



CHRISTINA J. LOREN

BLACKENED



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by Christina Jade Loren

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For those who have had their heart tarnished.

In the beginning, feeding hadn't been so bad.

In fact, Damien had started to get used to the idea of sucking other people's life force to replenish his own. It always turned him on. Afterward, he would return to Nathan, and they would end up behaving like savage beasts, devouring each other's bodies in a night of passionate sex.

That kind of night hadn't happened in over a month, and Damien was starting to wonder and question Nathan's every move. What was even more disturbing, the lust generated with each feeding had evolved into something beyond a desire for sex: a craving for the life attached to his meal.

As he walked the abandoned street, his mind trailed to Nathan. Tonight, all the conflicting emotions he'd buried about their relationship over the last few weeks had finally come to the forefront. Why wasn't Nathan there with him like he used to be in the beginning? Especially now. Where was he, and why had he left the apartment in such a hurry tonight?

Scanning the nearby park, Damien spotted a middle-aged man dressed in a business suit, walking along one of the tree-lined paths and talking on his cell phone. Hunger stirred inside his gut. But he had to wonder...would this human, this feeding, be the one when his control would finally snap? Would he lose the battle and not stop after his initial hunger had been satisfied? Would he cave to the incessant call of the beast inside his head that demanded for him to *take it all*?

He stalked the preoccupied man, watching while hidden by the dense growth of the bushes. His gaze darted up and down, sizing up the male, testing the endurance of his own will power. It became an erotic dance; only in this case, his partner was unsuspecting.

Seconds ticked by, turning into minutes until Damien finally decided to make his move. He slid in front of his victim, reached out, and grabbed hold of his shoulders. Damien stared deep into his eyes, mesmerizing the victim before tilting his head and diving at his neck.

And froze.

Fuck. He couldn't do it. What if he couldn't stop this time? Damien sucked in a deep breath, pulled back, closing his eyes and pushing back the hunger. He could wait. He'd already fed right after rising, and the sun would soon be breaching the horizon. Maybe once a day would be enough? His gut clenched at the thought, but dammit, he couldn't bring himself to fight the wicked compulsion again tonight. Something inside warned him that he might not win.

Damien reached deep within the man's mind and implanted the need to sleep. The male slumped into his arms, and Damien arranged his body on the bench, making it look as though he'd decided it was time for a nap. With his fists clenched, physically holding onto his control, Damien strode down the shadowy path. A revolving door of urges cycled in his mind. What would it have been like to have kept drinking, to have drained every last drop like a cactus sucking the desert dry after the rain? His hands began to tingle as the whirlwind of emotions swept over him. A need to scream filled his throat, but he choked it back. He was such a fucking mess. Only a thin thread held his version of a life together. His relationship with Nathan was spiraling out of control, and he was damn close to becoming a ravenous serial killer.

Dammit, Nathan. Where are you tonight?

He needed to find him.

Damien had to figure out what was wrong him. And them.

What started out as a walk, soon quickened in step until he was running. But was he running away from his problems or towards them? Who the hell knew? He loved Nathan, but if he was having

doubts about their relationship and suspicions of where his lover was really going, what did that mean?

He ran passed a group of teenagers waiting for the late night bus. *Go home!* He thought as he passed. The wind whipped at his face, burning the exposed skin with every frigid lash. His eyes teared. Buildings became blurs, colors running together, shapes dissolving into nothingness.

His stride was half a car length as he approached an alley shrouded in darkness. He slowed till he stood at the mouth and stared into what seemed like a metaphor for his life: emptiness.

Slowly, he placed one foot halfway in, bringing his body to the edge of darkness—of reason. Damien looked around. There were no passerby's, no humans, not even animals stirred within. He stared into the abyss, then hesitantly stepped forward. Then deeper. Until soon, he was swallowed by the same thing that haunted his mind.



Damien woke to find the sun hanging deep in the sky through his bedroom window.

"Morning," Nathan's voice sounded behind him.

