actions got him kicked out of the coven. He would find a new place to live. As long as Hayley was with him it didn't matter where.

The last thought halted him in his tracks. Was that it then? Had he made up his mind about Hayley? He pictured her as she'd been when he had first entered the motel

room. So helpless, so close to death, but he had saved her. She had cheated death because of *him*.

Fists clenched, Alec raced to the master's office and barged inside. The intrusion barely disturbed the couple who embraced behind the desk. It was a scene that would forever burn in his mind.

The master had his arms around Hayley and his mouth to her neck. She hung like a ragdoll in his embrace, her long hair trailing down to pool atop the master's desk. Her back was to the door but she was angled enough to allow Alec to see her profile. Her lips were parted, her eyes shut. It was a look of ecstasy if he'd ever seen one, and he'd seen a few. His hand tightened on the doorknob as he tried to control his reaction, tried to be logical.

He knew what was happening here. Hayley was new to the coven and had to be marked by the master. He would take a small amount of her blood and it would be done. It occurred with all new members, gender notwithstanding. In fact, the master had been the last vampire, before Hayley, to bite Alec. It was all very normal and routine.

Why then did Alec feel the urge to rip the master's fangs out with his bare hands?

The level of possessiveness scared the hell out of him. Back at the motel, he had hardened himself against Hayley's questions and her private thoughts, knowing they stemmed from the taking of his blood. Her veins were full of him so of course she would feel something for him. Had the situation been different, had she been given a choice, she might not spare him a second glance.

But things weren't different. The master had taken away Hayley's right to choose, as had Ben. Ben had left her to die but Alec had saved her with his blood. She was his offspring, his creation. That fact alone had the power to weaken his centuries-old aversion to bonding. He liked the idea of his blood inside her. In fact, he wanted to fill her again. He wanted her so full that she tasted him every time she swallowed. And he

wanted *her* blood—on his fangs, his tongue, his skin. He wanted to consume her, possess her, body and soul.

The master chose that moment to lift his head from Hayley's neck. His eyes had darkened to pure black, and they locked on Alec. An unfamiliar sensation wafted through Alec's mind, letting him know he'd let his guard down. Thoughts that should have been private were not.

Fuck.

The master smiled. His fangs were stained with Hayley's blood. "How nice of you to join us, Alec." At the mention of his name, Hayley stirred. She lifted her head, and although she twisted to see Alec, she continued to rest on the master's supporting arm.

"Hi." She smiled, drawing attention to the increased length of her fangs. There were other changes as well. She looked...*finished*, for lack of a better word, fully vampire. Her brown eyes had a new brilliance, her skin shone with milky perfection and there was a mink-like sheen to her hair. Her looks had pleased him before, but now they captivated almost to the point of pain.

"Hi," she said again, and the fuller, richer quality of her voice nearly had him on his knees.

He shifted his gaze to the master. "If you are through with her, I'll take her to her room." Or the nearest dark corner, it didn't matter, as long as he got his fangs in her.

"Care to tell me why you failed to complete the bond?"

"No." What did it matter when he planned to rectify the situation ASAP?

Alec rounded the desk and eased Hayley from the master's embrace. With a smile, she wound her arms around his neck and dropped her head back to look at him. Her eyes hypnotized him, as did the moist sheen of her lips, the arch of her neck and the valley between her breasts. The black dress she'd stepped into at the motel left nothing to the imagination. No wonder Ben had wanted her. Any man with a dick would take one look and want her. But she was his.

He caressed her cheek. "Are you all right, kitten?"

"I am now." Her arms tightened around his neck and her gaze lowered to his mouth. "But I still want that kiss."

The master cleared his throat. "She is fragile, Alec, be cautious."

Alec refused to look away from Hayley. "She is safe with me." Once she belonged to him, there would be nothing for her to fear. Ever.

"Then finish it. The smell of Ben's burning flesh, not to mention his pathetic whimpering, is beginning to upset some of our weaker members." The master's lack of pity never ceased to amaze.

