

After Sunset, Passion Sizzles...

Erotic Nights



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Erotic Nights

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Erotic Nights

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DATE NIGHT

By Nicole Austin

Dedication

For my devoted readers who can't get enough of the Corralled series.

Author's Note

While related to the Corralled series, Date Night can be enjoyed without having read the other books. In the series timeline, this story occurs between books five and six.

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Date Night

Savannah Black had a lot going for her. Owner of the Shooting Star, both a working and pleasure ranch, surrounded by close friends, married to the loving, hard-driven cowboy of her dreams who'd gifted her with two healthy, beautiful babies. She lacked only one thing—sex.

Pretty damn sad for a married woman to not have gotten laid in three months, especially since her doctor had given the green light six weeks ago. But whenever Cord and she were in the mood something got in the way. Between the ranch requiring Cord's attention and the twins needing hers, intimate moments were rare.

No more. She was taking matters into her own hands, removing all the obstacles and making a date with her husband.

She glanced around the room and smiled. Soft candlelight cast a golden glow on the white rose petals she'd strewn across red silk sheets on the big sleigh bed. Warmth radiated from the fire burning behind the grate near a cozy sitting area. On the dark wood table rested a silver bucket of iced champagne, two flutes, ripe chocolate-dipped strawberries and whipped cream.

Savannah critically assessed her reflection in a cheval mirror, adjusting the straps of a short, black silk negligee purchased for the occasion. Her belly carried some residual roundness and angry red stretch marks but otherwise she looked good—damn

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good—for a woman who'd given birth to twins a mere twelve weeks ago.

There would be no interruptions tonight barring any emergencies. The twins were safe at home with several competent babysitters on hand. Cord had come into Billings on legal business for the ranch, unaware she'd rented them a room at a bed and breakfast a few blocks away from the lawyer's office.

With the scene set for seduction one final task remained, drawing her hunky husband into her carefully planned trap.

A text message from the lawyer's secretary chimed on her cell phone, letting Savannah know the men were wrapping up their meeting. Anticipation heated her blood as she climbed onto the bed and got comfortable, tossing long strands of golden hair over her shoulder to fan out across the pillow. She closed her fingers around the crystal pendant nestled between her breasts and focused on Cord.

Along with her psychic visions, she had the ability to project images. Her connection with Cord was tangible; she had no problem reaching out and touching his mind. She found him leaving the lawyer's office and stepping out onto the sidewalk.

"Heads up, cowboy." A wicked smile curved her lips.

As she'd done on previous occasions when trying to grab Cord's attention, she envisioned dropping to her knees before him. He came to an abrupt stop and knowing what she had in store for him, his entire body shook with arousal.

"Not now, sugar," he grit out from between clenched teeth.

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Pedestrians streamed around him on the busy city sidewalk while Cord remained rooted to the spot. He tugged the brim of his hat down, shielding his lust-filled expression.

“Yes, Cord, right now.” She undid his belt buckle, popped the button and pulled down the zipper. In the vision, she tugged his pants and boxers past his hips, exposing his erect cock. In reality, he remained fully clothed.

“Savannah,” he growled. “I am surrounded by people.”

She wrapped both fists around his thick length below the fat crown, avidly watching a clear drop of liquid form at the slit, licking her lips before capturing it on her tongue.

His breath hissed between his teeth as she dropped one hand to his balls to gently fondle his sac and leaned forward, warm breath washing over his length.

“Not. Here.” He reiterated. “Where are you?”

She glanced up from beneath her thick lashes. A muscle ticked in one cheek and his blue-gray eyes were dark and stormy with desire.

“I want to play first,” she teased and trailed her tongue over the solid ridge beneath his crown.

“Where?” he demanded.

Tilting her head to the side, she traced a pulsing vein with the tip of her tongue. Cord didn’t need convincing and she had waited three long months. The faster he got to

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their room the better. She let the image of herself falter, waver then disappear.

“Two blocks ahead, turn left.” He started walking as she gave him instructions.

“Half way down the block on the right. Turner’s Historic Bed and Breakfast.” She flashed an image of the building’s sign followed by the room number. “Hurry.”

Van cut off the connection, jumped up to unlock the door then dove back onto the mattress lying on her side, facing the entrance. Her heart beat triple-time as she fluffed her hair, straightened her gown and waited. She didn’t have to wait long.

The door burst open to reveal more than six feet of rough and ready cowboy. And he was one-hundred percent hers. Their eyes met under the brim of his Stetson. The intensity of his sharp gaze sent hot waves of pleasure rushing through her. He looked around the room and some of the tension left his broad shoulders as her intent became clear.

“The twins?”

“Fine. Home with plenty of eager babysitters.”

“How long?”

“Til noon tomorrow.”

Cord remained in place for a long stunned moment before springing into action. He pulled off his hat and tossed it toward one of the chairs, turned to slam and lock the door and already had the tee shirt over his head before he made it half way to the bed. He bent over, yanking off his boots and awkwardly hopping on one foot, almost falling

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on his ass several times.

If she were any less anxious she might have laughed, instead she encouraged him to move quicker. “Cord!” One word was all she managed, the desperate ache clear in her raspy tone.

“What’cha think, five? Six?”

Deciphering his meaning didn’t require psychic powers. Their connection ran so deep Cord and she often communicated volumes with a mere glance. He’d questioned how much loving—baring exhaustion—they could squeeze in during the next eighteen hours. Considering their long period of abstinence, he’d lowballed the numbers.

“Minimum of six.” She sucked in a hard breath, reconsidering as his pants hit the carpet and Cord stood tall, his cock pointed straight at her. Lord, her husband was masculine perfection. Muscles sculpted from hard work rippled beneath tanned skin and she amended her prediction. “More like nine.” Once every two hours seemed a conservative estimate to her.

“First will be fast,” he warned.

“Yesss,” she purred. “And hard.”

“Foreplay?”

Oh hell no!

Staring at his cock, Savannah licked her lips. “I want a taste.”

“Later,” Cord groaned and fisted the base of his shaft. “Need to be in you.”

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Her breasts were swollen, nipples erect, her pussy was soaking wet. She needed him so bad it hurt. She didn't need or want to prolong the anticipation, just fast and furious fucking. Repeatedly.

"Need you now!" She scrambled to her feet on the bed and launched herself into his arms, slamming against his chest and knocking the breath from his lungs with a loud whoosh. He caught her in an unyielding embrace as she wrapped herself around him tighter than a second skin, legs clasped over his hips, arms around his shoulders, lips sealed to his. Her fingernails dug into his back as she tried to burrow beneath his skin and become one.

There was nothing tentative in her kiss. She unleashed every bit of sexual frustration in a voracious and ravenous blast. She poured all her hunger and want and need into him. Cord took it all and returned her passion tenfold.

Lips parted, teeth clashed, tongues surged. He captured the soft mewl from her mouth and drew the sound into his body while their tongues tangled, searched, tasted. Intense desire coursed through them, burning out of control. Heat pulsed as firm hands tugged at the material separating them. Their bodies pressed closer but they couldn't get close enough.

If he didn't get inside her soon, she'd go insane. The door was the closest hard surface. Cord turned and propelled them against it taking the impact on his forearms.

"I need..." she cried then sucked on his tongue with insistent pulls, showing him

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without words just what she wanted. What they both had to have.

“Yes. Now.”

She loved it when he lost control and she reduced him to monosyllabic replies.

“Pretty.” Cord nodded at her negligee. “Off.”

Their efforts were hampered by the unwillingness to let go or stop kissing.

Fisting the thin material, he ripped it straight down the center. The straps kept it hanging from her shoulders, smooth silk caressing her back and hips with each movement.

Cord leaned back and his entire body turned rigid. “Aw, Christ!”

Following the direction of his stare, Savannah looked down at her heavy breasts. She felt insecure and wondered if the changes in her body from pregnancy turned him off, especially when she noticed the drops of milk rolling from her puckered nipples.

“Damn, sugar.” His gravelly tone cranked up her anxiety.

With her legs wrapped around his trim waist and her back supported by the door his hands were free. And they went straight to her breasts, gently cupping the quivering mounds in his palms.

He finally looked up and their eyes met. For the first time in memory she found his expression difficult to read. His eyes were darkened by desire yet shone with love and...awe?

“Oh, sugar.” His thumbs lightly stroked over her nipples, creating an erotic

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shiver that shot through her belly and pulsed along her clit. His mouth opened then closed. "You were beautiful before. Now—"

He glanced down again briefly as if confirming what he'd seen. Savannah swallowed hard and started to tremble.

"I—there are no words. I look at you and it hurts. My chest gets tight and my heart feels like it's in my throat."

Her own heart clenched and she was sure it would splinter into a million pieces at any moment.

"You are so amazing and stunning and incredible. Way more than I deserve. God, I look at you and I can hardly breathe."

"W-what?" Thick with emotion, her voice cracked. What the hell was he saying?

"You are beyond beautiful. I love you so damn much, Savannah!"

She thanked her lucky stars for the day this wonderful man had walked into her life.

Cord kissed away the tears she hadn't even realized streamed down her cheeks. His lips closed over hers in a tender, reverent kiss that quickly turned into a burning hot seduction. His body molded to hers from lips to hips and she became lost in the consuming warmth of his kiss.

He shifted, reached down to grasp her butt and the hard length of his cock pressed between her folds. She canted her pelvis, rubbing her clit against his shaft,

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moaning with renewed need.

Primal urges raged through her. She wanted to mark him, put an indelible brand in the middle of his chest to let everyone know he'd been claimed and belonged to her. The depth of her love for Cord was an undeniable compulsion that scared the hell out of her sometimes.

Cord lifted her until his broad crown notched at her damp opening, prepared to thrust forward and fill her. She broke their kiss with a gasp and shoved at his shoulders. "No," she cried. "Stop!"

His entire body trembled but otherwise went completely still.

"Condom. Get a condom."

"Fuck!" he grumbled. "Hate condoms."

He lowered her legs until her feet touched the floor.

"On the nightstand."

Cord moved away, grabbed the foil packet then stood in front of her and stared at the condom wrapper as if trying to remember what to do with it. They'd both enjoyed the freedom from worrying about contraceptives during her pregnancy. While she hated the idea of anything coming between them, she wouldn't risk getting pregnant again so soon after giving birth.

With a muttered curse, he tore the wrapper open and slid the latex over his cock. He lifted Savannah and her legs automatically wrapped around his waist as he

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positioned his crown to penetrate her.

“I love you!” His gaze locked on hers, watching for any sign of discomfort as he slowly lowered her. Her pussy stretched around him, clinging to the hot shaft filling her so sweetly.

“Love you!” She kissed the slight bump on the bridge of his nose and framed his handsome face in her hands. “Missed you.”

Once he was buried balls deep inside her, Cord pressed his face into the curve of her neck, sucking in great gulps of air. She knew he was attempting to regain some semblance of control, which was the last thing she wanted. She flexed her legs and contracted internal muscles. Her pussy pulsed and clenched around him, squeezing his cock.

“Can’t do slow,” he warned.

“Fu-fuck slow.” She dug her heels into his ass and she wiggled, grinding her pelvis on his. “I want hard. I want fast. And I want it now, damn it.”

Cord readily met her demands. Her head spun and her senses reeled as she tried to take it all in, absorb every detail. Burn each touch into her memory. Her pussy ached and became hotter than molten lava. The sensitive tissues felt stretched to the max. It was so good.

Cord pulled back and she cried out, the sound cut short as he thrust hard and fast, rattling the door within its frame. He initiated a steady pace, pounding her against

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the door and she loved it. The harsh propulsion of his cock forcing her body to accommodate the thick invasion, ending in a solid thump against her cervix. She fought his withdrawal—the emptiness left behind. Rejoiced in each forward charge—the complete joining of their bodies.

So full. Raw.

Only two words did justice in describing the grin that spread across his lips, feral and wicked. In response, she swooped in, sealing their lips for a kiss that made her toes curl. When Cord bent his knees, she angled her hips, causing his pubic bone to grind against her clit.

“Ah, yes!” The orgasm gathered and burst over Savannah sharp and fast. She gave herself to the sensations as streaks of lightning exploded behind her eyelids. Cord never slowed or faltered. He powered through her orgasm, not allowing it to fade, instead driving her higher, harder and faster.

Deciding that breathing was highly overrated, she stopped struggling to draw oxygen and focused on delivering the same amazing pleasure she’d received.

“Yess. So good,” she encouraged with her voice and body, meeting him thrust for thrust, sharing her emotions through their link. A second, more devastating orgasm started in her core and spread outward. Cord thrust twice more, then shouted her name as he joined her in ecstasy.

She felt the heat of his cum filling the rubber, and dropped her sweaty head to

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his shoulder in repletion. No longer able to hang on, she trusted him not to let her fall. He kept them upright by collapsing against Savannah, his weight pressing them to the door.

“How soon?” she asked, not needing to explain.

Cord nuzzled her neck. “Need a minute. Can’t feel my legs.”

After their panted breathing eased, Cord managed to get them to the bed where they held each other close. With his head pillowed on her belly she ran her fingers through his damp brown hair, which had gotten a bit shaggy. Millie, the ranch cook, kept nagging him to cut it but she enjoyed his hair longer.

“Good to be home.” He kissed her belly then shifted until they were face to face.

“I missed this—missed us.”

“It will get easier when Caleb and Callie are older.”

Cord snorted. “You’re kidding, right?” He scrubbed a hand over his face. “Ever heard the term ‘terrible twos’? And then there’s the whole teen drama years to consider.”

“Sure but they have plenty of aunts and uncles to help.”

“How’d you get them to babysit?”

Savannah chuckled. “Tamara and Tink have been begging to babysit.”

Cord moved so fast he was a blur. One second he lay at her side, the next he sat upright, scowling down at her.

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“You left innocent babies with those two trouble makers?”

“Cord, relax.” She caressed his arm soothingly. “I left Millie in charge. When I left she was acting like a drill sergeant and had everyone jumping to follow her orders.”

He eased back down next to her and a wicked grin spread across his lips. “Back to your earlier question?”

Her brow furrowed in confusion. “What question?”

He glanced down, and she let her gaze trail over his muscular torso to the renewed erection stretching all the way to his navel. “Ah, that question. Quick recovery, Mr. Black. I like that.”

