



Blood and Bondage

Written by Ashlynn Monroe



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Embarrassed, Devin flinched at the sound of Wanda's vomiting reverberating against the walls of the buildings that lined the alley, where she'd stopped to be sick. Turning to see if her friend was all right, her anxiety grew, compounded by the fact that Wanda was leaning into a Silver convertible, using it as a receptacle for her one-too-many margarita binge. Hurrying over she pulled her green-tinted friend along before the owner could find the "gift" she'd left for him. Devin doubted that the car's owner would leave it with the top down so close to the bar district again on a Friday night.

Wanda moaned and mumbled incoherently as Devin half carried and half drug her down the dark alley. Crime was rampant so she wanted to get them to a more lighted populated area as soon as possible. They didn't move quickly enough, trouble found them. Several men, drunk maybe a little high, suddenly blocked their path.

Turning back the way they'd come Devin grumbled at Wanda. "Get it together girl, we've got to go."

Wanda muttered some more. She wasn't going to be of help.

Terrified, Devin could hear the men following them. She hoped they would just pass them, but her hope died

quickly as they caught up to them, pulling them apart. Wanda crumpled onto the ground, grumbling loudly but still not making any sense.

“Okay guys, we don’t want any trouble. My friend’s not feeling well; I just want to get her home.”

One of the men laughed. Another grabbed her, tearing her tank top.

Angry, she fought back. The scuffle lasted for a moment before suddenly a tall imposing man came striding down the alley towards them. Devin hoped he was a police officer and not another attacker. The men stopped and began to run. Turning, she clearly saw what had freaked them out. He had fangs! His fangs glinted, reflecting the neon lights in the darkness and he hissed. Terrified, she tried to pull Wanda to her feet, but her friend pushed her away and turned to vomit again.

“You can do that later. Please...Wanda...we have to run!” Tears began to stream down her face. She had a choice, run and leave her friend, or face whatever he was. If she ran and Wanda died, she’d feel like a murderer, so Devin desperately hoisted her still vomiting friend to her feet.

Wanda realized the danger when she noticed the

creature watching them with interest. A scream bubbled out of her and she shoved Devin away, running crookedly, desperately in the direction their attackers had gone. Losing her balance, Devin fell, hitting her head. She tried to fight it, but her vision blurred and soon she felt darkness pulling her down, helplessly, into its abyss.

* * *

A subtle dripping noise was the first thing that roused her from unconsciousness. She lay on a bed but was unable to move. It took her a moment to realize why. She lay tied to the bed. Terrified, she looked down and felt relief realizing that she was fully clothed; she didn't think anyone had raped her. Turning her head, she realized she was in a windowless room it was cold and dark. The room smelled dank, like a basement. Frantically she tugged at her bonds, hoping to free herself before whoever tied her up realized she was awake. Being raped or killed wasn't on her evening agenda.

Arguing, in another room caused her to pause. Listening with interest, Devin felt confusion; the

conversation didn't make any sense.

"We eat to live. Why did you bring one here, alive? Karr, we have been safe here because we're smart. Why would you endanger us so foolishly?"

"She is not for you...any of you. This one is mine. I bring her under my protection."

"This is not a decision for you to make without consulting us my friend. We've been together since the day we went a-Viking, men or demons, we don't endanger our comrades for blood."

"This is not about blood, this is about Ewa."

"Ewa has been dead for centuries my friend. Why do this now when so much is at stake?"

"The girl is Ewa, her exact image. It cannot be coincidence that I have found her, when I have decided to end my life."

"That again...We'll not let you do it my friend."

"She *will* be one of us with the dawn, accept it brothers. She is mine."

"What if she is important in this place or has a man, children, you know nothing of this woman. She could be disturbed, would you foster that upon us. We cannot just go about bringing humans to our world with no

knowledge of their suitability and survive. Karr, you have been our jarl for a very long time, but gods man, think with your head not your dick!"

The sound of a scuffle made Devin flinch. Arguing erupted in a foreign language. It caused her greater fear, not being able to understand them. Nothing they said sounded good. What kind of cult had gotten their creepy hands on her?

