



My Vampire Lover

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Chapter One

My life could not be more perfect. My abusive spendthrift husband had conveniently died of heart disease before he managed to kill me or maim me for life. I lived in a small town, in a cozy little cottage and I made a livable income managing a produce shop for a local farmer. With these little niceties in place, life couldn't get any better. Or so I thought up until it got even better.

Then all was right in the world of Jenna Cunningham because she, that is me, had a secret vampire lover. The very fact that no one in Littleton knew of Gavin's existence was a feat in and of itself. Mrs. Landry knew I'd purchased color to die my roots to match the glorious chestnut mane I kept long because my lover preferred it that way. Mr. Nole had seen the entire incident when his oldest son pinched my behind as he helped me unload my wagon for the shop.

With all that my nosy neighbors knew of my comings and goings, it was amazing to me that none of them knew that Gavin visited me three, and if I was lucky, four times a week. In the middle of the night, he flew in my window to satisfy my every sexual fantasy.

The first time I met Gavin was when Mrs. Landry and I had driven into the next larger town to check out the new supermart they built there. We'd started out late to begin with and when the sun sank in the sky, I still couldn't drag my shop-happy landlady out of the store. So I had wandered around aimlessly, finally stopping at a magazine wrack.

Just as an article entitled, *How to Get Your Man To Go Down On You More Often*, caught my eye—it being a shocking subject to reach our virginal town—my gaze drifted to the tall stranger at the end of the row. I was thinking with that build, that height and that thick rope-like ponytail on his back, I would be willing to learn what I needed to, to get him to go down on me.

As I stood drinking in this god among men, wetness gathered in my panties. He was wearing black leather pants that molded to his strong hips and muscled thighs, a burgundy sweater open at the throat and black gloves over his hands. I should have thought he was up to no good, maybe not wanting to get his fingerprints on anything before he robbed the place. But when he turned toward me and I got the full force of those celadon eyes, it was like something came down over me.

I could not tell you how, but suddenly I found myself inches from him, breathing in his scent of sandalwood. If I could get my head clear, I would have apologized for panting over him like that. After all, it had been a long time since I'd had sex, a year, two days and three hours to be exact. But the stranger simply smiled down at me.

"Hello." The deep rumble of his voice had me quivering.

"I..." If only something clever would come to mind. I was thinking I could introduce myself, make conversation. Damn, it had been much longer since I'd tried picking up a man. But my lover-to-be didn't require me to be clever, and making conversation wasn't what he wanted.

He stared down at me with a serious expression on his face. "Tell me, what do I need to do to get into your bed?"

Wow, blunt. I blinked, then took a step back. "Probably be a little more subtle, get to know a girl first. Take her to dinner."

"My desires do no allow for such delays. I am Gavin." With that he reached out to me and drew me into his arms.

I gasped, fighting against him. And then I went still because the man had gone hard. His cock was stiff against my stomach, and damn it if I wasn't on fire. "Take your hands off me," I demanded a little too weakly.

He laughed and lowered his head so that he would not be overheard. "You know, I have always had a fantasy of having sex inside a store. What do you say ... uh...?"

Pressing my lips together and holding my hands tight against my chest, I thought I'd wait him out. He would get the message. But I didn't know Gavin at the time. You see, it took me quite a bit of convincing to make the man understand that I did value my privacy and no, I did not want him to make me cum in the magazine aisle.

That didn't stop him from trying. "I have a special skill, beautiful. One that allows me to sense what another person is feeling. And you know what it's telling me?" He paused, but he would be old and grey before I gave him an answer. Realizing that, he continued. "My sense is telling me that your little pussy is in need of my other skill."

At that point, I nearly fainted. Gavin followed his bold words with a demonstration. He slid his hand down across my hip and around to my thigh. Starting as low as he could, he stroked straight up my inner thigh until he found my warm spot. His strong fingers worked me so roughly and so expertly, I was moaning against his chest. "Stop," I gasped.

"Tell me your name," he demanded.

I couldn't believe he was coercing me into telling him my name by bringing me to an orgasm. Damn, if every blackmailer worked that way. I held out a little longer, for a few more strokes, before I told him. "Okay, it's Jenna. Now please don't. Not here."

The excitement in his eyes was plain. "Your home then?"

"No way." I shook my head while extricating myself from his inviting arms. Just inches from him, I felt alone and cold. "Look, you're hot and everything, but I don't just jump into bed with a man I've just met. Now, if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Landry must be ready to go."

And with as much dignity as a woman with drenched panties could move, I walked away from him.

All the while, I wanted to pivot on my heel and hurtle myself into his arms, begging for him to make me cum right there in front of that shocking article in the women's magazine. And I was betting anything, I wouldn't have to use the techniques listed to get him to go down on me. The knowledge set me aflame.

Chapter Two

"Gavin." His name tripped from my lips, and thoughts of being pressed against his hard body marched through my mind. I was royally screwed for normalcy by three days after I'd met him. That night after tossing and turning in bed, dreaming of Gavin bringing me to a screaming orgasm with his fingers alone, I finally jumped from my bed and headed for the shower.

Grumbling at how he screwed up my serenity, I stepped from the bathroom wrapped in a towel and pulling my hair up into its customary bun at the back of my head.

"Don't do that."

I screamed and jumped at seeing a man standing just inside the French doors that led to my balcony. I knew immediately that it was Gavin and hated that my heart raced and my shower-cooled body heated up again.

"Get out of here, Gavin. You have no right to break into my home."

He chuckled, "So you remember me. I'm flattered."

"Don't be."

I would have thought he would offer a good comeback or even say something to make me cream the top of my thighs, but he stood silently with the light of the moon behind him, blocking the expression on his face. Then he put out a hand in my direction and I felt a force pull me toward him. Fear gripped me when I couldn't pull away. I began to realize it was the same thing that happened in the store when I first saw him.