She pushed against his shoulder and Cord willingly rolled to his back. Leaning over him, she licked her lips suggestively. “Ding, round two. And I still want a taste.”

With a groan, Cord folded his hands behind his head and got comfortable. “Take your time, sugar. I’m all yours.”

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About Nicole Austin

Nicole Austin lives on the sheltered Gulf Coast of Florida, where inspiration can be found sitting under a big shade umbrella on the beach, sipping cold margaritas. A voracious reader, she never goes anywhere without a book, but started looking for something more. Something hotter.



A passion for erotic romance led to Nicole's creation of sizzling characters and boundary pushing stories. Now she lives in an incredible world where fantasy comes to life in bold, vivid detail. Well, until real life intrudes and she has to share the computer with the rest of the family.

To learn more about Nicole Austin, visit her Web site www.nicoleaustin.net or send her an email to nicole@nicoleaustin.net.

Other Books by Nicole Austin



MONSTERS CUM AT NIGHT

By Eve Langlais

Monsters Cum at Night

I hunger.

Not just for blood, but for a man. Between my thighs. On top of me. Inside of me. Fucking me. Taking me over that glorious screaming edge of ecstasy...

Damn, I'm horny.

However, no matter what my body craves, my lust requires caution. Human males are such fragile creatures. Hug them a little too tight, and...oops, they break. I hate it when that happens. It totally ruins the mood.

Find one of my own kind, you say? Well, I'd love to, except after my turning, the dark-haired stranger who bit me and made me into someone special kind of disappeared on me. I might have even been to blame. I'd freaked out a little, you see, when I first woke up a pale creature of the night. Determined to keep the guy with overly developed incisors away, I'd barred the door of the motel room with furniture while I sobbed in the tub.

The grease spot layered with ash that I discovered outside the motel door when I ventured forth finally, the following evening, was something I preferred not to dwell on.

Since my demise, or rebirth depending on your perspective, I've learned a few things. One, blood tastes good—really, really good—but getting caught sucking it fresh

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from the source is bad, bad, bad. Especially when it's the guy's girlfriend catching you. My ears rang for weeks after that incident.

I became more cautious after that mishap and learned rule number two: don't bite ugly dudes. It might sound shallow, but I have good reason for it because, you see, once my dinner choices come under my spell, they start to grab and grind, while their tongues slobber all over. If I accidentally open my eyes and catch a glimpse of a face only a paper bag could improve, it tends to ruin my meal.

Now, I only hunt hotties. Why not? I can get any man I want, even with my lush curves that didn't appeal to everyone before my turning. Do I feel shame that I use my super new mojo skills to seduce? Not really. I consider mesmerizing my prey on par with the guys who used to get me drunk to get in my pants.

Oh, and the third thing I learned, before I forget, is the life of a vampire is really freaking lonely. In the years since my change, I've never come across another bloodsucker. Or so I assume. It isn't like I wear a huge flashing sign on my forehead that screams my status. Nor do I belong to a cool club catering to creatures of the night.

We're not that easy to spot. Ignore my fabulous new pointed dentition and you'd never even know I'd turned into a vampire. While I might not gallivant about in sunlight, I still look the same as I ever did. I breathe and I even have a heartbeat. If you cut me, I bleed—not for long though because I lap it right up. Most disappointing of all, my eyes are still a dull, old brown. They don't glow when I'm feeding or even turn red

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when I'm hungry.

Am I the only one of my kind? Doubtful, but I have no idea how to contact any of my ilk. I tried posting a message on Craigslist a while back, but while I fed really well off the kooks whom I met, none sported pointy little fangs like me.

Reminiscing doesn't feed me though, and my tummy is complaining. Time to hunt.

I dress in my sluttiest undead clothes; a black leather corset that laces up the front and gives me cleavage you could lose a hand in, along with a short black skirt that caresses my generous curves. I top it all off with cute, low heeled boots—because I am not a graceful vamp. I keep the makeup simple: dark eyeliner, red lipstick and a dab of vanilla perfume behind the ears.

Despite my attention to my appearance, I appear grossly underdressed when I hit the club. At least my teeth are real, unlike these wanna-be's with their plastic fang sets. This is the one night I can appear as myself, and live my role to the fullest. Good ol' Halloween.

As I saunter to the bar with swinging hips, I look over the choices gyrating in the flashing lights. I do so love it when my dinner puts on a show. Several appeal to me, especially the hunky males dressed as one of my kind. I am about to go see if the cape is the reason behind some deliciously wide shoulders when a body brushes up against me from behind. A shiver skates through me at the contact. It seems dinner has found me.

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“Hello, *vampira*.”

The masculine voice caresses me, the low tone hitting all my right nerves. I only hope he’s got a face and bod to match the sexy words. I turn, more because his hands on my hips—scorching brands—are forcing me.

He hugs me so tight to his chest, clad in a simple cotton t-shirt, that when I crane, I only see the bottom of his jaw. It is nice and square though, covered in short, sexy bristle as if he hasn’t shaved in a day or so. How yummy.

When he does dip his head to regard me, for once, I am the one who loses her breath. He is gorgeous, from his brilliant blue eyes, to his tousled blond hair, to his sensual lips quirked at one corner. I am in panty-wetting, drool-worthy, heaven.

“Hi.” I manage to squeeze the one word out, which I think is pretty good considering my mind keeps saying, *Hubba-hubba*.

“Let’s dance.”

He doesn’t ask, he states it like it’s a foregone conclusion. My feminist side should be screaming in affront. Instead my girly parts quiver happily. I do so like a take charge man.

Snug against his side, because he doesn’t seem to want to let go, we make our way onto the crowded floor where I melt against him, my body fitting against his perfectly. His hands brazenly mold themselves to the round globes of my ass, and he pulls me against his hardness—and I don’t mean just the upper body kind. He’s

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sporting quite the happy package below, and I rub against it, which sends happy jolts to my pussy. I'm enjoying the fact he's appreciating my curves in all their glory and without a single attempt at mind control from me.

The night is looking up—as is his cock. As he towers over me by a good few inches, I find my face nestled in the crook of his neck. *Silly human*. If it wasn't for the crowd, I'd sink my teeth in for a drink.

Actually, it is Halloween, and it won't look strange if I play my part. I place my lips on the skin of his neck, feeling the throb of his pulse. Sometimes, I swear the anticipation is almost as good as the actual bite. I dart my tongue out and lap at him before I tug at his flesh with my teeth, not enough to break skin, but enough to tease me and bring my desire to an even higher level.

The hands on my ass squeeze, massaging the flesh as he dips his head to whisper in my ear. "Naughty, little vampira. I see someone is impatient for the main event." I would answer except he swirls his tongue into the shell of my ear, and it's all I can do to stay upright. And then he bites the lobe, a hard pinch followed by a suck that makes my knees buckle.

I don't fall though. My handsome partner holds me firmly, and with his guiding help, we leave the dance floor. Actually, we leave the club entirely via an exit that leads to an alley.

Most girls would shy away from such a dark and scary place. I love it, especially

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when he thrusts me against the wall, and his head swoops to claim my mouth.

Ooh, in that moment I finally grasp the term electric touch. I feel like all my nerve endings are on high alert. Every part of me tingles and warms at his embrace. I cling to him tightly, just as hungry to taste, and devour. When he opens his mouth, my tongue is the first one to venture forth. I slide it along his, enjoying his unique flavor which calls to my dark side.

When he pulls his face away, he stares down at me, his blue eyes blazing with passion. I am so wet and ready for him. I want him to bury his cock inside me. I want him to fuck me hard as I sink my teeth into his flesh and suck.

Something of my unnatural hunger might have shown in my eyes because he reacts...with a smile. Where is the fear? The trepidation? I know the effect my dark gaze has. It's why I always end up using my mesmerizing skills to subdue my prey.

However, my blond lover doesn't cringe from me. He drops a kiss on my lips and whispers. "Hungry, little one? I know just what you need. What we both need. Wait here for me."

He leaves before I can puzzle out his words. I clutch my arms about myself, trying to keep his fading warmth as I turn over his statement. *Have I finally found another like me?*

I cannot help the excitement coursing through me. The burgeoning hope. It seems like forever, but is actually probably only a few minutes before my blond

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stranger reappears, and he's brought...another man, one wearing a glazed look in his eyes that I recognize all too well.

"Who are you?" I breathe.

He quirks a smile in my direction. "I am Donovan, your soon-to-be lover. Consider this snack a courting present." He waves a hand at the glamored guy standing there, who might have seemed attractive before I met Donovan—a gorgeous monster, just like me.

Shyness consumes me at the thought of eating intentionally in front of another. I am also afraid of angering my new friend when my dinner tries to get handsy with me.

As if he senses my reluctance, he takes my hands and draws me to him. He brushes my lips, reigniting the fire in my body. "Don't hold back on my account. I am not going anywhere, my little vampira."

Somewhat reassured, I turn to face the human male, Donovan's warm presence, firm against my backside.

"Come," I whisper to my walking meal. The human approaches, and I wonder what to do next. Just dive in for a bite? Seduce him like I usually do?

"Kiss him." Donovan murmurs the words against my ear as his hands span my waist.

I obey. Why not? I want to see where this is going. And most of all, I find myself wanting to please Donovan.

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I kiss the human, and he responds eagerly to my embrace, but it isn't his touch that makes me moan. It is Donovan's behind me, his hands tugging at the ties of my corset and freeing my breasts to spill in his hands. His fingers brush across my nipples. They harden into points as he plucks them, the simple touch warming me all over. I lean back against Donovan as the human male presses in on me from the front. Sandwiched between them, I am awash in sensations.

"I want to see you bent over sucking his dick," Donovan whispers.

"And what about you?" I ask, my voice a husky murmur.

"I'll be taking care of you."

Oh my, the sensual promise in his words. I almost come, right then and there.

I push at the human in front of me, and he stumbles back. I bend over, my bottom pushing up and out as I work the clasp of the guy's jeans. He's commando and his cock springs forth, already thick and hard. I grasp it, my hand squeezing the length as my lips run across the tip.

Behind me, Donovan's hands are on my thighs, sliding up them, dragging my skirt over my curves until my thong clad ass is hanging out. I'm feeling a little self-conscious at this point. Will he like what he sees? Am I too chubby? Am I...

Dear lord, whom I don't believe in! I almost bite off the cock in front of me when Donovan nuzzles his face between my thighs.

"Beautiful." He punctuates his claim with a lick, a long wet swipe of his tongue

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that runs the length of my cleft and then lingers on my clit. Distracted and awash in mounting pleasure, he needs to remind me of my task. "Suck him, my little vampira."

I open my mouth wide and inhale the dick to please my blond lover, even if it's not the cock I truly want to taste. I soon forget whom I'm sucking though as Donovan pleasures me with his mouth. He laps at my moist core, his tongue delving between my lips, plunging into my sex.

I suck furiously at the shaft before me, my hunger—both sexual and physical—driving me, coiling my pleasure until I am gasping and mewling with the heady ecstasy of it.

"Are you ready, my vampira? Do you want me?"

I release the cock, and whisper, "Yes." Then louder. "Yes!"

He's not done teasing though, the sexy prick. I hear the sound of a zipper as I lick around the swollen head of my human prey. A moment later, a wide cockhead is rubbing at my slit, pressing against my clit. I moan, the sound slipping from my lips as my bottom wiggles in silent invitation.

The wide head presses against my cleft, then slides in. It stretches my channel, and I gasp, my mouth faltering in its oral ministrations. I lean my forehead against the human's thigh, panting as Donovan pushes deeper and deeper, filling me with his wide, throbbing dick.

"Suck," he says in a guttural voice, his fingers clenching me tight.

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Distracted, I nevertheless obey, sliding my mouth up and down the turgid shaft in front of me, more aware than ever of the pulse point that promises bloody delight. Donovan begins to move inside me, his thick cock sliding in and out using the same rhythm as that of my mouth on the human's dick. Or so I assume. Testing that theory, I bob faster, and my lover increases his pace.

I can't help but moan at the slick friction of his fucking. My pleasure is mounting inside me, and I crest when Donovan slides a hand under my body to stroke my clit. Incredible bliss slams into me as my pussy convulses, a tight glove that pulses in waves around the cock inside of me. I almost gag on the prick in front of me as I scream with my mouth open wide, just as Donovan slams into me, harder and harder.

"Now, my vampira. Bite him. Take his essence as I take yours."

I release the dick in my mouth in favor of the thigh, a more comfortable feeding area. My incisors pierce the human's skin as Donovan curves his body over mine, still pumping inside my quivering sex. The sweet ambrosia that is blood flows into my mouth, and I moan as I suck. A more enjoyable meal, I've never had.

Even better, my body is rising to the occasion again with Donovan's persistent fucking. He's found the angle that hits my sweet spot, and I am beyond ecstatic. I thrust my body back against his, driving him in, my second orgasm hovering within reach.

He places a kiss against my upper shoulder where he's folded against me, then he bites me. I rear up with a yell, not because it hurts, but because I am coming. And

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coming so hard I see fucking stars, billions of them.

Swept on a wave of pleasure so intense that it makes me deaf and blind for a moment, I am only vaguely aware that Donovan has found his own bliss, bathing my womb with his vampiric essence.

Limp, sated and overwhelmed, I slump into my lover's arms. He hugs me to him, his lips caressing my temple as he murmurs to me, sweet words I'm sure, not that I can grasp their meaning, still too overwhelmed by what's happened.

Swept into his arms, I hold on tight as he flees with me into the night, taking me to his lair, which turns out to be a condo on the west side.

Depositing me on his bed, he moves about engaging some heavy duty metal shutters. I watch him, stunned at the events of the evening, but at the same time curious.

"What happens now?" Will he leave me? Will we fuck again? Is my loneliness at an end?

"Now, we get to know each other," he replies turning to me with a smile that makes my insides melt.

Hours later, my body sore in wonderful ways that I never imagined, I am cuddled in his arms, safe—and not alone. Before I let sleep take me, I ask him one final question.

"What happens tomorrow?"

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“Tomorrow, my sweet vampira, is the first day of your life, with me. We shall do whatever you wish.”

