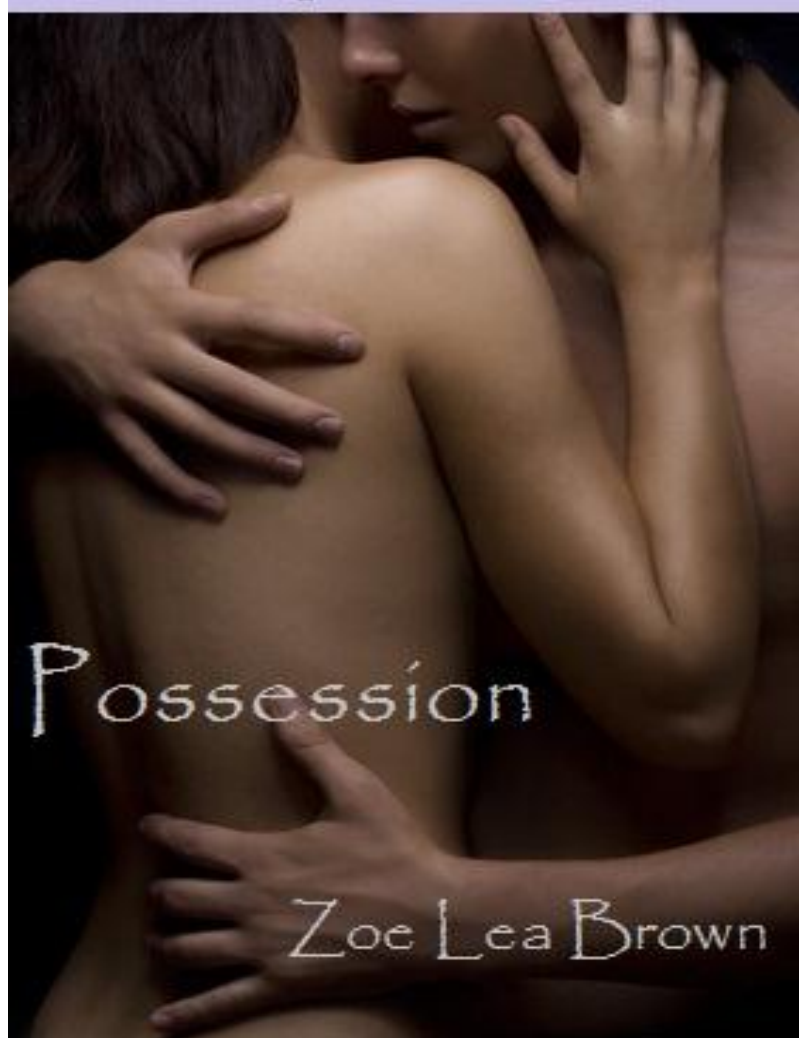


Wicked Nights Erotica Shorts



# Possession

Zoe Lea Brown

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Warning: This work has graphic sex scenes. Not suitable for those under 18.

Wicked Night Erotic Shorts

“I believe you have something of mine, *Lacey*.”

“How do you know my name?”

Ignoring her, he approached her still body slowly, trailing his thumb over her sweet female flesh, lingering at the carotid, where the human’s pulse throbbed the strongest. His own pulse quickened, responding to the rush of blood flowing beneath the surface of her delicate white skin. He leaned his dark head in and kissed that tender spot, letting his tongue play over the fluttering race of the female’s heartbeat.

“Tell me,” he murmured against the warm skin, his voice a low growl amid the heaving beat of the club’s music, “are you a good girl or a bad girl?”

She squirmed against the corner wall of the club, trying to ignore the warmth radiating from between her legs. She wiped her sweaty hands against the harsh material of her bustier, watching the gyrating movements playing out on the dance floor.

He smiled at her nerves, not bothering to hide his fangs amongst the crowds of black capes and plastic teeth of Halloween. He watched her sapphire eyes widen as she saw the flash of amber reflect off his pupils. Causing glowing glyphs to shine down her pushed up breasts, lain out like a buffet. She stared at his mouth.

“Can I touch them?” she asked timidly, yet with rapt fascination. “They look so real.”

“Be careful,” he warned as she brought her fingers to his lips. “I bite.”

She made to snatch her hand away, but he grabbed her hand in his and placed her finger between his lips, sucking it. She let out a low moan that only his ears would have heard and a rosy pink color blossomed on her cheeks. On impulse, he decided to let his fangs puncture the fleshy tip of her finger as she started to withdraw it.

