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Secret Cravings Publishing



CHERRY FLAVORED SEX

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EROTIC ROMANCE

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A Secret Cravings Publishing Book

Erotic Romance

Cherry Flavored Sex

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Dedication

Mercury and I would like to thank our families and our friends for being a part of our writing experience. This story marks Mercury's entrance into the publishing world. We'd also like to thank the editing team and of course saving the best for last, the readers.

CHERRY FLAVORED SEX

Mahalia Levey and Mercury Sexton

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The Delightful Kitty was packed. Alana Merona peeked at the men and women clustered in areas of the posh room. Illuminated posters of her in glass housings lined the outside foyer into the club. The patrons crowded in to see a glimmer of her sinfulness. The echo of Sweet Lana fell off many tongues in the dimly lit VIP room. Set in darkness, the room boasted of the best of the other world. Masculine in nature, its furnishings tied in with whatever quirks one might have—well in good taste at least. After previous shows she had failed to gain the attention of the owner Drake, a demon she'd spent months lusting for. He was the only man she wanted to have a taste of the exoticness that flowed through her body.

With a low sweep of her long lashes, she winked and played the seductress as she passed. Sauntering, she wove her way through the maze of Weres, vamps and all things immortal. The sweet sticky scent of arousal and intrigue filled the establishment. She inhaled the deep aroma of their attraction like a fine mist of cologne and basked in the addictive nature of being an exhibitionist. From the left and the right, front to back, they surrounded her, offering slight conversation, or a slow lingering touch as she walked by.

Deep down she knew their desires, but the club's written policy protected her from their baser impulses. No touching without permission. It was all an act, a sweet act meant to drive them insane, and deprive even the best of them. She prided herself on mastering the game of cat and mouse so well. She eased through the throng laughing, flirting, at ease in her skin. Her body

was made for passion, enticing and inciting lust...her calling. They'd fall at her feet wanting more, and she'd pull them in, wrap them all around her small prettily painted manicured finger.

On the circular stand rested a king-size four-poster mahogany platform bed adorned with bodies in various positions that dated back to ancient times. The frame was masculine in form. Four posts rose twelve feet high, though they didn't come close to touching the vaulted ceiling. The shape and counter of the wooden artwork resembled well-defined cocks. Lit votive candles strategically scattered around the bed and on stands, gave off an alluring scent, one that she'd chosen for this event. She'd purchased pheromone-laced wax, as an aide to help assure her needs would be met. A fan blew the aroma across the expanse of the room. Should anyone get a little rambunctious she knew both the rules and her magic would keep her safe. Alana walked slowly by each candle to the platform. The flickering flames illuminated her in rays of soft light. She smiled at the eyes on her, watching, waiting.

The music started its slow seductive intro, the beats entrancing and attracting all in attendance. She shrugged her shoulders, the thin filmy red top that tied between her taunt breasts threatened to split open. The ends dangled, tickling the glistening skin of her torso. A soft transparent wrap rested across her hips and ass, leaving a bit of something to the imagination. Her eyes dilated, her hitched breathing exaggerated for show.

Her hips swayed as she gyrated with liquid precision. She ran her hands down her breasts, touching them, soft and sleek. Her hair swung, tapping against her ass. Play had never been so fun. Her body ached, pulsated, to be dominated. She gave a 'come-hither glance' with a hint of a smile to those who knew and pitied those who didn't have a clue as to what her show entailed.

She laughed huskily, her body moving, climbing the pole with deft movements, embracing her make shift lover—taking refuge in the solidness of it. Alana rocked her hips to the beat of the music. And with an impish flair, she slid her hands up her mocha thighs revealing a hint of fabric that barely covered her bare mound under the wrap. Around the bedpost, she twisted up and down the hard wood, giving a sweet tease of her perfect ass cheeks. Wrapping her legs around the thick bulbous head, she swung to face her voyeurs.

“Welcome to my night. I hope to find the very best of the best, someone who can handle my voracious appetite.”