"Uh, hey." Damien rolled over, facing his roommate. "Morning."

"What happened last night?"

"I could ask you the same thing. How did you find me?"

"I came across the same teenagers you did. I overheard them talking about a man that seemed like he was drunk, stumbling into things as he was running. That man fit your description, so I figured I would check it out since you never came back last night."

"And you got all that from them talking?"

"Well, not exactly. I followed them home, and when one broke off from the pack, I jumped him. When I was feeding, I gained a flash of his memory. I saw the street, and the blur that was you. I knew the area wasn't far from where I was, so I ventured out and found you. You'd collapsed in an alley." Nathan paused. "You should be more careful where you sleep. If the sun had come up, you could have been toast...err toasted." Nathan smiled.

"The last thing I remember was leaving here and hunting supper. I...I...What's happening to me?"

"Nothing is happening to you. Are you only feeding once a day?"

Damien shrugged.

"You're still young and need to replenish your blood a bit more than someone, say, my age."

If Damien were human, his face would have flushed. Damien knew the truth that he had to feed more, but admitting it was another issue. The need to know what Nathan had been up to rode him harder than his desire to spill his guts yet about his...problem.

"Where did you go last night?" Damien turned the conversation toward Nathan, who was getting ready to sit on the foot of the bed.

"I went out."

"Out where?" Damien sat up.

"Since when did you become my father?" Nathan plopped his rear onto the mattress.

"Nathan, you left without even saying goodbye. How did you think I would react?" Damien jumped out of bed ready to verbally defend himself if needed.

"I didn't think I needed your approval to go out. So Sorry." Sarcasm dripped off each word, and Damien's heart sank.

"Why are you being like this?" Damien shouted. He hated when things got like this. But he couldn't help it; no one got under his skin like Nathan. Damien ground his molars, digging deep for patience. It was all he could do to keep from hitting the man he loved.

"Why are *you* being like this?" Nathan threw his hands up to his chest. "Why do you care where I go and what I do?"

"I care, because I love you. Why don't you care about how I might feel? I had no idea where you had gone." He pointed towards the door. "For all I knew, you could have gone out to find a human, so you could turn him and then fuck him like you did me." Damien crossed the room and stood at the doorway, allowing his six foot four frame to deliver his message for him. One that said: *you're not leaving until we're finished here.*

Nathan's eyes narrowed into a glare directed at him, and his stare penetrated Damien to the core. Every part of Damien's being was tearing in two, and then in half again, as if each cell were shrinking. He wanted acceptance from the one person he loved, and he wasn't getting it.

"H-how can you stand there and accuse me of cheating on you?" His face suddenly drained of any remaining color, and his hands dropped to his sides.

"Simple," Damien began, "you don't tell me where you are going, what you are doing. You don't even tell me goodbye, and this isn't the first time. You just walk out!" Damien's hands shook in a desperate attempt not to slam his fist into the nearest thing to him. Anger always got the best of him in all the wrong situations.

"It's not that I don't care about you; it's that I am not used to being with someone who..."

"Who is what?"

Nathan glanced down at his hands.

"Who is what, Nathan? Spit it out. What am I to you? Am I just another fuck toy only here for your pleasure?"

"Stop yelling." Nathan's head reared back, his expression twisted with frustration and perhaps...pain? "Just because I looked down doesn't mean I won't answer you."

Damien walked to the end of the bed and sat beside Nathan. He needed to feel his lover's presence, if only for a moment, before making his decision. With their bodies pressed shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, both men stared forward.

"Are we over?" Damien whispered, doing his best to choke back his fear of Nathan's answer.

"I don't know." In his peripheral vision, Damien noticed Nathan's head jerk his way. "Are we?"

"I don't know anymore. You're so secretive with everything that you do. You never include me in anything like you used to." Damien's heart dropped another inch as he formed his next words. "I need you. More than you'll ever know. But maybe it's for the best if we part ways."

"I... I don't know what to say."