His already deep voice dropped several octaves, and some trick of the light emphasized his liquid green eyes. They burned into mine, hypnotizing me to stand still before him. "Your body calls out to me," he said on a moan. "I can smell your heady sweetness, and crave to taste it."

On a sharp intake of breath at his words, I trembled. I couldn't pull away or even produce a rational thought. Images of him doing just what he had implied ran through my mind. My lids became droopy and my head dipped back though I fought to keep it upright. "Please," I begged.

"Please what?"

I tried again. "Gavin, please..."

He lifted a hand again and this time my towel unwrapped from my body and slipped to the floor. Raising his hand higher toward my head, he caused my bun to fall without touching my hair.

"What are you?" I managed.

He smiled. "It would frighten you to know."

Right then it may have seemed that Gavin was forcing me to be intimate with him, but every move he made, even his imprisoning me with his otherworldly power was such a turn on, I was sure one real touch from him would send me into climax.

My dead husband had been a lousy lover. He'd been all about getting what he wanted, as quickly as possible. He had never caressed me, used his fingers or his mouth to bring me to orgasm. So when Gavin held me against him in that store, using his fingers through my jeans, all I could do was relive it over and over. Dreaming of what it would be like to having this man make me explode.

I wanted Gavin. So badly I could have dropped to my knees and pleaded to be satisfied. And the thing that angered me was that he, the arrogant man that he was, would not mind such a thing. Still, it frightened me wondering what he was.

"Tell me or we won't be intimate." I didn't know before I blurted that out, that we would make love. I just wanted to regain something of my independence.

He laughed. "Do you really think you can resist, Jenna?"

A tremor went through me at his use of my name. "Yes."

The eyes holding me hostage narrowed. "Let's test it, shall we?"

Before I could protest or defend myself, my lover dropped to his knees. I gasped. It was as if he'd humbled himself before me. Suddenly, our roles were reversed and I was the master and he the slave. Or so, I wanted to think. Because as soon as he pressed his mouth between my legs, I belonged to him, body and soul.

His tongue snaked out to lap at my flowing juices, and I crumpled. He held firm hold of my ass, drilling me into the hungry feasting of his mouth. His teeth grazed my distended clit, and I was almost singing my delight. In the moonlight, he parted my folds and pierced me with his tongue. I whimpered and ground against his mouth, feeling the onset of my orgasm.

When he pulled back, I nearly cried. "You have a piercing," he said in wonder.

I shuddered, "Yes, but I need..."

A grin spread across his face, a brow flicking upward. "Yes?"

Who was I kidding? "I need you not to stop."

Gavin gathered me in his arms and carried me to my bed. When he laid me down, I was somewhat concerned that he might not continue what he had been doing to please my body, but he reassured me.

"Don't worry." He kissed first one inner thigh, and then the other. "I will pleasure your luscious body until you cum for me as many times as I demand."

Oh yes, let him demand! my mind screamed.

He sat up from my dripping pussy and entered two fingers in me while he watched me. I didn't want him to see me screw up my face while I wrestled with my climax, so I put a hand over my mouth and nose. Never missing a stroke as he massaged my aching clit, he waved his other hand and my arms fell to my sides.

"Gavin, please..."

"Cum for me while I watch." It was a simple command, one my body was determined to obey. My hips rocked toward his hand when he entered another finger in me. His thumb sent my nub into overdrive. I moaned and bucked and silently pleaded for my body not to cum, but to feel this incredible sensation of build up, every second, every minute for the rest of my life.

But there was no holding back. The pleasure of my new lover's hands, his soft-spoken words of encouragement and gentle caresses of my erect nipples had me exploding in his hand. Tears filled my eyes, I cried out and bucked so wildly, Gavin had to hold me down. Coil after coil of exquisite bliss rolled over my body, from the point of contact from his hand to my toes and up to my head.

When my hands were freed, I sat up and threw myself against him. His arms encircled me and we kissed. I wanted to climb inside him, to become one with this man who could make my body sing. Braiding my tongue with his, I sucked on his lips, wanting him to stay, needing him to stay.

He knew my desires. "I will be here until morning. Lie back, my darling, and let me take you to heights you only dreamed of."

Chapter Three

Oh my gosh. Stupid, stupid me. I lusted over him. I needed him. I couldn't get enough of Gavin Moore, two century old vampire. Yes, he told me that first night I lay with him, what he was. But only after he'd made love to me so many times that I was stiff and sore, a surprisingly welcome feeling. It meant I had been thoroughly satisfied by a man who was so well-endowed.

He had been dressed in all black this time, and when he leaned back to strip off his clothing, he instructed me to watch. As if I could draw my eyes away from that sexy

body of his. First the shirt was pulled over his head, giving me a view of rock hard chest with rippling abs. I reached out to stroke him, but my hand went to my side of its own accord.

Gavin wagged a finger at me. "No, don't touch. Just watch."

I was frustrated, "So you're going to tease me?"

He grinned. "If you behave, I may give you a taste, but only if you obey me." He had to be kidding. Obey him? Never! Jenna Cunningham was fully an independent woman, a woman in control of her life and body, and oh my, he removed his pants. I was instantly panting like a dog.

Gavin's stiff cock was stretched out nearly to his navel. The breadth was so impressive, when I could put a hand to my mouth, I was measuring whether I could fit him in there. He chuckled, knowing what I was about, and I turned my head away embarrassed. But just as quickly, my head swiveled back.

"What are you?" I breathed again.

"Does it matter? I'm here to please you." He was now naked in all his beautiful glory. I couldn't look away even without his magic. "Isn't that enough?"

I shook my head. "No, I want more. I mean, I want to know more." I had been right the first time. A thirst to have his body flat against mine, doing things my neighbors would be shocked to learn I'd engaged in, shook my body.

