



Changeling Press

# MINE!

*Marteeeka Karland  
&  
Shara Azod*

**MINE!**  
**Marteeka Karland and Shara Azod**

**All rights reserved.**

**Copyright ©2010 Marteeka Karland and Shara Azod**

**ISBN: 978-1-60521-571-6**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF, EPub**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1046**

**Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

**Editor: Katriena Knights**

**Cover Artist: Marteeka Karland**

## **Adult Sexual Content**

This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

## **Legal File Usage -- Your Rights**

Payment of the download fee for this book grants the purchaser the right to download and read this file, and to maintain private backup copies of the file for the purchaser's personal use ONLY.

The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this or any copyrighted work is illegal. Authors are paid on a per-purchase basis. Any use of this file beyond the rights stated above constitutes theft of the author's earnings. File sharing is an international crime, prosecuted by the United States Department of Justice and the United States Border Patrol, Division of Cyber Crimes, in partnership with Interpol. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is punishable by seizure of computers, up to five years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000 per reported instance.

**MINE!**  
**Marteeka Karland and Shara Azod**

Larissa has dreamed of a mysterious man for many years. When she meets the man who will become her boss, she knows he's her dream man. Too bad he's always such a perfect gentleman.

Damien is simply biding his time. He needs Larissa with every fiber of his being, but he's willing to wait until he's certain the time is right.

Now, having stood all he wants to, Damien begins his unique brand of seduction to claim Larissa as his. That is, if you can call a vampire's idea of collecting what's his "seduction."

## Chapter One

"I'm going to need you to work late tonight," Damien informed Larissa, his attorney. "I want to go over all the financial reports concerning this buy-out before the deal is finalized. Have my secretary order dinner in."

As soon as he made the statement, Damien turned away, watching in the mirror as she stared at his back and gritted her teeth, but nodded even though she had no idea he could see her.

She was irritated, yes, but she was excited too. The intoxicating scent of stirring arousal hit him hard, right in the groin. Her pink tongue darted out to take a swipe at her full bottom lip. Mmmm, he'd be tasting those lips tonight. Watching her hips sway as she moved from where she'd been sitting toward her office, his hands tingled. Tonight would be the night he'd grasp the full globes of her ass, spank them, slam against them. Oh, yes, tonight would be the first of many, many fun filled nights. And mornings. And afternoons.

With a wicked grin, he decided to follow his sexy little attorney. He wanted to make sure she cancelled her date tonight, rather than just pushing back the time. He entered her office moments after she had, not bothering to knock. She hadn't sat down yet, just leaned over her desk talking on the phone.

"I'm really sorry, but something came up so I don't think I will make it at all tonight."

She was damn right she wouldn't be making it tonight, or any other night. Vampires were supposedly a promiscuous bunch, never possessive. But Damien found the very idea of any other man touching Larissa made his fangs descend, ready to rip out a throat. Even now he hated the man on the other end of the line with a vengeance.

He couldn't read the human's thoughts since the other man wasn't physically present, but he could hear the regret in the whiny voice on the other end.

Weak. The human didn't deserve to have his hands on those curves. Damien was tempted to reach out and ease that skirt up her thighs, running his nails lightly up the nylons she wore. Would she shiver from the light, teasing caress? Would goose bumps break out across her lusciously dark skin? Oh, he needed to taste that skin. Her neck was tilted just so, an invitation for his mouth to lightly suck the juncture between her head and shoulders. He would run his hands from the sides of her thighs to the front, then upward, so close to her wanting pussy but not touching it. Not yet.

Instead he would glide his hands upwards while tasting her skin, working beneath her shirt up her belly to cup those magnificent breasts. He would hold them over the lacy material of her bra, pressing his erection against her soft ass. He'd use his nails to tease her nipples, running over and over them until she was panting, whimpering for him.

As if she could read his thoughts, she thrust her hips backward, still talking to the whiny man. Damien was convinced he was going to have to hunt down Larissa's would-be date and have a little vamp-to-human talk. Her legs spread slightly, causing the material of her skirt to stretch enticingly across her ass. All he had to do was release his cock from his pants, yank up her clothes and plunge into her. The aroma of her sweet, wet cunt was driving him crazy. And she wasn't thinking about the man she was currently talking to, either. Damien felt no guilt in delving into her thoughts, gratified they centered on no one but him. And how carnal his normally buttoned-down attorney's thoughts were!

He thought he couldn't get any harder, but imagining the way her pussy would fit around his dick made him light-headed. Vampires had precious little blood as it was -- the last thing he needed was for it all to go south, making him a complete airhead. But damn, what heaven it would be to stroke inside her deep and long. He would pinch and pull on her nipples as he rode her, and force her head back so he could swallow her cries of joy.

Perhaps he would pull out just before allowing her to come. Then he could spin her around, forcing her onto his lap as he sank into a chair. That way he could watch his rigid length disappear inside her cunt. He would grasp her ass with both hands, setting a punishing rhythm. He'd rip her blouse open, suckling her breasts as they rocked hard against one another.