She gasped as he suckled from her small wound, refusing to let her go just yet.

The female moaned, closing her eyes as she arched catlike in her lace-up bustier against the wall. He let go of her finger as he wrapped his hand around the back of her head and pulled her neck closer to him. He came forward, tipping the female’s head aside, mouth-watering in hunger.

“Hey! This isn’t a brothel, get out of here!” came an angry voice, followed by a series of whispers amongst the party goers.

The woman looked taken aback by the comment and hid her face in her small hands, before running out of the club alone.

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“One coffee please, two sugars,” Lacey called to the Barista, rubbing her hands together for

warmth against the autumn night chilled air.

"I'll pay for that," said a deep male voice from beside her.

Lacey drew up short, she knew that deep accented voice, even if she had only heard it once before.

"Oh," she turned to face him, "Hi."

"Hi." He smiled and her heart did a crazy flutter in her chest. He gave the Barista a twenty and didn't accept the change. "I insist," he said, when she began to protest.

The intensity of his gorgeous amber eyes, his entire presence, seemed to suck the life out of the street.

"Thank you," she said, taking her paper cup away from the counter. "Aren't you having anything?"

"I don't do sugar or caffeine. They're not my thing."

"They're not? It just so happens they're two of my favorite vices."

He made a soft sound in his throat, almost a purr. "What are your others?"

She tripped over her feet and he caught her with his too cold hands. Smiling nervously, she steadied herself and sipped at the spilt coffee from the rim of her paper cup.

"My name is Leon," he introduced himself.

A peculiar heat also travelled along her neck, tingling like a mild electrical charge. She felt it down to her marrow, in every surging vein. She was eager to change the subject, far too aware of the heat he was putting off as he trailed her casually. "This is a surprise, seeing you here, Leon. Do you live nearby?"

"Not far. And you?"

"Just a couple of blocks away," she said.

"Well," she said, as she tipped her steaming cappuccino cup in his direction. "Thanks again for the sugar and caffeine buzz. Good night."

As she turned to walk up the sidewalk, Leon reached out and touched her arm. His mouth curved into an amused, if suspicious, smile. "You're always running away from me, Lacey."

"I am not trying to run away from you—"

"Then let me give you a ride home."

He pulled a small key ring out of his coat pocket, and a black Porsche parked at the curb gave a chirp, its lights flashing once in response. She gulped.

"Thanks, but... that's okay, really. It's such a nice night; I was actually going to walk for a while."

"May I join you?"

She nodded.

They began a slow stroll up the sidewalk, just another couple on a street full of tourists and residents enjoying the quaint neighborhood of the North End. For a long time, neither one of them spoke.

"Last night, at the club," she said, her voice quiet in the cool darkness, "you touched me."

"Yes. Then you all but vanished without a word."

"I had to—"

"I was on my way out too."

"You were?"

"I had to leave. If I hadn't, I might not have stopped at just kissing you."

"In the middle of a crowded club?" He didn't say anything to deny it. And the slight, inviting curve of his lips sent arrows of fire licking through her veins. Lacey shook her head. "I'm not even sure why I let you do that to me."

"Do you wish I hadn't?"

"It doesn't matter if I wished it or not."

She picked up her pace, moving ahead of him on the walking path.

"You're running away again."

"I am not!" She surprised herself by the frightened tone of her voice. And she was running, her feet trying to carry her as far away from him as possible, even though everything else within her was drawn to him like a magnetic field. She forced herself to stop, to remain still as Leon came up next to her and turned her to face him.

"You still have something of mine," he purred lowly.

"No, I don't," Lacey said quickly, picking up her pace again.

"Why do I make you so nervous?" Leon called from behind her, a smirk curved up his lips.

"I have to... go," she said quietly. "I don't think this—whatever this is that's happening between us—is a good idea. I'm not looking to get involved with you."

"Yet you spent hours with me at the club and still stand here with me now?"

She just stared at him, lost for words.

Looking deeply into her sapphire eyes, Leon said, "Come with me."

She did.

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He curled his fingers, capturing hers in a firmer hold now. The air in the small abandoned building seemed to constrict and throb with awareness. Leon could feel Lacey's pulse kick-start into a faster beat, a vibration he picked up through her fingertips. He could read her interest, the desire that had been there when he'd touched her at the downtown club and been sorely tempted to seduce her in front of a few hundred witnesses. She had wanted him then. The delectable, trace scent coming off her skin as she held his meaningful stare told him plainly enough that she wanted him now.

