



A Stolen Soul

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A prophecy passed down from generation to generation...

Twins shall be born to a man of noble blood. The elder twin shall be the one destined to mate with a man who will rule the darkness and the light. Their joining shall bring about the end of evil's terror. The only sign given shall be that the chosen twin is psychic and her lover shall be a night walker.

There's no such thing as vampires.

That sentence had become a mantra for Gabrielle, chanted each time she spotted him outside her and her twin's bedroom window, waiting across the road. His eyes glowed in the darkness like beacons to show the way. His call was hard to resist. Not for Gabrielle, but for her sister Celeste.

"I must go to him," Celeste muttered, eyes wide but sightless as she pushed to get to the bedroom door. Gabrielle held her back, her arms wrapped tight around her sister and fighting hard against his pull.

"No, sweetheart. You cannot go. I-I do not know what he'll do or what he wants." Gabrielle wrestled her twin to the bed and tucked her beneath the blankets again, panting and blowing the ebony curls from her hot forehead. "He's not...not human."

That last she said more to herself than to Celeste. The girl had fallen into a fitful sleep, tossing and turning. Gabrielle dared to move to the window to peek out. He was still there, stiff and unmoving.

"Come to me now, my love."

She trembled. For the last few years, she and Celeste could hear each other's thoughts and just lately, others as well. They had promised each other early on that they would keep this ability secret from everyone, including their father who worried incessantly about the two of them, and even from Nana. *Especially Nana.*

"Why do you call to my sister every night?" She spoke to him although he could not possibly hear her from where he stood. "You should know, you'll never get her. As long as I am alive, you will not."

Weary, Gabrielle glanced at the clock at the side of her bed on the nightstand. Midnight. She sighed. Only five or six hours to sunup when she knew he would go away. She slid the cushioned antique rocking chair over in front of the bedroom door and dragged her blanket from her bed. If she had to sleep sitting up all night, so be it. At least Celeste would be safe.

* * * *

Morning came with Gabrielle sitting upright and wincing against the stiffness from the way she'd been crumpled in the rocking chair. Her sister's face, which mirrored her own, wore a look of amusement where she sat on the side of her bed. "Oh Gabrielle, you've been having dreams again. Look, you've barricaded the door like every other time." Her twin stood to help her right the room before their grandmother came to wake them. "Why do not you ask Nana for a potion or something to help you sleep better? You know her teas work wonders."

Gabrielle shuddered at the thought. “No, if Nana puts me into too deep a sleep, I will not be able to...” She stopped. Celeste never had any memory of being called by the stranger, and the one time Gabrielle tried to tell her, her sister had become terrified. No, it was better to let Celeste continue to think Gabrielle was sleep walking herself, rather than know some strange man was trying to get her. Gabrielle might be five minutes younger, but she had spent her entire life protecting her twin, and that would not change. “I’ll be fine. You’ll see. Tonight, I will not have any dreams at all.”

As she headed into the bathroom, Gabrielle vowed to borrow the alarm clock she’d spotted in some old junk in the attic the day before, and trade it for the broken alarm at her bedside. She would set it so that she could wake up earlier than Celeste in the morning.

“Great,” she sighed as she twisted the knobs for the shower, “even less sleep.” *Two weeks of this and my eyes are turning dark like a raccoon. Nana has started to notice. I’ve got to do something to put a stop to it, but what?*

Her mind lost in thoughts of the stranger, she did not hear the bathroom door open and someone enter until a withered hand yanked back the shower curtain. Gabrielle shrieked and tossed an arm across her full breasts and one hand between her legs.

Nana grunted, “You have nothing I have not seen before, Gabrielle!”

“Still, Nana. I deserve some privacy. Is there something you wanted that could not wait until I came down to breakfast?”

“Do not you sass me, girl. You may be twenty-one now, but I am still your grandmother and as squat as you are, I can still take you over my knee.”

Gabrielle frowned. She was not squat! Five foot, four was an average height for a woman no matter what Nana felt about it, her being an amazon at six feet tall. Rare for women, Gabrielle liked her figure and her face. She was not overly thin, more plump. Big breasts—too big if Nana had anything to say about it—a rounded rear and nice shapely legs. Her face, like Celeste’s was neat if a little on the youngish looking side, but still attractively set off by waist length straight black hair that curled around their faces. The curls probably could be attributed to the younger look, but Gabrielle had been considering getting a new style to give herself a little individuality. Hazel eyes completed her makeup, and she could not complain.

She tried standing up to her grandmother, to demand the respect an adult deserved, but Nana had always been intimidating with her nearly black eyes and skin so wrinkled, Gabrielle guessed the woman’s age to be somewhere around two hundred. Impossible, of course, but the intimidation, the magic and the crystal clear mind made up her deceased mother’s parent.