Fuck, he had to stop before he took her right here and now, not caring if the entire office heard them. Well, he really didn't care, but Larissa would. To save himself from having to grovel endlessly, he decided discretion was the better part of valor and simply cleared his throat to announce his presence.

\* \* \*

Larissa jumped at the sound of her domineering boss's imperious throat-clearing act. How long had he been standing there? Knowing him, he'd probably had been there since she began dialing. The man moved entirely too silently to be as large as he was. He probably enjoyed hearing her break her date. The damn man seemed to have an uncanny knack for knowing when she was going out, because it seemed that was always when he suddenly had a project for her that couldn't wait.

"Didn't your mother teach you to knock?" It was catty and maybe not too bright to talk to her boss that way, but damn it, her ass burned knowing he had been looking at it.

"No." That was all. Just one simple word as he stood there looking casual.

The problem with Damien was that he was far too sexy. He made her cream just by walking into the room. He never flirted with the secretaries or acknowledged come-ons, which drove most of the women in the office wild. Nothing like an indifferent, sexy man to make a woman sigh and go all weak-kneed.

Larissa feared she was no different. She found herself watching him more and more, imagining that just once when he snuck up on her like he was fond of doing, he would throw her across the nearest desk, or copier, or whatever and fuck her into the middle of the next century.

He would be rough. Not “hurt-her” rough, just all forceful and dominating. He would rip her clothing open, not bothering to take them all the way off. Oh, sweet merciful saints, she needed him like that. Hot and ready, barely able to wait another second, but even as much as he wanted her, he would wait to tease her first. He was forever driving her crazy around the office, never actually touching her, but standing so close she could swear she could feel his body against hers. Sometimes he leaned close and used that low, growling voice in her ear while his eyes strayed down to her chest to witness the tightening of her nipples at the sound. The bastard knew what he was doing, but he never once let it get beyond what could be perfectly explainable. Larissa used to think it was to avoid a sexual harassment complaint, but she was beginning to believe the man was actually trying to drive her mad. So mad she’d jumped him. Damned if she wasn’t close to it.

Maybe he’d begin by prying apart her thighs and burying his head in her cunt. A man as smooth as Damien would start off real slow and deliberate, circling his tongue around her clit while holding her labia open. He would torment her like that until she started to buck against his mouth, desperate for more. Only then would he thrust his tongue inside her. Or maybe he would suck down hard on her clit while using his fingers to fuck her. Either way, she would move her hips, grinding against his mouth for all she was worth.

Ah, and then after making her mindless with pleasure, he would give her what she’d been craving for. She would be a tight fit if that bulge in those tailored dress pants were anything to go by. She hadn’t had a lover since... since... Damn it, since she started working for him! So he would have to work himself inside. Scratch that. She would be so wet he could just slam in. Her pussy clenched at the thought. Yeah, she would love for him to pound his cock inside her, possessing her fully on the very first stroke.

She would simply clutch those wide shoulders and allow him to sweep her up in his wildness. He might seem all cool, calm, and collected on the outside, but Larissa knew there was something more just beneath that composed surface. She wanted to be



the woman to set it free. She wanted him deep, thrusting with purpose, grabbing her hips, nibbling her nipples, tasting her skin. She was burning alive just thinking about it.

“If you’re finished with your personal call, shall we get to work?” There was a little smirk in his voice.

Oh, shit, he’d caught her staring at his cock. Well, hell, no sense in looking away or pretending it didn’t happen now. Lifting her chin Larissa raised a brow, silently daring him to say a word about it. “Let’s go, boss man. Maybe if we hurry I won’t miss my date after all.”

She waltzed out of the room, head held high. Damned if she hadn’t seen his jaw clench and his eyes narrow just a bit. Interesting...

## Chapter Two

Damien had waited four centuries to gain the power to walk in the daylight, along with all the perks that came along with it. The particular kind of vampire he was matured at different rates; the older, mature ones not only could walk in the light of day, but could do anything a regular human could. Living in perpetual darkness was something he was used to. He no longer longed to see the rising sun or witness the world's beauty in the full light of day; there were so many beautiful things to experience at night given his preternatural eyesight.

No, Damien's longing stemmed from the one thing vampires lacked. Everyone said their lack of emotion was supposed to aid in the taking of a human life when necessary to sustain them, but Damien didn't see it that way. He wanted to *feel*. He craved another's hands on his body, to touch another. His solitary existence was no longer acceptable to him. Vampires lived alone because their psychic abilities tended to reveal the true nature of a person. It was uncomfortable at the best of times. But four centuries was far too long to go without companionship.

Finally, finally his day had come. What had begun as a slow awakening a dozen or so years ago had been completed. The painfully frustrating process of his maturation had revived his once sexually dead body. With that awakening came the ability to eat, to drink, and most importantly to make love.

Perhaps some elemental thing had pushed him to this place, knowing his body was making way for the most important change in a vampire's very long life. He had moved here six months ago to the large metropolis in a country younger than himself. He'd decided on a whim to take over part of his business interests in person, something he'd never done before. It was here he'd met Larissa. Such a lush, sensuous woman.