Time for discussion was suddenly over. Gavin crooked his finger in a way to call me to him. I considered resisting, but thought better of it. I may chafe at being commanded, but damn if I was going to deny the lust coursing through my veins on principle. We could discuss rules and regulations later.

Launching into his arms, I wound my fingers through his hair, something I'd been wanting to do earlier, and grazed his chest with my nipples. He growled and pulled back on my head until my neck was exposed to him. When the points of his canine teeth scraped the skin at my throat, I found it erotic. Offering myself innocently seemed the thing to do, but Gavin resisted.

He pushed me flat on the bed again to follow me down. Our bodies merged with his dick gliding inside my wet opening, expanding my tight passage until I winced. Yet the pain meant nothing compared to the delectable feel. Gavin, still teasing my neck and stroking my back, pumped gradually inside me and out again. His short breaths buffeted strands of my hair away from my ears, while I battled the emotions roiling over my mind and heart.

Our fingers interlocked and our tongues explored each other's mouths. I knew as my climax built, making me buck noisily against my lover's sleek body, that I could so

readily fall for him. Before I could cum, Gavin flipped me over and took me from behind. His hands gripped my hips and he pounded so hard and fast inside me, I screamed my orgasm into my pillow. Then not missing a beat, only seconds after he exploded, filled me until his juices dripped down the sides of his shaft and moistened the sheets beneath us.

Gavin caught hold of my knees and pushed them down so that my legs closed on him still buried inside me. His arms enfolded me and he rested his cheek against mine as we waited for our breathing to return to normal.

When I could speak, I whispered, "I don't know you."

"It's a little late for that," he chuckled.

I hadn't forgotten. "What are you?"

"A vampire."

I didn't believe in vampires, and if I did, he wouldn't bother with a small town like Littleton to choose a lover. So, I considered that he must be teasing me or that the lover of my dreams was in fact off his rocker. What wasn't clear was which option would be better since I was still pinned beneath him, with his surprisingly still-hard rod buried between my legs.

"You're teasing," I insisted.

"Am I?"

I reviewed what I knew of the legend of vampires. "They are nocturnal."

He nodded, "I won't be visiting your bed during the day."

I frowned. "They drink blood?" The thought of it grossed me out. I didn't want him to confirm that, and wiggled to free myself from his hold, hoping he wouldn't say anything. He didn't budge. "Well," I grumbled, "I don't know much more about the creatures, but I know you have no respect for what I want."

"I know what you body wants." He demonstrated by easing in and out of my pussy. I bit down on my lip.

"W-What of my mind," I stuttered, losing the thread of conversation.

"I'm not interested in your mind. I want your body." That little comment incited my anger. I tried freeing myself again, but Gavin wouldn't be moved. "I am only being honest, Jenna. You already know what an incredible figure you have. That's why when I saw you in that mart or whatever they called it, I knew you would be mine."

Confusion clouded my mind. "But I saw you. I—"

He laughed again, allowing his humor to deepen into a rumble that vibrated my eardrums and set me on fire. His slow strokes had not ceased, and I knew we would make love again. "It's not important. I will lay ground rules regarding having a vampire lover later. For now, I must have you again."

I would have complained but reason left me as soon as Gavin quickened his pace. We were at it again, not stopping for hours.

Chapter Four

I will not stand at my balcony doors waiting each night for Gavin to come to me. I will not run into his arms like a damn teenage girl. Those were my internal rules that I chanted to myself each night, and each night I broke them. And the worst part of it was that the arrogant prick knew he had me wrapped around his little finger.

As much as my body seemed to be ruled by Gavin's, I had to draw the line somewhere. So, when we were both worn out from our sexual activity that first nine or ten times, we came to an agreement on the rules.

"You must not have garlic in the house, nor eat it," he told me bluntly. I thought that was a given and didn't need to be said, but he disagreed. "You would be surprised what garlic is in these days. Your neighbor, Mrs. Landry I believe you called her, bathes in it."

"What?" I laughed. "She does not."

He shrugged, sliding from the bed and strolling naked to my rocking chair in the corner of my room. It was one my Grammy had owned and gave to me just before she passed five years ago. For its age, the thing was built like a rock. Gavin sat down on it and patted his lap for me to join him. I hesitated only a moment before curling onto his lap.

"She may not bathe in it, but she obviously uses a lot. I find I cannot even fly over her house to get here. It's in the air, burns my nose and makes my eyes water."

I gasped, "Fly?"

"Never mind."

Crossing my arms across my breasts, I harrumphed. "Is there anything else, oh mighty vampire?"

Before he answered, Gavin unfurled my arms. He didn't like me to cover my breasts so he couldn't see them. A woman could not feel more desirable than I did then, and that was partly why I had trouble not bouncing in excitement when he arrived. My vampire lover treated me like I was the most beautiful and sexy woman alive.

"No other men," he affirmed. "Not a kiss, not a touch. I have a strong sense of smell. If I so much as pick up the scent of—"

"Don't threaten me!" Did he have to be so high-handed every second?

He gathered me close before planting a kiss on my nose as if I were a child. "It's not a threat, it's a promise."

I rolled my eyes.

"You don't believe I'm a vampire do you?" he asked suddenly. I had been thinking just that. I mean so what he commanded my body as easily as a puppet master with just a wave of his hand. That didn't prove anything. I didn't answer. He nuzzled my neck. "Shall I prove it to you by making you as I am?"

His sharp teeth were pressing against my throat as before. I wanted to draw back to see if his canine teeth were extended as those of vampires in movies, but I was too afraid. The points pricked my neck, and Gavin ran his tongue along my skin, ostensibly lapping up any blood that had eked out. That scared me more.