I know what I want, and as soon as the sun sets the next day, he gives it to me. And gives it to me again the next day, and the one after that, because I always hunger, and in my world, monsters *cum* at night.

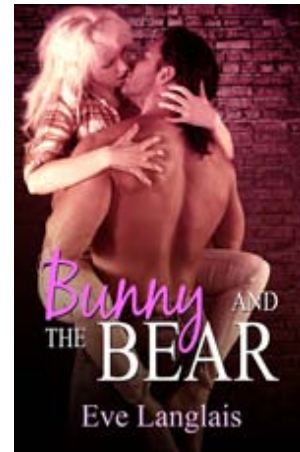
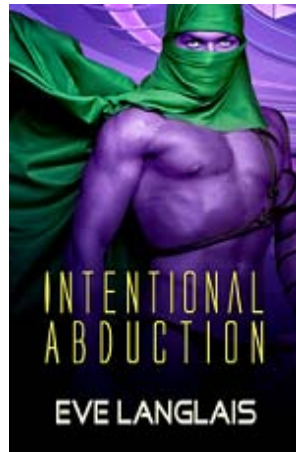
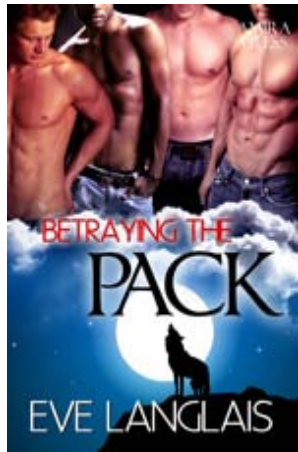
The End

About Eve Langlais

Hello everybody, my name is Eve, and I am a Canadian romance writer. I am also a mother of three who has been married to my very own alpha for over 11 years now. From highly sensual to outright erotic, my stories cover a variety of areas: paranormal, science fiction, fantasy and ménage situations. My stories have widely different heroines from shy, chubby and glasses-wearing to outspoken, sassy and confident. My men all have one thing in common though; they are powerful and HOT!

Looking for dialogue and action driven fun? Then I invite you to check me out. For information on upcoming releases, and to read excerpts, visit me online at: <http://www.EveLanglais.com>.

Other Books by Eve Langlais



ONE OF THESE NIGHTS

By Josee Renard

One of These Nights

It was another rainy day in an endless series of grey, gloomy, wet and miserable days. Now normally I like the rain. Why else would I live in Vancouver? It may not be the rainiest city in the world – but it's pretty damn close.

My good old mom used to say, “a little rain never hurt anyone”, but you know what? She was wrong. Obsessive is my watchword since the transition. A little rain, a slight shift in pH, and I'm a mess. My skin mottles, my hair crinkles, the webbing between my toes starts to itch. And once the itching begins? I turn blue. Completely. It's a nice pale blue, a little on the gray side, but attractive. As long as you're not human, I mean.

So before I head out, I check the pH monitor on my balcony. Low pH and I stay home. Iffy pH and I slather on the extra-strength waterproof foundation, grab my biggest umbrella and pull on my rubber boots, surgical gloves, calf length rubber jacket. And really, I look relatively normal.

Until yesterday.

I blame it on global warming. It's not the warming part—that I like. It's the unpredictable part. The weather shifts in an instant and it's impossible to be right all the time—as yesterday proved—no matter how carefully I monitor it.

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So there I was, walking on the beach for the first time in a month. And okay, maybe I stayed out too long, but I hadn't been out of the apartment for days and then only to run from the front door to the bus, from the bus into the grocery store or gym, and back.

I was almost at Siwash Rock when sudden darkness alerted me to danger. Clouds had raced in from the west and the sun was smothered by them. Over the ocean the wind chased the rain toward me. The nearest shelter was a good twenty minutes away. Too late.

One man stood a few yards away facing out to the storm, his face lifted to the west. No one else in sight. I moved so the wind carried his scent to me. Human, yes. But something else as well. Something...

He turned and smiled, his sharp nose and pointed ears giving him away as much as his scent did. "Half breed," I hissed.

"Hmmm," he said, pointing to my blue-ing skin. "Pot. Kettle."

I considered him for a moment, wondering how I'd missed the signs earlier. Humans were so fertile with the Other half breeds were everywhere and took an infinite number of forms. *His* origins were probably kitsune.

"Mary Lou," I said, holding out my hand.

"Jake," he replied.

I wanted to ignore the flash of lightning that passed between us. But it hit me

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right in the middle of my chest, setting my heart pounding, the usually slow transition complete in an instant. My hand in his was the deep blue of a summer evening—and I knew what that meant. So did he.

There was no point ignoring the mutual attraction. We could try. We could walk away from each other and go back to our mutual residences. We could pretend we'd never met. We could...

Well, there were many things we could do but none of them would work for very long. One of the advantages in being a half breed was that instantaneous attraction, a physical attraction so strong that if we'd been in an elevator we would have been fucking our brains out between one floor and the next.

The disadvantage of that attraction was that we might not like each other, we might, in fact, *hate* each other.

I stepped back. So did Jake. The next touch—even if accidental—would make it impossible for us to have a conversation, to discover whether we should give in or if we should run. Right now. And as far away as we could go. The rumor—always told in a whisper—was that distance was the only thing which helped. Thousands of miles of distance.

"Tea?" he asked, his deep amber eyes watching me, as if he were calculating the trajectory and how he would catch me if I ran.

"Where?" I responded, carefully keeping control over a body that wanted,

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desperately, achingly, deeply, to touch him.

We sat in a tea shop with a table large enough for us to sit across from each other without any possibility of accidentally brushing legs or feet under it. Jake bought two pots of Nine Dragon Golden Needle and his grin was almost feral as he set them down, pushing my pot and cup gingerly across the scarred wood.

“What do we do now?” I asked, savoring the calming green scent of the tea, and delighted that it was exactly what I would have chosen.

“We spend the time it takes to finish the tea figuring out if we stay...” The gleam in his eyes most likely reflects what I feel in mine. “...or if we run.”

I wanted to say, *screw the conversation*. I wanted to say, *let's run to your house or mine*. I wanted him in my bed, my shower, my mouth. I wanted him in a way I'd never wanted anyone else. A lifetime's worth of wanting.

But he was right.

What if all there was between us was that half breed attraction? That rumor which had so suddenly become much more, which had become the truth. What if we had nothing else in common?

“One hour,” I countered, knowing Jake would understand the unspoken part of that sentence. More than an hour in each other's presence—touching or not—might seal the deal, no matter what we wanted at the end of that time.

So we talked. We talked back and forth, never pausing for a moment to allow the

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attraction to swell again between us. The conversation ranged from music—we both loved the blues, hated Justin Bieber—to books. Both addicts, though we had different tastes. Science fiction for me, mysteries and biographies for him.

Movies? We both liked to watch them at a theater, with buttered popcorn and red licorice and Diet Pepsi. He liked action movies; I could live with them but preferred art films.

Any kind of food. Roller coasters. Walking. Cooking. Museums. He'd been everywhere while I had just begun to venture outside of British Columbia, he was more than willing to go wherever I wanted.

He lived in a penthouse in Yaletown—family money. I lived in a small walk-up off Main Street. Hard to find a *real* job in Vancouver when you couldn't go to work in the rain, but my website design business was starting to reap dividends. Maybe not penthouse-in-Yaletown dividends, but moving-downtown dividends and buying-a-car dividends.

At the end of the first hour, the alarm on Jake's phone beeped, echoing mine. A glance at the door, then I stood to buy another pot of tea.

His teeth flashed and I imagined his hands clenched beneath the table. I had drawn blood on my palms trying to restrain myself, trying to resist the urge to touch him. *Not in public, not yet.*

One hour turned into two, then into three while the attraction spun out of control

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and we spun with it.

Jake shifted in his seat, his pupils dilated and the skin at the base of his neck flushed with deep, hot color. He showed his teeth more often and his responses slowed. I noticed all this because I watched him as closely as he watched me, as if, because we couldn't touch we *had* to meet in other ways.

Our voices lowered and deepened, our breathing grew ragged, our hearing sharper.

As for scent? Every time he moved—and he, like I, was in constant motion—I could a whiff of *Jake*. And it was driving me crazy. I wanted, no, I needed to snuggle my face into the crease of his neck, under his arms and most especially I wanted to revel in the Jake-musk which surrounded his cock.

I wanted to breathe him in.

I wanted to taste him, all over, in the most desperate way.

But I was trying *not* to squirm. My pussy dripped, ripe and ready for him. My nipples were tight and aching. Every breath made me hotter, yearning for his touch. I knew it wouldn't take more than a single shift and I would explode. But I wanted his cock inside me for that first orgasm.

After that? Anything might happen.

His nostrils flared. His mixed blood made him more sensitive to scent—I knew he smelled my arousal just as I sensed his.

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Jake flipped open his phone. "I'm at the tea shop at Robson and Denman. Hurry."

He hung up and turned back to me, the question neither of us dared speak in his eyes. But words had power in our world and I gave them to him.

"Yes," I said, holding out my hand. He stood so abruptly, his chair fell to the floor behind him.

"Mary Lou," he whispered. "Are you sure?"

I nodded knowing what the touch of his palm to mine would mean—us, linked together forever, whether we wanted to be or not.

"I couldn't walk away from you now," I said.

"Nor I," Jake said through a jagged smile. "Damn it." He gazed down at my out held hand. "Yes."

A black limo pulled up to the curb and Jake touched me for the first time since the first time.

The intensity, the feel of his hand on my waist, was overwhelming. I felt faint, weak and yet, at the same time, so strong because he looked as unsettled as I felt. I swore I saw tears in his eyes to match those in mine.

He hastened me out to the limo, where a lovely young woman stood holding open the door. I took a deep breath. Full human and no feelings for Jake except friendship and loyalty. He waited for me to enter, then followed me and shut the door

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behind us.

He pressed a button. "Home, please. As fast as you can." Turning to me, he said, "Ten minutes."

Jake sat on the seat across from me, careful not to touch. "Don't move," he said. "I want you in my bed, in private, without interruptions, not..." He gestured at the driver.

"I want that, too," though I wasn't sure I could wait.

The drive felt like it took forever. I could only hold myself as still as possible to stop from tearing my clothes off, leaping across the seats and ripping Jake's zipper open, so I could finally, ease the pain of unsatisfied arousal.

Three hours of sitting across from Jake. Three hours of making careful conversation as my body moistened and swelled and readied itself for him. Three hours of trying to think, to analyze, to contemplate the possibilities rather than just feel.

Sitting in the limo, I wondered whether we had wasted that time, if our coming together was a certainty, if all those rumors of the efficacy of distance were wrong.

The car slid to a stop, cutting off my musings as I saw Jake's eyes close and his face tighten. "Don't touch me," he snapped as he stepped out onto the sidewalk. "Not now."

The short, silent trip up the private elevator to his condo was far worse than anything I had experienced in the hours since we met. I clenched my teeth, my hands,

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my cunt, while I pressed against one wall, trembling with anticipation. Jake was pressed against the other, his cock clearly outlined against his jeans.

I wanted to fall to my knees and taste him. I wanted him to rip away my clothes, throw me to the floor and fuck me right there. I wanted...

The elevator slowed, stopped, and the doors opened onto a foyer with marble floors covered with jewel-toned Persian rugs, the indigo at the center of them matching the color of my skin reflected in the mirrors around us.

The floor to ceiling windows looked out over grey skies and equally grey water. Dark purple mountains blossomed out of the ocean.

"This way." Jake gestured to the double doors across the room.

Dropping my raincoat and umbrella to the floor, taking off my boots, I watched as Jack threw his jacket over a chair and sat down to untie the laces on his sneakers and leave them behind in the foyer.

I followed him across the room into his bedroom, where I'd wanted to be—and been frightened of being—since the first moment. Four walls, one all glass, a king-size bed. That was all I cared about.

Jake stopped at the foot of the bed, his body taut with anticipation, his eyes hot on mine.

"Jake," I whispered, unsure what to do or to say. "Help me."

His face transformed with his smile as he reached for me, his hands stroking

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down my arms, burning like the heat of the summer sun through my shirt. "Jake," I whispered again and gave myself over to passion.

Resting his forehead against mine, he said, "I don't know how to do this."

I giggled and lifted my face to his. "I do. Just let yourself go. I will if you will."

He sighed but didn't move.

"I'm scared too." I raised my palms to cradle his face. "Together. We'll figure this out together."

A moment passed and a whirlwind appeared in place of Jake. He grabbed me into his arms and dropped me on the bed. He stopped to tear off his clothes, while I followed suit, rolling over the quilt to get my jeans and panties off.

Naked, Jake was lean and tanned, his skin glowing with health, his cock dark and heavy between his legs. My mouth watered as his eyes roamed over me, the muscled of his belly quivering, his cock weeping.

He smiled, this time a smile of possession. "You're mine, you know," he whispered as he lowered himself to the bed and wrapped his body around mine.

The heat was almost unbearable as I lay so still in his arms. I felt his heart beating ferociously in his chest, heard the harsh inhale of his breath, smelled his arousal on his skin.

"Kiss me," I whispered into the ear next to my mouth. "I've waited for too long for your lips on mine and I can't wait any longer."

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Rolling toward me, Jake held my head tight between his big hands, his cock pressed against my belly. Unthinking, I wrapped one leg over his hip, wanting him closer, deeper. My moistness joined his hardness and I began to rub against him, up and down, up and down until I might have screamed out loud if he hadn't...

I'm not sure if I would have called it a kiss—it was so much more than that—but his lips did meet mine. His teeth, his tongue, his *essence* whirled inside me and I was his. He was mine.

I lost myself in that kiss, truly lost myself and became part of another being, one made up of Jake and Mary Lou, a being who would never be lonely again.

Still kissing me, still holding my head between his hands, he shifted his hips as I shifted mind until his cock sat at the entrance to my cunt. I rubbed myself against him, guiding him through the folds of my labia, across my clit, barely into my pussy and back out again.

"Fuck," he whispered against my lips. "If you don't stop..."

"I'll never stop," I responded. "Never."