He'd watched her from afar for too fucking long. Watching how her hips swayed as she walked by, how her full lips puckered into a delightful moue whenever she was displeased about something. Although he'd felt no real desire with his body, he had wanted her something fierce with his mind. She was unlike any woman he had ever known. As beautiful and sensuous as the most accomplished courtesan, yet with a mind quick as lightning and a tongue as sharp as a saber when pushed. She was the perfect balance between strength and independent, yet she was soft and oh, so very feminine. Now, just looking at her across the room had his cock jumping like a marionette for its master, eager to sink deep into what he was sure would be an equally lush and very wet pussy.

And he knew she was wet. He could smell her, more clearly than he had in her office. Her scent had blossomed as soon as she had laid eyes on him, an occurrence that had his inner fiend screaming to take her, mark her, make her his. She was equal parts sin and innocence.

Standing behind her earlier, he'd practically stared a hole through her clothes. An ass like that shouldn't be legal. Her creamy mocha skin was glossy with a fine sheen of sweat as she worked alongside him, inspecting merger paperwork that had already been gone over with a fine-toothed comb. He'd insisted she make this deal her one and only assignment, knowing that she couldn't refuse the owner of the corporation that paid her so well. Damien had every intention of introducing her to the kind of partnership he was really after.

He had always been able to easily imagine her riding him, could almost smell the sweat on her skin, a direct result of their torrid lovemaking. He had lain awake when he should be taking his daily rest, imagining the way she would sound. Would she be a screamer, or would she moan low and soft? He couldn't imagine her lying passively underneath him, not with the fire she tried to keep carefully banked when in business situations. Perhaps if she'd shown no interest in him he would be able to wait, to plan her seduction more carefully. But she did want him. He could hear the way her pulse

sped whenever they were alone, scented her desire when his eyes lazily swept her tempting form.

He had to stop this constant fantasizing. It was doing nothing but making his cock so hard his head hurt. Now he had his chance to explore all the things he'd imagined doing, and he was going to take it. There was no other woman he'd even consider being with. Only Larissa. She would be his, tonight. Now.

He waited until she walked back to his office with a stack of legal documents before he made his move.

He stood as she came back and waited until she set more paperwork on his desk. Then he moved in to stand close behind her as she leaned over, checking one document against the other. It was something he had done often, and now as ever, she didn't move away. Of course, he had always been careful to keep his still, flaccid cock away from the soft round globes of her ass. Not so tonight. His dick was anything but at rest, and he wasn't about to let this chance slip by.

Moving in close, he snuggled his rampant organ right in the middle of her ass, forcing her skirt into her crease a little. Ahhhh, that felt so good. Leaning over, he allowed his fangs to ever so gently nip her ear. "Put your hands flat on the desk, arch your back, and don't move."

## Chapter Three

Larissa should have been frightened. She really should have. Damien was the largest man she'd ever seen. Tall, very broad-shouldered, and oh, so deliciously muscular, he towered over her. Yet he didn't scare her in the least, even though he'd never done anything like this before. In the six months she had been his corporate attorney, he'd gotten close -- oh, so damned close -- but had never actually touched her. She had wanted him to. It was impossible not to be affected by his eerie magnetism. But he had never been other than professional with her.

Okay, not true. He asked probing questions about her personal life, staring deep into her eyes as if he could discern a lie from the truth, as if she would ever consider lying to a man like him. He had invaded her personal space plenty of times, sometimes standing so close all she had to do was lean just a little, and she would be flush against him. Then of course there were those damnable whispers that sent shivers racing through her while he watched for her reaction. She knew he wanted her, but he had never acted on it before. Of course she never had either, thinking he was just teasing her or perhaps testing her. Damien had never given her a clue as to what was behind one of those smoldering looks she sometimes caught him giving her. He had been the semi-perfect gentleman.

Oh, but in her dreams, his voice had seduced her. His voice was deep and gravelly. Damien sounded like anything but the civilized man he appeared to be. He sounded like a man in heat, if a man could be such a thing.

If the dreams were correct, he was definitely hot for her. She'd been almost convinced that, for the first time in her life, she'd been wrong about something like this. Never had her dreams been so completely off. She had seen this man. Knew the second she saw him that he was the man in her dreams, and he wasn't entirely human. So

when she had met him for the first time, she hadn't hesitated to trust him and accept his offer to be his company's attorney exclusively. She'd willingly given up all her other clients -- albeit for a massive raise -- and settled into her office right next to his, expecting this day to come eventually. She'd been wrong to give up hope and believe that she was the first failure in the long line of "sensitive" women in her family. Oh, what a joy it was to be dead wrong.

Now, she wanted to turn and look at him, but his softly spoken command demanded she do as he told her and stay perfectly still, so she did. Besides, something told her not to push him just now, and she always followed her inner voice.

"I thought you only lived in my dreams. I thought maybe my dreams were wrong, and you didn't want me." The admission flew past her lips even though she hadn't wanted it to. A thrill raced through her, lust swamped her body, and her pussy creamed for him. Even though she'd already been wet, the feel of his large hands exerting steady but gentle pressure, ensuring she wouldn't move, was driving her wild. His voice had lashed out and burrowed into her veins, immediately making her ache for his caress even as the act of holding her firmly in place thrilled her. She'd do anything he asked when he spoke to her in such a tone.

