



EDEN BRADLEY

THE  
TURNING KISS  
MIDNIGHT PLAYGROUND

  
SAMHAIN

*They have nothing to lose...except the one gift they never expected to find.*

*Midnight Playground, Book 3*

Ilana escaped a life of sex slavery, using her extraordinary beauty to survive among the few remaining wealthy humans in London. But she has higher aspirations. For two years she has haunted the BDSM dungeons of the Midnight Playground, hungering for The Turning Kiss—that deep drink that will make her one of them. An immortal vampire.

Turned out onto the streets of Edinburgh as a child, Calam's tortured path led him to a job at the club, where he also engages in exotic and dangerous sex play with its clientele. Craving, like Ilana, the eternal escape of the Turning Kiss.

Ilana is undeniably drawn to the beautiful Scotsman, but she has no time to waste; the club takes no one over thirty. When a sinfully compelling vampire pair brings them together for an unusual foursome, she and Calam are shocked to discover it isn't the vampires they crave, it's the tenderness and emotion they feel for each other.

After years of seeking to feel something, *anything*, other than the pain of the past, the ultimate gift is within Ilana's reach. Yet the cost—leaving her heart behind with a mortal—could be more than she can bear.

Warning: Three hot bisexual vampires and two mere mortals getting down and dirty at the vampire sex club. Beware of spankings, bondage, several kinds of whips, everything anal and an orgy or two...or is it three...?

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# The Turning Kiss

*Eden Bradley*

## Dedication

As always, to my fellow Smutketeers, especially my ever-faithful crit partner and partner in crime, R.G. Alexander. And to my readers, who have fallen as madly in love with my vampires as I have. Thank you for demanding more.

# Chapter One

*London 2069*

She'd seen him before. The Scotsman with the impossibly broad shoulders. He looked like one of those strong men from the old circuses—he was that enormously muscled—hard-packed beneath his smooth, fair skin. She'd heard him speak—always from a distance—and she loved that soft, lyrical brogue that told her where he'd been born. Other than that, all she knew about him was what she'd witnessed here at the Midnight Playground, London's exclusive and infamous vampire sex club. She knew he was bisexual, as all the members of the club were. That he enjoyed the dangerous dungeon play, sought it out, just as she did. That if she were here looking for a human companion, he would be absolutely perfect.

A human mate was not her goal.

Ilana had been coming to the club for nearly two years—this lush setting where few mortals had the rare opportunity to interact with the cool and distant vampires. Only those few who managed to garner invitations. Those few who were beautiful enough. Young enough. Who had nothing left to lose and would therefore be willing to risk sex play with the vampires. There were no gawkers here, among the marble paneled walls, the dark velvets and damasks and gilt-framed mirrors that were everywhere. Only those who were serious about extreme sex. About paying the price for being a part of this elite luxury in a Europe that had fallen, and was, for the last twenty-nine years, a continent of chaos, riots, bombings and poverty.

Ilana had walked into the Midnight Playground and all it offered with eyes wide open. She had come with the very specific intention of finding a vampire mate. One who would offer her more than the Seeking Kiss. She had already experienced the sensual Kiss a number of times, the erotic and compelling sensation of her blood being drawn into a lush vampire mouth. That magical peek into the minds of the vampires, flashes of their histories going by like flickering scenes from a movie. It was a thrill every time, purely sexual and mesmerizing in a way nothing else ever could be.

Except the Turning Kiss. The ultimate vampire kiss. The one that would give her the gift of immortality.

This was what she wanted. This was why she was there. To find a way to move entirely beyond what her early life had been. Yes, she'd escaped her childhood fate years earlier, but she carried the scars of it with her. And those scars fed her need to be...invincible.

At the age of twenty-eight, her time was running out. She had less than two years before she would be considered too old. At the age of thirty, her membership in the Midnight Playground, and her hopes, would come to an end.

She sipped her drink, her usual chilled glass of fine Russian vodka, letting her gaze wander over the others in the club's bar, which was in the center of what had once been Soho's Palace Theater. The balconies were still there, edged in gold scrollwork and hung with statues of golden cupids in flight. The place was magnificent with its sleek marble floors, the tables draped in gold and red velvet. But nothing was as beautiful to her as the vampires.

The humans were everywhere, crowded around the marble-topped bar, on the multi-level dance floor, moving sinuously with the throbbing music. Each with that aura of raw anticipation she knew was just as apparent in her. A few vampires moved through the crowd, hair shining like silk, eyes gleaming with a preternatural light, their very skin glistening, as though one expected it to be as sleek as glass. Yet she knew from experience their skin was soft and silky to the touch, with the hardness of their immortal bodies hidden just beneath that smooth layer.

She shivered.

When would one of these glorious creatures claim her for his own?

It seemed as though it had been a very long time, these last nineteen months. Nineteen months, two weeks and four days that she had been coming here. Ever hopeful. Wanting.

She sighed, sipped at her vodka tonic once more, taking in the sharp scent of the alcohol. She could hear the faint tinkling of ice in the crystal glass as she set it down on the bar.

She saw from the corner of her eye he was watching her. The lovely, big Scotsman with the close-cropped dark red goatee. The lights from the dance floor glistened pink and gold in his short, curling auburn hair. And as she watched him watching her, he smiled, a dimple appearing in his left cheek.

Oh, it was too good, that sweet dimple in his square-featured, purely masculine face. That bit of innocence contrasting with the hulking muscles. Nice. *Very* nice. But he was not her goal. And with time running out she had to stay focused.

Eternity. Escape from the old life that had been nearly unbearable, that she wanted never to think about again. That was why she was here—to forget.

A brief, hard flash of being thirteen again. Of the street thugs who had taken her as she'd been exiting her mother's armored car. Of the brothel she'd been sold to in which she'd spent her teen years. The dirty mattress. The hard, merciless face of the madam. She still didn't know how they'd managed to get her away from her mother's guards. But they had. Just common thieves, really, and yet they had done it.

She'd been marketed to the customers as a novelty. The rich girl. Young, innocent. Afraid. Oh yes, they'd sold her fear as much as they had her body. Until, at eighteen, she'd escaped. Only to find her mother dead and everything gone—house, money, family. All had disappeared in one of the riot bombs that

had become too common all over Europe since the fall of the monarchy in London. The collapse of governments everywhere in response to overpopulation, a poor world economy and desperate people.

Her only comfort—and it was small—was that if she'd still been at home with her mother, she would have been dead as well.

Very small comfort.

*Don't think of it now.*

No, now she was here, at the Midnight Playground, where she'd struggled to get in for a whole year and had finally gained entrance.

Her beauty had been instrumental. She wasn't stuck up about it. It was impossible to be truly beautiful and not know it. Those who protested their own beauty were, in her mind, ridiculous. It was an inescapable fact. The same fact that had attracted so many customers in the brothel. It had been first her curse and now her gift. One she was determined to use as a means to her intended end.

Oh, she was broody tonight. She'd better calm herself or no one would approach her. Vampires were as sensitive to energy as they were to everything else.

She finished her drink in one long swallow, letting the heat of it move through her body. Pushed her heavy blonde hair from her face and looked up to find his gaze on her again. He smiled once more. Winked. Desire moved through her in a slowly undulating wave.

*Want him...*

But she had more important things to attend to.

She looked away, scanning the crowd. It was packed tonight. A few of the vampires had moved onto the dance floor. They were more than merely beautiful. Graceful beyond any human capacity. And among them were a pair she hadn't seen before.

Two males, stunning, as the vampires always were. They were dressed alike in black leather pants and no shirts, both of them tall. One with a short crop of spiky brown hair and a tight, muscular body, porcelain pale skin. The other with a leaner build, his black hair hanging in a thick braid down his back. His face was exotic, his skin a shining gold, as if he were nearly exoskeletal, made of polished metal. They moved together, their bodies in perfect synchronicity. As she watched, they surged closer, until the short-haired one was straddling the thigh of the leaner one.

Need shimmered over her skin like a wave of heat as she watched them dance. They were exciting. Exquisite.

The short-haired vampire raised his gaze and gestured with his hand. It took her a moment to realize he was motioning to her. She took a breath, stood and joined them on the dance floor.

She felt the stinging warmth of their bodies close in around her as she moved with them, one on either side, hips and shoulders barely grazing her skin, in time with the music. Then a hard pair of hands smoothing over her shoulders. Desire was an instant, steady pulse beat between her thighs.



The one with the long braid, moving behind her, whispered in her ear, "I am Luka."

"And I am Konstantine. You are Ilana, yes?" He spoke with a Russian accent, softened with time. She could feel the weight of his years as he stood before her, gazing into her face. She knew he was very old, older than the other one, Luka, by several centuries. "We have heard of you from some of the others. You are as enchanting as they said. And you smell luscious." His voice was a low purr. "Human, yet something else..."

Luka leaned in, until she could feel his breath against her ear. "Yes. She smells like smoke. Like incense." His accent was the same as Konstantine's, perhaps a bit heavier, lyrical, with an exotic edge she couldn't identify. "Like flowers."

"And sex," Konstantine added, smiling.

His eyeteeth gleamed in the pulsing lights, razor sharp and beautiful. She could see now his face was harsh featured, rugged, all hard edges and square lines. But gorgeous. His eyes were a deep, liquid brown, like two pieces of gleaming glass. His mouth was full and red, as if he'd recently drunk.

He took one of her hands, brought it to his lips, scraping his teeth across her knuckles. A wave of need rolled through her, staggering her. She swayed against Luka and he held her close, his hands closing around her waist. He had long, tapered fingers, the hands of a musician. She wanted to see him, to turn around, but she didn't dare. And she was too stunned by them both, by the sensations already spearing into her sex, simply having them this close. In fact, she was soaking wet. Ready. For anything.

So ready she was surprised when she found herself distracted by the Scotsman stepping onto the dance floor with another vampire, a petite female with a lush, rounded figure, radiant ebony skin and curling dark hair. The vampire pulled him down for a brief kiss, and she felt a strange sensation in her chest. Envy? How could that be? He was merely human. And here she was with two vampires, both beautiful, exotic, and shining with that immortal light.

Luka's hands moved down, his fingertips brushing the edge of her low-slung skirt, and pleasure was like a knife, cutting into her, just as their teeth would later, if she were lucky enough.

"We offer you an invitation," Konstantine said, still smiling. He reached out and ran one finger along her jaw. She trembled with need.

*Yes, must have him. Must have them both.*

"We want you with us this evening," Luka whispered from behind her. Then he turned her in his arms.

His face was smooth, pretty almost. So different from Konstantine's. A little androgynous. But every bit as beautiful. Incandescent. His eyes were a glowing hazel, silver and bronze and dusted with gold. His black hair was like liquid jet, dark and shining like a raven's feathers. But with that hard gleam of the vampires.

Her breasts ached.

*Yes...be with them...*

“Come with us, Ilana.”

She nodded.

As they took her hands and led her from the dance floor, she couldn't help but notice the redheaded Scotsman once more, her heart giving a sharp thud.

Whatever was wrong with her? She had exactly what she wanted. Or the beginning of it, at least. Perhaps these two vampires would be the ones to offer her the ultimate gift. And in any case, they were offering her an evening of sex—the most amazing, mind-blowing sex any human could ask for.

She wanted it. Needed it. Her body hummed with that need, a stark desire so pure and strong, she was dizzy with it.

So what was it about that man?

He was human. Nothing more. She could put him out of her mind and focus on the pair of exquisite creatures who were leading her up the grand marble staircase to the private rooms upstairs.

She burned with need. For Luka, Konstantine. And some part of her she wanted to deny, but couldn't, for that beautiful Scotsman with the charming dimple and the enormous muscles, who was in the arms of another vampire downstairs.

Calam watched her go off with the vampire pair. That blonde beauty he'd noticed before. Over and over. So cool. So elegant. Shields up, as much as any of the more ancient vampires. He would have thought that would have attracted them to her even more. Yet he knew she'd been coming here for some time and had never been offered the Turning Kiss.

Well, neither had he.

Perhaps it would be Zahara, the vampire who had pulled him with her onto the dance floor. She spun around him, her body slinking up against his, as sleek as a cat. She loved to dance, and he'd danced with her often. Had sex with her often. She was exquisite, with her skin as dark as night, her glossy black eyes, her fall of curls. Her perfectly curved figure impossibly lush. And at some other time, he might have welcomed her invitation. But tonight, all he could think of was the human woman.

Ilana.

He knew her name. He'd been at the club too long not to know a little of everyone who came there.

He wanted to know *her*.

But humans did not mingle at the club, other than those who already knew each other. Or those who were invited together by the vampires into a liaison. Sex. The dungeon play. They were all there to be with the vampires. To become one of them. Including him.

Why, then, was he so damn fascinated with this human woman that even now all he could think of was her face? Her lithe figure, her lush breasts. Her blonde hair falling like a wave of pure silk around her shoulders.

“You are not with me tonight, Calam,” Zahara said, standing still. She stroked a hard, cool hand over his face. “All you see is her.”

“My apologies, Zahara,” Calam said, bowing his head.

“Perhaps there is some meaning to it,” the vampire said, her voice low. She leaned in, brushed a kiss across his mouth. “I have other playmates. And I hear another calling for you. A different evening for us, perhaps.”

She smiled, her eyeteeth catching the lights from the dance floor.

What in the world was he thinking? But he couldn't help himself.

“Thank you, Zahara.”

She stepped back. Moved across the floor with that sinuous motion of swinging hips and vampiric grace. Leaving him standing there, with the music pulsing around him, the lights flashing. And Ilana's face in his mind.

Konstantine held a curtain aside, and Luka led Ilana into one of the larger alcoved rooms. In the center was a bed covered in dark red velvet and large enough to fit a number of people. The vampires adored luxurious surroundings. So did she. But she would have been every bit as aroused with this gorgeous pair in the slums.

“But you are here,” Konstantine said, reading her thoughts. He ran a fingertip along her jawline, down the side of her neck. Immediately, her body was covered in gooseflesh. In need. “You are here, with us. Our plaything for the evening. If you please us, we may take you to the dungeon, which I know you enjoy. Yes?”

“Yes.”

“We are new to the London club,” Konstantine told her. “We arrived just last night from Moscow. Our friend, Ever, told us all about you. You know of him?”

She nodded. “Yes. He is one of the owners of the club. I've seen him once or twice in the dungeons from afar. May I...ask what he told you about me?”

She didn't need to know. But she loved the tone of Konstantine's deep voice. She always loved listening to the vampires speak. There was something rich about their voices. Unique. Their voices were as ethereally gorgeous as the rest of them.

“He told us you enjoy the same darker play we do. In the dungeons. That you love the kiss of the paddle. The sting of the whip. We would have seen that in you anyway, of course. He thought you might be

a good match for us. That your coolness would please me. The better to break you down.” He smiled, his grin wicked. “But he also spoke of something deeper in you. He was right, as he always is.”

She smiled, and he smiled back, his eyeteeth catching the dim amber light from the sconces on the wall. She could see in his ancient gaze his desire for her. Desire and the shadows the older vampires so often carried.

“But,” Luka interjected, “with a human, you could top beautifully, I think.” He stroked her hair. It felt as if he was touching her skin all over, all at once. Desire pooled between her thighs. “I can see you wielding the whip yourself. You are so cool. So controlled. So elegant. Would you enjoy that, Ilana?”

“I will do what you like. For your pleasure. For my own.”

She was giving them nothing other than what she wanted. Submitting to these two creatures was only fulfilling the fantasies she’d had since she’d first heard about the vampire clubs.

“I would like very much to see that,” Konstantine said, moving in closer. “I would like to see our little ice queen command another human. But after we have conquered her coldness ourselves.” His hands went around her waist, and he pulled her into his hard body.

They felt as if they were carved from granite, the vampires. Velvet-soft skin over solid stone. When she pressed into his flesh, her hips arching into his, it gave way only the tiniest bit. As Luka pressed in behind her, she felt the rigid shaft of his erect cock against the small of her back. He was hard, harder than any human male could possibly be. And yet, there was some give there. His flesh was not yet as ancient as Konstantine’s. She loved the contrast of the two of them. Their bodies. Konstantine’s thoroughly masculine face that was all raw edges and Luka’s softer features. Konstantine’s pale, pale skin and Luka’s that lovely gold.

Their hands were everywhere, smoothing over her skin—her shoulders, her arms, her hips and thighs. She was heating up inside, her body responding, beginning to drown in sensation already.

It was only in these moment that she truly felt alive. Felt *anything*. The extreme and hard-edged pleasure of vampire flesh. But what she really required in order to feel, to open up, was the harder play. The whip, as they had mentioned. Spanking. Bondage. Being commanded into submission, which was the only place she felt safe enough to let go.

She shuddered, need pulsing between her thighs, in her aching breasts.

“We’re going to undress you now,” Luka whispered into her hair.

In moments she was naked. They all were. Luka took her to the bed, laid her down on her back while Konstantine stood where he was, watching. His eyes were liquid pools of whiskey-colored glass, glittering. His cock was thick, sprouting from between muscular thighs. Enormous.

Ilana licked her lips. The velvet coverlet was soft against her back. Her nipples were going hard in the cool air. Luka knelt on the edge of the bed. He was watching her, too, his cock as swollen as Konstantine’s, but longer, if not quite as thick.