Struggling, her panic made her headless of the noise. Desperation made her reckless. Fear made her unaware until suddenly it was very quiet. She stopped and listened intently. The fighting and arguing had ceased. Had her captors left? Hopefully, she waited. The door bust open and fear replaced her hope.

She stared at the man silhouetted in the darkness. Light shone behind him, making his blond hair shimmer. His features were handsome, but hard to make out clearly in the darkness. His eyes seemed to shine, like a cat's, in the darkness. Everything about him screamed power, but the inhuman quality that surrounded him made her scream build.

He growled and came into the room, her scream split the silence, and a moment later, he held her mouth,

ending the sound, and stared angrily into her face. Terrified, a small whimper escaped her.

This seemed to bother him, it was evident when he spoke; his words had a soft almost kind quality. "I'll release your pretty mouth, but if you scream I'll put my hand back. So be a good girl and I'll not harm you small one."

She nodded her understanding vigorously, she just wanted him to let go.

He slowly released his hold on her and backed off a bit. She could see at least four other big scary looking men illuminated in the darkness. Fear of death battled with her fear of rape. Either outcome wouldn't be pleasant. Waiting with an odd anticipation, she wondered what he would do next. Her left wrist felt as if she might be able to get it loose so she twisted it as inconspicuously as she could.

"Ewa, I'll not hurt you. You are mine."

"My name is Devin, please let me go. People will be looking for me, by now my friend has called the police."

One of the men in the doorway made a disgusted noise. "You left a witness to what you are; gods you must want us all to enter Valhalla together!"

“What kind of cult is this?” Devin couldn’t stop the question. They talked like they thought they were Vikings. The men in the doorway laughed.

Her primary captor spoke softly. “We’re vampire, not a religion. We come from a race of people who held magick, long ago. You will be mine Ewa...Devin before the dawn. I’ll give you my magick and you will wake beside me mine, for always, my blood slave. I’ll take you to my home.”

“That sounds terrible! Thanks but no thanks weirdo I pass. Please let me go, I’m not interested in a commitment right now. Have you heard about Match.com, I’m sure you could find a very nice and...willing girl there. Dude, I’m so not going to accept your magick or mojo or whatever so just let me go, please. I swear I won’t tell anyone about this. I just want to go home, please.”

He seemed disturbed by her pleading and she decided to continue, to use his emotions against him. “I’ve got a mom, she’s sick and I really need to be around to help her. My boss will be wondering where I am if I don’t show up for work in the morning. He’ll call the

police; I never forget to call in if I'm ill. Heck, my cat will even miss me.

"I have a life and people who love me, please don't take me away from them. I don't know anything about Ewa, but I'm sure she wouldn't want you to hurt anyone."

She'd chosen the wrong words, and he looked angry again. He spat some foreign words at her and in a few long strides; he was out of the room. The door slammed and the arguing began again. Devin desperately tugged her arm that felt tied more loosely. Praying harder than she had since she'd been a little girl, tears pooled in her eyes. She had to escape.

Whatever they were into, she already had heard more than enough to know she wasn't interested. Maybe this was some kind of elaborate roll playing, or bad reality TV show. Hoping that they'd come back and let her go wasn't going to help free her, so she continued to tug and twist her wrist, ignoring the pain as the rope cut and burned her skin.

Hours passed and the other room became quiet. They'd argued in the foreign language for what seemed like hours. She'd managed to cut her wrists badly, but not to free herself. Finally, exhausted, she fell into a stiff

and uncomfortable sleep.

* * *

Welcoming the feeling of his large hands on her aching nipples, she bit her lip and groaned low in her throat as he rolled them in his fingers. "Oh, wow, don't stop."

She felt her pussy grow wet with want. Feeling his hard cock pressing against her hip as he held her close, a smile crossed her face. Wanting to feel him, she slowly began to stroke the shaft with her free hand, the one not trapped between them. His skin felt like velvet, but he was as hard as stone. She felt a drop of moisture and she knew that he wanted her, badly. Smiling she tried to wiggle away, so that she could put him in her mouth.