The first touch was so light she moaned a plea for more. Her hips canted back of their own volition. She really was helpless to do anything less.

"So good," he praised. "So responsive. You already know my voice, and your body is eager to know my touch."

She shivered. Lord, what that voice did to her! She was still fully clothed, but she could feel every hard inch of his body. His cock pulsed against her ass only to pull away. Larissa almost groaned in frustration. His touch stayed weightless as a feather, a mere trace of his fingertips up her sides to graze her breasts, up her shoulders to her neck. His hand slowly fisted in her hair until it tightened almost painfully.

He pulled her head back slowly to face him. Finally. Finally! She'd see the man in her dreams who had never failed to thrill and excite her beyond reason. He was always

so forceful, so demanding in the dream realm. She never imagined he would be anything else in real life.

Damien didn't ask her to kiss him; he took her mouth in a ruthless demand. He had to possess every inch of her; every drop of her essence was his for the taking. His tongue thrust deep into her mouth, stroking, conquering; her unique taste burst on his taste buds, whetting his appetite for more. It occurred to him that he might be hurting her with the brutal grip he had on her hair, but he couldn't let go. Whereas when he'd first arrived he'd only wanted to take her, now he knew the impulse that drove him to this woman was something more, something deeper. *Mine!* Every fiber of his being screamed it, demanded it, and he would obey.

A needy groan escaped him, but he wasn't so far gone that he missed her whimper, or the way her tongue darted out to meet his. She nipped his bottom lip, drawing the tiniest bit of blood, which sent his cock into a throbbing frenzy. He growled and pulled her to him roughly, unwilling or unable to keep his dick away from her. It belonged inside her, after all. Whatever he needed from her, whatever she was meant to be to him, for him, she was definitely meant to be a haven, a place to calm his mind and control the need coursing through him. Even now, he could feel it beating at him -- the need to take her savagely. Or gently. Any way she'd let him.

He ripped her clothing away from her abundant curves. It was sacrilege to cover such bounty in swaths of cloth. His lips traveled from her mouth to her neck. He could smell the sweetness of her blood racing through her veins, calling to him. But if he bit her now, she would be tied to him forever. Not a bad thought. Too appealing by far, actually. But it was too soon for that. Oh, he was going to claim her, but it was senseless to rush into it and frighten her.

He had to force himself to move on to the base of her throat where her pulse beat a wild tattoo against his lips. So soft, her skin, so inviting. How his fangs longed to be buried inside her every bit as much as his throbbing dick soon would be. Ah, but her breasts waited for his attention. Once he'd spun her around and lifted her onto the edge

of the desk, he had to give them proper homage. He allowed his tongue to swirl leisurely around each beaded nipple.

Larissa had never known such pleasure. Even in her dreams, everything seemed muted compared to the reality of this man. He smelled of soil and musk. Wood chips and pine. She hadn't missed the way he lingered at her throat before moving on. He wanted to bite her there, to take what he'd often told her was rightly his in her visions. She'd never forgotten the possessive way he'd spoken to her in her dreams, but it paled in comparison to the way he touched her now. It was as if he needed to stake a claim all over her. What he didn't realize was he had no need to, though it thrilled her beyond belief. She rather liked the territorial male ravaging her breasts just now.

There was a tiny sting as his lips closed against each painfully hard nipple and suckled hard. Something that felt similar to a needle prick made her gasp and clutch his head to her breasts. She'd never thought she was the kind of woman who would enjoy even a little pain, but the small prickling sent bolts of electricity up her spine. She moved deeper into his embrace, her back arching to push her nipple deeper into his mouth.

A slightly callused hand smoothed down the rounded stomach she'd always been ashamed to show. Never had a prospective lover made her forget her weight, or her insecurities; therefore no man had ever been able to breach the fortress she'd built around herself. His touch did that for her. It erased every imperfection she thought she had and brought her face-to-face with her baser self. She was no longer Larissa the pudgy, overweight attorney, wanted for her brains far more than her looks. Right now she was Damien's woman. Nothing mattered but the pleasure he inspired, the pleasure she hoped to give back to him. She didn't give a damn that she was sprawled buck-naked on her boss's desk. Her legs opened to his questing fingers, welcoming the sweet invasion with a flood of juices to ease his way. Nothing mattered but this, and this had to be completed.

The second Damien's fingers entered her, he knew what he'd smelled all along yet refused to believe. "You are untouched." It wasn't a question so much as a growled,



feral statement. He couldn't stop the roar of warning to any male who might think to so much as look at his woman. "MINE!" He shouted his claim, hoping damned well that every single worker heard him, though he knew they were all long gone except for maybe the cleaning crew. Short of actually taking her in public, he'd do anything and everything he had to in order to stake his claim. Hell, he might even do that if he thought she wanted it. His fangs lengthened, and he had to fight to keep the raging need to simply plunge into her and empty himself deep inside her.