With a breathless sound, she bumped herself against the hardness between her thighs. She pictured Drake up in his office, missing her show and sent him a direct invitation using magic, an illegal act in his club. At the thought of inciting his anger, she licked her lips and swung her feet to land the bed.

She danced on the bed, touching and bending, lower and lower still. She hung her legs off the edge and spread her knees. Touching herself she moaned slightly and leaned back, offering a full view of the succulence waiting to be possessed. Her movements were direct and hard. Her body percolated to the music playing overhead. With nimble fingers, she rose up, untying her top, her lush breasts in view for those to see. The wrap came off next, leaving her in her scrap of a red g-string.

Alana crawled slowly on all fours with intent, the sexual promise showing, to the head of the bed. Her body softly touched the black satin sheets, rubbing against them as if her phantom lover were there. Her rough attitude begets one who has made her hungry, made her wait, and now she stalks. She slightly twisted her hips tucking her leg underneath her so she could turn, putting one red heel shoe sole on the bed, and laying on her side. The smooth motion gave a candied apple view of her sweet pussy. She ran her hand down her leg, taking one of her six-inch heels and pulling up till it rested above her head comfortably.

Breathing heavily, she picked up a set of candles and brought them over her breasts. Sweet anticipation flowed through her—she waited, making them drool—as murmurs and low whispers caught her attention. Being a tease gave her power and made her body pulsate harder. She tilted the end and let the searing hot wax drip on her body. The sting to her flesh started her spiral toward orgasm. From her breasts, to her stomach and bare mound she dripped a path of pleasure, writhing underneath the onslaught of ecstasy and prickles of pain. Climax wouldn't occur, not yet, not this soon. Hazed with need, she took stock of her surroundings. There wasn't a sense of danger around her, none that would have her throwing up her magic shields. No matter how bad

she acted, she knew her feigned innocence would protect her from the animalistic males who frequented the club.

Lazily, Alana laughed and looked out toward those entranced, aroused at her actions. Their scents turned her on, making her lust for more desire from them. She used her come-hither smile again. A little taunt never hurt anybody.

An ice bucket rested on a stand beside her. She reached in and withdrew ice cubes to cool her over heated body. Pleasure coursed through her as the cool water cascaded down her chest. It ran slowly, lingering at her creases in her valley and her belly button, dripping to her pussy. She let out a hiccup of a breath as the ice made her shiver.

With a wave of her hand, she manifested a red Popsicle in the shape of a nice thick cock. Testing it, she placed the frozen treat in her mouth. The sweet cherry flavor dripped to the back of her throat as she sucked it.

Her body was so hot for it. She placed the cool dessert on her moist heat. "Yes," she crooned as the cold hit her clit. She rocked against it, with a savage need to put the fire out. The chill on her pussy made her face flush, giving off the appearance of an innocent blushing.

"Gods," she screamed and inserted the iciness in as far as it would go. With a breathy exhale, she slid it in and out, murmuring as it slowly melted. Her skin was hot and sticky, her body wet from the ice. Her pussy ached with a mixture of hot and cold sweeping across her. She fucked the cherry Popsicle with an urgent need to climax. As the pressure built, she withdrew it and ran it across her clit in long slow strokes. In the back of her throat, she felt a scream build up. Her pussy contracted as she plunged it in hard while using her other hand to nip and tweak her clit. Her scream swept across the room as she climaxed again, and the aroma of her sweet pussy tantalized all, covering them in her scent.

Sated for the moment, she came out of her own sexual trance. Around her, the room's energy changed. Violence brewed, bringing the need for blood lust or plain taking radiated from all within the walls of the club. Alana reveled in this part, bringing about sexual mayhem. For her safety she halted everything, creating a protective shield about her. A flicker of power

erupted on the stage extinguishing the candles. Fully dressed, Alana unfroze the room and walked off the platform. Waving goodbye, she winked at the owner, Drake Sullivan, and vanished from sight, knowing her plan worked. The savage hunger etched in his black as midnight eyes called to her and the grim expression on his face told her she'd be receiving a visit—and soon.

