



# LUST & VAMP

*ANYTHING GOES, BOOK 2*

JOYEE FLYNN

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## DEDICATION

To Alana: For cracking the whip on me to get this done & listening to my endless whining that it wasn't going how I pictured. What would I ever do without my Mistress who handcuffs me to my desk? Luv you lots!

## TRADEMARKS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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iPod: Apple Inc.  
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## CHAPTER 1

"Temp, you take half and lead them around back," Beck said to me as he pointed to the entry points on the map he had. "I'm going to talk to Cal about Gabe screaming as the diversion, which should hopefully get the halfers away from the captives."

"Good luck with that." I chuckled before we moved out, knowing full well how protective my friend was of his new mate. Leading my half of our group of lust and wrath demons around the old seafood packing plant, I gave the sign to halt when we got into position. Moments later we heard a horridly loud bone-chilling scream from the front of the building. I felt a shiver go down my spine just knowing that it was sweet little Gabe.

We waited to the count of three before I kicked in the door. Sark went in first with me hot on his tail. I saw the backs of some of the halfers that had raced towards the front door when they heard Gabe's scream, but we still had about eight by the captives that turned towards us. Just as we were starting to spread out so we didn't hit each other or any innocents, I saw Mick shooting fire out of his hands at the closest halfers.

I hadn't even started myself when I saw the brightest light I'd ever seen hop from halfer to halfer. Sark

and I exchanged a look of shock before realizing where it was coming from. Gabe was standing at the front of the factory in a trance as the light shot from his fingers. Before I could even react, it was over as fast as it started. And when it was done, they were all dead. Every single fucking halfer was simply gone, vanished into thin air. I stood there in shock not sure what to do now.

"Gabe? Baby, don't do this to me!" Cal cried out, snapping me back to the present. I saw Cal pull the lifeless body of his mate into his arms. "Fuck! What did you do, baby? Gabe, please, you have to come back."

"Cal, start CPR," Eaton yelled running towards them. I started to move towards them to help, but I saw Mick and Beck were there with them as well. As much as it pained me to not go to my friend when he was in pain, I knew we had a job to do.

"Half of us grab survivors, everyone else back us up," I ordered moving to the tables of injured men and women. "We don't know if that was all the halfers, and I don't want any of them to come back and catch us with our pants around our ankles."

"We'll load them up, you guys cover us," Wade said as he gently lifted a woman into his arms. "You guys can throw fire from a distance; ice doesn't always help with

halfers."

"Good point," Sark replied, and I agreed. We moved quickly, especially when some of the other wrath demons pulled up a few of the SUVs to the back entrance. I turned then and saw Gabe alive and kissing Cal.

"Thank god, he made it," I said, nudging Sark so he could see for himself.

"Good. I would never have forgiven myself if Gabe died because of this," Sark replied, and then started barking out more orders. We watched out for trouble as they moved survivor after survivor out of the warehouse. How could we have had no clue this was going on right under our noses? Sark gave me a look that told me he was thinking the same thing, and we'd be seriously re-evaluating our security later.

"We're going to get the captives we have loaded up back to the club," one of the wrath demons, Nolan, said. "There are more than we planned on, and if we put too many in one SUV, we could do more damage than good."

"Do it, but be fast and leave at least eight guys with us," I replied. He nodded and raced out the back doors. Sark and I moved around and cut off restraints from the remaining captives. There were still four left, and I shook my head again in disbelief. We'd thought we'd find maybe four total, but we had double that.



"We need to make this right," Sark said, staring down at one man with a look of complete defeat. "I don't know how, but we need to do whatever it takes to make this right, Temp."

"I feel the same way," I replied as one smaller man caught my eye. I moved over to him and brushed back a curl from his forehead. He was breathtaking, even beaten and bruised as he was. I guessed he couldn't have been more than five seven and a hundred and forty pounds dripping wet. He didn't even look like he weighed that much, but I saw his muscle definition and knew that would add to his weight.

"Thirsty," he said so quietly I barely heard him.

"We'll get you something to drink soon, I promise, little one," I replied as I cupped his cheek. He moved his face into my hand, a peaceful expression crossing his face. I heard a noise and turned my attention on it, ready for more of the enemy.

"They're back with the SUVs," Sark called out from the doorway to give everyone the all clear to back down. I turned to the gorgeous man and decided I needed to get him out of there right then. Moving my arms under him, I lifted him up as gently as I could. He gave a soft gasp but was able to turn enough so that he rested comfortably against

my chest.

"Make sure no one gets left behind," I told Wade.

"You have my word," Wade replied as I walked out of the warehouse with my precious cargo. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw Sark had another survivor in his arms as well. Nolan saw us coming and opened the back door of the SUV for us. I got in carefully on one side as Sark walked around and got in the other door.

"Thirsty," the small man in my arms whispered again as Nolan threw the SUV into drive. "I need to drink."

"You can drink whatever you want, little one," I replied softly as he stared up at me with bright green eyes. "We're heading back to our home so the doctor can check you out and get you rehydrated."

"Not water," he said, licking his lips as he stared intently at me. I wasn't sure what he meant, but I swore his eyes started to get a deeper shade of green.

"I will give you anything you need," I replied, trying to keep him calm and hopefully appease his fears.

"Yes." He hissed as he lifted the bottom of my shirt and moved it up to my shoulders. I was completely confused then and glanced at Sark, who merely shrugged. Just as I was about to ask what the man meant, I felt a soft tongue lick across the left side of my chest over my heart.

"I'm not sure this is the time..." I started to say, but was interrupted by him biting me. I gasped in shock as the momentary pain turned into such intense pleasure it was like nothing I'd ever felt before. I was even more surprised when I realized he was drinking from me. I tried to speak, to stop him, something, but I couldn't move or talk. All I could do was stare at him and pant as he gazed up at me. I saw his fangs then and realized he needed the blood.

I also realized my cock was swelling increasingly to the point it actually started to hurt. Just as I thought I couldn't take anymore, the small man sank his teeth in even deeper and my orgasm hit me as fast as a speeding train. I cried out with the force of it, almost surprised that my cargo pants didn't rip from it. As much as I wanted to move my hips, throw back my head, or anything I normally did when I was coming, I couldn't. I could not look away from the green eyes staring at me.

After what felt like hours, he finally pulled his fangs out from my chest and licked the bite closed. I tried desperately to regulate my breathing, but it felt like I had run a marathon in moments.

"Thank you, mate," he said quietly as he snuggled back into my arms and closed his eyes. I still couldn't do anything but simply watch him.

"Dude, you are so fucked." Nolan chuckled from the front seat. When I was able to, I glanced up and met his gaze in the rearview mirror. I must have looked as confused and dazed as I felt because he explained. "You just mated a vampire, Temp. He bit you and took blood directly from your heart; that's how they mate."

"What?" I gasped, feeling my eyes going wide. My eyes darted back to the sleeping man in my arms, then back to Nolan. "That can't be, can it?"

"Sorry, Temp," Nolan answered with a sympathetic look. "I have friends who are vamps, and that's how they mate. He just tied the two of you together for eternity."

"Wow, I'm glad you picked up the little shit and not me." Sark chuckled, and I felt every hair on my body stand up as I stared at him and growled. His eyes went wide at the noise I was making, one I'd never even heard myself.

"Don't talk about him that way. After everything he's been through, he probably has no idea what he just did," I said, needing to defend the man in my arms. "I said I'd give him anything he needed."

"Okay, Temp," Sark replied gently as his eyes never left me. Nolan pulled up in front of the club, and I opened the door. I got out with the little man still in my arms and walked up to the front door.

"Take him to one of the tables and try to figure out how badly he's hurt," Cal said as he held the door open for me. "Then leave him for the doctors or Noah."

"No, he's mine!" I snarled loudly, feeling furious that Cal wanted me to leave the man. "I will not leave him."

"Okay, man, whatever you want," Cal replied, as he raised an eyebrow. I ignored him and kept walking. When I found an empty table set up, I gently placed my man down on it.

"Aww, fuck. They got to Reid?" Eaton swore, approaching us. "He was so much fun; I really hoped he wasn't one of the ones taken after I fed off of him."

"You fed off my mate?" I yelled, rage flowing through me. Before I even had a second to think about it, I turned and punched Eaton in the face. When he fell back towards the floor, I pounced on him and hit him in the face again. "You cannot have him, he's mine!"

"Calm the fuck down, Temp." Eaton shouted as he threw up his arms. I was pulled off of my friend by strong arms as I felt the anger pulled out of me.

"Just breathe, Temp," Beck said quietly and held onto me as I sank to my knees. "I'm going to take the rage away."

"Thank you." I panted as I felt it leave, confused at

how I'd even gotten that upset. Of all of my partners in the club, I was the most easy going and slowest to anger.

Beck was our man in charge of security and a wrath demon. And just like I fed off lust as a lust demon, he fed off wrath and rage. Unlike lust demons, who had to engage in sexual activities to feed, wrath demons were able to simply touch someone and take away their anger. Which made them the perfect workforce for the sex club I owned with my partners, and it worked for them. They were kept well fed by any drunken idiots, aggressive patrons, or anyone else who got pissed off at the club and tried something.

"What just happened, Temp?" Beck asked as he looked from me to Eaton. "I've never seen you strike anyone like that in all the years I've known you."

"I don't know." I whispered, shaking my head. "Eaton said he'd fed off my mate, and I went ballistic. I didn't even realize I was doing it, and I couldn't stop myself."

"Reid's your mate?" Eaton asked, his eyes going wide. "When did this happen?"

"He said he was thirsty, and I didn't get he meant blood," I answered, staring at my friend. "He lifted my shirt and bit me over my heart before I even realized what was

going on. I told him I'd give him anything he needed, but I didn't understand what he needed."

"Beck, bring a few guys over here," Cal called out. I gave him a nod as he eyed me over. It seemed to appease him, and he went over to help Cal and another man.

"Eaton, I'm sorry," I said as I stood up. "I don't know what's happening to me."

"It's okay, Temp. We'll figure this out," he replied as he stood as well and threw an arm over my shoulder. "I'm sure I've had that coming for centuries, so we'll just call it even."

"Mine!" Someone yelled, getting our attention. I turned and had just enough time to open my arms as Reid launched into them. He snarled and snapped at Eaton as he clung to the front of my body. I felt his legs wrap around me tightly as he threw his arms around my neck. "Don't touch my fucking mate."

"Wow, we're both having issues." I chuckled, loving the almost scared look on Eaton's face as he held up his hands and backed away from the little vampire.

"Why did I just do that?" Reid whispered, his eyes wide as he looked from Eaton to me. Then he seemed to get even more confused as he glanced around the club. "I've been here before."

"Yeah, you have, Reid," Eaton said gently, keeping his hands up. "You were here four days ago and interviewed for a job."

"You hired me and then we messed around," he replied nodding his head slowly. I felt a primal growl pass my lips as I held onto Reid tighter and moved away from Eaton.

"Don't ever touch him again," I barked at Eaton who stood completely still. "He's mine. I don't care if you made out, you can't have him."

"Who are you?" Reid gasped, staring at me. "Why are we acting like this?"

"You were kidnapped, baby," I answered, feeling my jealousy fading at the scared look on his face. "Do you remember being taken? They look like men, but their features are twisted?"

"Yes, they did things to me," he whispered, looking away as his eyes filled with tears. "And then they kept drinking from me since I could give them a different kind of high."

Halfers, as full blood demons called them, were demons who were once human. They had died, gone to hell, and lost whatever humanity they ever possessed. Halfers were the soulless demons most horror movies and



books were based on. And they were unable to feel any emotion, unless they found someone who came in contact with a full blood demon.

If a halfer played with Reid after Eaton did, he would feel all their lust. And to someone who was once human and no longer felt anything that meant a lot to them. The lengths they were willing to go to feel were impressive. Halfers were horrible to look at, their bodies and faces twisted with their sins.

"Doc, can you check him out? I need to get him upstairs," I called out, rubbing my hands over Reid's back. He was basically naked under one of the throw blankets we'd wrapped the survivors in, and I kept making sure he was covered.

"I'm not hurt— I don't know your name," he said quietly, searching my face.

"Temp. My name is Temp, and you're Reid," I replied.

"Temp... I like it," Reid said, giving me a half smile. "I'm a vampire, Temp. I'll heal in the next couple of hours."

"It's true, just make sure he feeds," the doc agreed and then turned back to his patient.

"We've got things down here, Temp. Go tend to

your mate," Eaton said. I gave him a nod of appreciation and headed for the elevator. Once we were on, I waved my keycard and pressed the button for the fourth floor, which was my apartment.

"Why were you so pissed with Eaton?" Reid asked as I stepped off the elevator into my place. "I thought you guys co-owned the club."

"We do, but one of the guys said you mated me," I answered, heading for the bathroom in the master suite.

"You were pretty out of it and said you were thirsty. I told you I'd give you anything you wanted, but I didn't realize what you meant."

"I drank blood from your heart?" he asked, his eyes going wide. When I nodded he closed his eyes and turned from me. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to do that. I don't even remember doing it. They almost drained me completely, and even now, I'm so thirsty."

"You can drink from me, baby," I said slowly, trying to gauge if he was unhappy that he was stuck with me. "I mean if you want to. I understand if you don't want to be here or want to get away from me."

"No!" Reid gasped, his head whipping back in my direction. "I don't want to leave; I just feel bad that I mated us without even asking you. I mean that's a pretty shitty

thing to do to another person."

"We'll figure it out," I said, giving him a warm smile. I hadn't realized until he said he didn't want to leave that my heart had been aching at the idea of losing him. Now I was filled with joy at the thought that I could keep the hot man in my arms. "One step at a time, okay? And I'm not mad. Confused, but not mad. You didn't know what was going on at the time, and you were hurt."

"You're being much nicer about this than I would." Reid giggled as I placed him on the counter and went to turn on the shower. "It's so weird, I get a job here, and days later, I'm mated to one of the owners."

"Eaton mentioned that, what do you do?" I asked as I reached my hand under the water to check the temperature.

"I'm a stripper," he answered quietly. I swung around to look at him so fast I cracked my shoulder into the doorway of the shower. "Yeah, I kind of figured that would be a problem now that we're mated."

"No one gets to see you naked but me," I growled and stalked towards him. "I don't fucking share."

"Temp, you need to stay calm, okay?" Reid said, holding out a hand to stop me as I went to grab him.

"Mating with a vampire will do things to you, and you can

lose control at first. I'm sorry about that, I really am. But there are changes going on here that are going to throw you for a bit and then you'll return to normal."

"Is that why I keep being so aggressive?" I asked after I'd taken a few deep breaths. "I'm normally the most easy-going guy in the room and suddenly I'm punching my friends. Now I'm jealous and want to lock you in my room forever. I mean what the fuck, Reid?"

"It will get better, Temp," he replied, looking away from me. "I didn't mean to do this, I swear to you."

"I believe you, baby," I said gently. I realized I was acting like a selfish bastard, freaking over some extra testosterone instead of focusing on Reid after everything he'd been through. "Let's get you cleaned up and we can talk, okay?"

"There's something else you need to know right away, Temp," Reid replied as he glanced at me with tears spilling over and down his cheeks. "I can't undo this mating, and I'll die if you leave me. You're the only person I can feed from now."

"I'm cool with that," I said, running my hand down his cheek and wiping away the tears. "I don't like the idea of your fangs being in anyone else, so that works out fine for me."

Reid looked at me for several moments before nodding and throwing his arms around my neck. "I'm sorry I can't walk or stand on my own. I feel so weak from being drained and I'm still starving."

"Drink from me then, Reid," I said as I carried him into the shower and waved away my clothes and his blanket. I had a thought then about the last time he'd fed from me. "Will I always have the same reaction as I did last time?"

"You won't always come from me feeding from you," he replied. I closed the shower door behind us and reached for the soap. "But it will turn you on and make you desperate with need. I've heard that most mates do it during sex, and it makes it that much better."

"I don't think you're ready for sex, baby." I ran my soapy hands over his back, trying to get all the grim and blood off of him. "And we need to talk about what happened to you, Reid."

"Not yet, okay?" he whispered against my neck. "I fucked up our mating enough already. I just want this one night together before we delve into all the pain and the outside world."

"If that's what you want," I replied, lowering him to his feet. "Can you lean against the wall while I get you

clean?"

"Yes," he answered, turning his face away from me. I knelt in front of him and washed his legs. It was then I realized he was shaking.

"Reid? What's wrong, baby?" I asked, looking up at his face. Tears were falling fast from his eyes as he shook his head. I stood up, but leaned over so I didn't tower over him at my six eight. "Please, baby? I need you to talk to me."

"I've ruined everything." Reid sobbed, and I had seconds to catch him before he collapsed. Now that his lower half was clean, I could lift him back into my arms. Realizing that washing his hair wasn't as important as whatever was going on with him, I flicked my wrist and cleaned the rest of him. "You're never going to love me after what I've done!"

"Shhh, Reid, don't say that," I said, shutting off the water. Stepping out of the shower, I grabbed a couple of towels, and I walked us out of the bathroom and to my bed. As I laid him gently on the covers, I moved onto the bed with him. He took one towel and blushed as he covered up his groin and face. One I was fine with, but I didn't like him hiding his face from me.

"This isn't how it's supposed to happen." Reid cried

into the towel and tried to turn from me. "We're supposed to get to know each other and fall in love before we mate."

"Hey now, no turning away from me, baby," I said, rolling him onto his back. I pulled the towel from over his face and took it in my hands. "We can still do both, Reid. Just because it happened backwards doesn't make it any less special or that it won't work out."

"You don't know that," he replied in a whisper, staring up at me.

"No, I don't, but you don't know that we won't work out either," I said, raising an eyebrow at him. "And for now, that's enough, okay? Now I think you've been through a lot and need to feed. Then we're going to get some rest and start tomorrow fresh."

"How can you be so calm?"

"Because it feels right, Reid," I replied, leaning over him until our lips almost touched. "I can't even explain it, but when I saw you first I wanted to hold you and keep you safe. And that was before we mated."

"Will you kiss me now?" He panted, staring up at me with parted lips. "I know I'm asking a lot, but I really want to kiss my mate."

"I want it too," I said, and gently pressed my lips to his. After a few seconds, he opened his mouth and let me

in. I groaned at the taste of him and slowly slid my tongue into his mouth. It didn't take long for me to want to take the kiss deeper, but instead I pulled back. "Oh yeah, everything will work out just fine, baby."



## CHAPTER 2

Reid had fallen asleep in my arms after he'd taken some more blood from me. As I lay there and stared at him, looking completely angelic in sleep, I knew I'd do whatever it took to help him through the pain of what he went through. I knew I probably should be pissed at him for mating us, but I just could bring myself to be upset.

He already felt so guilty over it that it overruled his feelings about being kidnapped. And right now, Reid needed compassion and support. I don't think he could take any more stress or animosity, and I'd be damned if it came from me.

