

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace. The woman, with long dark hair and closed eyes, has her head tilted back slightly. The man, with dark hair and closed eyes, is leaning in towards her. They are both wearing light-colored clothing. In the background, several lit candles are visible, creating a warm, romantic atmosphere. The overall color palette is soft and romantic, with a focus on the couple's faces and the glowing candles.

Noble Romance Erotic Romance

An **Unexpected
Evening**

Roxanne Rhoads

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An Unexpected Evening

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Book Blurb

Samuel is a centuries-old vampire who prefers to be a recluse. He is always afraid of losing control and becoming the monster he once was. Falling in love with a young witch has pushed his boundaries and pulled him out of his comfort zone.

Katerina always encourages Samuel to be more open, to let loose, and to really "live" instead of only existing in the shadows.

One night, he finally grants her wish . . . in ways she never imagined.

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I swirled my tongue around his rigid cock, flicking at the bulging veins as Samuel roughly squeezed and caressed my breasts. He leaned his long torso over my half-twisted body, shoving his large shaft into my mouth. *Finally*, he acted a little more . . . vampish.

I'd been waiting a long time for him to show me more of his true nature and to quit being afraid he'd break me. I wasn't as fragile as he thought.

Working him from a twisted and almost upside down angle turned out to be a bit uncomfortable. But my flexibility combined with my eagerness and hunger for his touch made my discomfort easier to ignore. I loved the feel of his hands roving over me as I wrapped my lips around him. It was well worth a little pain . . . in fact, it was a deliciously exquisite torture. The kind of torture I craved from time to time.

A relationship full of sweetness, wine, and roses could get dull after awhile, without the occasional scratch from a thorn.

I loved thorns. And I loved Samuel.

I continued to work him in and out of my mouth. He tasted so good; slightly salty, a little sweet, with a hint of cinnamon, and he felt even better: hard like steel wrapped in smooth velvet. This experience couldn't get any better . . . well, maybe if he was covered in dark chocolate. Nah, his was the most exquisite flavor of all. I simply couldn't get enough of my delicious vampire.

His hands grasped my breasts, squeezed, then tweaked my nipples. Hard. I moaned in sweet agony as the pain spiraled into immense pleasure, and arched my hips, hoping he'd move his attentions lower. He complied with an inhuman growl. His eyes fixed on me, glowing with an inner fire, which cranked up my heat level. A couple years earlier, I never would've imagined being with a vampire as the most amazing sexual experience of my life.

His large hand cupped my sex, and he dipped a finger inside me, barely, just

enough to tease me, test the waters. I wiggled and raised my hips, begging for more, as I held tight to his shaft and continued to lick his sweet tip like a large lollipop.

His hand grazed my hard clit. I let go of his cock and inhaled sharply at the surprise of the touch. I wanted more, but his hand disappeared. Such a tease. Then out of nowhere, his hand came down and smacked my aching pussy. Hard, but not too hard. I moaned at the exquisite sting.

Oh yeah, that's what I'd been craving. Finally, my vamp got the blood moving inside me.

"Oh, Goddess!"

The ache in my pussy exquisite, I engulfed his pulsating shaft to my throat. A sweet tingle made my blood pump faster and the excitement grow. His hand came down again, a soft thump against my swollen lips. I spread my legs wider, inviting more of his delightful punishment.

His hand once again found its mark, this time hitting my sensitive, protruding clit. Like a lightning bolt shooting through my body, electricity tingled through all my nerve endings.

No longer could I concentrate on sucking his cock. I let go, and my head fell back, as I groaned and called out his name. "Oh, Samuel, yes, baby . . ."

He continued his sweet assault on my tender flesh as I moaned and bucked with excitement.

Samuel turned around and stretched his hard, immortal body across mine. His hand remained at my core while his mouth found my neck. I could feel him, hard as marble, thrusting against my hip, as his fingers eased inside my swollen slit. He found me drenched with desire, coated his fingers deftly with my juices, and began to tease my clit. He rubbed me in circles until I saw stars. His mouth remained on my neck, canines ready, hot breath teasing and tickling my delicate nape.