"I always have been." Her quietly spoken statement, followed by a smile filled with love and tenderness, seemed to take away some of the urgency raging within him. The way she bent her neck to the side certainly didn't help calm the situation. Perhaps he'd be able to control himself enough to make her first time as painless as possible. But, God help him, even if he couldn't contain himself enough to make it easy for her, he had to have her anyway. There was no way he could leave here without claiming her. Not now. She was his only salvation.

Larissa watched, eyes wide, as the gorgeous man dropped before her, easing her ass back up on the desk. His broad shoulders forced her thighs open wide, heavy-lidded gray eyes focused solely on her wet and wanting core.

"Your smell has driven me insane," he growled right against her labia, vibrating the swollen lips as he spoke. "I've hungered for just a sip of your honeyed nectar for centuries."

Surely she hadn't heard that correctly. Centuries? Just for her? That was insane. Of course, she had always known he was something far more than human, but then again, so was she. But centuries? She would have told him so, too, how impossible that statement was, except his tongue swept against the seam of her pussy, groaning as if she was the most delectable thing on Earth. She had just enough time to suck in a tortured breath before the hot, sinful tongue slid deeper, snaking its way inside her as his strong fingers held her open to his quest. He licked and licked until she thought she would scream. No matter how she tugged on his luxurious hair he refused to go deeper, explore farther.

Until suddenly he did.

His mouth latched on to her clit, suckling voraciously while his wicked fingers dove deep inside her cunt. Larissa screamed in complete and utter pleasure. Two fingers stretched her while he flicked and licked her clit with his tongue. Electricity seemed to zing from his tongue, creating the most delicious current of pleasure. The stubble on his face abraded her legs erotically, adding to her pleasure. She fisted her hands tighter in his hair, torn between pulling him up her body and holding him to her cunt. In the end, she shamelessly pumped against his face, giving him everything, wishing she had more to give. Although the pleasure was so intense she wasn't sure if she would pass out or die, she would give him what he requested for. So she came again.

Just as she floated back to Earth, she felt a sharp pinch on the inside of her thigh followed by a pleasure so sharp it bordered on the edge of pain. She was vaguely aware of a pulling sensation on the spot, and she heard Damien's moan. It was all she could do to hang on to her tenuous hold on sanity. Oh, shit, that felt so good!

Knowledge exploded in her brain as she shattered in something so far beyond an orgasm it didn't have a name. Vampire. Damien was a vampire, which explained the centuries comment as well as a few other quirky personality traits he had. Hot damn, her mother was going to flip.

Damien was drowning, losing himself completely in a torrent of the sweetest flavor ever created. He drank hungrily, the sounds he made emanating from his soul. So needy, so greedy he should have been ashamed. He wasn't. He was awash in scrumptious juices more intoxicating than wine. He forced her to come for him once, twice, three times before he could tear himself away, immediately hungry for her taste as soon as he did so. But the need that ripped him from his now-favorite meal was stronger, more insistent. He would be back. There was no way he could ever live a day without her taste on his tongue.

Larissa didn't see him move. One moment he was tormenting her with the sinful pleasure of his mouth and tongue, the next he was undressed, and the broad head of his cock was pressing into her pussy. He was so big! He was stretching her, opening her

more than she ever thought possible. Would he fit? Surely he was too big, or she was too small. Either way, she should have been terrified, should have run screaming from the size of the cock trying to enter her now. But she didn't. She needed him too much, too badly.

She must have whimpered, or maybe fear was etched on her face somehow, because he slowed his relentless push forward, a look of chagrined worry crossing his face. It was so endearing it made her want to weep.

"I don't want to hurt you, baby. I don't want to hurt you." His voice was ragged with need and hunger. Only the head of his cock rested inside her tight sheath, but he needed to come like he'd never needed anything in his life. In centuries of life.

"Sweet God, Damien, just do it! I can't stand it! I've got to have you inside me, and if you don't so it soon, I swear I'll drive a stake through your heart!"

He should've been surprised by her comment. Somehow it just made sense that she would know what he was. It wasn't like he'd held back earlier from tasting her. He was a little surprised she had not only caught on, but let him drink from her luscious thigh.

Coming from anyone else, Damien might have taken it as a threat, but his little Larissa was just as needy as he was. Her nails marked deep furrows in his shoulders and back. She clawed at him, trying to pull herself closer to him, or him closer to her. She bit his shoulder, nipped his jaw. Finally, she settled on his mouth and plunged her tongue inside, and Damien couldn't bring himself to wait any longer. With a groan, he slid inside her with one smooth stroke, seating himself balls-deep inside her grasping cunt.

Larissa screamed into his mouth and wrapped her legs around him tightly. She used all the leverage she could to try to move, but he held her still. As needy and eager as he was, he absolutely could not hurt her any more than he already had. She might not acknowledge it, but his breaching of her combined with his better-than-average size would make her sore. It was inevitable, but he would salvage as much of this as he could. Her pleasure was the most important thing in the world to him. Even more than

his own, though he was taking that in spades. She absolutely would not remember anything but the pleasure when they looked back on this night together, he swore it.