He rolled me under him, pulling my legs up to his shoulders, rearing above me like an angry god. I had only a moment's warning as his amber eyes turned dark and his teeth flashed. He slammed his cock into me as if it were a hammer, and I screamed, pulsating around him.

Jake clenched his teeth and pulled away.

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He kissed me again, lightly, sweetly, this time, then slowly kissed his way down my body, laving my breasts, nibbling on my nipples until my pussy screamed again for his attention. He kissed his way down my belly, taking tiny nips as he moved.

When he reached my clit, I held my breath. A single swipe from his catlike tongue and I would go over again. I waited for that. Instead he spread my legs with his shoulders and breathed.

“You smell like heaven,” he said. “I’ll never get enough of you.”

Grabbing his hair, I pulled him to me and felt the sharp edge of his teeth on my clit. I held my breath until he looked up at me and licked his lips. Sitting up on his haunches, he took my hips in his hands and lifted me to lower my cunt over his waiting cock.

My sigh matched his as I settled onto him. I could feel his restraint in the muscles in his shoulder and back but he didn’t move anything except his hips, shifting slowly to move within me.

Hours passed, days, maybe months, as we pleased ourselves in that way, from one slow, patient orgasm to another, until they blended together, until our bodies became one and we were one.

Much later, sunrise having come and gone and come and gone, we lay wrapped in one another’s arms. Jake turned to me.

“Forever,” he said, his voice dark, shaking as he raised my hand to his lips. “No

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matter what.”

Fate laughed. I hadn't ever wanted this, had lived my life to avoid it. Yet here he was.

“Forever,” I whispered.

I shivered and he pulled me again into his arms. I knew he waited for the rest of the oath. I gave it to him, linking my life to his.

“Together.”

The sun burst from behind the clouds. Too late. Way too late.

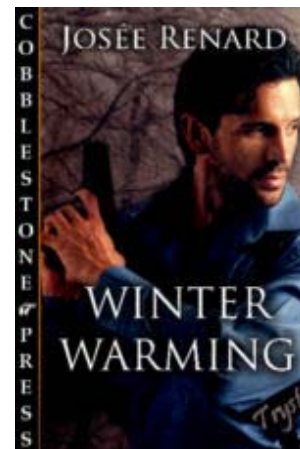
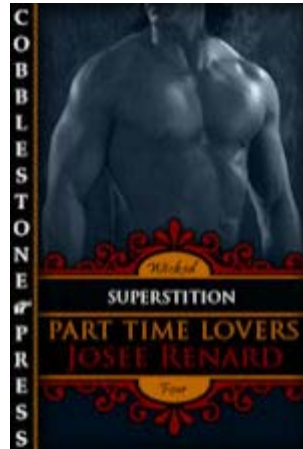
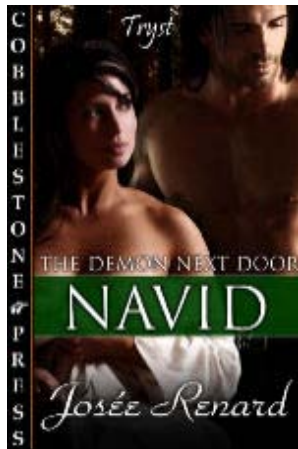
About Josee Renard

Josee Renard writes women's fiction, magic realism, paranormal, and erotica—short fiction, poetry, and novels. Josee blames her mother and her two grandmothers for her reading and writing obsession. All of them were avid readers, and they passed their books and their obsession on to her. She'd love to hear from you.



You can contact her at www.JoseeRenard.com, read her blog at www.JoseeRenard.wordpress.com, or follow her at Twitter and check out her Facebook page.

Other Books by Josee Renard



THE NIGHT SHIFT

By Sable Grey

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The Night Shift

Great. Sam propped his chin on his hairy palm and watched the two pairs of shoes appear in the doorway of the bedroom. His seventh day on assignment and she'd brought the asshole home again. Another twelve hours of dark wasted. Worst of all, he'd have to lay there and listen to them again when he just wanted to do his time and move on.

It was nothing like he'd imagined it would be. He'd thought a person died and went to heaven or hell. But he'd been way off. Instead, it was more like a public service set up. Lesser sins, like his, got him stuck doing Halloween detail. It was a ridiculous job; a monster under the fucking bed.

He'd only been given two weeks to complete the assignment. Sunday was the thirty first and Halloween. If he couldn't do it by then, he'd be reassigned to the North Pole and he imagined listening to Jingle Bells twenty four seven while he scooped up reindeer shit for a month would be worse than just going to hell. All he had to do was jump out and scare Roxanne Lane. It sounded simple enough but wasn't when she was set on bringing Jared the jerk-off home every night.

"You look so beautiful tonight," Jared whispered and Sam scowled. It's the same thing the idiot had said the night before. Unoriginal. Boring.

"Thank you." Roxy's voice was rich and feminine. The first night he'd heard her

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speaking, he'd peeked out to get a look at her. She'd proven to be a petite blonde bombshell, busty with a slim waist, and too hot for the prick she called her boyfriend. It was amazing how well he got to know her by just camping out under her bed. In the last six nights, he'd learned that she liked classical music, was a light sleeper, sang in the shower, and if given the choice, would always pick a tear jerker before she retired to bed.

"Come here," Jared's weight caused the springs of the bed to groan.

Sam listened to the rustling of clothes, a few heavy breaths, and then counted the seconds until Jared turned out the lamp. Predictable bastard.

"Suck me."

Sam closed his eyes and tried to think of anything but those bow-shaped lips wrapping around the end of a dick. He should have never stopped in the diner where she worked the morning after his first night under her bed. During the day, he was allowed to walk around in human form. He'd broken the rules when he'd started up a conversation with her. He'd broken more when he'd come back to have lunch with her when her shift ended. Then it had become a routine, one that made him feel closer to her and her comfortable enough with him to talk about her life and Jared with him.

When the soft sucking sounds and muffled moans found his ears, he ground his teeth together. Why couldn't she have just come home alone tonight? He could have jumped out, scared the shit out of her, and then moved on from this fucked up job.

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He'd do it now, except the rules specifically said that only the person he was assigned to could witness the scare.

"That's right. Take it deep, baby. You're so good."

God help him. Sam felt like leaping out from under the bed, shoving Jared out of the way since he'd obviously learned sex talk from some cheesy porn movie, and show Roxy what a real man could do. But he wasn't a real man, Sam reminded himself. He was in monster form until morning; the big, the ugly, and the hairy, complete with red eyes and sharp, pointed teeth.

"Faster, Roxy. I'm gonna come."

Thank God. Sam opened his eyes and waited for Jared's disgusting grunt. When it was over, the bastard did nothing for Roxy, rolled over, and went to sleep.

He was a user. She didn't say it, but Sam knew it well enough when she described how Jared had been out of work for three months and how she tried to help him out by giving him some of the money from her savings. Sam had a friend follow Jared around a few days before and it was discovered that he lived in a dump and had another woman that he took up with while Roxy was at work.

Sam's weakness had always been beautiful women. It was the reason he was stuck on this assignment instead of living it up already in heaven. While he'd never actually fallen *in love*, he'd loved women, and he'd loved a lot of them. Apparently there was a cap on how many could be loved and so here he was. But he'd never used a

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woman like Jared was using Roxy. And since he'd started to get to know her, Sam had grown to hate the bastard.

Just like the night before, he spent his time tracing lines in the carpet until he fell asleep, and woke up when the sun began to filter through the window. Thank God, he could clock out and feel normal for a few hours.

Easing out from under the bed, he stretched his limbs as he shifted to his human form. It felt good to be a man again. He grabbed the clothes he'd brought with him and dressed quickly; noting she'd made the bed before she'd left. Jared always left before the sun rose, while she was still asleep. Another reason to hate the worthless piece of shit.

She always tidied up the apartment before she headed out to work. Slipping into the adjoining kitchenette, he opened the fridge and swiped one of the bottles of water. The thing about being a monster is that it always left him thirsty the next morning. After drinking half of the contents he walked back into the living room and then stopped short.

Roxy stood in the doorway staring at Sam. For over a week he'd been coming to the diner for breakfast and lunch, and they'd spent a number of hours chatting. She normally didn't take up with customers like that, but Sam had such an easy smile and seemed genuinely interested in getting to know her. It hadn't hurt that he was absolutely gorgeous either.

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And now he stood in the middle of her living room staring back at her, blue eyes showing as much shock to see her as she was to see him. "Sam?"

"Good god. You look..." He blinked but not before she'd seen his gaze drop down to the towel she still had wrapped around her. Warmth rushed to her cheeks.

"Sam, what are you doing here?"

He looked around and then pointed at the door. "The door was left wide open. I called out but no one answered." She frowned and moved past him but she found the door secure with the deadbolt locked.

"I closed it. I didn't want anyone to just walk in," he explained when she faced him. "I heard the water running and assumed you were in the shower. You told me yesterday that it was your day off today so I thought to just wait out here and I helped myself to a bottle of water."

Her gaze dropped to the water bottle. "But what are you doing here?"

He shifted as if uncomfortable. It was odd since he'd always seemed collected and cool. He ran a hand through his thick brown hair as if suddenly nervous.

"I wanted to find out if you had plans for the day." He suddenly laughed. "This is just awkward. I should have called and see now it was a mistake." He stepped past her to the door, turning the lock.

He wanted to spend the day with her? "What do you have in mind?"

His hand stilled, and he looked back at her. "When I walked in the door I had it

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in mind that we might go for a walk through the park.” And then that gaze dropped to her towel. “Now, I’m thinking it’s probably best if I just take the walk alone.”

She swallowed. His flirtation while they’d talked over the past week had been light, and she couldn’t deny she’d enjoyed it. Now, it was obvious he felt the same attraction for her that she’d felt for him. That was dangerous. She and Jared had been dating for two years. They’d been talking about him moving in with her.

Oh, she knew Jared wasn’t faithful. She’d smelled perfume on him a number of times. It was a small town and hard to keep secrets. The short order cook at the diner had told her he’d seen Jared and another woman out at the lake three weeks prior. It had hurt her, but she’d just pushed it aside and told herself things would change when they took the next step in their relationship and he moved in.

Sam had told her he was only in town for work and would be moving on at the end of this week. It had crossed her mind several times to ask him over before he left. But until this moment it had only been something she played with in her mind. Now he was here.

Something in her face must have reflected what she was thinking because Sam secured the lock in place. He said nothing as he turned and walked to her. She trembled when he lifted a hand to her face and held her breath as he leaned forward.

His firm lips moved over hers tenderly like a soft caress, and the masculine scent of him wafted around her. When her lips parted, his tongue delved between them to

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taste her mouth and she leaned against him. Slowly his kiss grew deeper, more passionate. His hands slipped to her waist and pulled her flush against him.

When his fingers tugged at the towel, she stepped back away from him, her whole body trembling. "I don't normally do this... I'm not the cheating kind...I..."

"I know, Roxy. I won't make you guilty." He reached forward and took her by the shoulders and walked her backwards until the back of her legs bumped the seat of a chair. Guiding her down, he knelt at her knees and pushed them apart. Her heart thumped in her head as she stared at the top of his dark hair when he leaned forward and slid the towel up to her waist.

His tongue touched her clit, and it felt as if hot lightening forked through her. She closed her eyes and moaned as he licked and nibbled at her. One long finger slipped inside of her, then another, slowly thrusting to the same rhythm he moved his mouth over her, bringing her so close to the edge of passion it was nearly painful. And then he opened his mouth wide and sucked fiercely so that she was forced over that edge into orgasmic bliss.

She opened her eyes when he leaned back and tugged the towel back down to cover her. To her surprise, he stood and took several steps backward. His hand visibly shook as he ran it through his hair.

"I think I'll take that walk now."

She stared as he turned. "Don't go." She wanted him to stay. Over the last

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days, they'd talked and she'd felt closer to him than anyone. Now he was willing to satisfy her and leave.

"Are you sure?"

She smiled. "I'm certain." She stood and reached for him, pulling at his shoulders until he stepped forward. He grasped her waist and they sank to the floor and in moments, he'd removed his shirt and freed himself from his pants. His kiss was hot, passionate, and filled with hunger.

When he came into her, it was with fever, and he filled her completely. She wrapped her legs around his waist, her arms around his neck as he began moving inside of her. She expected him to be wild but his strokes were deliberate and controlled. He wasn't going to be selfish with her.

"More," she whispered. "Please."

"I wish..." he breathed huskily against her ear. "Dear God I wish you were mine." His movements quickened. She wished for that too. But her thoughts scattered as tension built within her and then she toppled over the edge into rapture. Moments later he came into her with a shout of his own, then he stilled. It was over too quick. But then his lips found her cheeks.

"You make me want a second chance at life, Roxy." His words didn't make sense.

"What do you mean?"

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He sighed heavily. "Never mind. Let's go for that walk. When we come back, I'll be able to take more time with you."

She smiled. It wasn't over. He wanted for her again. "Sam."

Sam's head popped up and bumped the bottom of the box spring. The sounds of Jared kissing Roxy's body stopped instantly.

"Who the fuck is Sam?" Jared bellowed.

She'd said his name. Sam didn't move, barely breathed. A moment later Jared's socked feet dipped into view as he rose from the bed.

"You've been seeing someone else? How could you?"

"How could I?" Roxy suddenly laughed. "You've been fucking Wendy Kimble for six months, but you have the nerve to ask how could I? Get real, Jared." Jared stomped back toward the bed and suddenly the light flooded the room.

"I'm not moving in with Wendy Kimble. I don't call her name when you kiss me." Jared's voice became louder with every word.

"You are right. I'm sorry," she said after a moment.

"Who is he?"

She sighed and her feet appeared as she stood and faced Jared. "It doesn't matter. He'll be gone by Monday. He was just passing through." Sam heard the sadness in her voice. He frowned. She wanted him to stay. Hell, he wanted to stay. He'd been with a lot of women, but none of them had touched him like Roxy had.

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They'd talked and laughed for hours. And he'd never walked away from one like he had her that morning.

Oh he'd received a severe tongue lashing from Management, but he hadn't really cared. And he'd realized when he was leaving the main office and was reminded that Heaven waited for him, that he'd be content with just visiting the diner every breakfast and lunch in a little Podunk town for the rest of eternity. Now, she'd said his name.