Suddenly his mouth closed over the side of my throat, as he thrust his fingers inside me. I struggled against him, aching for more, aching for fingers and fangs to drive deeper. My thighs clamped over his hand, and I wrapped my arms around his

broad shoulders drew him farther into me.

His teeth had not broken skin . . . yet, but he bit down hard, taunting my fear and my desires, making me crave more . . . making me crave him. As he suckled my neck, I thrust my pelvis against his hand. He didn't have to move; I kept thrusting my hips, fucking myself with his fingers.

The sweet ache drove me wild. I wanted more than just fingers and capped teeth.

His hard body covered mine, and his lips found another spot on my neck to focus. His hot breath sent a tickle of anticipation down to my center, as he bit down again, this time over the tendons of my shoulder.

"Oh, Samuel. Please, more!" I cried out into silken, dark waves, as his hair fell into my eyes. "Please take the caps off, sink your fangs into me."

He growled and pulled away. "You know I can't do that, Katerina. I don't want to hurt you again."

"You didn't; you won't. Please, I need it. I need you inside me — all of you." I looked him boldly in the eyes, letting him realize my need, see all of my desire and none of my fear.

"I can't, not yet. Not until I know I won't lose control." He leaned over, brought one of my nipples roughly into his mouth, and nipped at the sensitive tip.

I gave a yelp, and he let go and did the same to the other. I gave another little yelp of pain-filled pleasure as he growled and pulled away.

"Roll over," he said, his tone demanding. "Spread your legs."

I complied. Willingly. I liked this strong, forceful side of Samuel I had not seen before. It was so damned sexy . . . if a little scary, which only made it hotter for me. I was so turned on I thought I was going to burst. My insides twitched, skittering with need, ache, desire — on fire, all nerve endings, need and want.

He smacked my ass. "You're a naughty little witch, asking me to do things you know I shouldn't." He playfully growled at me, his voice deeper than usual, filled with something . . . different. He smacked my ass cheeks again, this time a little harder, causing me to scream and lift up with surprise.

I liked his rough side. I liked it a lot.

My quiet vampire was finally letting his beast out. I shivered; as much as I wanted to see a darker side of him, I knew I didn't want the *darkest* part to come out roaring.

"Lie back down and spread those legs, witch; lift that ass in the air!"

Oh, my. Insistent as well. I did as I was told. I spread myself open for him, and his hand came down hard between my legs, finding my swollen lips slick and ready for him. A fierce vampire. It was about time.

I wiggled my ass, wanting more. *Do it again. Do it again*, I begged in my mind. A little pain could be so damned intoxicating.

He slapped my ass again, then dug his nails into one cheek, kneading it and squeezing it like dough. I felt the skin break and warm drops form. I'd be so sore tomorrow, but damn, I'd be happy about it.

His wet tongue lapped the blood droplets from my butt cheek. So quick, he couldn't have enjoyed it much, but I knew he couldn't resist the temptation.

Once more, he landed a hard smack on my needy center, then dipped his fingers inside me. I pushed my ass against him, begging like a cat in heat, as he rubbed my clit into frenzy. I was so close. Once again, he pulled away. Without his touch, I ached.

Suddenly, his warmth covered me. His cock slid between my legs but not inside. His smooth, fat tip hit my clit, as his mouth latched onto my shoulder, his sharp teeth scraping roughly across the tender flesh.

This time, it was my turn to growl. My body arched into him. I thrust my soft backside into muscled body, sliding my wetness against the long length of his shaft. He bit down hard and sucked at my flesh but still, no penetration. The caps remained on and intact. Damn, I wanted those sharp points inside me, penetrating me, filling me, taking me, making me his, completely his in every way.

He released my shoulder, reached between our bodies, and grasped his shaft. I felt it hard and ready, poised at my entrance, ready to plunge inside me. I felt the tip glide over my wetness, covering him in my slick need. Instead of entering, he slid his

shaft farther up, teasing another hole. Pushing just a little, then pulling out.

