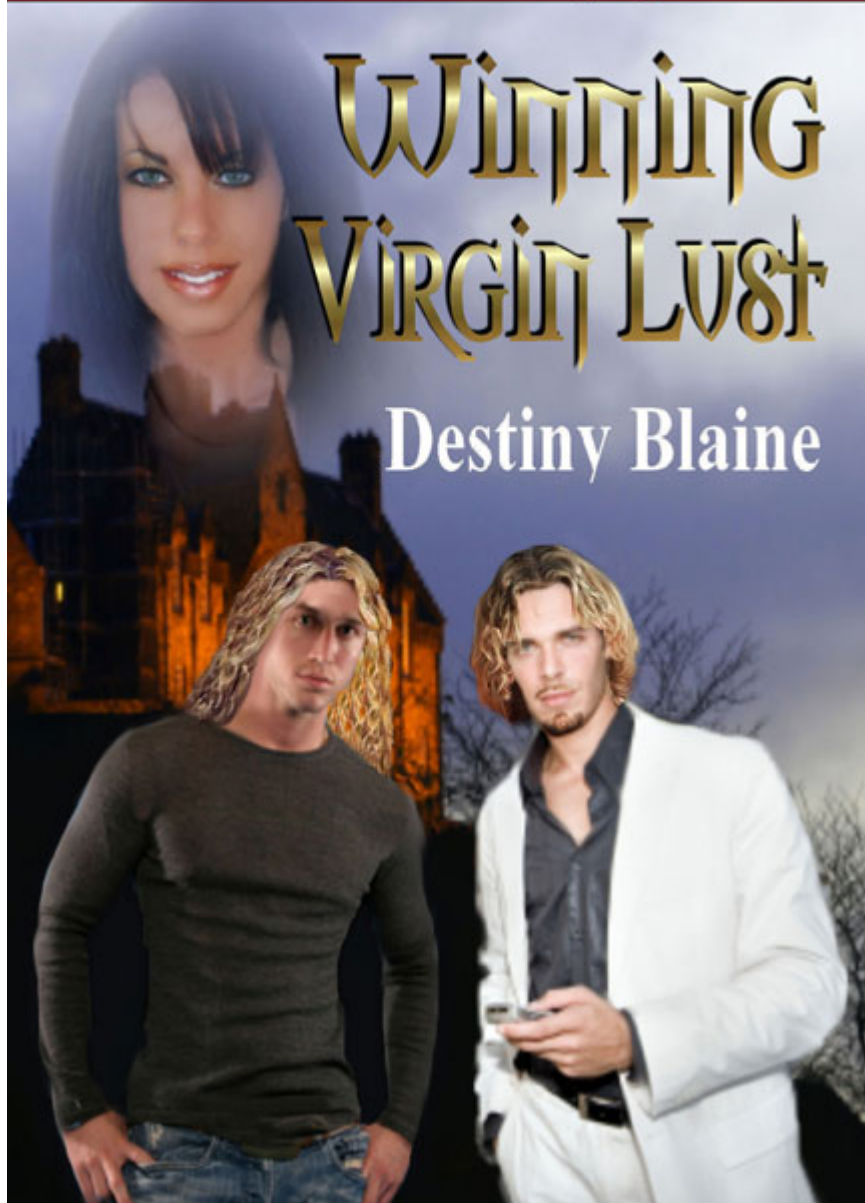


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Ménage ÀmouR

Winning Virgin Lust

Destiny Blaine



WINNING VIRGIN LUST

Winning Virgin 3

Destiny Blaine

EROTIC ROMANCE



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WINNING VIRGIN LUST

Winning Virgin 3

DESTINY BLAINE

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Chapter One

Sebastian Sabbath watched her from the side rail. She moved like a hellcat across the dance floor with sultry ease and precision. Such calculated motions would send Madonna back to the dance studio. *Hell yeah, they would.* His rising cock stood at enough attention to know why. If she twisted her ass in bed like her dancing suggested, then those already persecuted would stand ready with envy when he took her there.

His dick twitched with the thought.

Sweet mercy—bed bound babe—count on it. He mouthed the words to her as he fought the temptation to approach her. The way her hair moved wildly around her head and shoulders in attempt to hide her bedroom eyes assured she read his mind, never mind his lips. Sleek charcoal locks stuck to her cheek and not only did she look fuck-minded, but she damn sure moved like she wanted it soon.

Constance Spenser lashed out her rebellion on public display for everyone to see and every which way she turned, his hunger grew. His thirst for her bled him dry and seared his soul, if he even still possessed one. Hell's fury, if he did, she could have it.

"She's a babe." Sebastian's friend joined him at the rail, watching with as much admiration as his buddy.

"She's off limits to you." His declaration sliced out at thick air dividing the room from the smokers and non-smokers. A simple statement of a few

choice words, and most smart men listened when Sebastian spoke, especially when he dared to glare at his listener for more than a second. He shot the warning with the eyes of a tiger. Some would've translated the gesture with ease—possessive obsession.

"The hell she is man. That's young, fresh meat there and I swear to you, I'll step aside for you on the next one, but not *this one*. Not a chance." Milosh really didn't have a brain—only marbles. Hard ones.

Sebastian watched the young vampire move away from him and dance up to the Spenser woman. He moved into her with his hands on her slender waist shooting the youngest Sabbath a glare in the process.

"Are you going to let Milosh move in for you?" Darian Sabbath joined his younger brother. He tilted his beer in the direction of the dance floor.

"What do you care?" He snapped at his sibling before his eyes drifted over him in a somewhat condescending stare.

Darian, twenty years older than his brother, almost shadowed him. They greatly resembled one another. Both men were over six feet tall give or take an inch between them. They held distinct features, just enough sex appeal to drive a woman wild—determined jaw, dimples, deeply set eyes, and perfect teeth. The female population found them irresistible because of their good-boy looks. While the men were charming and handsome, their bad boy image followed them everywhere. They were Sabbath men. Criminal-minded and dangerous—even their own kind feared them.

"*I care*. I really do." He placed his palm over his heart and shot him a wicked grin. "I knew you'd like her. I've had her hand-picked for you since she turned twelve years old."

Sebastian moved away from him allowing his gaze to follow Constance and Milosh as they inched back toward the suites located near the rear of the club. "Yeah, well, would that have been before or after you kidnapped her and her sisters-in-law?"

"Ah, so you've taken the time to check her out?" Darian took pleasure in the news and he wanted it obvious. A wide smile covered his lips.

"I made it my business, for the time being."

Darian nursed his beer. "I wonder," he paused long enough to undress a woman walking by with a mere lustful stare, "how long Miss Spenser will be considered *your* business?"

Sebastian opened his mouth ready to argue, but then he chose to close it when his eyes widened with sudden acknowledgement. He realized where his friend planned to lead the adorable Constance Spenser. He shook his head in a warning, but Milosh waved him off and signaled his intentions by dropping his fangs quickly so only the Sabbats saw the evidence of his goals.

“Damn him!” Sebastian knew what he had on his mind. “He sure didn’t waste any time moving her away from the crowd.”