Gavin tucked a hand beneath my chin and forced me to look at him. My heart hammered in my chest when I saw that his teeth were indeed extended. He stroked my face and held me in place when I would have slid off his lap. "I won't hurt you, Jenna. I promise. But there will come a day that you will want me to make you like me. We can discuss it at that time."

I shook my head, eyes closed. "That's not likely, Gavin. And I'm not sure of this."

"You were sure when I put my cock inside you," he growled.

"Don't talk like that."

"Why? Does it turn you on?" He knew it did. Even his words enflamed me. I liked him naked and strong and commanding. I liked to stroke the braid lying heavy on his back. I liked to clamp onto his hips while he rode deep and rough. The fact that he was undead, well, it could not be a factor.

"Fine."

"Then you accept me?"

"I guess I do." I chewed on my lip. He eased the flesh from between my teeth. I glanced into his piercing eyes and found myself lost. Could he hypnotize and make me obey? Would he keep his word not to turn me unless I wanted it? I couldn't be sure. I loved my simple life, having moved far from the city, where there was heavy crime and noise. Littleton suited my personality, and I didn't want it to change. "I don't want to be a

vampire, Gavin. That's my first rule. Do not bite me, not even what you just did. Not a prick."

He nodded.

"And don't let my neighbors see you coming here. I like my sex life to be completely private. The members of this community are very close knit, and frankly, nosey. If it got out that I had a man visiting my bed by way of my balcony, I would never hear the end of it. And possibly, I might have to move away. Agreed? You will respect that?"

"Agreed." He nodded again. "I too value my privacy, so I understand that request. Anything else? Shall I retire the harem until you grow tired of me?"

I crossed my arms without thinking, and he uncrossed them. "Not funny. The same goes for you then. No other women. Can you do that? Or does a vampire's sex drive require several women at a time?"

He pretended to ponder my words. "Several women at once? That could be fun."

I swatted him.

"Fine, my darling. No other women but you." He gathered me tight against his chest to whisper in my ear. "However, you know what that means. I will be forced to visit you often to take the painful edge off my hard-ons."

Reaching a hand down beneath my rear to stroke his erection, I grinned up at him. "Somehow, I don't think that will be a problem."

Chapter Five

I glowed. Yes, I admit it, I was walking around town with a brightness to my face that others began to notice. Especially the ever observant Mrs. Landry. Even after months of being intimate with Gavin, I was still behaving like a girl with a crush. And seriously, it was making me nervous. Gavin had made it quite clear that he wanted me only for my body. And at the time, his body was all I wanted too. But more and more, with his tender touches, his sweet words whispered in my ear—even the gifts he sometimes showed up with—I was falling for him.

When I found myself at the supermart with Mrs. Landry, shopping for sexy lingerie that might be to Gavin's taste, instead of prospecting for space my new flower venture, I knew I was in a dangerous place. Of course my landlady knew nothing of the naughty undergarments I wanted. Her head was filled with the new spices just in. Gavin had been right on that head. Mrs. Landry had made a b-line to grab several jars of garlic, in addition to the fresh pieces she'd already dropped into her cart.

Still resisting the call to please my lover with new lingerie, I kept glancing back over my shoulder to the area of the store where it was kept. Finally, I couldn't take it. "Mrs. Landry, I'm going to stroll around," I called to her. She waved a hand in my direction, still consumed with her choices.

As I rounded the corner to the aisle containing the red and black lace panties, I caught my breath. A cute number with wispy fur sewn around the top edge of the push-up bra was prominently displayed. I rushed over to run the satiny material through my fingers. Choices of red, black or white boggled my overheated brain.

"Choose the red. It sets off your smooth creamy skin," a deep voice said behind me.

While the timbre did produce goose bumps on my arms and tickled my scalp, it was not my vampire lover giving me advice and admiring my skin. "Thanks," I told the second sexy stranger I'd met at the supermart. What did they spray in the air over here to draw hot men? I needed to patent it. "But I didn't ask for your opinion."

He pressed his hands together against his heart, "Oh, you wound me, lovely lady." Somehow the wounded lover look didn't fit this man. Behind eyes almost black, lurked danger which sent a chill of fear rippling over me, even while I was attracted. The man then reached a hand out to touch my face. A flash of Gavin's threat went through my mind, and I jerked away.

"Um, thanks for your opinion, but I think I have it." I was being rude, but part of it came from his attracting me. Don't get me wrong. Gavin was it for me, but that was the problem. Loving him meant I'd get my heart broken. Research on vampires led me to believe that their appetites for both blood and sex had often driven them to obtain multiple donors and lovers. Feeling insecure now that I had command of my life was foreign, and Gavin unintentionally made me feel that way.

So when this tall, hot drink of water obviously wanted to pick me up, damn right I was tempted. Choosing an ordinary mortal over a vampire wasn't all bad. A tremor rocked me. Never mind the fact that it seemed that every part of Gavin's body had been manufactured for my express pleasure. And his endurance ... well, that didn't require explaining.

Suddenly realizing I wasn't yet ready to jeopardize what I had, I smiled up at the stranger, prepared to tell him where to go. He spoke quickly.

"Why do I get the feeling you are about to tell me to fuck off?" He chuckled, a sexy rumble though he seemed a little annoyed with me. Damn, a few months earlier. He reached out again, but this time to tuck a card in my hand. "Tell you what, if whoever you are seeing ups and forgets what a good thing he has, give me a call and I'll be happy to step in."

Before I could respond, he turned on his heel and strolled away, leaving me to take in the view of his tight ass. Heated, I fanned my face with his card while I watched him turn the corner. This supermarket was definitely a dangerous place for a single woman.