“Spread for us, Ilana,” Konstantine told her, and Luka helped to part her thighs with his hands.

She was soaking wet. Falling into that strange and lovely headspace where the world melted away, and all that was left was *this*. This moment. This sense of the vampiric eyes on her naked flesh. The exquisite anticipation that came with knowing they were about to really touch her.

“I love the way a woman looks,” Luka said, his voice quiet, almost worshipful. “I love that your pink flesh looks like a flower. Purely something of nature. Wet and silky. Sweet.” He reached between her thighs and brushed her cleft with his fingertips, brought them to his face, pressing them to his lush lips. His tongue darted out, tasting her juices on his hand. “Ah, like perfume.”

Konstantine came up behind Luka then, took his hand and sucked his fingers into his mouth. He closed his eyes, and Ilana thought she would go mad if they didn’t touch her soon. Her breasts, her aching pussy.

Konstantine’s eyes opened, and he looked right at her, but his words were for Luka. “Use your mouth on her. I want to see her pleasure. To see her come.”

Luka smiled, nodded, and knelt on the floor before her. He pulled her to the edge of the bed, held her legs wide apart.

“I see you shiver, your flesh tremble while you wait for me to put my mouth on you,” he said.

“Yes,” she whispered.

He leaned in, and she felt his breath, that strange preternatural mix of warm and cool air that was unique to the vampires. He blew on her, tickling her flesh. It was like some sort of ethereal touch. Her sex throbbed, wanted.

“Please,” she murmured.

“What do you beg for?” Konstantine demanded. “Tell me.”

“For him to use his mouth on me. To lick me. To suck me.”

“Ah.” This from Luka, a quiet sigh.

He moved in then, his tongue darting out, catching the tip of her clitoris.

“Oh!”

Konstantine’s gaze was hard on hers. She couldn’t look away. She saw how heavily the centuries weighed on him. How cold he was with age. How detached, yet so deeply engaged in what was happening, in a way no human could be. Why did that make it all the hotter? Luka between her thighs, Konstantine simply watching her, but with such incredible focus.

“Work her, Luka,” he told the younger vampire. “Be merciless.”

Luka dove in, his tongue slipping between her swollen folds, right into her aching hole, then slipping out again. His fingers went to her pussy lips, holding her open, pinching lightly as he fucked her with his tongue. Pleasure was like a knife, piercing her flesh as surely as his teeth would at some point tonight. She was writhing, her hips arching. And still Konstantine’s unwavering gaze was on hers, driving her on.

“Do it now,” he instructed Luka.

The younger vampire shifted, his mouth going right to that rigid nub of needy flesh. He sucked hard, her clit hurting and lovely, sensation moving through her like a sharp, white light.

“Oh...please...”

“Please?” Konstantine asked, his tone another low command.

“Please let me come,” she begged.

“He will make you come, our little ice queen.” His voice was low, insistent.

She could feel the intensity of him. His age. The force of his immortality. It bore into her body nearly as much as Luka’s fingers did as he slid them inside her.

“Ah!”

Luka really went to work, then. Fucking her with his fingers, sucking on her hard clit. When the first sharp edge of his teeth pierced her flesh, she cried out and came.

Her climax was like a blinding light, shimmering behind her eyes. Hurting, yet exquisite. Pleasure arced into her. Burning her. Scorching her. Wonderful.

She was shivering all over as Luka drank from her, just a few drops, but enough that she could see something of who he was.

A young man from a small Siberian village. Possibly only a hundred years earlier, perhaps a little more. He was stunning even then, as a human. But she saw war in his country, a war not of his own people. Felt his dread.

She heard the word *Sevvostlag*. A prison camp.

It was night time when Konstantine found him, his immortal grace blazing like a beacon as Luka paced along a high, chain-link fence topped in barbed wire. She felt Luka’s desire mixed with fear. What was he, this glorious and beautiful creature, who had come to him like some sort of dark angel? Then another flash, as though a page had turned—Konstantine lifting Luka over the fence, taking him away, carrying him a long, long distance.

Another page, and the two of them coming together under a sky full of stars, the cold air on Luka’s fragile, human skin as the vampire laid him down in a summer field, the wheat just harvested. The sweetness of Konstantine’s tender kiss on his lips, whispered words in a language she didn’t understand. Konstantine stroking Luka’s face, his touch gentle. Then the hard shimmer of pleasure as the vampire pushed into him, one long, punishing thrust. And finally, the heat of Konstantine’s bite on the back of his neck as the old vampire Turned him.

*This is exactly what I want. Please...*

To be Turned. To be one of them. It was everything she wanted. Everything she had so far been denied.

Perhaps this would be it, the ones who chose her. She would go to them willingly, beautiful as they were. And she had seen in those flickering images the love they shared, that they were each capable of.

If only they would want her enough.

## Chapter Two

The visions rippled before her eyes, dissolved. She was back in her body, still shivering with her climax. Luka was holding her, petting her hair gently. Konstantine was with them on the bed. He wasn't looking at her, but at Luka, with an expression of such fierce tenderness it was shocking. How could this hard and ancient creature be so...vulnerable? And as she watched, Luka turned his face and Konstantine kissed him, a soft, sweet press of lips.

Need filled her once more, simply watching them together. Their obvious adoration. And as she watched, their kiss grew hungrier, more urgent. Konstantine pulled Luka hard against his body, one arm around the younger vampire's waist. She almost didn't dare to breathe as they opened their mouths, the kiss becoming demanding, purely sexual. They pulled apart a mere few centimeters, their tongues twining, then crushed their mouths together once more.

Konstantine began a low growl, deep in his throat, in his broad chest. The growl grew until it was an animal sound that drove fear and a sharp, keening desire through her system, into her sex.

Luka yielded to him silently. She wasn't even certain how she knew it. But she could feel it, as if, even though he no longer drank from her, some mental connection remained. And at that moment Konstantine's hand wrapped around Luka's long braid, and he pulled him roughly from the bed and onto the floor.

Ilana gasped, but she knew they didn't hear her now. Konstantine turned Luka, shoved him face down on the polished marble, spread his legs with one hand while gripping the back of his neck with the other. And with one hard thrust, shoved his erect cock into him.

Luka sighed. From where she lay, propped up on a pile of pillows, she saw him brace himself, his hands splayed on the floor as Konstantine drove into him, over and over. So hard she could hear the clash of hard vampire flesh on hard vampire flesh. Had Luka been human, she knew it would have killed him.

But sex among the vampires was primal, dangerous, fierce. They were more careful with the humans. Usually. Unless the blood lust was too much upon them. But that was a risk every human member of the club agreed to when they entered. And for Ilana, that was part of the allure of being with the vampires. That sense of danger. Watching it now was making her hot all over, lust pounding through her veins, her breasts, her soaking pussy, with the same jagged rhythm with which Konstantine pounded into Luka.

The longer she watched, the more she ached for them.

*Need you both.*



Konstantine stopped then, turned to face her. The agony of pleasure on his face was exquisite, thrilling to see.

“Do not think we have forgotten our little ice queen,” he said, his voice still that low, animal rumble. “After I fuck my darling Luka, he will fuck you. He will drive into your lovely, fragrant body until you come again. For me. For us.”

“Konstantine...” she said, her voice trailing off. She wasn’t even certain what she wanted to say. Her mind was spinning. All she knew was the glorious need surging through her.

“Yes, I know, my beauty. But if I fucked you now I would tear you apart.”

“Ah, God...”

He grinned at her, and it was a beautiful and terrifying thing. Then he turned back to Luka, who hadn’t moved, holding still with a flawless, preternatural will. Konstantine began to fuck him again, plowing into his ass, over and over. And still Luka never moved, other than a fine shivering of his golden skin.

Ilana licked her lips, the desire building inside her almost as if she were the one being fucked, being touched.

“Yes,” Konstantine gasped. “Touch yourself. Let me watch you, beauty.”

Oh, to perform for him... The mere idea was another sharp stab of desire. She slipped one hand between her naked thighs, spreading them wide as she did so. She found her wet cleft, her fingers slipping between her swollen folds, spreading them apart. Konstantine kept his icy gaze on her hand as she began to rub, up and down, over her slit.

“Fuck yourself with your fingers, Ilana,” he demanded. “Do it now.”

She pressed one finger inside her pussy, then two. Gaspd with pleasure.

“Ah, beautiful. You may look at her, my Luka,” he told the younger vampire.

Luka turned his head, his metallic gaze locking on hers. And he was there with her, inside her head once more. Or she was in his. It was hard to tell. She no longer knew what was her hand plunging into her sex and what was Konstantine’s thick cock driving into his ass. All she knew was pleasure, so pure, so powerful, it was making her dizzy.

She watched the two vampires, the sharp motion of Konstantine’s hips slamming into Luka. The two pairs of eyes on her—one pair merely old, one truly ancient. And sensation built so quickly it stunned her. Soon she was coming. Konstantine was coming. She could feel the heat of it in her pussy, her ass, his cock. Her body pulsed with it—heat and pleasure and the throbbing of blood in her veins. Her human blood. Luka’s vampire blood, and Konstantine’s. Pleasure joined them all together as one being.

Before she stopped shivering with climax, the vampire pair were with her. Konstantine lay on his back, and Luka picked her up and laid her on top of him. She could smell them both, like ancient stone and something earthier. Lovely. Something having to do with Konstantine’s come in Luka’s body. That scent,

and something incredibly thrilling about being this close to them. To Konstantine's ancient, unyielding aloofness. Luka's enduring sweetness. Her breasts were pressed to the older vampire's hard, hard chest. They ached for his touch, her nipples burning. Konstantine shifted, his hands going to caress those hardened tips.

She moaned. He pinched. She yelped.

A low chuckle from Konstantine, right next to her ear. She could feel his breath in her hair. "Ah, you like this, beauty. A little pain with your pleasure, yes?"

"Yes."

"It pleases me," he told her. "Put your arms behind your back now, and clasp your hands together. Very good. And lay your head on my shoulder. You are so exquisite like this. In submission to us."

She could feel his cock hardening against her belly once more. Needed one of them to fuck her. But her mind was going empty again. She was too full of sensation. The idea of submitting to these two beautiful vampires, as Konstantine had said. She loved it. She needed more.

"Patience," Konstantine said, but there was humor in his low tone.

"Shall I fuck her now, Konstantine?" Luka asked, his hands smoothing over her back, her buttocks.

Lust shimmered over her skin. His touch was wondrously gentle. Cool. Lovely. She waited for Konstantine's answer.

"I think she cannot wait any longer. Fuck her now, my Luka."

Luka parted her thighs with his hands, spreading them wide, until her legs were draped on either side of Konstantine's body. While she'd had sex with vampires before, none matched the sensation these two caused in her, the intensity of response. Something about the interplay between them. The connection. Their startling, dark beauty.

*Yes, more.*

"Oh yes, she needs it," Luka said, his tone lowering, his exotic accent thicker than before. "And I need you, Ilana. I need to fuck you. To feel the heat of your human pussy surround my cock. Just. Like. This."

He pushed into her with a sigh.

"Ah, Luka!"

Konstantine grasped her wrists in one of his big hands, holding tight, while with the other he pinched her nipple, driving sensation higher. And Luka began to move, his cock sliding in, filling her up.

Luka's mouth was right next to her ear, and he murmured, "How beautiful you feel inside. Like wet silk. I could fuck you all night. Come into you over and over again." He thrust, two sharp jabs, pushing pleasure deeper into her body.

"Oh..."

"Fuck her harder, Luka, my love," Konstantine directed.

“Yes, Konstantine. I want it, harder, faster. I only wish she were one of us, so she could take all we can offer.”

Luka’s hips pistoned, and she felt desire rising once more, cresting. His cock moving inside her, the stony scent of their vampire flesh. The thrilling idea that Luka had it in mind to make her one of them already.

“You are going to come again soon, beauty,” Konstantine said. It wasn’t a question. But she didn’t know if he was reading her, or if he could feel the quivering of her pussy, with her mound pressed against the length of his cock.

“I can feel it everywhere,” he said quietly. “In your mind. In Luka’s body. And in your hot, velvet pussy.”

Hearing him talk to her this way was making it even better, hotter.

“We know this, that you love it,” Luka said. “We love your open wantonness. We chose you for that as much as for your cool beauty. But you will love this even more.”

His cock slid from her body, and she felt momentarily empty. Then he swiped her juices with his hand, slipping his fingers back to that tightest hole. Together the two vampires lifted her, shifted, and Konstantine impaled her, his thick cock shafting hard into her pussy.

“Ah God, Konstantine...”

He was so big she could hardly take him. And she understood the danger in inflaming the passions of this particular vampire. But perhaps the fact that he’d come only minutes earlier would keep her safe. It felt too good to even consider asking him to stop.

“Take a breath,” Luka told her. “Breathe it out. Relax. And take him. You can do it, Ilana.”

She did as he instructed, letting her pussy relax around the heavy flesh of Konstantine’s cock.

“And now,” Luka whispered into her hair, “you will take me.”

The tip of his cock slid into her anus. She tensed for a moment, then sighed with pure pleasure.

“Oh, yes...”

“Relax,” he told her once more.

She pulled in a breath, forced herself to accept the second cock, and he moved past that first tight ring of muscle.

Konstantine held still for one moment, two. Then he began to pump into her. At the same time, Luka began a more gentle rhythm, pushing into her ass, sliding out. She could feel the two cocks inside her, through the delicate membrane that separated them. That friction itself added sensation, another layer upon Konstantine fucking her pussy and Luka fucking her ass. The impossible sensations that belonged to Luka, and finally, those that belonged to Konstantine.

She was overwhelmed, her mind buzzing, her body thrumming with a pleasure that drew her to impossible heights. She was coming in moments, writhing, crying out. And once more Luka bit her, on the back of the neck this time, drawing her blood into his mouth.

Instantly she was back in his body, his mind, tasting the sweet, metallic flavor of her own blood on his tongue. Seeing once more his pure adoration for Konstantine, the way the older vampire treasured his mate. The bond the two of them shared. She felt it with them, as though she were a part of it herself. Not merely as their plaything for the evening, but a *part* of them.

She felt tears on her cheeks. She didn't understand them. Perhaps they belonged to her. Perhaps they were Luka's emotions. She could no longer tell the difference. Then she heard them both murmuring over her.

"It was too much for her," Luka said, worry in his tone.

"No, she will be fine, our little ice queen. We have simply broken through the ice," Konstantine answered.

Broken through.

No. Impossible.

But she couldn't think. Her vision hazed, then her mind. She slipped into darkness.

She was lying on a soft bed. Softer than anything she'd felt in her life. Smooth sheets, not the velvet coverlet of the playrooms at the club. Where was she? She was so sleepy, she didn't want to open her eyes. And if this was some sort of lovely dream, she wasn't sure she wanted to wake up.

She let her focus broaden—and became aware of the sound of someone breathing. She knew even before she opened her eyes that it was human, not vampire. When she opened her eyes, she gasped in shock.

It was the Scotsman.

He was just as superb in the sunlight filtering in through high, arched windows as he'd ever been in the dim and pulsing nighttime lighting of the club's bar, the dungeons. The sun glinted copper in his auburn hair. His eyes were a calm gray. No, silver more than gray. And he was shirtless, his shoulders broad and packed with heavy muscle. He was sitting on a low, damask-covered settee. Watching her.

She realized she was naked still, her body covered only by a fine white sheet. Not that it mattered. She was proud of her body and not in the least self-conscious. No, the shock was simply that it was *him* sitting there, in this strange room with her.

"Where am I?" she asked, her throat dry, as if she'd been sleeping a very long time. "And who are you?"

“I’m Calam.” His voice was soft, the Scottish burr lending it a rumbling edge that reverberated in her body. Purely sensual, his voice. “You’re in the Midnight Playground. This room is one of several on the top floors used by the owners and their...favored guests.”

He smiled, and she saw the dimple in his left cheek. Such a contrast to his gorgeously masculine face, the bulk of muscle that made up his body.

“Where are Konstantine and Luka?” She sat up, leaned against the velvet-padded headboard that rose a good six feet behind her. She looked around the large room, found it to be as luxuriously furnished as the rest of the club, everything in plush cream and burgundy velvet and damask, fine wood edged in gilt, the floors the same polished marble found everywhere at the club.

“They are with Ever,” he answered.

“Ever?”

“Do you know of him?”

“Yes, of course. But, he’s a legend here. It’s hard to think of anyone I know actually being with him.”

Calam smiled once more.

“What is it?” Ilana asked him. “Why do you smile at me?”

He shrugged. “You may get to know him yourself before long.”

“How do you know so much, Calam? About Ever. These rooms. The club.”

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his leather-clad knees, and she saw the flex of muscle in his abs. He really was spectacularly built.

“I’ve been working at the Midnight Playground these last seven years. I started out scrubbing floors when I was nineteen years old and newly arrived from Edinburgh. I’ve tended bar here. Served in the dungeons as an assistant, helping to service the equipment, to carry the spent mortals to bed. I’ve done nearly everything here.”