The dim lights in the club only led to darkness. On the opposite side of the bar, a mural hid a secret passage to various rooms—suites of bondage and wicked pleasure waited just beyond the wall.

Darian looked amused. “Let me guess, your dumb-ass friend doesn’t know he can’t drain blood from the very one who feeds on it?” Darian turned up his beer. “This should be interesting.”

Sebastian shot his brother a glare and started to make his way through the crowd. Darian quickly caught up to him. “This way.” He grabbed his arm and led him up a flight of stairs into a viewing room.

The youngest brother in the Sabbat clan looked around at his surroundings. Theatre-style seating provided a bird’s eye view of a room meant for sexual excursions. “What is this place?” Sebastian turned around and stared at Darian. He watched as his friend and Constance entered the room below and turned his back to the large glass shielding them from the room under them.

Darian seemed amused. “Don’t worry little brother. They can’t see you.” He dismissed him and walked over to the wet bar. When he returned to stand in front of him, he shoved a tumbler in his hand. “Drown your jealousy in Scotch before you go down there.”

Sebastian didn’t find his brother the least bit funny. “Answer me.”

“You do know we own this club, right?” Sarcasm oozed.

“Darian. I’m aware of the holdings in this family as much as you are. I can promise you.” He gritted his teeth as he watched Milosh move in for his first kiss. His cock throbbed just because he witnessed the deplorable act. What it would feel like to have the little wench under his lips. He wanted to know. No, maybe he needed to find out. His body seemed to think so.

“Then you should know this isn’t your typical—how can I say this lightly without offending you, but this isn’t your average club.” He smirked

and then pointed down at the lovely Miss Spenser. “She seems to know what she’s doing here.”

Sebastian turned back around to catch a glimpse of lust running over. His best friend moved Miss Spenser to the bed in the room. There, he watched as his so-called friend pushed her down and brought her to him for another kiss—a *real kiss*. Then, he stopped everything with a sudden halt. A grin shot upward proved he realized he had a receptive audience. It didn’t matter. He still introduced the woman he planned to victimize to one of the Sabbath club drugs and he stirred it in her drink with a smile.

“Trust me. Live a little.” He heard his friend begin to make her some promises about sexual bliss and true enough torturous pleasure.

After she gulped the drink, she brought him in closer and whispered into his neck. He saw her little teeth nip at Milosh’s ear. She seemed willing. *Too damn willing.*

“That’s it. I’m putting a stop to this before—”

“She can handle herself.” Darian informed him and continued to watch Constance.

“I’m sure she can but she’s not going to do it while I’m around. This is sick. *You* are twisted!”

Sebastian stormed out the door, but before he slammed it he heard his brother’s words at his back. “I’ve been called worse little brother. I promise you. And I own every single title I’m typically given.”

* * * *

Sebastian’s fist flew into the panels with a rage he didn’t even know how to handle. “Open this damn door now!” He kicked and pounded and hated like hell to do it, but he finally busted through it when no one answered. On the bed, spread out like a true seductress, Constance’s hands and feet were bound and cuffed to the circular bed. A few toys were on the mattress.

Several of the club bouncers immediately came in behind him. His friend, Milosh shot him an angry stare “What the hell, man?”

Sebastian arrogantly walked by him. “Get this piece of shit out of here.” He called out to his bouncers. He didn’t look at his buddy—they were no

longer friends. He told him—*off limits*. He did not stutter when he demanded it and he sure as hell meant it.

“What did you just call me?” Milosh followed him over to the corner where Constance laid strapped down against the mattress. “You’re out of line, man!”

His eyes changed colors and Constance must’ve known she was dealing with one of her own kind. “I think I’d listen to him.” She probably didn’t know Milosh had similar capabilities and in that moment Sebastian wasn’t sure she even cared. He quickly gained her interest and he realized it as he stared down on her. Next to Milosh, he looked like a Greek god so he felt confident of Constance’s approval.

Sebastian grabbed a blanket and tossed it over Constance’s thin body. She looked like a petite china doll. Her ivory complexion and long coal black hair would be the death of him. He knew it as soon as he busted in and saw her. Hell, if he wanted to be honest with himself, not that he did, he felt his defenses leave him when he saw her sway onto the dance floor there at the club. The way she moved her sinful little ass should’ve been illegal or at least, determined illicit in a public place.

Milosh pointed his finger at Sebastian with a threat lingering on his lips. “She’s off limits? Is that the way it is around here? You see a broad you want and you take her for yourself? Hmmm...it’s your club man. Have at her. Her dainty little neck will be ripe with veins because I’ve primed them with a fluid meant for sluts like her.”

Constance’s eyes bugged. “What the hell did you just say?” Her neck struggled more against the restraints than her body. Her head barely made it off the pillow, but she managed a glare at both men.

Sebastian would have his moment or two to indulge in her anger, but first he wanted the room cleared. “Get him out of here and Milosh,” he turned back to the other vampire to give him a fair enough warning, “*This one*, as you call her, is vampire royalty, you stupid prick!” He moved closer to him and both men snarled their teeth while their eyes blazed through the other one. They circled the room a couple of times and then Milosh backed away throwing his arms up in the air several times when he did. The frustration was understood and easily his to carry.

“Fine! Have at her. She’s an easy mark. I gave her enough of that shit to have her begging to screw. You’re a lucky son-of-a-bitch.” He glanced back

at Constance and then shrugged at his friend. "Maybe if you tap a tight little snatch like hers, you'll be ready to find your friends again."

Damn envy. Why he had it didn't even occur to him, but it consumed him to a fault. "Did you touch her?"

"Son-of-a-bitch. What do you think?" Milosh moved closer to the door sensing the trouble in the air. He nodded upward toward the viewing room and finally replied. "I'm willing to bet you saw me kiss her, man. What am I supposed to do, lie?"

"I want to know where your hands wandered." A calm ripped through the air. If a crowd had the ability to stir a room, Sebastian's anger to still one rocked all parties concerned into a fear-filled stance.

"Are you for real?" Milosh snorted and it fell on the tranquil space. Deadly quiet.

The room sliced and diced the animosity and damn straight, Sebastian wanted answers. His fatal threat existed in the words he spoke and the questions he asked. He moved toward the man he spent some time with at parties. He played the buddy part for a minute. One way or the other, he'd find out if his friend touched her.

He smiled and then asked again. "Come on man, tell me. Did you touch that tight little ass?"

"Thank the elders for me when you see them. Hell no, I didn't touch her. I wouldn't touch her now if you paid me. Damn boy, bad ass like you falling quick huh? You don't see one submissive here you want and when you do, you could take them or leave them. Now, this is the golden one. Hell, I hope her little pussy is full of the diamonds you seem to think she deserves."

"Get him out of here and put this door back up now! No one and I mean no one comes in here." Sebastian glared at his employees before he turned around to study Constance carefully.

While a few of the bouncers and Sabbat bodyguards worked to put the thick wood dividers back in place, Sebastian fixed himself a drink. He looked around at the suite. Damn if he didn't wish he had the lovely vixen in a similar place without his brother's watchful eye to supervise.