“Nana?”

The old woman grunted again, her eyes piercing Gabrielle until it seemed all her thoughts were an open book. She clamped down hard on the events of the night before, the man outside and the beginnings of a plan to put a stop to him—in her own way. Nothing indicated Nana could read her sister's and her own mind, but she did not want to take chances. Nana had never been the kindest of people, almost seeming to hate Gabrielle and her sister. That could not be true surely, but the feeling was there. So, she made sure from as early as she could that neither she nor Celeste told the old woman anything too personal. Easier said than done with her air-headed sister of course.

"I have felt something strange in the air lately," Nana began, her eyes narrowing as they swept over Gabrielle's naked body. The hot water had long since run out and she shivered. "Has anything happened I should be aware of?"

"No," Gabrielle answered quickly. "Please, Nana let me shower in peace. I do not feel comfortable with you here."

Her grandmother sneered and released the curtain. As she stalked from the room, Gabrielle heard her snap, "Do not be so sensitive. No one wants to see you anyway. You are bordering on being fat!"

Gabrielle blinked away tears at the slight, then finished her shower as quick as she could.

* * * *

Celeste linked her arm with Gabrielle's and giggled excitedly. "Isn't this festival great, sis?"

Gabrielle rolled her eyes. "Celeste, we have it every year. If you've seen one, you've seen them all. Games, shows, rides. I feel like I am getting too old for it all."

Her sister laughed again. "You were *born* too old for it all. I have more fun every year." Celeste bounced along. "I am riding every ride, and getting Beau and John to win me lots of stuffed animals."

"The attic had to be cleaned out of most of Mother's things to make room for all your stuffed animals. You do not need any more. Besides, Beau and John do not seem like suitable companions for you. I think they want something in return."

Her sister winked. "Who says I won't oblige them?"

"You will not! Not while I am—"

Celeste broke away and jogged ahead a few steps. "I know, I know. Not while you are alive. You really shouldn't say things like that, Gabrielle. Someone might decide you need to die."

At her sister's words, Gabrielle shivered, and for no reason at all turned to gaze over the crowd around them. The sun had gone down just forty-five minutes ago and the crowd attending the festival had thickened as if on cue. A man a few inches over six feet, broad-shouldered with dark hair and eyes that pinned her in place, stood leaning against the coin toss booth. While passersby blocked him from her view intermittently, the intensity of his gaze did not lessen.

"Oh, my!" Celeste exclaimed, walking up beside her. "I am going to find out who he is."

Gabrielle barely managed to catch her sister before she was out of reach. "No!" She pulled her silly sister, back, but Gabrielle could not take her eyes off the stranger. She'd never seen the man's face clearly that called to her sister each night, but something told her this was him.

On a whim, she opened her mind to listen. As usual, she picked up her sister's thoughts without effort.

"Wonder what he would look like naked. Better than John, I'll bet. Maybe a bigger..."

"Celeste!" Gabrielle squeaked in shock.

"What?" Celeste cast an innocent look in her direction.

"Stop thinking," Gabrielle commanded. Her sister rolled her eyes and began looking around for something else to catch her attention. Gabrielle focused on the man, but as hard as she tried, she could not penetrate his thoughts, not that she'd ever been able to control her mind reading before now.

Gabrielle heard a shout nearby and flicked her gaze to search it out. When she turned back to the man, it was to find him standing over her, looking down into her eyes. His eyes, she saw upon closer inspection, were as black as his clothing. His hair, cropped short, was tousled all over his head. Gabrielle longed to run her fingers through it, while pressing herself against his hard body.

At her thoughts, she blushed. A brow flicked upward as if he read her thoughts. He grinned, revealing straight white teeth. "Isn't that interesting?" he asked.

"What?" she whispered. She should look around to make sure Celeste hadn't wandered into anything, but she could not look away from the stranger.

"That I find myself wanting only to look at you, to even taste those pink lips of yours when it should be her."

Gabrielle's eyes widened. She knew what he meant. For two weeks, he had been calling to Celeste. Why? "I do not know what you are talking about, but I do know that you've

been trying to get my sister, and you cannot have her! I'll kill you before you get your hands on her."

He laughed, "Truly? Hmm, how will you do that? You are so small."

Her back stiffened. She was ready to tell him what she thought of his opinion of her height when he covered her mouth with his own. Gabrielle hesitated not more than a second before her lips parted and his tongue darted inside. Without thought, her body had molded itself against him. The hardness of his erection pressed into her stomach, making her ache for more.