Damien stood and stared at his feet, trying to fight back the tears threatening to break free. "It's fine. You don't have to do anything you wouldn't normally." Damien turned on his heels and left the bedroom. Passing through the kitchen, he spotted a letter lying open on the table. He stopped, grabbed the paper, and scanned the unfamiliar handwriting.

Nathan,

Thank you for the other night. I can't say when I've enjoyed myself more.

Michael

The tears that he'd been holding back escaped, rolling down his face like cold rain. Damien curled his fist around the letter, then flung it back onto the wood and stormed out of the apartment. The door slammed behind him, and the resulting echo vibrated through his being all the way down to his toes. *That bastard! He was seeing someone else the entire time.*

His mind raced. Should he go back in and talk it out with Nathan? Or should he cut his losses and find somewhere else to go? He groaned and scrubbed his hands over his face. What hurt the most

was he wasn't even sure if Nathan would try to find him, or if he would be happy to see him gone. Damien groaned. His life was so screwed.

The sun was still above the horizon, so he couldn't go out and walk away. Then Damien remembered the empty apartment next to theirs. Mrs. Critchet had grown too old to live by herself, and after she'd blacked out that one night, she'd moved into a place where someone could take care of her. Damien knew better, though. It had been him, a vampire, who'd made her black out.

Well, both vampires.

She was someone's mother, someone's grandmother... someone's sister. His throat tightened. He'd never thought of people like that before. What had he become?

He smashed the deadbolt with his hand and let himself in.

The apartment was exactly as she'd left it. Dust swirled around his fingers as he ran them along the front table. A lace cloth lay underneath a picture frame. Damien reached for the picture but stopped just before picking it up. He wasn't supposed to be in here, if something was moved, someone might notice. But he'd already smashed the deadbolt to get in. *Might as well look around. It's evident now that there had been a break in.*

He completed the motion and pictured up the picture. It was a black and white photo with a date handwritten on the side: 1942. The image was of a little girl holding a ball the same size as her head. His stomach knotted.

Behind the girl was a man—her father maybe? He had a look of sternness and discipline. To his right stood a woman wearing a long sundress covered in daisies. Damien guessed they were pink—pale pink with yellow-cream centers. Her hair was tied back into a bun, her face worried. *Worried about what?* To the girl's right was an older boy, not much older, maybe three or four years. He wore pants that were too small for him, his legs stuck out the bottom. His socks appeared too small as well. She'd had a family.

Damien set the photo down and walked farther into the room. The kitchen was tidy and clean. He walked into the next room and toward a dark green couch that had been placed in the den's center. Damien moved around the end of the overstuffed sofa and picked a spot on the middle cushion. In front of him on the coffee table were a few other photos. These were in color; one had a younger looking Mrs. Critchet, bouquet in hand, standing next to a young man. Her wedding day, Damien guessed. The other picture was a bit more

modern with three children playing outside in the sun. Her grandchildren perhaps?

Thoughts of possibilities and realities dizzied him. Damien leaned over and collapsed on the sofa. He needed to find solidity and solitude from his mind. But his mind did not rest. He kept turning over in his head every one of his last moments with Nathan. Flipping and flipping, agonizing over all the happy times they'd shared. His eye lids grew heavy and slowly closed.

When he woke, he found he'd slept the rest of the day away, re-living what had happened in his apartment throughout his dreams. Each time, it ended with him leaving. Had he done the right thing? If he had, then why did he still feel like shit?

Footsteps outside the door snatched his attention from his thoughts. *Shit.*

"...I told her the same thing," a female said.

"Who is looking after her cats?" another asked.

"Beats me. She has no family. Maybe a neighbor took them in."

What did she mean she has no family? Damien glanced at the framed images splayed across the table. *Their pictures are right here.*

"Anyway, when she filled out the paperwork, she looked glad to be gone. Too glad almost."

The sound of the door handle turning propelled him to his feet.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

I have to get out of here.