When the guards left them, he approached her. The drug Milosh gave her would eventually hit with a vengeance and the calm he saw on her face now would be warped with want and need.

“Miss Spenser.” He nodded slightly as he addressed her with an element of respect, though he wasn’t sure if what he felt for her went hand and hand with honorable intentions.

Constance’s daring eyes challenged him. “So I suppose you plan to wait for the drug your friend gave me to kick in?”

Slowly, reluctantly really, he smiled.

“Fabulous.” Sarcasm shook her.

“You’re twenty-one today. Happy Birthday.” A tilted rim in her direction, followed with a slow slip.

Her lip quivered a bit. “Yes, but dare I guess how you gained your information or can I be direct and just ask?”

“You can ask.”

“Then I’m asking.”

“And I’m not interesting in telling you.” He rubbed his forehead in a circular motion with the ball of his hand. Then, he sat across from the bed and leaned back in an oversized chair. His legs fell open and her eyes widened. *Sure as hell, she saw it.* Most women did. It wasn’t something too many missed when it made an appearance. His typical control didn’t allow him to show off his assets in public, but right at the moment, he had a need for sex—a profound unwarranted damn sinful urge. He simply didn’t care if she saw *it*.

The imprint there in his slacks proved impressionable. The light blush embedded in her cheeks all but guaranteed it.

“Fine. Would you at least remove these restraints, please, and allow me to sit up?”

She swiped her wicked little tongue across her lower lip every single time she looked at his cock.

Just watching her gave a man a hard one straight up and his didn’t need any further coaxing. “I can’t right now.”

“Cannot or will not?” Her eyes dropped to his waist and she smiled. Then, damn it all once more, she moved her gaze south again. Black eyes dared him and she moistened her lips deliberately. “Come on, I won’t bite. I promise. Besides, after seeing your eyes and anger, I know biting you wouldn’t bring about any measure of satisfaction.” She purred out her words.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that." He released a tortured sigh and stood up to pace. He liked to walk off his stress and he had it. He looked up at the frosted windows above. *I know you're there. I feel you, Darian.* He cursed his brother for having rooms like these in the first place.

"I'll make a deal with you. If you let me go, then my brothers won't kill you." She smiled sweetly and tilted her head in his direction.

"Constance, I can assure, your brothers will not kill me and in fact, once you are presentable enough to take home, they may even thank me." He knew his arrogance would chap her ass and it did.

Her voice seemed to change tones and her eyes almost rolled back in her head when she released a nervous giggle. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sebastian."

"Last name?" Her eyes dropped to his cock again.

"You won't find it there, sweetheart."

"Oh, you're good." She laughed.

Damn, if she didn't stop tempting fate, she'd know his name. He might even share it with her. He smirked. He liked the thought. "Constance, I'm assuming it's okay to call you by your first name and correct me if I'm wrong, but I think we have a problem here." Maybe he glanced at his own manhood troubles before he continued, but at this point who cared? "I think you should listen carefully so we can deal with this appropriately."

Her head seemed to wobble on her slender neck now. The club drug the Sabbat brothers were involved in distributing happened to be one of the strongest in the world and evidence of it began to unfold. Those who took the drug would have a strong sex drive for nearly twelve hours and when they came down off of their high, they would have a vivid recollection of what they'd done and with whom, something many wanted to find in club drugs.

Unlike many of the drugs, it wasn't necessarily dangerous, like meth, but it proved on more than one occasion to have a severe side affect. After engaged sex acts were performed with the drug, those seldom found intercourse without it fulfilling. Of course, Darian reminded them on several occasions, it happened to be great for business.

"Have you ever gone to bed with a complete stranger?" Constance boldly asked her question as the true measure of Sabbat's formula began to weigh in on her tiny little frame.

“Constance, you have to listen to me.” He stood over her and moved closer. “I want you to look up at the frosted glass above me and pay attention to what I’m telling you. Upstairs, my brother is watching us. You know him and you don’t want him to see you like this.”

“Who is your brother? Maybe he’ll want to join us.” She slurred the words. “Do you like to screw strangers?” She asked again, this time with her lips curving into a full smile.

“No, I don’t. I want you to listen to me. You’ve been drugged with a highly potent date rape drug. Call it a club drug if you want, but many use it for date rape. Do you understand me?”

She nodded, but her head rolled off to the side. When she raised her eyes upward again, darkness filled them. Her hooded eyes were striking, but the red streaks proved dangerous.

“They’ll kill you.” She laughed outright and then twisted her body some as she rolled with the feeling of lightheaded ecstasy. “Almonzo and Orlando, they’ll cut your balls off and send them back to your last girlfriend for a souvenir.”

“I’m sure you take absolutely no blame here?” Maybe he presented the question as a statement, but he wanted her to admit some responsibility. Hell, if he didn’t come in to save her, she’d already be fucked. Literally. The thought made his teeth grit all the more. He would have then killed Milosh—and enjoyed it.

“I need your cock.” She purred and whined as she rolled her body against the restraints.

“Constance, did you come to the club with anyone?”

Her body stopped moving and her ivory skin tone changed to a blush shade. Maybe she needed to stop squirming long enough to think.

She probably didn’t remember. He watched her eyes close and reopen again. Her cheeks seemed to stay rosy red with a flush of seduction lingering there. She did need cock. He knew all about how the girls who took their drug immediately thought of sex as a sudden necessity.

“No. I’m supposed to go out with my family tomorrow and my friends are far too dull to walk into a BDSM club.”

“Why are you here?” He wanted to know. He sat down on the bed and watched her struggle continue. Her hips moved off the bed as she seemed to grind into a hand that didn’t exist.

“Come closer and I’ll tell you.” Damnation if he did, he felt confident he would lose himself to her right then and there.

He moved inches away from her, careful to stay just beyond her reach.

“Closer.” She bit her lower lip. “I told you, I won’t bite.”

“You think you want to play with me, Constance?”

A child-like laugh rumbled through the room and yep, straight into his heart. For a smart vampire, a seasoned man, he sure let his guard down. This one would lead him through a thousand hells and then she would trash his life because she would never be anything but off-limits to him. He knew better. Damnation, he understood, but he leaned down anyway.

His face hovered over hers and she raised her neck up off the pillow. Her mouth dropped. She expected a kiss. Her tongue reached for him and he chuckled. “Think you’ll grab hold that easy?”

“I’m here because I belong here.” She spoke the words slowly into his mouth. “Any complaints?”

He swallowed. *None, yet.* “Yes. You don’t belong *here*.” He lied and spoke the truth in one statement. A Spenser did not belong within five thousand feet of a Sabbat, but for some reason Sebastian wanted Constance within inches of him. Hell no, he wanted to sink right into her and become a part of her.

Damn it all.

He had a real problem on his hands. If love at first sight existed, he signed on for it.

She jerked the cuffs and when she strained against them, her little round nipples pressed harder into the cami holding her from his complete view. He watched her struggle all the more. He looked up at the vantage point his brothers would have if they were in fact still watching. He realized they were and knew Darian, in particular, would find the whole show worthy of a large audience.