## Chapter Four

She was going to kill him. If he didn't start moving soon, she would have to slay him where he stood. She tried to buck but he held her still, gritting his teeth as he did so but still refusing to move. She could feel every delicious inch of his thick, hard cock buried deep inside her. It throbbed, sending wave after wave of pleasure through her, so intense it hurt.

"Damien, I need you so bad." She felt all of her frustration, and need showed clearly in her face and in her words. There was no such thing as shame at a time like this. She was in the most vulnerable position she ever could be in, and she didn't give a damn about anything but the sensations he was inspiring.

"Don't tempt me right now."

He may have growled it, may have even meant it, but his hips began to move nonetheless. Ah, so sweet, so Goddamned good! He was moving way too slowly at first, but the marvelous friction with each thrust kept her from complaining. She had never felt anything like it. She was full, but it was still not enough. Unwilling to let him treat her like some kind of a porcelain figurine, she slammed her hips into his, demanding the full fury of his passion. And he responded beautifully. He began to move faster, slamming into her with exquisite force.

"You are mine, Larissa. My Larissa," he bit out. "I will never give you up. I'll never let you leave me." He pulled her legs over his shoulders and wrapped his arms around her thighs for leverage. He pounded into her so hard, he would have rocketed her across the desk had he not kept a tight grip on her legs. Over and over he slammed into her, pounding his cock as deeply into her pussy as he could manage. Their bodies beat out a fierce staccato in the silence of the room. The only other sounds were their ragged breaths and the occasional cry or groan. The scent of their sweat and sex filled

the air like a sweet, musky perfume, and Larissa knew she'd never forget how good he smelled, how good he tasted. Every lick of his skin with her tongue, even the lingering metallic taste of the blood she'd drawn from his lip thrilled her. This was sex at its basest. Its most animalistic.

And it was perfect.

Now she understood her naughty little romances that always claimed the hero "possessed" the heroine utterly. Oh, yes, yes, he was doing that and more. She could feel him deep inside her, feel the way he shivered as her vaginal walls clamped down on him again and again. And she was doing this to him, she was the temptress making her lover want her so damn bad he was feral. She never knew that she could hold such power over a man -- or vampire, rather. She didn't care what he was, either. All that mattered was that he now belonged to her. Her body sang with it.

Damien managed to tear his eyes away from Larissa's lovely face and looked to the place where their bodies joined. It was almost his undoing. Her bare pussy engulfed his large member eagerly. His only regret was that he couldn't tongue her clit while he fucked her. He almost laughed at the image, but damn it, he wanted all of her. In every way imaginable. In every position imaginable. He wanted to fuck her, eat her pussy, tongue her ass, then fuck her some more.

Sweet one above! There was simply no way he'd ever get as much of his little Larissa as he wanted. Her walls quaked all around him, seducing him every bit as much as her deep soulful brown eyes had. Her pussy was sucking him deep like a hot, moist mouth. No matter how he tried, he couldn't slow down, couldn't go easy. He wanted more hands so he could touch her everywhere as he rocked into her welcoming warmth. Every moan, every sigh urged him on, making him piston inside her over and over again. Her body shook with every impact, jiggling erotically, her breasts bouncing with every stroke.

God, he loved her body! She wasn't one of those scrawny, bony women this time seemed to worship. She was lush. Plump. Wonderfully curvy and soft. She was perfect for a man to settle in for a long comfortable ride. And she was his. All his.

"Damien! It feels so good. Please, please -- more!"

How the hell was he supposed to keep his composure with her pleading so sweetly? She might not know how crazy she was driving him, but she sure as hell did it with ease and vigor. His balls tightened painfully. After so long he was terrified of the explosion to come, but helpless to do a thing about it. There was no way he could leave her snug warmth, not now, maybe not ever. She burned for him, contracted all around him, writhed all up against him. May the heavens have mercy, he was going to blow and blow hard.

Larissa was going insane. She had to be -- how could any person endure such overwhelming feelings? Every cell in her body zinged with ultimate pleasure, with the irresistible urge to come apart just for him.

"Are you ready, my Larissa? Are you ready for me to make you mine?"

"You know I am, Damien." She hardly recognized the needy voice as her own. "I've always been yours."

"Once I do this, I'll never let you go. You have to know that."

Larissa would have laughed if she'd not been so fucking turned on and desperate to come. "Like you'd let me go if we stopped now." She placed a hand alongside his face, an oddly tender gesture given how hard he was pounding into her. "I want you. *You*. No other man will ever do for me, Damien. Now take what is freely offered, and for Christ's sake, make me come."

He laughed at that, or tried to. It sounded sort of like he was choking, but she got the general idea. Larissa smiled at the way it came out more strangled and tight than it should have. She loved that he was as affected as she was. It made her feel powerful beyond imagining knowing she held the pleasure of such a physically perfect man.

Without another word, Damien let her legs drop and pulled her upper body up from the desk and wrapped his arms around her. He fisted her hair and pulled her head back, exposing the smooth skin of her throat, just like she had so recently offered. This is it, she thought. He was going to change, or something equally as important. Not that

she knew for sure. He was the vampire, she was merely psychic; she had no experience in things like this.