When I arrived home after dark that night, I tossed my keys on the hall table, all of my bags in the dining room and kicked off my shoes to land wherever as I headed up to take a shower. Just as I slid from my jeans, I remembered the stranger's card, which I had tucked into my pocket. Removing it, I pondered whether to throw it in the trash or keep it. On a rash decision, I tucked it into my nightstand and dismissed it from my mind as I stepped into the shower.

I had soaped up my back brush and was reaching with it over my shoulder when a familiar touch cupped my ass. "Did you know you have a perfectly shaped rear?" Gavin asked.

"It that right? Hmm, guess it's a good thing since you have one to match." I winked, looking back at him and offered my lips for a kiss.

He pulled me against his naked body and lowered his mouth to mine. At the last second, he pulled back, his eyes narrowing. "What is that?"

"What is what?"

My lover swiveled me to face him and gripped my shoulders in a painful hold. I shoved his hands away. When I would have turned back to the warm spray, he held me still by my waist. "What is the scent I'm picking up?"

Irritation that he had caught me, though I had done nothing and the stranger hadn't touched me, rose in my chest. "Knock it off, Gavin. I know you were there at the supermarket."

"Humor me. Had I been there, what would I have seen?" He held me in a grip I couldn't escape. Being manhandled was not my idea of foreplay, and I was ready to tell him so. I wriggled against him to free myself. It was a no go. I was stuck. Better to tell him the truth.

"Okay, look, Jealous, a guy came up to me and started coming on to me, or rather he was trying to help me pick out lingerie, which I assume was his way of checking my interest in him. You don't have to go all 'me Tarzan, you Jane' on me, since I told him I was not interested. And I still say you had to be there because he most definitely did not touch me."

The anger in his eyes did not lessen. The soft green darkened. "If he did not touch you, then how is it I'm picking up his scent? Unless..." Here he began sniffing over my skin, dropping down to his knees, even breathing deep between my legs. Now that was turning

me on. I thought about grabbing onto his head and planting my moist box on his face, but wasn't sure how he'd react given his state of mind.

Finally, he stood again, to my disappointment. "What did he give you?"

My eyes widened in surprise, giving me away, I know. Yet I remained silent.

"You prefer me to tear apart your home?" He spoke quietly, and I could have punched him. The man acted like he owned me. I could have multiple lovers should I choose. Never mind that we agreed. Still, what if I changed my mind?

He waited silently.

I sighed. "Fine, a business card in the nightstand."

Stepping out of the shower dripping wet, Gavin didn't bother to towel off. He barreled through to the bedroom and snatched open the drawer. When he had examined the card, he held it up to me, his anger seeming to have multiplied tenfold. "See, this is why I need to make you a vampire as soon as possible! The fucking competition."

I placed my hands on my hips, "Just try it, and I'll drive a steak in your heart!"

We stood there staring at each other, until Gavin tore up the card in as violent a way as possible and then began a slow perusal of my body. Before his gaze reached my feet, I was wet and ready.

Chapter Six

Some believe make up sex is the best sex, but I disagree. A lover in an angry frenzy to prove himself as the only lover you need is without question the best that it can get. The strong and confident woman knows how to handle her vampire lover. And when Gavin led me over to the wall and commanded me to 'spread 'em,' I knew I had him right where I wanted him.

He started from the bottom, teasing the insides of my ankles, making his way up from behind me as I leaned against the wall. When he reached my rear, I squirmed nervously because he parted my cheeks to kiss the tender flesh there. I tried pulling away, but he hooked me in place with a couple of digits burrowed into my hole. The intensity caused me to go up on my tiptoes. "Oh, Gavin. What are you doing?" This was why the man was so good.

I bit into my lip, my eyes watering. I wanted to move against his stroke, but it hurt and felt good at the same time. I didn't want it to end. The command Gavin had over my body was why I had considered another lover, to take away his constraints over me.

"Do you want me to stop, darling?" He muttered as he continued his torture.

"No, damn you," I nearly cried. "You know I don't want you to stop."

"And would you like me to make you cum, right here against the wall?" His pace increased.

My mind screamed 'no.' "Yes, right here."

His tongue at my pussy joined his fingers, and then he nipped at the imperfect folds down there, tugging ever so lightly that it almost felt like a relaxation technique. Mm, another move to be patented. But the gentle touches and nips didn't last long. I glanced down at my lover to find his eyes glowing red. It terrified and made me hot in the same instant. The vibration from his voice rumbled through my body as he spoke.

"Now, you must be punished, my love—for daring to think of another man. You are mine, Jenna."

"You don't own me," I gasped when he pulled his hands free of my hole and smacked at my ass cheek. I cried out. "Gavin..."

His stood as his fangs began to extend. I could almost feel the heat from his angry stare. A rough smack to my backside again nearly made me explode despite the sting. A few more followed by a gentle stroke had me convulsing against him as he pressed tight against my side, his fangs resting against my neck and his breath heating my skin.

I stepped away from him but he lifted me into his arms roughly and carried me to the bed. When he dropped me down, I would have scrambled to the other side to run around to the door, but he caught my ankle and dragged me to the middle of the bed. Capturing both my ankles, Gavin lifted my legs high so that my rear rose from the bed, and without a by your leave, he plunged into my moist opening.

He was barely inside before my body rocked in a violent orgasm. Even behaving like I was his property, which ticked me off, the man could satisfy my body. I groaned and cried out as the waves rolled over me, more intense than they had before.

Gavin thrust deep, bouncing against my ass and making my breasts bounce. "Tease your nipples for me," he demanded.

"No."

I spat out the refusal, but my fingers found the tight buds anyway, rolling them between my forefingers and thumbs. I was almost stuttering as I whimpered his name when another orgasm hit my pussy. The wide head of his cock had found that glorious spot inside me that made me lightheaded as he bumped against it.