Roxy stepped around Jared toward the door. "Maybe you should just leave. We can talk about this tomorrow." She stopped abruptly. "Don't, Jared."

"Don't? The way I see it, I have the right to do whatever I want. You want to be the town whore? I'll treat you like one." The sound of the slap echoed in the room and brought blood boiling in Sam's veins. Roxy gave a yelp and in the next moment, she was pushed back to the bed.

Sam didn't wait to listen to what would happen next. He shot out from under the bed, a growl shaking in his throat. They both screamed, and Jared leapt backward to the doorway. Sam stalked forward, but Jared gave him no time to do anything. He turned, screamed again, and bolted.

Sam turned to find Roxy shaking, huddled against the headboard, staring at him with wide eyes. "Are you okay?" She screamed and leapt across the bed and raced to the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

He lumbered across the room and lifted his hairy knuckles to knock on the door.

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“Roxy? It’s me. It’s Sam.” He heaved a breath and glanced across the room at the reflection of himself in her mirror, but darkness had begun to surround him. The sensation of being pulled backwards found him and in the next moment he was standing in the stark white office of his handler, Janice.

“The rules are clear, and you’ve broken several of them.” Janice folded her arms across her white sweater. “The two that are the worst broken are that you told her your name and that she wasn’t alone when she saw you. Have you anything to say for yourself?”

He looked down at his hands, noting they were no longer those of a monster. “I care about her.”

Janice’s sighed softly before walking around the desk. Her natural warmth reached out farther than her wingspan and caressed him. It reminded him of that glimpse of heaven he was given after he’d first died. It pulled an ache in his heart to return.

“You’ve seen what Heaven holds for you, Sam,” she said softly.

He nodded, nearly weeping at the bliss that wrapped around him when she touched his arm. Yes, he had seen, and he could feel it now.

“All is not lost. Drop this in something she will drink, and she will forget what she’s seen, that she ever met you. The same for the male.” Janice held out two pills.

“Then take the rest of the night off.”

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He stared down at the pills. "I don't want her to forget me."

"Sam..."

"I love her." It made him ache to say the words. "I *want* to love her. Isn't that what Heaven is about? Love? How can it be denied?"

Janice smiled softly. "Of course it is but she will never accept who you are, what you are. Do you think Management will allow you to live a life without some payment? You would be on permanent detail for as long as you remained bound to earth."

"Then there's a chance?" Hope filled him. "She'll accept me. I know she will. And I'll do this stupid detail for as long as must!"

"Go then. But when she doesn't accept you, use the pills and finish the job. If you can't, there's always Christmas. We'll be waiting for you."

~ * ~

Two months later...

Sam stepped through the door and swiped the silly hat from his head, shaking the snow from the cap so the bell at the end jingled. He set his shovel against the wall and closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. All fucking night he'd listened to that Christmas melody, and now in the silence it was a haunting echo in his head. When he opened his eyes, he caught his reflection in the mirror across the room. A fucking Christmas Elf. But his shift was up and it was almost morning. Slowly the pointed ears

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disappeared, and he began to grow taller, the brightly colored clothes disappearing into thin air. In moments, he was a man again. He ran a hand over his face.

“Long night?”

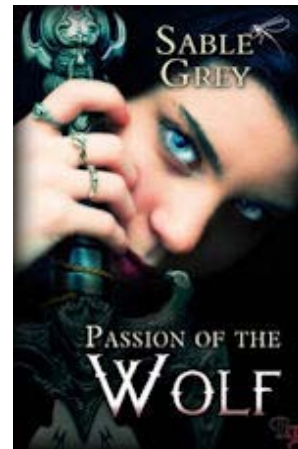
“As always,” he nodded as he looked up at Roxy’s face, then his attention dropped down to her nudity. “But definitely worth it.” He walked forward and pulled her into his embrace. “Every moment with you is worth working the night shift.” He kissed her deeply.

About Sable Grey

Sable Grey resides in the deep south of the US with her husband, three dogs, and three cats. When she's not writing, she spends her time researching history, designing cover art, watching movies, and reading. Dedicated to her craft, Sable strives to bring readers the kind of romance they love with unforgettable characters. For Sable, writing romance means writing a story that will touch the mind, body, heart and soul.



Other Books by Sable Grey



NIGHT MAGIC

By Anna Leigh Keaton

Night Magic

Halloween-shmalloween Tammy thought as she flipped through the cheap costumes hanging from the rack. Why was she bothering? So she could get dressed up just to stand at her door and hand out candy to little kids? She always ate more than she gave away, then slunk around in a cloud of guilt for a week for her everything-chocolate-covered binge.

Another year, another disappointment. Not one invitation to a single party. Then again, why would they invite the boss?

She turned her back on the rack of costumes and came face to face with the shelves of candy. What the hell? She started with a bag of her favorite, the bite-sized Snickers, and quickly filled her basket.

She'd lived in Bellingham for two years, worked sixty-plus hours a week at the job she'd moved there to take, and didn't have a friend in the world.

Lifting the basket onto the checkout counter, she made a face and withdrew a bag of chocolate-covered raisins. "Not this one," she said to the cashier who took it and dropped it in a box behind her. Raisins were too much like healthy food. If she was going to binge, it was going to be a good one.

She had friends, back home in Chicago. And she had friends she'd cultivated

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through the online book clubs she had joined. But nothing personal, nothing *in person*.

Her best friend back home had told her to put down the book, get off her butt, and go out in public once in a while and she'd make friends. Easy for Joy to say. That woman could befriend Scrooge. Tammy wasn't a socialite. She was a homebody. Had to say something that her best friend who lived thousands of miles away she'd known since elementary school.

"Thirty-five eighty, please," the cashier said.

Tammy swiped her Visa through the machine, signed the bill, and took her two bags of chocolates.

She liked her job. She loved the Pacific Northwest. She just hated this horrible emptiness that consumed her when she let herself think about it. She didn't let herself think about it often.

As she walked past the stores in the little strip mall on her way to her car, a new store caught her attention. One she'd never seen before. One that had her stopping to ogle at the costumes in the window. Leather and lace and feathers and chains. Oh my.

Tammy glanced over her shoulder to see if anyone saw her staring, then glanced up at the name emblazoned in a flourish of red and black on the window. *Dreams Come True*.

The pair of handcuffs dangling from the mannequin's fingers had Tammy's eyebrows raising. She didn't have those dreams, but dang! The store was obviously a

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sex toy and lingerie shop. She'd never had the nerve to enter one of these places before, even though Bellingham a few. Some of them as bold as could be right there on Meridian for the world to see—another reason she never went in, someone might see her.

Tammy Blackwell, manager of Tinker Toys and Tools for Tots couldn't be seen in a...*sex shop!*

She was a half dozen miles from her store, and it wasn't as if anyone knew her, really, by sight. She had a few regulars at the store that might recognize her, but she wasn't dressed for work today. Today she wore her baggy sweats, a t-shirt two sizes too big, and her hair was up in a ponytail.

With one more quick glance over her shoulder, and a quiver of naughty excitement low in her belly, she pulled open the heavy glass door and slipped inside.

She'd expected something dark and seedy. This store was lit up like Walmart and smelled faintly of a flowery perfume that was neither overbearing or annoying. Racks of clothing stood to one side, filled with black, red, white and even some pink lingerie. Thongs, G-strings, teddys and bras in various sizes materials of satin, silk and a lot of lace.

"Good afternoon."

Tammy jumped at the voice and turned wide eyes on a woman approaching from the back.

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"Iz there anything I can 'elp you find?"

A friggin gypsy in the middle of Bellingham, Washington? Dark hair and eyes almost black. A beautiful scarf over her hair, and a long, flowing skirt of bright colors swirled around her legs. Her simple white blouse almost looked out of place.

"Ahh..."

The beautiful gypsy laughed. "May I take your bags so you may browse unencumbered?"

Tammy handed over the bags of candy, but hitched her purse up onto her shoulder. "Thanks."

"Wander, my dear. Look your fill. Touch what looks desirable to you, and find the answer to your passions."

"I uh, was just, uh...curious." She wanted to grab her bags and run, but the gypsy was already walk away with them, rounding the tall counter and setting them down back there in no-man's-land. With a quick glance out the window, Tammy worried someone would see her, but then she realized the only place to see in was the door because of the display windows, so if she moved...

She stepped away from the door and ran her hands over a few scrappy pieces of lace she couldn't imagine wearing, let alone letting anyone see her wear. The robes were pretty, though, and she enjoyed the cool smoothness of the silk under her fingertips. She flipped one price tag and nearly gasped. She made a good income at her job, but

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she wouldn't dump that much salary on a bathrobe she'd probably wear only once a year. She lived alone and could walk around naked if she wanted—not that she did, but she could if she wanted.

When she came to the shoes, all she could do was stare. They gave her visions of broken ankles and months in a cast. Two and half inches was her max. Some of the leather torture devises topped six, and then there were the ones with the platforms.

Shaking her head she moved on, and found herself in the area she'd always wondered about. The toys. An entire wall of them in shiny clear packages. Oh, there were handcuffs and whip-looking things, a riding crop like those for horses, and some leather and chain thing she couldn't begin to figure out. But what caught her attention was the massive display of vibrators and dildos.

Pink and blue and purple and pearl. White and red and black and orange. Short and stubby, long and thin, thick and... Her tummy fluttered, and heat bloomed in her pussy.

She wasn't ignorant, she'd just never used one. Never had the nerve to purchase one. Never had the guts to walk into a store that sold them before. Add to that the few men she'd been with in her life were pretty much stuck in Puritan times and liked only two positions—top or bottom. If she'd hauled out a ten-inch *Waterproof Delight*, they'd probably have died of a heart attack from the shock.

She licked her lips and let her gaze run over the choices. On the next wall were

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shelves with boxes of butt plugs and anal beads and... She cringed and moved past those to...

“Hello there,” she whispered when she came to the most realistic looking dildo she’d ever seen. Cock and balls sitting on the shelf, almost looking a little flaccid. No box.

Tammy glanced over her shoulder to see the gypsy cashier sitting behind the counter reading a book, completely ignoring her customer, which was fine with Tammy. She raised her hand to touch it, but pulled back. Took another peek over her shoulder, then reached out with just one finger and stroked the tip.

She gasped in shock. It felt so real!

She touched it again, stroking her finger from the tip to the base. The smooth silkiness felt exactly like flesh. Intrigued, she wrapped her fingers around the base and lifted it from the shelf.

Her heart beat rapidly against her breastbone, and tingles ignited in her core.

She couldn’t.

She so wanted to.

“Ah, I see you have found our special item. Would you like for me to wrap it up for you?”

Panicked at getting caught holding the merchandise, Tammy shook her head. Then nodded. Finally, she turned and faced the dark-eyed woman. “Do you have one in

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a box?"

The woman smiled sweetly, her eyes crinkling at the corners. "No, he is a special item. A...shall we say...one of a kind? Come. Bring him."

Tammy glanced at the empty spot on the shelf, then down at the human-like dick in her hands. What the hell would she do with it? It wasn't even hard enough to use it for its intended purpose.

"I don't really think—"

"Come!" The woman snapped her fingers. "It is time to close shop. The witching hour approaches and I must prepare."

In a little bit of shock, Tammy approached the counter with the dildo. "I doubt I can afford."

"Put it in the box." The gypsy had laid open a white box on the counter lined with pink tissue paper. "Put it in the box," the woman said again, her tone edged with aggravation.

Tammy laid it in the box. "Seriously. I doubt I can afford."

The gypsy slapped the lid on the box and pushed it across the counter to Tammy. "No charge for you." She set Tammy's bags of candy on the counter next to the box. "A gift."

"I...uh..." She really wanted it for some very strange reason. "You're sure?"

"I do not say what I do not mean. Of course, I am sure." Now she looked

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offended.

“O-okay.” Tammy picked up the box and tucked it under her arm, grabbed her bags, and turned toward the door.

“Take good care of Luca,” the gypsy called when Tammy pushed open the door.

Tammy turned to ask what she’d just said, sure she’d misheard, but the woman was no longer behind the counter. The lights switched off one at a time, until Tammy stood in the doorway of the darkened store.

Her dildo’s name was Luca?

~ * ~

Tammy drove home, parked in the driveway outside her townhouse, grabbed her box and bags of candy, and went inside. The house was cold, so she turned up the thermostat a smidgen before she set the box and bags on the couch while she took off her coat.

The kids would start trick or treating very soon, so she ripped open the bags of candy and dumped them in her biggest plastic storage bowl and set it on the table by the door. She scrounged a sandwich from the refrigerator and ate it with a glass of milk, all the while glancing at the white box sitting on her couch.

She’d seen the prices on everything in that store—outrageously expensive. So why had this...thing...been free? Especially since it felt so lifelike?

After cleaning up her crumbs from the kitchen counter and rinsing her milk

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glass, she approached the couch, sat down, and moved the box onto the coffee table.

She flipped the lid back and stared at it. Had it shrunk? Impossible. She reached into the box and lifted it. It flipped to the side, just like a real, flaccid cock.

“What the hell?” she muttered, tipping it this way and that, watching it flop back and forth. A giggle slipped out. No wonder it was free, it was probably defective. She wouldn’t be having any hot and heavy masturbation with this thing tonight.

The doorbell rang, startling her, and she dropped it. It bounced under the coffee table, and she could have sworn she heard a grunt, which made the skin tighten on her scalp a little. She reached for it, but the doorbell rang again, and she jumped up to answer it.

“Trick or treat!” a group of preschoolers shouted.

“Oh, aren’t you guys cute?” she said as she dropped a handful of candy into each outstretched bag. “Have a great night and be safe!” she called as half of them chimed a thank you while they took off down the front steps. She waved to the few parents standing on the sidewalk.

After shutting the door, she went back into the living room and... Her heart stalled in her chest. The dildo was on the couch. She’d left it on the floor where it fell, hadn’t she? Licking her lips, she went to the couch and stared down at it. How did it get from the floor to the couch? She actually looked around the room, searching for the culprit. Of course there was nothing—no one. She lived alone. The only other people

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who ever entered her house were repairmen and the cable guy. The washer repairman had been the last, and that was nearly three months ago.