Quick reflexes stopped her and soon she found that he had once again bound her hands above her head. Trying not to smile, Devin did her best to look displeased. "But I wanted to taste you, sweetheart!" He turned her slightly and gave her right ass cheek a hard slap.

Devin moaned. He took her legs and bound each of them with a soft cord that attached to sturdy loops

affixed to the ceiling. Her legs spread wide, suspended in the air. She felt foolish, yet her pussy felt needy. She was so wet that the smell of sex permeated the room causing her to blush.

“I don't even know your name.”

“Yes, you do. We've done this many times lovely, and each time is more wonderful than the last. Eternity will not be long enough for me to explore your body.”

“Why have you tied me up? I want you so badly I won't run away.”

“You are mine; I'll never let you go again. This is the way we will show each other acceptance, subservience, and eternal love. I love you.

“Tell me what I want to hear...need to hear.”

He pinched her clit. Her hips bucked, she wanted him to do it again. “Oh!” Her short exclamation made him smile. Using the pad of his thumb, wet with her lust, he began to rub small hard circles over it.

Arching her back, Devin gasped.

“Tell me.” He took his hand away.

Instinctively, she knew. “I'm yours always.”

The moment she'd said the words, his head went between her legs and his tongue began working her

body just as his thumb had. Devin groaned and she wanted to be able to touch his body, feel him under her hands. Just knowing that she wasn't able to move as she choose to, that he had total control, made her even hotter.

Devin wanted him more than she'd ever wanted another man. She was as experienced as any girl her age, but with him, it all felt new, special, and sacred. None of it made sense, but she relished the new building need inside of her body. She'd never been into games, but this felt more real than anything she'd ever experienced. Being under his control was like being under a wonderful spell.

He continued to lick her and taste her, she felt one of his long fingers slide inside of her pussy, enhancing the pleasure that his tongue was giving her.

"Oh, please I want to touch you."

Without a word, he moved from between her legs and stood next to the bed. His cock bobbed only inches from her face. Leaning ahead slightly, she took the large head of it into her mouth, and with delicate desperation, Devin began to suckle him. Groaning, he stepped forward a bit and slid his cock farther between her lips.

With one hand, he held her by the nape of her neck, gently. The other hand fondled her sensitized nipples, causing Devin to gasp and moan.

She didn't even know his name and in that moment, she didn't care as he moved her head up and down on his large cock. She'd never felt so out of control. Yet, the sensation of belonging to him so thoroughly filled her with unusual contentment. Somewhere in her mind she felt as if she'd done this all before, knew his body. The strange déjà vu only got stronger as he moaned. It was music to her ears. She wanted him between her legs. She wanted him to cum inside of her body. Strangely, the whole experience was almost spiritual.

He moved away. She felt disappointment until she realized he was returning to the end of the bed. Her clit throbbed, wanting his touch. Suddenly, a piercing pain burned through her thigh and she cried out, trying to get out of her bonds. Had he bit her? This was freaky, but now it was getting too freaky even for her!

Without warning, the pain gave way to pleasure that it was so intense she began to feel her climax. Frustrated, she felt his teeth withdrawing. He'd stopped just before the amazing and strange pleasure had built to

a strong enough sensation to topple her over the edge into an orgasm.

Devin wasn't disappointed for long. He lapped at her wet pussy again until she felt it her orgasm coming. It had built to a peak and she was so perfectly close to orgasm, her clit so sensitive, one more lick would bring her where she wanted to go. Then he paused. Annoyed she looked down. He was looking up at her, smiling.

"Do you want to cum lovely?"

Her agonized moan sounded like it had come from someone else.

"Yes, oh please."

"Then wake up."

"What?" she couldn't think as his words had confounded her.

"Devin wake up."

Startled awake, as the bed shifted, Devin opened her blurry eyes. Her frightening, albeit handsome captor was sitting on the bed staring at her. She'd just had the most vivid sex dream of her life and it was about a man who could be a serial killer, or worse. What was wrong with her?

Feeling mortified, she tried to shake the sleepiness

off. Her own thoughts almost distracted her from the way he was sitting. She'd never seen someone look so sad and tired. He looked terrible. Running his hand through his thick short blond hair, he looked like he wanted to speak, yet remained silent. Annoyed, she ended the silence for him.