When his hands slid to her rear, squeezing gently and lifting her slightly off her feet, Gabrielle came to her senses. They were in public and she did not even know this man. Besides that, he could be some kind of murderer. She pulled back, struggling in his arms. "Let me go."

The stranger took his time setting her on her feet. His fingertips lingered on her bottom, sliding across it and sending tingles all over her body. "Ah, a little fun?" he encouraged.

She frowned, stepping back. "I do not know you."

He gave a small dip of his head and shoulders. "Andre Rousseau." Her heart skipped a beat at his pronunciation of his name with a French inflection he hadn't used before in his regular speech. Like lightening, she imagined him speaking with that same delicious accent while he made passionate love to her. Gabrielle flushed for the second time. Andre winked.

"I-I have to go," she muttered, stumbling backward.

"You would leave me without giving me your name?" The heartbroken look on his face was hardly credible. Yet Gabrielle found she wanted to hear him repeat it.

"Gabrielle."

"Gabrielle," he intoned with the same romantic French inflection. Chills raced over her neck and arms. Andre's gaze dropped to her breasts, as they were rising and falling at a ridiculous rate. The man had her on fire. "Of course, I already knew it. Gabrielle Contento, daughter of royalty."

She wrinkled her nose. "Centuries in the past, several times removed. We are no one special now."

"Your father has some holdings."

"Then you want my sister for her money? If so, you've been misinformed. My father struggles just like anyone in this recession. We, my sister and I, do not come into any

inheritance from my mother's side until we're both twenty-five and even then we have trustees that control everything."

Andre chuckled. "Tsk, tsk. So jaded, beautiful woman. Ask anyone who knows me. I have enough money of my own. I do not need your inheritance or your sister's."

Gabrielle would not be put off. Something was drawing Andre to Celeste and she would find out what. *I am not jealous!*

"There you are, Gabrielle!" She stiffened at her father's voice.

"Father, I...this is..." She turned to face her father for an instant then back to face Andre, but he was gone. She swung back and forth, searching the crowd, but he was nowhere in sight. Bitter disappointment rose in her chest. "No one."

"Well come on, honey. Please follow your sister closer. She exhausts me. I do not know why I did not just hire someone to keep you two safe while I stayed home."

Quiet, Gabrielle followed her parent back to where he'd left Celeste, down a ways, but in sight. All the while Gabrielle's thoughts were filled with Andre. She wanted nothing more than to kiss him again, and do other things she'd only dreamed of. Just reading Celeste's thoughts earlier told her, her sister had experienced a lot more. For the first time, Gabrielle was beginning to think forgetting all responsibility for a night would not be all bad.

* * * *

Two more weeks made a month of his calling. Gabrielle had had little sleep in that time, and Andre seemed to need little himself or as her overactive imagination had it, the man slept only during the day. Preposterous. Finally, her desperate need to change the situation overcame her fears. She had to do something or go insane.

"Come to me, Celeste. You must, for the salvation of the world."

The man has lost his mind. Gabrielle grumbled as she wrested her sister to the bed and then forced her to drink warm milk with a sleep aid swiped from Nana's remedies. "Oh, Celeste will meet you all right," she complained, her face set with determination.

When her sister was settled, Gabrielle slipped from her conservative clothing to the flashier colors Celeste favored. A red silk dress cut to accentuate the swell of her breasts and the roundness of her hips. Unfortunate for Gabrielle, she was slightly bustier than her twin and she had to yank hard to get the soft material down over the rest of her body as well. Feeling too much breeze tickling her exposed skin, she covered her cleavage with one hand as she inched down the stairs. If Nana or her father caught her, she'd have a lot of explaining to do. Sure, she was of age, but guardians took a little too long to recognize the fact. Meanwhile, gaining respect as an adult was a constant battle.

Near the side door, Gabrielle peeked out through the curtain at a window to see if Andre was still there. He was, staring up at her bedroom window in frustration. She heaved a sigh, dropped the hand covering her breasts and tried for the vacant look she'd memorized from Celeste's face.

Soon she was standing face-to-face with the man she'd been imagining making love with for the last fourteen days. "You've called me," she whispered, not wanting to be too obvious.

"Did I?"

She prayed their brief interaction did not allow him to tell her from her sister. For years, when they were younger—and even sometimes now—they would switch places and personalities just to keep those around them off balance. Even their father was fooled, but never Nana.

Gabrielle opened her mouth to try convincing him she was Celeste, but could not find words when she glimpsed his eyes glowing red. Fear ensnared her heart. She stepped back, but he reached for her encircling her in his arms. Chills raced over her body as hers burned with the slight brush of his. Gabrielle was not aware of moving but the next time she looked up they were standing in front of an old house, she recognized as being on the edge of town.