* * * *

Alana snuggled into her covers and pulled the pillows tighter against her. She hated sleeping alone. In the dark, her heart beat faster afraid of the shadows that lurked in the deepest recesses of her brain. The place where everyone put the unpleasant events of life at bay and kept them locked up tight. Her lids closed once again, and she drifted off into sleep. She saw herself smiling and laughing at something, but the rest was a blur. The more she tried to focus, the more unfocused it became.

"Alana," a deep dark voice penetrated her mind. It was laced with danger and promise, known to make some flinch in fear and women weep in need. "Alana, wake up sleepy tiger." She slumbered restlessly; feeling a feather-light touch on her chest, dreaming a presence leaned over her form. The dream mist faded and revealed a handsome muscle-ripped man raised on an elbow, his hand brushed gently across her forehead. A smirk played on his lips as he watched her eyes flutter from his voice. His head bowed to press a kiss to the hollow between her pert breasts. "Wake up kitty, it's almost noon."

Alana sighed, restlessly fighting the urge to open her eyes. She was so tired, but that voice none other could imitate. "I am a kitty," she mumbled in her sleep, "A sexy kitty." She sighed and rolled over, feeling a hard body next to her. "Hello handsome," she said huskily, opening her cat-shaped eyes. She ran her fingertips along the cut of his well-defined abs. His smell, and the sound of his voice sent shivers of pleasure up and down her spine. She would have to do that show again with the cherry popsicle just for him alone. Images of how he had satisfied her every

yearning flashed through her mind, turning her face beet red. She turned her face into the pillow until the moment passed.

“Morning sexy kitty-cat.” He captured her fingers and brought them up to his lips to press a gentle kiss to the soft pads. “If you keep that up, we will not be leaving this bed for another day, sweet Alana.” His hand dug into her chin forcing her to face him. Her breathing hitched as he nipped her kiss-swollen lips and suckled gently.

“Keep what up?” she asked succinctly, her hand twirling the strands of his raven’s black hair. Alana couldn’t keep her hands to herself, even half-asleep he resembled sin itself. Surely she’d be banished to Hell for keeping company with one such as him, yet she couldn’t stop herself, and after last night, she didn’t want to.

“Letting your fingers wander,” he growled softly, as she traced his jaw line. Alana knew doing so was like taking a walk on the dangerous side. Insatiable, his needs rivaled her own. Her well-used, tender body throbbed at the option of beginning a second act. Hard and thick, his erection poked her, teased her. On her fingers, she counted the positions they had already used and smiled.

His eyes narrowed slightly as she ran her tongue across her lips to wet them. “I hope you do not have any pressing matters to attend to sinful kitty-cat, for you have just lost your late morning and early evening at the earliest to me.”

Alana yawned and stretched in true cat nature, arching her back and stretching her long legs, pointing her red painted toes. Tilting her head, she made sure her breasts brushed against his chiseled chest and gave him her best innocent smile. “I thought perhaps, I’d killed you enough last night.” Her hand roamed down the bedding, finding the piece of muscle that had her screaming in the throes of lust mere hours before. *Not that I have any plans*, she thought. Since she’d lost her mate Darian, her pack only allowed her out for her specific needs and then kept her under watchful eye while they waited for another pack leader to offer for her. She hated the laws of her kind. She only wanted to feed and otherwise be left alone.

A feral grin spread over Drake's face as he gripped the sheet around their bodies and tore it off, letting it float to the floor. He took her wrist and pushed her hand faster along his growing member. "If you want to be naughty my Alana, then you have to make sure I'm 'up' to claim you." His eyes darkened with his desire and lust. "Your sweet touch hasn't led me to my death yet. Maybe this time will be more fulfilling."