He covered her once and she moved with the blanket until she lay open for review. He covered her again and watched her raise and lower her hips again reaching for something, searching for anything to comfort the ache in between her legs.

Her moaning began and he decided then and there, he wouldn’t let her become Exhibit A. Constance Spenser made her way into the wrong club

and he'd be damned if he would stand by and let her put on a free show. No, not on his watch—well, at least not while others witnessed it all.

Chapter Two

“I don’t want to go anywhere. *I’m not going anywhere.*” Her seductive gaze promised the right man she wouldn’t turn him down. Full of need and womanly desires, he felt sure she didn’t even know very much about what her eyes swore she wanted.

Dressing her with caution, he tried to gently slide her skirt over her thin hips and, sweet mercy, her apple-bottomed ass. He had to release one strap and then another to do it, but when she didn’t fight against him, he released her arm restraints too. “Damn you, Darian!” He shouted out to the empty room when he saw her wrists.

Imprints of the ropes firmly embedded around her tiny little arms ensured of her true restraint. Milosh should’ve been the one to carry the blame, but he reminded himself of who placed the orders for the décor at Agendas. It wasn’t the club managers. Darian took care of every detail.

“Why did you call me Darian?” She tried to balance herself using his shoulders.

“I didn’t.”

“Yes, you did.” Her arms slid around his neck and whispers landed just next to his earlobe. “I knew a Darian once.”

“Uh-huh, I know.” *Why remember him now?* “I promise he’s truly forgettable.” He snarled and dropped his teeth quickly so those up above easily saw it.

Her eyes widened and she swayed back to look at him. “How did you know?”

“We’re going to talk about it later, but first I have to get you out of here.” Sebastian moved around her and found all of her belongings. Her purse, her shoes, her car keys—he made sure he took the time to gather everything she had to her name when she walked into the club.

His driver appeared in the doorway soon after he called for him. "I want you to move her car around back and then meet us out front."

"Yes, sir." He stood there for a moment more.

"That's it."

"Uh, sir, I'm not sure what this one drove here tonight."

Sebastian wheeled around and squared his shoulders. "This one? This one?" He bit down on his lower lip and then studied the driver before he answered. "Just go to the damn parking lot and hit the panic button on the keyless entry. You'll find it, or if you don't, come back and I'll do it for you." The snarl he offered proved he fully expected the driver to locate the young woman's vehicle and move it as suggested.

Constance tried to stand up. "I don't know what is wrong with me." Her words were drawn out and each syllable caught in her lip before it launched as a word spoken.

"We'll talk about that, too. I have to get you out of here." He grabbed her hand and asked her to follow him. "You'll be safe with me. I promise."

He glared into the window observatory and assumed his brothers were having a field day and probably even making fun of him. He didn't give a damn. She'd been through hell and back with his family and would likely pay hell with them again, but not now, not while he could run intervention and save her from them.

With her hand in his, he began to move toward the door taking small steps to ensure she didn't fall in her zoned out stupor.

Constance moved to the left and wobbled to the right. "I want you." She whispered. "I want you right here." She pulled him back to her with a sudden strength. She landed hard against his chest and his own breath escaped him with the forcible impact as well as the surprise. He didn't expect to react to her like he did, but his body moved against her and he found it melded to her perfectly. *Damnation!* He had to get her out of there.

"Constance?"

"Hmmm?" She purred.

"We're going to go party, okay?"

"Oh, I love to party with handsome devils like you." She grinned. The magic words were 'go party', of course.

Her words stung him. *Hell's fury*. He wanted to kill or severely injure any vamp or mortal man who dared to touch her. "We're going to talk about

that, too.” He grinned and teased her, but for a moment, he almost believed what he said. She felt so damn good and her smell filled the air. Brown sugar and cinnamon— she smelled good enough to eat. The woman knew how to grab a man by the balls and beg for it. His were tight with the thought.

“I thank you for your hospitality, but I really must be going.” She then fell face first into his arms. Fortunately, she didn’t wake up until he had her in the car and they were ready to pull out.

* * * *

Sebastian slid in next to Constance and then spotted his brother at the entrance of the club. “A moment of your time before you leave.”

“This can wait, Darian.” He waved him off before he attempted to shut the door.

The other Sabbat stopped him. “You think they won’t hunt her down and torture you for taking her?” Darian’s eyes seemed to warn of future possibilities, real ones. “The elders will be alerted. They’ll find her.”

“I don’t care. She walked into this club tonight to have a good time and found herself drugged. She’s our responsibility.”

“Well, since you mentioned it, I think you’re right. Take her to the Sabbat compound.”

“No, Darian.”

“That’s what I thought.” Darian’s mischief danced across his face. “She’ll be the death of you.”

“Maybe, but from what you said earlier, you had her picked out just for me from age twelve forward. I’m going to see how she feels about the idea when she wakes up.”

Darian rubbed his chin. “You’ve never been with one of our women when they’re strung out on that stuff, huh?”

“Sure, I’ve seen them around the club begging for a slow screw but no, unlike you and the rest of the clan I call brothers, I like to bed my women when they are somewhat coherent.”

Darian chuckled. “Oh but little brother, you have no idea what’s going to happen next.” He patted the limo three times with a hard hit on the top of

the car. Sebastian shut the door just before the limousine pulled away from the curb.

Constance turned her head and sheepishly grinned at Sebastian. "I know who you are now."

"You do?"

She nodded slowly and bit down on her forefinger. "You're that little boy I saw playing on the Sabbath lawn back when I was kidnapped by your family." She giggled and then slurred something he couldn't quite make out.

"As you can see, I'm anything but a boy now." He stared straight ahead, anger bulging in his veins.

Her eyes moved over him. "Prove it." She teased him by raising her hips up and moving her skirt high above her thong.

Reaching for the mini-bar, he offered her something to drink. "How about a soda or bottled water?" *Damn, how about a fuck?* He watched her push her little body off the bench seat and the arch she formed all but called out to him.

"I had something else in mind." Her mouth puckered with expectancy.

Sebastian watched her twisted little mind work them both toward temptation. Even under the influence of drugs, the woman's eyes danced with trouble. Something he didn't need, but suddenly out of nowhere, he pretty much craved. He reached for the icebox and retrieved two bottles of water. A shot of whiskey would've felt better going down.

He twisted the lid off for her and handed her the bottle. "You can have it." She shook her head, but then sighed dramatically as an afterthought and grabbed it from him. "It's so hot in this car." She tilted the bottle and he quickly took it from her, saving her from a quick splash or maybe a flood if she decided to pour all sixteen ounces over herself.

He lost his patience. "Now stop this. Stop this right now." He ran his fingers through his hair. Damn if she wouldn't look good wet. Soaking wet and dripping with need. Yeah, he needed to be shot through the heart, no speared, for getting in the car alone with her.

"Sebastian." She leaned her head back on the dark leather. "Will you kiss me?" She closed her eyes and puckered up fully expecting him to comply.

A chuckle ripped across the confined space and obviously caught her off guard. "What's so funny?"

“Nothing. Everything. You.”

“I’m funny?”