Sweet agony. I wanted it. I wanted him inside me, but not there, at least, not then. I moved forward and back, just enough to put his cock exactly where I needed him.

He chuckled low as he rubbed over me, teasing my outer lips, gliding over my entrance. He was going to make me beg. I thrust my hips back, but his cock was gone. A naughty laugh escaped his lips. "That's it, Kat baby. Show me how much you want it. Show me you want this big dick deep inside you."

Could this night get any hotter? My sweet Samuel had turned into a naughty, dominant stud. And I liked it. No. I *fucking loved* it.

"Please, fuck me, Samuel. Please, sink your cock deep inside me. I want you in me, all of you. Every single inch." I cried breathlessly, as I moved my hips back and forth. Like a bitch in heat, I couldn't stop; I thrust my ass in the air.

He shifted and moved around behind me, and I felt him reach over to the nightstand. Then his fingers entered deep inside me again, but as I found his rhythm and began to move with him, he pulled them out. I prayed his cock would replace the emptiness left behind, as he positioned his large body over mine. He kissed the back of my neck, his warm breath sending shivers through me. Anticipation coursed through me each time his breath swept across my neck. I awaited the penetration.

"Beg for it, baby! Let me know you really want it," he whispered in my ear as I felt him slide up to the entrance of my pussy. His lips returned to nuzzle my neck.

I spun out of control, dizzy with desire like I had never known.

"Fuck me now, Samuel! I need it, please!" I cried and thrust back against him, forcing his shaft inside me. I cried out as his length slid into me, stretching me, hitting all the right places.

I panted, struggling to accept his size. His breath tickled my neck, and I felt a graze of sharp-tipped fang.

Oh. My. Goddess. He'd removed the caps.

Then fang met flesh, and flesh gave in.

Finally, his razor-sharp canines gave me what I craved most, as they penetrated my flesh and sank deep into my soul. I bucked and screamed as he plunged into me. Sucking and fucking me, at once. Lost in a whirlwind, going wild, moving with him, against him, needing him to fuck me harder, to drive deeper, I heard myself moaning louder and louder, begging him to fuck me harder.

His fangs inside me were exquisite torture. It had been an ache that needed fulfilled and sent me into a place of pleasure I had longed to know.

"That's it, baby. Fuck me, show me you need it," he groaned, his teeth still deep in my neck, drawing my blood into him, uniting us as one, intimate being.

I flowed into him, as he plunged into me. The intimacy . . . unparalleled.

I lost all control. My body on fire, I put my head down and moved back and forth. My taut, tender nipples scraped the textured blanket under me on the bed, adding to the dizzying heat coursing through me. I arched and ached and pushed. Samuel had barely to move; he just held on as I bucked like a rodeo bull beneath him.

My pussy clenched and pulsed around his cock as I pulled him deeper and deeper into me. Rigid and aching, my clit begged for attention when suddenly, Samuel started returning my thrusts with his own. With each powerful slide, his balls slapped against my clit, sending me into overdrive. I bucked and roared, lifting my ass even higher in the air and pushing my face farther into a pillow. Muffle the sound or wake the whole damned neighborhood with my screams.

I ground my teeth together. My hands twisted into the blankets and sheets as he released my neck and straightened himself behind me. His fingers and thumb probed and slid into the wetness between us. Then his thumb slid easily into my puckered hole.

I yelled as colors filled my mind, created crazy patterns behind my closed eyelids. The dam broke, and my body quivered and released, over and over. My body shook and pumped against his hardness inside me, clenching, pulsating, milking his cock until his moans matched mine. He slammed into me hard. Shoving himself so deep I saw stars. Hot semen filled me, causing a second flood of sensation to gush through me.

"Samuel, oh . . . don't stop, not yet."

His hard fangs sank easily into the flesh on the other side of my neck. He sucked as fast as my blood flowed. His cock pumped liquid fire into my aching cunt; my liquid life filled his mouth.

It was ecstasy. Complete and total bliss.