"So he really has to die?"

Alec frowned at Hayley's question. "Yes, he does. I told you about the rules, about Ben breaking the rules. This is the way we do things here."

Her gaze shifted to the master. "Why? Tell me why he *has* to die. Why not just punish him or kick him out or whatever?" She swung her focus back to Alec. "Didn't you say something about a member being exiled? Why not exile Ben?"

Alec opened his mouth to reply but the master held up a hand, silencing him. "If I allow him to live there is a very strong possibility he will view you as his. He will challenge Alec, or any other vampire, for the right to claim you."

Alec tensed at the master's words, their meaning clear. If he didn't bond with Hayley, any other vampire in the coven was free to make an offer. He tightened his grip. She was his.

"Wait." Hayley pulled free and looked back and forth between Alec and the master. "Alec said it was my choice whether to bond or not. I'll just tell Ben no."

"It is not that simple, Hayley." The master glanced at Alec. "I will leave you to make her understand." No one spoke until the master had left then Hayley rounded on Alec.

"If Ben had wanted me, why did he leave me to die?"

Sighing, Alec raked a hand through his hair. "I believe he panicked. Like I said, he lost control while biting you then feared the consequences if he attempted to save you. It was probably his fear that brought him back to the coven, though he had to know returning would mean death. Regardless, he wants you. The mere mention of you sent him into a possessive frenzy. The master is right not to let him go."

"I'll tell him no." A great deal of conviction had drained from her voice.

"He won't take no for an answer, Hayley. Either he dies now, at the master's hand, or I kill him for trying to claim you."

She backed away, eyes narrowing. "Why do you even care?"

"Hayley –"

"No." She took a few more steps away from him. "I saw you with that woman, Alec. I think you've made it pretty clear *you* don't want me."

He lunged, taking hold of her shoulders and shaking her. "Mari is nothing to me. She's a servant and I share no bond with her."

She ripped free of his grip, surprising both of them with newfound strength. "You looked pretty bonded to me."

"You little fool." How could he explain, make her understand? "Tell me what you feel for Chase?"

"Excuse me? What does Chase have to do –?"

"Just tell me." Alec's patience was running out. "You're attracted to him, right? You enjoyed the sex and want more, right?"

She shrugged but some of the heat drained from her gaze.

Alec took a few steps forward, testing the warzone. When Hayley didn't fly at him with fangs bared, he deemed it safe and took a few more. He was close enough to touch her but didn't. "What do you feel when you look at me?"

Her eyes narrowed. "At the moment, I hate you."

“Do you?” He took hold of her shoulders again and pulled her toward him. “It’s not hate I smell when I touch you, Hayley. It wasn’t hate pouring off you as you sucked at my wrist or when you begged for a kiss in the car. Do I need to tell you what it was?”

“Shut up.” She struggled against his hands. “I no longer want you to kiss me. Go find *Mari*. I’m sure she’ll give you whatever you want.”

“She can’t.” Alec slipped a hand into Hayley’s hair and cupped the back of her head. She glared through her lashes and pressed her lips into a thin line. “Don’t you wonder why?”

“Why what?” She bit out the words.

“Why *Mari* can’t give me what I want, and why I would kill Ben with my bare hands if he tried to make you his.”

“I don’t care.” But she did. He could smell the lie.

“I want you, Hayley.” He gripped her skull tighter and held her immobile as he lowered his face. “I want to give you the kiss you begged for then I want to give you as much of my blood as your sexy little body can handle and then,” he brushed his lips along her cheek and she shivered, “I want to make you mine. All mine. Forever.”

“I don’t want you.”

“Liar.” He kissed her cheek again then dragged his lips toward her mouth. Her fangs pierced his tongue when he tried to thrust inside. Pulling back, he laughed. “Easy, kitten.”