When he dipped his head to her neck, he nipped her, hard enough to bring blood. Still, at the mere thought of what he would most surely do at some point, Larissa exploded. The stranglehold she had on his cock clamped down so hard she felt his dick convulsing inside her. He gave her years of pent-up desire and need, and she welcomed every drop. With a mighty roar, Damien came deep inside her.

Spurt after spurt of his semen emptied into her womb as he pulled from her neck. The sweet nectar of her blood paled only in comparison to her pussy. Both were life giving. Both were sweet ambrosia. But the promise of her sex was what had kept him going for the last twelve years. That and the promise of what he would have once it was time.

Larissa was his. Now. Forever.

They didn't move for a long time. Damien's body was heavy and sated. He was light-headed on the sexual high and he wasn't altogether sure he could move if he wanted to. He didn't really want to.

Still, taking Larissa in her office was unacceptable, even considering his desperation to have her. Her first time should have been in a soft bed where they could bask in the afterglow without trouble or interruption. The sofa was soft, but nothing like a bed. She needed to be in a bed. His bed. He should've waited just a little while longer. Should've have taken her out to an expensive dinner and showered her with pretty words and laughter before lying her down on a bed made of silks.

Oddly, he doubted that was the way she would have wanted it. Later on tonight he would do these things, but with the full knowledge she belonged to him now, utterly. There were still things for her to learn about him, about herself as his woman, but he knew they could do it. They could build a life together.

When they had calmed down, Larissa held Damien's head to her chest, her hands stroking his hair even as his fingers tightened convulsively, holding her close. She didn't complain, simply let him lie there soaking in her essence. Every so often he



would rub his face against her, inhaling their combined scent. He had no idea why this pleased her, but he could tell it did. He was a tortured vampire, but she had given him the peace he had longed for since they'd first met in her dream world.

"We need to go, my love." His rasping voice was shaky, and he wanted to curse himself for showing so much weakness, but it didn't seem to matter with his Larissa. She accepted him as he was. The vampire in him rejoiced, but the man in him knew she needed gentleness. He just wasn't sure how much gentleness he was capable of.

Larissa looked around her. She, too, was lethargic and worn out. That was when she remembered her clothing. It was in tatters on the floor. Embarrassed, she looked away from him. She'd done this with a man she barely knew. True, she'd been aware of him for most of her life, had listened to his voice seduce her in her dreams, but she'd just fucked a man she had only recently met.

"Well, I'd love to, but it seems we made short work of my clothes, and I don't have a change here because I don't normally make a habit of letting strange men rip the clothes from my body and fuck me into oblivion."

A twinge of surprise and hurt tickled her mind, and she knew it was Damien. The sensation was gone before she could fully identify it, and Damien simply scooped her up in his strong arms. "No. You're not going to start doubting what we did. Not now. Not ever." His declaration was almost viciously snarled. "You are mine, Larissa. Never doubt it. What we did had to be done, and after so long, I simply couldn't wait. You're far, far too tempting a woman for that."

"I've hurt you," she said, not exactly sure how or why, but she knew it was true. "It's just... I don't normally act this way."

Damien sighed. She had so much to learn about their new bond, so much to learn about her new very long life. Not a vampire -- there was no need to turn her completely. She was now his consort, her life extended as long as his was, however long that might be. No one knew for sure.

"Because you're a woman who knows what she wants and is willing to wait for the right time. Now was the right time." He picked up his long trench coat from where

it was hanging over the back of a chair and draped it around her naked body. God, he hated covering that perfect, perfect body. But better that than every other man in the area seeing her. The beast in him threatened to burst free at the mere thought. He might be graduating into the ranks of a more “tame” species of vampire, but he wasn’t there yet. Not even close. Where Larissa was concerned, he might never be. “Let’s get you home where you belong.”

She looked at him, her dark eyes wide and guileless. This was a woman who didn’t expect anything from him. She had no preconceived notions of what her life with him would be like, and he loved her even more for it.

“Home?”

“Yes. Our home. Wherever you want. We can move you into my house, or me into yours. If you want, I’ll build your dream home, but whatever you choose, we’ll be together.”

At first, Damien thought she might protest, then the reserve melted from her face, and she smiled warmly. “I suppose that’s the only logical course. It’s not like I didn’t know this would happen. I’ve always known I had to be with you.”

If it was possible, her words filled Damien with more pleasure than he ever dreamed. The only woman in all his long centuries who could make him feel, make him long to be more than what he was, not only accepted what he was, but embraced him, welcomed him with open arms and enfolded him in her love.

He couldn’t help himself. He had to kiss her. Gently, he cupped her face in his hands and brought his lips to hers. It was an exploring kiss, nothing more. The movement of her lips on his was maddening all the same. He’d just had her, yet he needed her again. There was no doubt that he’d never drink his fill from her. Not her body, not her blood.

Larissa’s cries and moans were music to his ears. She melted into him perfectly, surrendering willingly to his touch. He let the trench coat fall open. The material caught on her pert nipples, but he brushed one side away so he could fill one palm with the

rounded globe of her breast. He kneaded the soft mound gently, brushing the nipple with his thumb.