"How—?"

He did not give her a chance to answer. Instead he unlocked the door and guided her inside. When she stumbled against something in the dark, he exclaimed, "Oh, excuse me. I forgot you cannot see." The lights came on although she heard no click. "You are playing a dangerous game, my love."

Gabrielle pretended not to understand what he meant, staring at the ground when he stood before her. He grasped her chin to force her head up. "One night then?"

She swallowed and nodded.

He knew she was not Celeste, but Gabrielle. Although neither had said as much in words, they mutually agreed, one night of passion and no one had to know. Gabrielle's desires were already igniting in her.

Andre guided her toward the stairs that led up to the second floor. A tremble shook her entire body, making her stumble as she moved behind him. He glanced back at her and paused. "Are you afraid?"

She did not want to admit it, so she remained silent.

“You are a virgin.”

Was it an accusation?

He altered their course and instead of the stairs, they moved to a door to the right. Beyond was a small sitting room. When he had directed her to an armchair, Andre stood politely above her and inquired, “Would you like some tea, my love?”

Gabrielle seized on the excuse to delay. “Yes, please. That would be nice.”

Her would-be lover was back sooner than she expected with a tray holding a teapot and one cup and saucer. “I hope you do not mind. I will not join you; I am not very thirsty,” he told her as he poured.

“Because you are a vampire.” Gabrielle said it matter-of-factly, but she sensed more than saw him stiffen. Keeping her eyes on her cup, she feared meeting his gaze. That moment on the street when his eyes glowed red...what had possessed her come here with him? He could kill her, turn her into one of those creatures of the night.

Her spoon rattled against her saucer as she placed it atop. When she would have taken a sip from her tea, Andre stopped her, covering her hands. “You do not have to be afraid. I promise, I will not hurt you.”

To prove his words, he leaned in close and planted a feathery kiss upon her lips. Immediately, Gabrielle’s body lit like a furnace. Her hands came up to his chest, stroking the hard muscle. He pulled her up onto his lap without breaking their kiss. When his fingers found the buttons on her dress, Gabrielle broke their connection. “Oh.”

“You want this.” His words were a statement of truth, not a question. Gabrielle remained silent.

Half way through her buttons while she trembled like a leaf, and scolded herself for a coward, he stopped and drew back. Gabrielle nearly cried out for relief and disappointment combined.

Andre put her from his lap and stood before her. “I think that what I should be doing is helping you to be more comfortable, not scaring you more. So with that in mind...” He began to strip right in front of her.

Gabrielle caught her breath at the first peak of curly black hair sprinkled across his upper chest. The rippled abs gave her visions of running her tongue along that taut skin, and made her wonder if he would taste as good as he looked.

“Do you like what you see so far, Gabrielle?”

She squeaked. This was his first admission to truly knowing who she was.

“I am—”

“The lovely lady whom I kissed at the festival. Surely you do not think I would forget such sweet pink lips? I’ve not tasted anything like it, and have craved for nothing else since.”

“Oh,” she said again.

Andre’s fingers pinched open the button on his trousers. Gabrielle’s mouth watered. This was it, the first time she would see a man naked. So wrong, yet so right. Her desires intensified in anticipation. She leaned forward, her eyes growing wider. When Andre’s hands stilled, she nearly cried out. Her hunger for him was now so great, she forgot fear and worked to free his offering from its confines. Her fingers were awkward and unpracticed, but soon his clothing slipped down to the carpeted floor.

“Oh my.”

Boldly, Andre stroked his hand up and down that long length. Gabrielle licked her lips, not knowing why. He traced the bulbous head and flitted a fingertip across the slit on top. “The word I have heard spoken in the streets is ‘cock.’ I find that word very sensual.”

She nodded.

“Can you say that word for me, Gabrielle? Say cock for me.”

“Cock.” Somehow the word did sound naughty, but right now she did not care. She wondered what other language he would teach her before the night was over.

“Will you stroke my cock for me, Gabrielle?”

“Yes, please.” She said it as politely as she had with the tea. Andre chuckled, but his humor died when he guided her slender fingers along his tool. Gabrielle instinctively circled it, beginning from the base and moving upward, then down again. She met Andre’s gaze and thought he looked feverish. A moan escaped his lips. “Does it hurt?”

“Never.”

She wanted more, but was not sure what more was. For no apparent reason, her lips tingled to enclose his cock in her mouth and suck. She wanted to run her tongue along the vein visible on the underside and come up to the top to tease that slit. Why? Would he think her a loose woman or disgusting?

“Do it, my love. It aches for your sweet mouth,” he told her.