Damien's gaze darted around the den and then landed on the window that faced the East side of the building. It was his best choice, but there were no fire exits on that side.

He would have to jump.

Jump three floors to the asphalt below. But he had no choice.

Damien bolted across the room, grabbed the sash, and flung the window open. The front door swung wide, just as Damien took a breath...and jumped.

His feet hit the ground, sending a vibration through his joints that nearly rattled his brain. But surprisingly, no aftershocks of pain followed. Damien glanced down at his legs and then wiggled his toes. Damn, jumping three stories should have hurt more; it should have broken his shins. He peered up to see if the women from the apartment had caught a glimpse of him when he'd jumped. Surely, one of them would have rushed to the window if they'd seen a man jumping from that height. Seconds went by as he watched and waited, but no

looming figure filled the empty space. He'd made it, just as a pang of reality brought him back. His stomach burned, and his throat felt parched. He needed to feed.

But how could he after what he'd just seen.

How could he make another live their life like Mrs. Critchet? Every fiber of his being wanted to leave humans alone—to let them continue living in peace without having him sucking on their neck, terrorizing them. His thoughts trailed back to Mrs. Critchet. How could he have stolen the one thing she'd held onto so dearly, so desperately? He'd taken her sanity and her life, something so precious from her, from all his needed victims? Need. That's what it all boiled down to. His need for survival depended on what other people regenerated thousands of times a day: blood.

Damien closed his eyes and steadied his breath. He knew what it felt like to have something ripped away from him: *Nathan*. But if he wanted to have a chance at a life, he had to do it.

A car horn tore him from his tormented thoughts. Damien stood in the middle of the alley surrounded by the darkness of night. People passed along the sidewalk, and cars idled on the road. *Six o'clock*. Rush hour. He could snag someone walking by and feed, and as long as he didn't drain all of their blood, they would be fine. He wasn't a murderer. All he needed was just enough to wet his throat. Yes. Then he'd leave them dozing like he'd done earlier in the park. They would wake up and think they'd been mugged; they would live.

He grabbed the first man he saw: a male in his mid twenties, talking on his cell phone. Damien yanked him from the sidewalk and pulled him into the alley. His subconscious thirst took over his body and mind while the rest of him shut down. His mouth found its way to the victim's neck, and his teeth sank into supple flesh.

Savory fluids filled his mouth. The familiar coppery iron taste surrounded his tongue. The juice trickled down his throat, satisfying his hunger and his craving for the liquid. Damien's stomach enveloped the delicious nectar like a honeycomb does to honey. Every drop driving home how much a part of him truly enjoyed being a vampire. It was like breathing.

He needed it.

He wanted it.

He lusted for it. Damien picked up the slowing, faint beat of the man's heart. *Thud-thud. Thud-thud*. He had to cut himself off, or he would kill the man. His cock twitched with the thought of turning his

food into a vampire. But he didn't want to be any more of a monster. After all, he'd already created another: Jason. Jason had moved on from their lives within months after changing. He needed to figure things out on his own. Their young sub had been a nice treat and distraction, while it had lasted

Damien's focus came back to the present. He forced himself to pull back before he took the man's life. His stomach growled as if yelling at him for stopping. Urges of filling the void with human blood almost overcame him. He couldn't become a demon like so many other vampires he'd heard rumors about, but one kill wouldn't be so bad. *Would it?* His conscience added.

A moan tore from Damien's throat. *Son of a bitch. Yes, it would.*

Damien let the man go before he could do any more damage and wiped his mouth clean of any evidence. He stepped out onto the sidewalk. His appetite was quenched for the time being, but in its place, lust now echoed in his empty shell of a body. The need to fuck rode him hard. He felt like a lion hunting his next conquest as he made his way down the street. The only problem, Damien didn't know how the hell he'd ever find someone to satisfy his need when the only man he wanted in his bed was Nathan.