“I’m not your kitten.” Holding his gaze, she raked her nails down his cheek. The room filled with the scent of his blood and her smile of triumph froze in place. Her eyes shifted to the damage and widened. “Oh God, I’m sorry.” Still staring, she licked her lips.

“For what?” He’d gone hard the moment her nails had scored him. “If it’s blood you want, take it.”

She licked her lips again and reached for him, but this time her touch was gentle. She smeared the blood across his cheek and down toward his mouth. Lightly, she painted his bottom lip and he flicked his tongue out to taste the blood.

Her wide eyes flew to his.

Alec smiled at her shocked reaction and licked more blood from his lips. There wasn't a lot and in no time he tasted nothing but skin. "Give me more, kitten." When she made no move to obey, he reached for her hand and carried it to his cheek. He pressed her fingers to the wounds and smeared them around. "I told you to give me more." He moved her stained fingers to his mouth and sucked the first two clean. All the while he held her gaze, neither of them blinking.

Twice more Alec repeated the process, and each time Hayley sucked in a deep breath as her fingers disappeared into his mouth. The inhale pushed her breasts against his chest and he felt the moment her nipples hardened. Snaking an arm around her, he hauled her tight to his body and dragged her hand from his mouth. He let his tongue trail down the length of her fingers than toward the center of her palm.

A frown tugged at her lips. "It's all gone. You aren't bleeding anymore." She whispered the words in her new, rich voice and he felt them deep in his groin. His cock throbbed inside his jeans and he rolled his hips to grind against her stomach. It only made the ache worse.

"I heal fast." He slid his hands down her body to grab the hem of her dress. If he didn't get his cock inside her soon, he was going to come in his jeans.

"Mm." She wiggled and the dress popped up over her backside. Letting the material go, Alec filled his hands with her ass. She wasn't wearing any underwear. This had to be heaven. No, correction. Heaven was watching her shimmy out of the top half of the dress. She pressed her bare breasts to his T-shirt and rubbed her pointy nipples along the cotton. "Then I'll just have to make sure you keep bleeding."

Alec didn't have time to react to the taunting words before Hayley raked her nails down his other cheek. He winced at the stinging pain then forgot all about it as she

slipped two bloodstained fingers past his lips. He sucked them clean then curled his tongue around her knuckles. She pulled her fingers partway out then shoved them back in again. Out. In. Out. In.

The look in her eyes was beyond wicked. "Do you like that?" She dragged her fingers back out, coated them with blood than offered them to his mouth again. He sucked them onto his tongue then deeper toward the back of his throat. She arched a brow. "You *do* like that. Should I go get Chase? You can do for him what he did for you."

Alec spat her fingers out and captured both her wrists, pinning her arms above her head. He pressed his erection hard against her stomach. "Does the thought of watching me suck his dick turn you on, kitten?" Her mouth fell open and faint color flooded her cheeks. Alec grinned and transferred both her hands into one of his so he could pull open his fly.

"You didn't answer, kitten." Once his cock was free, he grabbed hold of the base and rubbed the head along her hipbone. She squirmed and stretched onto her toes in an attempt to put him between her legs.

"Alec. Please." She squirmed some more and fought against his grip on her wrists, but he was stronger and too tall. No matter how much she worked at it, he would be the one to dictate when his cock would go inside.

"What's the matter, kitten?" He bent his knees and rubbed the swollen head through her slit. "Is this what you want?" Gasping, she nodded and hooked a leg over his hip. He let her have the first inch, but no more. He moved his hand up to prevent her pussy from sucking him in.

"You're being cruel." She dropped her head against the wall and glared at him. "Why are you teasing me?"

"Am I teasing you?" He moved his hand back down and gave her another inch. "Are you ever going to answer me?"

“What? What do you want to know?” She rocked her hips and dripped moisture down the sides of his cock. His hand slipped and she hissed as he accidentally went deeper. “Ah. More.”