Gabrielle gasped. He had read her mind...or...put those thoughts in her head. She was afraid but the need to lick and suck him was too strong. She leaned into it to take a swipe with her tongue. His scent, his flavor enticed her until she could not help herself. Sucking in more and more, she reached behind him to boldly grasp his buttocks and drive him forward.

Something tangy and creamy touched her tongue and she drew back. A bead of liquid formed in the slit. Her heart pounded. "Is it okay?"

He chuckled. "Sample it, Gabrielle. I ache to fill your hot mouth with my come."

Needing no further encouragement, she swallowed his swollen rod, pulling back only long enough to tease more come onto her tongue. With his mental guidance, she slid her hand between his legs and fondled his sacks. They tightened in her palm, and some sense told her he was about to explode.

"Ah, yes! Gabrielle. My love, you make me feel so good. Drink me, darling," he coaxed.

She drew hard on his cock, stroking it with one hand and squeezing his hard thigh with the other. *Please, I am so thirsty for you.*

"Drink, my love."

Gabrielle had no moment to question if she truly heard him in her mind. In another moment his come shot out to fill her mouth, spilling down from the side of her lips. She swallowed and sucked for more. Thick, delicious spurts satisfied her as her lover howled above her head and tangled his fingers in her hair. He pumped his hips so that he slid deep into her throat until she had drained him.

Her fear forgotten, Gabrielle released Andre so that she could work out of her dress as swiftly as she could. Their movements became frenzied as each layer fell. Soon, Gabrielle stood naked before the night walker, using one hand to cover her moist center and an arm to cover her breasts. While she had always felt satisfied with her figure, Nana's cruel words came back to haunt her at this most inopportune time. No one would want to see her body because she bordered on fat. Andre's words did not make her feel anymore comfortable.

"Oh, my love. Look at those breasts." He tugged at her arm, but she resisted moving it. "How did you get so much inside that dress?"

She gasped, and tears filled her eyes. "I am sorry. I am not as thin as Celeste. I-I try."

"Silly woman." He yanked her arms away and held them at her sides. "That body makes me want to come all over again just looking at it. You cannot seriously think I do not want to suckle on those plump nipples."

Warmth filled her cheeks. "You are just saying that."

"Hmm. Seems I will have to prove myself yet again."

Andre slid his hands from her wrists to her upper arms and held them firmly in place, while his head descended slowly toward her left breast. Her breath caught and held in her chest. She having given no command to her naughty body, was shocked at her wanton behavior when her back arched to push that aching nipple to her lover's mouth.

Gabrielle nearly screamed when his lips enclosed on her pebbled bud. He teased it with tiny nips of his teeth, and flicked his tongue around the edges until moisture formed between her legs. "Oh dear," she cried.

"Enjoy it, darling." Andre's voice was thick with lust, a tone that enflamed Gabrielle's passions the more.

And she wanted more...but what was more?

"Andre," she moaned.

He groaned. "Yes, call out my name." He flicked the glistening bud again. "Say it, Gabrielle. Say my name."

"Andre. M-My love."

He stood straight to pull her roughly against his hard body. Their mouths found each other and Gabrielle tried to delve her tongue as deep into his mouth as possible while somehow sucking on his lower lip. Her inexperience, her wild passion, was making her frantic. She needed *it*.

Tears ran down her face. "Andre, *please*."

"*Yes, my love. I will satisfy you, as you have me.*" This time she was certain he spoke in her mind.

"*Do it again,*" she thought, hoping he heard.

"*Come my love. My bed awaits us.*" He hoisted her in his arms and carried her up the stairs. This time she could not wait to lie with him. *Oh, will not he hurry!*

Andre kicked open a door at the top of the stairs on the right. A four poster bed stole most of the space in the modest room. The white sheets looked inviting, and indeed they were when her lover placed her gently there.

But Gabrielle was through with gentility. She wanted to be a naughty wench who had sexual encounters that set her pulses racing and her head spinning. Feeling bawdy, she

spread her legs. The terrible ache down in her wet spot needed attention only Andre could give.

While he stood over her, she could not help but reach down to stroke herself. Her fingers sunk into her moist tunnel causing her to cry out and buck her hips. She put her head back against the pillows while she explored under his watchful eyes.

“You like watching me,” she whispered to him in her mind.

“Yes,” he admitted. *“Find your clit and pinch it for my pleasure.”*

“I do not know what that is.”

“Find it,” he commanded once again. As before, he guided her. Her fingers moved not fully out of her control, but having help. They closed around a swollen button at the top of her center. Obediently, she pinched and just as quickly she cried out at the pleasure it brought.

While Andre watched and encouraged her, she dipped her fingers inside her flowing juices and wet her nubbin. She tugged and pinched, stroked and teased until she felt a building inside of something sure to be wonderful. Her hips rocked and swayed. She cried again.