“Well, you make me smile. Let’s leave it there.” He looked out for a moment and felt her move beside him.

“Then, you owe me.” She hovered over him with a grin full of pure sin. Her palms were flat against the leather on either side of his head.

“Do you remember me telling you that you were drugged?” He watched her with curiosity. He’d heard about the drug they sold rampantly in their clubs, now he would see what happened to the young women taking it.

She nodded, but still moved closer. Her hips spread, her center lowered and the slow grind into his slacks made him realize his dick had a mind of its own and fully planned to operate willingly and yes, capably—even if it maintained on standby for the time being.

“Kiss me once. Just once.”

Her moist lips tempted him. Hell’s fury did they call out for a slanted move toward ownership. If he wanted to possess them, she made it easy.

“What’s wrong, Sebastian? Haven’t you kissed a woman before?”

“I’ve kissed many women, but the one who wants to kiss me the most is going to have the luxury of it only when she sobers up.” He turned his cheek to her as he pointed to a hillside manor over to the left. “I live there.” Like showing a woman where he lived would defy what his body left barely to the imagination.

She smiled and politely followed his extended finger. “So, I see. A very nice place indeed.” Her head fell back and her legs shifted under her. Before her center could truly taunt him, her hand did with an easy stroke.

“Stop.” He reached for a wrist and held her with the intent to yank her arm back, but damn it to hell if she didn’t move her little hand up and down with pure fire under her palm. Sue him, kill him, he just allowed her one minute of fun. It proved to only provoke *him*.

“Ah Constance.” He grit his back teeth and then held her arm away from his body. “We can’t do this right now.” Oh, but they would and his dick all but guaranteed it.

She had the reputation of being the family’s little gem and spoiled beyond reason. He had to be a madman to even contemplate taking her anywhere. And hell or hell on earth wouldn’t stop him from leading her right to his bedroom door.

* * * *

“Good evening, Mr. Sabbat.” The butler at the country home expected their arrival.

“Nice to see you, Walt.” He nodded and then gently took the elderly man’s extended hand.

“The pleasure is always mine. It’s been too long.” The kind man stepped to the side and then greeted Constance. “Miss Spenser, I would know you anywhere.” His face lit up with the moon. The signs of age evident in his cheeks and forehead, he sparkled with recognition.

Constance looked immediately embarrassed. “Why would you know me?” She looked back at Sebastian. “Why would he know me?”

Walt continued. “I stayed with your family when you were small. Your dark eyes are unforgettable child.”

Sebastian studied the woman at his side. “You don’t remember?”

“Of course I do.” She slurred as she spoke. In all likelihood, Constance would remember the gentleman once the drug wore off but for the time being, she probably questioned a lot of things familiar or otherwise.

Sebastian took her hand and led her up the wooden staircase. He called back over his shoulder. “We’re in for a long night here, I’m afraid. She’s been slipped a powerful dosage of that damn drug Darian spreads around. I want you to find out what you can about it and find out what I need to do to help her. And, I want you to put me in contact with someone on the Board of Elders.”

“Sir, if you don’t mind my saying so, you don’t want to approach the elders with ahem...” He nodded in her direction.

“Duly noted and appreciated. I still want to speak to someone so if you will please put me through to a panelist.”

Walt nodded. “I’ll let you know when I’ve succeeded.”

“Thank you. Good-night.”

“Sir, I have to warn—”

“I don’t need a warning. I know who I have under my roof.” *And I damn sure know who I will take to my bed.*

“Very well, sir. Good-night.”

By the time Sebastian and Constance hit the top step, her hormones were kicking her ass again and he understood they'd quickly demand some attention from him too.

Chapter Three

The top floor of the three-story cottage was converted into posh living quarters and the state-of-the-art furnishings proved the décor anything but an afterthought. Sebastian held a separate entry key and unlocked the door at the top of the third flight of stairs. The woman at his side slumped down on the step and rested her hand on her chin. “Do you ever tire of climbing these steps?”

“No. Not much. I like the exercise.” He reached down for her and helped her up as suddenly as she’d dropped.

“With a perfect body like yours, you don’t need much.” She moved into him deliberately as she passed through the door. Her energy rejuvenated when she entered, she walked around the room taking in everything. “You’re not the poor kid on the block are you?” She walked over to the bar set up in the corner and helped herself to a glass of Brandy.

“Don’t drink, please.” He watched as she defied him and brought the glass to her lips for a sip, but instead turned it up and guzzled it down.

Shaking his head, he held his arm out to her and motioned for her to have a seat on the leather sofa. “Do you like to watch movies?”

“Nope. I like to act out the leading role.” She fell back against the sofa and quickly felt for the button she knew she’d find on the side of the furniture. “Almonzo has one of these sofas in his area of the house.” She pressed the button and laughed as the reclining footrest rose only slightly to accommodate her feet. “He hates traditional pieces.”

He liked hearing her talk about her family. Maybe the little lady felt comfortable enough around him. “You have to press your back into the leather and try to manage enough weight for the full recliner position.”

“I have enough weight.” She informed.

“I don’t see it.”

Constance tilted her head in a sassy little gesture and it happened to be the only warning she gave before her arms crossed and she lost her shirt over her hair in one easy move. “Then you didn’t look close enough.” The blouse drifted to the side of the couch.

“Holy hell, you’re persistent.” He picked up the shirt and tossed it at her. “If you don’t mind, can you cool it for a few minutes? Just long enough for me to have a minute and catch my breath?”

“It’s kind of hard with a walking hard-on to resist me, huh?” Her mouth moved into a perverse twist and then she sat back with her arms crossed behind her head. “Yeah, I noticed.”

He watched. It didn’t occur to him to look away and he seemed unable to do much else.

He felt like anything he said, she’d have a comeback and it would be lined with sexual intent and provocative persuasion. “Constance, I want to do the right thing by you here, but you’re going to have to help me out somewhat. I don’t know your family well, but if you have someone at home I could call to come and pick you up or if you think it would be safe for me to take you home...” His voice trailed off as he deliberately made his statement into an open-ended question. *Did he really want her to go? Hardly.*

“I’m not interested in going home.” She turned around and faced him with pure lust in her eyes. “I said when I turned twenty-one, I would go out and find a fast fuck and I plan to do it now. If you aren’t interested in taking my virginity, then point me in the direction of someone who is. Are we having a party here, by the way? You promised a party.”

“Holy sweet mercy woman.” He stilled against her words. Stunned by the truth she gave him, he knew his mouth all but watered when she spoke so easily about her purity issues. For a vixen like Constance, he felt sure she assessed her current situation as an obstacle to overcome. He’d gladly help her out if the timing were perfect.

“What’s wrong? You look like a man who just took a stiff one up the ass.”

“No, but keep that up and you may know all too well what it feels like to find one there.” He turned away from her and immediately regretted saying those words. He knew, given her current state, Constance would view his words as a promise or better yet, an all-out invitation.

She did.

Her arms stretched high above her and then fell behind her head again as she released an exasperated sigh. The footrest made a slamming sound when she stood up. He walked over to the entertainment center. She followed closely behind him.