“But be offered the Turning Kiss,” Ilana said, sensing a sadness in him and assuming it paralleled her own.

“Yes,” he answered, his expression serious.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “That was crass of me.”

“But correct nevertheless.”

Calam smiled at her again to soften the words. He didn’t mind her saying it, this beautiful woman he’d watched from afar for so long, and who was now right in front of him. It was true, what she’d said. A truth they both shared.

“And what are you doing here now?” she asked him.

He was momentarily distracted by her blue, blue eyes. They were large, rounded, yet slightly tilted at the corners, the only softness in her otherwise perfectly carved face. High cheekbones, a fine jawline. Even

her throat, her collarbone were perfectly made. Her body was all long, lean curves, her legs endless. He had to breathe through the desire pulsing through his system like heat. Like an electric shock, being this close to her, and her naked beneath the sheet.

“In general, I am in the dungeons,” he answered after a moment. “Playing with those who ask for me. They like me because I can take a lot. I don’t mean to be a braggart. But I’m known for my stamina. I love the pain play. And I can switch just as happily, topping their mortal playmates for their entertainment. They pay me generously, house me here at the club. It’s the best damn job I’ve ever had, frankly.”

He grinned at her. He couldn’t help it. He could see she didn’t find any of it shocking, as most people would. But of course, she was in bed after a night with the vampires. There should be very little she would find shocking after that. He must seem almost mundane to her, being merely human. Although, she was human, as well, and she was fascinating to him. Becoming even more so, now that he could talk with her.

He knew Konstantine hadn’t asked him here merely to guard over her sleep. He knew the old vampire and his partner, Luka, would want much more from him. He could hardly wait. To be with them—they were as dazzling as any of the vampires were. More exotic, with their Russian accents. Luka’s golden skin and Asian features. Konstantine’s great age and power. And something about their chemistry together...their intense bond made them even more attractive.

And Ilana was to be a part of it.

He was going hard simply thinking about it. Sex with this particular vampire pair. And sex with her...

“I actually meant,” Ilana said, interrupting his train of thought, “what are you doing here, watching me sleep?”

“Watching you sleep.” His grin widened. “I know—I’m being vague. I was asked to come and watch over you, so that you shouldn’t wake alone.”

“Ah. Thank you, Calam.” She smiled, and all the coolness left her face. And left him harder than ever, his cock pulsing.

*Need to touch her.*

His hands fisted at his sides.

“Do you need anything?” he asked her. “I called for some tea just before you woke.”

“Tea would be lovely.”

“You’re lovely,” he told her. “I’m sure you’re not unaware. I’m sure you know if you weren’t, you wouldn’t be here. But I felt the need to tell you all the same. You have the bluest eyes I’ve ever seen...dark blue, like the sky just before the sun sets.”

She blushed. So *pretty*. Absolutely female. It seemed to confuse her, either his compliment, or her response to it. She bit her lip, looked away for a moment, through the tall, paned windows at the gray London sky. He followed her gaze. It looked lonely to him, as it often did. Or perhaps it was that he’d been alone for so many years.

Something about her...maybe that he could sense the softness beneath her hard, icy exterior, the one she showed to the outside world. It made him feel that loneliness more than he usually did. It was something he'd lived with most of his life. Ever since...well, he wouldn't think of that now.

He didn't like that he sensed that same loneliness in her. He didn't want that for her. He couldn't stand it.

"Ilana?" She turned back to him as he went to sit on the edge of the bed. "How are you? Do you feel all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Truly I am. I feel good. A bit sore all over, but this wonderful bed is helping. I feel as if I've slept forever." She stretched, her arms overhead.

He couldn't help but let his gaze dart to her breasts as the sheet fell away. Gods, but they were spectacular. Full and heavy, the nipples pale pink. Succulent.

"For nearly two days," he said, lifting his gaze back to hers with some effort.

He smiled once more, for no reason that he could tell. Lovely. Warm. Driving that vague sense of loneliness away. She was here with him. He didn't need to think of anything else. And in her smile there was something seductive. Sweet, yet there was a definite invitation there. He felt a frisson of desire spark in the cool air between them that had to do with something other than his own hardening cock. It was her desire as well, emanating from her like a hint of perfume in the air.

He stared at her a moment, watched as her pink lips parted, her tongue darting out for a moment to moisten them. Nerves in that small, quick motion, but yes, desire like a flame, warming them both.

"Ah, I would climb in there with you right now if Konstantine and Luka hadn't laid claim to you," he told her.

"Have they?"

He nodded.

Her smile broadened, her long lashes lowering over her alluring blue eyes. "And if they hadn't, I would invite you to."

If only she would lean toward him, draw him into bed with her. Let him feel her naked flesh against his.

The door opened and they both glanced up, but it was only a serving girl with the tea tray. She set it down on the foot of the bed, gave a wordless nod and left the room.

Calam poured for them both into fragile china teacups painted with the club's dragon head insignia in black and gold, wicked teeth bared, its long tongue a graceful arc in red. He set one cup on a saucer, handed it to her along with a small plate of scones and fruit.

"So, what's your story, Ilana?" he asked her as they sipped their tea. He had to distract himself or he was going to pull her into him, kiss her. Push her down on the bed and slide into her warm body.

Ah, no. He'd better keep her talking. Konstantine hadn't given him leave to do any of those things to the vampire's chosen lover. Not yet, anyway.

"My story?" She set her cup down on the saucer, took a bite of the fruit on her plate.

"We all have one. Shall I tell you more of mine first while you eat? Yes?"

She nodded, taking a small bite of the fresh scone, then licking a crumb from her pretty pink mouth.

"Well, I was born in Edinburgh, as I mentioned earlier. My mother was a prostitute."

He saw her flinch. Saw how she tried to hide it by sipping from her cup. So, she had a story too. Most of those at the Midnight Playground did. He wouldn't press her about it.

"It was a hard life, as you can imagine," he went on. "Hard for her. Hard for me. When I reached ten years of age her madam gave her an ultimatum—either I start serving the customers as she did or I had to get out. My mother didn't want that life for me. She thought I might have a better chance on the streets."

"And did you?" Ilana asked.

He shrugged, wanting to ignore the old pain. His mother was long gone. He'd heard that much when he was still a teenager on the streets of Edinburgh. Dead from some illness gone untreated—he'd never been able to find out what it was. Mostly, he tried not to think of her anymore. What else was he to do? She'd done the best by him she could. End of story.

"Probably," he answered Ilana. "I joined a group of street urchins. The oldest at that time was perhaps fourteen. We stayed together..." his chest went tight. This was much harder to forget. He never would. It was what drove him out of Scotland. What had driven him to seek out the vampires. He took in a breath before he went on. "Well, we stayed together until I came here."

She watched him carefully for a moment, but didn't press him further. He was glad for it. It was rare he told anyone about how things had ended for him there. It was too damn hard.

"Now, what about you?" he asked, trying to shake it off, that old sense of loss. Guilt.

Ilana set her teacup down on the tray, sat back, leaning against the headboard. "My mother was...wealthy. I was taken from her at thirteen and...I suppose it won't shock you to know that I was forced into the brothel life."

"But you escaped," he said simply. It hurt him to think of what she'd been through. He swallowed it down.

*She is just like the rest of us here.*

Except that there was something different about her. For him, anyway.

"Yes. At eighteen. I got out. Went to work as a hostess in the restaurants, worked my way up until I got into the nicer places. But it wasn't enough. It was never enough. Do you know what I mean?"

Why was it important that he understand? Ilana couldn't figure it out. He was just another beautiful male. A *human* male.



He nodded. “Those of us who come here come looking for more. More than we could ever find in the mundane existence we mortals lead in the world outside.”

“And you’ve been here seven years, and are still human.”

“Yes.”

She searched his face, his warm silvery eyes. “Do you never give up hope, Calam?”

“Not yet. But tomorrow is another day, for good or bad.”

He was grinning again. He seemed to possess an infallible good humor, despite what sounded to be a very hard life. No harder than her own perhaps, but that had been hard enough. She felt as if they understood one another in that regard.

She liked him. And he was one of the most gorgeous human males she’d ever come upon. She’d thought so the first time she’d seen him in the club. And up close...his skin was nearly as pale as one of the vampires, with just a sprinkling of freckles across those impossibly broad shoulders. Skin like milk. And the skin on his face was just as fine, yet his features were purely male.

She was warming all over, and not only from the tea. There was something about Calam her body responded to. Something deep and primal.

“Ilana,” he said, his tone low. He leaned in, moving a few inches closer.

She could smell the scent of him, of soap and male flesh. Her sex gave a hard, sudden squeeze.

“Calam, I—”

“I know. Ilana...” He lifted a hand, reaching for her. And dropped it when the door opened once more.

## Chapter Three

She knew without looking it was a vampire entering the room.

Luka.

When she looked up she found his gaze on her, that glossy hazel, his eyes almond shaped, exotic.

“It is good you two are getting to know each other,” Luka said, smiling as he crossed the room. “I can smell your desire. Both of you. This is good as well. Konstantine will be pleased. *I am pleased.*”

Calam stood as Luka approached the bed, and Ilana felt a surge of desire as the vampire drew near.

His gaze locked onto hers as he settled onto the bed beside her, leaned in and kissed her cheek. His lips were a warm brush of flesh, soft and hard all at once. She was always surprised at how warm the vampire’s flesh could be.

He lifted one hand, brushed it over the spot he had just kissed. “And your beautiful flesh even warmer than ours,” he murmured. “So hot. Hot for me, Ilana. And for our friend, Calam. Yes. And for Konstantine as well. We will make a fine group.”

“All of us?” she dared to ask.

“All of us.” Luka reached behind him and pulled on Calam’s hand until Calam stood next to the bed. “Take the tea tray away,” Luka said to him quietly, “and undress. Konstantine will join us soon.”

Calam smiled, took Ilana’s teacup from her hands, removed the tray. Then he stood beside the bed and kicked his way out of the black leather pants he wore, leaving him naked. Glorious. His erect cock was thick and dark at the tip. Ilana’s body went soft all over, a melting heat at her core.

She was to have him. Calam. And Luka and Konstantine. Had she ever dreamed of anything she could have wanted more?

“And Ever,” Luka said, a small smile on his face as he reached for Calam, stroking his hand over the strong male thigh.

“Ever,” she repeated, dizzy with it. The idea was overwhelming, even for her, a woman who had served the desires of dozens of men over her lifetime, first by force, then by choice. A woman who had slept with a dozen vampires since coming to the club. But this...

“It will be as good as you think it might be, with Ever,” Luka said. “With us all.”

He was stroking Calam’s cock. She watched, fascinated, as his hand fisted, moved up the length of it, back down, then up again. Calam’s eyes closed, his head falling back.

“Luka, please,” she pleaded, knowing he would see into her mind, into her desires, and know exactly what she asked for.

He smiled to her. “Yes, I know what you want, Ilana. To be touched by us all. To be fucked. To watch us do these things to each other. You love to watch nearly as much as Konstantine does.”

“Yes...”

“Then lie back and watch us, little ice queen.”

Luka stood and stripped off his dark leather pants, his white shirt, until he was as naked as Calam. And instantly he drew Calam to him roughly, one hand going into his auburn hair, holding tight, pulling his head back, and kissed him.

Ilana moaned as their mouths came together, that meeting of vampire and human flesh. Their mouths lush and red, tongues darting out, then their lips crushing together. The kiss was rough in only the way a kiss between males could be. But harder, more powerful, more fierce, than any two mortals would have been. And with that lovely flash of Luka’s gleaming white eyeteeth. Shining. Dangerous.

Luka pulled Calam closer, their hips nearly meeting, their two hard cocks brushing against each other. She saw Calam arc into Luka, his hips tilting. Luka laughed, pulled away.

“You are too eager today, Calam. Is it our beautiful girl here who is making you so anxious? So needy?”

“Yes, Luka,” Calam answered, turning to look at her, his gray gaze steady on hers. “I want her.” There was challenge in his voice. She loved that he wasn’t simply submitting to the vampire.

Luka smiled, leaned in, and with his lips parted, dragged just the edge of one of his fangs over the skin of Calam’s throat, his collarbone. Calam swallowed, but he didn’t move. Heat crept over Ilana’s skin, simply watching them together. Knowing that sensual scraping of teeth along the skin that often was a precursor to the Seeking Kiss.

“Ah, it’s far too soon for that,” Luka said, reading her thoughts. “As tempting as it is. But since he wants you so badly, since I can feel it so keenly, he shall have you. And I will watch, as my dear Konstantine so often does. Do with her as you will, Calam.”

A sharp stab of need in her sex, knowing Calam was to have her. Knowing they would have an audience. Oh yes, she was an exhibitionist. But she’d known that about herself for a long time. How that extra pair of eyes drove pleasure deeper into her body. How it made her feel admired. Adored. Beautiful.

Calam had a small smile on his face as Luka let him go. He knelt on the edge of the bed, reached out, yanked the sheet down, exposing her.

“Lie back against the pillows,” Calam said. *Commanded.*

Her body went loose all over, hearing the authority in his tone. Loving it.

“Spread your pretty thighs for me, Ilana. Yes, perfect.”

She did as he said, parting her legs wide. Calam climbed onto the bed, his muscular thighs on either side of her face, so that his cock was a few tempting inches from her mouth. He lowered his head between her thighs until she could feel his breath warm on her shaved sex.

“Suck me,” he told her.

She raised her head and let her tongue curl around the tip of his cock.

His swollen flesh was sweet, the smallest drop of pre-come salty on her tongue. She licked again, heard him moan, and another moan from Luka, who had come to sit next to them on the bed.

She felt the vampire’s hand on her stomach, then lower, his hard fingers sliding in her juices as he spread her pussy lips wide, holding her open for Calam.

“Ah, so beautiful,” Calam murmured before dipping his head to draw his tongue over her aching cleft.

She sighed, pleasure trembling through her system like a small electric shock. Lovely and sharp.

“Come on, Ilana. Take me now. Take me deep,” Calam ordered her.

She opened her lips, drew his flesh in, taking as much of the thick shaft as she could. And as she did, Calam’s tongue went into her hole, and he began to fuck her. It was like some soft, hot cock, in and out. Desire undulated through her, snakelike. Liquid.

“Wait,” Luka said, and they both stilled. “Take my fingers into your mouth, Ilana. Yes, very good.”

He dipped his fingers between her lips, held them there, and she swirled her tongue over them. He drew them out.

“Now take Calam’s cock in your pretty mouth. Ah, I love to see it, to see you suck him deep. It makes me need to fuck you again myself. But there will be time for that.”

Ilana held Calam’s cock in her mouth, raised her head to swallow him deeper. He moaned, his hips arching into her lips. And at the same time, he took her clitoris into his mouth and sucked, as if it were a small, hard cock, his tongue grazing the sensitive tip.

She shivered, pleasure rippling through her body—her clit, her belly, her breasts.

“Ah, so good,” Luka murmured. “But this will make it better for us all.”

She watched as he slipped one wet finger into Calam’s ass, then two. Heard Calam’s grunt of pleasure. Felt an answering surge in her own body. From Calam sucking on her clit. From his beautiful cock in her mouth. From watching Luka’s hard fingers sinking into Calam’s ass and pumping gently. And that sense of shared pleasure between all of them, human and vampire.

*Human...*

*Calam.*

How could she think so much of him with Luka, enticing as only one of the immortals could be, in bed with them? But pleasure was too raw and hard in her body to figure it out. All she knew was the clean, male scent of her human lover, the strange stonelike fragrance that was vampire flesh. And desire rising in her body, making her stomach, her sex, her breasts, go tight.

She began to pump her hips as Calam suckled her swollen clit, creating a rhythm. Calam's cock surging into her mouth. Luka's fingers driving into Calam's ass. She knew he loved it, being impaled as she sucked his cock. She could feel him pulse every time Luka's fingers pressed into him.

"You take it so well," Luka said to Calam, his own voice rough with desire. "I love to feel you tighten around my fingers. But I want you both to come now. Come for me, my mortal lovers."

Calam groaned as Luka drove deeper. He sucked harder on her clitoris, shifting to press his fingers into her sex. Sensation built, spiraled, as they became one being—cock and pussy and ass. Mouths and hands, working, working, that rhythm cresting as her body exploded. She heard Calam cry out just before he came into her mouth, down her throat. Sugar and salt on her tongue. Writhing bodies, arching hips. And Luka's small sigh of satisfaction at seeing them climax.

"Beautiful," the vampire murmured as Calam climbed off her, lying next to her on the big bed. "But there is more to come."

Luka reached out, stroked Ilana's cheek, smiled at Calam. He really was an incredible beauty, with his exotic features, his golden skin, those mesmerizing eyes that shifted like precious metals in the wan sunlight.

She heard Calam's rough breath next to her, could feel the heat of his body. She wanted to curl into him, but she didn't dare.

Why this odd craving with him? Now that desire was not quite so immediate, she had a few moments to think about it. But she couldn't figure it out. Calam was *human*. And all she'd wanted for years was to be with the vampires. To become one of them. To spend eternity with a vampire mate. No more loss. No more grief. To be invincible, so that no one could hurt her ever again.

"Ilana..." Calam rolled onto his side, took her hand, his fingers folding around hers.