A scream woke me sometime later, and I sprung up in my bed. Reid jumped out of bed and flew across the room, getting into an attack position. His fangs were out as he snarled and glanced around the room looking confused.

"Reid, baby? It's Temp," I said slowly, holding my hands out in front of me as I got to my knees. "You're safe now, remember? We came and rescued you from the plant where you were being held."

"Temp?" he asked softly as his body relaxed.

"Yeah, baby, I'm right here," I answered as he launched himself into my arms. I moved him onto my lap as I ran my hands down his back. "You're safe now, Reid. I

won't ever let anything happen to you again."

"I was dreaming," he said almost to himself as he shook violently in my embrace. "I was so scared. Those men were cutting me and drinking from me."

"Oh, baby, it's over now," I whispered, my heart turning in knots at the pain in his voice.

"I'm so sorry for the way we mated, but I'm so glad you're here, Temp."

"Me too, Reid," I said kissing the top of his head as I lay back with him. He curled up on his side as I wrapped my larger body around him, trying to make him feel safe. "I'm here for you, Reid. Whatever you need, okay?"

"Thank you, Temp," he whispered as he wrapped his arms around mine. "I can't imagine going through this alone."

"You'll never be alone again, Reid," I said, giving his temple a kiss as I felt his breathing start to relax. It didn't take long before I felt myself calm down and want to sleep after Reid passed out. I'd never felt so peaceful in all my long life as I did right then with Reid in my arms.

I woke again, a few hours later if the light coming in through the blinds was any indication, and I was alone. Throwing the covers back, I waved some pajama bottoms on. I opened the door to my room and walked out into the

hallway before entering the living room. Reid was there with one ankle up on the back of the couch which he was leaning over to stretch out I guessed.

"You okay, Reid?" I asked softly as I approached him.

"Yeah, I'm okay," he answered, standing back up. "I just needed to stretch out and start on my routine; it'll help me think. It's kind of how I process; I just get lost in the music and work things out in my mind."

"Stripping helps you process the shit in your life?" I asked, raising an eyebrow in disbelief. I also stopped moving towards him. He really wanted to practice his striptease to try and deal with what happened instead of talking with his mate? As much as I didn't believe his bullshit, I needed to not give him grief over it either.

"It's not about the stripping, Temp," he answered as he looked at his feet. "I'm not sure I can really explain it to you, but hopefully you'll understand when you see me dance."

"You want me to watch you strip for other people as they paw at you?" I laughed and it wasn't a nice laugh at all. "Yeah, no thanks, I think I'll pass on that."

"I don't let people touch me, Temp," Reid whispered as he stared at me, tears starting to fill his eyes. I

was still confused as all hell, and with throwing in that my mate liked to take off his clothes for people was just too much for me right then. With a flick of my wrist, I changed my clothes and walked towards the elevator.

"Whatever, Reid," I grumbled as the elevator opened and I got on. "I can't control what you do, if you want to strip, fine. But you can't seriously expect me to be okay with that."

"I'm sorry, Temp," he said as the elevator door closed. I hit the button for the third floor, which held our offices. If Reid could get buried in his *work* to clear his mind, it sounded like the perfect thing for me to do as well. And it helped that it was away from him right then, because I also left for fear that I'd say something in anger I couldn't take back. When the doors opened, I stormed off the elevator.

The main room contained a sitting area, conference room table, and a kitchen. Then there were six offices in a semicircle along the walls. That way, we could all see down into the club if we needed to. We'd chosen shades of lighter, warm colors up here to contrast the vivid blues and greens downstairs. Then we each had a small balcony coming off each office. My partners normally used theirs for their exhibitionist tendencies, whereas I used mine just

to get lost in the noise of the club and clear my head.

There were five of us lust demons who started up Anything Goes a few years ago. We'd set up on the outskirts of Sin City. It seemed like the best spot at the time. I mean the nickname of the damn town was *SIN* after all. People came from all over the world to engage in behavior they normally wouldn't in their daily lives.

We had some overlap in our jobs, but in general, we'd divided up the responsibilities of the club. I handled the distributors, Eaton handled entertainment and shows, Cal was in charge of personnel, Mick handled most of the logistics and background work, while Sark was mostly the PR and feedback man.

The club we designed from the ground up. The first floor was the main dance floor and bars, with elevated stages every so often for performers to dance or strip on. Occasionally we had an overzealous guest who jumped up and tried their skills on the stripper pole. But normally we had pros that people could enjoy. Which now seemed to include my hot little mate.

The second floor consisted mainly of private balconies that needed to be reserved. There were also sections where anyone could just stand and watch the overview of the goings on below.

After I entered my office, I flopped into my chair and looked over the pile of papers on my desk. First I called Beck and arranged for him to get some guys together and pack up Reid's apartment. I knew they'd get on it that afternoon and have everything here before the club opened. He was also instructed to pay off the rest of Reid's lease and deal with the landlord.

I called in a few orders next and talked to one distributor about coming out and having a tasting of a new vodka they were trying to promote. When that was all done, I relaxed a bit. Checking the clock on my computer, I saw that almost a half hour had passed already. My curiosity getting the better of me, I swung around in my chair to look down at the club.

Three quarters of the main floor had booths on the outskirts. Anyone could have one of the booths and do anything they wished. Not being on the Strip kept those who just wanted to ogle from walking in. But the people who wanted serious fun made the trip from their hotels to enjoy a night they'd never forget. My partners in the club and I weren't bad demons; we didn't force people to do things they didn't want to. We simply took away the inhibitions and let people feel free to do what they wanted without pressure.

I watched as Reid slid into the splits on one of the elevated platforms with a pole. And while I still wasn't happy with the idea of people seeing my mate's naked body, it did seem important to him that I watch him dance. I figured while he was practicing might be the best time for me to try and understand whatever it was he wanted me to know.

Getting up from my desk, I walked to the elevator and rode it down. As I stepped off and into the club, my eyes immediately landed on Reid. He must have found some running shorts in my dresser, because he was wearing them with the strings tied. It was almost amusing how my mid-thigh shorts looked like capris on him. I didn't know much about dancing, but I would have thought some form-fitting yoga shorts would have worked better.

He seemed to be mapping out the amount of space he had on the platform. I slowly moved towards him as he did several flips and acrobatics to end up latching onto the pole and swinging himself around. Reid didn't seem to notice that there was anyone else there.

Beck was sitting at one of the tables with several wrath demons working on schedules and increased security. And most of our normal clean-up crew was there. They'd been called in early to deal with the mess the doctors had

left to patch up the survivors. As normal, nothing fazed the cleaners. They didn't even seem to notice that there were copious amounts of blood on some tables. We paid them handsomely to do their jobs and keep everything to themselves.

I turned back to Reid, who had the remote for one of the main stereos that was used when people came to practice. It was loaded with just about every available song known. He got into position a few feet away from the pole, hit a button and gently set the remote aside. Seconds later, a soft violin intro started through the first floor speakers.

Reid started moving as soon as the music came on. It was maybe a fifteen second intro that had my mate moving with more grace than any ballet I'd ever seen. I felt myself holding my breath as he twirled and leapt in a way I didn't think a man could move.

A soft voice started singing, and I thought it was an odd song for a stripper to use. By the second line, I recognized it as OneRepublic's new song "Secrets".

He kept up his slow but intimate moves as he spun around the pole, teasing and never touching as if it might burn him. I felt my mouth drop open as he kicked one leg out and spun it, his upper body swinging towards the ground before flipping backwards, never touching the



ground with his hands. My legs moved on their own then, and I walked towards him.

And then suddenly the third stanza started and the music got bolder. I watched Reid move as if some invisible string was attached to his chest, and he moved from his landing after the flip with his arms and head thrown back as if he was flying. He jumped so far and high I couldn't get over someone that small could do that. At the last second before he went off the stage, he reached out with his leg and hooked his knee around the pole.

He swung himself up as if he was ice skating and had a partner holding onto his legs who was about to toss him into an aerial spin. I knew part of it was his vampire speed and strength that allowed him to do that. But still, no one had the type of timing and rhythm Reid did without professional training. So why the fuck was he a stripper instead of a famous ballet star?

I stood there frozen in shock as Reid adapted to every chord, every drumbeat, and change in tempo. There was such fluidity in his movements that I couldn't help but be mesmerized by his movements. It was like watching the waves of the ocean hit the sand of the beach, in its timing and beauty of contrast. Glancing around the club quickly, I saw that I wasn't the only one having this reaction.

Everyone had stopped what they were doing to watch Reid dance, most with their jaws hanging open as I mine did.

And honestly, it wasn't just his moves, it was *him*. It wasn't the music playing, and he wasn't just dancing to the music, he *was* the music. And it was one of the most breathtaking things I'd ever witnessed in my entire life. It was as if the rest of the world didn't exist as Reid turned around the pole and slid down it. He gave himself completely over to the rhythm and even reacted to the words of the song, and I finally started to understand.

This really was how he dealt with life. I focused hard on the words of the song then as it was repeating the bridge as it got closer to the end. The next lyrics had the light bulb going off over my head as OneRepublic sang.

He was figuring out how to tell me what happened to him. I understood that then, and his song choice. And I felt like a complete asshole for how I acted earlier. I didn't believe what he was saying and let him know that, but worse, I thought my mate was feeding me some bullshit. Reid had tried to explain it to me, and I wouldn't listen, so how was I now supposed to talk to him about it?

I watched still as he kept swaying with the repeating chorus and moved with that invisible string again. It wasn't until several moments after the song ended that he finally

opened his eyes and came back to the world around him. He flinched when he saw me there, his features and expression clamming up as he stood there trying to catch his breath. I knew the first move was mine to make, and I closed the ten feet between us.

"It's not about the stripping for you," I said, making it clear I wasn't asking. "I didn't get that before, Reid. I'm not sure I will ever really understand how it works for you, but I get that it does help you."

"Really? You do?" he asked, eyes going wide as he moved towards the edge of the stage. I nodded as I reached up and lifted him off the stage with my hands on his waist. When I went to put him down on his feet, I realized I really didn't want to let him go.

"Watching you was one of the most amazing things I've ever seen, Reid," I said quietly, realizing we had spectators. "It's like nothing I've ever seen. I'm not sure it can even be put into words."

"Thank you for trying to understand and coming down to watch me dance," he whispered as he wrapped his arms around my neck. "No one's ever done that for me before, just written me off as a stripping whore."

"You're not a whore, Reid," I said firmly as I hugged him back. "But I do have a question. Why do you

strip? You were amazing, you could be famous and dance anywhere you wanted to."

"How many types of dance did you see in that one song?" he asked, leaning back so he could look into my eyes. My face must have shown the confusion I felt, because he went on. "When you dance with a ballet troupe, all you do is ballet, everything else is looked down on. Same with gymnastics, house dancing, and any other form of dance you can think of. This, here is the only place I can do all of it and whatever I want."

I searched his eyes for a few moments, thinking about what he'd said as everything about him seemed to beg that I understand. "I get what you're saying. You were able to incorporate everything you like, not just be kept within the confines of one school of training."

"Exactly!" Reid gasped as he pulled my head down to my lips. "So are you going to be okay with this? My stripping at the club?"

"After seeing you in action and how the music affected you, yes. I'm not a fan of others seeing you naked," I answered slowly, trying to carefully choose my words. "But it's not like you're just shaking your junk around and trying to get bills stuck in your pants. What you did was true entertainment, and I can handle that."

"Thank you, Temp," he said softly, his eyes tearing up. "No one's ever understood what dancing like this is for me. It means the world to me that you tried to and get it now."

"I felt what you were feeling, baby," I replied, nodding. "You were working through how to tell me what happened to you."

"Yeah, I was."

"I'm not sure if this is the right time to say this, but I just feel I have to," I said, taking a deep breath. "And it's something I've never said to anyone before, Reid. Seeing you up there was hot, very hot. I mean the way your body moved and the things you could do got my blood pumping. But it was more than that. When you were done, I didn't want to grab you and fuck you. I realized how much I wanted to make love to you, Reid. I wanted to share those emotions with you and join together on like a completely primal level, does that make sense?"

"It does," he answered, his eyes sparkling with lust. "So why haven't you whisked me away to your apartment yet?"

"I don't think it's the right thing to do after all you been through," I said gently. I lifted him up under his arms, and he got the idea, wrapping his legs around my hips. "It

doesn't mean that I don't want you, because I do, baby. I'm just trying to give you the time you need to heal."

"I get that, Temp and I appreciate it," he replied, glancing around at the people watching. When Reid looked back at me, I understood that he wanted to take this someplace private and headed for the elevators. "What they took from me I can't get back, and it will take me a while to feel healed from it. But I want you so much it hurts, it's like I need my mate to replace the bad images with the good. And I won't let them take away the joy of actually mating with my mate."

"Are you sure, baby?" I asked after swiping my key card and hitting the button for our floor.

"Yes, Temp, I am," Reid whispered against my neck. "I want us to be mated in every way. I want to be yours, not just in name, but in my soul too. I need you to claim me as your mate and feel you inside of me."

"Oh fuck, Reid." I moaned, practically racing off the elevator when it opened. I wasn't sure if this was really the right thing to do, but it's what he wanted. And I wanted him so bad every inch of me was screaming for him.

## CHAPTER 3

When we got to our room, I practically tossed Reid on the bed as I went into the nightstand for the lube. After I found it, I waved away our clothes and crawled onto the bed slowly. He panted as I stalked him, finally letting myself drink in the beauty of my mate without feeling like a perv after what he'd been through.

"You can change your mind at any time, Reid," I whispered as I moved in between his legs. "All you have to do is say so and I'll stop. I won't be upset, I promise you that, baby."

"I want this, Temp. I want you," he replied as he pulled my head down to his. I moaned as his soft lips met mine. Reid opened up for me, and I slid my tongue over his and into his mouth. "You should see how flexible I really am, my mate."

"Ohh, you're just evil." I purred as I squirted some slick on my fingers and reach down between us. Rubbing it around his tight hole, Reid demonstrated what he meant by doing the splits while lying on his back. "I've got the most amazing mate."

"Glad you think so," Reid said quietly as I pushed in a finger. He cried out and grabbed onto my arms. "I have a confession, Temp."

"You can tell me anything, baby," I replied, stopping my movement, scared that I'd hurt him.

"T-This is my first time," he admitted and turned his face away from me as he dropped his legs to the bed. "I mean they took my first time away from me, but this is the first time of my choosing."

"My god, Reid," I whispered, not sure what else to say, but tried anyway. "Look at me, baby."

"I'm sorry you got a damaged mate." Reid sniffled as he turned back to look at me. "I wanted to give my virginity to my mate, but I can't do that now."

"Yes you can," I replied, cupping his cheek with my other hand. "They may have taken your virginity technically, but you're giving me your first choice. You're choosing me as the first person you want to be with, Reid. What happened to you doesn't take away from that, and I'm honored that you chose me, okay? And we don't have to do this right now if you're not ready."

"I want this, it-it's just I thought it was something you should know," he said, turning his face in my hand and kissing my palm. "I also wanted you to know I didn't sleep with Eaton; we just made out."

"Thank you for telling me and trusting me," I replied leaning over to give him a quick kiss. "And you're



not damaged; you've been hurt, but we'll work through it. I promise you, Reid. We'll be okay."

"I believe you." He panted as he sat up and reached for my arm. His eyes never left mine as he pulled me towards him, my finger sinking deeper into him. "Will you show me what making love is really about?"

"I'll make it so good for you, baby," I promised as I moved my finger around inside of him. He arched his back and just about jumped up off the bed as I rubbed over his sweet spot. Watching him in the throes of passion, enjoying the pleasure I was giving him made me grateful to whatever powers that be that I'd carried him out of the factory yesterday. It might have been an accident that we ended up mating, but that didn't take away from how much I wanted him.

When he was ready, I pushed another finger into his tight hole. Reid cried out as he fisted the covers, his very thick and hard six inch cock slapping against his stomach. Deciding to give him every pleasure his first time, I leaned over and licked his dick as I thrust my fingers inside of him. He gasped and raised his head to stare at me. I kept my eyes on his as I swallowed the mushroom head of his cock.

"My god, Temp, no one's ever sucked my cock

before." Reid panted as I ran my tongue around the slit of his dick. I made sure to take things slowly, ignoring my own throbbing cock that was aching to be inside of him.

As I sucked more of him into my mouth and down my throat, Reid went wild. He started moving his hips, and since I was watching him, I knew it was an involuntary move. His body opened enough for a third finger then, and I slowly pushed it in.

"Fuck, I'm going to come, Temp," he cried out when all three of my fingers rubbed over his prostate as I sucked on his cock. Seconds later he screamed in pleasure, pushing his dick all the way down my throat. When his seed spilled into my mouth, I greedily swallowed it down, moaning at the sweet taste of my mate.

"How's that for a start, baby?" I asked when he was spent and I'd cleaned him all up. "It seemed as if you enjoyed that."

"It was un-fucking-believable." Reid panted as he pushed up on his elbows and smiled at me. "Is it always like that?"

"I'm not sure, but we can do it anytime you want, and you'll have to let me know." I chuckled as I kept stretching him out. He moaned and let his head drop on his shoulders as he opened up farther for me. "We don't have to

go any further than this, Reid. We can stop right here, and I would be perfectly happy, baby."

"I want you inside me so bad it's not even funny." He growled, raising his head and staring at me. "I want everything from you, Temp. I want you to show me everything there is and experience it all with you."

"My pleasure." I purred and pulled out my fingers from his tight ass. Repositioning myself, I lined up my cock with his now stretched hole. I slowly pushed forward as I stared into those bright green eyes I found so captivating. "Tell me if it's too much, Reid. I can slow down."

"It just burns a bit." Reid panted, his eyes going wide. I squirted some more slick on my hand and pulling back out, worked it into my cock. I'd been an excited idiot and forgotten to add more before entering him. Then I grabbed his legs gently and pushed them back towards his chest as I worked my dick into him.

"Better, baby?" I asked, biting my lip so hard I drew blood to keep control and not thrust the rest of the way into him.

"I want your lip," he whispered, his nostrils flaring with desire. I realized that he'd smelled my blood and wanted some for himself. Running my tongue over my lips, I leaned forward and stuck my tongue out for him. Reid got

the idea and sucked it into his mouth, moaning as I pushed another inch of my dick into him. He sucked and nibbled on my tongue in a way I'd never experienced before, driving me insane.

"You have a talented mouth there, baby." I smirked when he finally released me. "I'll have to come up with some plans for that mouth of yours."

"Anything you want, my mate." He hissed as I was finally seated all the way in him. I moved my hands up and under his shoulders as he wrapped his legs around my waist. Reid clung onto my biceps as I slowly pulled out before pushing right back in gently. His eyes never closed or looked away from mine, making it incredibly intimate.