Alec resisted the urge to let her have the rest of his length. He wasn't done teasing her yet. “Tell me if it turns you on to picture Chase's dick in my mouth.” But she didn't need to voice an answer. He was deep enough to feel her body's reaction to his words. Yeah, it turned her on big time, if the powerful contractions of her pussy were anything to go by. “You naughty, naughty girl.”

“Stop talking and fuck me, Alec.” She pressed her hips forward and hooked her other leg over his hip. Supported only by the wall and his body, she arched her back and forced his hand farther down his penis. She was so wet he was lucky he could hang on at all, but he still managed to stop her from getting it all. She snarled with a flash of fang and he dipped his head to give her what she'd been hungry for in the car.

A kiss.

Hayley sucked in a deep breath as Alec's mouth came down on hers with bruising force. The thrusting tongue, the fangs nipping at her bottom lip, the hard grind of his pelvis, the abrasive scrape of his knuckles against her sex, all of it more savage than she'd been expecting.

She fought against his grip on her wrists, wanting, *needing* to free her hands. He'd said he could read her mind, why then couldn't he figure out that she wanted to bury her fingers in his hair and pull his mouth away so she could *breathe*? Without warning, the kiss ended but his mouth did not go far. His nose brushed her cheek and his lashes flicked against her skin.

“Breathing is no longer necessary, kitten.” He lifted his head just enough to let her see his eyes. They were dark, darker than navy. He looked hungry, ravenous. For her.

Oh God. His hunger sparked hers. Her gums began to hurt, her fangs shifted. She cried out at the throbbing pain and banged her head against the wall. "Make it stop. *Please.*" He would know what she needed, right? He would make this *feeling* go away.

"Easy, kitten. Don't let the need control you." Finally he released her hands and she jabbed her fingers into his hair. He winced but said nothing, only wrapped his arms around her and held her while moving them away from the wall. His cock slid all the way into her as he walked, each stride pushing it deeper until the feeling robbed her of the ability to think of anything else. The thirst dimmed but her gums still throbbed.

Hayley clawed at Alec's hair and craned forward to kiss him. He turned away so she dragged her parted lips along his cheek and down his jaw. His neck was there. So close. Thirst returned with the force of a head-on collision. She scraped her teeth down his neck and nuzzled at the base of his throat. She had the power now to rip into his skin, to take what she wanted.

He shifted her in his arms and kicked open a door she couldn't see. The room they entered was dark and quiet, like a private sanctuary they had no right to invade. Alec moved confidently through the darkness then bent her backward and dropped her on a bed. She barely had a chance to prick him with her fangs. He followed her down but kept his neck out of reach. Bastard. Once more he caught her hands and held them over her head as he thrust into her. She gasped at the force, tossed her head back and squeezed her eyes shut. She'd enjoyed the feel of him in her ass, but it hadn't been this good. This was where he belonged.

"Do you know the only thing vampires deem nearly as important as blood, kitten?"

Hayley shook her head against the bed, not bothering to open her eyes as Alec moved deep inside her. God, he touched places she didn't even know a man could reach.

"Sex." The way he said the word, in that seductive voice of his, lured her to open her eyes. She latched on to his black gaze and his movements stilled. He dipped his

head close and teased her mouth with his tongue. "Sex is almost as important as blood. Do you want to know why?"

She nodded and sucked his tongue deep into her mouth. She held it with too much force and her fangs drew blood along the top. The taste exploded in her mouth and her entire body writhed with the need for more. He began to thrust again, slow, long movements that ignited a burning friction along her vaginal walls. Groaning, she sucked harder at his tongue until he ripped it from her grip. *No.*

"Because it makes us forget." He let go of her wrists to take hold of her hips. Hauling her lower body up off the bed, he stood between her spread legs and drove into her. Flesh slapped flesh and the bed groaned. "It makes us forget everything we've lost, everything we've become." He released her long enough to strip off his shirt then his hands gripped her hips again, holding her still to accept another mind-blowing thrust.

Hayley clawed at the blankets and thrashed her head. *Oh God. Oh God.* She was on fire. His cock was setting her on fire. How could he not know? How could he not burn as she did?