She picked up the dildo, dropped it back in the box, and put the lid on just as the doorbell rang again.

Two hours later, the kids finished with their yearly candy beg, Tammy sat on the couch eating the leftovers, watching Dracula on her big screen TV. As she dug caramel out of her teeth with her finger, she glanced over at the box on the coffee table. The lid was off.

She leaned over and peered into the box. Yep, it was still there. She put the lid on and set the candy bowl on top of it to hold it down. Wind must have blown it off.

What wind?

The wind, she told herself firmly and went back to watching the super sexy Gary Oldman seduce Wynona Ryder.

A noise woke Tammy from a deep drowse, and she glanced up at the television to see the DVD ran out blue screen. She sat up, rubbed her eyes, yawned and almost choked when she realized what had made the noise that woke her.

The candy bowl was on the floor, upside down, and the lid was off the box again.

“Okay, that’s it,” she said, reaching into the box and pulling out the dildo. She turned it this way and that, upside down, poked at the base, trying to find out where the batteries were. It must have a short or something. She shook it, squeezed the very

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real feeling balls, searching for the batteries. When she flipped it right side up again, she gasped. The thing had grown. A lot!

“You’re kidding me.” Was it on some kind of timer? Squeezed the base of the cock part, right near the balls, and it grew a little more.

Her tummy fluttered. How very...cool. Felt real and acted real. How the hell did it work?

She couldn’t say she really cared, not right then, because suddenly, having a life-like feeling dick in her hand filled her head with a lot of really dirty thoughts and her pussy clenched in response to them.

“Come on, Luca,” she murmured as she pushed up on the couch and headed upstairs to her room. “Let’s have our own little party.” She glanced at the clock on her nightstand as she passed. Almost midnight. Oh well, wasn’t as if she had to work in the morning, and she’d had a nice little nap on the couch...

She set the dildo on the sink in the bathroom, turned on the water for a bath—she bought the townhouse for this bathroom alone—in her oversized whirlpool tub, and stripped out of her clothes.

When she turned back to the sink, her dildo had shrunk again, as if shriveling from contact with the cold countertop. How cute was that? She lifted it gently, cradling it in one palm, and turned on the warm water in the sink. She pumped a few squirts of soap into her other hand and held the dildo under the running water. When she used

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the soap on it, rubbing the flesh-like covering to clean it—who knows how many people had handled this thing in the store—it began to grow again, harden.

“Mmm. I think I’m gonna like you,” she murmured as she gently squeezed it between her fingers, giving her new little toy a handjob.

She would have sworn she heard a groan, but it had to be her imagination. She rinsed the soap from the dildo and turned toward the tub, climbing in even though it was only half full. The water was hot, and when she lay back, a sigh slipped from her lips.

“Now, my neat little friend, what do I do with you?” Seeing as this was all new to her, she wasn’t sure she could just jam it in and fuck herself with it. Although, she was pretty turned on just from playing with it.

She laid it on her belly so the tip settled just between her breasts and gently stroked it. So damn lifelike. Silky, soft, with that bit of steel beneath. The tip was spongy just like a man’s, and the balls were heavy, jiggly. She raised her head and licked the tip, then giggled at her silliness. Then she frowned and sat up, held it up, and slipped her lips over the head. She expected the taste of latex, or some other kind of manmade material. This tasted... It didn’t taste at all. Maybe just a hint of her strawberry hand soap.

She sucked lightly, and the dildo surged in hardness, nearly filling her mouth. Her pussy clenched, and heated tingles raced under her skin. Closing her eyes, she

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suckled, teased, and licked, the sound of her slurps and the rushing water that filled the tub echoing against the tiled walls. Oh, God, she'd missed having a man!

"Oh, yes, *dragostea mea*."

The voice that had made the moaned plea didn't register until she felt hands in her hair.

With a scream, she shoved back and into the wall of the tub. The dildo didn't fall into the water when she dropped it because it was...*attached to a man!* She tried to get out of the tub, but she slipped and hit her chin on the edge, which pulled a sharp cry of pain from her.

The dark-haired, dark-eyed man reached for her, but she screamed again and scrambled from the tub, dripping water onto the plush rug as she reached for a towel to cover herself. "Who are you?" she said, trying to sound furious, but fearing it came out as weak as she felt.

"*Sa nu fie speriat*. Do not be frightened. I will not hurt you." He held out his hands in supplication. "You have set me free. I am your humble servant."

She stared at him, unable to move.

He stood and stepped from the tub. He wasn't tall, only an inch or two taller than her five-foot-six, but his long, black hair falling over darkly tanned shoulders glistened in the soft lighting. His body was all sinewy muscle, and his cock—dear God the one she'd been playing with all day—was beautiful in its fullness.

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He dropped to his knees before her, bowed his head. “*Dragostea mea*. How may I serve you?” His accent was the same as the gypsy woman at the store that day.

Tingles raced over her body when he leaned down and kissed her bare toes.

“This is a dream, right? A chocolate-induced dream. I’ve turned diabetic and fell into a coma or something—” Her breath caught when he licked her calf. “Oh, God, tell me this is real.”

“I am real, *dragostea mea*. That witch took away my body, and you have given it back. I now will worship you with it.”

Tammy’s head dropped back on her shoulders. “Witch?”

He pushed aside the towel with his nose and buried his face against her crotch. Heat bloomed inside of her, and she moaned, stumbling back a step into the wall. When his tongue laved her clit, she would have collapsed had his big, strong hands not risen to her thighs to steady her.

In a matter of three strokes she was coming, her heart hammering and spirals of heat flowing through her body. She moaned and grabbed his head, the towel falling from her to the floor. He hummed against her flesh, and she cried out as the spike of pleasure seized her and she road his face like a slut.

He guided her to the floor and covered her body with his. In the back of her mind she knew she should stop this insanity. There was something seriously wrong with this, but as he kissed her breasts, licked her nipples, and sank two long, thick

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fingers into her cunt, all thoughts fled and she succumbed to the pleasure, the hedonistic lust coursing through her entire body. She buried her hands in his long, silky hair and begged for more with her moans and cries, raising her hips to him in offering.

When finally he covered her body with his and slid that beautiful, silky cock into her, she thought she would fly. His grunts grew with her moans, her cries drowned out his groans, and when she came with a burst of sensation the likes of which she'd never experienced, he shouted and pressed her against his chest and said those beautiful, nonsensical words over and over.

"Dragostea mea, dragostea mea, dragostea mea."

~ * ~

Tammy awoke with the sun spearing into her eyelids. She frowned, grumbled, and pulled the covers over her head. It was Saturday. She didn't need to get out of bed, yet. Maybe not ever.

She yawned and stretched and shoved the covers to her waist. She had to pee, damn it. She rolled out of bed and padded into the bathroom, rubbing her eyes as she went. While sitting on the toilet she finally pried her eyes open wide and frowned. The tub was full of water. The fluffy rug had wet spots.

"Oh, my God," she said on a breath as memories from the night before came crashing back to her. Memories? "Ha. Memories, my ass." Someone must have drugged the candy.

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She finished up and washed her hands and was just grabbing a pair of sweats to throw on when she yelped and fell against the bed in shock.

"Dragostea mea. Good morning. I made you food." The naked, dark-haired man from her dream held up a plate of eggs and toast. "I thought you would be hungry."

"You—you're real?" Tammy squeaked as she pulled the covers over her to cover her bare chest.

He came to the bed, knelt next to it, and held the plate for her. "I am real."

Right before his mouth and hands had stolen her thoughts and replaced them with lust, she vaguely remembered a comment about a witch. "That...uh..." She took the plate from him to distract herself. "That toy I got from the store..."

"My aunt, she is evil." He sat back on his knees and laid those beautiful hands on his thick thighs. "I have been trapped in that...that *thing*...for years. She would laugh whenever anyone touched me, when..." He shrugged, and Tammy thought she could see a slight blush staining his cheeks beneath his deep tan.

"Uh huh." How could she not believe anything he said? One second she'd been fondling a sex toy, the next she had a real-live man's cock in her mouth. She swallowed and picked up a piece of toast. "Genie in a dildo sort of curse?"

His brow furrowed. Then he smiled. "Yes. As you say..." He looked at her with eyes as dark as night.

"And now you are my servant?"

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He rose up on his knees and leaned close. "Serving you is my fondest desire, *dragostea mea.*"

Tammy grinned and bit into the buttery toast. She scooted onto the bed and patted the spot next to her. "Well then, I wouldn't want to deny you."

The End

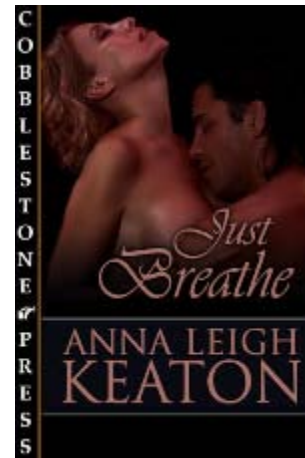
About Anna Leigh Keaton

Anna Leigh has been reading and penning romance for as long as she can remember. After she met and married her very own real-life hero, romance took on a whole new meaning. She now knows married life can sizzle and romance can be erotic—even in her own home. Now her writing has taken on a spicier flavor and, while hubby's off at work, she lets her imagination soar....

Anna loves to hear from her readers. You can email her at anna@annaleighkeaton.com or visit her Web site at www.annaleighkeaton.com for all her upcoming and previously published works.



Other Books by Anna Leigh Keaton



NIGHT OF RAPTURE

By Madison Layle

Dedication

To my loyal readers who've written me to share their thoughts of my work and whose kind words have motivated me throughout the years... This one's for you!

NIGHT OF RAPTURE

Moonlight spilled through the branches like witchy fingers seeking to expose her, reveal her flight from the seemingly constant terror that had befallen her ever since she'd lost her parents twelve months earlier.

Thorny vines ripped at her clothes. Leaves nested in her free-flowing hair.

Lexi Volfe kept running. It was what her mother had told her to do, but she was tired. So tired of living under assumed names, forced into a nomadic vagabond life in search of an elusive savior and fleeting safety.

Always suspicious of strangers... *Everyone* was a stranger.

This might be the land of the free, home of the brave, but she wasn't brave, and so far she had only kept her freedom through caution, cowardice, and luck. When would that luck run out?

She'd returned home with hopes of putting past ghosts to rest and finding clues to the whereabouts of the one man who could perhaps end her lonely nightmare. But she should not have come here so close to sunset.

And she should've had her old clunker serviced at the first sign of trouble, instead of putting off the costly expense. Left on foot and alone, she hadn't even approached the shell of new construction that rose from the foundations of what had been her home. Too terrified of what lurked in the darkness, she ran, yet again.

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Her fear unfathomable, yet all too real.

Her heart pounded. Her muscles ached, but like that horrible night a year earlier, she avoided the main road and fled into the heavily wooded landscape.

A strange sense of déjà vu swept through her thoughts.

A deep breath filled her lungs with the scent of pine. Nature had always been a tranquil place, a playground of colorful exploration she'd shared with her parents...until that night...so similar to tonight.

It was supposed to have been an evening of promise and celebration, but the attack had caught them by surprise. Her father had sounded the alarm and given his life to delay the danger long enough for her to escape, with the help of her mother.

"I should've told you, should've prepared you for this...." Her mother had spoken so quickly in hushed whispers as she'd forced Lexi into the closet of a bedroom-turned-study that was her father's domain. The closet had held a hidden panel through which her mother ordered her to go, promising she'd follow later if she could.

"Take these and this." Her mother handed her a small cloth bag, retrieved from the floor of the closet, and then yanked off the jewel-encrusted locket she'd always worn, shoving it into her hand, too. "Go now. Hurry! Find Rurik Pajari. That will prove your identity. You must find Rurik. Trust no one but him. He'll protect you. I'm sorry, Sasha, so sorry. I love you." She'd pushed her through the opening.

"Mama!"

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“Shh! Go, daughter. Go now. And never look back.”

Her mother had slammed shut the portal rather than follow her to safety. And when Lexi had dared to look back from a ridge that terrible night, an orange flickering glow testified to the hell that was no longer her sanctuary.

How she was to find this Rurik her mother spoke of, she hadn't known. He'd been as much a mystery to her then as he was now.

Although none of that would matter at all anymore if she was unable to lose whatever it was that seemed to stalk her in the darkness of the wilds tonight. Her mother had warned her not to look back, but she'd not only done that, she'd also come back, because she wanted answers. She wanted an end to the fear and the unknown.

She kept to the shadows and tried to throw them—*whoever or whatever they* were—off the trail by wading downstream until her toes were near frozen inside her sneakers. Not that she'd actually seen anyone or anything. She just had this crazy sensation that she was being watched, now followed, ever since returning to the property that had once been her entire world.

It could be the eeriness of the full moon night. She didn't even use her flashlight as she scrambled out of the shallow stream and up the embankment.

Perhaps it was this land or the nightmarish memories, or more likely she was paranoid after living a life on the run, seeing potential danger at every turn. She shook her head and trudged farther still until, exhausted and hungry, she collapsed at the base

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of an evergreen tree. Its low-hanging limbs provided some shelter, and its pine needles were a cushion on the ground.

Opening the locket her mother had given her, a treasured pendant that hung around her neck now, she held it up into the moonlight so she could view the two tiny oval pictures. Taken when she was just a baby, one portrait showed her with her parents in happier times. Tears stung her eyes as she curled up and wept, mourning the loss of her parents, her home, and any chance at happiness.

She was just about to doze off when she saw them. Three large wolves, their paws quiet as they eased forward into the narrow strip of moonlight between her location and a darker thicket of underbrush. Fear lanced her heart, and she struggled with an attempt to calm the tremors that shook her body.

She prayed they would miss her and pass by her hiding place.

The center one in front, black and vicious looking, lifted his nose to the breeze and sniffed. When he lowered it, his gaze focused on her.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't move.

He didn't attack, but he left no doubt that he saw her. His gaze penetrated the shadows and made her tremble.

The lead wolf sat...and shifted.

Words failed her.

The black fur blurred into the darkness, solidifying into the bronzed, moonlight-

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kissed flesh of a naked, well-muscled man—strikingly handsome, and yet terrifying.