Alana smiled. "Make sure you're up to claiming me, huh?" She watched his face in avid fascination, like that of a curious cat. The sensation of the throbbing member sliding through her closed palm made her drenching wet. "Wonder what you'll look like if I do this?" she said huskily. With her other hand, she used the tips of her fingers to trace his sac lightly between each round ball. Smiling, she palmed them while stroking him faster, her hand sliding up to the mushroomed tip where a small drop of release waited.

His hips pressed up against her hand. "That's easy," he growled low, the sound vibrating through her form as they were connected. "I'll look like I want to fuck that divine body of yours even though I have had you over and over again since your show." He cupped her cheek, running his hand through her thick dark tresses before drawing her closer. His tongue followed the seam of hers till she sighed.

Alana felt shaky as his mouth descended upon hers, fire rushed through her body, each cell burning. She tangled her tongue with his, dancing to his demonic tune. She would do anything, to experience the way he made her come to life, and rejoice in that fluttery, heady exhilaration. He made her feel like a whole woman, sexual, enticing, and exciting. The totality of it was astounding when he held and touched each inch of her body the previous night. Addiction. She'd become addicted to his touch. She stroked him with her hand to the tempo of their heartbeats. "I like you stiff," she quipped in-between drugging kisses, ones that alone had her dizzy with unquenchable need.

A wicked smile graced his face as he pulled away to look at her. His free hand trailed down the hollow of her throat between her breasts, and over her abdomen. Alana keened as his fingers ran over the heated bare flesh already wet from her arousal; all he had to do was wiggle his

fingers gently and they would be between her folds. His eyes gleamed at her. "I enjoy when you make me stiff." His fingers already curled in her hair pulled her head to his for another breathless kiss before he broke it with a growl. "I want your sinful lips around my cock the way you treated that cherry flavored popsicle. I need your mouth around me, Alana."

Alana felt like molten lava flowed through her veins. She looked up at him lazily and gave him a sinful smile. "I rather enjoy it too." She slid lower as he let go of her tresses. Exhilarating power surged through her as he voiced the need only she could provide. Her hair brushed across his chest as she placed soft licks on each small nipple attached to the most perfect set of pecks she had ever witnessed firsthand in her life.

She heard his growls and slowed her movements tasting, nipping and licking each ridge of muscled torso while steadily stroking his engorged shaft. Truth be told, she'd die for a taste of that massive muscle. "The anticipation burns, does it not?" She smiled wickedly and tossed her hair so it slid over her hand. She wiggled until she got into the position she wanted. "I want to taste you so bad it hurts."

Braced in between his legs, she looked up at him with hunger illuminating her cat-shaped eyes. Her tongue flicked out and licked him from tip to balls, kissing from the base up. She smiled and licked along the thick vein trying his control. She slid over the head of his cock, down to the back of her throat. Her hand cupped his balls, rolling them between her deft fingers. She savored his texture. Steel velvet had her purring from deep within her throat.

His hand cupped the back of her head as she began taking him the way he wanted, deep inside her throat the way she had the cherry flavored ice stick. His hips rocked up as his upper body leaned back against a pile of pillows that appeared behind him so he could lay back and still watch her take him. She gained pleasure from watching him gaze at her as she worked him over. "Deeper Alana," he rasped. "I want your throat to contract around me as I cum."

Alana wrapped her hand around his base, stroking him while she bobbed up and down. Her saliva glands were on overdrive with the flavor as she swallowed him. She worked slowly inch by inch down his gorgeous length. He slipped deep into her throat past the uvula until she was

sure she felt his mushroomed head hitting against her tonsils. Breathing through her nose, Alana slithered back up and suckled only his head eventually making her way back down to the base of his cock. To his obvious displeasure, she left his rigid muscle to suck on his sac, grinning at his snort of disdain. She took her sweet time toying with him until she felt him tug fiercely on her hair. She complied and licked her way back up him only to swallow him whole again. "You taste so good to me." She breathed and then bobbed up and down again, getting a steady rhythm while he attempted to bury himself deeper.

"You feel so good around my cock, sweet Alana. I think..." He growled, his hips rising from the bed.