"This is my first time making love, Reid, and not just fucking someone," I told him as I kept up my easy thrusts. "And I'm glad it's with you, baby."

"Me too," Reid whispered, lifting his head so we could kiss again. It was then that I noticed his fangs had partially dropped down as they scraped against my tongue.

"Drink from me, my mate." I groaned, looking forward to him sinking his fangs in my. Honestly it was a high for me, almost as good as having his tight hole wrapped around my cock. And I wanted to combine the two right then, try the dual sensations. "Take what you

need from me, baby."

"Gladly." He purred as he tilted his neck and licked mine. I grunted when he sank his fangs into me, which turned into a long moan. I felt every drink he took from me as if it raced down my body to my cock. Seconds later, I was thrusting harder and faster than I'd meant to during his first time. And I worried about it until I heard the happy noises he made as he kept feeding from me.

"Baby, I can't hang on any longer," I said as I reached in between us and ran my finger over the slit of his cock. Reid pulled back his head then and cried out as he came all over my hand. The muscles of his ass started to clamp down, massaging my cock through his orgasm. It was that little extra that threw me over the edge. I roared out his name as I climaxed hard.

Reid struck, sinking his fangs on the other side of my neck, and it seemed to start my orgasm all over again. Every pull he took from my neck seemed to be directly proportionate to how much cum shot out of my cock and inside of him. It went on and on, both of us caught in a loop of pleasure. When it finally started to subside, he retracted his fangs from my neck and fell back to the bed. My arms start to shake, and I rolled us over quickly before I collapsed on him.

I didn't want to risk hurting my little mate and wanted to still be connected to him this way. We both lay there panting, completely wrapped around each other. It took me a few tries to pull the covers out from under us, and finally, I just got fed up and waved them off and over us.

"That's really cool that you can do that," Reid whispered against my chest as he placed several kisses over my heart. "And I don't know if this is proper pillow talk, but I wanted to know if you were able to feed off me too?"

I thought about it for a second and I realized I had. "Yeah, I did, baby. I didn't even realize it was happening but it was one of the best feedings I've ever had."

"I'm so glad." He sighed, holding onto me tighter. "I wasn't sure I could deal with sharing you if I wasn't able to feed your lust."

"It seems to be the perfect give and take relationship then." I chuckled, realizing I had so many questions for the man in my arms. "How old are you, baby?"

"Twenty-two," Reid answered with a yawn.

"Younger men work for you, right?"

"Wait, you were twenty-two when you were turned or you *are* twenty-two?"

"I was turned when I was almost twenty-one; I'm

going to be twenty-three in a few months."

"Wow, so you were just turned," I whispered, rubbing my arms down his back. People weren't normally turned with their permission, and it could take vampires decades to get a handle on being a vamp. "How did it happen?"

"That's kind of a long story." Reid giggled sleepily before explaining. "My parents never accepted my dancing; my dad always said I was fucked up in the head and lived in my own world. Well, I got accepted to Julliard when I was in high school, and they refused to help me pay for it even though they had more than enough money."

"Well, that doesn't sound like loving parents," I said gently, not sure what else to say.

"My parents weren't very parental if you know what I mean." He sighed, tracing imaginary patterns on my chest. "Anyway, I ended up getting a scholarship, but then when it came time for college, I wanted to stay on with them. I started stripping to pay for it, got a fake ID and everything so I could do it. I mean strippers normally get paid cash anyway, so no one seemed to give a shit about my age or the legalities of it."

"Why do I think the ending of this story isn't going to be and you lived happily ever after?"

"Well, I might now that we've met," Reid said seriously, turning his head so his chin was resting on my chest. "But for then, no, it didn't turn out like that. The owner seemed to take special interest in me and wanted to pimp me out. I was like 'no fucking way!' He wasn't a fan of that answer and kept putting pressure on me. I did my job well, had a lot of regular customers, so the boss mostly left me alone."

"He was the vampire that turned you, wasn't he?" I asked gently when he'd gone quiet. "Did he say why?"

"He'd heard some other clubs were interested in trying to get me to dance at their place," Reid answered quietly. "I had told them no and that I was happy where I was. But when the owner found out, he wanted me to have a more permanent tie to him. All of a sudden he stopped trying to get me to do side jobs, and tried to woo me for himself. I turned down his advances for months, until one day he saw me talking with an owner of another club."

"I didn't even know the guy had a strip club; he just started talking to me after one of my shows. We talked about Julliard and where I learned to dance; he never even made me an offer to leave. The boss freaked out and grabbed me in the parking lot and took me to his house. He said if I wouldn't fuck him, he'd keep me as one of his



coven and I'd have to be loyal to him."

"I know it sucks the way it happened, but are you glad you're a vampire?" I asked, genuinely curious to learn more about Reid. I found him fascinating, that young and to have lived that much already. "I mean do you wish you were still human?"

"Not really." Reid shrugged. "After he turned me, I obviously couldn't go back home and be around humans. I didn't know how to control my thirst and could have drained my family dry. When they wanted to know what happened to me, the boss told them that I was quitting Julliard and moving in with him to be his lover as well as his employee."

"I take it your parents didn't know?"

"I think they knew I was gay before I did," he answered quietly, and I felt wetness on my chest. Realizing Reid was crying I kissed the top of his head in a gesture of comfort. "But no, they had no idea that I'd been stripping. I told them that the boss had lied, that I wasn't quitting Julliard and we weren't together. But none of it mattered, they wouldn't listen to me. As soon as I admitted I was stripping, I was a whore, and they wanted nothing to do with me."

"Did they ever see you dance like I did? I mean it

was obvious watching you that it's not about wagging your cock at people for money."

"No, they never saw me dance, even at Julliard," Reid replied as he wiped his nose. "They never cared about a damn thing I did until they found out that I was stripping. It didn't matter that I was doing it to pay for Julliard and as a stepping stone to my dreams. I mean that is how it started out, but I found that I ended up loving it. Granted, I didn't like doing it at the club where I was working because they allowed the customers to touch way too much. I just couldn't get over how people could think they had the right to touch me that way, even the women."

"People can get a little feisty and forget themselves, especially when they've been drinking," I said, moving him so his head was on my shoulder and I could give him a quick kiss. "I'm not excusing that type of behavior at all, but it is unfortunately the world we live in."

"I remember once I was done with a set and heading back to the dressing room on one ladies' night. This woman and two of her friends tried to jump me in the hallway, Temp. It was almost funny if it wasn't so fucking ridiculous. They held me against the wall as the woman groped me and tried to lift her skirt and ride me right there in the club. I wasn't hard of course, not liking women and

not wanting what she was trying to take."

"Yeah, that's just wrong on so many levels," I said, shaking my head in disgust and disbelief. "What happened with your old boss?"

"So he turned me and then withheld blood from me until I did what he wanted." Reid sighed, burying his face in my neck. "I wouldn't give in, and he wouldn't feed me, so we were kind of at a standoff. I ended up escaping a few months ago, but by then my parents wouldn't even talk to me, I lost my spot at Julliard, and everything just went to shit."

"How did you end up in Vegas?" I asked, trying to fill in the rest of the story without pushing him too hard.

"Another vampire sniffed me out, and he helped me learn how to control my thirst and taught me how to get blood," Reid answered. "He was pretty cool, but then I figured out he was teaching me everything about being mated so that I would be his mate. I liked him, but not like that, you know?"

"Did he take the news badly?"

"No, he was really cool about it. He helped me catch a ride to Vegas and gave me some money to get an apartment," Reid explained, squirming against me as if he was getting uncomfortable. "That's part of why I have to

strip; I need to pay him back, Temp. He did a really nice thing for me, and I'm not the type of person to just take advantage of that and stiff him."

"No, it makes sense," I said carefully, not wanting to rock the boat when we were doing so well. "I should have talked to you first, I realize that now, so don't me mad please. I sent Beck and some of the other wrath demons to pack up your apartment and pay for you to get out of your lease."

Reid didn't reply, and I felt him get stiff against me, so I found myself rambling on.

"I'm really sorry I didn't say anything, but it just seemed like the next step now that we're mated," I said, talking a mile a minute. "I mean, I know you need me to feed from, but I should have talked to you first, I see that now. I've never been in a serious relationship, Reid. And I'm sorry if I handled this wrong, but I want you to live with me, and I own the place so it would be silly to pay rent somewhere else, ya know?"

"But now, hearing about your past, it seems really bad form to just have assumed anything." I sighed, realizing I wasn't making much sense. "I guess I'm asking you to move in after the fact, baby. And that probably totally makes me an ass in your eyes, but I just wanted to

take care of you after everything you've been through. And I didn't think first, I just acted."

"I'm not mad, Temp." Reid giggled as he slapped his hand over my mouth. "I'm touched you did that for me, but you're right. In the future, you need to talk to me about this kind of stuff that affects both of us, deal?"

"I promise, no more assuming things," I answered, kissing him gently.

"I did catch that you wanted me here with you, Temp," Reid said softly. "And I want to be here with you too, I really do. But I left a life where I was everyone's doormat, and people who supposedly loved and cared about me weren't there when I needed them. It caused me to finally open my eyes and see the friendships and relationships I had with people close to me weren't healthy for me. And I don't want to make the same mistakes, okay?"

"I get that, Reid, I do," I replied, pulling my soft cock out of him and rolling us over so he could see in my eyes that I meant what I was saying. "I understand the need to not repeat your mistakes, and I'll do whatever you need to help you with that. But, I do hope I've shown you that I *will* be there when you need me. The rest I think we can figure out together and let the chips fall where they may."

"Yeah, you've been there for me, Temp." He smiled, reaching up and cupping my cheek. "You saw me in a way no one ever has, you really *saw* who I was, and that means the world to me. I'm just not the best at telling people no when I need to, and I need to change that or I'll never heal what my family broke in me."

"Then we'll make sure to communicate," I replied, nodding. "We'll handle everything together, and you'll learn that I won't get upset if you tell me no when you need to."

"Thank you, Temp," Reid whispered, staring up at me with so much love I felt it in my heart. "Being in a real relationship is something new to both of us, but I promise to try and not just shut down, okay?"

"I think that's a great first step, baby," I said, smiling widely at him. "Everything else we'll just take one day at a time and handle as it comes."

"Sounds like the best plan I've ever heard. Now feed me, because your mate is starving."

"You just drank from me, baby. Do you need more already?" I asked, confused as to how much blood vampires needed.

"I eat food too, Temp." Reid giggled, moving out from under me. "I've not had any since I got here, and my stomach's bitching at me."

"Fuck!" I growled, sitting back on my heels. "I didn't know that. I've only met a few vampires in my time and not been close to them enough to know that they ate too. I'm so sorry."

"I'll forgive you as soon as you feed me." Reid chuckled, reaching for his ill-fitting shorts. Instead I waved my hand and dressed us both, giving him clothes that actually fit him.

"Your stuff should be coming soon, but until then, maybe you don't have to wear my stuff that falls off of you." I snickered as he gasped in shock. "As much as I liked seeing you wear my shorts, I think not tripping on them when they fall off your hot body would be better."

"Smart and sexy. How did I get so lucky?" Reid purred as he walked out of our bedroom. I sat there for several moments after he left, thinking the same thing about him. It wasn't my choosing to have Reid in my life, but it was the best fucking thing that had ever happened to me.

## CHAPTER 4

We decided to pick up something quick before doing some shopping. As we ate our fast food, he admitted to me that Beck wouldn't have much to pack up since he left most of his belongings when he fled New York. When I asked if he wanted me to send for anything, Reid calmly informed me that his belongings from New York were his old life, and it needed to stay there and in the past.

I wasn't sure I understood it, but I accepted that it was what Reid needed. When I mentioned shopping, Reid stiffened up on me and said we could go once he started making money from his job. Until then he wasn't a charity case who needed people to pity him and give him hand-outs. Which in turn had me tense and upset because it offended me.

"Why did you go quiet, Temp?" Reid asked softly several minutes later as I threw the SUV into park when we got to Target. "What did I do?"

"I'm trying not to get upset or yell," I answered, taking several deep breaths. "But I can't let this one go, Reid. I'm really fucking pissed off, but you've been through so much I don't want to blow up at you."

"Can you try saying what you want without yelling?" he asked, shrinking away from me in the



passenger's seat. I wasn't having any of that. I growled, undoing his seat belt before pulling him over to straddle my lap. He stared at me with wide eyes, almost in fear, and that's exactly what I didn't want. Instead of yelling, I decided to push my feelings into the kiss I planted on his soft lips.

"You're my mate, right?" I asked when we parted. The dazed look on his face was adorable, but we needed to deal with this. He nodded several times and went to kiss me again. "Wait, we need to do this before I implode."

"Okay, but then you're kissing me again," he replied with a raised eyebrow.

"Deal." I chuckled, running my hands up his arms. "You're my mate, and we're supposed to be in this together, like a marriage. And like a marriage, what's mine is yours, Reid."

"I get that, but I don't need your pity." He huffed, turning his face away from me.

"It's not pity!" I yelled and wished I hadn't when his eyes went wide and he tried to get off my lap. I held him there firmly and hugged him to me. "I'm sorry I yelled, but it's not pity, Reid. I care for you so much already. And I want to provide for my mate and give him everything he needs. Does that sound like pity?"

"No. No it doesn't, Temp," he whispered, hugging me back then. "I hurt your feelings by saying you were giving my charity and pity, didn't I?"

"Yeah, you did," I answered, not wanting to lie to him or sugarcoat it. "It felt like a dagger in the back, Reid. I wasn't doing it out of obligation or to try and make you feel bad. You don't have any money, and I'm not looking down at that, not in the slightest. But I have money, more money than I could ever use. I see something you need that's basics, like clothes, and how can I not want to give that to my mate? To the man I share my bed with and want to build a life with."

Reid stared long and hard at me before answering, searching my face and eyes. "Okay."

"That's it? After all that, you just say okay?" I asked, completely shocked.

"Yeah, that's it, Temp," he answered as he opened my door to the SUV and got out. "We talked about the issue, you told me how you felt, and I can see you're telling me the truth. You want to do something nice for me, help me out, and take care of me. That's what being mates is all about, so I'm going to say thank you and let you give me what I need."

"Okay then," I said, still in shock as I undid my own

seat belt and got out of the SUV. I closed the door and hit the button for the automatic locks before pushing Reid against the side of it. I surrounded Reid's body with my own as I lifted my small mate in my arms. "I'm going to fall so hard for you, Reid. You can't break my heart, okay? I've never met anyone like you, and I want you so badly that I'm totally going to get hurt if you leave me."

"I'm not going anywhere, my mate," Reid replied gently. "I may be broken in some ways, but I can be reasonable and see when you're just trying to do something nice for me. Not everything has to be an issue, Temp."

"Okay then," I said and then smashed my mouth down to his. Reid moaned and wrapped his legs around me as he melted against my body. I thrust my tongue in his mouth, swirling it around so I could taste every inch of him. It was minutes before I lifted my head up, needing air. My baby's face was completely flushed, his eyes filled with lust as I lowered him onto his feet. "Then let's go get you some basics, baby."

"Whatever you say, Temp," he replied, wobbling on his feet a bit. Reid shook his head, seeming to try and snap out of whatever lust-filled haze I'd just put him in. When he swayed again, I chuckled and laid my hands on his shoulders to steady him. "You can really, *really* kiss, my

mate."

"Let's make this a quick trip, because right now, I want to do other things to your body that have you walking funny," I whispered in his ear, getting another moan from him in response. "I think I need to have my cock buried in my baby's sweet ass in the next hour or so, don't you?"

"Yes please." Reid panted, staring up at me with wide eyes. "Can we skip the shopping and go straight to that?"

"Nope." I chuckled, taking his hand and leading him to the store. "We're going to get some things you need and then we're going to the adult costume store so that you have clothes for work that I get to approve first. Fair enough?"

"I think that's very reasonable." He giggled, squeezing my hand. "Besides, I like the idea of giving you a fashion show that leaves you wound up and horny."

"As long as I get to take the outfits back off of you." I growled as I nuzzled his neck as we got a cart. Reid laughed loudly and gave me a wink as he walked off with the cart, leaving me hard and wanting him. Shaking my head I followed my mate.

We ended up flying through Target, only getting what he really needed. It wasn't like we couldn't come back again. I was surprised how much fun I was having with

Reid while doing something as basic as shopping. We laughed as we picked out some jeans and shirts for him. He teased me as I picked out boxer briefs for him, saying he preferred to go commando. That got me drooling and barely controlling myself to keep from attacking him in a public place.

Then we moved on other things I needed now since I was sharing my apartment with someone else. I grabbed several plastic containers to store some of my less worn clothes in so that Reid had room in my closets. Or should I say *our* closets now?

When we were all done, we paid and loaded up the SUV. We got in, and I drove us to the store I knew most strippers in Vegas used to find great costumes for their acts. Once inside we headed for the men's clothes and started to dig in.

"None of your g-strings can be the easy pull off or snap off kind." I informed him as I flipped through the racks. "I don't like the idea of someone getting too rowdy and tearing it off of you. Only I get to see your bits and pieces."

"I agree for my performances," Reid said slowly, searching my face. "But there might be sometimes we want to play together down in the club, right? I think I like the

idea of people watching me please my hot mate."

"Oh fuck, Reid." I hissed, grabbing him and pulling him to me. "I like that idea very, very much, baby."

"Okay good, because I have a lot of things I want to try and that's just—" he started to say, but I silenced him with my mouth on his. It was a quick but passionate kiss that left us both panting. "We need to shop faster, Temp."

"I agree." I growled when I saw he was adjusting his erection in his jeans. Needing to calm down a bit, I moved to a different rack. I went to go look at some of the sex toys they carried as well. After browsing them, I raced for a shopping basket and loaded it up. I'd never really had anyone in my life that I could use toys on before, and now that I saw how many there were, I wanted to try them all on Reid.

And as evil as it sounded, I found myself getting even harder at the idea of using remote controlled toys on him while he was on stage. Simply knowing he'd be dancing and horny drove me insane. My baby would be all revved up, and I'd be the one who got to give him pleasure then.

I found butt plugs that would be perfect and flavored lubes that I threw in the basket. Then I moved onto dildos, liking the idea of using them on Reid while he

sucked on my cock. I also found it shocking how into this I was getting since I'd never been much of the type for foreplay. But maybe it was just because I'd never been with the right person before Reid? I found myself wanting to try all types of new things I hoped would give Reid so much pleasure.

"I'm all set," Reid announced as he joined me. I glanced at the dozen g-strings he had and the one silk robe.

"What am I missing here?" I asked, raising an eyebrow as my gaze moved to his face. "There are no costumes there."

"You saw the way I dance, Temp." He chuckled as we walked to the register. "Could you imagine me being able to do that in some rip-away fireman's costume? I basically take off my robe when the music starts and dance. Most people get so focused on the moves that it's not a big deal that I'm pretty much naked."