Lacey's eyes darkened, and her breathing picked up speed, rushing shallowly from between her parted lips. Leon flexed his biceps, just the slightest pull of his arm to bring her closer. She came toward him without resistance.

"I want to touch you again, Lacey."

"Why?"

He chuckled, low under his breath. "Why? Because you're beautiful, and because I want you. And I think you want me too."

Leon brought his free hand up to her face and gently stroked the line of her jaw. She felt like silk against his fingertips, as delicate as glass. He brushed his thumb across the dusky swell of her lips.

"God, I'm dying to taste you right now."

She closed her eyes, exhaling a sigh. "This is crazy," she whispered. "I don't... this isn't... something that I normally—"

Leon lifted her chin and bent to press his lips to hers. He'd meant only to taste, but she was too sweet on his tongue. She was so responsive, her hands coming up around his neck to hold him closer as their mouths crushed together in a deep, prolonged joining. Seconds melted into a minute, then minutes more. A mad, timeless oblivion.

As he kissed her, Leon buried his hands in the luxurious mass of her raven-black hair, reveling in the softness of her, the heat of her. He wanted her undressed. He wanted her naked beneath him, screaming his name as he pushed inside her.

His blood was pounding, hot and furious, through his body. He was stiff with need, the hard length of him fully aroused, and he was only just getting started.

The way he felt now, he hoped this was only the start.

Before Lacey could stop herself, he was guiding her around to the floor, easing her down onto the mesh.

She fell back, looking up at him from under those thick-fringed lashes, the aqua color of her eyes gone dark like stormy azure. Her mouth was glistening and swollen from his kiss, her lips blushing a deep, dark rose. The front of her neck was pink with the flush of her desire, color that fanned down into the V of her clingy shirt. Her nipples were hard little buds, straining against the fabric with each rise of her breath. She was ripe with want, and he had never seen anything more exquisite.

Leon moved over her, kissing a path from her lips to her chin, then along her throat, to the soft skin below her ear. She smelled so good. Felt so good against him.

He groaned, his nostrils picking up the sweet perfume of her arousal. Lust made his gums ache with the stretching of his fangs. He could feel the sharp points coming down, throbbing with the steady beat of his pulse. "You are mine. And you know that, don't you?"

Although her voice was small, little more than a breath of air rushing out of her lungs, he heard her plainly, and the word went through him like fire.

She said *yes*.

She didn't resist as he carefully pulled off her sweater, and then lifted the hem of her shirt up over her breasts. He drew in a sharp breath as he bent down and kissed her bare stomach, teasing her with gentle nips as he moved up her belly to the front closure of her bra. He snapped it open and slowly peeled the satin away from her breasts.

Her nipples ached to be touched, to be drawn into his mouth and suckled hard. As though he knew the direction of her thoughts, Leon flicked his tongue over one of the tight buds. He pulled with teeth and tongue, while he took the other in his palm, caressing her, driving her crazy with need.

She felt him reaching down for the button of her jeans. He worked it free, and then tugged the zipper open. Cool air hit her abdomen, then her hips, as he nudged her pants down around her thighs. With a long pull of her nipple, he lifted his head and looked at her partial nakedness.

He reached up, smoothing his palm down the length of her throat, then along the center of her. Her body arched up for him as though attached to an invisible string that he was pulling. When he reached the core of her, he slid his fingers underneath her panties, not

stopping until he found her moist cleft. She closed her eyes in tormented bliss as he cupped her, one long finger cleaving between her folds.

His breath leaked out of him in a hiss. "You feel like silk, Lacey. Wet, hot silk."

He penetrated her as he spoke, just the tip of his finger, the smallest invasion. She wanted more. She lifted her hips, a quiet moan in her throat as he drew back, teasing, sliding her moisture up around her clit with the tip of his slick finger.

"What?" he asked her in a gruff whisper. "What do you want?"

She writhed under his touch, reaching for him. He bent down and kissed her stomach as he put both hands on the loose waistband of her jeans and pushed them down. Her panties followed. Leon kissed her navel, and traced his tongue in a downward path, toward the small patch of curls at her groin. With one hand, he lifted her thigh, spreading her open.

"Do you want me to kiss you here?" he asked, pressing his mouth to her hipbone. His dark head moved lower, to the sensitive skin of her inner thigh. "How about here?"

"Please," she gasped, her spine arcing as heat roared through her.

"I think," he said, positioning himself between her slack legs, "that you want me to kiss you... here."