He quickly thumbed through compact disc selections and combed through the music he coined as his chick-tunes. He had several selections because Constance wasn't the first woman he'd brought back to his place. Only, the women he typically brought home always knew they were there to submit to him and while he realized Constance would likely go along with it now, he had a suspicion she wouldn't be such a willing participant later.

*Maybe...if he tried to ease her into the lifestyle ...*he refused to think about it.

I've lost my sick mind! He reminded himself of his immediate goal and suddenly his only interest was to protect her. But even the best of intentions hit a brick wall when the reinforcement holding it in place refused to stand against the mortar found there.

Her hands ran the length of his broad shoulders. "You're easier to touch than I ever thought possible." Her whispers were raspy and she made sure he heard them. "You watched me from the time I entered the club until your friend stepped in and moved me safely behind closed doors. The doors you apparently owned."

Fingertips ran over him easily. They belonged there. He felt it with every caress. The woman spun pure poison. Dangerous to her enemies and hell for her lovers, he would know what it felt like to wear both titles.

She moved her palms over him, stroking his chest with such devotion. The woman truly enjoyed the feel of him. He wondered if the perception he had felt back to an inducement of the dosage Milosh gave her.

Peering around him, she seemed to approve. He was much taller than her petite frame and she used it to her advantage. Long black hair swayed with her as she quickly worked her way under his arm. Before he knew what hit him, she positioned herself between his body and the entertainment center playing out one of his favorite old tunes.

Her hands spread over his upper body in a circular fashion—slowly and easily, she felt him. Wherever her palms wandered, she completely

devoured him by mere touch. Why he didn't leave her at the club and call her family eluded him only for a second.

There wasn't a doubt in his mind. He wanted her hands, lips—and body—on him.

He felt compelled to know what it felt like to be desired by the little vixen before she decided to despise him, and she would hate him. She'd loathe him with a passion because of family history. His face flushed with heat and with all the strength he had, he held her away from him.

"I'm on fire here." Her words fell out with raw and rare honesty. "You have to do something to help me."

"Constance, trust me, I am. You don't want your family to see you like this and I can resist you until this wears off."

"And afterwards?" She questioned his motives and he understood why. Her earlier accusations proved right on the money. He was aware of her when she entered the club. He watched when she hit the dance floor. He knew how long she'd been there to the minute and he stared at her with an ache like no other. Then, his sorry excuse for a friend disappeared with her behind closed doors. Yes, the doors he owned. *Mistake number one*. His pal should have listened to his warning.

His mind reverted back to the club with one goal in mind, to focus on it. If he thought about why he brought her there, then he might be able to rationalize why he would never be able to have her. Maybe then he'd accept it.

"I asked you a question." She grinned bigger. "And if you don't answer me then I guess I'll have the reply you want me to understand most." She moved away from him and walked down the narrow hallway headed to his bedroom.

"Don't!" He caught up to her right as her hand turned the knob on the door, but the furnishings confined in his room were already exposed.

He stood back and just watched her with curiosity. He couldn't deny the belongings in the room. They were his—oh hell yeah, they belonged to him. Every strap, harness, belt, vibrator, nipple toy or blindfold—all his. To add insult to injury, the thumping sound of *Cry Little Sister* rang throughout his living room drifting to the bedroom where they stood. Naturally, he thought of two vampires who would love to mount his head to the wall—her brothers.

“Gerard McMann is one of my all-time favorite musicians. Of course, I like music from all decades and I know every musician to ever walk this earth.” She turned around and looked at him. “This is the way you entertain your women?”

He nodded. “Scared?”

“No. You’ve made it clear. You don’t plan to find your recreation in me.” She moved by him and then leaned back as if it were only an after-thought. “You did say that, right?”

“No, I never said anything like that and I think you need to either lie down on my bed or you need to lie down on the sofa. You’re going to have moments of exhaustion and several minutes of pure need.” His mouth watered with the thought of her hands on him once more when her desires won out again. He liked her hands on him. Oh God, he needed to get her out of his room.

She listened to the lyrics of the music and her head went back against the wall leisurely then. “Sebastian, do I tempt you?”

Yeah, baby...you do. Thank goodness she didn’t read minds.

He wanted to take her in his arms and just ravage that virtue right out of her system and rock her into the next day. Maybe even the next year. Hell, when there were more than a few hundred lifetimes to spare, it never hurt to spend a lot of time in bed.

“Do I?” The sudden look of lust consumed her again and her hand went to her breasts. He walked over to her to stop the display he feared she’d later regret.

Her hands cupped the fullness and he watched as the cleavage she flaunted proved what he already knew. Those boobs didn’t go unnoticed when he found her exposed at the club. The woman had more than she deserved to have at twenty-one. More than a virgin knew what to do with too but he would teach her.

“Damn it to hell!” He cursed himself as his hands moved over hers too. “You have to stop this now.”

“Make me.” She dared him and then before he could help himself, she held him in a challenge. Her hands moved swiftly with his. She locked them over her with a forceful hand guiding the moves. He lingered. *Heaven help him.* His back teeth locked and clenched, but he lost control. He fooled only himself if he thought he even possessed an inch of it.

He didn't move his hands against what he knew would've been better for both of them. Instead he moved with her. Her head moved over to the side a bit and his face buried in her neck. Mounds rose and fell under the labored breathing, but she didn't waste time moving one hand lower.

"Show me how. Take me to your bed. Teach me." Her body arched against his lips and his touch. Her hands moved him over her hips and her slender legs parted. "I need you to touch me."

He choked back his excuses. Damnation, he didn't know if he could find them now that he really touched her—truly worked into the lust waiting for him. "I can't." He moved back and glared at her chest. Her nipples all but reached for him puckering through the scant material she tried to claim as a camisole. "I cannot, Constance."

"Why the hell not?" She spread her legs and tried to move his hand with her again.

He grabbed her wrists and moved them above her head. She only kindled the fire between them by making light of it.

"That's some move you have there." Her voice dropped a pitch. "I bet you have a lot more you could show me under the sheets over there."

"I might just have a pine box I could toss you in, too." He locked eyes with her challenging her to a duel of words.

The threat of a pine box knocked her back a bit and she released a hearty laugh.

"What are *you* laughing about, now?" His eyes narrowed and he relaxed his grip.

"A pine box? My brothers used to threaten the same thing when I stepped out of line. So tell me, am I out of line?" Her little body pressed up on his erection and dainty fingers locked in between his belt loops. Before he rolled back away from her, she gyrated her hips forward a couple of times. "That's what I thought. I'm *way out of line*, huh?"

Her mouth fell open and nothing but promises passed by her lips. "If you'll take me to your bed now, I'll never tell a soul. I swear it." Her hips continued to press into air even when he backed away.

His jaw set. Damn, did he want her. She made sure of it, but then chastised him because he didn't make her come. He'd make her come. He'd make her scream and then she'd wish like hell she hadn't bothered to ask so nicely again and again and again.

Stare wars. He hated them. He despised them because he always lost. Her eyes pierced through his with a bet placed silently on the winner. Maybe if he looked away first, it would be perceived as a forfeit. He tried it and failed.