After another moment, he slid his fangs gently from my neck with a gasp, and then collapsed on top of me, causing us both to fall into a sticky, sweaty heap of heavy breathing on the bed.

When our inhales and exhales returned to normal I asked, "What the hell got into you?"

He hesitated before answering. Crap, I was afraid he was going to get shy on me again.

"I needed you to see more of the real me. I am not calm and obedient. I am not a sniveling sissy. Fear has had its control of me. Fear of my sire, fear of my past, fear of losing control, fear I have lost my mind . . . most of all . . . fear . . . I would hurt you." His eyes shimmered with red-tinged moisture, and he looked down to avoid looking at me.

"Samuel, I trust you, you wouldn't—"

"You don't know that! Damnit, Katerina!" He shoved from the bed, his anger filling the room with dark energy. "Your blind faith . . . it could get you killed, by something, someone, even by me."

"It's not blind faith, I know . . . and tonight . . . was so wild, I loved it, and you *didn't* lose control, even being hard core, even while drinking from me. You didn't lose control." I ached for this Samuel. I knew who he really was under the reclusiveness, the fear, and the quiet solitude. This was the Samuel I loved: strong, powerful, caring. I had felt this part of him, *known* it was there. All along.

"I know. I was more in control tonight than I've been in months, years, hell, maybe even decades. It was truly exhilarating and freeing. Thank you, Katerina. Many women can't handle that. They want soft and fluffy, sweet romance. They cringe at the dominance, the pain. You didn't; I was surprised, though I suppose I shouldn't be. Not

with your need to experience life 'full speed ahead'."

"See, Samuel, I've been telling you all along we were meant for each other. You just needed to get over worrying about hurting me and forget about all the other crap. The past is the past. You are not that vampire any longer; no one is forcing you to do anything. Your sire is long dead and gone. And most importantly, you are no longer a killer. Samuel, I've been asking you to trust me, you always forget I *know* things."

I stared at him with a look that dared him to question me. I didn't pull out my trump card usually, the one reminding him I wasn't your average, everyday human, that I had my powers, too.

"My darling, little witch, you don't know everything about me, the things I've done. And people are being murdered. What if it is me?"

Okay, maybe I wasn't going to like this stubborn, defiant Samuel as much as I thought I would.

"Just because I don't know who actually *is* killing them doesn't mean I don't know that it isn't you. I am one hundred percent sure it is not you. I just don't know who the actual killer is or — "

"Or why I keep suffering from memory losses, and the fact I *have* lost control with you." He stood looking out the window at the star-filled sky. I wished he would turn around. This should be a face-to-face discussion.

"The memory loss is a big question mark; the loss of control with me before was from your fasting and me flaunting my blood in front of you like I was a walking buffet. You can't go without blood. You need to accept donors or accept the blood from the bank. Hell, even drink the synthetic stuff CQ produces. Just don't fast. Fasting is plain stupid."

Samuel whirled around, fangs out, eyes glowing. "Witch, don't call me stupid!" He roared, an awful viciousness in his voice.

Uh oh. I struck a nerve! At once, I felt very weak and exposed and pulled the blankets up around my naked body.

I swallowed my fear; I never knew when to keep my mouth shut. I should know

better than to taunt an angry vamp, even if he was my boyfriend. "Don't go all big, bad, and vampy on me, Sam. I don't do power struggles well. I know you're trying to egg me on, trying to get me going. It's not going to work. You. Don't. Scare. Me." I hoped I sounded convincing.

Obviously, I didn't.

He was on me so fast, I didn't see him come across the room. Freaking vampire reflexes. He tore the blankets from my body and threw me roughly onto my back on the bed. His knee wedged between my legs, thrusting them apart, his cock harder than steel and ready to penetrate. Fangs out, he came at me. I threw my arms up instinctively — a bright flash appeared.

Samuel ended up flat on his back on the floor.

"What the fuck was that?" He grumbled, looking extremely stunned, as stunned as I felt.