Alana moaned as his thoughts entered her head, liking that she was more talented than the demonic whores he usually fucked in Hell. Would she let him corrupt her? She knew he wanted to suck the innocence out of her, and she wanted to be exclusive, his and no one else's. His hand held her head still as he twisted his hips up till his cock was imbedded as far as it could go, then he freed her so that she could come up for air before growling.

"You bring me faster than anyone else, my Alana. You are going to swallow me whole then drink every drop. Take a breath." He pushed her head down so she encased him firmly against his base. Only then did his hips arch off the bed as he flooded her mouth and throat with his sticky white juices. "Take all of it."

She moaned, her pussy walls clenching with an unsatisfied need that bordered on the edge of giving her the most erotic orgasm ever by his harsh orders. She took it all and then somewhat relaxed her jaw to fit him all in, while sucking slowly until each drop was released and flowed the short distance down her parched throat. When she was certain there was no more to taste, she licked his slit, hoping for remnants of his salty release.

After the tremors subsided she felt him harden again. A dark growl emanated as he flipped their positions so her back was against the mountain of pillows and he was leaning above her, braced on one tattooed arm. His eyes blazed at her. When he nipped the side of her throat, sucking on her bounding pulse, she shuddered. His free hand grazed along her side, brushing up

against a full breast before tracing the curve of her hip and turning to run across her bare mound that was wet for him.

“God, but you're gorgeous, Alana. All ready and waiting for me to take you however I please.” He descended further down her body, rubbing his face between her breasts and nipping the skin, but going nowhere near her budded nipples. He descended lower and lower, his tongue trailing along her form till his hands spread her legs wide and his tongue ran along the wet slit. “Mm, you taste delicious.”

Alana didn't know which was better, his rock hard body laying a top of hers, his warm whiskey voice speaking erotically to her or his fingers and mouth trailing their touches over her sensitive body. Her mind was mush, not allowing her to utter a sound as she gave over to the physical sensations of his actions. But gods, he was a bad one, but good at the same time. She writhed. Close to climaxing, she held off, not wanting to make it easy for him. His tongue hitting her puffed flesh was almost too much to bear. She made a soft whimpering sound and spread her legs wider for his assault.

“That's it, my Alana, melt to my touch. You know you want what I am giving you.” His deep voice sent vibrations through her thighs where his lips touched. He sat up, caught her wrists and brought her hands down to the inside of her thighs near her heat, pressing on them until she got the idea to open herself wider. “Hold yourself open so I can taste you.” His command brought a flush to her cheeks.

Obedient to him only, she spread her labia and was rewarded. His head dipped back down and his tongue licked across her wet slit. He opened the fully aroused labia and licked her clit a few times. He then nipped the inside of her thigh teasing her as she did him until he dipped into her hot cavern, stabbing inside before tugging her clit between his teeth.

Alana floated on a cloud of ecstasy. The rough scrape of his calloused fingers guiding her own soft slender hands to her own flesh made her shiver in delight. She bit the inside of her cheek wanting to please him, to hear more of that sexy voice that beckoned her to do things with him she never would have imagined with any other. She rolled her hips in sync with his tongue.

Her sensitized nerves were skating all over the place, driving her mad, so mad she wanted to beg for more. “It feels so good.” She gasped for air, her lungs opening and closing like a bellows.

A guttural growl vibrated on her sensitive flesh. She watched with a hitched breath as he cupped his thick length, stroking it gently up and down in time to her moans and gasps. Alana cried out in pleasure, pressing her drenched core onto his face. The pace he used took her to a deeper darker plane of sex that on some level should’ve scared her. But didn’t. She was in the darkest regions of her inner most desires.

Drake lifted his face from her drenched pussy and rubbed his finger over the pre-cum that leaked from his engorged head. She watched wide-eyed and expelled a held breath as he pressed the rough pad covered in his juice against her lips. “Suck on it, babe.” He growled, his dark eyes flashing lust and need.