“Come for me.”

As if in answer to his call, her body released. She heard his whispered word—orgasm. She had an orgasm, a climax that tore at her sanity for an instant. Gabrielle squeezed her legs closed on her hand and rubbed as hard and fast as she could. She rode the waves and rocked side to side, screaming, “Yes, yes. Let it never stop!”

Sadly, her body calmed and the pleasure eased into a sort of quiet hum. Andre pulled at her knees to simultaneously straighten out her legs and part them. “Now,” he said sternly. “Put your fingers in your come, scoop it up and eat it.”

She gasped. “I—”

“Do as I say,” he snapped.

Gabrielle sunk a single finger inside her tunnel and scooped as instructed. She stuck out her tongue to touch it to the tip of her finger. Her juice had an odd flavor that she was not sure she liked.

Andre smiled. “No? Too bad. I suppose I must clean you up then.”

Her eyes widened at his suggestion, and before she knew what he planned, he climbed on the bed and dropped down between her legs. When his beautiful mouth, which she had found so irresistible earlier, touched her nether lips, Gabrielle screamed and came again.

She latched onto to his cropped curls and rode his face. Her hips gyrated up to his sucking mouth, and she thrilled in the slurping sounds of him eating her like she was his favorite meal.

"Tell me," he demanded.

Andre did not specify, but Gabrielle seemed to know what he wanted even without words or thoughts. "Eat me," she begged. "Andre, eat all of me."

He moaned, rubbing his nose against her button. "Gabrielle. I cannot get enough of you."

A quiver ran through her body. "Do not ever, darling. Please, do not ever."

Suddenly, he sat up, massaging her hips as his gaze penetrated hers. "I must be inside you right now, my love. I need it. It will hurt, but I promise I will be as gentle as possible. Are you ready for me?"

She nodded, terrified but sure she needed it just as much. "Yes, I am ready." She squeezed her eyes closed, bit into her bottom lip and basically clenched every muscle in her body.

Andre laughed. "Sweetness, if you do not relax, you will make this tougher. I am afraid I am not of average size."

Her eyes flew open at his words. She glanced down between them where his cock rested against her apex. She had thought it a magnificent length and getting him to fit into her mouth had been a challenge, but he was bigger than the average man? Did that mean it would hurt more?

While she pondered his size, Andre dipped a finger into her channel, then he sent in another and another. Three fingers deep, he massaged her from the inside. Gabrielle's knees rose toward her chest. She whimpered and squirmed, arching her hips into her lover's thrust.

Andre waited until her eyes closed again and she had gone slack with the pleasure he gave, before he replaced his magical fingers with his thick delicious dick. *Dick*, her mind echoed. *Mm, more dirty words*. Nana would kill her if she knew.

Gabrielle's whimper of pleasure turned to pain when Andre squeezed into her tight channel. She cried out, wanting him to stop but desperately needing him to continue.

"Tight fit," he gasped.

Rapture infused his face. His soft kissable lips parted in a ragged pant as he slipped deeper. Gabrielle's pleasure increased just watching him. *"You like hurting me?"*

"No! Of course not, darling. Your pussy is so narrow, I can barely get inside you. The pressure on my dick is incredible and so good."

"I want to always be tight for you," she said aloud.

He opened glowing eyes that did not frighten her. "Not likely, but you'll always please me."

Without thinking, she tossed one leg up on his shoulder, twisting her hips so that when he slid all the way in his groin thrust against her bottom. "This was to be one night only," she reminded him.

"Impossible." Her muscles relaxed. He pounded once, hard. "I have to have this," he pounded in and out again making her scream with bliss, "each and every night."

Andre watched her breasts bounce. The rise and fall of her nipples lured him to pinch her nipple. He began a rough rhythm to his thrusts that had Gabrielle rising to another climax. He twisted her nipple and she cried out.

"Do it again," she demanded.

He twisted just enough to sting, causing pleasure and pain. Gabrielle puffed out his name, stuttering as she climaxed harder than she had all night. Andre increased his rhythm. He banged against her rear, while holding her waist in a tight grip. She knew she would be bruised in the morning but she did not care. Let him never stop.

When her lover's hot seed filled her insides, Gabrielle joined him in her umpteenth climax. He collapsed behind her and held her close.

She was falling asleep, sore, but content, when he woke her. "Gabrielle."

"Hmm?"

"Someone has lied."

She yawned. "Lied? What do you mean?"

"You are older than your sister?" he asked.

Another yawn escaped. "Oh, I am sorry. I am not used to being up so late. No, I am five minutes younger than Celeste. Of course, you would think I was the oldest being that I always care for her. You do not know but she is quite wild."