Lexi didn't stop to consider the impossibility of what she'd just witnessed; she simply did what she'd learned to do well. She ran.

But unlike before, this time she didn't get far. In a matter of heartbeats, he caught her, their bodies falling in a tangle of limbs to the grassy earth. Her small flashlight, a useless weapon, fell from her fist. And the last thing she heard was the menacing growls of two angry wolves.

~ * ~

"Sasha?"

Soft silk cloaked her body in warmth.

Mmm, heaven.

"Wake up, Sasha."

Softer still, a deep whisper called to her, pulling her from the quiet serenity of her dreams. Her eyelids flickered open to a fuzzy face.

She covered her eyes with her arm and rolled over, hoping to escape back into slumber. "Go 'way."

A deep male chuckle, louder than the murmurs moments earlier, awakened her to the reality of a man in her bed. Uh...seated beside her on a bed. Not *her* bed. She had no bed...no home.

She sat up, a little too quick for her equilibrium, and blinked at the man, at last

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recognizing his face as the same one she'd seen in what she surmised had to have been an awful dream.

His pleasant smile, however, was a far cry from the serious, dangerous expression he'd worn in her dream. And he was real...and too damn close.

"Where am I?" she demanded. "Who are you?"

At least he was dressed now, although she remembered well what her imagination must've conjured up of what lay beneath those faded blue jeans and cotton shirt. If the reality was half as good as the dream, she was in serious jeopardy of spontaneous combustion. Her cheeks already felt warm at the recalled images.

A glance down gave her little relief as she realized she wore an unfamiliar white T-shirt, two sizes too large. Where were her clothes? And *who* had undressed her? She ran fingers through her hair. *No leaves or tangles*. Someone had cleaned her up.

"Who—?"

"You're safe and in my trailer, a temporary home until the house is completed."

She cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Most people call me Rory...*here*, but perhaps you might know my name as Rurik?"

Her eyes widened before she could quell her surprise. Was he telling her the truth? Dare she trust him? She looked around the bedroom and found nothing she could use to help with her decision, though she did notice through the sheer curtains

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over the window it was still nighttime.

“How do I know you’re telling the truth?”

He took one of her hands between his, stroking her wrist with a thumb.

“Because, my dearest Sasha, you wear my picture in a locket around your neck.”

Immediately, she clutched her mother’s locket, unsure of what he meant. Yes, there were two pictures. One she knew for certain was of her with her parents when she was a newborn. The other was a photo of a child, an unnamed boy that she’d assumed was someone special to her mother—a lost son or sibling. Her mother had never revealed the boy’s identity to her.

“What did you call me?”

“Sasha. That is what your parents called you, is it not? Alexandra Dimitrieva Volkov...” When she was very young, yes, they had...until they moved to the States and began calling her Lexi. Her father, Dimitri, had also chosen to change their surname to Volfe. She’d never understood why until later when she’d assumed new, false identities. “I am Rurik Alekseev Pajori, your mate.”

“My what?” She tried to pull her hand back, but he held firm. For a brief instant, she was glad he hadn’t let go. His touch soothed her fears, and yet her suspicious mind warned her to caution.

“The wolves...” She stopped, uncertain of what was real and what wasn’t.

“My brothers would never harm you. Our families’ pact and my vow to be your

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protector ensure that." He caressed her cheek with his free hand.

His *brothers? The wolves...* This wasn't a dream.

"You shift..."

"Yes. Does that frighten you?"

"No." Not anymore. Her parents had told her of fierce and brave familiars, mystical creatures of the forest who were capable of shifting between animal and human worlds, and how some fought against others to protect certain families, especially the daughters who carried the genetic markers that enabled their continued existence. She'd loved such fantastical tales of romantic heroism in battles for survival, but she'd never dreamed there might be some truth to the bedtime stories.

"I'm only sorry I wasn't here in time. Had I only known...been here sooner..."

He looked at the locket on the chain about her neck and then, without releasing her hand, pulled open a drawer in the bedside table and retrieved a small golden case. A tiny click sounded. The case sprung open to reveal two pictures on either side—larger, yet perfect matches to those inside her locket.

"These images were exchanged when our parents made the pact between our two families." He handed the golden, hinged picture frame to her and pulled out a thicker album, setting it on her lap and opening it. "More photos were exchanged as we grew. I've spent many hours staring at your beautiful face, eager for the day when I would be granted the chance to meet you at last...on your eighteenth birthday."

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The night of the attack. She fought back tears as she stared at images of herself, smaller copies of portraits that once adorned the rooms of her home, pictures of her childhood she'd thought lost to her forever.

He lifted her chin with a tender fingertip. "Did your parents not tell you of me?"

She shook her head, but then said, "My mother gave me your name the night..."

He frowned and took both of her hands in his. "If I'd only gotten there sooner.

Sasha, I'm so sorry. My family and I arrived to see the house already engulfed in flames. They had to hold me back, because I was determined to try and find you. I thought you perished in the fire...at first." He lifted her hands to kiss the back of each one. "You don't know how relieved I was when they failed to find your body in the ashes. And then, when I discovered the tunnel."

Her escape had been through a dark tunnel that resurfaced over a hundred yards from her home, hidden within a thicket of evergreen shrubbery. The bag her mother had given her concealed supplies she'd used in her dash to safety—the small flashlight, some cash, a safety deposit box key with the address to the bank where she gained access to more money and the means to keep running and hiding. Searching for him....

"I've searched for you every day since then," he said. His thumbs rubbed her wrists, and tingles sizzled up her arms. "I feared the Kardos pack would find you before I could."

At the sound of that name, she shivered, remembering her father yelling it the

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night of the attack. She stared at Rurik, the handsome young man her mother had told her to trust. *Trust no one but him. He'll protect you.*

“You have to believe me when I tell you I had no idea they’d discovered your whereabouts. Yuri Kardos was determined to have you for his eldest son and was enraged when he learned of our families’ pact. That’s why your parents immigrated here in the first place. Had I known of Yuri’s plans, I would’ve come for you long before then, despite your parents’ wishes for me to wait.”

His deep green eyes were both sincere and passionate, and as she met his gaze, she realized she didn’t fear him as she had so many others in the recent past. She glanced at the album before looking up at him once more.

“My mother said I was to trust you, that you’d protect me.”

He stared into her eyes and said, “I’d give my life for yours.”

His declaration left her speechless, unable to fathom the strength of the emotion behind such a vow. They’d only just met, and yet somehow she sensed they’d known each other all their lives.

Then he stole her breath entirely by leaning forward and touching his lips to hers. Gentle. Hesitant.

Explosive.

He pulled back, his lips a mere fraction from hers when he murmured, “I’m sorry. This must all be quite a shock to you. I don’t want to alarm you. I won’t force—”

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This time when she tugged, he let go of her hands, and she lifted her palm to cup his face. Her thumb cut off his whispered assurances. She traced the strong lines of his chiseled, aristocratic features as if she needed the touch to confirm what her vision divulged first.

For a brief second, he closed his eyes and breathed deeply. "Sasha..."

"Where are my clothes?" she asked softly, keeping their lips close together, their hot breaths mingling. His scent was woodsy and fresh, like the woods. It made her want to smile and breathe him in.

"I—uhm, I put them in the laundry." His lashes cast a shadow over his cheeks.

"So, you carried me here...brushed out my hair...undressed me?"

He nodded then blinked at her. "Only your outerwear. I swear I didn't take liber—"

"Shh." She quieted him with her thumb again and gave him a smile. The concern in his gaze and slight bronze blush to his cheeks told her of his honorable nature and was the final piece that convinced her that her parents had chosen well. Her mother had been right; she could trust this adorable man with her life...and her heart. "Good, then you know how to remove the rest?"

His lips curled as he flashed a grin and pulled her into his arms, the embrace both incredibly safe and warm. His mouth came down over hers, and this time, there was more confidence behind the pressure, more urgency in the quick brush of his

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tongue along the seam.

She opened for him, and he swept inside to explore, to taste.

Unwilling to play a passive role in their foreplay, she dipped both hands beneath his shirt and roamed over smooth, hard muscles. When she slid lower to caress his denim-clad butt, his groan made her smile against his lips.

He abandoned her mouth to blaze a seductive trail of nips and kisses down her neck before he stripped the oversized shirt from her body and laid her back on the bed. As she watched, somewhat amused by his eagerness, he made short work of his jeans, shirt, and underwear, revealing a tall man in his prime, with sculpted power and a deliciously aroused cock.

Already barefoot, he tossed back the linens and blanketed her with his own body. True to his earlier word, she still wore her bra and panties.

Welcoming him into her arms, she witnessed the need, the longing in his eyes—the sincerity behind everything he'd spoken tonight, and the loyalty that strengthened his promise to her. She watched him lovingly caress her with that emerald gaze, revealed in the hot glide of his legs along hers, his broad chest over hers.

He cupped one breast with his hand, his thumb flicking the pebbled nipple through the ivory lace. When he dipped lower to press a kiss on the swell over that lace, she moaned and bucked her hips against his. The hardness of his arousal pressed against the thin fabric of her panties. Moisture damped her pussy—needy and wanting.

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Her flesh tingled as she craved another touch, another kiss....

More.

Lifting his head, his gaze collided with hers. And then he slowly removed the last of the lacy barriers that separated her body from his. The moment she was nude, she pulled him down over her again, longing for him to restore the sensations that had so overwhelmed her from the instant their lips first met.

He kissed her again, her lips, cheek, chin and neck. He moved lower and suckled, drawing a gasp from her lungs. His fingers explored her pussy and teased her clit until she writhed with need beneath him.

"Please, Rurik."

Rising above her on his arms, he murmured, "Look at me, Sasha."

When she did, he eased his hard cock into her tight pussy, sparking a brief pain and lasting pleasure. He held still, buried deep within her, and bent to murmur in her ear. "We are one, you and I. Forever, my mate."

Unable to form words, she moaned with bliss and squirmed a little beneath him, causing him to move. A slow, steady rocking of his hips sent her on a ride unlike any she'd ever experienced before.

His kisses addictive, he surrounded her, claimed her, and filled her completely. She wrapped her legs around him and clawed at his back, as thrust after vigorous thrust sent her senses climbing, the friction exquisite.

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He held her to him, tight and secure as he rode her to new heights, pushed her farther and faster until, at last, they tumbled together into sweet, rapturous bliss.

Moments later, she lay tucked against his side, her lungs not quite recovered from the heady marathon of sensual delight, when he said, "My pack confronted the Kardos alpha, but of course he denied any involvement. There was no evidence they did it, but I succeeded in finding out what I wanted to know. They thought you perished in the fire." He glanced at her. "I never told them otherwise. Wherever you were, I wanted you to be safe from them."

Safe... All this time, he'd still done what he could to protect her, and she hadn't known. "Will he come for me now?"

"Not even he would dare threaten a mated pair once the bond is consummated."

"Oh." A blush warmed her cheeks. "The construction I saw tonight. That's your home?"

"Our home." He gave her a peck on the nose and then stared at the ceiling. "Until I found you, which I feared might never happen, buying this land was my only way to remain close to your memory. And the woods are magnificent."

She smiled at him.

"As it turns out, rebuilding here was the best way for me to find you. I love you, Sasha. I've wanted you here beside me all my life."

"I'm here now," she murmured.

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He grinned. "Yes, you are, and I won't ever let you go."

No more running. She was finally home.

He kissed her, and she clung to him.

Her mate, her protector. Her rapture.

The End

Erotic Nights

About Madison Layle

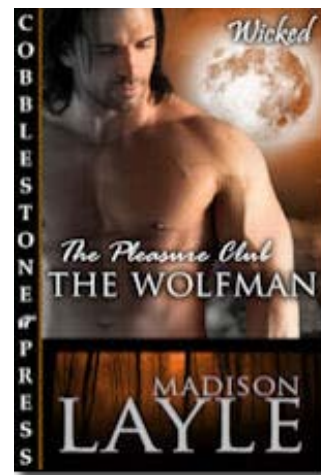
Madison is a happily married American author who began penning spicy erotic romances almost ten years ago, with her own hero's (aka. dear hubby's) complete support. Since then, she's written and/or co-authored nearly thirty published books and won numerous awards for her work.

As one half of the author duo, Layle and Keaton, "Madi" is well known for the bestselling BDSM series, *INCOGNITO* from Cobblestone Press—and also, their latest erotic shifter series, *Puma Nights*, which is being released by Harlequin's Carina Press as both eBooks and audio books (via Audible.com).

To learn more about her other series and single titles, visit the Web site:
<http://www.laylekeaton.com>.

Most importantly, she loves to hear from readers, so feel free to visit her at <http://www.madisonlayle.com>. Check her out on Facebook or sign up for her newsletter at http://groups.yahoo.com/group/desires_unleashed/.

Other Books by Madison Layle



A RAINY NIGHT

By Deanna Lee

Erotic Nights

A Rainy Night

Norah Quinn dragged the match across the stone slab she'd placed on the kitchen island, smiling when the match caught fire. She looked to the four candles she had placed around the slab. "Red is for sex." She lit the two red candles and then moved the dwindling match to the pink candles. "Pink is for lust."

She blew out the match and focused mentally on her goal, it had been several years since she'd allowed herself to cast. She'd decided long ago that the craft had no place in her life, yet as she had laid alone in her bed only an hour before she'd come upon an idea that was too tempting to ignore.

She had left her bed and slipped on a red silk tank top, and a matching red skirt that flowed to her ankles and rode low on her waist. Then she had pulled a simple silver chain from her jewelry box and fastened it around her waist. A dark red ruby had slid on the chain and rested in her navel.

She imagined the lover she wanted to call to help fill up her lonely rainy night. Tall and muscular, with a big cock and gentle hands. In her mind's eye she could see him clearly, his facial features shadowed and a mystery. He was exactly what she wanted. She picked up the silver and copper toned goblet and swirled the water inside as she spoke the words of her gentle spell.

Goddess I call upon the power of thee,

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*To bring my perfect lover to me,
May his strength and his desire match mine,
Until the morning sun begins to shine,
Bring the lover that is meant for me,
So mote it be*

She lowered the goblet to the stone slab and closed her eyes as continued to think on the lover she wanted. The spell wove around her, energy curled against her skin. Releasing the tight hold she'd placed on the light she held deep inside, it flowed on her skin and lit the room. The candles flickered gently as she closed her circle. Lowering her head she carefully blew each one out in turn. Smiling, she gloried in the power of the craft felt moving in her body.