As hard as my body rocked, utterly out of control, Gavin held me tight against him. Coils of sexual delight took hold, only to be increased when he commanded me to watch him

slide his glazed shaft in and out of me. In my mind, I wanted to deny him, but my eyes were drawn to stare. Had I imagined it was impossible to have orgasms tumbling back-to-back, my vampire proved me sadly—or happily—wrong.

Finally, Gavin pulled out of me and rocked back on his heels. He crooked a finger at me. "Come here." Realizing it was pointless to fight against him, I sat up and crawled weakly closer to the object of my obsession. Impossibly, he was still rock hard. He pointed to his dick and said, "See this, Jenna? It's yours. All yours. I'll give you every inch, as long as you want it without hesitation."

He captured me beneath the chin and gently encouraged me to ease closer to his rod. My mouth watered watching it. I wanted to taste it, even with my juices coating it. It was a part of Gavin, and I craved him. Hating that tears clouded my eyes, I blinked several times.

As he stroked a thumb across my lips, he spoke again. "Do you want it, Jenna?"

"You know I do, damn it, Gavin."

He chuckled. I looked up at him and saw that his fangs had receded and his eyes were no longer glowing. On one hand I was glad, on the other, I had enjoyed his roughness, his spanking. If I asked, would he do it again? Would it be as good if he wasn't angry? Asking would let him know he was in control of me, if he had not guessed with my practically bowed before him.

"What do you want, Jenna?" he asked softly.

I wasn't ready to give in. Maybe I never would. "If I say I will not follow your rules, then what? If I say I want more than one lover, not to commit myself to any one man..."

The anger was back, but I was risking this nice and neat setup we had going. I still didn't know what Gavin was capable of. He had showered me with gifts, fed my every hunger sexually, but I knew nothing of his background, how he had become a vampire, if he had any family. Nothing. How did I know that he wouldn't up and murder me because he could? Who would care beyond neighbors? I had no family of my own left.

Gavin was quiet as he paced the floor at the foot of my bed. His erection stood stark from his body, making me want to grab onto it and taste as he had been about to offer earlier. Wracking my mind for words to lure him back to the bed without losing the fire in his eyes, I slid to the edge of the bed. Suddenly, Gavin stopped pacing and moved to slip into his clothes. My eyes widened.

"What are you doing?"

He didn't look at me. "I'm getting dressed."

"But."

When he was fully clothed, his hard-on tucked away to my bitter disappointment, he turned back to me. "Jenna, you are a beautiful and desirable woman, and I understand that you have your own mind, love your independence and the life you've chosen for yourself in this," the look of distaste on his face was plain, "small town. But, I will not share the woman who is my lover. Ever. When and if you decide I am enough man for you, I will return to your bed."

He leaned over and kissed me before strolling to the balcony. I jettisoned off the bed to follow. "How will you know I've changed my mind?"

I must have blinked or turned my head without realizing or something because when I stepped naked into the evening air, my perfect lover was gone. Pressing a hand to my mouth, I burst out crying, something I hadn't done for years.

Chapter Seven

Gavin had meant it. I was sitting alone night after night, wanting him, aching for him, but he didn't come. And even had I been able to muster some interest in the stranger from the supermart over losing my vampire, the bastard had destroyed the business card. Had I come to the conclusion that Gavin was a lost cause and maybe the stranger was my best bet, I would have to travel to the next town to hope I ran into him. And since I did not own a car, that meant bringing Mrs. Landry, which was not a preference at this point. The sexual neediness Gavin had brought to life and now was unfulfilled was making me bitchy. I'd already snapped at several customers. This couldn't continue.

When two weeks passed with no sign of Gavin to even check on whether I'd changed my mind, I became angry. And in defiance of the man who thought nothing of treating me like property, I arranged to borrow another neighbor's car to travel to the supermart. I made sure it was a time when Mrs. Landry was knee deep in preserving so that she wouldn't think I was slighting her, even though I was.

After several hours, I'd plopped every item I might need over the next month into my cart, and had even strolled at the slowest pace possible past the lingerie aisle. The stranger was nowhere to be found. When my feet were aching and my stomach growling from missing lunch, I called it quits. I paid for my items and packed them into the trunk of Mr. Nole's old jalopy and headed across the street to have dinner before heading back to Littleton.

By the time I finished my dinner, the sun had gone down and I paid for my food and left the restaurant. Too late, I realized it was a Sunday night and the supermart closed earlier than usual. The parking lot in front of the store had rapidly become a ghost town. There were only two cars parked in it, including Mr. Nole's car. Glancing both ways, I skipped across the street. A small town's crime rate was extremely low, but I didn't want to push it. A woman alone in a deserted area was just irresponsible.

As I walked at a clipped pace across the lot, I pulled my keys from my pocket and readied the key that would unlock the door. Only now did I regret bringing Mrs. Landry or at least borrowing her more modern vehicle with its button to unlock the door. At the car, I jammed in the key and turned. A second after, a hand closed over my mouth from behind, and I was slammed into a wall-like chest.

Trying to remember the self-defense training I'd taken two years before to deflect some of the abuse my husband had doled out to me, I laced the keys between my fingers and then jabbed them against my assailant. I thought I would vomit up my heart when he didn't even wince when the metal obviously pierced the flesh on his arm.

Terror rocked me when I realized he was dragging me toward the back of the supermart. I fought like a wild animal, stomping on his feet, kicking him, trying to bite. Nothing worked. The man was inhuman. And that thought made me nearly wet my pants. If he was something like Gavin, undead or worse—what could possibly be worse than undead—I was in terrible trouble.

In a spot of darkness, the man pushed me against the back of the building and pressed himself against my body. Bile rose in my throat when I felt his erection straining against his pants. Advice had been to look your attacker in the eye, that it would disorient him and possibly make him run off. How silly that seemed right then, being that I couldn't see his eyes. At first. A glow started, and my stomach dropped knowing what I was up against. I had seen that same glow in Gavin's eyes. Unbidden tears fell from my eyes. The man who was now lifting my chin so that my neck was exposed, was a vampire.