He seemed unmoved by her speech although Gabrielle was not looking at him. She sensed all that he felt, and in some way she was sure she could tap into his thoughts. That had not been true at the festival. He seemed to have an ability to block out her gift.

“No.” He continued their conversation. “You are the oldest. I am sure of it. That means someone has lied about who you are. You are Celeste.”

She stiffened. He tore at her self-esteem. Andre did not want her; he wanted Celeste. Hadn’t it been her twin he had been calling all these days? And she, blinded by her lust for him, tossed all of that aside just for one night in his bed.

Gabrielle tried moving from her lover’s arms, but he held on. “Stay right here. You will not run from me. I know what you are thinking, and I will explain everything.”

“No, I do not want hear how you want my sister. I will fight you. You cannot have her.” She burst out crying, knowing her tears were more for not wanting to share him than keeping her sister safe. Shame overwhelmed her.

Andre flipped her around to face him and held her chin still so that she could not look away. “Look at me, darling.”

Gabrielle blinked away her tears, but finally she focused in on his midnight eyes.

“I love you. *You*, Gabrielle. The woman in front of me, who made me feel so incredible tonight.”

“But...” She bit her lip. “I love you. I do not understand how I feel what I feel, like we are connected. Like we...”

“Like we are not two, but one person. Gabrielle, my heart.” He kissed her and drew her into his embrace. He stroked her back, muttering words of comfort until she relaxed against him. When he tucked her head into the space between his chin and neck, he began his explanation. “There are things in the night—and for that matter, the day—that you do not know about, darling. Dark beings. Evil. And people like me have done our best to keep them from growing stronger and spreading their evil all over the world. If we let them, they would enslave humanity. We refuse to let that happen.”

“Because humans are your food source,” she said softly.

He frowned. “Stay out of my mind. I am telling this story.”

She chuckled despite being horrified by his talk of evil beings. “I am sorry. Go on.”

Andre looked past her, a dazed look coming into his eyes before he focused again. “Come, I will tell you on the way. I need to see you home, because the dawn is coming.”

Gabrielle stretched. She raised her arms above her head and curled her toes. For her pains, her nipples received a tweak from her lover. A tingle hit her pussy, making her want more.

“Come, you insatiable woman,” Andre scolded. “If I do not get you dressed now, we may never escape this room, and your family will be worried about your disappearance.”

She stood and moved sluggishly toward the door, remembering her clothing was down in the sitting room on the first floor. With a frown marring her features, she complained, “I wish I did not have to go.”

“Me too.”

* * * *

They walked along the dark streets, hand in hand. This time she noted Andre did not seem to transport her from one place to the other in the blink of an eye. Gabrielle was relieved as it meant she had more time with him.

“Andre, why did you call to my sister? Do you prefer her over me? I know she’s very beautiful.”

He squeezed her hand, then tucked her closer to his side. Her head barely reached the top of his shoulder. “Gabrielle, do not say things like that. You are the most beautiful woman in the world, as far as I am concerned. Many years ago, my father told me of a legend or prophecy. I was just a young boy and he came into my room in the middle of the night. His eyes glowed red, and as much as I loved him, I was terrified.”

She gasped. “He was a vampire?”

He nodded. “Yes. Back then, I was human. He told me of the battle between good and evil. He said there would be twins born—psychic twins—and the older would mate with a vampire. That union would allow the night walker to walk in the daylight and give him power he could only imagine. It would also give him the ability to reproduce.”

“Amazing.”

“Yes. The interesting twist is, whether that vampire was on the side of good or on the side of evil, he would gain these powers.” At her cry of shock and fear, he hugged her close then continued. “My father thought to raise me to be on the side of evil, and then when I was a man, he would turn me in hopes that I could be that fated vamp. For you see, I had a gift of reading minds as well. I had it from birth.”

“Oh Andre, that is wonderful. I thought it was just because you are a vampire that you could. So you are extra special, and your father saw it. I am sorry he was training you in evil. What saved you?”

“My mother.”

She saw the raw pain in his eyes. They walked in silence for a while until Andre found the words to speak again, after he had pushed aside his emotions.

“On the night he was to turn me, she caught him and tried to stop him. He had invited me to dinner, although I had long since moved out into a rental room behind a bakery.” He patted his well-defined stomach muscles. “I had grown a bit of a pouch living there.