Her hands didn't just release his denim loops, they found another place to find refuge. Her fingers ran through his hair dark hair and her lips assaulted his as soon as his head worked against the massage she inflicted on his scalp.

"Don't." She threatened. "I want this kiss and you can give me just one. I already told you, I won't draw blood."

He snarled when she said the words. Right now, he didn't care if she chewed him up and spit him out. It didn't matter what she did to him, her brothers were going to make him pay if he bedded their sister when she was so clearly out of her mind.

Most women in the clubs considered him the ultra-bad boy. The one they wanted to take home to momma just long enough to bypass the kitchen and head for the closest bedroom. He wasn't beyond taking a one-night stand or two, for that matter, but he took the willing and not the drugged.

Her kiss spun magic into his head. For a minute, maybe two, he let her kiss him. He pretended he did her a favor just letting her sweet little lips part and separate, divide and please. Her wicked little tongue darted in and out and in and out in a motion she wanted him to recognize and emulate with other parts of his body.

When he responded, her words stopped him in his tracks. "Want to know what I'm thinking?"

"I know what you're thinking." Not only did he interpret, but he wanted to know when and where he'd find out just how good she could do the whole dirty deed. *Yeah, oh hell yeah*, her sweet little grin would certainly be reason enough for the Spenser men to torture him. *Fuck it*, he understood it. He just didn't know how to stop it. Actually, he did.

Chapter Four

She laid perfectly still on his bed seemingly unaware he'd stripped her down to her panties and damn straight, he shed the cami. She didn't need it anyway. "You're not going to join me are you?" Her eyes questioned him as she looked around at the play things he kept bringing out from an adult toy chest.

"No, I'm not." Quite honorable too—or just blatant stupid and he felt confident of the later the more he watched her body arch.

Her hand reached up and touched his bottom lip. "I liked kissing you." Her innocence worked on him in a way he couldn't deny. Her hand went to her pussy as soon as it left his swollen lips.

He felt his stomach tighten. "Constance, don't do this in front of me. I don't know if I'll be able to resist you if you..." His eyes followed hers as she watched her own moves as if she couldn't believe she had the initiative to masturbate in front of a stranger.

"Fuck me."

Sebastian heard the uneasiness in her voice, but the discontentment on her cheeks just about floored him. Not in the shocked-aspect but more in the 'down on my knees' to please manor. Just a little more persuasion and... "Constance, move your hand."

A piercing gaze refused to comply.

"I told you, I have to come. You don't understand." Her voice strained against the emotions stirring in the room. Her hand moved, damn good thing because he almost felt jealous, and her palms settled on her thighs. A perfectly curved bottom continued to rise and fall against the mattress as the drug used its trickery.

He wanted to watch her, but observing her meant he'd take her. He reminded himself again and again of the consequences. He continued to pull out toys until other options no longer existed, but by the time he returned to

the bed with them, the evidence of her need dampened her panties and filled his senses. *One taste*. Maybe if he had just one little sample, he could leave her on his bed to finish herself off until the need hit her again.

“Damn you to hell where you belong.” He wasn’t going to take her innocence, not really. Surely she’d had her tight little pussy drained of desire before.

Surely.

Mercy hell he hoped so. *Not really*. Another man touching her just about sent him into another lifetime and the one coming into clear focus painted a little deeper connection. It did not make him comfortable.

He stalked to the bed. War waged, internal bets placed, and an inner battle from fucking hell began. The elders would have his scalp. No, hell no, they allowed this. The dirty bastards typically let the vampire games go on for days without intervening. They stepped in only out of necessity and this didn’t qualify.

“Oh God! This feels so unreal!” Her hips moved up off the bed and her hand reached.

Fuck him twice, did she ever reach.

He knew he glared, stared. It didn’t matter. He wasn’t going to turn away. It had to be the most beautiful act he’d ever seen. Her tiny little pussy spread open. Desperate fingers dipped in to satisfy. Capable hips pushed, hell yeah they were—perfect for a man’s welcome—and they just fell out of the way.

“Please!” She closed her eyes and her hand moved faster.

He ran his fingers through his hair. “Stop this Constance!” He didn’t just grab her, he pulled, yanked really, both ankles to the edge of the mattress. “Put your legs over my shoulders.” He gave precise instructions.

He wanted to deny her, but hell’s fury. If the Spensers wanted to keep their little gem safe from rogues like the Sabbat brothers, and he included himself in the deranged lot, then they shouldn’t have let her wander around the streets of Edinburgh by herself. They certainly shouldn’t have left her alone on her twenty-first birthday and a BDSM club should’ve been off-limits to a Spenser who looked like an angel, but moved like a vixen with carnal purposes.

He smiled up at her when he thought about the comparison. “Let’s see if I can help you spread your wings.” To hell and back with being honorable. No one would ever believe he didn’t touch her anyway.

Willing to abide by his rules, more than able to do it, her slender legs draped over him. Her dark eyes lost their way into his soul and he moved under her ass with two clammy palms wondering why they were damp with his obvious nervousness.

He brought her closer and snapped her thong right off with one gentle tug. His mouth continued to moisten and then a surprising scent of sweet cinnamon sugar lured his senses. He just lost his tongue inside a woman who would never know what hit her—especially now. After the first taste, he decided he’d revisit her often and she’d just have to learn to like it regardless of Darian’s mind-altering drug.

* * * *

She’d never had a man in between her legs. She’d overheard her sisters-in-law engaged in girl talk several times and they both seemed to enjoy oral sex. She’d always been turned off by the idea of it. At least, to an extent. She didn’t mind being the recipient, but she damn sure didn’t plan on giving head. *Until now. Right then. Right there.* She planned on it. She didn’t care if she had to beg and plead, she wanted Sebastian. She wanted his cock stroking the inside of her jaw and wanted to feel him in her throat.

Her legs fell open wide. “Oh, Sebastian. Don’t stop.”

He blew hot air into her cave. “I have no intentions of stopping. None whatsoever, and you may hate me for it tomorrow.” His tongue continued to bring waves of pleasure through her body.

His mouth hummed over her entrance and her nerve endings were on fire. She rose and fell against his hot mouth and so help her, it was the best feeling in the world.

“Not a chance—just don’t stop!” She sat up on her elbows and watched him. She wanted to see him devour her. She needed to see him and feel him.

* * * *

He realized the drug took its turn and used it to his advantage. He knew she wasn't out of its grasp, but she wasn't aching from the affects either. At least, not yet. He wanted to bring her back to the brink of it. *He* wanted to take her there—*not* some screw-me-up-meds.

Her hands worked through his scalp again. "Can you please, can we please, go slower?" Fear lingered in her eyes.

"I can stop, Constance. I will stop." He licked his upper lip and his voice shook when he spoke to her again. "I shouldn't do this and I'm sorry. I'm not a man. I'm a fucking vampire with a sex drive as forward as the next guy's and I just—"

"Shut up. Stop it now." Her body shifted and she moved to her knees steadying herself against his thick arms. "Kiss me." Her mouth moved closer to his. "Kiss me like you want to fuck me—but screw me nice and slow with that accomplished tongue of yours first."