"Oh, I burn, kitten." He jerked her hips hard against his pelvis. "You make me burn in a way I never wanted." Planted deep inside, with the fat head of his cock pressed to her womb, he rolled his hips then pulled out and pushed back in almost immediately. The shock curled her toes and she screamed when he did it again.

"Alec...Alec." It was all she could manage, just a pathetic rasp of his name.

His fingers turned brutal on her hips. "What?" He growled the word. Was he angry? He sounded angry. At her? No, that didn't make sense. *She* hadn't done anything. "Talk to me, kitten. Tell me what you want."

"You." She breathed the word then forced her eyes open. *Oh God.* He towered over her, eyes black, jaw clenched, short, pale hairs plastered to his forehead. He was a Viking warrior laying claim to his newest possession. Her. Yes, that sounded right. She was his. His possession.

"I want you, Alec, and I won't make you fight for me. I won't risk losing you. I can't." Her voice was stronger now that everything had fallen into place. This was where she belonged. Here, under *him*. There was only one thing wrong, one thing missing. "I need more." She rolled her hips and hissed at the pain to her womb. It didn't matter. He could rip her apart for all she cared. "I need your blood."

"No." He shook his head, dislodging some of the damp strands of hair. "No, I want yours." He slid her across the mattress to make room for him to kneel between her legs. Releasing her hips, he stretched out on top of her with his weight braced on his hands. He looked in her eyes then shifted his gaze lower. Her neck burned under the attention. "Will you let me bite you, Hayley? Will you let me have your blood?"

If she said yes, that'd be it, no turning back. She'd be his. Forever.

Alec waited for the doubt, the fear, but it never came. This was what he wanted. The woman he wanted.

Hayley's hands delved into his hair and she pushed his face closer to her neck. She smelled good, sweaty but good. After he bit her, after they bonded, she would smell like him. Like his woman. The others would know it was done, that she was off-limits. Forever.

"Is this a yes?" He spoke against her skin and felt her nod. No, not good enough. She had to say it, had to grant him permission to take what she could never get back. "You have to say it, Hayley. Tell me to bite you. Tell me to make you mine."

"I am already yours, Alec."

Good enough.

Alec opened his mouth against her throat and sank his fangs deep. Her body convulsed around his cock and he thrust into the contraction. She moaned, arched then sank her sharp teeth into the muscle of his shoulder. He'd forgotten to tell her they needed to swap blood during the bonding, but given the way she sucked at him, the oversight wasn't going to be a problem. His blood coursed through his veins on its way

to her greedy mouth as if summoned by a master. Pulling at his skin, she bit harder. It was his turn to moan with pleasure.

The pressure of her mouth ceased. "Is it all right if I bite you?"

"More than all right." He answered against her throat before lifting his head to look at her. "In fact, you have to bite me. You have to take my blood while I take yours."

"For the bond to be official?"

"Yes." Alec couldn't resist dropping a quick kiss on Hayley's parted lips. She tasted like him. "And once we're official, as you call it, you never have to ask permission to bite me."

"Never?" A wicked gleam lit her dark eyes.

"My blood is yours, Hayley. Whenever you crave it, it's yours to take."

"I crave it now." She once more guided his face to her throat. "And I crave the feel of you taking mine. Make me yours, Alec. Please."

"With pleasure." He sank his teeth in then waited to feel the pressure of her bite. Once she latched on to his shoulder, he drew her blood into his mouth. His entire body shook at the sensation of it on his tongue. He hadn't known it would feel like this, hadn't realized this moment would rock him to his very core. He swallowed then went back for more. Her blood was rich, sweet, addictive.

His.

The End

About the Author

Multi-published author L. Rosario writes erotic stories about eternal love, passion and hunger. When not lost in the world of sexy vampires and blood-stained fangs, she tries to keep up with the demands of everyday life with the help of a wonderfully supportive family who know better than to complain about leftovers – again!

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