She was aware of Luka watching them, but there was a certain tenderness on his face, along with that softness desire brought, even to the vampires.

She squeezed Calam's hand, then let it go. "I'm fine," she said. Perhaps more to convince herself than anyone else. Her head was still spinning.

Calam. Luka.

Human. Vampire.

*Need...*

"Are you ready for more?" Luka asked, tilting her chin in his hand. Heat rushed through her system at his touch. The intensity of his preternatural gaze as he looked into her eyes.

"Oh, yes. I'm ready," she told him. It was the truth. She was burning with a hard, driving lust once more.

Luka smiled. The doors to the room opened. And Konstantine walked in, along with the most ancient vampire she had ever seen.

Ever.

So exquisite, everything else in the room—everyone—momentarily faded from view. He was even taller than Konstantine, and a stark contrast to the Russian vampire's hard, dark looks. Ever was pale, as pale as white marble, his skin gleaming in a way she'd never seen before. His hair was just as pale, long and tied back from his face. And his face...his features were even prettier than Luka's. Androgynous. So lovely it was difficult to look at him, to take it all in. His eyes were absolutely black, so dark they were like two pieces of glittering jet. Impossible to read. Mysterious. She had no idea if he'd been born with eyes so dark, or if it had more to do with his ancient nature.

She felt overwhelmed simply looking at him. In awe. Of his age, which seemed to emanate from his long, lean body. In awe of the force of his presence. And the pain so clearly etched on his features.

What must it be like to experience centuries, to carry those experiences with you?

But just as clearly as the awe was the heat building in her body as Ever and Konstantine strode across the room. The heat she felt from Calam next to her. Even the desire building in Luka's vampiric body.

Konstantine was smiling at them, his fangs peeking at the edges of his lush mouth. There were no words, just Konstantine reaching for Luka, tearing his clothes from his body. The small ripping sound as fabric and leather gave way. Then Konstantine pushed Luka back on the bed, and in moments his own clothes were gone. His body was all hard, masculine lines, taut muscle, a sprinkling of dark hair on his chest. His nipples were nearly bronze. Erect. She wanted to touch them. To take them into her mouth. To watch Luka do it himself.

But it was Ever who came up behind Konstantine, his pale hands sliding around the darker vampire's body. He pinched Konstantine's nipples in his fingers, and Konstantine shivered, his eyes fluttering closed. Ilana watched as Ever pinched again, twisting the swollen flesh. She watched as Konstantine's enormous cock twitched. And her body went soft and hot all over. Aching with the need to be touched. Fucked. For them to drink from her. To do as they wanted with her.

And in the back of her mind was that now-constant awareness of Calam.

Konstantine's eyes opened, and he leaned over Luka, reaching for Ilana. He filled his palms with her breasts, and she arched into him.

"So beautiful, our ice princess," he murmured, thumbing her nipples, then giving them a sharp pinch.

"Oh..."

"Yes, your sighs are so pretty," Konstantine said. "Shall we hear some more?"

His hand slipped down over her stomach, his fingers driving into her soaking pussy, and her body clenched in response.

"Ah, yes, spectacular," Konstantine said. "But what might happen should we all have our hands on you at once? Our mouths. Our cocks. Will it take all of us to melt you?"

She shivered, desire screaming in her veins.

*Yes. Yes. Yes...*

Konstantine leaned farther, over Luka, and Luka took his partner's cock in his mouth and began to suck him hard. Konstantine drove his fingers deeper into Ilana's body. And next to her, Calam pressed against her side, his mouth going to her nipple, sucking, tugging, biting just hard enough. And finally Ever bent over her and kissed her.

Sensation was like the brilliance of the sun shining through the windows, dazzling her. Ever's mouth was a stunning contradiction of hard and soft. He tasted of honey and the weight of the centuries. He tasted of stone and moss and some flavor that was more a high-pitched sound just out of her reach than it was something she could taste.

She was writhing, on the edge instantly. Calam's mouth was so hot on her breast, his hand kneading the full flesh. Konstantine's thrusting fingers, driving pleasure deeper, deeper. And finally, Luka reached under her somehow and pushed into her ass with his fingers, soaked in the juices from her wet and aching sex.

Ever's tongue twined with hers, the sweetness almost more than she could bear. That and the pleasure assaulting her from everywhere. Every orifice. Every angle. She forced herself to keep her eyes open, to watch Luka swallowing Konstantine's cock, Ever's hand still torturing Konstantine's nipple.

Calam was pressing into her side, his hips working, his cock rubbing against her. She needed to feel him inside her. To feel some cock in her body.

*Please...*

Ever pulled his mouth from hers, laughing, a strangely hollow sound. "Then you shall have it," he said, his voice deep. Ancient.

Another long, undulating shiver of pure pleasure at his words. Then everything shifted, so quickly she couldn't keep up. Calam was kneeling between her thighs, his silver gaze boring into hers. He rose over her, slipped one arm around her body and pulled her upright, her breasts pressing against the taut planes of his chest. She swore she could feel his heart beating against hers. Just as erratic. Just as wild. She held on to his broad shoulders, loving the bulge of muscle beneath her hands. Her legs were draped over his thighs, strong and solid beneath her. Ever was behind her, his hands between their bodies. He pumped Calam's cock a few times, then guided him to her sex. Calam arched, thrusting his cock inside her.

"Ah..."

Pleasure was sharp as a blade, stabbing into her body. And Calam's gaze on hers still. His mouth was loose, his plush lips red. She tilted her chin and kissed him.

His mouth was sweet with the tea they'd drunk together, which seemed a thousand years ago, as his tongue plunged into her mouth, his cock drove into her body. And behind her was the odd heat and coolness that was ancient vampire skin and muscle. Ever smoothed his hands over her back, her ass. And as Calam fucked her, Ever began to spank her.

One hard slap on her ass, then another. Pain was simply another layer of pleasure. Her hips arched into Calam, wanting to take his cock deeper. Then she surged back into Ever's touch, needing the pain with her pleasure.

Calam was kissing her harder. Fucking her harder. He pulled back, staring into her eyes. And as she watched, his features went lax with pleasure. He came into her, his cock pulsing. Watching him come was a beautiful thing, arousing, purely erotic. Something in her chest surged.

*Calam.*

Her body clenched hard around his still-rigid cock. And as Ever increased the tempo of his spanking, she came. Pleasure shafted deep. Pierced her. Until she was calling out, her nails biting into Calam's shoulders, drawing blood.

She smelled it almost as soon as the vampires did, sharp and metallic. Konstantine was on Calam, tearing him from her grasp, throwing him to the floor on his hands and knees. He kicked Calam's thighs apart and plowed into him.

Konstantine growled. Calam groaned. And the old vampire began to fuck him. Hard, punishing strokes while Luka knelt before them, stroking his own cock with his hand, his lean hips arching into his fist.

Ever pulled her into his lap, and she felt the length of his cock beneath her.

"Watch, my divine girl. Watch them as you love to do. Watch them while I fuck you now."

"Yes, please," she murmured, too spent and somehow so full of raging desire again she could barely speak.

Ever lay back on the bed, laid her over him, so that she reclined on her back against him. She opened her thighs and used her hand to guide his cock between them.

He pushed into her, just the tip, and she caught her breath at the sensation. He was so hard, hard as stone. Harder than anything she'd had inside her body before. It was thrilling in a way she'd never felt before.

He pressed deeper, his cock long and thick, filling her. And all the while she watched Konstantine fucking Calam, the vampire's face in a grimace of pleasure that was terrible to see. Intoxicating. And Calam's head bent, offering his body to the hard strokes. Beautiful, still. Purely masculine, even as the old vampire fucked him, as he suffered the fierce thrusts. In front of them Luka's hand was fisted over his long cock, working himself mercilessly.

Luka was the first to come, crying out, his come spurting between his fingers. In moments Konstantine let out a roar that filled the room, that seemed to shake the floor, and Luka went to him, hanging onto him with both arms wrapped around his body to prevent him from injuring Calam.

Ever began to move then, to really fuck her, his hand coming around to tease her clit, which was begging for release once more.



“Watch,” Ever whispered into her ear. “I know what you want most is to see Calam’s pleasure.”

“Ever...” she gasped.

“No, it’s all right, my beauty, to want him. Watch him come once more.”

Her gaze went back to Calam, who still knelt on the floor, but it was Luka behind him now, the young vampire’s hand around Calam’s cock, which was rigid, the head dark, luscious. Luka stroked him as he had himself, pumping him as Ever pumped his cock into her. She felt the first shivers of her climax, like something poised at the edge of a dark cliff. And as Calam yelled, coming into Luka’s fisted palm, pleasure tore through her body. She felt Ever coming inside her with an impossible, raging heat. Then Ever’s teeth sank into her shoulder. Lights flashed, blinding her, and all went black.

She saw the light piercing through the darkness. Smelled the ocean. Felt the cold air and the heavy mist as the water rose under her, waves crashing down, the world unsteady beneath her. There were men everywhere, tall and muscular—wearing leather, metal—hair long and pale and streaming in the rain as the storm lashed their ship.

Ever’s muscles flexed, and he held tight onto the mast as the ship lurched. His chest tightened as he watched his brothers cast into the water, one by one, as the sea God, Njord, took them all.

*Not all of them. Don’t leave me alone.*

A roar, the terrible sound of splitting wood, and the ship broke apart. Ever was thrown into the sea.

Cold and cold and cold. He was choking, going under. His lungs burned. He said a silent prayer to the Goddess Eir for mercy. And as the water grew heavier around his body, he opened his eyes, looking for *Fólkvangr*, since he was to die without the honor of battle. Regret, knowing he would never make it to Valhalla. That this was an ignoble death.

A painful yanking, as if the sea itself was trying to tear his body apart. Then he was pulled through the water, up and up. He gasped as he drew air into his lungs. And saw the face of his rescuer. Beautiful. Glowing.

She looked like a Goddess, terrible and beautiful. She must be Freyja herself.

But then she smiled, and he saw teeth gleaming and sharp. The teeth of a wolf. And knew she was something else.

## Chapter Four

When Calam woke it was dark outside the tall, paned windows of the luxurious room, the heavy velvet draperies pulled aside to give a view of the night sky through a film of delicate sheers. Inside, a tall lamp burned, casting dim, golden light and shadows. Beside him, Ilana's body was warm. He turned onto his side and found her awake.

"Watching me sleep again?" she asked him, her smile lazy. Utterly seductive.

"You're lovely when you sleep," he told her truthfully.

"It seems you've gotten to see a lot of that these last days."

"I don't mind. There are worse things than to watch a gorgeous woman sleep. Like Sleeping Beauty, you are."

"Except that she was a virgin, wasn't she?"

"In some of the tales, perhaps." He grinned. "I much prefer this version."

"Where are the others? Do you know?" she asked. "Luka and Konstantine. Ever."

"Gone. It's difficult to say. They'll return when they want us again."

"How long did I sleep this time?" she asked him, stretching, her arms over her head. He loved to see her like this. Her blonde waves mussed, her dark blue eyes heavy lidded. With sleep or passion.

"I'm not certain. I slept myself. But I think it was yesterday we were with them, so all day, all night last night and into evening again." He stroked her cheek, her skin like satin under his fingertips. He felt her shiver. Loved that she did, just from him touching her face. "How do you feel? Are you well?"

"Yes. Wonderful. And..."

"What is it, Ilana?"

She paused, bit her lower lip, her white teeth coming down on that plump, pink flesh. "I was going to say that I'm glad you're here with me."

"So am I," he told her. "I'm glad we have a chance to talk, just the two of us."

"Ah. What about?"

"Well, it's a strange thing, this life, isn't it? It's not often I really get to know anyone very well before they're either Turned, or become too old to be eligible, or...sometimes they aren't people I want to do more than fuck, anyway. Not that they're bad people, any of those who come here. But there isn't always a connection that goes past the physical chemistry. And sometimes even that's fleeting."

"But you...feel some connection with me?"

“Yes,” he answered simply. He didn’t see any reason to deny it. “Don’t you, Ilana? It seems so to me.”

She was looking at him carefully. He could see the wonder on her face. Was amazed again at that strange sense of intrinsic guilelessness in her, given where they were, the things that had brought them together. Vampire sex. The hard BDSM play they both indulged in. The choice to give up their human lives in the search for something darker. Something most people found frightening, abhorrent. And he was in awe once more at how her walls were coming down. How different she was there, in bed with him, with their vampire lovers, than she appeared to be to those who didn’t know her. Not that he blamed her. But it was like some small epiphany. Miraculous. Beautiful.

“I do feel a connection, Calam. I don’t want to admit it. It seems...counter to the reasons for us coming to the Midnight Playground. We’re both searching for immortality, for a connection with the vampires.”

“Yet here we are.” He picked up her hand, lifted it to his lips and brushed them across the back of her fingers. Felt her shiver with pleasure. “And if we are going to serve our beautiful vampires together, if we are going to fuck, to sleep and dream together, then perhaps it’s good that we might also be friends.”

Why had he said that? He didn’t want to be friends. He wanted...for her to be *his*. But that was impossible. Wasn’t it?

“Friends who fuck.” She laughed.

“What? Have you never had one of those?”

It would do for now. At least he could have that much.

“I don’t suppose I have. But I don’t mind starting with you. In fact, I rather like the idea.”

He grinned, kissed her hand again. “I’m glad. I think maybe it comes of us both having come from the brothel life, this connection between us.”

“Maybe. Although you didn’t work it, did you? I mean, you got out before...”

“Yes. I took to the streets before the old madam could sell my virginity.”

“I was not so lucky,” she said. He watched a shadow pass over her lovely features, but just as quickly it was gone. “But never mind that. It’s not who I am now.”

Calam still held her hand. He pulled it close to his chest, wrapping her fingers tightly in his. “No, but it makes up who you are, Ilana. I’m sorry.”

“Please don’t be. It was a long time ago. It doesn’t matter anymore.”

“It does to me. That someone hurt you that way.” He couldn’t keep the fierceness from his voice. From burning in his chest. He felt at that moment as if he’d kill anyone who hurt her.

“Ah, Calam, please don’t.”

But it was too late. Tears burned at the back of Ilana's eyes as emotion flooded her. She shook her head, tried to shake the tears away, helpless over them in as long as she could remember. Years. What was it about him that brought all of this out?

Calam didn't say another word, just pulled her into him, gathering her in his strong arms, tucking her head under his chin. They stayed that way for a while, until the heat of his body began to soothe her, allowing her to relax. Soon that heat shifted, turned into something darker, more primal. Comfort turned to titillation, the scent of man and soap drifting in with each breath.

Wordlessly, he pressed on her shoulder until she was lying on her back. He held himself over her, propped on one elbow. With his free hand he explored her body, tracing her collarbone with his fingertips, the rise of her breasts, the curving sides. Then her rib cage, the valley of her stomach, the edge of her navel. All the time he was silent, reverential, his brows drawn together. She watched his face—the sheer, male beauty of it. He made her breathless.

By the time he reached the apex of her thighs, she was wet, needy. She sighed as she opened for him, and his hand slipped lower. His fingers went into her slick heat, sliding between the folds. She sighed again, pleasure shimmering over her skin, trembling in her sex, her belly, her muscles. He pressed his thumb on her clitoris, began to circle. And his silvery gaze never left her face.

There was something lovely in the way he touched her. Adoring. But there was more to it than that. Something completely unfamiliar, yet something she felt she *should* know. Something she had been missing, perhaps.

“Calam,” she whispered. “I need you.”

“Yes...”

He rolled on top of her. Her legs opened, wrapped around him as he slipped inside her, his cock thick, heavy, filling her instantly.

He moaned, his breath warm in her hair. His arms went around her, wrapping her waist, holding her tight as his hips began to pump. One surging thrust, then another. All of it liquid and lovely. Pleasure warm and fluid, like honey in her veins.

He lowered his mouth to her throat, kissed her there. Sweet, tender kisses at first. Then, as desire built, he raised his mouth to hers, opened her lips with his, and took her over.

She felt that shift the moment it happened. It was no less sweet. But it was clear that *he* was in command, his body setting the pace, which was quickening moment by moment. His hips plunged. He drew out, then plunged again, burying his cock deep inside her. She held on to him, helpless against the pleasure that was blossoming, starting in her sex, moving through her in long, tremulous waves. The heat grew more intense as he pumped into her. His breathing in her ear was harsh and rasping.

“Gods, Ilana. I'm going to come. Come with me.”

Oh, she loved to hear him ask that of her. A command, yet he was pleading with her at the same time. Her sex clenched in pleasure. And as he thrust hard, harder, she came. Came apart. Sensation roared through her body like a white light, like thunder. And as she cried out, he came, too, calling her name.

“Ilana, Ilana... Gods!”

She was still shivering with her climax—it never seemed to end—and Calam held her in his arms, kissed her hair, her cheeks, her mouth. She didn’t know what had just happened to her. To them. Between them. But it left her chest aching with an emptiness that begged to be filled.

By Calam.

She didn’t even know what she wanted from him.