"I don't know why you're looking at me like that. It's not as if I asked you to bring me here and tie me up. What time is it?"

"It is evening; you've been here two days."

"No wonder my arms are hurting so much, please untie me. I promise not to run, just let me move my arms."

He looked torn, but moved quickly to untie the ropes that held her. A powerful relief spread through her as she rolled her arms, shaking them to get the circulation working correctly again. Devin saw him watching her intently; she could tell he noticed her damaged flesh as he gazed angrily at the damage and spat aloud-foreign words.

She was sure he was cursing. "I have no clue what you just said, but I'm sure there's no call for that kind of talk."

He snorted out a dry laugh. "You are an odd one. Maybe Lars is right and you have madness in your head."

"The only madness I have is madness that I'm here. What are you going to do with me?" She rolled her arms and stretched, hurting all over. If he tried to tie her up again, she'd fight to the death against him. She never wanted to be that uncomfortable again!

"Why do you look like Ewa?"

"I have no idea who she is, but I look like me. Is she missing? If you treated her like this, I don't blame her for running away."

He moved so quickly, pinning her to the bed, Devin felt blinding terror. He'd said he was a vampire, and after feeling his strength she was certain that he wasn't human. Glowing red, his eyes seemed filled with hellfire, making his whole face appear demonic. She shivered.

Slowly, he took one of her arms from where he'd pinned it to her side, and began to lick at her wounded wrist. The initial shock wore away and she was surprised that the burning pain ebbed. Ashamed, she realized the sight of his thick tongue on her flesh was making her wet. Devin began to struggle. She couldn't help wondering, *Maybe I have that physiological thing*

where I'm identifying with my captor. Have I been here long enough for that to kick in? I'm feeling some kind of sick twisted attraction to the manic.

Her stomach flipped over as she realized she wanted him, a monster who would probably kill her. Lame.

He smiled as if he could read her mind and she blushed. Taking her other wrist, just as slowly, he repeated his administrations. A low moan escaped her and Devin's blush deepened. She could feel the heat creeping down her neck and chest.

He smiled with even more sexy darkness. Softly he spoke making her feel even hotter. "So beautiful, so warm, I can feel your heart beating small one."

He didn't tie her again and for an impossibly long and uncomfortable moment, they just sat across from each other in a stare down of battling wills. When he spoke again, his soft seductively accented voice tripped over her skin making her body feel heavy with desire. "I'll make you mine Devin. I'll possess you, always. I can smell your need. You want it to be so."

"Ah, no, thanks for the creepy-ass offer, but I just honestly want to go home. Please, whatever you're doing to me, just stop. Somehow, you're making me feel

like this, slutty or something. Did you drug me?"

"You desire me because your body knows me. I know not how it is so, but we have loved each other long and hard. Your body remembers even if your mind refuses to acknowledge it."

"Whatever, oh great oracle of the nasty, tell me some more lies!"

He snorted again. "It is so odd to hear the phrasing of this world coming from your lips. Soft lips that once begged me to bond you to me and never let you go. Your mind tells you to resist, but your body begs me to take you. As your people would say, fuck your brains out."

She flinched at his words but he continued, "Devin, there is no coincidence that you bear the face of my long lost blood slave. Ewa gave her life for mine. Her last act was a promise, with the last of her magick she would return to me a lifetime away in another world. You are here, it's been many lifetimes, and this is another world."

What he was saying was thoroughly creeping her out. Lifetimes of existence, especially when you were young and hot, other worlds seemed impossible. Vampires didn't exist either, he was just crazy and they'd

done something to her mind. It was the only logical conclusion.

Blood slave, the words terrified her. Maybe he was in some kind of blood worshiping cult and they planned to sacrifice her. The idea that her wild imagination conjured caused her to shudder. Fear zipped through her mind making her feel like she might hyperventilate.

“What kind of drugs did you give me?” She checked her arms for puncture marks. Maybe the drug had been on his tongue and gotten into her when he’d licked her open wounds. Wounds that’d magickally healed only moments after he’d finished with his erotic first aid.