"You respond so perfectly. So damned perfectly." He was trembling with need, as was she. She threaded her fingers in the hair at his neck and pulled him more firmly into their kiss.

"And you're deliberately prolonging my agony, Damien. I need you again," she whimpered. "Please!"

With a groan, Damien turned her around, slid the coat from her shoulders, and pulled her bottom against his rapidly hardening cock. She arched her back -- just as she'd done the first time -- and Damien almost shot his load on her rounded bottom. She was perfect. All that creamed-coffee skin beckoning him to drink his fill was almost more than he could take.

He wanted to simply plunge into her, but caution for her previously untried state cooled him somewhat. He swiped his fingers through her folds once to ensure she was ready for him. They came away stained slightly with the blood of her innocence, and his knees almost gave way. Was she ready for this? To test the waters, he waited until she looked over her shoulder at him. He made sure she could see the crimson streak around his fingers before slowly sticking them in his mouth and sucking them clean.

Her eyes widened slightly, and she gasped. Damien watched in fascination as little beads of sweat erupted over the skin of her back.

"I'm a vampire. Can you give me what I need?"

"Oh, yeah," she breathed. Without waiting for him to tell her what to do, Larissa swept her hair to one side, baring her neck for him. "Take whatever you need, with my blessing."

Her show of trust, no matter how innocent she was of the true nature of the vampire, warmed his once icy heart. Damien slid into her sex with one smooth, slow stroke and blanketed her body with his. His chest was flush against the long elegance of her back, and he kissed and gently sucked the column of her neck as he began to move inside her.

"You are truly a miracle, Larissa. My miracle."

Damien reached around her body and found her clit with his finger and thumb, pinching the sensitive nub. She quivered and pushed back against him, driving his cock deeper into her core.

"Please, Damien. I need..."

"What, love? Tell me what you need." He scraped his teeth against her skin, abrading the tender flesh slightly. He loathed the idea of marring her lovely skin, but it was his nature. He could no more deny himself than he could stop the earth from spinning.

"Your bite, Damien. I need your bite."

And there it was. Her complete surrender. She trusted him with her life and gave life to him all at the same time. With a grateful groan, Damien sank his teeth into her neck even as he sank his cock deeper into her cunt. Larissa cried out, but her pussy contracted around his throbbing dick so tightly, he knew she wasn't in too much pain. And any pain she felt was likely enhancing her pleasure.

"Oh, God!" Larissa screamed. One hand reached back and clutched his ass, pulling him to her, urging him to thrust harder and faster. "Oh, yeah! Fuck me, Damien. Dear God, fuck me hard!"

Her blood hit him with dizzying intensity. Nothing had ever given him such a rush. It seemed like a jolt of electricity shot through his mouth straight to his balls, and Damien knew there was nothing that could stop his orgasm.

When Larissa's pussy contracted and spasmed around his cock, milking him of the pre-cum he knew leaked from the tip inside her, he let his release wash over him. Closing the pricks in her skin, Damien threw back his head and roared. Gripping her hips, he pulled her as tightly against him as he could, his cock exploding deep inside her. Spurt after spurt of his cum filled her and overflowed, trickling down his balls and the inside of her thighs.

Damien's heart pounded, and sweat suffused his skin. Their bodies glided together as he once again bent over her, wrapping his arms around her torso.

“Wow,” she gasped.

Damien felt her tremble and wrapped her in his coat once again. Dressing quickly, he scooped her up in his arms. “That about sums it up, yeah.” He chuckled. He needed to get her home so he could make love to her properly. In his bed.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and snuggled contentedly into his shoulder. “I love you, you know,” she said as she kissed the underside of his jaw. “I think I’ve always loved you. I just didn’t know exactly who you were until I met you here.”

“That’s because you’re mine, Larissa.” He pressed a hard kiss to the top of her head. “Mine.”

“Always. Yours.”

## **Marteeka Karland and Shara Azod**

Erotic romance author by night, emergency room tech/clerk by day, Marteeka Karland works really hard to drive everyone in her life completely and totally nuts. She has been creating stories from her warped imagination since she was in the third grade. Her love of writing blossomed throughout her teenage years until it developed into the totally unorthodox and irreverent style her English teachers tried hard to rid her of.

Want to see what's up with Marteeka? Check out her website at [www.marteeekakarland.com](http://www.marteeekakarland.com) or join her yahoo group at [marteeekakarland-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:marteeekakarland-subscribe@yahoogroups.com). Marteeka always welcomes e-mail from her readers. You can reach her at [mkarland@gmail.com](mailto:mkarland@gmail.com).

Shara Azod is the first one to admit she is a little off. Her favorite movies are *Steel Magnolias* and *Apocalypse Now*, with a little *Godfather* and *Animal House* thrown in for fun. When not planning to take over the world, she can usually be found having deep and meaningful conversations with her kids about the meaning of life or trying to talk her husband into buying her weapons -- just in case of Armageddon.

Read more at Shara's website: [www.sharaazod.com](http://www.sharaazod.com).