"Then how do you make your tips?" I asked, still confused as to what I was missing from the typical stripper.

"How do you not know this when you *own* the club?" Reid smirked and put his items on the counter. We both nodded to the cashier who started to ring us up.

"I don't know, Eaton handles that part of the business." I shrugged as he smiled at me. "I mostly handle

the distributors, booze, and food."

"Okay, you guys don't own a strip club," Reid explained, rolling his eyes. "You pay entertainers, sometimes strippers, to perform on the elevated stages. On the corners of those stages, there are slots for people to tip if they want to. Those slots go into a lock box at the bottom of the stage. So, say I dance for two songs on one stage, when I'm done one of Beck's guys go and switch out the boxes. Then they bring it to us in the dressing room so there's no risk of anyone getting robbed or messed with because of the money."

"Wow, that was really smart of Eaton," I said, completely impressed with my partner. I handed over my debit card to the cashier after she'd informed me of the total. "It makes sense and keeps it as entertainment versus begging for tips."

"Exactly." Reid smiled at me as he grabbed the bags. "Eaton and I worked out a trial contract and after three performances, we renegotiate based on your patrons' reactions to me and my feeling of what is expected of me versus my pay. But I'm paid well to dance; Eaton thought it was best after he saw my audition and realized that I'm not the typical stripper. He didn't want me to have much interaction with the crowd and to simply give them a



show."

"Remind me to thank Eaton." I snickered as we left the store and headed to the car. "I'm glad everyone in the club isn't going to get the chance to paw at you. I think that would end up landing me in jail for killing whoever got fresh with you."

"Only you get to paw at me, my mate." Reid giggled and dashed out of my reach. I unlocked the SUV, and we climbed in. Once we were buckled and on our way, I reached over to take Reid's hand in mine. I saw him smile out of the corner of my eye, placing his hand in mine. "My first performance is in a couple of nights. So I'm going to need some time to practice, okay?"

"Of course," I answered, giving him a wink. "I might interrupt when you get me all wound up when I watch from my office though. And I found something I think is the perfect new thing we should try first."

"Really?" He purred, rubbing his thumb over my hand. "Well, I don't have to practice just yet."

"Oh no, you go to what you need to do." I chuckled as I pulled into the parking lot behind the club. Throwing the SUV in park, we got out and grabbed the bags. "We'll take a break later. Maybe you could do a private dance for me in my office and then I can give you some inspiration?"

"Tease," he grumbled as we got on the elevator for our apartment. "I don't know how to do a lap dance."

"I wouldn't want one of those," I said as we walked off the elevator and headed for the bedroom. "I want to watch you get lost in it again and just dance. It was amazing and hot and beautiful and touched me."

"Thank you, Temp," he replied standing on his tiptoes to give me a quick kiss. Then he pulled out a g-string and robe as he headed to the bathroom to change. Everything in me wanted to follow him in there and watch, but obviously he wasn't comfortable yet changing in front of me. So instead I snagged my bag of purchases, left the apartment, and went to my office to get some work done.

We had started the day early so it was only ten when I got into my office and attacked the paperwork waiting for me. Over the next few hours, I worked, but found myself turning around to glance down at the club and watch Reid practice his routines. It was fun, but evil torture as I talked on the phone with distributors and watched his sexy body move around the stage. I just couldn't seem to stop myself from watching him when I wasn't looking at papers and signing orders.

It was about lunchtime when there was a knock at my door before it opened. Reid stuck his head in, and I

waved him over as I listened to one of our distributors ramble on the phone. He was in the middle of telling me that he was disappointed as to the amount of exposure the new rum his company produced got at our club.

"Ian, I've told you before if you want a new item promoted you have to come in and do it," I explained calmly as my nerves would allow me after the tenth time having this same conversation with him. "We have distributors come in and do tastings and promos all the time. We can't favor one brand or line of drinks over another. That's not fair to our other vendors. I can't think the other clubs you have your line with do that for you."

"Well, sometimes," Ian replied sheepishly as I watched Reid set up a small iPod stereo. "I get what you're saying, Temp. I just think there's more that Anything Goes could be doing for us. I mean you've not even had an unveiling for our new line of rum."

"You need to talk to Eaton about setting up a promotional party," I said, rubbing my temples. "He knows what he's doing, Ian. Figure out a few dates that would work for you and give them to him. He can tell you exactly what you need to do and bring to make it a huge blowout."

"Why can't you guys just handle it yourselves?" Ian whined as Reid started to untie the sash of his robe.

"Because we'd be promoting it *for you* then, and that's not how it works," I answered, ready to hang up. "We can't promote one vendor over the other, Ian. It's just not right, okay? Call Eaton and set it up, otherwise it won't happen. I've got to run, my next appointment just walked in."

"Fine, but I still think it's not fair for me to have to do it with the deals I give you on the price." Ian huffed as he hung up. Right then I couldn't have cared less that he was pissed as I caught sight of Reid's shoulder when the robe started to slip off of him. I swallowed loudly as I stood so I could go to him.

"You stay right there." He winked as he nodded to the chair. "It's obvious my mate is stressed and needs something to take his mind off his work."

"Distract away, baby." I purred as I took my seat again. Making sure I was nice and comfortable, I rolled the chair out next to my desk, leaning back in it with my hands clasped behind my head. Reid let the robe slide off and pool at his feet, which gave me a wonderful view of the g-string he'd chosen to wear. It was a deep iridescent green that brought out the color of his eyes and was a huge contrast to his pale skin.

He blushed beautifully, and I devoured him with my

eyes as he hit the button on the stereo. I recognized the snazzy intro right away as Neon Trees' "Animal", which I found very fitting as I watched Reid's hips sway. What I felt like doing to my little mate right then was very, *very* animalistic. Hell, I didn't even need a flat surface for my ideas of what I wanted to do to Reid.

I was just as mesmerized this time watching him dance as I was the first time. It got me even more turned on this time knowing this dance was just for me. Obviously I didn't have a pole in my office for him to work with, but he improvised doing several flips and spins. I lowered my hands down from my head and grabbed onto the armrests so hard they creaked under the pressure.

As he turned away from me and slid into the splits, I couldn't help but moan at the fantastic view it gave me of his firm, muscular ass. It took every inch/ounce of control I had to stay in my seat and let him finish. All I wanted to do was tear that flimsy piece of cloth off of him and fuck him into the floor.

Reid flipped up on his hands, kicking out towards me, letting me see how perfectly waxed and hairless he was. I'd have to remember to ask him if he preferred his men hairless down there. Because I didn't care how much it would hurt, if Reid wanted it, I'd wax every day for him.

Maybe just not my legs like his were. They looked fantastic with whatever shimmering lotion he had on them, bringing out how lithe and muscular he was.

I adjusted my throbbing cock in my jeans as he spun around on one leg with his other leg out in front of him. His movements were perfect in every way, fluid, alluring, masculine, and strong all at once. As the song ended he did a perfect no-hand flip and catching himself seconds before landing chest down on the floor. His legs were spread wide as he turned to look at me over his shoulder.

"That was amazing, baby," I whispered as he started to get back up. He was panting hard, his body covered with a thin sheen of sweat as he started to blush again.

"Are you less stressed and distracted?" he asked as he moved towards me.

"I'm not focused on work anymore, but my pants are defiantly stressed," I answered. Reid's eyes went wide as he shyly smiled and glanced at my groin before looking back up at my eyes. I crooked a finger at him, and he sauntered over to me, putting a nice sway in his hips. "Be nice, baby. I'm barely hanging on to my control here."

"I make you lose control?" Reid gasped as he froze in place. He was within arm's reach then, and I grabbed him. I pulled him onto my lap to straddle me, making sure

my hard-on was against his perfect ass.

"Does that feel like I've got myself under wraps, baby?" I growled before I mashed my lips onto his. Reid moaned and threw his arms around my neck as he kissed me back. Our tongues twisted and turned, first in his mouth and then back in mine. When we broke apart to come up for air, Reid's whole body seemed to shake with need. "I want to try something new with you, Reid. I think you'll like it very much, but if not, you promise to tell me so we can stop?"

"Yes." He hissed, moving his hips against mine. I stood with him in my arms as I pushed aside the paperwork on my desk. He giggled as most of it went falling to the floor when I laid him down lengthwise on my desk. I pulled a few things out of the bag, careful so that he didn't see them yet. I set the dildo on the seat of my chair where he couldn't see as I tucked the lube in the pocket of my pants. Leaning over, I hooked my thumbs in the straps of his g-string and slowly pulled them down as I stared into his eyes.

"Did you make up that hot dance just for me, Reid?" I asked as tossed his skimpy underwear across the office. "Was that just for my enjoyment?"

"Yes, Temp." He panted, watching my hands as I

pulled the lube back out. I squirted some on my fingers before putting the tube next to his head. Moving my hand in between his legs, Reid opened for me as I swirled my index finger around his tight hole. "It was just for you, Temp. I wanted to please you and make you want me."

"While I like that you wanted to please me, baby," I said softly as I pushed in a finger, "you should know that I always want you, Reid. I bought a whole bag of ways I want you and to make you come hard for me."

"Oh god." He gasped as I started wiggling my finger around inside of him and pulled his knees to his chest. "I didn't get a chance to see what you bought. We were talking, and I didn't want to be rude and snoop."

"My life is an open book to you, my mate," I replied, pushing in a second finger. "Anything I do you can know about, everything I have is yours, and all of me belongs to you."

"Really, Temp? I know you didn't have a choice in this mating, and I understand if you don't want it or me," he whispered, his eyes going wide. I smiled down at him as I kept scissoring my fingers, getting him ready for what I had planned. With my other hand, I unzipped my fly and let my hard cock pop free from its confines.

"Oh, I want you, baby, and I want you as my mate,"



I answered, gesturing to my hard cock. When he was ready, I pulled my fingers out of him causing Reid to moan. Instead of sticking my cock into his tight ass, I made a show of picking up the dildo.

I turned it on and the beads inside of it swirled it around as it vibrated. Reid's mouth opened a little as he panted, his eyes filled with lust as I turned up the toy. At the base of the dildo, there was a silicon tongue that vibrated and would hit his balls just right as I moved it in him.

"Will you let me put this in your hot little ass?" I asked as I reached for the lube again. Reid nodded, never taking his eyes off the toy as I squirted some slick on it. "It goes even higher, Reid."

"Oh fuck." He moaned, his dick leaking copious amounts of pre-cum. I turned it back down to the first setting as I dropped the lube. Placing the toy on his stomach, I slowly took my clothes off. "It tickles, Temp."

"Just imagine what it will do to that sweet ass you wiggled around at me," I said. Reaching for it again when I was naked, I moved Reid's feet flat on the desk and ran the dildo over his sac. He hissed and let his knees fall to the side. I moved the tip of it to his hole and started to push in. Reid cried out loudly, his hands reaching back and

grabbing the edge of the desk. "I think you should do something for me while I pleasure you, baby."

"Anything you want, Temp." Reid panted as I started working the toy in and out of him, pushing it in farther each time.

"Anything?" I chuckled, watching his reactions intently to make sure I didn't hurt him.

"Yes! I'll give my mate anything he wants," he yelled as the tongue of the toy tickled his balls. "I want to be everything you need, Temp."

"You're everything I could ever want and more, Reid," I said softly, giving him a quick kiss. Pushing the toy in all the way, I turned up the vibrations as well. Reid went ballistic, pumping his hips in the air. "So you are so beautiful, baby."

"I want to suck on your cock, Temp."

"That's exactly what I wanted you to do for me," I replied, taking my dick in my other hand as I gently turned his head to face me and lined it up with his mouth. Reid immediately took as much of me as he could into his mouth. We both moaned loudly as he sucked and licked on my hard cock. I brushed his curls away from his head as I gently thrust into my mouth. "I like the way your mouth looks on my cock, baby."

He groaned around my cock, sending vibrations up it and into my balls. Deciding he was ready for more, I turned up the toy so it wiggled in his ass more. Reid gasped around my dick and then started sucking furiously on it. Which in turn got me going even more, and I pushed the dildo hard in and out of his ass.

"Oh yeah, my baby likes that." I purred, fucking him faster with the toy. Reid's eyes rolled up before he closed them entirely. I wanted to see his gorgeous eyes as I played with him. "Open your eyes for me, Reid. I want you to see who's pleasing you."

Instantly he opened them back up, staring up at me as he sucked me. I moved my hips a little faster, loving how his hot mouth felt wrapped around me.

"Are you ready to come for your mate?" I asked, loving when he groaned and nodded. I changed the angle I thrust the toy into him, making sure to hit his sweet spot. Reid screamed around my cock as he erupted against his stomach. He never let up on his job of giving me head. I thought I was going to pass out from the intense pleasure he was giving me.

Watching my hot mate come from the bliss I was giving him was enough to throw me over into my own climax. I roared out my release, thrusting my cock farther

into his throat. Reid took all of me, and I felt his mouth milk my dick as I shot my load. He lay melted against the desk as I came back down from my orgasm. I pulled my spent cock out of his mouth, and he swallowed loudly.

"No more, I can't take anymore," he begged, the toy still in him. I smiled when I saw his dick hadn't gone soft, telling me differently than his words.

"I want you to come for me again, my mate," I ordered, curious as to Reid's reaction. His eyes got wide as he blushed, but he nodded. Turning the toy up over halfway, I moved his hips so that part of his ass was hanging off the desk. With my foot I pulled my chair over and sat down so his groin was in my face. "Oh this is a pretty, pretty sight, baby."

"It makes you happy?" He moaned, pulling his knees up to his chest. I growled my approval and fucked him with the toy harder. Reid cried out in pleasure, his knuckles turning white on his legs as he started to shake.

"It makes me very happy, Reid. I love that I'm pleasing you so much," I answered, gazing at his face. I kept my eyes on his as I leaned over and licked some of his seed off his chest. "I want to leave a love bite on you, baby. I want everyone who sees this perfect body to know that you're taken."

"Yes, Temp, mark me as yours," Reid begged, spreading his knees for me so I had better access to him. "I want everyone to know who I belong to."

"Then we need to talk about getting you tattooed with my name," I said as I licked his nipple. "Would you like that, baby? To have my name put on you permanently for everyone to see?"

"Yes, my mate." He hissed as his hips started moving again. "Brand me as yours for everyone to see, Temp."

"I think there's some sub in you, baby." I chuckled then turned up the dildo to the highest setting as I bit down hard on his nipple. Reid screamed out my name, holding my head to him as I felt his orgasm. The toy got much harder to move, and the space between us filled up with his release. "Oh, my mate is so beautiful when he comes."

Reid moved his hips so hard his ass kept smacking the desk, worrying me that he'd have bruises on his perfect skin. I moved my other hand under him to try and help, but his orgasm seemed to go on for minutes. The whole time I never took my eyes off of him, loving his wild abandonment. He was also incredibly vocal which I found a major turn-on.

"Can't— spent." Reid gasped as his body went limp

on my desk. I turned off the toy and slowly pulled it out of my sated mate. He groaned as it popped out of him, not moving an inch as he kept panting. I chuckled as he licked his lips and tried several times to speak. "Glad you liked the dance. Will I always get so spoiled after I dance for you?"

"If that's what my baby wants." I purred, nuzzling his neck before lifting him into my arms.

"Sweet," he replied with a smile, not opening his eyes. I laughed so hard as I carried him to the elevator. Sark and Cal had stuck their heads out of their offices to see what the commotion was, smiling when they saw us. Sark made a few clucking noises as I got on the elevator and turned to face them. Cal just shook his head at the dead weight, known as Reid, I was carrying. I couldn't help but have the goofiest grin on my face for them as the doors closed.

## CHAPTER 5

We had gone to bed pretty early, and I woke up in the middle of night spooned against Reid's back. My dick was hard as a rock from his firm body touching mine. Deciding to see if he was awake, I moved his leg forward and bumped my cock against his tight hole. Reid stiffened in my arms as he screamed.

In a flash I was on my back with Reid on top of me. His eyes had gone almost completely red as his hands shifted into claws. He struck me hard in the face before starting to claw up my chest.

"Reid, stop, baby, it's me!" I yelled, not knowing what else to do. He leaned over and sank his fangs in my neck, but not to drink. I cried out in pain as he tore out part of my throat. Grabbing for his hands, I felt my blood running down my neck and onto the bed beneath me. He was too fast for me to keep up with after the damage he'd already done to me.

Instead I crossed my arms over me and tried to turn away. Reid's claws dug deep into my side as I moved to get away, careful not to hurt him. And just as suddenly as it started, he stopped.

"Temp? Oh my god, Temp! Fuck! What have I done?" Reid screamed as he jumped off of me. I saw him

move in front of my face as I lay on my side facing the bathroom. "Shit! Shit! *Shit!*"

"Sark. Get Sark." I gasped, trying to put pressure on the gouge in my neck. "Sixth floor, Reid. Need Sark."

"Okay, Temp," he answered, racing out of the room. I heard him screaming for help as his voice started to get distant. Blackness started to creep into the corners of my vision and I fought to stay conscious. It seemed like hours, but I knew it really was only minutes before I heard the elevator.

"I attacked him, you have to help him," I heard Reid begging in between sobs.

"Why? Why would you hurt him, Reid? I don't understand," Sark asked as they walked into the room. "Fuck, Reid, you might have killed him."

"I'm alive," I croaked out, moving to roll over. It didn't work out so well, intense pain shooting through me as I cried out. "Help me."

"I'm so sorry, Temp." Reid sobbed as he knelt next to me on the bed. "I don't know what to do. How can I help?"

"You can't," Sark growled, shoving Reid away from me. He looked me over, assessing my injuries. "I'm going to transfer some energy to you, but I need to get the others



too."

"Do it," I gurgled, the blood in my mouth and throat making it hard to talk. Sark placed his hands on me, and I felt the warm rush as if I was feeding. We were able to transfer power to each other if need be. It wasn't as good as a feeding on our own, but would help in a pinch. I also knew it would take a lot out of Sark to help me. And since Eaton and Sark had been helping feed Mick in his depression, this was the last thing they needed.

"Better?" Sark asked several minutes later, panting from the exertion.

"Yes," I answered, the wound in my neck healing enough to where I wasn't choking on my own blood anymore. "I'm sorry, Sark."

"It's not your fault," Sark growled, staring daggers at Reid as he pulled out his cell phone. "Eaton, I need everyone to Temp's place. Bring Beck. Reid attacked him and almost killed him."

"Not his fault." I gasped as more pain shot through my body. I knew it was the type of pain that came with healing, but pain is pain. Reid let out another sob then from the corner of our room, drawing our attention.

"You shut the fuck up, Reid. You're lucky I've not killed you yet," Sark yelled, turning towards my mate and

pointing a finger at him. "And that course of action is still on the goddamn table. You better fucking pray he lives."

"I didn't mean to," Reid cried out, his eyes never leaving mine.