The first press of his mouth to her took her breath away. He kissed her deeper then, using his tongue on her, driving her wild. Her pleasure spun higher, tighter. She didn't know it was possible to feel this kind of need, but now that she was burning with it, there was only one thing that could sate it.

"Please," she said, her voice sounding broken and thick. "Leon, *please*..."

"Do you want me inside you, Lacey? Because that's where I want to be right now. I want to be driving into you, feeling all of your wet heat milking my cock dry."

"Yes," she managed to croak. "God, yes. That's what I want."

He drew back and stripped off his shirt. Lacey opened her eyes, watching him through heavy lids as his muscles bunched and flexed in the dim light of the building. His chest was bare, sculpted like something out of Roman myth, and decorated with an amazing pattern of tattoos that tapered down the ridge of his firm stomach and beneath the waistband of his pants.

"Your skin is beautiful," she said, as curious as she was awed.

She glanced up at his face and thought she saw something flash like amber in his eyes. And when his lips curved into a smile, his mouth seemed fuller somehow.

Leon unfastened his black pants and pulled them off. He wasn't wearing anything under them. He sprang free, huge and erect, as breathtaking as the rest of him.

Lacey mourned the darkness that hid him, but an instant later his heat was covering her and she let her hands explore everything her eyes couldn't see.

He pressed her down beneath him, parting her thighs with his pelvis as he moved into position between her legs. He was hard, so hot, as he wedged it between her folds, just teasing her with the length of him, making her crave him even more.

"*Leon*." Her breath heaved out of her; she was so ready for him, so needful of him. It took immense focus to break from the havoc he was wreaking on her senses and think rationally for a second.

"It's okay." He kissed her as his erection nudged the mouth of her core. His tongue swept

between her lips, the taste of her own juices a musky sweetness that lingered on his tongue. “You’re safe with me, I promise you.”

He kissed her again, pushing his tongue deeper. She let him in, kissing him back as she arched her hips and seated herself on the blunt head of his penis to show him what she wanted. He exhaled sharply, pelvis bucking as their bodies began to join.

“You are *mine*,” he gasped against her mouth.

She clutched at him hungrily, and then, with a low growl, he thrust forward, plunging deep. Lacey’s breath rushed against his ear, her spine arching in his hands. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as he positioned between her legs, his rhythm urgent, release coiling in the base of his shaft. He drove her hard, feeling her own climax building swiftly as her channel gripped him like a warm, wet fist.

“Oh, God... *Leon*.”

She broke apart an instant later, contracting around him in delicious ripples. Leon followed her over the edge, his orgasm shooting up his shaft and boiling out of him in a fierce torrent of heat. Wave after wave tore through him as he pumped into her like he never wanted to stop.

“*Mine*,” Leon growled, his eyes throwing off a glow on Lacey’s bare skin, his fangs shooting their way out from his gums with an audible snap.

Lacey had barely a moment to comprehend anything but pleasure before he sunk his fangs deep into her fleshy throat.

Blood surged into Leon’s mouth from the twin punctures in the female’s neck. He drew from her with deep, urgent pulls, unable to curb the feral part of him that knew only need and desperation. It was life pulsing over his tongue and down his parched throat, silky, sweet, and so very warm. He drank more of her, needing her heat when he was chilled to his marrow.

She clutched at his shoulders in reflex, fingers digging into his muscles. But the rest of her body was slowly going still in his arms, lulled to a boneless sort of trance by the hypnotic power of his bite. She sighed a long gasp of breath, sagging limply as he eased her down onto the floor beneath him and took the nourishment he so badly needed.

“Thank you,” he whispered against her warm, velvet-soft skin.

He smoothed his tongue over the small punctures, sealing them closed and erasing all traces of his bite. Lacey moaned, stirring from her temporary thrall.

He moved slightly off her and brought his right hand up near her face. She flinched, understandably wary. Her eyes were open now—mesmerizing eyes, the color of flawless sapphires.

“Please, don’t hurt me,” she whispered.

Leon gave a low chuckle. “Everything’s all right,” he told her as she shrank back from him on the floor, her eyes locked on to his as if she waited for him to strike her, dared him to. Leon smoothed her hair off her cheek with the tenderness of a lover. He felt her tension ratchet a little tighter. “Relax now.”

He passed his hand over her eyes, watching as her stare became blank, he erased himself from her memory. Taking one last look at her ravaged neck, Leon smiled, closed her eyelids with his fingertips and left the building.



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“I believe you have something of mine, *Lacey*.”

She turned her aqua eyes to his, “How do you know my name?”