She had come to the Midnight Playground knowing exactly what she wanted. The vampires. Eternal life. But being with Calam was changing everything somehow. She no longer knew what she wanted. Or, she doubted what she’d known. Because right now, the only thing she could think of was Calam. Her human lover. A man whose existence was finite. A man she could lose. Grieve over.

*Never again.*

She took a deep breath, tried to calm herself. After all, he was there with her, holding her still. She could feel his every breath. Could smell the scent of his skin all around her.

*Calm yourself.*

She pulled in another breath, along with the scent of him. Of sex. Of the two of them together.

She couldn’t lose what she didn’t have for more than this moment. There were no promises hanging in the air. Just the two of them, the sex, in this unusual situation. A situation in which they both ultimately wanted something neither could give the other—the gift of eternal life that could only come from their vampire lovers.

Perhaps Luka or Konstantine would offer her the Turning Kiss. And if they did, she would have to leave Calam behind in the human realm. Unless they offered it to him as well.

She knew the rules—no new vampire could Turn a human until they had been immortal for ten years. By then, Calam would be too old to qualify.

The tears were back, making her throat tight. She pressed her head to Calam’s broad chest, listened to the beating of his heart. And for the first time, life seemed suddenly precious to her. Because it was Calam’s life she considered.

What was happening to her? She couldn’t figure it out. But as Calam’s arms tightened around her, and he kissed her hair, she let herself forget the unfamiliar ideas wandering through her mind. Let herself drift with him, while the moon rose high in the night sky, and she dreamed of the two of them, lying in each other’s arms in a summer field of harvested wheat.

When she woke Luka was there, sitting in a plush, high-backed damask settee, drinking a glass of wine. He was dressed in his black leather pants and a leather vest, leaving his leanly muscled chest and arms bare. His skin gleamed a pale gold in the light of a lamp and the misty moon glow coming through the curtains. Calam was sleeping beside her, his breathing even.

“Ah, you are awake. Did you sleep well?” Luka asked her.

“Yes, very well.”

“Being well used, well loved, always makes one sleep easily.”

“Yes.” She smiled, remembering Calam making love to her.

*Making love.*

When had she ever thought of sex in those terms?

She pushed her hair from her face. She had been too easily rattled in the last few days. Too emotional. She wasn't used to it.

“The two of you have something special together,” Luka remarked.

“I...I don't know...”

The vampire smiled, his eyeteeth catching the lamplight. “I do. I could read you even if I were human. You and Calam.”

“Luka...”

“It's all right with me. With Konstantine. We are still considering you. Both of you.”

“What?”

His smile broadened. “Come and sit with me, Ilana. We will talk.”

She sat up, shivered a little in the cool air as the sheet slid from her body, as she moved away from Calam's heat. Luka was at her side instantly, in that graceful speed only the immortals possessed. He was holding a silk robe in a deep garnet red, slipping it over her shoulders. He led her back to the settee.

“Do you need food?” he asked her as she settled onto the cushions. “Something to drink?”

“Wine would be lovely.”

He picked up the decanter sitting on a gorgeously carved side table next to him, poured some of the dark red liquid into a crystal glass, handed it to her. “It will help restore you. Ever keeps the very best here in the private quarters, and he has it infused with herbs for strength.”

“Thank you.” She sipped, tasting the faint earthiness of the herbs beneath the smooth, rich flavor of the wine.

“You have questions,” Luka said, drinking from his own glass.

“Yes. I don't know where to begin. I have to say, I'm a bit...stunned.”

“That we would want you to stay with us?”

“Yes.”

Luka leaned forward, his body graceful, his metallic gaze mesmerizing. “You forget that we see more than the things you say, what you might do. I felt your great capacity for empathy, Ilana, from the first moment I touched you. I felt how my love for Konstantine, and his for me, affected you. This is a requirement in any we choose for companions.

“I understand your need to appear so cool on the surface,” he went on. “But I see beyond the surface. Konstantine sees even more. And he understands you perhaps even more than I do. He knows pain, in a way I never will. In a way he will not discuss with anyone. Not even me, which I accept. Konstantine can be difficult, I know. He appears closed on the surface, but he has an enormous capacity to love. He keeps it tightly wrapped, like the precious gift it is. He presents himself as calm, powerful. Distanced from everyone. And he is all of those things. But he is also more than that.”

“I have that sense of him, Luka. I do. Although he still frightens me a bit. I can feel his age. I can feel...the force of it. Not quite as much as I do with Ever, but still...I can’t help but be in awe of him. Of them both.”

Luka nodded. “As is their due. Konstantine has lived for five hundred years. Ever’s age is perhaps twice that. Yet they are still feeling creatures, Ilana.”

“Yes.” She nodded. “I can feel it, when I’m with them. I can sense the pain they’ve been through. The emotion they keep buried so deeply. Yet it’s still there, beneath the surface.”

“One of the reasons we want you is because you understand these things.”

“And Calam?” Her heart thundered. She had to ask.

“A decision has not been made yet. But I believe it would be best that we not take you without him.”

“Oh...” Her chest went warm and tight, her breath coming out on a long sigh.

“But we would want him, anyway,” Luka told her. “He is perfect for us. Strong. Willing. With an appetite and a stamina that nearly matches our own. And he also understands pain. And love.”

“I think he does,” she agreed. “I think he’s one of those rare beings who has been through unimaginable hardship, yet retains this ability to be open to...everything.”

“Yes, that is exactly it. And it will appeal to Konstantine. You both have this ability, although yours is very recently discovered, I think, yes?”

She smiled shakily. “Yes.”

“But you do not have to decide now. Will you stay here with us for a time?”

“I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else,” she answered with total honesty. She needed some time to figure it all out. Luka and Konstantine. Calam.

Calam...

Luka lifted her hand, turned it face up, and kissed her palm. Pleasure sifted through her, a warm, easy flutter. “Excellent. Come to bed with me. There are too many things we have left undone. I want to feel your flesh warm under my hands. To spank you. Perhaps to whip you.”

She shivered.

*Yes...*

Luka smiled at her, held out his hand. She rose to meet him.

He stood with her beside the bed, swept the robe from her shoulders and eased her down with his hand. He stripped his clothes off, leaving him naked, dazzling. His body was all perfectly carved muscle. His cock was a long and graceful shaft of rigid flesh. Beautiful. He knelt on the bed, moved to reach past her, touching Calam's face.

"Wake up, Calam."

She turned to see Calam's eyes flutter open, that shining silver brilliant beneath his long auburn lashes. He smiled, sat up, ran a hand over his short crop of dark red curls.

"I want you to hold our magnificent ice queen," Luka said to him. "Hold her while I spank her."

She saw Calam's pleased grin. He sat up, opened his arms to her, and between them Luka and Calam placed her over Calam's lap. He was hard already, his erection pressing into her belly. She breathed him in, that lovely scent of male and soap. Her come and his. And as Luka leaned over her, she inhaled that pure scent of granite or marble, the scent the vampires wore. She felt the impossibly silken texture of Luka's hair as his long braid fell over his shoulder and onto her back. Felt as much as she heard him lean in to place a kiss on Calam's lips.

She was squirming with need, waiting. For one of them to really touch her.

Luka.

Calam.

*Calam.*

As if he could read her as easily as the vampires did, one of his hands slipped under her to caress her breast, kneading the flesh, his fingers moving over the fullness, then to the taut nipple. At the same time Luka's hand smoothed over her lower back, her buttocks.

She sighed.

"Ah, you love the spanking," Luka said. "To feel our hands on your flesh."

"Yes," she whispered.

"You find it difficult to wait. You are so much less the ice princess now, Ilana. We love that about you. That the sex itself melts you. That you submit so beautifully. Yet you are still regal in some way. Do you not find her so, Calam?"

"Yes," he said, his voice thick with desire. As thick as his swollen cock. "Beautiful and elegant, always."

"Even as she is being spanked," Luka said. He brought his hand down in a hard slap across her ass.

"Oh!"

"Absolutely," Calam agreed, humor and need in his voice.



Another slap, but this time she knew it was leather. A small flogger, perhaps. Lust rose, spiraled, soaking her sex.

“Are you wet for us, beauty?” Luka asked. “Tell me, Calam. Do you find her wet with need?”

Calam slid a hand under her hip, his fingers slipping in her juices. She moaned.

“Ah, she’s wet and ready, Luka. Her pussy is like silk.”

“Keep your hand on her while I whip her. While we watch her beautiful ass turn pink.”

“Gladly,” Calam answered.

Luka began the flogging then, a series of hard smacks on her ass with the strands of leather. And Calam kept his hand between her thighs, his fingers rubbing at her slit, at her swollen clitoris. Soon she was completely out of her head. With pleasure. With endorphins, as she slipped deeper and deeper into subspace, that misty place her mind went to when she submitted. It was a relief, as always, to give up all control. And the pleasure was exquisite.

The flogging went on, punctuated by Luka stroking her hot, sore skin with his palm, creating a wonderful contrast. Calam’s cock grew even harder against the soft flesh of her stomach. She spread her thighs without even thinking about it, wanting...everything. To be fucked. Spanked. Caressed.

“Ah, she is wanton,” Luka said, pausing to pinch the inside of her thigh.

She gasped. He laughed. But there was nothing mean in it. He was simply pleased with her response.

“I love that about her,” Calam said quietly. There was still desire in his tone. But something else... It was too hard to think. She was overcome with sensation. “I love her response to every small touch. To what you’re saying.”

“Oh yes, she loves even that. To hear the words spoken.”

“So do I,” Calam said.

Another small chuckle from Luka. Then, “I want to fuck her. So do you.”

“Gods, yes!”

“Bring her up on your lap then, so she is straddling you.”

Calam shifted her until she was on her knees on either side of his strong thighs. He smiled, his features lighting up, his cheek dimpling, as she held on to his broad shoulders. That dimple softened his masculine features—his square jaw, his high cheekbones. The only other softness in his face was the lush mouth, framed by the wicked-looking goatee. His mouth seemed impossibly sexual to her. She wanted him to kiss her. But it was something more than desire. She didn’t understand it, her own need for this man.

Calam’s hands were on her waist, pulling her closer, lifting her, then lowering her onto his hard cock.

“Ah...that’s good. So good,” she muttered, barely able to speak.

Even better that Calam kept his gaze steady on hers as he began to pump his hips. Pleasure shafted deep, deeper even than his thick cock. Invading her body. Her mind.

Her heart.

Luka was kneeling behind her. He reached around to press his fingers against her lips, and she sucked them in, knowing what was coming. She was shivering with desire even before he pulled his fingers away, used them to slick her anus. He arched his hips, holding her buttocks apart with his hands, and pressed the tip of his cock into her ass.

“Ah, Luka...yes...”

“You feel so good inside,” Luka murmured. “I can feel Calam’s cock inside you, beauty. It’s almost like fucking you both at once. But we are both fucking *you*.”

He thrust, his cock hurting a little as he drove past the tight ring of muscle.

“Oh!”

Calam surged into her as well, his cock slipping into her pussy. They both moved, slowly at first, then faster as her body went loose all over. Sensation was liquid, hot, burning her up. Her pussy. Her ass. And Calam’s gaze on hers, going darker by the second. Like some sort of aphrodisiac, just the expression of pleasure in his eyes.

“Calam,” Luka said, and she felt him draw Calam’s arms around her body. “Inside me, now.”

She felt another shift as Calam stretched his arm, heard the vampire’s sharp sigh.

“Ah, your ass is so tight,” Calam said to Luka.

“Fuck me with your fingers,” Luka demanded.

It was too much for her—knowing what Calam was doing to Luka. What they were both doing to her, as their hips drove into her. That sense of connection between all three of them. Fucking each other. And her hips were arching, taking Calam into her pussy, surging back to take Luka into her ass. She was fucking them as much as they were fucking her.

Pleasure crested, peaked. And she came with a cry. As she did, she was aware of Luka leaning in next to her, sinking his fangs into Calam’s arm, at that tender point in the crook of his elbow. She felt Calam coming in hard, clenching thrusts inside her. Felt Luka’s hot come in her ass. They all cried out together. Fell together. And as Luka released Calam’s arm and bit into the back of her neck, they all fell as one into darkness.

## Chapter Five

Konstantine and Luka had kept Ilana and Calam with them at the club, housed in the luxurious rooms, for days. Calam hadn't returned to his own rooms even once. The vampire pair hadn't even taken them downstairs to the bar or up to the dungeons, instead keeping them secreted away, which he understood was part of their evaluation of them. To possibly be offered the Turning Kiss. To become one of them. Immortal. Bonded to them.

He'd lost count. Of the days. Of the number of times their beautiful vampires had drunk from them. Fucked them. How they had all fucked each other in endless combinations of pure sensual pleasure.

Ever had joined them several times. Always mysterious in his astonishing ancient, preternatural grace. Calam knew that Ilana felt more comfortable with Ever after having seen something of his past. They'd talked about it on the days when the vampires left them alone together. But Ever never spoke of it himself, or much of anything else. He came to them, and after everyone's appetites had been sated, he left. Calam understood Ever chose to keep a certain distance from most—human and vampire. He was close only with some of the elder vampires, like Konstantine and Aleron, whom Calam knew, had played with in the dungeons, and who now was bonded with the ravishing and elegant Meeraj.

Meanwhile, the days and nights had passed in a blur. The sex was incredible. And even the hard Konstantine was beginning to soften a little. Although Calam thought he might never soften too much. It wasn't in the old vampire to do so. But he didn't mind. He loved that illusive mystery about him. The hardness. It fascinated him, the aloofness of the older vampires. It made them more attractive somehow. Although he found Luka to be incredibly alluring as well, but in a different way.

Something about being with them for such a long period of time was changing him. Perhaps the idea of being offered immortality. The way it was truly hitting home, that it may actually happen, was making him re-evaluate everything. Who he was. What he wanted.

*Ilana...*

During the time they'd been with Luka and Konstantine at the club, Ilana had changed as well. She was opening up, in every way. To the vampires. To him. His feelings for her grew daily. He understood the danger in that. That he could end up rejected by the vampire pair. Rejected by her, which seemed an even more brutal possibility. Alone once more. But there was nothing he could do about it.

He adored them both, the vampires. Had grown closer to them. Especially to Luka, who was sweet even as he was frighteningly beautiful.

But he loved Ilana.

He was *in love* with the woman. He'd come to realize it days ago. When it had happened, exactly, didn't seem to matter. It was true.

He'd never intended it. It had always been in his mind that it was a vampire he would fall in love with, and he had certainly loved several. Or adored them, anyway. He adored Luka and Konstantine, had developed more of a relationship with them than any of the other vampires he'd been with, even Aleron. They had developed an odd sort of friendship, in addition to the sex. But he'd never been *in love* before. He still desired the vampires. That would never change. They were too stunning. Too flawlessly sensual. But now all he could think of, all he truly craved from one moment to the next, was Ilana.

She was bathing in the next room. He could imagine her in the warm water, her skin glistening. He could go to her, see her, be with her. She would welcome him, as always. Into her arms. Her lovely body.

He'd needed some time to think, which was why he'd stayed in the room, sitting on the settee, watching the sky outside fade from the pale gray light of day to the darker shades of a starless night. The remains of their dinner was on the silver tray brought to them by one of the serving girls. He picked up his glass of fortified wine and drank.

They'd want them this evening, their vampires, which was why they'd sent the wine infused with strengthening herbs. He was excited by the idea, as always. But he knew it was only as exciting as Ilana's presence could make it.

*Ilana...*

He couldn't wait for their evening to begin. Hell, he couldn't wait, period.

He dropped his black silk robe as he moved across the sleek marble floors to the bathroom. He pushed the door open, the steam rolling out to greet him even before he stepped inside.

"Calam..."

She smiled, sounded pleased to see him. He grinned back at her.

She made him happy. Simply hearing her voice. Seeing her glorious smile. And her body, naked beneath the water, her full breasts rising to break the surface, her nipples going hard as he gazed at her. She looked like some glamorous image of Marie Antoinette in the big tub, with its high, arching sides at either end, her impossible beauty. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips cherry pink. Her nipples were the same color. Sweet. Irresistible.

She was irresistible.

"I hope you don't mind," he said, moving closer. He was growing harder with each moment.

"Never," she answered, dropping the sponge and holding out a hand to him.

He went to her, took her hand, kissing it before he climbed into the enormous white porcelain tub. He sat across from her, letting the heat envelop him. Took in the vision that was Ilana, with her blonde hair bundled on top of her head, exposing her graceful neck.

She stretched her legs, one pointed toe drawing a line down his chest. Her smile grew lazy, sensual, her lashes lowering as she moved her foot down, until it caressed his aching cock beneath the water.

“Ah, that’s good,” he murmured, leaning his shoulders back against the high side of the tub.

She pressed the arch of her foot harder against him, and he moaned, tilting his hips into her.

“Ah, so good, Ilana...”

She was watching him as she rubbed her foot up and down the length of his rigid shaft. Her eyes were gleaming, that deep, sparkling blue. She had a small smile on her face, as if bringing him pleasure pleased her. He knew it did.

She dipped lower, brushing his balls lightly, before moving back up, pressing against his cock, then releasing the pressure. She did it again, and pleasure built with each press, each release, until his breath was rasping in his lungs.