"How you do accidentally almost kill your mate?"

"Nightmares," I answered, getting Sark's attention again. "He's been having nightmares. Didn't realize it was me."

"What the fuck happened?" Eaton asked as he and Beck rushed in the room.

"Beck, I want Reid detained now!" Sark yelled, pointing at my mate again. Beck looked at me before going over to Reid.

"Don't!" I gasped, more pain racking my body. "He's mine."

"Just shut up and heal," Eaton growled, getting on the bed with me. Before I could answer, he placed his hands on my body, and I felt the energy flow from him. It wasn't a healing energy; it was the energy of lust that we fed off of. But the more energy we had, the stronger we were and the harder to kill. It also meant the faster we healed, even if I got it from my partners. "You're goddamn lucky I fed well tonight."

"Thank you," I said, finally not feeling as if more of

my blood was flowing out of me than was in my body.

"Christ!" Noah gasped as he skidded into the room with Mike behind him. "I need towels, warm water, and some bandages now!"

"I'm on it," Beck said as he raced to the bathroom.

"Don't let them hurt Reid," I whispered to Noah as he gently rolled me on my back. "He had a nightmare and didn't know it was me."

"I can help, my saliva heals," Reid said as if snapping back to reality. He stood up and moved towards me, only to be cut off by a pissed off Sark.

"You don't go near him," Sark growled, reaching for Reid.

"Stop it!" Noah yelled, turning towards him. "I've woken up several times thinking I was back in my apartment being brutalized and lashed out at Mike. I just don't have fangs and claws. This isn't Reid's fault; you need to back off of him."

"Is that what happened?" Eaton asked, sitting on the edge of the bed looking tired. "You had a nightmare and thought Temp was attacking you?"

Reid paled, his eyes darting between Eaton and me. I realized then he didn't think I was going to beat him, but rape him. Shit! How fucking stupid am I for trying to wake

my mate up with my dick after what he'd been through?

"It's my fault. I tried to be cute and wake him up with my cock," I explained, staring at Reid, trying to let him know I understood. "He couldn't see me, I was behind him, and he wiggled out."

"I'm so sorry," Reid said softly, tears falling down his face. He looked at Eaton and Sark then. "I didn't mean to hurt Temp, I swear. Please let me help him."

"Start cleaning the smaller cuts while the larger ones close enough," Noah ordered, taking the decision out of their hands. Reid approached me slowly, not taking his eyes off my friends until they nodded their agreement. He focused on me then, crawling onto the other side of me from Noah. Beck came back into the room and handed Noah what he'd asked for.

"I didn't know it was you, Temp," he whispered as he leaned over and started licking my stomach. I groaned from his soft tongue. It worked as he said, closing the wound and also taking the pain away. Noah put pressure on my other wounds as they kept healing. "First I mate you without your consent and then I almost kill you."

"Don't cry, baby," I said, reaching for him. "I was an idiot. You felt so good, and I was horny so I used the wrong head to think with. I should have known better after

what you've been through."

"No, it's my fault," Reid replied, shaking his head.

"You should be able to play with the man in your bed and not have to worry about him trying to kill you. Once you're healed, I'll leave, Temp. I won't hurt you again."

"You'll die," I moaned. His tongue helping me was such a contrast to the pain Noah was causing by putting pressure on my wounds it left my body confused. "You can't leave me, Reid. You promised you'd be mine always."

"How can you want me after I almost killed you?" he cried out, turning away from me. "I attacked the man I'm falling in love with. I'm broken, Temp. You don't deserve a broken mate who hurts you!"

I grabbed him roughly around the upper arm and dragged him to me until our noses touched. "You promised me you would never leave me. I'm holding you to that, baby. You're not broken, you suffered a trauma no person should ever have to endure. We will figure this out, okay? If you leave I'll hunt you down and drag you back here to be with me forever. And I'll just get pissed and spank you for weeks."

Reid just stared at me, seeming to think about what I'd just said. He leaned over and licked the gashes on my face. I loosened my grip on him, realizing I had to be

hurting him. It wasn't my intention, but I felt frantic at the idea of him leaving me.

"Promise me, Reid. You have to swear to me that you won't leave me," I begged, not caring if everyone in the room saw me fall apart. The idea of not having Reid in my life after I'd found him panicked me. "You swore you wouldn't break my heart, baby. If you left me, it would kill me."

"And the fact I hurt you is killing me," he said, leaning his forehead against mine. "Temp, I could have killed you. I'm not safe to be around. Don't make me promise to stay here when I know it's better if I leave you alone."

"Fuck that." I growled, pulling his head down to mine. He tried to pull away from the kiss, but I was still strong enough to hold him against my lips. Finally after he submitted, I let him up. "It's not better if you left me, baby. I need you, all of you. We'll get past this, okay? I'll pull my head out of my ass and remember not to try and wake you up with sex."

"You swear you want me to stay not just because I'll die if I can't feed from you?" he asked, searching my eyes for the truth. "I won't put you in danger because you'd feel bad if I left and died, Temp."

"I want my mate with me, I *need* my mate at my side," I replied firmly. "I don't want to live without you, Reid. We might not have planned this mating, but you're in my heart now, baby. You can't leave me."

"I won't go anywhere as long as you want me, Temp," he whispered against my lips, and I felt as if my heart started beating again. Even injured, I couldn't believe how the idea of Reid walking away from me was the most important thing going on.

"All the big wounds have healed enough," Noah said, clearing his throat. "Reid can lick the rest of them closed and help you get cleaned up."

"Thanks, Noah," I replied, giving him a smile as I pulled Reid against me.

"I'm not leaving you alone with him," Sark stated, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Yes, you are," Noah said before I could. "Back off, Sark, you don't know what Reid's been through. You can't understand how hard it is to be beaten and raped like that."

As soon as the word rape passed Noah's lips, I felt Reid start to shake in my arms. I met Eaton's gaze and nodded towards the door, signaling they needed to leave. He sighed heavily and nodded, standing to round everyone up.

"We're fine, baby," I whispered against his head as everyone left. He moved his head a few inches and licked the cuts left on my chest. "We're going to be okay. I know we are; we'll figure this out."

Reid nodded against my shoulder, letting out a deep sigh as he started to lick my stomach again. I ran my fingers through his hair as he worked, not knowing what else to say. I wasn't really sure if he was thinking or processing what happened, but I gave him some quiet time to just be.

"They jumped me outside of my apartment when I was done with my interview with Eaton," Reid explained in between licks, not looking at me as he spoke. I felt tremors through out his body as he kept working on my wounds. "I guess they didn't know I was vampire because one of them just threw me over his shoulder. He wasn't ready for me to start clawing up his back and have the strength to fight him."

"You don't have to tell me if you're not ready, baby," I said gently, careful on how I touched him. I didn't want to make it worse by being too intimate with him as he relived his horrid experience. "We can do this another time."

"No, you need to know, Temp," he replied, shaking



his head, taking another deep breath. "They got excited when they realized I was a vampire. One guy said it was awesome because they could fuck me then drain me for the double high. I didn't know what they meant, but neither was something I wanted so I fought like mad. They threw me into the bed of a pickup and chained me down. Those big thick heavy chains you use for towing so I couldn't move.

"As we pulled away, the guy who was so wound up about me being a vampire laid down next to me. The entire way he went into detail about what he was going to do to me as he groped me hard. I bit him, and he hit me hard in the face with something, I swear I thought he snapped one of my fangs it hurt so bad."

"I'm so sorry, baby," I whispered, tears in my eyes as I tried to pull him to me.

"Not yet, I need to tell you all this and close your wounds," he replied, sniffing as he shook off my arms. As much as I wanted to hold him, I left him alone. "When we got to the warehouse, they tied the chains around my arms and chest while dragging me out of the truck by my hair. The same guy was the one who pulled me into the plant and threw me down on the table you found me on.

"He laughed the whole time he tore off my clothes,

saying he was going to fuck me until I bled and then he'd do it all over again. I screamed and cried, but he told me it was no good to fight. He knew one of the demons fucked me and wanted to feel it. I told him I was a virgin and just went in there for a job interview to be a dancer. But it didn't matter; he said no stripper was a virgin, that we were all just whores."

"You know that's not true, Reid. Even if you were a hooker, no one ever has the right to treat you that way," I said as he moved from my stomach to lick the cuts on my face. He stared into my eyes a moment before nodding. I bit back a moan as his tongue swept over my cheek; it was so not the right time to get turned on. I felt the grief of what had happened to my sweet mate war against the sensations his tongue gave my body.

"It was worse than you hear about rape being," Reid continued after a few moments, sitting back on his heels as he stared out the window. "And to make it worse, I wasn't the only one being raped at the time. There I was, my ass hanging off the edge of the table, chained faced down to it, witnessing other people being brutalized as well. And I knew they were human and wouldn't heal as fast as I could. I just wanted to die, Temp.

"Not just because of what he was doing to me, but I

had a front row seat to others being hurt and I couldn't do a goddamn thing to stop it." He cried, his entire body shaking as he covered his groin with his hands. I hadn't even realized until then that we were both naked, distracted by everything else that had been going on. Waving my wrist I put pajama bottoms on both of us and a blanket around his shoulders. Reid looked up at me then with a sad smile.

"Thanks."

"I'm sorry I didn't notice sooner, baby."

"You've been a little busy almost dying." He snorted, glancing away from me then and I let him, knowing touching him would make this harder on him. "I didn't know what he meant when he said that he wanted to feel it, the sex he thought I had with Eaton. I figured it out later when I pieced conversations together that they can only feel if they are with someone a demon has fed off up."

"Now you understand why we all felt so guilty that it happened, Reid." I said, rubbing my hands over my eyes.

"It's our fault this all happened to you."

"No, it's their fault," he replied, shaking his head. "I never blamed any of you; I was just grateful you saved me and didn't want to kill me for mating you without your consent."

"I don't regret our mating, Reid. I'm glad it

happened, no matter how it happened."

"Yeah, you might be a little crazy for feeling that way after what I did," Reid said with a frown. "I definitely got the better end of this deal, Temp."

"I could argue that, but I won't when you're this upset," I replied, taking his hand in mine. He gazed down at our joined hands and then up to my eyes before continuing.

"He wasn't gentle like you were, he didn't prepare me or use anything," he said softly. "He didn't start off slow or care if I got hurt, ignoring my screams. And then he got pissed, I mean psychotically pissed off, Temp. Whatever he thought he'd feel being with me after Eaton fucked me obviously couldn't happen since Eaton and I didn't have sex. He went ballistic, yelling that I better give him what he wanted.

"And I had no clue then what he meant, so I just cried, telling him I didn't understand. He pulled out of me and started kicking me in the ass and groin until one of the other guys came over and stopped him. They reminded him I was a vampire and at least they could get high off of me and to not waste my blood. That seemed to calm him down a bit."

"I don't understand what vampire blood can give a halfer," I said, confused. And while I didn't want to

interrupt his story as he seemed desperate to get it over with, it wouldn't do any good for me to know if I didn't understand.

"I heard the second guy explain to someone else if they drink from a vampire it's like a human being on ecstasy," Reid explained, running his fingers over my hand he was holding. "They could feel emotions for a while, but it wore off like drugs do. And when they all learned about that, that's when the knives came out."

"Reid, I'm so sorry." I whispered, knowing it wasn't enough but needing him to know it was how I felt. "I would have done anything to have kept you from this pain."

"I know that, Temp," he said nodding. "They cut me several time on the back, licking and sucking blood out of me. It was as bad as the rape, all of them touching me like that. At some point the pain and blood loss got to me and I blacked out. I woke up later to a different guy raping me, saying that since the first guy didn't come he could still feel my feeding. I guess they can feel it after they finish."

"Which explains why me waking you up the way I did triggered all of the pain for you again and had you fighting," I replied pissed at myself. "I'm so sorry, Reid. I won't ever do it again, baby. I wasn't thinking, I swear."

"You didn't know." He shrugged, looking away

from me. "I should have told you already what happened."

"Whether I knew or not, I should have been thinking with my brain and not my cock," I said firmly.

"This wasn't your fault."

"Yes it was, I hurt you, Temp," Reid replied, tears streaming down his face. "And I can't tell you how sorry I am for that."

"Baby, can I hold you now?" I asked sitting up slowly and resting against the headboard. I didn't want to push him, but watching him in that much pain was killing me. "Please, Reid? I'm not mad at what happened, and I want you in my arms."

"Even after everything I've told you?" he asked, his eyebrows raised in shock. "How can you want to touch me after what they did to me?"

"Because your pain is my pain, my mate," I answered gently, holding my arms open to him. "What they did to you doesn't change the way I feel for you, Reid."

"I don't understand that, Temp," he cried, throwing the blanket off his shoulders. "Two of them raped me while the others cut me, licked my body, and drank me almost to death. How can you want me after that?"

I watched in horror as he collapsed onto his side and curled into a ball, sobbing. Moving towards him, I scooped

him up onto my lap and held him against my chest as he cried. He clung onto my arms as if needing some type of anchor as he screamed and sobbed out his pain. When he finally started to quiet back down, I kissed his forehead as I wiped his tears away.

"It happened to you, Reid. It's not who you are," I whispered against his temple as I rubbed his back. "I'm sorry you had to go through it, but it doesn't change how I feel about you or who you are to me. You're smart and kind and loving and probably the strongest man I've ever known to try and be with me after what you've been through. It only makes me respect you more seeing the man you are after what you endured."

"I'm so sorry I hurt you, Temp," he croaked out, his throat dry from all the screaming. "You have to know I would never knowingly hurt you. I thought I was back on that table and not chained down anymore and I just reacted."

"I know you are, baby," I cooed as I rocked us. "I know you would never hurt me."

"After the second guy finished, he got pissed like the first guy when he didn't feel what he was looking for," Reid continued from where he left off. "He started beating me, just not in the same place like the other guy. He said I

wouldn't bleed if he didn't hit the same place twice. I blacked out again during it and didn't wake up again, that I remember, until we were back in the club. What happened that I don't remember, Temp?"

"Are you sure you're up for this, Reid?" I asked, lying back against the bed so he was on top of me with his head on my chest.

"I need to know. Please, Temp?" he answered, looking up at me. I sighed, realizing he was right, but I didn't like having to tell him and risk causing him pain. I told him everything I knew from what happened with Cal and Noah and then Mike later and his rescue. Then about how Alex had been paid by the halfers to tell them about the people we feed off of. Everything up to when I found him lying on the table.

"We were waiting for the SUVs to come back to take the other half of the survivors to the club," I explained, rubbing my hand over his back. I realized then that we were lying in the blood-soaked bedding. With a wave of my hand, I changed the sheets and pulled the comforter over us, wrapping my arms back around him. "I saw this smaller man on one of the tables and went to him."

"And that was me?" Reid asked.

"Yeah, it was you, baby," I answered. "And I saw



all your bruises and wounds, but you were still gorgeous to me. I pushed back your hair from your forehead, just staring at you, and you told me you were thirsty. Not having a clue you meant blood, I told you that I'd get you something to drink and touched your cheek. You rubbed your face in my hand and let out this peaceful sigh.

"When they got back, I picked you up and took you out with me to the SUV. Even passed out you curled up against me, and it felt so right to hold you, as if you were made to be in my arms. After we got in, you told me you needed to drink, and I told you that you can drink whatever you wanted as I stared into your beautiful green eyes."

"I don't remember any of this," he whispered against my chest, giving it a quick kiss.

"I'm not surprised; you were pretty out of it." I chuckled, kissing the top of his head. "You told me you didn't want water, and I said I'd give you anything you needed."

"Oh boy." Reid giggled.

"Yeah, I was a little confused when you started moving my shirt up." I snickered. "I started to tell you this wasn't the time for us to mess around when you licked my chest and bit me. You stared at me the whole time, and I was frozen from the intense pleasure it gave me, you

drinking from me. My dick felt like it was going to explode and then did when you sank your fangs even deeper in me.

"My orgasm hit me so fast and harder than anything I'd ever experienced. I couldn't believe it. But still, I couldn't move or do anything; I just stared down at my wonderful baby in my arms. Then you thanked me and fell back asleep as I just sat there totally shocked as to what just happened."

"Who told you what I did?" he asked, turning so his chin was resting on my chest as he stared up at me.

"One of the wrath demons, Nolan, told me." I chuckled, thinking back to how he informed me I'd just mated to a vamp, but deciding not to share that part with Reid. "Then we got to the club, and Eaton saw it was you and was pissed that you were hurt. He said you were so much fun and hoped you weren't one of the ones taken after he fed on you. I screamed at him and started beating him; I've never felt that kind of rage before."

"And you just worked that out when I woke up and freaked because Eaton had his arm around you."

"Pretty much, yep." I snickered, hugging him again. "We're going to figure this all out, Reid, okay? It's you and me, baby."

"Thank you, Temp," he whispered softly, and I

realized everything that had happened finally caught up with my sweet little mate. Seconds later I heard his soft snore and closed my eyes, trying not to cry over what happened to Reid now that he wouldn't see me break.

I kept it in as best as I could, not wanting to wake him. But seriously, what man, woman, or even demon wouldn't break down after hearing what happened and seeing the pain the man they were falling in love with went through. Hot tears ran down my cheeks as I swore to whatever gods there were that I would do whatever I had to do to help my mate. I would be the man he needed to get through this and build a life with him. Because no matter what had happened to Reid or how we got to where we were, he was all I'd ever wanted.

## CHAPTER 6

Two days later it was the night of Reid's first performance at the club. Eaton hadn't been there to see Reid's dance that first day like I had been. But it turned out everyone who had witnessed it told Eaton how amazing my mate had been. And I guess what Reid had performed for Eaton at his interview wasn't quite as awe inspiring. It made sense, since Reid hadn't realized we were all watching him that day when he was practicing and could just be himself. After they discussed it, Eaton decided to have Reid dance two songs on the main stage in the middle of the club.

I was so proud of him, he shined as Eaton told him what everyone had been saying about him. Reid and I hadn't been intimate since the other night as I was trying to give him some space. He seemed to have a lot to work through and spent most of the previous days working on his routines and perfecting them. At night he'd crawl into bed with me and snuggle against me, freely wrapping himself around me without my instigation.

I sat in the dressing room we had off the main floor for the performers, watching Reid stretch out and get ready. He was as cool as a cucumber while I was the nervous wreck. I knew he was fantastic, but he was doing

something different than the entertainment we normally hired. After all he'd been through, I crossed my fingers and toes that this went well for him.

"You don't have to be in the crowd if this makes you uncomfortable, Temp," Reid said softly as he approached me. "I won't be upset, I swear. I understand that you support me, but you don't have to sit there and watch."

"Are you kidding me?" I asked, completely surprised, although touched at his concern for my feelings. "I wouldn't be anywhere else, baby. I can't wait to see everyone's amazement at your dancing."