He looked at her as if she were a child needing humoring, not a woman he was holding captive. His voice held infinite patience as he spoke to her. “I gave you no drug. Trust yourself Devin, feel the truth of my words. Remember me and our bond.”

Searing agony filled her chest as he placed his index fingers against her temples. Bright colors shot through her head and she wondered if she was having some sort of seizure or “bad trip” because of whatever the man had given her. The flashes and pain came to a sudden halt and clear images filled her head.

For a moment, she struggled to make sense of what she was seeing. The pictures felt like she was seeing her own memories and the surreal sensation frightened her but also made her feel a strange unexplainable wholeness.

Ewa sat at her lover's side in the long house. Strong, proud, and handsome, she felt filled with contentment knowing that he was finally hers. She'd loved him for so long that knowing he was hers, or more accurately she was his, felt unbelievable. Swelled greatly with their first child, she knew this would be the first of many sons she'd give this great man, whom she loved with everything she had in her heart.

Karr, was a Jarl with vision, a leader his people loved. Their son would inherit a legacy of respect; she could ask no more for the unborn child. Her magick told her he was a boy and secretly she'd named him. Wanting to keep the happy news a surprise, she did not tell her husband the child's gender.

Only one thing clouded her great happiness, war. A rival Jarl, one who did not have the blood magick, wanted their lands. His propaganda was lies that Karr perverted the blood magick, doing evil. Karr would never

turn vampire, he would never betray all that their magick stood for. It was an outrageous lie and only a few fools believed it.

War hung on the horizon as the foolish Jarl would not relent his attack on Karr and their people. Only a fool stood against the king with blood magick.

As if sensing her unease, Karr turned to her, smiling reassuringly and patting the extended place where his child lay. It stirred the magick connecting father and son for a moment. The warm room and the crackling fire soon made her feel drowsy. As her time grew near, her need for rest seemed to grow each day. Other women who'd carried children of the blood magick often spoke of having a similar need during their waiting months.

Yawning, Ewa leaned her head back and began to drift off until a loud commotion caused her to start, almost falling from her seat. Karr gripped her arm, keeping her upright and drew his weapon. In such times, a man of his position could ill afford to be without a weapon, even in the safety of his own long house.

Chaotic terror filled the room as fighting erupted all around.

The woman and children quickly rushed from the

room, but Ewa resisted. Turning, she saw a coward attacking her blood master, her husband, from the back. A piteous cry escaped her lips as she saw him fall. His own trusted man had turned on him, delivering the blow that would surely be fatal. Unable to think of anything but saving him she broke free of the guard who begged her to seek shelter with the others. Falling to Karr's side, kneeling in the pool of his blood as life ebbed for him, Ewa sliced her palm with the small dirk she always carried and felt the magick flowing with the blood into her husband.

She gave him all that she had, sacrificing her life and that of the child. The people needed him, and without him, her life held nothing but bleak days of despair. Falling beside him, she felt him stir. It had worked; she hadn't given what she could in vain. As she floated, drifting so close to the end, she heard his agony as he tried to rouse her. With the last harmony of magick within, Ewa called into the great expanse of the future and made one last promise.

He leaned close hearing the soft breath of her last words against his ear and then she felt nothing.

Gasping, falling back, and landing on the floor, Devin

couldn't catch her breath. The crazy images had been so real. She'd felt Ewa's emotions and thoughts with such disturbing clarity that it was hard to come back into her own mind. Pushing the ghost of this woman's thoughts out and away, she shook uncontrollably. Whatever just transpired, the truth was suddenly burning within her crystal clear. She'd been Ewa, somewhere distantly in the past.

Shaking at the radical moment of comprehension and undeniable knowledge, Devin felt a scream tearing out of her, Ewa's scream. At some point, she was in Karr's arms, held lovingly. Weeping against him, she knew the strength of his body and yet he was a stranger. She knew that if she took off his black silk shirt, there'd be a pattern of freckles in the shape of a star above his heart and that if she'd place a kiss just above his belly button, he'd hiss and she'd feel his muscles contract under her lips.

She knew the taste of him, and the way his hands felt on her body.