At the end of the block, Damien came to a halt. Nathan stood half-way down the other end of the sidewalk. His snug fitting tee encapsulated each pec. Damien's mouth watered as he explored the rest of Nathan's solid frame with his gaze. A wisp of dark brown hair fell onto his forehead, drawing Damien's attention back to Nathan's perfect facial features: his smooth, slightly squared jaw, deep, mesmerizing eyes, and best of all, lips that made fruit jealous.

Each stared as if in challenge to see which vampire would make the first move. The image of Nathan wavered and fluttered as a cool evening breeze swept down the road. It carried Nathan's scent like the wafting smell of a freshly baked pie sitting on the window sill. *So real.*

After what seemed like several minutes, which in truth had probably been only seconds, Damien swallowed his pride and made the first move. When Damien stood in front of his love, he opened his mouth, but nothing came out. He reached out, and his hand fell through air. Nathan disappeared.

His breath staggered. Damien whipped around, insuring that he was indeed alone. The thought of Nathan being an arm's length away then vanishing made him queasy. His head spun with explanations—theories about what had just happened. But the one that kept playing over and over again was his last meal: the man must have been on

some kind of drug. That had to be it, the reason behind his strange vision.

A few feet away, a family getting out of their car drew his attention. Damien watched as the husband carried their luggage into the house. Moments later, he returned and took another set inside the early twenty-first century dwelling. The house had the same siding, color, and front yard; a perfect replica of his childhood home. *Could it be my old house?* But he shrugged it off as mere coincidence.

Damien turned back to where Nathan's image had appeared. A part of him wanted Nathan to be there, and a part of him wanted Nathan to actually disappear. He knew neither would happen. He loved Nathan, there was no changing that, and he knew that Nathan would never disappear from his mind, nor would he take Damien back after what had taken place earlier in the day.

"Damien?" A familiar voice called from behind.

His cock twitched as if in awareness of its master. The one who knew how to bring him pleasure like no other: Nathan.

"Are you ok?" the voice chimed in again, but this time, coming from less than an arm's reach away.

Damien turned. Why had *he* followed him?

"What?"

"What happened to you? I've been thinking about what you said. Can we talk?" Nathan's gaze begged him to follow.

"Fine." Damien shrugged. "Let's go."

Nathan shifted past Damien and led them toward their apartment. Silence chilled the air and sucked the remaining life from Damien. His stomach churned with the possibilities of how future events could play out. Each step weighed him down tenfold like sinking into a deep pool of absent thoughts.

Deeper, darker, and stronger.

He wanted Nathan to himself. He didn't share well with others; God, even his elementary teachers saw that. Why couldn't Nathan? Jason had been different. He'd been a gift from Nathan, a toy for Damien to explore—with Nathan at his side, and Jason had understood his place as a third from the beginning. What Nathan had been up to these last few weeks was completely different. How Damien wished he could scrub his mind clean of the day's earlier events.

Once upstairs, Damien closed the door and then stepped toward the smoothed out note, which now lay in the middle of the table. Pausing, he gave Nathan, whose presence he could sense behind him,

time to protest. When only tension and silence continued to fill the air, Damien picked it up and turned to face the addressee of the letter.

"Care to explain this?" Damien lifted the slip of paper for Nathan's inspection.

"It's nothing. Just an old friend." Nathan shrugged and turned away.

"Look you wanted to talk. So talk."

"All right." Nathan paused, then slowly pivoted, facing Damien.

Damien could hear the hesitation in Nathan's voice. *What is he hiding?*

"A while back, I found someone who worked in the blood clinic. He had access to hundreds of bags of blood that had to either be recorded or catalogued." Nathan licked his lips. "If a few bags went missing from time to time, no one really cared. After all, bags break, get run over, freeze, you name it." He closed his eyes, and Damien watched as Nathan inhaled, paused, then opened his eyes again. This time, his deep brown eyes pierced into Damien's. "So he would supply me with blood when I needed it. It was my way of saving lives. I kept thinking that the person I'm draining is a father...or a mother...or someone's daughter...or son..." He turned away.