"You're the best mate ever," he replied, giving me a quick kiss. Beck walked in then, giving Reid the signal that he was up. I smiled at Reid as he gave me a wave and followed Beck out the door.

Did I still not like that the entire club would be drooling over my man when he was in nothing but a g-string? Of course, but this was important to him, and he was important to me. After I'd taken a few deep breaths trying to get my jealousy under control, I left the dressing room and headed for the bar.

"You ready for this?" Eaton asked me as I joined him and Sark. I leaned my back against the wood, facing the main stage of the club and shook my head. "Then why

are you not fighting his dancing?"

"Because I love him and he loves to dance," I answered, finally admitting my feelings for Reid out loud. "He's amazing and gifted, Eaton. How can I think of standing in the way of it?"

"It's just stripping, Temp." Sark snorted, downing his drink. "You make it sound like he's about to perform Shakespeare."

"You haven't seen him yet, Sark," I replied calmly, knowing he felt as I did days ago. "He's more talented than any actor I've ever seen."

Sark opened his mouth to comment, only to shut it when the DJ we had most nights came over the speakers to announce Reid.

"Making his *début* here at Anything Goes," the DJ boomed overhead, "I give you Reid Larson on the main stage!"

A few people near the stage applauded politely as Beck helped Reid up on the stage. Glancing around I saw most weren't paying him any attention, and that made me anxious. Reid took off his robe, and I saw how nervous he was as he glanced out into the audience. We'd talked about the fact the club could hold a few thousand people at max capacity, and it being Friday night, we were packed with a

line out the door. That was a lot more people than he was used to dancing in front of.

"Is he any good?" Wade asked, joining us at the bar.

"He's probably the best we'll ever get to perform for us at the club," I answered, never taking my eyes off my poor mate.

"Too bad no one seems to be watching," Wade said, shaking his head. "I have to give your mate props; he's got balls the size of Mars to try doing a real dance at a sex club."

We had talked Reid into doing his routine to OneRepublic's "Secrets" since we'd all loved it. But as Wade's words sank in, I started to feel like an ass for pushing Reid to try something so out of place at the club. As the soft violin intro started for the song, I saw Reid's nerves melt away as he transformed into the rhythm before our eyes.

The difference in this music versus our normal selections seemed to draw more gazes to the stage. Reid moved just as beautifully as before, spinning around the pole as if no one was watching and it was just him alone. Slowly the noise of the club died down, and by the time the vocals started, there wasn't a single conversation going on anymore.

Reid did his kick up, making the perfect splits as his leg twirled overhead before he went into his flip. Just as the music picked up, like before, Reid leapt into the air. He was breathtaking, his head and arms thrown back as he flew through the air. At the last second, he latched his knee around the pole, perfectly executing that part of his routine.

"Holy shit," I heard Eaton gasp next to me, and my heart swelled with pride. Holy shit was right! My mate had every eye in the club focused on him as he danced. He'd single-handedly transformed a sex club known for dancing into a night at the theater right before everyone's eyes. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed my friends had their mouths hanging open.

Reid kept dancing, moving with grace and seeming to not even notice the change in the club patrons. Glancing around, I saw that everyone had the same look of awe on their faces that my friends had. Yeah, look all you want, people, but he's going to be in my bed tonight so don't get any ideas. As the song started to wrap up, I felt my heart start racing in anticipation as to the reaction the crowd would give him.

When it was over, Reid stood there panting as he snapped back to reality. The entire club was silent, not a single noise. He glanced my way then, our eyes meeting



across the room. I smiled widely at him, and that seemed to calm him a bit. Just then, the entire club broke out into thunderous applause. My mate looked around to our patrons, shock written all over his face. Sark stuck his fingers in his mouth and let out an ear-splitting whistle.

The votes were in, and Reid was a hit. Honestly, after having watched him dance before, I wasn't surprised. I had been nervous if our demographic of patrons, most of who had been drinking, would be able to appreciate his ability.

The music cued up for the next song, and Reid got into position. He wouldn't tell me in advance what his second song was going to be, and I laughed when I realized it was Neon Trees' "Animal". I looked at my mate and saw him give me a wink before starting his routine.

"Why are you laughing?" Sark asked me, his eyebrows scrunched together.

"This was my private dance he gave me in my office," I leaned in and whispered in his ear. "You heard the aftermath of the dance that day I carried him to the elevator. I think this is my mate's way of telling me he wants to get lucky tonight."

"Yeah, I'd say so." He chuckled, patting me on the back. "Happy hunting, my friend."

"No hunting required," I replied, never taking my eyes off Reid as he danced. "He's mine forever."

"Good thing since every gay man, woman, and probably some of the straight men want him now." Eaton snickered, gesturing to the crowd.

I snapped out of my lust-filled daze for my mate then and saw the amount of people who had congregated around the main stage. There were hundreds of them pushing against each other to get closer to Reid. Panic filled me. We didn't have any security there; if someone decided to hop on the stage to get to Reid, we could have a mob get him.

"Eaton, no one's there to stop people from taking him," I growled at him, pointing to the mass of people who separated us from Reid. "Get security in there now!"

"Fuck, we've never needed it for a dancer before." Eaton swore, pulling out one of the two-way radios we carried when we were on the floor. I didn't wait to hear his orders, I raced to my mate. At least Reid was still dancing, blissfully unaware of the growing number of rowdy admirers he had gathering below him.

I pushed my way through people, desperate to get to him before the song ended and the spell on the crowd was broken. Seeing Beck and several wrath demons coming in

from the left helped ease my angst, but I still needed to be by Reid's side. I was still about ten feet away when the song ended and the audience broke out into applause again.

Reid lifted his head and smiled as he looked out at the crowd. I started shoving people aside when I saw his smile turn into a frown as his eyes darted around the club. Our eyes met, and I saw the panic I felt in his eyes.

We were careful not to show our supernatural strength in public, but right then, I didn't give a fuck because all that mattered was keeping Reid safe. Still a few feet away, I leapt with all my might, clearing several patrons' heads before landing on the stage in front of Reid. I had been just in time as one man reached out for Reid as he climbed up the stage.

"Mine!" I growled as I pulled Reid against me and away from the man.

"Fine, but how much for a night with him?" the man asked, never taking his eyes off Reid. I felt Reid shiver against me and not in a good way as he held on tight.

"He's not for sale," I answered, my eyes never leaving him but trying to gauge the best way to get us out of there.

"Please, he's a stripper," the man scoffed, gesturing to Reid. "They're all whores and have their price. Just tell

me how much he normally goes for and I'll double it."

"He's an entertainer, not a piece of property," I yelled, the crowd getting louder as Beck and his guys started trying to make a hole for us to get through. "You cannot tell me the way he danced was like any stripper you've ever seen before. He's a gifted dancer! He didn't just shake his ass at you."

"Why do you think I want him?" The man purred, reaching for Reid. I lifted Reid up into my arms so that no one could touch him without getting close enough to me. The man got pissed that I'd pulled Reid away from him and started yelling as well. "Come on, you've got to be his pimp, just tell me a price!"

"I'm one of the owners, and Reid is my partner." I growled in the man's face, turning so he couldn't touch my mate. "Read my lips, he's not for sale!"

"Bullshit! No man would let his partner dance like that naked," the man yelled, moving around me quickly and smacking Reid's ass. "You just want him for yourself tonight. How much are you paying? I'll pay for him for both of us as long as you'll share."

"Do you think he could move like that in the confines of clothes?" I answered, trying to stay calm as I saw Beck finally hop up on the stage with us. "You got to

see his ass, so what? I've seen Mel Gibson's ass in movies! Does that make him a toy you think you can buy for a night?"

"It's not the same, and you know it!" the man yelled, going to hit me, but Beck got to him first, feeding off his anger. I watched as the man started to pant, his wrath melting away into Beck. "He will be mine. I don't give a fuck who you are or if you own him, I want him and I get what I want."

"This asshole is never to step foot in my club again, Beck," I told him, making it clear I wasn't fucking around. Beck gave me a nod and dragged the man off stage and towards the doors. I hugged a shaking Reid to me tighter as they'd finally gotten the crowd under control. Jumping off the stage, I made a break for the elevators with him wrapped around my front.

"Baby, are you okay?" I asked when we were safely on the elevators with the doors closed. "I'm so sorry about that."

"I love you, Temp," he said quietly, leaning back in my arms so he could look in my eyes. "I'm totally, utterly, and completely in love with you."

"I love you too, Reid," I replied before I could even think about it. I knew it was how I felt from earlier when

I'd admitted it, but normally my brain would have gotten in the way of telling Reid already. I was just so shocked at his declaration it just came out. "Odd time to tell me though, don't you think?"

"No. After hearing you defend and protect me like that to that man, I couldn't hold it in anymore," he answered. I searched his eyes as I stepped off the elevator into the main lobby of our offices, and they were filled with nothing but love for me. His gaze was so intense I felt my knees start to give out. I quickly sat us on one of the conference table's chairs before I fell over. "I knew I loved you the night you took care of me after I attacked you, but it wasn't the right time to say anything."

"You can tell me anything whenever you want to, Reid," I whispered against his lips, giving him a soft kiss. "I always want to know what's in my gorgeous mate's mind."

"Really?"

"Really, Reid," I answered, nuzzling his neck. He smelled like vanilla body lotion, the kind he used for dancing so that his skin shimmered in the lights. I also smelled his sweat, the soap we used, and something completely masculine and totally Reid. "I always want to know what you're thinking of if there's anything on your

mind, my love."

"I want you," he said so fast I barely caught it, but then closed his mouth.

"I want you too, baby." I chuckled, pulling my head back to smile at him.

"I didn't know how to tell you that's what I wanted, Temp." Reid started to ramble, going a mile a minute. "I thought maybe I needed to give you time after I attacked you, but I didn't know the proper way to ask you to make love to me. So I thought if I danced the dance I did for you tonight you'd get it and take me, but after how you handled that douche bag, I just needed to tell you that I love you so much, Temp. I'm so sorry I attacked you, and I get if you don't want me sexually anymore..."

I shut him up by mashing my lips down on his. Reid melted against my body as I thrust my tongue in his mouth, demanding him to open for me. He did, moaning loudly as I grabbed his firm ass and stood with him. Laying him down on the table, I stood in between his legs as I gazed over my mate's body and licked my lips.

"Want to have sex on a conference room table?" I asked as my gaze finally drifted up to his eyes. Reid's mouth opened as he panted, and he nodded frantically. "I always want you, Reid. Don't ever doubt that. I thought I

was giving you space after the pain you went through reliving what happened to you. Maybe we need to work on our signals."

"I thought you might not want me anymore," he replied, looking away from me. "And I didn't know how to tell you that I was thirsty."

I stared at him in shock at that one. Fuck! I'd totally forgotten about him needing my blood. In my attempt to give him space to let him heal I'd hurt him. It had to have been days since he'd last fed. In a flash I had him up in my arms and pressed his head to my neck.

"Drink from me now, baby," I ordered him as I held him tightly. "I was an ass. I thought I was giving you space and time and instead I cut you off from what you need. I love you, Reid. Please, baby, take what you need."

"It's okay, Temp," he whispered against my neck. I moaned when his soft tongue licked along my vein. "I was just so scared you didn't want me anymore. I love you for trying to give me space when you thought I needed it. All I need is you, my mate."

"I'm here for you, Reid, always," I said seconds before his fangs sank into me. I groaned as his bite turned into overwhelming pleasure. Turning around, I sat on the edge of table, not wanting to drop him as my senses went



into overload. I tore his g-string off of him as I waved away my clothes. There was no way I could take him right then, but my cock was so hard it hurt.

I moved my dick in between us so that it rubbed against his. Reid moaned in my arms, getting the idea. Rolling us so he was back on the table again, I thrust my hips forward, letting our balls smack together. My mate drank from me as I moaned in pleasure, grateful for his body lotion that worked as slick for us right then. There wasn't any dry chafing as I rubbed us off.

"Let me know if I'm being too rough, baby." I hissed as I kept moving my hips. The friction from his body and cock against mine was driving me wild. Reid squelched my fears of hurting him by moaning loudly and wrapping his legs around me. He dug his heels hard in my ass, lifting his hips to meet mine. "Guess you like it too."

"Yes," Reid screamed as he pulled his head up. His body arched into mine as the space between us filled up with his release. "I love you, Temp!"

Just hearing him say it again was enough to have me joining him. I cried out his name as I came hard and fast. To say it was an explosive orgasm was an understatement. When it finally started to ebb, I caught myself just in time not to crush my mate.

He leaned up and licked the marks on my neck, causing me to shiver again. I heard a grunt and looked up across the table. As I instinctively went to cover up my mate, it registered in my head who it was. Sark and Eaton seemed to have followed us upstairs.

"Enjoy the show?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at my friends. While we weren't able to come until after our partners did when we were feeding off someone, we could when we were just jerking ourselves off.

"Thoroughly," Sark answered with a smirk as he kept stroking his now spent cock.

"You didn't even notice we joined you over here." Eaton snickered as he wiped his cum off his hand on Sark's discarded shirt.

"You were watching?" Reid asked, tilting his neck so he could see them. I gasped as my baby got hard against my stomach.

"Well, aren't you just the little exhibitionist." I chuckled as I moved my hips, letting him know I felt it.

"Is that bad?" he asked, his eyes darting back to me.

"Not in this group," I answered, leaning down to kiss him. I moved my head against his to whisper in his ear. "Is it just that they watched or did you like that they were touching themselves because of what we were doing?"

"Both," he hissed, moving his hips up against me.

"Do you like that they want to join us?" I asked quietly so no one else could hear us. I wasn't sure if it was something I could do, but I wanted to make Reid's every fantasy come true. "Would you want them to play with you too, baby?"

"You'd be okay with sharing me?" He gasped, his eyes going wide.

"Passing you around, no way," I answered firmly, lifting my head so he could see the truth in my eyes. "But there's a lot you haven't experienced, Reid. If the idea of one of my friends joining in to please you while I do does it for you, I'd be willing to try it."

"Please pick me." Eaton groaned, leaning back in his chair.

"I don't know, Temp," Reid replied, his eyes darting around. "I think it's everyone's fantasy to have more than person want them, but I wouldn't ever do anything that would risk what we have."

"Right answer." I purred, licking his lips. "I'm not saying we do it right now, but it's something I'd be willing to discuss if you wanted to try it, baby. This isn't an open relationship, and I don't share easily by any means. But there's no reason we couldn't have someone join us

occasionally to spice things up. As long as you remember that I'm the one you love and that it's my bed you'll end up in."

"You're the best mate ever," he whispered as he stroked my cheek. "I'd want to try it, just to say I'd been in a ménage, you know? I can't see me wanting it all the time or a regular thing. I do really like the idea of others watching while you fuck me."

"You guys are killing me." Sark groaned, getting a smirk from me, but otherwise I continued ignoring my partners.

"Good thing we have a sex club downstairs then." I chuckled before kissing Reid again. He moaned and wrapped himself around me as I ran my tongue around his mouth. I loved the man in my arms, and if he wanted to try a ménage, I could do that for him. Besides, shouldn't everyone have at least one ménage in their lives?

## CHAPTER 7

The next day I had everything set up to fulfill my mate's fantasy. I had pulled Eaton and Sark off to the side and explained the rules to them. No one was allowed in Reid's ass but me. Other than that, things were pretty open, but if at any time, Reid said it was too much they would back off. They agreed, knowing after everything he'd been through, Reid shouldn't be pushed.

"Temp?" Reid called out from the living room after his practice downstairs.

"In the bathroom, love," I answered smiling at my friends. We were all in the large whirlpool bathtub waiting for him. I was closest to the door while Eaton and Sark sat on the other side. Glancing over my shoulder I saw Reid enter the room and freeze.

"What's going on, Temp?" Reid growled, his features darkening. That wasn't a reaction I'd been ready for.

"We've been waiting for you, baby," I said carefully. "Why don't you join us?"

"This isn't an open relationship my ass!" Reid yelled and stormed out of the bathroom.

"Guess surprising him wasn't the right move," I grumbled and got out of the water. I raced after my mate

and found him in the living room staring out the window.

"Reid?"

"Go away, Temp." He sniffled, showing me how badly my plan backfired.

"Baby, talk to me." I begged as I spun him around, crushed when I saw tears streaming down his face.

"So you get to fuck around with your friends whenever you want? That's not what I signed up for, Temp!"

"Reid, that's not what's going on at all," I said, brushing away his tears with my thumbs. "I set this up for you, love. I wanted to surprise you and maybe make one of your fantasies a reality. I've never been intimate with Sark or Eaton. Sure, we've shared people during feedings, but it's not like that between us."

"Oh," he whispered and looked away from me.  
"Shit. I fucked up again, didn't I?"

"No, baby, I did." I sighed, hugging him. "Our relationship is too new for me to try and pull surprises like this. I swear this is all for you. I thought we could play in front of them in the tub, and depending on how comfortable you were, they could join in. It never occurred to me how it might look when you walked in and saw us in the tub together."

"Really? You did all this for me?" he asked, staring up at me. I smiled down at him and nodded. "Can we pretend I didn't just freak out?"

"We can do that," I answered, searching his face.

"Do you want me to tell them to go?"

"No, I want to try it," he replied, blushing a pretty shade of pink. "After you set up something so nice for me, I want to see what happens."

"You don't have to do this, Reid. I wanted to try and make one of your fantasies come true," I said as we walked towards the bedroom. "If it gets to be too much or you're not okay with this, all you have to do is just tell me. Sark and Eaton have no expectations other than watching a show from us. Nothing else happens unless you say so."

"Have I told you that you're the best mate ever today?" Reid giggled, snuggling against my chest as we entered the bedroom.

"This morning when I had my cock in your tight ass," I answered, reaching down to play with his g-string. "I think you screamed it out though."

"I did." He moaned, rubbing his hard-on against my thigh. "I hope you don't mind a vocal mate."

"Are you kidding me?" I chuckled as I kneeled in front of him before we got to the tub. "I love every noise

you make when I please you, baby."

"Good, then I won't ever hold back." He panted as I hooked my thumbs in his flimsy underwear and started to pull them down. Reid stared at me with such lust it rolled off of him. Being lust demons we could feel it, and I heard my partners groan. Reid looked up with wide eyes before stepping out of his g-string when I got it off.

"We can feel your lust," Sark said, answering the unasked question. "It's part of who we are and how we know who to feed off of."

"That's a neat trick." Reid giggled as I helped him into the tub. I got in as well, sitting down and pulling him onto my lap. "If you can feel my lust, how come you didn't know I wanted you the past couple of days?"

"Just because you feel lust doesn't mean you're up for sex," I answered, turning him in my lap so he straddled my legs, his back against my chest. "And since you're a vampire, I can't see into your head the way we can most humans."

"Makes sense." He moaned, his head back against my shoulder as he spread his legs wider.