Devin suddenly pushed him away; it was just too damn weird. Stumbling blindly, she tried to get away from him, from the memories she'd suddenly inherited

from the past. Whatever magick the woman had sent into time, she wasn't that woman. Devin had a mother, a father, and a life here in the present. No memory could change that; she'd never lived through the last terrible moments that her doppelganger had experienced. She'd never carried the man's child, or any man's for that matter.

She was no one's slave, and she intended to keep it that way!

Whatever barbaric customs were in the man's Viking past were in his past not hers. She refused to let herself indulge in the kinky bondage games and blood exchanges that she'd glimpsed briefly in Ewa's mind. Modern and self sufficient, the idea of calling any man "master" felt ludicrous.

It was time to get the heck away while he still seemed overcome with the power of the terrible memories they'd just shared, memories that belonged to a long dead woman, a time capsule in her heart and soul.

Shaken from it all, amazingly, Devin managed to get out of the room and out of the dungeon-like basement.

Nighttime darkness surrounded her as she spilled

out of the building and into the noise and commotion of the city's busy downtown. Countless feet of the crowds had walked over the place he'd held her as people shopped and worked all day. The man was ballsy to hold her prisoner in the most populated section of town.

A middle-aged man stopped her. "Miss are you all right?"

"No, please help me. I need the police, fast. Get me away from here, oh please help me."

She collapsed against him, sobbing desperately. Awkwardly, he flagged down a cab and it was all a blur after that.

* * *

Karr thought of Devin for days after he'd allowed her to escape. She looked so much like his beloved Ewa it made him feel weak to see her pain and fear. She'd been able to see the memory, only Ewa's true magickal reincarnation could have done it. Devin was whatever was left of his beloved, whether she chose to accept the truth or not it didn't change the fact.

Lonely nights stretched out as he knew she was

somewhere in the city, close but not close enough. He wanted to possess her body in the old ways of their long dead race. The blood Vikings were no more. They'd married non-magickal people until the blood diluted out of existence. Only a few, such as he and his men, remained vampire, a darkness and corruption of the ancient magicks.

They existed apart from humans, but their great enemy had emerged and had come to this city. They'd come to stop him and had finally ended the threat he presented. With the evil vampire's death, he'd finally felt free to walk into the sun and die. If he hadn't found Devin, he would have. Finding her had changed everything.

He didn't want to die, but he didn't want to return to his world without her. He wanted to see joy in her eyes, not fear. His men were restless, they wanted to return home, but he'd found numerous excuses to remain, to stay in Devin's world. Now he had to face that either he leave her in peace, or take her with him, by force if necessary.

Dusk had just arrived; he was ready for his decision, the final moment he'd look into her eyes. She was his,

and he intended to see that she remain his, always. It was an easy thing to find her, the small amount of her blood he'd consumed while healing her injuries worked like a homing beacon, guiding him to his prize.

Moving in the unnatural way of his kind through the night, he soon was at her window. Gazing upon her loveliness, he couldn't tear his eyes away. She was in a large tub, full of bubbles. Loud rock music reverberated through the room, and it made him smile. She sang off key to the atrocious song as she bathed in the sweet scented bubbles. Even through the closed glass window, he could smell the overpowering floral scent. However, he could smell her blood as well.

She didn't know he was there and he enjoyed seeing her unconcerned and free, knowing that until he tamed her, this moment might be the last sight he had of her so relaxed and content.

* * *

It had been days and yet she couldn't get her sexy tall blonde captor out of her mind. He tormented her dreams. She woke up hot and wet every morning. It

was confusing and frustrating. *Maybe I should go get therapy*, Devin thought as she sang along with her iPod, playing from its doc in her bedroom.

The music was loud but it did nothing to drown out her loud thoughts. As she ran the sponge over her body, she thought of Karr's hands. Those big strong hands would feel so good on her skin. She could almost see him touching her. As she sang, she could hear the strain in her own voice. She trailed the sponge lightly down her stomach, closing her eyes. It dipped lower under the water and she felt it brush against her clit.

Devin moaned and stopped singing. With a sigh, she imagined the sensation of Karr's hands on her body.