Damien pulled out a chair from the table and sat. He wasn't alone after all. How many others were out there struggling with the urge to kill?

"Everything was good up until a couple days before I met you. The first man that you saw me feeding on was my relapse. I'd remained on blood bags for a couple years. I thought I could resist, but the feel of warm blood coursing through his veins...the sound of a beating heart that close... I couldn't stop myself." His expression was that of a tortured soul being torn in two within the fiery depths of hell. Nathan released a slight chuckle, one devoid of humor. "Before I knew it, I had my teeth sunk into him and blood filled my mouth. After that, I craved fresh blood again." Nathan turned on his heels, facing Damien once more. "Then I met you. You allowed me to love again. I now know that I can face my cravings head-on as long as you're with me. I was too scared to come clean with you before out of fear that you'd think of me as weak."

"So what does all of this have to do with the letter?" Damien waved the wrinkled note.

"Well, Michael was having the same problems. He would kill a couple humans, feel bad, and go back to blood bags. It's a cycle. He'd relapsed and had contacted me for help. I went, and we talked about

how to handle the cravings and how to keep them in check. That was *all* we did Damien."

"So, this is where you've been going?"

"Not all the time. Once I started on the blood bags again, I had to meet my contact in order to feed. Of course, every so often I'd find myself drifting toward the warm bodied version like I did the other night with that teenager. It's okay if you think I'm a monster..." Nathan's gaze lowered.

"Monster? I've been struggling with the same thing for weeks. I don't think I could live with myself if one day I couldn't control my urges and starting killing innocent people. That's why I passed out the other night. I'd been rationing myself, trying to cope with my dark craving."

Nathan looked up. "I had no idea you'd been dealing with this so soon. For most, the loss of control—the desire to kill, comes after several years of feeding, and for some, never at all. I thought I had plenty of time before I needed to discuss the much darker side of our existence. That was my mistake, and I'm sorry." Nathan's head dropped as if in failure.

"It's not all your fault, Nathan. I should have come clean about what was happening with me as well. I think we both learned something tonight: if we're going to work, we have to learn to open up, to trust."

Nathan's slowly brought his gaze back to Damien's. "You're absolutely right." He nodded. "How about we go together and meet this guy? He can give us a couple of bags." Nathan's eyes lit with anticipation.

"Great idea. But first, there's something that I have wanted to do all day." Damien said, and flashed Nathan his best wicked smile.

"Oh?" Nathan gave Damien a quizzical look.

Damien stood and walked toward Nathan. "When I was feeding, I started thinking of our first time and about how much I lusted for you, during and after you fed from me." Damien reached down and grabbed Nathan's crotch. The beast within his lover's pants stirred. Each rub downward was matched by a nudge upwards. Nathan's cock hardened against his touch.

"Keep going," Nathan moaned.

Damien unzipped his fly, reached in, and found a semihard cock that bucked like a stallion needing to be broke. Each touch brought another jolt upward that strained against Nathan's pants. Damien

grabbed hold of the shaft and pulled it free from its constraints. He kneeled and faced his sire's cock.

Damien stroked it once, then slid his tongue along the tip. Nathan let out a harsh breath. He stroked it again, and then ran his tongue from the tip to the base. Nathan's cock gave another flick of approval. Damien stroked the shaft once more, then engulfed the head in his mouth.

Nathan groaned. "Fuck that feels great."

Damien opened wider, relaxed his throat, and swallowed Nathan's length.

"Shit. Keep that up and you'll get a mouthful."

Damien massaged Nathan's balls in one hand while steadying his shaft with the other. He cupped his sac and stroked his cock with his mouth. With each motion forward, Damien gently squeezed and then rubbed Nathan's shaft.

Nathan moaned louder. "Do you want my cock in your ass? Did you miss it?"

God knew Damien missed Nathan's cock. It had been nearly a month since he'd felt it deep inside. Damien popped Nathan's shaft from his mouth long enough to answer.

"Yes." Damien glanced up from below. "Fuck me. I want to feel you throbbing in my ass as you pound me."