"They're watching you, baby," I hissed in his ear as I tugged on his nipples. "You turn them on, Reid. Your gorgeous body gets them hard."



"Oh fuck." He whimpered, moving his ass against my hard-on. "I can't believe we're really doing this."

"We can do almost anything you're comfortable with, love," I said, licking his neck. "I told them that no one gets this ass but me. Other than that, I'm fine with whatever you're up for."

Reid stopped moving for a minute and turned his head so he could look at me. "Good. I don't want anyone else's cock in my ass besides my mate's. And I'm glad you feel the same way."

"Then at least that's settled." I chuckled pulling his ass hard against my cock. Reid groaned loudly, throwing his arms back around my neck.

"He's gorgeous, Temp," Sark hissed.

"My mate is very responsive to my touch," I stated, bursting at the seams with pride that they wanted my baby. Maybe this wouldn't be as hard for me as I'd originally thought. "And like he said, he's very vocal."

"Please, Temp, touch me," Reid begged as I parted my legs.

"I am touching you, baby," I teased, pinching his nipples again. Running my hands down his body, I placed them on his thighs. "Is this where you want me to touch you?"

"My ass," he whimpered, moving his hips. "Please, get me ready for your big cock."

"Do you want to sit on the side of the tub and get yourself ready while we watch?" I asked, having planned a few ideas of what might be acceptable to Reid beforehand. "Or you could stand up and turn around. I could finger you while they drool over your hot body."

"I like the idea of teasing you too." Reid giggled as he got off my lap. Eaton handed him the waterproof lube with a wink as Reid sat on the side of the tub. Reid's eyes never left mine as he opened the lid and squirted some on his fingers. He tossed the bottle to me as he raised his legs. "I know how much you like that I'm flexible, my mate."

"I do." I groaned as he moved his feet onto either side of him, giving us a fantastic view of his groin. Reid had an evil little smile cross his lips as he pushed his ass out more so we could see his pretty pink hole as well. I wasn't the only one groaning as he rubbed his fingers over his hole. "Push one in, baby."

"Yes, my mate." He purred, doing as I'd ordered.

"He's an exhibitionist and a sub, too." Eaton chuckled, his eyes never leaving Reid. "Must be nice."

"It's something we've not really explored yet," I said, catching Reid's gaze. "We could if that's what my

baby wants?"

"I like when you get all caveman and take charge."

He groaned as he started moving his finger in and out of his hole. "It's almost as good as when you lose control and can't keep your hands off of me."

"Good, then I can fuck you in front of the whole club one day when you're done dancing," I replied, voicing one of my fantasies.

"Oh fuck that's hot," Reid whimpered as he fucked himself. "I'd love that, Temp."

"You're ready for another finger, love," I told him as I felt my cock start to leak pre-cum. "Push it in hard so you feel it."

Reid immediately did it, confirming that there definitely was some submissive in my mate. He moaned loudly, arching his back and giving us a better show. I figured now might be the best time to see what he was up for.

"How about Eaton plays with your nipples while you tease me, baby?"

"Yes," Reid hissed, his eyes going wide as he smiled at me. "Whatever my mate wants."

"This is about what you want, Reid. I like seeing your pleasure," I replied as Eaton looked at me. I gave him

a nod, and in a flash, he was by my mate. He started slow, rubbing his fingers over Reid's left nipple. When Reid groaned and opened up for Eaton, he took it a step further and licked my mate's neck. "You need a third finger, Reid."

"Oh yes he does," Sark agreed, swallowing loudly as he watched. "Maybe even his other nipple played with as well."

"How does that sound, baby?" I asked, smirking at Sark.

"Please, yes please," Reid begged, thrusting his fingers in himself harder as he added a third. I gave Sark a nod, and he went to my mate as well. They both started pinching his nipples as they licked my mate's neck. Reid went wild, his hips moving faster than his fingers could seem to keep up as they slipped out of him. "I need help, Temp. I can't focus while they're doing this to me."

"Okay, baby." I chuckled and moved in between his legs. Squirting some slick on my fingers, I pushed two into my mate's tight hole. Reid cried out, his cock erupting against his stomach. I rubbed his prostate as I opened him up, drawing out his orgasm.

"Tell me he recovers fast because this so can't be over with." Eaton moaned as he ran his hand through Reid's spunk. "Can I taste?"

"Reid, are you okay with that?" I asked, still needing to check he was fine with what was going on. He opened his eyes, staring at me and then Eaton as he nodded. Eaton took his time licking his fingers as Sark reached down and got some for himself. Reid moaned loudly when Sark licked his hand as well. "You like that we all want you, don't you, love?"

"Yes, oh god, yes." Reid cried out as I added a third finger. His cock started to fill right back up.

"There's your answer, Eaton." I chuckled as I gestured to my mate's dick. "He recovers quite quickly."

"Good." Sark purred, moving his head to Reid's chest. Eaton followed suit and did the same, giving his right nipple as much attention as Sark did Reid's left.

"This is amazing." Reid moaned, arching his back against the tub. "I'm on like sensory overload."

"That's what we wanted," I said, pulling my fingers free. I nudged my friends who backed off. Reid stared at me, looking confused, but catching on as I squirted some slick onto my cock. I tossed the bottle to the side as I stood up, working the lube into my dick as I kept my eyes on him. "Are you ready for me?"

"Always, Temp." He panted, sitting up and reaching for me. I sat on the other edge of the tub and crooked a

finger at him. Reid moved over towards me and turned around. I grabbed his hip with one hand as I held my cock with the other. Guiding him down, Reid got the idea and braced his hands on my thighs as I watched my dick slide into his prepared hole. "Oh fuck, Temp!"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm going to do." I snickered as I moved his legs on either side of my thighs. Reid gasped as the angle changed and arched his back. He was so gorgeous to watch. I was in awe at how open he was with his response to everything going on. "What do you want them to do now?"

"I don't know, I can't think with this third leg in my ass." Reid panted as I bottomed out inside of him. He moaned and collapsed against my chest when I spread my legs.

"Would you like one of them to give you head while I fuck your sweet ass?" I asked, licking and nibbling on his neck. "What if you suck a cock at the same time, baby?"

"Oh yeah." Reid groaned loudly as I lifted him back off me until just the head of my dick was in him. I pulled him right back down, and he cried out in bliss. "I can suck someone off while you take me."

"I'll take one for the team." Sark snickered as he

pushed Eaton back down and moved in front of Reid. I watched as my partner guided his hard dick into my mate's mouth.

"Can I blow you, Reid?" Eaton asked gently, glancing at me for approval. I nodded as I kept moving Reid's hips. Reid moaned and nodded, never stopping what he was doing to Sark.

"Be gentle with him," I warned Sark when I saw the lust in my friend's eyes. I knew Sark liked to be rough with his partners, and while they enjoyed it, I wasn't taking any chances with Reid.

"He's in charge," Sark assured me, running his hand down Reid's cheek. "Whatever you feel is right, Reid."

"You have to move, dude," Eaton said as he knelt in front of us. Sark stepped to the side of our thighs, Reid turning his neck to go with him. Eaton crawled forward and took my baby's cock in his hands as I fucked him. I felt Reid shiver as Eaton swallowed his cock.

"Is this what you wanted, my love?" I grunted as I held him still and thrust up into him. Eaton got the idea and moved his hands to brace Reid's ass to help me. Reid moaned loudly and took Sark deeper into his mouth. I took that as a yes.

"Your mouth is amazing, Reid." Sark moaned, his

hands fisting at his sides. I was proud of my friend for showing restraint. I knew they had gotten off to a rocky start with Reid attacking me and all. But Sark was a good person, simply protective of the people he cared about.

"You keep that up and I'm going to come in your mouth."

Reid and Eaton both groaned then, and I felt Reid stiffen up. Seconds later Eaton was making happy noises as he swallowed Reid's cum. I felt my mate's ass clamp down on my cock. Throwing my head back, I roared out my release, thrusting hard into Reid's ass. Sark wasn't far behind all of us, grunting as he shot his load down Reid's throat.

All of us were panting moments later as our collective orgasms started to ebb. Sark pulled out of Reid's mouth, bending to give him a quick kiss. Reid giggled and slumped back against me. Sark sank down into the tub again, leaning his head against the edge with a smile on his face. Eaton finished licking Reid clean then and sat back on his heels. I saw my partner's spent cock in his hand and knew we didn't have to worry about him getting taken care of.

Then I realized something very, very bad.

"You guys didn't feed off his lust, did you?"

"Well, yeah," Sark answered, a second later his



head shooting up as he looked at me with wide eyes. "Fuck, I didn't even think about it. I just always feed."

"Eaton?"

"Yeah, I did. Shit, Temp, I wasn't paying attention." He swore, moving back by us. In a flash I pulled Reid off my cock and spun him around on my lap.

"Baby, are you okay?" I asked, not able to hide the panic in my voice. We'd shared people in the past and fed off of them, but three of us at once feeding off one person could hurt them. Lust demons feeding off someone would intensify the orgasm and maybe leave them a little tired afterwards. Normally it's no harm, no foul. You multiply that and it can be dangerous. "Reid, I need you to talk to me, love."

"So tired," he whispered, his head falling back on his shoulders.

"Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*" I growled, not sure what to do.

"Feed him, Temp," Eaton ordered. I pulled Reid against me and moved his head to my neck.

"Reid, drink from me right now," I said firmly.

"Too tired to drink," Reid mumbled, his body completely limp.

"Baby, listen to me, you *have to* drink from me right now!" I replied, shaking him as my body tensed with

fear. "We all fed off of you; it could hurt you."

"Okie dokie." Reid giggled and sank his fangs in me. Normally I got a little more warning, so I wasn't prepared for it. I moaned as the pleasure radiated from his bite throughout my body.

"That's it, love. Take what you need from your mate," I cooed, holding his head to me as I started to calm down. I stared at Eaton and Sark, who both looked as guilty as I felt. "We're idiots."

"I had something a little harsher in mind," Eaton replied as he rubbed Reid's back. After a few more moments of drinking from me, I felt Reid's body start to revive itself. "When was the last time he fed from you?"

"Yesterday." I panted, starting to feel the blood loss.

"Reid, you need to stop, okay? You've had enough for now, let Temp replenish his supply," Eaton said, tugging on Reid. I sighed when I felt his fangs pull out of my neck and saw him lean back.

"Sorry, baby," I whispered as Reid stared at me in confusion.

"Why are you sorry? That was the best sex in like ever!" He giggled, squirming on my lap. "I just got really tired, but I'm awake again now that you let me drink from you."

"Good, I'm glad," I replied feeling my eyes drift close.

"Okay, time to get Temp to bed." Sark snickered as I heard them all stand up in the tub. I opened my eyes enough to see Eaton and Sark bend over and lift me up.

"Why is Temp hurt?" Reid asked, sounding panicked.

"I'm fine, baby," I answered as we made our way to my bed, my arms over their shoulders. "You just took a little bit more than normal. It was our fault because we all fed off of you."

"That doesn't make sense," Reid exclaimed behind us. Eaton explained everything to him as Sark helped me into bed. Reid calmed down once he understood and crawled into bed with me as my friends left. "Thank you for doing this for me, Temp."

"Letting you feed from me?"

"No, well, that too. But I meant setting up a ménage for your mate." He giggled, wrapping an arm and leg over my side as he settled his head on my shoulder. "I know I started it off bad, and the ending got screwed up with everyone feeding off of me, but it meant a lot to me, Temp. It's definitely not something I'd want to do all the time or really even need. I honestly can't believe I even did it, ya

know?"

"I'm glad you're happy, baby." I chuckled as I started to drift off. "I'm falling asleep though, so don't think it's because you're not interesting."

"No, I get it. Go to sleep, Temp," he said quietly. "I just wanted to say thank you and I love you."

"Love you too, Reid," I replied and was out like a light. It was the best way to fall asleep, my happy and satisfied mate wrapped in my arms.

## CHAPTER 8

A few weeks later, Reid and I were doing better than I could possibly have ever hoped for. And he was a *huge* hit at the club. Eaton and Reid had renegotiated a permanent contract, and I had been touched that Reid asked me to be at the meeting as his partner, not as the owner of the club. They worked out that he would perform three nights a week as the headlining act.

I stayed out of it, only jumping in when discussing the security he deserved to have for us to keep him safe. Humans were naturally drawn to any supernatural being, but with how talented Reid was on top of it, I wanted him kept safe. Eaton agreed and had thrown in a clause as to how many of our people would be available for his performances. Basically Reid would dance three different times on his nights, three songs for each set.

Reid had been thrilled that Eaton wanted him to dance that much. Normally strippers went on once, maybe twice, in a night and each did one song. But Reid wasn't just a normal stripper by any means. The first week Sark started promoting his act, we saw an increase in patrons before nine at night when the club normally started picking up.

Like any club, we were the busiest Thursday

through Saturday nights. What we hadn't expected was, with Reid dancing Tuesday night we drew in a crowd closer to our busy nights than weeknights. Eaton had joked that if the trend kept up he'd permanently chain Reid to stage. Which with Reid's history had him freaked out, but Eaton didn't know about his past. I assured Reid that Eaton was just teasing; he wasn't really going to do anything Reid didn't agree to.

I was sitting in Cal's office getting caught up with him and Gabe and their upcoming child.

"The sisters helped us a lot when they were here," Gabe said excitedly. "I'm glad they're safe and didn't get hurt because of me. I was ready to see them go though; it was weird now that I live with Cal. It was like crossing reality lines."

"You could say that." Cal laughed, and I joined in. I still couldn't get over that there had been nuns staying with my friend above a sex club. They had been great, taking everything in stride and never judging. Honestly, I had been impressed with that since that's not exactly what the Catholic Church is known for.

"Yeah, it threw me for a loop when I went to watch Reid practice one day and there were three nuns watching him." I snickered, remembering my reaction and then

Reid's when he'd been done dancing. He was blushing so bad I thought he might faint, but the sisters just applauded. We all ended up sitting at their table, and they asked Reid tons of questions about his training and then about being a vampire.

"They're really great women," Gabe said with a bright smile, but before I could reply, we heard a commotion coming from the club. Cal and I were up and racing to his balcony in a flash. Looking down, I saw Reid shaking as he pulled on his robe. I also saw a man reaching out and grabbing my mate roughly, getting a growl from me.

I ran so fast to the elevator that I had trouble stopping in time before I slammed into it. The doors opened as soon as I hit the button, and seconds later, I was booking off the elevator to help my mate.

"No more of this, Reid. Enough is enough," The man yelled, shaking Reid so hard it took everything I had not to just rip the man's head off.

"Remove your hands from my man or I will, along with your arm," I snarled, stalking towards the man.

"It's okay, Temp," Reid said softly, not looking at me. "This is my father, Mitch. That's my mom, June, my older sister Susan, and my younger brother Mitch Jr."

"Baby, I don't give a fuck if he's the pope; no one touches you like that," I replied, staring at his father to show I wasn't kidding. Mitch let go with a shove to Reid, and I instinctively pushed my mate behind me.

"This doesn't concern you; this is a family matter." Mitch sneered, curling his upper lip in disgust at me.

"It concerns me as Reid's partner and owner of this club," I said calmly, shaking in anger. Beck had been approaching the situation as I had, but stood his ground, watching now. He and I exchanged a look, letting me know that he was ready to jump in. "Now calm the fuck down or I'll have security remove you."

"We're leaving anyway," June replied, holding her hand out towards Reid. "Come on now, Reid. It's time to go home and stop embarrassing your family."

"What?" I gasped, turning so I could see Reid's face. "Baby, you can't leave me."

"Why not? Because you can't keep pimping out my son if he leaves?" Mitch yelled, and I spun back to him.

"Pimp him out? What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, knowing shock was all over my face. "I'd never let anyone else be with Reid. I'm not his pimp."

"Oh please, you pimp him out every time he dances," Mitch replied shaking his head. "Strippers are



whores, and I won't have my son smearing our name like that! We found a facility that can help Reid."

"They want to put me in a mental institution," Reid said quietly when he saw I was confused. "They think my need to dance, and whore myself out as they say, is an indication that I'm mentally ill."

"Over my dead fucking body," I growled, pissed off at the damage they were doing to Reid emotionally. "And he's not a whore. I won't have you talking to the man I love like that."

"Love?" June scoffed, gesturing to the club around us. "You say you love him and want him to strip in a place like this in front of people?"

"Yes, I do," I answered, grinding my teeth together. "Reid loves to dance, and I love him. It makes him happy, and if you'd ever taken the time to see your son dance, you'd understand it. Reid is a talented dancer; he has a gift. He doesn't just tear off his clothes and shake his ass at people. And even if he did, if it made him happy, I wouldn't stand in the way of that!"

"Then you're as disturbed as he is," Mitch Jr. yelled. "We heard about his little performances all the way back on the East Coast. Can you imagine facing your friends when your brother is a fag whore?"

"Talk about him like that again and I'll tear you apart," I growled, staring the man down until he shivered. "Reid is not mentally ill, nor is he leaving with you."

"Yes he is!" June shouted, approaching me. "You're keeping our sick son for your own benefit. We'll get the police involved and take you to court. But we will get our son back and sue you for damages at letting a mentally ill man strip and whore himself out."

"It's okay, Temp, I'll go with them," Reid said, moving out from around me. "They'll do it; they'll hurt you until they get what they want. I can't let that happen."

"Fuck that," I said, turning to Beck. "Get everyone down here and call our attorneys. I want the police here for this, Beck."

He gave a nod and pulled out his phone, never taking his eyes off the situation. Beck also gestured for a few of the other wrath demons to come over and watch what was going on.

"Reid, do you want to go with them? Do you think you're doing anything wrong?" I asked calmly, trying to hide that my heart was breaking at the idea of him leaving. I also knew it would be a death sentence for him. How would a vampire survive not being able to feed when I was the only one he could feed from?

"No, I don't want to go, but..." he answered, and I cut him off.

"Then you're not leaving me, baby," I said gently, cupping his cheek. "I won't let them take you from me if you don't want to go. Please trust me, Reid. They might have money and power, but I promise you I have more."

"I don't want you hurt because of me," Reid replied as his eyes filled up with tears. "Just let me go, Temp. You don't deserve this in your life."

"I love you, Reid," I said, letting my emotions seep into my voice. "We made a commitment, and while we might not be legally married, that means everything to me. I would die if you left me, baby. It would be different if you wanted to go, but you don't. Please, please don't leave me because you're scared of what they can do to me. I will fight for you and what we have."

"Enough!" Mitch screamed, reaching for Reid. "Stop trying to brainwash our son with your lies. He's coming with us to get help."

"He doesn't need help," I yelled right back, and then calmed back down when I focused on Reid again. "Reid, please, baby, stay with me and fight. Don't let them ruin our happiness and your life. Tell me you'll stay."

"I love you, Temp," he cried, pulling away from

June when she grabbed him. "I can't let them hurt you."