A fevered brain had me imagining I could hear his fangs split his gums as they extended in readiness to bite me. I dragged in a breath to scream, but he pressed a hand hard against my mouth. Bringing up my knee did no good since he caught it in a vice-like grip. There was no escape.

Thoughts of Gavin filled my mind as I realized the pain in my neck was an instant long before a numbness spread throughout my body. My legs gave, and consciousness left me along with the life-giving blood.

The stench of bad meat woke me. I was laying face down in a dark alley. Glancing toward the horizon, I realized the sun was coming up. Panic filled me. My neighbor would be frantic to know what had become of me. Suddenly, the memory of what had happened came rushing back. I examined my neck with my finger tips. I couldn't feel anything, not even pain at having been bitten.

On weakened legs, I stumbled to the car and turned on the overhead light to examine my neck in the mirror. Nothing. No holes like in the movies. I was beginning to think I'd imagined it all. But then I hadn't imagined Gavin, had I?

With a Herculean effort to stay alert, I made it home, parked the car and dragged myself up to my bed. The last thought I had before I went to sleep was if I really was becoming a vampire, the bright sun I'd always loved coming in through my balcony doors would fry me to a crispy critter.

Chapter Eight

Again, I woke confused and disoriented. I wasn't in my bed. Trying to roll over from my stomach, something above me stopped my movement. I freaked, imaging all kinds of bad things, including being buried alive. If I had died and been discovered, maybe Mrs. Landry had coordinated my funeral and I was underground. Terror ripped through me. "Gavin..."

For the first time in two weeks, I considered giving in and pleading for him to come to me. I didn't even know where he was, but I knew if nothing else, he'd know what to do. In the darkness around me, I dragged in deep breaths to try to calm my racing heart.

"Okay, Jenna. Think rationally," I whispered. Common sense said the guy who attacked me had given me some drug to knock me out and rob me. I hadn't found my purse in that alley, though my keys had been in my pocket. Exhausted from the manhandling, I drove home and ... then what?

Best thing to do was to get out of the hole I was in. "Don't say hole," I whimpered. I pushed against the thing on top of me and found that it was easy to budge. Another few minutes and I knew just where I was—in the closet beneath the stairs. The thing on top of me must be that hideous suitcase fit to hide a body in that Mrs. Landry had offered for me to use when I'd planned a trip last year. Turns out I had to cancel, but it was just as well. The suitcase was hidden, and I didn't know how to tell the woman I wouldn't be caught dead using it.

Night had fallen again. My house was empty, but I found a note from Mrs. Landry informing me of how worried she was about me. "Me too," I muttered.

I hesitated to call her. She might demand an explanation, and right then, I didn't have one. My only recourse was to find Gavin, not only for an explanation, but because I missed him with all my heart. Who knew I loved him so much. Being separated from him was harder than I thought. And I had the fear that he had already moved on. After all, how could a man with his appetite have gone this long without a woman to make love to? My heart cried at the thought.

Moving to my balcony, I glanced out over the town of Littleton. My bedroom was situated on the third floor of the house and the spire that my balcony was built onto sat so high, I could look over rooftops for miles. "For miles?" My eyesight was good, but not that good!

I gasped, then shook my head. "Oh no, Gavin! Where are you? Something's wrong with me."

"Jenna."

Spinning around, I searched my room. I know I had heard his voice, but no one was in the bedroom or anywhere else around me. It was late, after one in the morning. All of Littleton was asleep. This was it. I was cracking up after that attack.

A sound behind me caught my attention, and I turned again to find Gavin touching down on my balcony. His muscled form, hypnotizing eyes, manly scent, drew me into his embrace. I cuddled close, only now realizing I was trembling.

Gavin tipped up my chin and kissed me gently. I couldn't get enough of his mouth, like I was a woman starving. "Gavin, I've missed you." I didn't mean to blurt that out, but the words tumbled from my lips.

"And I've missed you," he whispered into my ear.

The smart decision was not to ask, but I had to know. "Have you been with another woman while we were apart?" The whole argument was about me deciding to see other men, and yet here I was wanting to know if he had done the same. I was whipped.

He chuckled. "No." I heard sorrow in his voice. "I smell another man on you, Jenna."

"I—"

A finger pressed over my lips, he cut me off. "It doesn't matter. I've come to the decision that if you want to be with other men, I will not stop you. And I will refrain from ending their lives as I had also thought to do while I was away."

I stared silently at him.

"The bottom line is that if you are willing to keep me as your lover, then I will have to be content with that." He kissed me again, and after drinking his desire from him as if he were my nectar, I nuzzled into his chest. There would be time enough to discuss what happened to me.

A squeak of excitement escaped me when Gavin showed off by lifting us both inches above the floor and gliding into the room. We landed as feathers on the bed, laying in each other's arms. I ran a hand down over his pants to locate his thick erection. Desire engulfed me as I stroked him.

"The last time, you didn't let me suck you," I accused.

"I'm sorry, darling. You will have that first."

I watched in fascination as my lover removed his clothing to uncover his cock. As soon as it sprung free, I pounced, stroking and licking my prize. The taste of him was so delicious, I squeezed and tugged, wanting him to cum in my mouth right away. While my mouth closed over the engorged flesh, I teased his balls, mentally coaxing them to give me what I craved.

Gavin moved his hips forward and back, groaning, "Ah, Jenna. Darling, I've missed your sweet mouth. Swallow me, all of me."

I tried. He was so big, it wouldn't all fit, but boy did I try. Moving my hands below him to his buttocks, I squeezed and shoved him upward toward my mouth, pushing his cock deeper down my throat. The slick wetness was a tight squeeze.