Nathan growled in response, reached down, grabbed him by his shoulders, and pulled Damien up from the floor. Damien turned and yanked his pants down, tearing the fly and ripping the button loose. Nathan's strong hands guided him over the table. His hole ached for Nathan's thick length. Without notice, Nathan slammed into Damien and then stilled inside him. Damien's mouth shot open, but instead of a cry out from the pain, he released a guttural moan.

"You like that, don't you, bitch?" Nathan's large calloused hand glided down the center of his spine and then squeezed his ass. "You like it when it hurts."

"Fuck, yeah," Damien forced out through clenched teeth. "Fuck me hard. I need to feel your cock sliding in and out of my ass."

Nathan's shaft pulsed inside him, drawing another moan from his throat. Damien's shirt suddenly drew tight against his neck as Nathan's hand yanked at the material, holding him in place. Without warning, the hard feel of his lover's cock slipped from his ass, leaving Damien exposed and feeling vulnerable. Nathan tugged Damien by the shirt at his neck, bending him back before thrusting deep once more.

"Oh God!" Damien gasped. "God, yes. Don't stop."

"So nice and tight. My cock slamming in must feel fucking great."

"Amazing." Damien could barely find enough air to form his next words. "Bury it...inside me."

Nathan pistoned in and out, and Damien's body slapped against his sire's, rocking the table. Each time Nathan pushed deeper, Damien's balls tightened. With every smack of Nathan's hips, the pressure against the sensitive flesh inside sent electric impulses straight to his balls, taking him to the edge of release. Shit, he wasn't going to last.

Again, Nathan surged forward, burying his shaft. Damien cried out, and his vision blurred. His balls released, and his cock went off, shooting stream after stream of cum onto the floor. So damn good. It had been far too long since he'd experienced pleasure at the same magnitude.

Nathan penetrated one last time, and the sound of a strangled groan tore from his throat. Damien savored the feel of his lover's cock throbbing deep inside. Nathan stilled, becoming a warm body pressed against Damien's back.

Damien caught his breath and then broke the silence. "I do love you," he blurted out. "That never changed, I never stopped loving you, even though it may have sounded like I had earlier today."

Nathan, still panting, replied. "I love you too. I don't like it when we fight. I don't want to lose you again. I thought you were gone for good."

"I'm glad you found me when you did. I might not have come back. In more ways than one."

Nathan's weight shifted, and he slid free. Damien pushed from the table, straightened, and turned facing Nathan.

"You would have come back for this." Nathan grabbed his own cock and rocked the still erect and damp shaft back and forth for Damien's perusal.

Both men laughed. Damien knew he was right, though. He enjoyed every minute they spent together — in bed and out.

"Let's get cleaned up, so we can go visit your contact," Damien said, then grinned. "I'm hungry."

Biography

Originally from North Carolina, Christina Jade Loren traveled around most of the United States. Her father was in the military, so her household was always well organized and put together. When her family moved to California, she fell in love with the countryside, beaches, and the people. After her 23rd birthday, she moved out onto her own in Los Angeles.

Living on her own proved harder than initially thought. Her newly formed friends were there to guide her through the rough patches and see through the smog. Living in Los Angeles has proven one of her best decisions. She has met countless wonderful people and learned to rollerblade. On sunny afternoons, she can be found on beach paths or lost in a book on the beach.

Some of her favorite things include sunsets at the beach, listening to the waves breaking on shore, cats, and most of all girls night.

Christina loves to write stories. Most times, they only appear as a few paragraphs and nothing more. However, those small gems that grow into something larger is where her passion can be seen. She draws from her mind and her best friend, who happens to be gay. They pass around ideas and thoughts for stories; what would work, terminology, language.

She has been writing for almost a decade and finally had the urge to send some to a publisher. Her very first contract was for Break and Enter. And her second was for a running series, the first story called Turned. Check out her Books page for more details on those.

Visit her at ChristinaLoren.com

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