I sat up and looked at him, then looked at my hands. *Did I really do that?* My hands felt hot, my fingertips tingled. Was *smoke* sifting from my fingers?

"Um, sorry, but I think I just came into another power." I couldn't believe it, twenty-six years old, and just coming into a power. I had long hoped for something a little flashier than the ability to *know* things, but I'd long ago given up, also. Normally, a witch is fully powered up by the time she's sixteen. Nothing like being a late bloomer. Mom and Grandma were going to be thrilled.

"A power? Getting tossed was some of your witchy stuff? Damn, woman. Remind me not to piss you off anytime soon. There's not much that can knock an angry vamp on his ass, you know?" He smiled, no fangs. My man was back. "I thought all your powers were in the areas of seeing and knowing things?"

"Um, yeah, me too." Strange. I had never heard of a witch blooming so late. "Oh, well, something new all the time." I think I was more shook up than I cared to admit. Could just be stress. My life hadn't exactly been a cakewalk — The Hysteria, so many people dead. Yeah, all that could stunt power growth, I suppose. "I'm sorry, Samuel. I think we should call it a night. I am so tired. This is just too much excitement for a girl

to handle."

"I chased you away, after all, didn't I?" he asked with a sad smile.

I didn't want to leave, not with him looking all sad and forlorn. Power struggle or not, he was where I wanted to be. The little tussle on the bed didn't scare me. *Others* of any race were always in the midst of a power struggle or flashy show of dominance. We all seemed to have alpha issues. Everyone wanted to be the big dog, similar to pack law in the wolf world. Everyone at some point tries to exert his or her power, especially during heated moments of passion. My problem was my new power. I really needed to consult with Grams. New power development – this one, in particular – totally weirded me out for some reason.

"Honestly, Sam, this new power has me feeling strange. I had long given up hopes on having any pizzazz like Mom or Gram. I really need to talk to my grandmother about this, make sure everything is on the up and up. I have to be sure there isn't some kind of wickedness going on."

"So it's the classic, *it's not you it's me*, deal?" he asked with another sad, rueful, smile. I knew he, once again, baited me.

"You know that's not it."

"I know, babe, go do what you have to do."

I stood on my tiptoes and gave him a kiss. "I knew you would understand. Just one of the many reasons why I love you so much."

His eyes widened. Shit. I hadn't meant to say "I love you" out loud. We tended to stay away from the big *L* word.

I turned away and grabbed my clothes, good thing there wasn't much to put on, a dress, a thong, and shoes, all of which I scurried into in record-breaking time while he stood there, naked and beautiful, watching me.

"I'll see you later, okay?" I said as I opened the door ready to leave.

"Yeah, okay"

I could tell he wanted to say more, but didn't.

As I shut the door, the click nearly drowned out the soft, "I love you, too,

Katerina," he said in a breathy, almost non-existent whisper.

A human never would've heard his declaration of love, but I did.

I smiled, my heart full as I walked to my car.

~The End~

About the Author

Story strumpet, tome-loving tart, eccentric night owl . . . these are all words that can describe freelance writer and erotic romance author Roxanne Rhoads.

When not fulfilling one of the many roles being a wife and mother of three require, Roxanne's world revolves around words . . . reading them, writing them, editing them, and talking about them. In addition to writing her own stories, she loves to read and review what others write. She operates a book review site, Fang-tastic Books, dedicated to her favorite genres: paranormal romance and urban fantasy.

Roxanne writes everything from articles to web content as a freelance writer and poet. Her erotic and romance stories and poems have appeared in *Playgirl* Magazine, several print anthologies, in ebooks and on numerous websites.

Her publishers include Noble Romance, eXcessica, Eternal Press, Xcite Books, Circlet Press, Ravenous Romance, Running Press, Midnight Showcase, Whiskey Creek Press Torrid, and L & L Dreamspell.

In addition to reading and writing, Roxanne loves to hang out with her family, craft, garden, and search for unique vintage finds.

You can visit her at www.roxannesrealm.blogspot.com and www.fang-tasticbooks.blogspot.com

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