"They won't, Reid. The only thing that will hurt me is if you walk out those doors," I replied, kneeling in front of him and taking his face in my hands as I looked up at him. "If you want to leave, that's different. But goddamnit, Reid, don't leave me because of them. Please, baby, I won't let them hurt us. You just need to tell me you want to stay, and I'll fix this."

Reid searched my face for several moments, tears spilling down his cheeks before nodding. "I love you, Temp. I want to stay with you always; you're my partner."

"Thank you, baby," I whispered before giving him a soft kiss.

"It's not your choice, he's our son," Mitch snarled, grabbing Reid.

"I warned you about touching him," I said standing up as I grabbed the man's wrist. "Let him go this instant or I'll break your arm."

"You're threatening us with physical violence now?" June gasped as she moved to her husband's side. "I think the police will be interested to hear that."

"Yes, I'm glad I'm here to witness this," the police officer with Beck said, joining us. "And I saw your husband grab Mr. Felton's partner in anger. I'd say he was

protecting someone he loves, which is within the confines of the law when the police weren't here."

"He's not this guy's partner," Mitch said, letting go of Reid and facing the policeman. "I'm Reid's father, and he's mentally ill. This man has been preying on that and whoring my child out."

"Is that so?" Officer Clarke, as his name plate said, asked with a raised eyebrow. He focused on Reid then. "Has Mr. Felton ever whored you out or mistreated you in any way?"

"No, sir, Temp loves me," Reid answered and moved to stand at my side. I wrapped my arm over his shoulder as I saw the rest of my friends, minus Mick, approaching us. "He'd never let someone else touch me or force me to do anything I didn't want to."

"What's going on here, Temp?" Cal asked as he stood next to us. "Officer Clarke, I'm Cal Monroe, one of the owners of the club."

"Reid's parents are here to take him away and stick him in a nut house," I answered as the men shook hands. "They think he's mentally ill since he's dancing and here with me. They think I'm taking advantage of their sick son and pimping him out."

"Yeah right, with as protective as you are of Reid,

you'd blow a gasket if someone else tried to touch Reid." Sark chuckled and then introduced himself to Officer Clarke as well. Then Eaton did the same as I hugged Reid closer to me when I felt him start to shake. "And we did a thorough background check on Reid before we hired him; he has no history of mental illness. He has studied at Julliard though, and I'm pretty sure the desire to dance isn't a physiological condition."

"I'm going to need a copy of that paperwork," Officer Clarke informed Sark as he wrote something down on his notepad. "How did Reid come to work here?"

"He came in for an interview with me about a month ago," Eaton answered. "He didn't even know Temp. I think they actually met outside the club, and Reid didn't know he was one of the owners."

"Is that true, Mr. Felton?"

"It is, I met Reid at another club," I replied, glad Eaton had thought of that one. We couldn't tell anyone how we'd really met. "I saw him on the dance floor, and I just couldn't take my eyes off of him. When he saw me and came over to say hi, I thought I'd just hit the lottery."

"You were the best looking guy there, and you were interested in me." Reid chuckled, staring up at me as he gave me a wink. To everyone else it was a sign of teasing,

but I understood it was his way of letting me know that he caught onto the story. "I was so upset when I found out you were one of the owners here. I mean who wants to work for their boyfriend?"

"True, but I convinced Reid that I handle the distributors while Eaton handles the entertainment," I said, smiling. I looked over to Officer Clarke then. "And I can prove that, actually. In our owner's agreement, we've outlined the duties of each owner. I've never been involved in any hiring of any entertainment. Hell, I didn't even know how entertainers were tipped until Reid explained it to me."

"You stick the bill in their thong." Mitch snorted, gaining all our attention again.

"Will you do something for me, Reid?" I asked, having an idea. "It will be quick, I promise. I don't want this to take too long; I made reservations for us tonight since it's your night off."

"Anything, Temp," he answered, and I led him over to the main stage in the middle of the club. I think he got the idea when I lifted him up onto it, because he leaned his shoulder against the pole and smiled at me.

"I'm pretty tall, and I can't reach him from here," I said, demonstrating my point by extending my hands out towards Reid. The stages were at least six feet off the

ground I was standing on; no one could reach him from there. "We don't have performers come in here to get pawed at and groped. This isn't a strip club. We have dancers perform as entertainment and to keep things hopping."

"You can see the slots in the stage where patrons can tip if they want," Eaton added, moving towards me and pointing to them. "We pay our employees well. We don't hire people to hustle our patrons for money. That's not the kind of club we run."

"Cal knows I've been here before," the officer said as he made a few more notes.

"I was going to leave that detail out, Clarke." Cal snickered as he slapped the man on the back. "I figured we'd need to keep this professional."

"It has bearing in this instance, so it's fine," he replied, giving Cal a nod. "I can attest personally to the type of establishment you guys run. My question is what happened here today?"

"I was practicing my routine when my family came in and ordered me to leave with them," Reid answered from the stage. He looked at me then and moved to the edge, giving me the hint he wanted to get down. I gave him a quick kiss that they couldn't see since my back was to



everyone as I lowered him down.

"We'll fix this, love." I whispered in his ear as I set him on the floor. He nodded, giving me a weak smile, but I could see the fear in his eyes. I wrapped my arm around him protectively as we went back by everyone else.

"They said that they learned of my whoring myself here all the way back in New York and came to bring me home," Reid explained, putting his arm around my waist.

"And define what *whoring* means to you, Mr...?" Officer Clarke asked Mitch.

"Larson, Mitch Larson," Mitch answered, his face red in anger but kept it in check with the police here. "And just what that means, officer. They're selling my son's body."

"Your son was a virgin before me! He gave me his virginity, and I take that seriously. I love Reid and would never let someone else have sex with him while we were together," I yelled and then realized how much information I'd just shared. In a flash I was on my knees in front of him, cupping his face in my hands. "Baby, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to tell everyone that, I swear, Reid. I just couldn't stand to have him talk to you about that, my love. I'd never..."

"Temp, it's fine," Reid replied, interrupting me. "I

was going to say it anyway since they keep implying I'm a prostitute."

"But it wasn't for me to say," I said, shaking my head. "Will you forgive me, love?"

"Of course." He giggled, turning his head so he could kiss my hands before looking to Officer Clarke. "It's true, I was a virgin before I met Temp. My parents thought I was working as a prostitute back in New York at the club where I used to dance. I never did any such thing."

"So basically your parents came here making a bunch of accusations without having any proof?" Clarke asked Reid as I stood back up, wrapped both arms around him and I pulled him back against my chest.

"Pretty much." Reid sighed, running his hands over my arms. "My last boss tried to whore me out, but I said no. He became obsessed with me and told my parents that I was living with him and stripping. They wouldn't talk to me after that, wouldn't listen to anything I said."

"That's not true!" June gasped. "We were trying to get you to come home."

"No, Dad told me I wasn't welcome there anymore and slammed the door in my face," Reid replied, sounding angry for the first time. "He didn't want anything more to do with his whore son."

"Mitch?" she asked him, eyes wide.

"I was angry, June," he replied, shooting Reid a dirty look.

"You guys can't even get your own story straight." I snickered, glancing at Officer Clarke. "We'll do whatever we need to, Officer Clarke. But I don't want Reid to have to endure this anymore."

"Yeah, you guys go, I'll escort them out," he replied with a nod.

"You're not taking my son with you anywhere," Mitch yelled. "He needs help."

"You need help," I said right back, firmly. "Reid's of age; you don't get to tell him what to do anymore."

"I have a new life now," Reid told his family as he took my hand. "And someone who loves me for who I am. Temp sees me, really sees me, and loves what he sees. Go home, I'm staying where I belong."

"You walk away now, Reid, and you're no longer part of this family," Mitch growled, and I felt Reid stiffen against me. "You're no longer a Larson."

"Reid has a family here with me and our friends," I replied, realizing Reid was shaking in my arms. "And if you don't want him to be a Larson, that's fine. I'd be happy and honored if he was a Felton."

"Really?" Reid gasped, looking up at me. "You'd do that?"

"In a heartbeat, Reid," I answered, smiling at him. "You're my whole world now, baby. I'd do anything to make you happy."

"As it should be," Susan said, finally joining in the conversation. I'd noticed her watching quietly, not looking happy with her family. "I came here because Mom said we were coming to rescue you. I don't see you needing any rescuing, little brother."

"No, I'm happy here, sis," Reid replied. "And you're always welcome to come visit us."

"I might just take you up on that." She laughed and headed towards the door. She paused for a minute, glancing over her shoulder. "Take care of him, Temp. You've seen the craziness he came from."

"I plan on it, Susan," I said, glad at least one of them seemed to love Reid. She gave me a quick nod and walked to the door without the rest of her family. I scooped Reid up in my arms and headed towards the elevator. He gasped and started at me with wide eyes. "What? She said take care of you, didn't she?"

"Works for me." He purred, snuggling against my chest. "I love you, Temp."

"I love you too, Reid," I replied as we stepped onto the elevator. I waved my keycard and pushed the button for our floor. "Thank you for trusting me enough to handle this and not just leaving. I got why you were thinking you had to, but I would never recover if you left me."

"I'll never leave you, Temp." Reid told me as he threw his arms around my neck and kissed me passionately. The doors opened then, and I raced to our room, loving that Reid was laughing at my antics. After what he'd just gone through, I figured my mate needed some good loving. And I was just the demon to give it to him.

## CHAPTER 9

"Beck! What's wrong, man?" I asked as our friend stormed past us. Cal, Eaton, Sark, and I were leaning against the main bar as we waited for Reid's set.

"Mick," he answered, throwing his hands up in the air. "He won't and I can't, but like I'm not, and I just, ugghhh!"

"Did anyone actually understand that?" Eaton asked as we watched Beck head to the main doors, shaking his head. "Because I'm pretty sure that wasn't in English."

"I caught that it had something to do with Mick." I snickered, tossing back my drink. "He's not getting any better, is he?"

"No, he's not, and I don't know what else we can do." Eaton sighed, running his hands over his face. "I get it, you know, why he's so upset. I mean what Alex did to him is horrible, and Mick really cared about the asshole. But it's like the guilt and grief is just eating him alive."

"I think he wants to get sent to Hell," Sark said, staring at his feet. "I'm not sure if that's what he feels he deserves, but I keep telling him no one blames him. Or maybe if he's drained and gets called to there he thinks his emotions will be shut off? I just can't figure it out. I'm not bitching about feeding extra and giving him power, I'd do

anything for you guys. But we can't do it forever; something has to change soon."

"Well, Noah's gone to talk to him, so has Reid," Cal replied, passing around more drinks. "He just stares off into space and nods. I'm not sure it's guilt, and he shouldn't feel guilty for what happened; we didn't know. I think it's the betrayal and what Alex said to Mick when we busted him. That, and I think a part of Mick died when he had to kill Alex."

"I get that, but who cares what Alex said to him? He was a traitor," Sark said.

"You weren't there, Sark," Eaton replied, his voice strained. "Cal and I saw what Alex's words did to Mick. I've never seen him like that, ever. I'm worried that strong, Dom Mick died that day, and now, he's just crushed."

"It's true; it was like Alex ripped out his heart as he spoke," Cal agreed, and I felt like an ass for not knowing all of this until now. "He said he wanted to vomit from putting up with Mick's crap and that he was some Dom poser."

"Shit." I gasped, thinking how crushed I would be if it had been Reid that had said those things to me. "Yeah, that would ruin a guy."

"I think Beck loves Mick," Cal admitted quietly,

getting all of our attention. "I mean have you ever seen Beck get upset in all the years we've known him? When I told him about Alex, he went ballistic over the phone, said he was going to kill the guy. Plus the longer Mick's acting like this the more tired Beck looks."

"Yeah, but Beck's been giving Mick energy too." Sark shrugged. "That drains anyone."

"It's more than that," Cal replied, shaking his head. "I've seen the way he looks at Mick; I think Beck loves him. And that's why he's been so upset. I mean can you imagine watching the man you love get betrayed like that and then fall into the depression Mick's in?"

"That would kill me if it was Reid," I said softly. "I say we give him another month, and if he doesn't snap out of it after Gabe has the baby, we figure out our next move."

"I can double up on feedings until then." Sark sighed. "I just prefer to enjoy the power from the sex, you know? It's depressing knowing that I'm feeding extra to go give it to Mick so he doesn't end up in Hell."

"We'll figure it out," Cal said as they announced Reid. I watched my little mate as a few wrath demons escorted him to the main stage. Wade lifted him up on stage, and Reid slipped his robe off. Moments later the music started, and the crowd watched in the same trance.



During the middle of the second song, I set my empty glass on the bar and headed towards my mate. As I looked around at all the people who were filled completely with lust that was directed at my mate, I made a decision. I approached Wade over on the other side of the stage.

"Hey, you're going to need to call more guys over here," I informed him. He tilted his neck so he could look at me and raised an eyebrow. "You're going to have another show as soon as my baby is done dancing."

"Okay then." Wade snickered as he got on his two-way radio. By then Reid was just finishing up his third and last song of his set. As soon as the song was over and I saw Reid start to take in his surroundings again, I moved into his line of sight. He smiled at me as I swung myself up onto the stage.

"Well, hello, my mate." He giggled as I joined him.

"Hello, my lover," I replied, pulling him into my arms and then mashing my lips down to his. Reid gasped, melting against me as I thrust my tongue into his mouth, fucking him with it as I planned to do to his ass shortly. I pulled back enough to pull my shirt off over my head before reaching for him again.

"Really?" Reid asked, his eyes going wide as he started to understand what I was doing on stage with him. I

gave him a feral smile as I wiggled my eyebrows at him.

"Good thing I wore the plug today then."

"Oh fuck, baby." I groaned, rubbing the heel of my hand over my hard cock to keep from exploding right then. Reid had been dancing with a butt plug in his ass because he'd hoped I'd fuck him in front of everyone when he was done. The idea had me almost coming in my pants like a teenager. "Great minds think alike."

"Wonder if we picture the same position too," Reid said as he looped his thumbs in his g-string, trying to tease me. "I like the idea of something carnal, like me on all fours with you behind me."

"If that's what my baby wants." I growled, lifting him in my arms. Reid wrapped his arms and legs around me, leaning forward to nibble on my neck. "Be careful, Reid, you know what that does to me."

"Exactly." He purred, biting me harder, but not drinking from me since we were in public. I saw how much everyone around us already seemed to want to join in the fun; the wrath demons had their work cut out for them.

"Reid, can we have sex that way later in the apartment?" I asked, not wanting to spoil his fantasy. "Or another time when we don't have this many people trying desperately to get to you?"

"Good point." He chuckled as he looked around, then turned back to stare at me. "My mate always knows how to take care of me. I love you, Temp."

"I love you too, baby," I said as I tore off his g-string. Moving forward, I braced his back against the pole as I reached up from where my hands were under his ass supporting him. As I touched the end of the plug in Reid, he moaned loudly and arched his back. "Oh, my sweet mate likes that, doesn't he?"

"Yes," Reid hissed as I turned it inside of him. His legs squeezed tighter against my hips as I felt how hard he was against my stomach. "Please, Temp, don't tease me. Fuck me with that wonderful cock I love."

"Only because you beg so well," I replied, pulling out the plug. He cried out in pleasure as he moved his hands to my shoulders. I stuffed the plug in my jeans pocket and then unzipped my jeans, pushing them down my hips. My hard cock slapped up against Reid's firm ass as if it knew exactly where it was going. "This is going to be fast and rough, baby."

"Exactly how I want it." He panted, his eyes filled with such lust it caused me to shiver. I guided my dick to his hole and helped him slide down on it. "Fuck, Temp! I think the pole I'm leaning on is smaller than your

monstrous cock."

"Are you complaining?" I asked as I started to work in and out of him, testing to see how ready he was for me.

"Hell no!" he exclaimed as I bottomed out inside of him. We both moaned loudly, and I leaned my forehead against his. "Fuck me good, my mate."

"My pleasure." I purred. I licked his lips as I pulled out before slamming hard right back into him. Reid cried out, and I silenced him with my mouth. I stated pounding into my sweet mate's ass, moving his hips at the same time so his back didn't hurt from the pole.

"Oh god, Temp. So fucking good." He moaned, his hands digging into my shoulders. "Harder, Temp. I want it as hard as you can give me."

"I love the way your tight ass feels, Reid." I grunted, picking up my pace. I thrust up so hard Reid kept crying out and groaning in complete abandonment. "Look around, baby. Every person in the club wishes they were me and they were with you."

"But you're the only one I want to be with," he said, staring deeply into my eyes. "You're the only one I've ever wanted, Temp."

"Good answer," I replied, digging my fingers into the cheeks of his ass. "This ass belongs to me, right, Reid?"

"Yes, yes, it's your ass to do with whatever you want." Reid nodded, his eyes never leaving mine. "I belong to you, Temp. I want you to tattoo it on my ass, Property of Temp."

"Oh fuck, I like that idea, baby." I moaned, feeling my orgasm approaching. Moving him slightly, I changed the angle of my thrusts, hitting his prostrate every time. Reid went wild, screaming as I saw his fangs poking out under his gums. "Only me, Reid, just like I belong to you."

"Mine," he growled, his eyes going wide, and I knew he wanted to bite me. I realized I'd better hurry this along or everyone there was about to find out exactly how different Reid was. I moved my one arm to support him better as I grabbed his cock with my other hand.

"Come for me, my love," I ordered as I rubbed my thumb over the slit of his cock. Reid smiled, but then gasped as his body listened to me and he came. I loved watching how gorgeous he looked when completely immersed in passion and bliss. His cock shot his seed all over my chest as his ass clamped down on me. I didn't care, I kept thrusting into him.

Seconds later my sac drew up, and I screamed out his name as my climax hit me like a freight train. My dick exploded in his ass as I felt my cum fill him up. Reid cried

out again, and I knew it was because he loved feeling my seed inside of him. He'd told me it was as if I was trying to mark him from the inside out. I leaned over and kissed him as his ass was still milking my cock and orgasm. He moaned as my hips moved on their own, trying to draw out our pleasure.

"You really are the most perfect mate every, Temp," he whispered against my lips, staring intently at me.

"Only for you, baby," I replied, smiling at him. "I'm the perfect mate only for you, Reid. And you're the perfect mate for me, and for that, I will be forever grateful."

Our moment was almost ruined by Wade yelling that it was time for us to go. Glancing at him I saw how bad the crowd was getting. Not even bothering to move Reid off my cock, I jumped down from the stage with him and headed for the elevator. I figured, what was the point; I planned on fucking him again in a few moments when we both recovered.

I was a lust demon mated to a vampire, what else is there to say?

THE END

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago, living in the same house all her life until she went left for college. Though she has a great life, she loves to get lost in fantasy that only books can bring. Her wide interest in reading is reflected in her writings. Currently, Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Anne Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, with enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

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