My lover gasped, "Careful. I don't want to hurt you."

He must be crazy. I had a ravenous need I couldn't seem to reach. And then his balls tightened and the luscious explosion I had been waiting for filled my mouth. I drank all of him and sucked for more. My tongue curling around his shaft for the last drippings, I watched Gavin from the corner of my eye. His head had gone back, and he was panting.

With no forethought, I moved to his thigh, kissed it, and with fangs I had no knowledge of having grown, bit down into the well-developed muscle. Blood filled my mouth, the perfect chaser for Gavin's cum.

He shot bolt upright, "Jenna! What the hell?"

Chapter Nine

"Well at least I know it wasn't you who attacked me in that alley," I sighed, after explaining to Gavin

all that had happened to me.

He cast me a look as if that didn't make much difference to the disaster before us.

"What? You wanted to turn me. Now I'm like you and my life is ruined." I slumped in a chair to stare at the moon. No more sun for me. Depression weighed heavily. And all my lover could think about was that he wasn't the one who made me a member of the freaking undead.

Gavin moved to pull me up from my chair and then sat down to sit me on his lap. His arms wrapped around me and drew me back to his bare chest. Since I had also removed my clothing in preparation for a night of lovemaking—after I'd fed from his thigh—it stuck me as odd that I was so comfortable sitting outside without a stitch on my person.

"Had you given me permission to turn you, we would have made all arrangements for you to leave this town, to step out of your living existence as it were. Everything would be planned well to bring about the least amount of suspicion. Now, from what you tell me, your neighbors are worried about what happened to you. We will have to come up with some excuse, and then you can come live with me."

I stiffened. Not because I didn't want to be with Gavin permanently. I'd already crossed that decision bridge. There was no turning back, because if I wanted a contented life to any degree of what I had before I met him, then I needed to do what it took to be with my vampire. The fear of just where he lived was the thing. "Um, where do you live? In a graveyard? A coffin?"

He laughed, "Don't be silly. In a house, a mansion actually. But..."

"But?"

A breeze stirred my hair, and I brushed it from my eyes to see the man who had tried to pick me up in the supermart standing in front of me. I gasped at his boldness, and wondered where he came from. "But," he said, "he doesn't live alone."

Gavin, seeing the man, tossed an arm over my breasts and one between my legs, to cover my nakedness. Other than that, he made no move.

My eyes widened. All kinds of imaginings at the man's words went through my head. My lover was the first to speak. "This loser is my half-brother, Richard. He is the bastard that tried picking you up in the store."

"I was feeling her out," the man protested.

"You were being an ass, as usual." The two men sparred with words while I stared at them both. They looked nothing alike, except maybe for the enigmatic eyes. Since they were related, it did away with the unlikely coincidence that two handsome men were after me in our tiny community.

Richard turned to me, reached out for my hand and then withdrew at the threatening look from his brother. "My younger brother has been hesitant about choosing a mate to walk at his side. I did only what I've been doing all of our lives, even when we were both mortal."

"W-What are you saying?" I gasped. He hesitated, and I looked back at Gavin. "What's he saying, Gavin?"

The man I loved sighed. "Jenna, vampires in our family can be a bit high-handed regarding their women I'm afraid. The norm," he cast his brother a dark look, "is to choose a woman, make her his and then spend the rest of their lives together. I wanted to take it slower, to help you to fall in love with me. Needless to say my brother thought I was being weak."

I blinked. Suddenly something occurred to me. "So you knew all along who it was I had met in the store. And I'm guessing it was Richard who turned me because you were taking too long. And left me in that alley alone!"

Richard spoke up in some annoyance. "I was nearby. I was going to bring you back to our home for Gavin, but you left. When I got here, you were sleeping on top the bed with the balcony doors open. I imagined that my brother would not appreciate it if I let you burn with the coming day, so I put you in a safe place."

"You put me in a closet, you bastard," I snapped. "And I would thank you for saving my life, but then you were the one who took it in the first place." I turned accusing eyes on my lover.

Defeat was plain in Gavin's eyes. He said nothing. I knew his heart was hurting, probably thinking he'd blown the whole thing. As suddenly as it sprung up, my anger drained from me. I leaned in to him and placed my lips to his ear. "You said you wanted me only for my body."

"I lied."

"Send him away."

Gavin's eyes sparked to a glow as I'd seen them before. His brows dropped low over his eyes, and his fangs lengthened. Excitement grew inside me. "Get lost, Richard. I need to claim my mate more fully now that she is a vampire."

"Finally," Richard grunted. "See you back at home." In a flash, the man was gone.

With a hand on each side of my face, Gavin looked into my eyes. "I love you, Jenna. I'll do whatever you ask. If you want me to go away, I will. If you'd prefer to live in this awful town, then I'll do that too. Just tell me."

I glanced down at my hands and then back into his glowing eyes. Taking a deep breath, I let him know what was on my mind. "I want you to put me against the wall and spank me. I want you to use your tongue in places I never imagined a lover would go, and I want you to fill me so full and so often I can barely walk the next day."

Gavin's gaze dropped to my nipples, and he licked his lips. "Your wish, darling, is my command."

THE END

About the Author

Brenda Steele loves all things out of the ordinary. She writes to gratify the cravings of her own sexual drive, and then for her dear readers. Hopefully, the two won't be far apart and

all who read her work will come away satisfied. Look for her other hot title, "My Werewolf Lover."

Also available from Amira Press

My Werewolf Lover

By Brenda Steele

We weren't allowed to mate with them, never to marry one of the creatures of the night. But I wasn't seeking a husband among the wolves, just a lover. The desire had haunted me ever since I'd gotten caught out after dark, in the Forbidden Woods and came upon an injured werewolf.

He lay trembling on the ground, his hair matted with blood, obviously from