As a younger woman, she'd enjoyed in her gifts until one night made her she realize how dangerous she could be. Closing her eyes, she thought about her grandmother and sister, they both still practiced. She'd spoken with neither of them in three years. Her break with the craft and with her family had been swift and had felt so final.

Norah closed her eyes and steadied herself, the soft scent of the jasmine incense she'd lit throughout the house tangled with the air and brushed over her skin. With one final glance to her candles she walked from the kitchen and started towards her bedroom. She'd never cast for a lover before. It was a spell her sister had done often in their early twenties, but one she'd never dared to attempt until now. It had seemed indecent to conjure a man for sex. Indecent, wanton, and an abuse of the gifts they'd

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been granted by the goddess. Her sister, Reyna, couldn't have disagreed more. Magick was, in her sister's mind, a path to infinite pleasure.

In the doorway of her bedroom she paused, excitement and wonder swept through her heated body as she caught sight of him. Holy hell, she thought, she'd actually conjured herself a *man*. She swallowed hard as the man turned to her; he had nice strong features and a mouth she ached to sink into. He was wearing a pair of boxers and nothing else. She smiled. "Good evening."

He didn't move but stared at her. "Where am I?"

"In my bedroom." She moved toward him shaking back her dark hair as she moved. "I've brought you here for pleasure." She inclined her head as she stopped in front of him. "Will you resist?"

He shook his head, a smile teasing his lips. "Not hardly. You need only ask."

She smiled then. "Come to my bed."

He reached out for her and touched her hair as he followed. "What is your name?"

"You've no need of my name," Norah whispered as she turned to face him.

Running her fingers tips down his chest, to the waist of his boxers. "Have you a name?"

"Ethan," he answered softly.

She reached behind her and slid her zipper down, with a little wiggle her skirt slid down and pooled at her feet. "Take off your boxers, Ethan."

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He watched her carefully as he pushed his boxers down and kicked them aside. Her tank top which had barely covered her breasts joined her skirt and she stood before him clad only in a silver chain. A ruby in her naval blinked in the light that came in from the hallway. "What would you have me do?"

Norah shivered as he ran gentle fingers up her rib cage and upwards further to one aching breast. His thumb brushed over the already hard nipple, she wanted everything and didn't have the faintest idea how to ask. No man had ever been at her beck and call before, a part of her was once more afraid of the power she had inside her. However, there was another part that reveled in the abilities she'd long denied herself.

With shaking hands she released her chain and let fall onto the floor with her clothes, sitting on the bed she scooted to the middle and held out her hand for him. "Come here, Ethan."

"What do you wish?" he asked softly taking her hand.

"To be fucked."

She shook a little as he slipped between her legs and pressed his cock against her labia. His mouth settled on hers and she let herself go. His hands drifted over her body, brushing against her hard nipples, gripping her hips as he allowed his cock to slide against her. "I can work with that," he whispered as he raised his head.

Norah wound her fingers into his hair as he sucked one nipple into his mouth. The deep draw of his lips and the brush of his tongue was amazing, each tug of his

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mouth made the walls of her pussy clench in response. He released her nipple and she let her hand drop from his hair as he placed one soft kiss after another on her belly in a trail that led downward. He slipped his tongue briefly into her naval and then moved downward again. She spread her legs deeply as his hands moved against her thighs.

Curling her fingers into the quilt they were laying on she moaned softly as his tongue teased at her clit. Large and blunt fingers separated her labia while his tongue drew a path from her clit to wet entrance and then back up again. Norah bit down on her lip as he pressed his thumb on the skin between her clit and above her entrance. The pressure and the pleasure of that moment was beyond her experience. Carefully, Ethan pushed two fingers into her pussy and curved them up to find her g-spot before returning his tongue to her clit.

The combination of it all robbed her of breath, she twisted under his mouth and came calling his name. She lay shaking as he moved over her and pushed his cock into her with no pause. She wrapped her legs around his waist she clung to him and took each thick push of his cock. Urging him with her hips and with her hands, she felt orgasm building again and for the first time in her life she released her magick and let it flow over them. He shook in her arms and sucked in a breath as he met her gaze. Her green eyes were so bright they almost glowed.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Just relax, Ethan. Relax and enjoy.” She brushed his hair back from his forehead.

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Norah moved with him, taking every thrust of his body and responding with the power she'd denied for so long. Deep down inside in a place she'd tried to ignore she felt whole again. The pleasure of the physical connection intensified and Norah clung to Ethan as they both came apart. He rested on top of her for several minutes before pulling from her and rolling over on to his back.

Norah rubbed her stomach and focused on her ceiling, she'd conjured a lover and she'd fucked him. There was simply no going back to the life she'd thought she wanted. She turned her head and looked to him; she'd never imagined that he would feel so real and solid. Honestly she didn't know what she had thought he would be like. She rolled over on to her side and slid her hand over his stomach. The muscles under her hand moved briefly as he took a deep breath and turned his head to meet her gaze.

"Give me a minute. I'm not finished with you."

She laughed softly and ran her hand up to his chest and let it rest on his heart. The pace was slowing quickly, "You're not?"

"Not be any stretch of the imagination." He pushed his fingers into her hair and pulled her mouth to his. She took the kiss, accepting the stroke of his tongue against her teeth with a shuddering breath. He rolled her over onto her back and pinned her to the bed. "Tell me your name."

She arched a little as his hands loosened on her wrists. "Make me."

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~ * ~

Dr. Ethan Livingston let himself into the small house he'd found himself owning when he'd bought the medical practice of the only general practitioner in the small town of Viola, Alabama. It hadn't been intention to settle in and make himself a home in a town full of stories about ghosts, witches, and other things that definitely went bump in the night but he'd sort of fell in love with the slow pace. The people were interesting, often borderline crazy, and he'd yet to meet a resident who didn't believe that the town B&B was haunted.

He pulled off his rain soaked t-shirt and fired it towards the laundry basket as he entered the bathroom. Running in the evenings had become his habit and he'd forgotten to check the forecast before going for a run. Though getting caught in the rain in the late summer wasn't likely to kill him.

His week had been a series of long ass days but thankfully he didn't keep office hours on the weekends. There was no hospital in the town—procedures and emergencies were routed to Huntsville. Currently, he didn't have any patients in either of the two hospitals in the city so no weekend rounds for him either.

Ethan set the water temperature and braced himself under the dual shower heads with a sigh. The man he'd bought his medical practice from had been a secret hedonist. The small house that had come with the practice was a bachelor pad of the

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first order—from the man-cave to the hot tub on the back deck. Ethan tried not to think about old man Jenkins entertaining.... It had ruined a perfectly good erection his first week in the house when he'd speculated as to why the shower had built in benches.

Braced with one hand, he wrapped the other around his cock and jacked himself casually as he considered the dream he'd had a week ago. Hot sex with a beautiful woman—even in a dream was better than nothing, and due to his status in town, there weren't many women available to him. Most of the single women in the small town were patients.

Of course, he hadn't had a full blown wet dream since he'd been in his teens, and while there had been no evidence that he'd come when he'd awoke on Saturday, his body had felt deliciously used and sated.

Ethan rubbed the head of his dick slowly with his thumb and sighed. He was pretty sure that resorting to masturbating about a dream woman was lame. It was almost worse than jacking off to that rather indecent poster he'd had of Pam Anderson when he'd been too young and too shallow to understand that *plastic* just wasn't that hot.

Heat swept over his body—intense to the point of almost unbearable, and suddenly he was no longer in his shower. He was standing naked and soaking wet in the bedroom he'd dreamt about—standing with his dick still in hand.

What the fuck?

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“You look good wet.”

He turned and found her sprawled out on the bed. She rubbed her feet against crisp white sheets and spread her legs in what could only be an invitation. Her bare pussy made his mouth water, and he cleared his throat. He ordered himself to make some kind of sense of what was happening, but *she* was right there—naked and looking ready for a good hard fuck.

The woman slid one hand down over her stomach and then boldly between her legs. Her fingers played slowly with the delicate folds of her cunt, and Ethan’s cock jerked in his hand. He stroked himself once and bit down on his bottom lip as pleasure curled up in his stomach. His balls tightened slightly and he forced himself to let go of his dick.

She smiled and crooked one slim finger at him. “Come play with me, Ethan.”

Oh, he could do that. He went to the bed and with no regard for how wet his skin was crawled onto it. She spread herself out for him, and he settled his weight on her.

“You’re gorgeous.”

She smiled, wicked and knowing. He wanted to turn her over and spank her. It was so tempting—it was his dream, right? Would she gasp and pretend to hate it while he smacked her ass with the flat of his hand until the skin was warm and pink? He caught her mouth in a punishing kiss and rubbed his cock through the folds of her

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heated and wet pussy.

Her small hands clenched on his shoulders and then just below his shoulder blades as she tried to find purchase against him. One slim leg hooked over his ass, pressing him down, and he was tempted to make her come like this with just his cock rubbing over her clit.

Ethan lifted his head as he stopped moving and almost laughed at the petulant look she gave him. "Tell me your name."

"No."

"Hmm."

He slid down her body and took one rigid nipple between his teeth. He worried it hard and roughly with his tongue until she was gasping. Releasing the nipple with an audible little pop, he sought her other breast and gave that nipple the same treatment.

"Your name."

"No," she said with a little laugh and then twisted against his hold as he kissed her stomach. "You have to *earn* it."

He'd much rather torture the information out of her. Ethan dipped his tongue into the shallow indent of her belly button as he clamped his hands on her hips. Scraping his teeth over the sweet flesh of her mons, he paused at her intake of breath. Then clenched his mouth on her skin and sucked her mound before biting her just hard enough to make it hurt. She jerked in his hands and moaned softly. One hand fisted in

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his hair as his name fell from her lips in a shocked whisper.

He laughed and continued his quest downward, flicking his tongue over her clit the second he could. Holding her in place with one hand, he used the other to spread her open for his mouth. She parted her legs wide and just melted against the bed. Her surrender was flattering and sweet. It made him want to do absolutely reprehensible things to her.

Ethan pushed the tip of his tongue into her, and her body jerked against him. Her hips flexed, and she slid one foot down along his side in a way that felt demanding and restless at the same time.

“Fuck me with your tongue,” she ordered as she rocked against his mouth.

He stabbed into her with his tongue again and slid both hands underneath to cup her ass. She tasted amazing—earthy and uncomplicated. There were no weird soaps or perfumes to hide the scent and taste of her arousal. He worked open her hole—dipping his tongue into her until she was sobbing and writhing under him.

“Ethan!”

He shifted slightly, sucked on her clit lightly with his lips as he slid two fingers into her hot little hole. She came hard, her whole body jerking and curling up against him as he curled his fingers and pressed firmly against her G-spot.

“Goddess,” the woman whispered fiercely as he moved forward and settled on top of her again.

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"Your name," Ethan demanded. "Right now."

"Put your cock in me," she countered softly.

Ethan pushed the head of his cock into her and slid one hand back under her. He pressed one finger still wet with her own juices against her asshole and watched her eyes widen. "Name."

"No."

He worked his finger into her ass while slowly moving the head of his cock in and out of her pussy. "Name."

She shifted under him, lifting her hips helplessly — trying to get him inside her.

"You bastard."

"You witch," he countered and stilled when her eyes went wide with shock.

She shook her head frantically as if to deny something and bit down on her lip as he pressed his cock fully into her. "Oh." She shuddered. "Ethan."

Her body relaxed against the pressure and he let his finger slide right into her ass at the same slow pace of his cock. "Name."

"Norah," she whispered, her eyes dark. "Norah Quinn."

"That's my good little witch," Ethan whispered and then he started to move— deep, sure thrusts that had her gasping and clutching at his shoulders with each plunge.

"You like this? My cock in your cunt?"

"Yes. I..." She arched under him and shivered. "I feel so full."

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“How about my finger in your ass?” He asked with a small grin as he pressed the digit in deep so he could feel his own cock moving inside her. “Do you like that?”

“It’s so good,” Norah admitted, her face flushed with arousal. “Fuck. Please make me come, Ethan.”

“I will.” He rocked against her, rolling his hips as he finger-fucked her ass. She tightened around him and shivered against the pleasure. “Yeah, you do like this. Maybe I’ll fuck your ass. Would like that? I could get us both nice and slick, then slide my dick right into your hot little ass.”

“Ethan.” She shuddered and clutched at him as he tilted her hips just enough to grind his pubic bone against her clit. “Oh God.”

“Yeah, that’s it. Come for me, Norah.” He let himself go, thrusting into her soft willing body repeatedly until the smack of their skin coming together was painful and she screamed with her release.

Ethan buried his face against the side of her neck and pumped into her twice as he gave into his own need and came. She lay under him, trembling and breathing heavy. Her small hands clutched at his shoulders. When he lifted his head and sought her mouth, she met the kiss urgently, her body clenching in around him.

Hesitantly, he pulled free of her body and rolled over onto his back. He didn’t remember falling asleep last time—didn’t remember anything but the warm, wet heat of her body as he’d come inside her that third time before they’d tumbled into sleep. He

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stared at the ceiling before turning to look at her. "That was great."

"Yeah," she laughed huskily. "It sure was."

Ethan turned to look out the window and exhaled. He fought sleep as it crept over his mind but gave in after a few still, silent minutes.

~ * ~

He awoke with a face full of ice water. With a shout, he quickly turned off the shower and stumbled out of the stall. The long narrow window above his shower displayed the breaking dawn with startling clarity. He picked up his towel and rubbed at his skin absentmindedly.

Not a dream.

He laughed ruefully and went in search of his computer. It was time, he thought, to find out all about his naughty little witch.

To Be Continued...

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About Deanna Lee

Deanna Lee is an erotic romance author living in the southern United States with two spoiled rotten dogs and her husband. When she isn't plotting world domination, she splits her time between writing and the day-to-day operations of [Cobblestone Press](http://www.cobblestonepress.com), which she co-founded with her sister from another mister, [Sable Grey](http://www.sablegrey.com).

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