The crashing of glass made Devin gasp, standing quickly, naked and wet. Bubbles tingled on her quickly cooling skin as they popped in the chilly evening air. The tall hunk-a-licious maniac came crashing into her bathroom.

She was unable to scream, too many emotions raced through her. Ever since he'd done the weird thing with his fingers, she'd felt a suffocating longing for him. Haunting her dreams and consuming her thoughts, he'd been with her constantly since her escape, she'd never

really been free of him. Thoughts of him left her body ready and needy, just looking at him intensified her uncharacteristic lust.

For a moment they stared in unspoken communion, she felt his longing as if it were her own. They had some kind of unnatural connection now. Whatever he'd done to her, it had affected him too. In a few long strides, his body stood before hers.

Gazing up at him, without thought or decision, her arms twined around his neck. It didn't matter if he was a raving lunatic, or something far more dangerous, in that moment he was there and she wanted him to possess her on a deeply primal level that left her feeling somewhat shocked and ashamed. Stranger or past life lover, it didn't matter, she wanted him inside of her, but also something more, something possessive. It didn't make any sense, but she wanted him to control her sexually.

She'd never been one for games or kink, but with him, something felt different, powerful.

His lips descended to hers and she felt the fire of his kiss licking at her body intimately. Taking his hand, she placed it on the mound between her legs, whimpering.

The burning was like an all-consuming fever, as if she'd longed for him unknowingly, and now that desire had been unleashed.

He moved his hand to her already slick and wanting clit and his manipulation of it was perfect, as if he already knew just how to touch her. How was it even possible? Devin ignored the unanswered questions of her rational mind and allowed him to caress her, allowed the clenching madness of pure sexual need to build until suddenly one long finger entered her while his thumb continued to stroke her into a blindly intense climax.

Clinging to him, unable to breath or think, Devin let go of her keening wail of gratification. When it was over, she could feel her cheeks pinked with a strange contented embarrassment.

His raw chuckle and bulging crotch let her know clearly that he wasn't done with her. Strangely, she felt immense relief that he wasn't leaving her. Irrationally, her mind begged her to beg him to stay with her, never to let her go again. The hollow emptiness she'd felt since her escape was finally full, and she never wanted to feel that lost again.

When he picked her up, she allowed it. He carried

her to the next room and grabbed a blanket off the bed, wrapping it around her damp body. Devin willingly let him carry her out into the night, a slave to her desire, a willing captive. Vaguely, she hoped her roommate wouldn't be too worried when she returned home to find the destruction and that Devin was gone.

Deep in her heart, she knew she'd never be returning and it didn't matter that she left with nothing, not even clothing. Her naked submission filled her with a strange joy that her modern sensibilities couldn't fully understand.

He ran with her through the night, and Devin closed her eyes, clinging to him while inhaling his masculine scent. He filled her mind and soul with nothing but want. When they finally stopped, his men were waiting.

A tall dark man spoke and gave her an odd look. "Are you sure about this? Is taking her to our world, our sanctuary, a good idea?"

Karr growled and his reply was clear and simple. "She is mine!"

None of the others questioned him after that.

Devin clung to him, afraid he would change his mind. She knew beyond a doubt that her whole life spiraled to

this moment. In that acceptance, she gave herself over to his keeping. No matter what happened now, their destinies had been tied together by the invisible strands of fate.

It made her shiver and cling to him even tighter. Suddenly, a dark crack appeared in the brick wall next to where they stood. Light emanated from it with an eerie glow that lit the darkness of the alley.

They stepped through the portal, and into her future.

* * *

Everything about his world was wondrous. She quietly gazed in awe as they walked. They had left during the night, but here it was bright, brilliant daylight.

"I thought vampires couldn't walk in the daylight."

"Not in your world, but here the light can't hurt me. You are safe here, with me."

His words made her realize that she was chocking him with her tight grip. Relaxing her arms a bit, she whispered, "I can walk Karr."

"I know, but I'm not ready to let you go yet."

His words pleased her far more than they should

have. When they arrived at a huge structure, built with medieval fortification, she shivered. How safe would she really be in his world?

He spoke to his men and they grumbled and went on without them. Karr stood just outside the structure looking down at her.