Finally, he couldn’t take it any longer. He took her foot in his hand, pushed her leg back until it bent at the knee, and lunged for her, the water splashing as he pressed his body between her open thighs. He looped her leg over his shoulder and, holding the sweet curve of her ass in his hands, he lifted her.

“Ah, Calam, yes...”

He tilted his hips, held her tight as he pushed his cock into her.

They moaned together. He began to fuck her in slow strokes, their movements as liquid as the warm water around them. It was all too good—her pussy clenching him, her slick skin, her hands around the back of his neck. Her soft sighs of pleasure. And too soon he was coming, pumping into her.

When he’d caught his breath, he pulled back, kissed her hard on the mouth. He could feel her need in the press of her lips, the frantic twining of her tongue.

“Come, my darling girl,” he told her, helping her to stand in the tub. Bending her over and spreading her thighs, opening her pussy to him.

He leaned in and paused a moment, taking in the sight of her swollen, pink flesh, glistening with her excitement. So damn lovely, he could hardly stand it. He licked her slit, tasting her desire, a little of his own come. He pushed into her hole, and she groaned, surging back into him.

“Ah yes, that’s it,” he muttered against her warm, wet flesh.

“Calam, please... I need to come.”

He reached around her and took her clitoris in his fingers, tugging, squeezing, stroking. Still licking her, licking her, with long strokes of his tongue. And as he pinched her clit hard, in the way he knew she loved, she came, her body shivering.

When the last tremor had left her, he pulled her down into the water, her back leaning into his chest. He wrapped his arms around her, felt her erratic heartbeat against his palm as he laid it flat between her breasts.

*Mine...*

He wanted her. Wanted to make her his. But they had both made certain choices in coming here, to the Midnight Playground. And *this* was not his choice to make.

He kissed the back of her neck, breathed her in, along with the lilac bath salts she used. So sweet, underneath her cool exterior. He felt in some fierce and certain way that no one, not even Konstantine or Luka, understood her sweetness the way he did. Understood *her*.

*She belongs to them, the vampires, unless they decide otherwise. So do I.*

For the first time since he'd come to the club seven years earlier, he wished it weren't so.

It was an hour later when one of the collared and leather-clad serving girls came to tell them to prepare to go to the dungeons.

Ilana loved the dungeon play, and it had been some time since she'd been played there. The idea was thrilling, as always. She loved the dim lighting, the scents of leather and desire in the air. The sounds of others being whipped, paddled. That air of exquisite expectancy.

Her heart was pounding as she and Calam removed their robes, leaving them both naked. They stood still as the girl was joined by another, and they were both rubbed down with scented oil, meant to make their skin gleam, as well as to massage them, helping to prepare them for the physical strain of the evening ahead.

The girl's hand was a sensual touch, exciting her, as it was meant to. That and the ritual of preparation, which she loved. Even more exciting was watching Calam as the other girl rubbed the oils into his skin, his cock going hard, the head darkening. She licked her lips. Saw him smile at her, just a small tilting at the edges of his mouth. She knew he was sinking into subspace, just as she was.

The girls slipped the silver collars around their necks, and Ilana felt her mind sinking further as they were both made to clasp their hands behind their backs. The pair of girls led them out the door—the first time either she or Calam had passed through in several weeks—and down the long marble hall. It was strange, almost a culture shock of sorts, leaving the womblike safety of the rooms they'd shared.

Up the flights of stairs, one level, two, their bare feet scudding quietly on the hard, cool marble. They began to pass a few small groups on the wide staircase, vampires, mostly. All of them eerily, stunningly beautiful. But she couldn't think too much of them. All she knew was that intense sense of submission at being summoned to the dungeons this way. Of Calam beside her.

She could feel the heat emanating from his body. Knew how hard his cock would be, his dark, male nipples, for the same reasons her body was so on fire. The submission itself. Knowing Luka and the dangerous Konstantine awaited them. And not knowing exactly what might happen, that it was all up to the whims of the vampires.

She was breathless by the time they were led through the door and into the main room of the dungeon. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the tall, wooden bondage frames like enormous racks, the plush

velvet couches set around the room, the gleaming expanse of marble walls. And as they passed one of the enormous gilt-framed mirrors, she caught their reflection—the two attendants in their red leather corsets, their shining chrome collars. And Calam and herself, naked but for the silver circlets they wore around their necks. Beautiful, pale skin. Her body so slender next to the bulk of Calam’s muscular build. And she saw once more how rigid his cock was.

She swallowed, desire flowing hot in her veins. Making her breasts, her sex, ache with it.

*Need him...*

They stopped in front of one of the tall, freestanding wooden X’s at the far end of the main dungeon room—a double-sided St. Andrew’s Cross. She sensed Konstantine at her side instantly, smelled that papery, stone scent of his years. Enticing. Frightening. Her heart beat faster.

“How perfect you both are,” Konstantine whispered against her cheek, laying a small kiss there.

He ran a hand over her stomach, making her body tremble with desire. His touch was unlike any other she’d ever felt—except, perhaps Ever’s—his body impossibly hard beneath the sleek skin. He moved his hand down, over the small of her back, which was always exquisitely sensitive, then over her buttocks. Need rose as he touched her. Spiraled. That and a sense of breathless anticipation.

“You are wondering what will happen tonight, yes?” he asked her. “Look at Calam,” he commanded. She raised her eyes, saw that Luka was stroking his body in much the same way Konstantine was touching her. “You are to experience it together. In a way which will strengthen your bond, and which serves our purposes.”

“Yes, Konstantine,” she said quietly. There was too much going on in her body, her head, to be able to answer him any more articulately. But he didn’t seem to require more from her.

He stepped back, and the two girls were back, one taking her to the cross, the other leading Calam to the opposite side. They were facing each other, and she tilted her chin to see his eyes. They were glazed, glittering silver, watching her carefully through the haze of subspace as the girls fit their ankles into the leather shackles, then raised their arms to fasten their wrists into the cuffs.

The cross was one of her favorite things—being bound and stretched out this way made her feel open. Vulnerable. But beautifully so. Having Calam this close, in this same state of excitement and submission, was doubly thrilling. She could feel his panting breath on her face, he was so near.

Konstantine stepped in close behind her, wrapped his fist in her hair and pulled, just hard enough to hurt. She moaned softly.

“Ah, you love this,” he said. “Both of you.”

She could see that Luka was behind Calam, his hand clasped on the back of his broad neck.

“Luka will play you both for my pleasure,” Konstantine told them, his voice low, his accent heavy. “I cannot do so myself or I would kill you. It is my one weakness. I cannot hold back. But my Luka will do this for me, as he so often does. And I will love watching. Feeling your desire as he whips you. It will have

to suffice for me, and it will. Until, and unless, you both take the Turning Kiss.” He paused, while her heart thundered wildly. “Yes, this means we are offering this gift to you both. But we will give you time to think, to choose. Meanwhile, we will have a night of great pleasures, all of us.”

He laid a kiss on the back of her neck, scraping her skin a little with his sharp teeth, before letting her hair go, moving away. Luka reached from behind Calam and gave one of her nipples a hard pinch, smiling at her over Calam’s shoulder as she jumped, pleasure shimmering through her. Then Luka did something to Calam that made him groan, but she couldn’t see what it was. Still, the lust rose in her body, knowing *something* had happened, that Calam liked it.

Luka disappeared from view and she focused on Calam’s face once more, his gaze on hers. So beautiful, the masculine lines of his face. The dark auburn goatee surrounding his lush lips. Lips that had been on hers, on her pussy, only a little while earlier. Her sex clenched.

“Keep your eyes on him,” Luka instructed her, his mouth close to her ear. “Watch each other.”

She felt him step away, and had time to take in a breath before she heard the whistle of the whip, felt it bite into her flesh.

“Oh!”

It was something narrow. Sharp. A cat-o-nine-tails, she thought vaguely. Then he hit her again, and she couldn’t think any longer. Pain shivered over her skin, then endorphins flooded her mind, her body, filling her with pleasure. She heard the whip again, but this time it landed on Calam’s flesh. She watched him wince, his eyes fluttering closed for one moment before focusing on her once more.

“Yes, perfect,” Luka murmured. “Take in each other’s sensation. Each other’s pain. Let it feed you both.”

Luka whipped her again, and her body bowed with the pain, the need it brought with it. She pressed into the cross, her nipples grazing the wood.

*Yes...*

“Ilana,” Calam whispered, his gaze boring into hers. She saw the pleasure on his face, felt his need multiply her own. “Stay with me.”

Luka smacked her again, then again. Pain and pleasure melded, became one as her body went loose all over, the last of her resistance gone. His hand stroked over her skin—her neck, down her spine—creating a lovely contrast. He hit her again, hard this time, the pain biting into her, as sharp as a knife, as the vampire’s teeth. She loved it. The whip. His cool touch. Calam experiencing it all with her.

The tempo built, the pain rising, becoming harder to manage. But all the time her body burned with need.

*More...*

As soon as she thought the word, he stopped. She heard Konstantine’s wicked chuckle. Her body was writhing. With need. With the aftermath of the pain. She couldn’t help it.



“Luka, whip Calam for me now, my love,” Konstantine said quietly.

She was panting, her breath hard and rasping. Calam started to smile at her. Then Luka began to whip him.

The whip cracked onto his flesh, and she knew Luka would hit him harder than he had her. She could feel the wooden cross reverberate with it, could hear the repeated smacks of leather on Calam’s skin. Her body surged with desire, stronger the more Luka whipped Calam. His face grew nearly rigid with pleasure, with the pain. His breath was as hard and guttural as hers.

She heard Luka say, “Kiss her, Calam. We know you want to.”

Calam leaned in and took her mouth with his. She was startled by it. With them both bound, under the vampires’ command, with Luka whipping him in a terrible, driving rhythm, his mouth on hers was demanding, pure authority. His lips pressed hard against hers, his tongue thrusting in. She breathed him in, sucking on his tongue, then retreating as he crushed his mouth against hers, hard and hurting.

Need rose higher, her sex aching and wet. Her nipples were two stiff ridges of flesh against the smooth wood. She was burning up with need.

The whip came down harder on Calam, the cross shaking with the impact, with the weight of Calam’s big body. He was panting, gasping into her mouth. Then suddenly, he was gone.

She didn’t have time to figure out what was happening. All she knew was Konstantine’s hands, impossibly nimble on her ankles, then her wrists, releasing her. Then Calam’s human hands rough on her waist as he turned her around, shoving her back against the cross. He kicked her leg wide, slamming his body against hers, lifting her. And with a savage roar, he thrust inside her.

“Ah God... Calam!”

He began to fuck her in a driving frenzy, pumping into her in painful strokes. But she needed it. Loved it. Even more when, moments later, Luka and Konstantine had her chained to the cross once more, her arms and legs spreads wide. She loved the helplessness of it. That she was powerless to do anything but accept Calam’s cock ramming into her. Powerless over her own desire, making her pussy hot, wet, tight with the need to come again.

Calam bent his head, his teeth going into her neck. And she wanted it, that bite of pain. She didn’t care that he was merely human. That he couldn’t drink from her as the vampires did. It was Calam. That was all that mattered. That and the searing pleasure burning through her.

“Just...need to fuck you, Ilana. My love. To fuck you,” Calam muttered. “Gods...”

She tilted her hips, trying to take him deeper. His body was so hard against hers, pressing her back against the sturdy wood of the cross, but even that did nothing but heighten her pleasure. And Calam’s thick cock was impossibly hard, driving deep. His hips slammed into hers, their bones crashing. Faster and faster. Until the pleasure built inside her, something dark and primal. In her aching breasts. In her soaking

wet sex. When she came, it was as though she was torn apart by a pleasure so intense she screamed. Stars flashed behind her eyes, dazzling her, blinding her. And still Calam surged into her, over and over.

“Just fucking you...” He gasped. “Gods, you feel better than... Ah, Ilana!”

“Calam, yes!”

His entire body stiffened, and he kissed her hard as he came. His come was hot inside her, his cock pulsing. And his tongue drove into her mouth. He was eating her up, swallowing her moans of pleasure as her pussy swallowed his still-rigid cock, his come.

His hands moved up to grip her wrists beneath the leather band of the cuffs. His breath was rasping against her lips. Then he lowered his head, kissed her throat gently. Tenderly.

She wanted to cry. At the sheer beauty of the two of them together. Her chest ached with it.

Eventually she became vaguely aware of Luka and Konstantine watching them, standing naked together a foot or two away, their hands stroking each other’s cocks. And as she and Calam panted together, their minds beginning to recover, she saw Luka come into Konstantine’s fist. Then Konstantine pushing Luka down on the hard marble floor, bending over him and impaling him with his enormous, beautiful cock.

Their fucking was fast and fierce, as it could be only between two vampires. Their bodies were so perfect together. Flawless. But Calam was kissing her throat softly, and it was hard to keep her focus on the vampire pair.

“Calam,” she whispered.

He pulled away, his silvery-gray gaze on her face. “My love,” he answered, his tone low. Reverent.

She did cry then, the tears pouring down her cheeks.

“Calam, is this true?”

“Aye. You are my love.”

His brows were drawn together. He was waiting for her to answer. But she needed a moment to breathe. Because it struck her only then that she loved him. Calam. That fact was undeniable. Inescapable. She didn’t want to escape it. She wanted only to be with him.

“Tell me why you cry, Ilana,” he said. His voice was low still, yet it was as much a command as any of the vampires had ever given her. “Is it because you don’t want to love me? Because I’m human, and can’t give you eternal life?”

“Calam, I don’t know. I don’t know that...I want it. Not enough. Not enough to give up being with you. I love you. I do.”

He buried his face in her neck then, his arms wrapping around her waist. She heard Konstantine’s roar as he came into Luka’s body. But she couldn’t look at them. Instead, she closed her eyes, breathing in Calam’s scent.

She never wanted to know what a day was like without him. His scent. His body. His *presence*.

But for the moment, they belonged to Luka and Konstantine. They had agreed to the rules of the club. Had, by entering this place the very first time, agreed to accept all the vampires had to offer. And now, it might be that the only way they could be together was to reject them. To reject the one thing that had drawn them together in the first place. The idea of living forever. The power of the vampires. Because it was possible they would, in the end, choose only one of them. And even if both were chosen, they would be as bound to Luka and Konstantine as they would be to each other. More so.

She wasn't sure she could stand that. To share Calam with anyone. To be shared herself.

She loved him. And he loved her. Impossible. Amazing.

But what were they going to do? She didn't have an answer.

## Chapter Six

It was Luka who came to pull Calam off her. Who gently released her from the cuffs. The chains fell at her sides with a dull clink. He rubbed her wrists, checking to make certain her circulation was good. He was sweet with her, as he so often was, and a part of her heart cried out for him. But that cry was not nearly as sharp, as keen, as her need for Calam.

Luka picked her up and carried her to one of the couches, laid her down so that her head was in Calam's lap. He laid a blanket over them both.

"Luka..."

"What is it, beauty?"

"You are so kind."

He smiled, his sharp eyeteeth glinting. "That is because I have a great love for you, Ilana. For you both. I want only what is best for you."

The tears were starting again.

"Luka..." But her throat was too tight with emotion to finish her sentence.

"It's all right." He reached down, stroked her hair from her face. "We know, and we understand. We will talk of this, all of us. But you must rest first."

He got down on his knees, and as he pulled her wrist to his mouth, she felt Calam's strong arms tighten around her, holding her close as Luka bit and began to drink.

Konstantine was leaning close. "Sleep now, our princess, who is made of ice no longer. And when you wake, we will come to a decision. All of us, together."

His voice was fading fast as she saw once more Luka and Konstantine through Luka's mind. Traveling by horseback through a dark countryside. Felt their great joy in each other as they flew through the night, the sound of hooves hammering the earth beneath them.

They had been to the Midnight Playground clubs in Paris, Vienna, Prague. Had seen humans and vampires of every description. Beauty beyond any ability to take it in. And yet, their love had endured for a century and a half. It would endure still. With or without her. Calam.

As she sank into the dark and dreamless sleep the Seeking Kiss brought, she didn't know if that frightened or comforted her.

She came awake to find herself on the small couch in their room, wrapped in a silk robe. Ever was bent over her. His face was so beautiful it made her ache. An ache that went beyond physical desire, or even any emotion as she'd ever known it. Pale as fine china, his cheekbones high, his mouth lush. His eyes were that silent jet black. Bottomless. Unreadable, except for the pain that always lurked there, like a shadow.

"Ever..." She rubbed her eyes, trying to wake up. But her mind was filled with a misty grogginess.

"I woke you before your body was ready. I want to talk with you, Ilana."

"With me?"

"There is something I see in you..."

He turned from her for a moment. She followed his gaze to the high windows. Outside, the sun was setting, the darkening sky ablaze with the orange and pink caused by clouds of smoke from a fire or a bomb somewhere nearby.

She glanced at the bed where Calam lay, deeply asleep.

"Ilana..." Ever was watching her, a strange expression on his exquisite face, his pale brows drawn together. "I need to tell you something I know."

"What is it?"

If only she could really wake up. She knew it must be something important, for him to have come to her like this. She couldn't figure out why he'd do such a thing, the old and powerful vampire who ran the Midnight Playground.