“After dinner, Father, attacked in the gardens. Mother heard me cry out and rushed to find out what was the matter. That was when she first learned of my father’s plan, and how she would never be allowed to stand in his way. His evil ran so deep, he killed his own wife. She was human, and he did not love her enough to turn her before she died. Said she had too much goodness in her. Before that time, I thought I wanted what my father wanted. I wanted the darkness and to kill like he killed. I begged for years for him to turn me so that I could hunt at his side and drink the innocent dry. I was not a vampire, but the scent of blood on him when he came home at dawn was intoxicating even then.

“But when he killed my beloved mother, all my loyalty to him was dead, as dead as I became at twenty-eight years old. As soon as this plague, this virus took hold of my system, all imperfections melted away, including my pouch.”

Gabrielle looked away from her lover’s handsome face, eternally young, and saw that they neared her home. She tugged him to a stop and checked the horizon to be sure the sun was not yet rising. It was not. “Andre, all of this is fascinating, but doesn’t explain why you were pursuing my sister or why you think you are the vampire to bring this prophecy to pass. That was your father’s hope, but from my I understanding of what you’ve told me, he had no proof.”

He chuckled, “My persistent one. Two months ago I was plagued with dreams that disturbed my rest. This was unusual in that vampires do not dream. In my dreams, I saw your sweet face, and I heard the name “Celeste.” Night after night, the dream plagued me, and always when I woke, I had the urge to come here to your home and call for you. At first I could not figure it out until I remembered the prophecy. When that memory came to mind, all fell into place.”

“Yes, and you’ve interfered with my plans as well!”

Andre and Gabrielle looked up to find Nana in front of them. Gabrielle’s heart began to hammer in her chest. She pressed closer to Andre’s side, shock at her grandmother’s words kept her silent, but Andre was not afraid.

“It was you!” her lover accused.

Gabrielle wondered what he was talking about.

Nana nodded. “Yes! I switched the babies. She was born Celeste. I saw the mark on her the second she came from her mother’s womb. I knew if I did not interfere and put a curse on the two of them, subduing their power, the prophecy would come and my people would be lost.”

“Your people?” Gabrielle found her voice. “What do you mean? You are my grandmother. I am family. Why would you do this, Nana?”

The old woman spat on the ground toward Gabrielle’s feet. “You are no family of mine, foolish girl. I was your mother’s servant. After I killed her when I knew you were the one, I would have tossed away you and your sister, but your father came along to claim you although your mother was little more than a whore. I had to switch you until I could figure out what to do.”

Gabrielle screamed at the hateful words. “You take that back. My mother was a lady!”

“She was trash. Like you.”

No wonder her “nana” had seemed to hate she and Celeste all these years. She was pure evil. Obviously on the wrong side.

Gabrielle nearly gave herself away when Andre spoke in her mind. “*She did not know about the prophecy swinging either way—good or evil.*”

While Andre explained families of evil and those of good in her mind, the woman she had known as her grandmother bragged about what she intended to do. Gabrielle glanced up to the horizon and saw the sun. “Andre, the sun,” she screamed.

Before either of them could react, Nana uttered dark words of magic that held the two of them in place. Only Gabrielle’s eyes could move, and she saw the light as if it raced to end her lover’s existence. Her heart thudded in her chest. Tears squeezed from her eyes.

“*My love.*”

“*Do not worry, Gabrielle.*”

“*I do not want to be without you.*”

“*Never without me, darling. Never.*”

She did not understand how he was not afraid. He was caught frozen, staring into her eyes just as she was toward him. Nana cackled with glee, staying put to see Andre's destruction.

Soon the sun lit everything in sight, but no steam, no smoke—nothing rose from Andre's body. He winked at Gabrielle and slowly began to smile. The laughter on Nana's lips died as Andre swung to face her.

"No, impossible!" She began to back away.

Andre advanced. "Oh yes, possible! You see Gabrielle and I are the couple to rule the day and night. I feel this new power growing within me already. As the days go on, it will increase, and I will put an end to you and all your family."

His eyes lit with fire, his fangs dropped. Nana fell back on the ground and threw herself over to her hands and knees. She scrambled away as fast as she could until she could gain her feet again. Gabrielle watched in disbelief that this woman, the one who she had trusted to care for her and her sister had always meant them harm. Her heart broke over the revelation.

When Nana disappeared from her sight, Andre drew Gabrielle in his arms. She struggled to free herself. "No, my love, I must get home to be sure she doesn't hurt my family."

"Do not worry." He held her tighter. "She will not come back. Her spell did not affect me. The balance has swayed far onto the good side, and you and I have much to do."

She lifted tear-stained cheeks to his soft kiss. "To fight the dark beings?"

"No, to fulfill the rest of the prophecy." He slid a hand down to her rear and squeezed before pushing his fingers deeper toward her hot center. "We have to prove that I can now procreate."

"Oh," she squeaked.

"Are you ready for me?"

"Always."

The End