“What, did they forget to invite you in?”

“That’s only a problem for your movie vampires. I just want my lady to be presentable when I present her, and I’m not ready to share you yet.”

With those words, he leapt upwards and she closed her eyes, burying her face into his chest, terrified. When they stopped and she opened her eyes, she was in a large room. The centerpiece was a huge masculine bed. He didn’t need to tell her that this was his room.

He put her down and without any shame, she let the blanket fall. A warm fire burned in the fireplace and the daylight poured into the windows. Her body glistened with the reflection of the flames off her pale skin.

Karr growled and all but pounced on her. Somehow, Devin was lying beneath him on the plush bed and the red glow in his eyes told her that he was going to make

her his completely.

His lips found hers and at first, his kiss was tender, but then his fangs pricked her sensitive inner lower lip, and he suckled at her blood, and the erotic sensation shot through her body, all the way to her toes. Groaning, she let him part her legs with his thigh. She was so wet that her desire seemed to swirl around the room.

Karr found her neck, and for a moment, she thought he was going to bite her, but then he was kissing her, trailing his way to her round breasts. He sucked first one nipple and then the other, until both were stiff sensitive peaks.

Devin groaned, wanting him to touch her clit desperately.

As if he sensed her impatience, he chuckled. He kissed his way down her stomach, twirling his tongue into her bellybutton, causing her to shudder, and then his lips found the trim mound just above her pussy. She heard a long low pleading "please," and it took her a moment to realize the agonized plea was her own.

A few more sweet kisses and then his tongue lapped at the place where she desperately had wanted it. Her hips bucked and she moaned. His long arms snaked up

her body and began to pinch and tease her nipples until her lust became a burning sun going supernova into the strongest orgasm she'd ever experienced.

Screaming Karr's name, the ripples and contractions of pleasure began to ebb. Without warning, he bit into the soft sensitive flesh of her thigh, just below her sex and she bucked her hips as her orgasm renewed in strength. Somehow, the magick of the act had caused her orgasm to begin again, and without thought to the other occupants of his home, she let go of a keening wail, tears streaming down the sides of her face as she came and came some more for her hunk-a-licious vampire Viking.

When he pulled his mouth away, his lips stained crimson with her blood, Devin felt an irrationally deep bereavement.

His large erection bounced as he knelt on the bed taking her leg casually in his hands. He began to kiss down the length, driving her crazy. When he got to her foot, he pressed a long and tender kiss into her instep and began to massage her foot.

If it was possible, her desire tripled. *This guy should write how-to manuals for sex, he's damn good!* The

fleeting thought made her giggle and he raised an eyebrow, taking her other leg in his hands gently.

He kissed the second instep and repeated the massage, wringing a moan of pleasure from her, before he began to kiss his way back towards her wet wanting pussy.

Devin spoke quietly, "It's my turn Karr. I want to kiss you too."

He smiled and moved so that she could lean ahead and take his hard and huge cock in her mouth. His fingers began to massage her pussy, building her desire again, relentlessly. He was so large that she had to fist the base of him. She took as much of him as she could into her mouth, sucking hard against his flesh.

Karr groaned. The only sound was his heavy breaths and that of her mouth consuming him desperately. She cupped his sac, massaging it in time with the rhythm of her mouth. Karr pulled away and she looked up at him, her eyes half-lidded with her intense desire.

Devin cried out his name as he thrust inside of her. She'd never been with such a large man and his invasion felt wonderful. Each thrust teased her clitoris, causing her to buck and cry out.

He growled and something deeper than physical intimacy passed between them, she could actually feel what he felt and it caused her to moan and buck harder, crying out with an agony that was almost pain her desire was so great!

Karr murmured to her in his strange language and she shattered against him, seeing stars. Her eyes closed tightly as she let go completely and rode wave after wave of perfect sensation. For an instant, he stiffened, joining her in mutual orgasm, whispering her name tenderly.

For a long time after, they didn't speak. It was too much, too wondrous for words. Finally, he rolled to look at her and grinned. "Now my lady, we get you ready to meet your people. You are mine."

She smiled back shyly. "I am yours, always Karr."