She greedily opened up and slid her tongue slowly over the first digit, closing around it and sucking it in. She moaned at his taste and pulled back to his fingertip nipping on the end as a sign of punishment for the sample of his seed no longer there. She cleaned off the next digit following the same course of action until she only tasted his skin and laid her head back on the pillow.

That seemed to be enough to break the hold over his resolve. His hands gripped her body and flipped her over till she was kneeling along with him on the bed, her back held firmly to his chiseled chest. He rubbed his cock against her ass, his hand running over her front, finally paying attention to her hardened nipples. His fingers twisted and plucked them, making them tighten even more.

“Does it make you wetter knowing that I am only inches away from taking your sweet body, that I am in total control here, and I can do whatever I wish?” He nuzzled the crook of her shoulder, his teeth nipping there as he continued to rub his thick length against her. “That I decide if I want to be in your ass or your sweet honey tasting pussy?” His other hand trailed up to cup her throat and bent her head backward to lie on his shoulder. “Answer me, my sweetest Alana.”

“Yes,” she whispered. Overwhelmed, she wanted to scream yes, take me, mark me, do whatever, just don't stop, though the words didn't come. The way she gave up her body to him said everything she needed to say loud and clear.

“Good.” He growled then pushed her upper body down onto the bed, the pile of pillows disappearing. He kept her hips elevated in the air, but she turned her head to see him over her shoulder. A sound of sinister pleasure escaped his throat, making her shiver. His head bent lower to stab into her sex with his wicked tongue. Alana trembled from his sensual assault. When he knelt closely behind her, she watched him take a hold of his cock pressing the tip directly into her hot pussy. She knew then he was going to take her like the animal that lurked just beneath the surface of his skin. His fingernails pierced her hips as he rotated his cock in circles. “I want to hear you scream, Alana.” He growled darkly as he shoved his entire length in her, stopping when his scrotum hit her drenched pussy.

Alana gripped the sheets in her hands and arched her back like a true feline, tilting her pelvis out and spreading her legs further apart. Her walls throbbed so hard in pure anticipation it bordered on being painful. She cried out at his controlling nature. “Fuck me,” she screamed, thrusting back against his cock.

His hand fisted in her hair, yanking her head back so she was forced to look up at him. His face had transformed, his demonic side slipped its leash. Drake's hips slammed against her ass, pounding his cock harder and deeper between her thighs—just as she had teased and beckoned him with last night fucking that cherry popsicle. “Scream, Alana, I want to hear your cries, tell me how well I'm fucking your tight pussy.” His hand left her hair but took up her arms, bending them back behind her so he could use the leverage to yank her back into his fuck thrusts that rocked her harder and harder as his cock slid inside her body.

With each plunge, her breath was knocked clean out of her. She wanted the pain, the violence propelling her higher. She moaned out and stretched further backwards, clenching her inner walls to keep him in her inner sanctum. The feral look in his eyes sent shivers down her spine, causing her to shake uncontrollably. A loud shrill rose from the depths of Alana's vocal

box to pierce his master bedroom. He yanked on her hair and pushed so deep inside of her she felt for sure she'd rip in half. Sobs came pouring out of her and tears pooled in the corner of her eyes.

“I want more, harder!”

She obeyed, screaming out as her lubricated walls allowed him to penetrate her further. He positioned her arms so they lay on her back giving him the advantage to reassert his dominance. Thanks to being a Were the odd position was not totally uncomfortable. His other arm curled around her waist, pressing on her bare mound to keep her closer to his hips as he slammed inside of her, his tip hitting her cervix at each thrust.

“Fuck Alana,” he growled, his voice echoing darkly. “You are so fucking tight, my little whore cat. I bet no one has ever fucked you this hard before in your small existence on this Earth.”

Alana fought for control of her tiny body, trying to yank one hand free so she could have a semblance of control in this situation. No one had ever dominated her so completely like this before. She never knew it was possible. She ached from her stretched muscles, to the bruises marring her skin from his abrasive touch. The pain hurt good. The cat in her clawed, fighting to get out demanding she submit to her new master's presence. She licked her tongue over her incisors, drawing a welt of her sweet blood. She needed a taste, the smell of it like catnip she couldn't reach.