"I know something of pain. Too much, perhaps. As you do. As Calam does. This is part of what binds the two of you. Yes, I know. Of course I do."

He smiled then, an odd sort of grimace, almost, that made her heart hurt.

He laid his hand on her arm. "Do not run too much from your pain, Ilana. As I have done. As Calam has done."

"Ever...I'm trying to understand. But why are you telling me this?"

He shrugged. "Times change. And even the oldest of us must change as well. Learn to think differently. It has occurred to me that perhaps living forever isn't truly an escape after all. It can bring its own pain, of a different kind. And I am telling you because...I know that I *can*. That I can say these things to you."

She sat up. "Ever, are you all right?"

"I always am," he answered, but she felt for some reason it wasn't entirely true. "Just remember that it's all right to feel. Remember before it's too late."

She shook her head, trying to figure out what he was trying to tell her. But before she could say anything, Konstantine came into the room. Ever looked up, and as Konstantine laid a hand on Ever's shoulder, Ever nodded at some silent exchange between them.

“Let the girl sleep now,” Konstantine said. “All will be well. All will be as it should.”

Ever stood, lifting Ilana, laid her down in the big bed next to Calam’s warm body.

“Remember what I said,” he told her, his voice soft.

The two vampires left. Her mind was spinning. She tried to figure out what the conversation was supposed to mean for her. But she was so tired, her mind going dark. She slept.

Calam sat on the settee in their rooms in the Midnight Playground, watching Ilana sleep. He’d woken himself only an hour earlier. He’d wanted her to wake too badly. He’d left the bed so he would allow her to rest.

It was dark outside, and he knew a day had passed since their evening in the dungeon. The moon was high outside the windows tonight, casting blue-washed light over everything. She lay on her side, the sheets pooled around her slim waist, her bare skin pale and silvery in the moonlight. Her breasts were two miraculous curves of flesh, the nipples hard and pink even as she slept.

She was perfect. Perfect for him. How could any other woman ever understand him the way she did? His desire for pain. His search for immortality. The suffering and loss of his past. She felt it, even though he hadn’t told her the details.

He’d never told anyone. He’d left Edinburgh after that one terrible night. He couldn’t face telling anyone, not when the ones he truly cared for were gone. There was no one left he wanted to talk to.

Until Ilana.

He sipped the wine that had been left there for them, letting the crystal glass rest against his lip as he watched her. Her breathing was shallow, making her shoulders, her lovely breasts, rise and fall in a gentle rhythm.

This woman made him ache. To hold her. Kiss her mouth. No one had ever done that to him before. It was something powerful. Special. Something he didn’t want to let go.

They had decisions to make. And they had to make them together. He prayed he would be able to live with the outcome. But before they could decide, he had things to tell her. About his past, who he’d been before coming to the Midnight Playground. His real reasons for being there.

He couldn’t wait suddenly. He wrapped the silk robe tighter around his body and went to the bed, sat on the edge. He reached for her, stroked his palm over her shoulder. Skin like pure satin. That sleek. That smooth.

“Ilana,” he said quietly. “Ilana, wake up, love.”

She stirred, smiled even before she opened her eyes.

“Calam. You’re here.”

“Where else would I be?”

Why did that thought make his chest go tight?

“I’m glad,” she said simply, reaching for him. He leaned in, brushed a kiss across her sweet mouth, then pulled back.

“Here, drink some wine. Restore yourself.”

She sat up, leaning against the pillows. He held the cup to her lips, helped her to drink until she was able to hold the glass herself.

“Calam, you look worried.”

He nodded. “Aren’t you?”

“Yes. I don’t want to be but...everything has changed.” She paused, pushed her heavy blonde hair from her face. “Everything is...complicated. It all used to be so clear to me.”

“For me, as well. I’ve been thinking about it. But I haven’t come to any conclusions. I think we’ll need to do that together.”

“Yes. And with Konstantine and Luka. We’ll need to know what they’ve decided. Because while Konstantine said they were ready to offer to both of us, that may have changed since...since we love each other. And, Calam, it’s not that I don’t love them too. But it’s different with you. ”

The tears brimming in her glorious blue eyes hurt to see. He slid his palm over her cheek, rubbed at the corner of her eye, felt the dampness on his thumb.

“Ilana, there are other things we must talk about first,” he said.

“Other things?”

“I’ve held certain aspects of my life from you. Well, from everyone. For so long it’s become habit. But before we go forward, and whatever we choose, I want you to know me. All of me. I haven’t always led an exemplary life.”

“I figured as much, with you living on the streets when you were younger. It doesn’t matter. But tell me what else, Calam.”

He closed his eyes, bringing to mind the abandoned house they’d lived in. It was dark, most of the time, unless someone could pinch enough candle wax to light the place, which didn’t happen often.

He remembered their faces, every one of them.

He winced.

“Calam?”

He nodded. “Let me tell you, Ilana, of my brothers and sisters of the streets. There were six of us when I joined, let go by my mother, as I was. The others had much the same stories. Orphaned, mostly. Given up by parents who couldn’t feed them. So we joined together, lived in an old warehouse. Gathered blankets, old furniture. Whatever we could find. Or steal.” He looked up at her then, but saw nothing but sympathy in her eyes. “That’s how we got by. I needed you to know that. I’m not proud of it.”

“We all do what we must in this world to survive. Do you think I’m any prouder of having my body sold?”

“But that wasn’t your choice, Ilana.”

“Neither was it yours to be left to fend for yourself on the streets as a ten-year-old child, Calam. None of those things change how I feel about you. Tell me the rest. I can see there’s more.”

“All right. There *is* more.” He stopped, drew in a long breath, relieved to be past that first hurdle. He should have known she’d never have judged him. “We grew, until there were eleven of us,” he went on. “And we cared for our own, any way we could. By the end, some of the kids were as young as six. My Toby, he was only six years old when we found him. He was red-haired, just like me.”

“Where is he now?” Ilana asked.

His chest tightened, his throat, so that he had to swallow past the hard lump there. “Gone, along with the rest of them.”

“Gone how?”

“It was my fault, you see.” It hurt to say it out loud. But he felt he had to. “I was nineteen by then. The oldest. I went out one night. Carousing as boys that age do. Drinking. Gambling a bit. I stumbled home early in the morning. And it was gone. And all of them with it.”

“Gone? What do you mean?” Ilana asked, leaning forward, her pale brows drawn in concern. Her hand was on his forearm, hanging on tight.

He steeled himself before saying the words. Words he’d never spoken to anyone.

“Dead. All of my...family. There was a bombing. Don’t know why. But the place was nothing but rubble. I dug for four days, just in case. But all I found was...some remains. Barely recognizable. Never a trace of my Toby.” He paused, drew a hand through his hair. “I shouldn’t have left them alone. I shouldn’t have left them.”

“Calam, if you’d been there, what could you have done?”

“I’ve often asked myself that. I’ll never know the answer though, will I?”

“This is why you came here, to the Midnight Playground?” she asked, her voice soft. “I understand it. I came here for the same reason. Because I had nothing else to hang on to.”

“Nothing left to lose,” he said. “But also... Gods, how to explain this? I feel as though I have to *live*, for each one of them. That one human lifespan isn’t enough. I have to have eternity to make up for what they’ve lost.”

She stared at him, her blue gaze on his. He could see that lovely blue even in the stark moonlight. There were unshed tears there. Tears of pure sympathy. He loved her all the more for it. He lifted a hand, stroked her cheek, asked her softly, “Ilana, if they still offer, what would you do? What would you have *me* do? And if they offer only to one of us...”

“Yes, I’ve thought of that, too. It terrifies me. I’m not used to being so uncertain.”

“Uncertain about us? About how we feel? Or about what you might do?”

“I...”



Behind them the door opened, and they both started. He knew—they both did—that Konstantine and Luka could hear their thoughts, no matter where they were. That they must have been listening to their conversation. He didn't mind. It made it easier to approach the subject with them.

The vampires moved across the room until they settled into the high-backed, silk-covered chairs flanking the tall window. Konstantine was the first to speak.

"We hear you both. We hear your love for each other. Your thoughts for us and what we may ask of you. We hear your worry. Your fears."

"We don't want you to be afraid," Luka said. "We have come to know you. We have great love for you both. We want you with us."

He felt Ilana tense beside him, heard her sharp intake of breath. He reached for her hand, and her fingers gripped his.

"We understand," Konstantine continued, "what you feel for us. That given different circumstances, either of you would come to us willingly. To be bonded to us, Turned by us. The question is, would you now?"

"Ilana." Luka turned to her. "Tell us what you feel. What you want."

He was so beautiful, this young vampire. Sweet. Kind, in a way that was rare in a vampire. Calam's chest surged with love for him. And for the older Konstantine, even for his very hardness, knowing it hid a pain he couldn't comprehend.

"I...am trying to figure it out," Ilana answered. "I feel so much for you both. I'm overcome to be offered this gift. Truly I am. But I'm confused. And didn't expect to be when it came to this."

"But we love each other," Calam said. He wanted to say it out loud to them. To let it be known in his own words. Saying it made him feel stronger somehow.

Konstantine smiled, his weary, ancient face brilliant in a way he'd never seen it before. "Love, we know. Love, we understand. Yet I sense the doubt in you. I know what you have just told Ilana about your great loss. Calam, you must understand now through loving her that love is of the ultimate importance. You cannot make up for those lost lives. Living is enough, if you have love. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Yes. Finally." He felt as if his chest would burst as the idea of love and what it meant, of living a lifespan with the woman he loved, drove home. He turned to look at Ilana, her eyes shining with unshed tears. She was so strong. She loved him. And he loved her. "I love her, Konstantine. In a way I never knew was possible."

"And so, in saying this, are you telling us what you choose, Calam?" the old vampire asked. "That if we were to offer you both the Turning Kiss, you would decline, in order to be with her?"

Was there a small threat in his tone? Or maybe it was simply the hammering of his heart. The knowledge that what he said at that moment could change everything, irrevocably.

Ilana's hand tightened in his. He squeezed back. "That is what I'm saying, Konstantine, although I can hardly believe it myself. But yes. I want only Ilana. And...to remain mortal. To have that chance to live out a lifetime together. It seems...a gift in itself to me now. Life."

Ilana's heart surged, melted, filled with love. For her darling Calam. For the two vampires who wanted them both, but were willing to let them love each other, rather than have them for themselves.

She wanted to cry again. But there had been too many tears already.

She sat up straighter, holding tight to Calam's big hand for strength. "I love you both, as Calam does. And I love him as he loves me. I have to be with him. For us to be together on our own terms. It's changed. But knowing Calam, knowing love, has made me feel how precious human life is. How important. I never felt it before. But I feel it now. Deeply. And... I understand now what Ever meant when he came to talk to me earlier tonight. He meant that...it was okay to remain mortal. To feel the pain of loss and physical discomfort, and all the things that are part of being human. Because it's all part of it. Love is part of it too. And I treasure it all the more for feeling the hardness of life. And so, yes. I choose to be with Calam. To remain as I am. Human."

Konstantine bowed his head. She thought she saw a shadow cross his face, his hard features going dark, but it was gone as fast as it had appeared.

"Then we will rejoice in your love for each other. We accept your decision."

"We suspected as much," Luka said, reaching across the small table between them to grasp the older vampire's hand. "But we wanted to make our offer official. And as Konstantine said, we know love. The power of it."

"What happens now?" Calam asked.

"We had already spoken with Ever about this, should it have come to pass," Luka answered. "He has asked you both to stay on here. To work for the club. Not as you have been, Calam. You are no sex slave any longer. Not even to your own urges. Not for any but Ilana." The vampire smiled, and once more his features lit up. "And, Ilana, Ever would like for you to work for him as well. The club could use a consultant."

"A consultant? What could I possibly know that he doesn't?"

"You know what it is to be human," Konstantine said. "It has been too long for him. He is looking for a liaison, of sorts. Someone to instruct the new members. I must admit it was at my suggestion. Ever seems different to me these days. Restless. He needs your empathy, Ilana. I believe he needs more time to think. Perhaps he needs to travel. I don't have the answers for him. I only know he needs some sort of change, and this will free him to some extent. He agreed with me, if grudgingly," Konstantine said with a small crook at one corner of his hard mouth. "He said to tell you that you need not answer yet. To spend some days here, considering your answers."

“You’re very kind. Both of you. And Ever,” Calam said.

“It is not often a human who comes to the club rejects the gifts being offered. When it does happen, it is always with good reason,” Konstantine said.

“You have the best of reasons.” Luka smiled. “We will miss you both.”

“We’ll miss being with you,” Ilana told them, a small part of her heart breaking.

“We will see you here again, if you stay on to work with Ever. I hope you will think about it. He needs you. We will leave you now.” Konstantine stood, and Luka joined him.

They stepped forward and Luka leaned down to kiss them, one by one, then Konstantine did the same.

“We will see you again before we leave London. They have just opened a Midnight Playground in New York, the first in the U.S. We go in a few days’ time. Meanwhile, stay here. Talk. Sleep. Be together.”

Luka smiled, his face lovely with its gleaming golden skin, the exotic eyes. Next to him, Konstantine stood ramrod straight, the strong planes of his features harshly beautiful. She still ached simply looking at them, desire strong. But it was Calam she truly wanted.

The vampires left them alone, and the room echoed with their absence. Calam turned to her.

“Are you certain about this?” he asked.

“As certain as I’ve been of anything in my life. More so. As long as you love me.”

“I do. I love you, my girl.” He lifted her hand, kissed it softly. “What would you have us do? Do you want to stay on here? Or do you want to leave this place, to have a normal human life?”

“I’m not sure either of us are exactly capable of that.”

He shrugged, grinning, his dimple flashing in his cheek. She was as charmed by it as always. “Perhaps not.”

“Does it have to matter right now, Calam? I mean this very moment? We have some time to decide. And I need you.”

“Ah, that’s exactly what I wanted to hear you say.”

He slipped out of his robe and reached for her, yanking the sheet down, covering her body with his. He was hard already, his cock thick and lovely and only for her.

It was some sort of epiphany, how love changed even the landscape of sex, of their bodies coming together. He arched his hips, his strong legs settling between hers, and he slipped inside her, easy as silk. She was wet, ready for him, opening her thighs to take him deeper.

“Ah, Calam...”

Pleasure was a soft, undulating wave that washed over her. Over and over as he thrust inside her. As he kissed her throat. It was all a gentle, lovely arching of hips, their bodies joining, desire rising like heat in the still night air. There was no pain, no hard play. Just the two of them coming together. In love.

She had to tell him, suddenly.

“Calam...”

“What is it?” he murmured, pleasure heavy in his low tone. His accent was stronger than ever.

“I love you. So much.”

“Ah, my girl. You are mine. *Mine*. I love you more than I ever knew I could.”

“Be with me, Calam,” she begged, her heart filling to bursting as pleasure drew her to dizzying heights. The pleasure of his body moving inside hers. The pleasure of knowing his love.

“I’m right here, my love. Always.”

Always had a different ring to it now. The always that was the two of them loving each other. It didn’t have to be forever as the vampires knew it. It was love, pure and simple. And love itself was eternal.

“Always,” she whispered as pleasure crested, and she tumbled over, taking Calam with her, both of them crying out.

Later, as they lay in each other’s arms, and she balanced on the edge of sleep, he wrapped her in his arms. Held her close. And she knew that finally, she had what she’d always wanted. She hadn’t even known this was what she craved, what she *needed*. But this was it. Love.

Calam.

Forever.

## About the Author

The author of a number of novels, novellas and short stories, Eden Bradley writes dark, edgy erotic fiction. Her work has been called “elegant, intelligent and sensual”. One erotic novel was recently profiled in *Cosmopolitan*.

Eden appears regularly on Playboy Radio’s Night Calls and conducts workshops on writing sex. When she’s not writing, you can find her wandering museums, shopping for shoes and reading everything she can get her hands on. A California native, Eden currently lives in Los Angeles. You can visit her website: [www.edenbradley.com](http://www.edenbradley.com)

## Look for these titles by Eden Bradley

### *Now Available:*

Tempt Me Twice

### *Midnight Playground*

The Seeking Kiss

Bloodsong

### *Celestial Seductions*

Winter Solstice

Spring Equinox

Summer Solstice

### *Wasteland*

The Breeder

*Love with a beautiful stranger isn't so strange—if you believe in destiny.*

## Winter Solstice

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Clinical psychologist Destiny Walker considers herself far too logical for any of that “soul mate” nonsense. Even if her beloved, dearly departed Nana insisted she was going to meet hers someday. When a sudden downpour sends her ducking into a psychic reader’s storefront—and the woman confirms everything her grandmother said—doubt begins to sneak into the corners of her mind.

A chance meeting—more like a collision—with Superman look-alike Reece Kellan sets off a sexual chemistry reaction the likes of which she’s never felt. She isn’t prone to falling into bed with strangers, but he does things to her body that leave her breathless...and unsure where her pleasure ends and his begins.

And that’s the part that scares the hell out of her...