“Don't fight it.”

His grip grew rougher on her bent arms, keeping her upper body against the bed sheets tightly as his other hand slipped between her wet folds and settled, suspended on her clit. His hips maintained his hard and fast rhythm against her ass, slamming his hard cock into her pussy over and over again. The cat inside raised just below the surface, to accept his total domination of her body. His attitude turned her on. The dark shimmer of his illuminating eyes, the dark sadistic smirk promising so much more. His beast wanted to play and she wanted to exalt in the high he'd bring her to.

Alana forgot what she was thinking the second his fingers slipped and concentrated on her nub. Her arms were stretched to their limits as they were wrenched back. She cried out, her ass cheeks sore from the harsh skin-to-skin contact. She ached so bad she screamed in frustration, her eyes dilated and changed to amber huge with an oval iris instead of her normal hazel orbs. She needed something more.

Drake withdrew his hand from between her thighs. He brought a finger to his mouth so he could pierce his own skin, tempting her. "Taste it, Alana," he murmured in her ear, his breath playing with the tiny hairs around it. He rubbed a well of his darkened blood against her full swollen lips. "Taste what I am offering you. It's a high you'll never get enough of." He ground his hips and stopped just at the opening of her core. "My sinful whore cat, nothing's ever been as good as your body underneath my demanding one. Taste."

She cocked her head and tilted her nose. The scent, heady and strong, made her thirst as it penetrated the glands in her nasal cavities. Try as she might, she couldn't deny herself the one pleasure he offered. A feeding like no other, she flicked her tongue out and licked her lip slowly letting the few drops of crimson flow to the back of her throat. She moaned and bit down on his wrist, and drank greedily, gorging herself on his spicy essence.

"That's it, my naughty cat," he rasped. "Take as much as pussycat wants. I have more than enough." He rubbed himself against her ass, his cock easing inside her soaked pussy. His removed his hold on her arms and found her swollen button. He pressed it, rubbing in circles. "Let it all go, climax for me, my sweetest Alana, cover me with your cream. Scream my name when your body gives in and releases." He was good, damn good. Her body jerked back against his. His mouth nuzzled against her throat and struck, that was the last straw for the Were-Witch sharing his bed. Both of their bodies, demonic male and Were-Witch female climaxed, their bodies ground against each other as they drew out the orgasm until both of them were sent spiraling into another longer, harder orgasm.

Her voice echoed throughout his room, the scream was harsh and animalistic, making the windows shiver violently at the forcefulness of the one word as her inner walls convulsed and gripped him. “Drake!”

“I like my kitty well fed.” Drake nuzzled her neck, rolled them over and wrapped his arms around her. “Sleep.” Alana floated on a high, induced by Drake. Tired and spent, she slipped into slumber, a lazy grin on her face as she thought of what tomorrow would bring.

The End

About The Author

Being smart and sassy with a great sense of humor comes easily for Mahalia Levey. An avid reader of books, she found herself enchanted with disappearing completely into the worlds authors created. One day she vowed to herself she'd be one of them. Then family life came, and college right after. Swayed from her childhood course of action, it took many years for her to get back to that place she held dear as a child. Now she is running full steam ahead to keep up with the many ideas flowing freely. She plans on taking her work to higher levels and expanding her genres. Her main focus is giving her readers variety. Her works in progress include paranormal, fantasy and mainstream romance. Taking characters and watching them grow past what she's imagined is her true passion.

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Always flooded with concepts for characters, plots and downright steamy sex, Mercury has to balance a life of work and creative urges. Never without at least one book and a notepad, she scribbles her way through tedious hours of screaming voices in her head, each demanding their own debut. Having a flare for the darker side of passion she leans more toward the paranormal, fantasy and modern styles of work with feisty heroines and hero's who have their hands full.

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