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Winter Solstice:*

He leaned in, closer, until his mouth closed over hers. His lips were warm, so warm and sweet. And when he parted them and drove his tongue into her mouth, pleasure drove in with it, lancing deep into her body. A long shudder went through her, and her legs went weak. But he held her tight, crushed against him. She could feel every taut muscle in his body, his heart hammering in his chest, pounding against her breasts, making her nipples harden.

He deepened the kiss, and she closed her eyes. Again that flood of images in her mind: the bed, the softly diffused golden light, and somehow she knew his bedroom would look just like that.

But his hands roaming her body distracted her. He was kissing her hard, their mouths fused together, tongues twining. Primal. Animalistic. He gave her no time to think about it as he pushed her up hard against the door.

She could feel the planes of his chest, and God, his erection pressing into her thigh, big, warm, pulsing. She’d never wanted anything so desperately in her life.

He tore his mouth from hers, bent over her neck and left a trail of kisses, burning her flesh.

“Reece, I have to...let me...” She was panting as she fumbled to undo the buttons of his shirt.

“Here, darlin’.” In moments he slipped his shirt from his shoulders and she took in the smooth expanse of his wide, muscled chest.

Yes, Superman indeed.

His skin was a light gold, as though he’d recently been in the sun. His nipples were brown and hard, with a bit of dark hair sprinkled between and around them.

When she ran her fingers over the tips, he groaned.

He pulled her sweater off in an instant and then very quickly her bra. He stood back for a moment, watching her, exploring her bare flesh with his eyes. Her nipples went harder beneath his searching gaze.

“Ah, beautiful,” he murmured, his accent thicker, his tone reverent. “You look like... I don’t know. But I know your body, as though I’ve touched you before. Maybe I have, if only in my dreams. Ah, but this is no dream.”

“Touch me, Reece.”

Then he was on her, his big hands cupping her breasts. She arched, pushing into him, into the pleasure of his touch, his smooth, dry palms. When he thumbed her nipples she gasped, the sensation shooting straight to her sex, making her ache.

It was even better when he snaked one hand down and cupped her mound through her jeans. Almost too much. She was trembling with need.

She could not get the misty image of the bed out of her mind. His bed. Their naked bodies pressed together. Reece fucking her...

“Please, Reece.”

“All right, that’s enough of these damn clothes.” His voice was a ragged growl.

He unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans, then yanked them off, her lace panties coming with them.

Yes, to be naked in front of him. Open to his touch, thighs spread for him.

His pants were gone just as quickly. His erect cock sprouted from a nest of dark curls, the silky head already glistening with pre-come. Her mouth watered.

Then he was on her again, sliding to his knees on the floor, kissing her stomach. Holding on to her hips in a tight grasp, he pressed her back against the door again. And then he put his mouth on her.

There was nothing gentle or exploratory about his mouth. He dove right into her, licking her swollen pussy lips, lowering his hands to spread them wide, opening her up to his hot, invading tongue as he plunged into her. She trembled all over, her body shivering with pleasure. Waves of it, hot and hard, driving into her along with his wet tongue. She could come at any moment.

Then he swept his tongue upward, licked across her clit, and a shock lanced through her, pure ecstasy. He sucked the swollen nub of her clitoris into his mouth and sensation drove through her body. He worked her with his mouth: lips, teeth and tongue. Licking and sucking, harder and harder. And she came, a stabbing pleasure so sharp she shook with the force of it.

She was moaning, shivering, coming harder than she ever had in her life. And just when the tremors began to subside, he pushed his fingers into her, curving them until he caught her G-spot with his fingertips, and suddenly she was coming again. Coming all over his fingers and his hot, sucking, beautiful mouth.

Before the last ripples of orgasm had left her body, he rose to his feet and pressed against her once more.



She ran her hands over his shoulders, across his wide back, down to fill her hand with the rigid length of his cock. Oh yes, he was big, his cock a solid shaft of velvet in her palm. She could feel the blood pulsing beneath his flesh. The desire.

“Lord, you feel good, Destiny. As good as you taste.” He groaned when she tightened her grip. “Condom, damn it.”

He swept her into his arms, carried her through the house as though she were no larger than a doll. And even that embrace felt familiar to her.

This is where I belong.

But she was overwhelmed by the sexual connection. Yes that was it. Wasn't it? She couldn't think, desire still raging through her body.

He kicked open a door, and she wasn't surprised to find herself being laid on a big bed in a half-darkened room. A room lit by the golden glow of an amber-tinted glass lamp on the nightstand.

Leaning over her, he kissed her lips, her cheek, trailed down her neck and drew one stiff nipple into his mouth. She arched off the bed, wanting more of him, pushing into his mouth. He swirled his tongue over the rigid peak and pleasure was electric, shocking, making her need to come again. When he began to suck she thought she would, from nothing more than his hot, wet mouth on her breast.

Reaching down to grasp his cock in her hand, she stroked the long, hard shaft. Her own sensations intensified.

He moaned, sucked harder before letting her nipple go to rasp out, “If you keep doing that, my darlin’, I’ll come right now in your hot little hand. Not that I wouldn’t love to. But I need to be inside you. And I want you to come again first.”

He slid his hand between her thighs. Two fingers pressed into her while he used his thumb to stroke her clit. He went back to work with his mouth again, licking her nipples, first one, then the other.

It was almost too much—his mouth on her, his clever fingers working her clit, pushing deep inside her. She wrapped her hand once more around his thick, pulsing cock, like satin-sheathed steel in her palm. Writhing beneath him, she knew she was going to come again any moment. She wanted him to come with her. Wanted to feel the power of his cock in her hand, the power of making him come.

Yes...

*A Shifter, A Vampire and A Demon walk into a bar...*

## My Shifter Showmance

© 2010 R.G. Alexander

*Shifting Reality, Book 1*

Thomas Lyons is your average cat shifter. Cool, seductive...and bored out of his mind. With the new popularity of all things paranormal, he doesn't see why he should hide anymore. When his half-demon technophile roommate hooks him up with a computer, Thomas starts a blog announcing to the world who and what he is. Oddly enough, the more he shares, the less he's believed. In fact, people begin thinking it's a new online series with fantastic effects.

Margo Sheffield doesn't dance on tables anymore, not since her reckless naïveté cost her so much. These days, her only guilty pleasures are dark chocolate, shoes—and a certain website with a man whose purring voice sends shivers down her spine. When the show, *Shifting Reality*, offers a week in a haunted Scottish castle with the stars, it seems a far-off dream. But when that dream becomes reality, her boss's insistence that she mix business with pleasure—or else—is more like a nightmare.

Thomas's focus on the show is blown by the luscious, camera-shy handful. And Margo can barely think about contracts when she's surrounded by newlywed ghost hunters, a matchmaking demon and a man whose addictive touch makes her head spin. A showmance is the last thing she needs, but with a sexy cat like Thomas on the prowl...she just can't resist.

*Enjoy the following excerpt for My Shifter Showmance:*

“None of that, now, Margo. Not between you and I.”

That was all the warning she got before she was spun around and lifted in the air to settle, breathless, straddling his lap. “Mr. Lyons, I think we should talk about—”

“Hush.” Thomas curled his fingers into her hair, pulling her down to meet his searching lips before she could get another word out. Margo's last thought was, *Oh hell*, before the kiss scrambled her brain.

He growled, the pressure of his lips opening hers as he sought entrance. God, his taste. And the way he was kissing her, exactly the way she'd always imagined he would. Greedily, hungrily...perfectly.

Her sex pressed against his thickening erection, and through their clothes she could feel the heat of him. He was blazing. She slid her tongue across his fangs. His body jerked in reaction, and she did it again, loving the fact that she could make him respond to her. Make him as crazy as he was making her from one simple kiss. Who was she trying to fool? She'd been crazy for him since the moment she'd seen the first video. Her fingers dug into the muscles of his arms, wishing she could touch his bare skin, desperate for more contact. *Closer. Harder. More.*

“Margo, baby...” He’d pulled away. Why had he pulled away? She looked at the agonized need tightening his expression, her brows lowering in confusion when he shook his head. “I never in all my years imagined saying this, but we should stop. We shouldn’t do this here. And if you keep grinding against me, I won’t be able to stop myself from tossing you on this table and taking you right now, in full view of our online audience.”

Audience. The cameras. Hell. Chi and Liam were gone, but Margo knew each room had its own grouping of stationary cameras. She’d been *grinding*? Mortification stung her cheeks. She imagined the people online watching her behavior, maybe even her coworkers, and she tried to pull away, but he wouldn’t let her.

He stood, holding her struggling body easily in his arms and strode swiftly to the kitchen, nodding at the Goth servants before heading into the large pantry room and closing the door.

The lock turned with a click of finality, and Margo bit her lip. Would Darcy fire her for her inappropriate behavior? She huffed out a dark laugh. Her boss would no doubt wholeheartedly approve. As long as it got her those *Shifting Reality* rights.

He swept his hand out, drawing her gaze to the deep pantry filled with dry goods and empty jars. It was nearly the size of her bedroom in the insanely expensive cubbyhole she called an apartment. And the ceiling was so high, stocked to the rafters, that they actually had a sliding ladder leaning against one of the shelves.

Thomas caressed her jaw with his thumb, bringing her attention back to him. “There’s no sound equipment, no cameras here. Just you and I. Talk to me, Margo, please.” He ran his fingers through his hair, looking frustrated. “If I were Saint or Mac, I’d have a way to know what you’re thinking. Know why you look like you regret what just happened.”

“If you were Saint or Mac, I wouldn’t be in this pantry.” She spoke without thinking, flinched as she saw his pleased expression. Shit. Why didn’t she just tell him she only regretted he’d stopped? That she’d wanted to smother herself in chocolate and whipped cream and be his dessert? She sighed. “What I mean is— Hell, I don’t know what I mean. I think we should go to bed. Separately. To separate beds. Alone. We can talk about the reason we both know I’m here in the morning.”

*Work, keep saying it, this is for work. Contract not coitus. Contract not coitus.*

“I smell you.”

She crossed her arms defensively and looked at him askance. “I’m sorry?”

Thomas shook his head, his eyes going dark as he took a deep, lung filling breath. “Just, now that there’s no distraction, I can really *smell* you. It’s rich. Spicy and sweet. Like pumpkin mousse or, well, I’ve never smelled anyone quite like you.”

*Pumpkin?* “You smell nice too. I’m assuming we both shower. What’s your point?” She was being belligerent, but she couldn’t seem to help it. She was having a hard time accepting how easily she’d lost

control. The old Margo would no doubt have thrown caution to the wind, damned the cameras and danced for him on the table, perhaps torn off his buttons with her teeth. Which was one of the reasons she'd been buried beneath mountains of to do lists and restrained hairdos for the better part of a decade. The old Margo was nothing but trouble.

So was Thomas Lyons. His pupils had dilated, his strong features had sharpened and his cheeks looked flushed. He looked...feral. Wild. Like he was ready to pick up where they'd just left off, whether she liked it or not. Her slender thread of control began to fray once more. She should leave now. The pantry. The castle. The country.

Thomas blocked her way to the door. Did his fangs look longer? More intimidating? He towered over her, backing her up until her shoulders hit the ladder. He took her wrists in his hands and lifted her arms over her head. She gripped the rungs of the ladder, clinging instinctively, fascinated by the predatory look in his eyes.

"My point," his voice was rough, needy, "is that you aren't going anywhere, kitten. Regardless of what your mind is telling you to regret or run from, your body is speaking loud and clear. And it wants what I want."

"What?"

Thomas leaned into her, his lips lightly caressing her neck as he whispered, "More."

*She loves them too much to change them. Until they turn the tables on her...*

## It's Raining Men

© 2009 Crystal Jordan

*In the Heat of the Night, Book Three*

Every one of Candy's werewolf instincts tells her that Michael is her mate. He's a lawyer—smart, sophisticated, and handsome. The catch? He's gay. There is no way she's going to try to change who he is. Then she meets his lover Stephen, a seductive Fae-siren jazz singer, and she's positive she's got a screw loose somewhere. Mates with not one, but two gay men?

She's definitely doomed to be single forever.

Michael and Stephen know that their unexpectedly flirtatious advances have thrown Candy for a loop. But there's method to their madness—they're both serious about her. And they plan to make sure she never spends another birthday alone.

*Enjoy the following excerpt for It's Raining Men:*

Fire flooded my system, and my hips moved in the kind of sensual rhythm I couldn't control. I clung to him, opening my mouth on his neck to suck and nip at his salty flesh. The wolf demanded that I bite down hard. I shuddered, holding back on my instincts to move against him in wild abandon. He pushed his pelvis into mine, working me in the hard, insistent tempo that took me right to the edge of orgasm but didn't allow me to fall over. "Michael, I'm so close. Please, I need more."

"Not yet, not yet." He froze, and I died a little. My claws slid forward and dug into his shoulders. He grunted and shrugged against my hold. I loosened my grip, stroking an apologetic hand down his back.

He startled when he looked at me, his mouth falling open in shock. I pressed my fingertip to my mouth, and I felt my fully extended fangs. My eyes would be icy werewolf blue, the wolf wanting her mate. And my appearance obviously scared the shit out of him. I expected to feel a pierce of regret, but the wolf was too much in control, and I was too far gone to care that he would reject me. Unwrapping my legs from around his waist, he set me on my feet. I nearly cried out again, for entirely different reasons. My clawed fingers flexed and I turned away, not daring to look at him. The emotional pain would come later, when only the woman was left to deal with the hurt.

"That was hotter than I imagined it would be." A strangled note had entered the siren's voice. When I glanced at Stephen, I saw he was stroking his cock through his pants. "And I have one hell of an imagination."

I looked him over, not bothering to hide the wolf this time. They'd come into the wolf's den willingly. If they wanted an apology for my nature, they'd be waiting a long time. Licking my lips, I stepped toward

the Fae halting and reached out to take over the stroking. A low growl soured from my throat, and the burn in my veins increased.

His hand covered mine, showing me exactly how he liked to be touched. Up, down, up, down. Slow torture. The musky scent of his desire caressed my sensitive nose, his musical groans kissing my ears. Moisture from his bulbous crest seeped through his pants. My other hand lifted to flick open his zipper. His breath caught when I pulled his hard cock out and sank to my knees before him. I wanted him in my mouth, wanted to taste his flesh. A shudder went through him as I slid my tongue along the underside of his dick, working my way up until I could take the head into my mouth. He buried his fingers in my hair, fisting tight as I sucked him deep. His flavor burst over my taste buds, and I knew I would never banish it from my memory. It was embedded in my psyche, and I would know his taste, his scent, his essence anywhere.

The heat that had never abated held me tight in its grip. Stephen's passion fed my own, and my hips rolled to the same rhythm that I sucked him. I closed my eyes and savored every moment of this chance to touch one of my mates. It was too sweet, made me burn too hot. I shivered, my nipples going rock hard. My eyes snapped open again when large hands cupped my breasts from behind. Michael. "You look hot with your mouth stuffed with cock. You know that, right?"

A moan escaped me, his words making lava flow through my veins. My breathing picked up speed, my heart pounding as excitement and anticipation flooded me. His palms slid down the front of my dress until he reached the hem. One hand tugged it up to my waist while the other slipped around to dip into me from behind. The first touch of his fingers on my slick pussy lips made me moan. He pressed them up into my hot channel, setting a fast, harsh pace. I grabbed Stephen's slim hips for balance, still sucking him so deep the head of his cock hit the back of my throat. I groaned, working Stephen with my mouth as Michael worked me with his fingers.

He rolled a fingertip over my clit. His hand angled, and the fingers inside me hit my G-spot. I screamed around Stephen's dick, my pussy convulsing. My sex clenched around Michael's fingers repeatedly, and he continued to thrust into me, to drag it out as long as possible until my breathing became little more than ragged sobs. Stephen's hard cock slid from my lips, and I rested my forehead against his thigh, shuddering and twisting my hips.

Michael's fingers withdrew, and I felt him stand, moving away from me. I looked up when Stephen stepped back to see Michael turning him by the shoulder to face the counter. Kicking Stephen's feet apart, Michael urged the siren forward until his forearms rested on the countertop. My eyes widened as I watched Michael grab the back of Stephen's belt and roughly jerk his pants down. He groaned as Michael stroked over the tight muscles of his naked ass, parting the cheeks to tease his anus. Using his free hand, Michael unfastened his slacks and pulled his long, hard dick out. I sucked in a shocked breath, insidious heat winding through me at the sight of my two mates together. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen.

Michael inserted one, then two fingers into the siren's ass, widening him to prepare him for penetration. Then Michael pulled his hand back to grasp his cock, nudging it into Stephen's tight pucker.

"Damn, Michael. I want it hard. I need it." He shuddered and groaned between clenched teeth as Michael drew back his palm to slap the siren's backside. I watched Michael's cock sliding in and out of Stephen's anus, and my thighs squeezed together as excitement tightened within me, flooding my core with fire. Even though I'd just come, witnessing them fuck had me right on the edge of orgasm. The scent of them and the musk of sex intoxicated me, clawing at my control. Biting my lip, I slipped my fingers between my legs to stroke the slick folds.

"Don't just watch, Candy. I didn't tell you to stop sucking him," Michael's voice growled, the tone harsh with unspent sexual need.



**SAMHAIN**  
P U B L I S H I N G