"You're just hell on wheels aren't you baby?" He eyed her and then looked around the room. Her eyes followed his. "Do you know what I am?"

She nodded.

"I don't think so. I don't think you have a real good understanding of the world I live in. The *culture I live by*. The things I want and need in a partner—in a *submissive woman*."

Amusement flooded curious eyes. He saw it, but refused to use it to his advantage. He'd already tasted her and so help him, she tasted better than strawberry honey. Two of his favorite spreads and she laid it out before him without reservations or expectations. Heaven help him. Nothing or no one else could save him now—she owned him.

Hell yeah, all but toast—buddy. All but toast. He mentally whipped his sorry ass.

It didn't matter. He liked it rough. Anything in life, or anyone, worth having didn't come easy. An ass chewing, and then a mental acceptance—she mentally messed him up in a royal way.

When she moved up against him, her arms draped around his neck. "I'm going to be yours. I want to be yours until I am bored of being screwed."

Bored of fucking him? Not a chance.

"Oh yeah? I think your family might have something to say about that and I'm not sure they'll be real happy with your choice."

"I don't care."

He liked *this Constance*. The one lost between the total drug-induced babe and the willing little hellcat ready to submit on her own accord. One had as much sex appeal as the other one. Well, almost.

“After I saw you watching me in the club, you changed me. I felt it in my veins. I felt you there. You were there weren’t you?” Words slipped gently from her mind more than her mouth as she rubbed the tiny veins in her arm to demonstrate.

Damn it all. Here came the cocktail of emotions kicking her little ass all over again.

“You pushed your way inside of my soul just watching me. How did you do it? How?” Her eyes were dark again, heavy laden with the lust waiting to consume her, but with her words, he pushed her aside. It was a sudden requirement.

The confession choked him. He felt his lungs collapse and he shook his head once and then did it again as if it made a difference or helped him further deny what he heard. If she *felt* him, if she knew he existed before the first words between them were exchanged, then they were in some serious trouble here—because he knew what that felt like—and he understood what it meant. *Lifemates are pre-determined*. There had to be a mistake. He was a Sabbat. She was a Spenser. The elders certainly had a sense of humor.

“I can’t do this. I can’t. I’m worse than you are—first I can and then I can’t. Constance, I’m asking you to try. Shake this stuff off. I need you to fight it. I am going to fuck you if I don’t walk away from you and...and...and I just cannot do this.” He backed away from her, but as he did, he watched the true transformation of a wicked vixen working with, instead of against, the ulterior forces guiding them.

His back met the wall. It existed behind him somewhere, but he just couldn’t leave her haunting glare. His hand went up. “Proceed with caution, Constance.” It seemed more like a warning to her chest than anything else because now he couldn’t look at her eyes with hard little nubs calling for his focused attention.

“I will fuck you. If this continues, I won’t be able to stop myself and if you really are a virgin, you don’t want to lose your virginity this way. I swear you don’t because I won’t take you nice and slow.”

“Who’s talking about losing anything here.” She purred as she moved closer. “You will, but that doesn’t mean, I will.” Her hands worked at his

belt and while they did, he fought his demons and lost his battle of right and wrong. He almost won, truly he did, until her hand brought his cock out of hiding and then all bets, every last one of them, were called off. He all but kicked the chips off the felt.

Her hot little mouth moved quickly over him. He helped her maneuver his pants over his hips and growled as soon as her teeth sunk into the flesh right below his belly button.

“You swore you wouldn’t bite, you little wench.” Jaws set and back teeth locked—both parties sported determination.

Her mouth eased over his shaft a few times before she released him with a pop. “Just for that, I’ll bite again.”

His palm went to the base of his cock and he began to move his hand up and back with a forward motion. Two fingers and the thumb held it at the base.

“That’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.” On her knees, she leaned back so he could tempt her further. “The damn best.”

He smirked as he continued to thread his cock through his fingers. “And the only, according to you.” He knew it. If the daring little vixen held onto her virginity, she probably didn’t have a clue how to suck cock.

“I bet you think I don’t know how.” She pursed her lips.

“I’ll teach—oh holy hell!” Before he could finish his sentence, she clamped around him once again with more teeth than tongue, but even so the smacking of lips only intensified his need, his desires, and his woman’s wants. Damn it all, he had to have her now. He wanted to play for keeps—so by God, they’d play.

* * * *

She couldn’t be mad. He warned her. He told her if she didn’t stop, he’d come in her mouth and now, just now, he poured it on in a fashion made for lovers to enjoy. Hot fire poured from him. A searing sensation ran down her throat.

“Oh damn! Don’t stop baby. Keep sucking. That’s it. Less teeth. Just lips and mouth and perfect baby...just so damn right!” He moved his hips into her faster. “Don’t let me hurt you now! Oh... Hell yeah. Don’t stop.”

Growls turned her on. Her nipples just throbbed with every move he made and her pussy? Hot fire would've felt better than the heat he stirred.

She groaned and moaned with the release he seemed determined to make her ride out with him until the end and the whole time her feminine walls clenched with a need so perverse that she would've gladly let him watch her get herself off. Only now, she wanted more. Now, with his seed pouring into her mouth, she wanted him to dive into her body with the same sudden strokes and definitely a similar force. She wanted him to pleasure her with the same cock punishing her just for wanting him.

Hips slowed and his body seemed to ripple with a moan or two more. "Oh, baby girl. Sweet, sweet Spenser gem."

He seemed hell bent on reminding her. Damn it all. She still had to have him. "Good?"

"Best."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive." He leaned his head back against the wall and closed his eyes as his breathing continued to race forward.

"You don't talk much, do you?" She'd noticed it before, but now she was more aware.

"I have more to do than talk." He pulled her to him and up against the same wall, he turned the tables. He dropped to his knees and his hands went to her breasts as hers went to his hair and it didn't take much once he locked his soft, gentle lips over her pussy.

His fingers never really penetrated her, but his mouth and tongue made up for it. "I'm not going to be able to stand here and let you..."

"The hell your not. Too late now, baby." His tongue dipped and his hands locked on her hips quickly before he totally shocked her with a move most women would kill just to witness, never mind experience. Her legs somehow draped over his back and he moved them to the bed in one or two strides. His tongue never left her. Never once—and by the time her back hit the bed, she had the luxury of riding out her first orgasm and then he delivered her to the brink of another and another, but refused to take her over. She needed to pace herself—at least it made for a sound argument. And he knew the night ahead promised to be a long one because it was in his telling eyes.

Chapter Five

She woke up in heat. She needed him and she didn't know who the *he* represented. She wanted someone with an unexplainable *why*. She just missed the man and wanted to see *him*. He had been in her bed or rather, she spent some time in his and now she heard sounds from another room, but she didn't know if she wanted to go and meet him face to face.

Her first instincts kicked in. She'd dress and run. Get the hell out of there. Run like hell—only she didn't know where she wanted to run. She looked around the room, but nothing looked familiar to her. She had no earthly idea where she'd spent the night or how she ended up there.

She licked her lips and tasted the unfamiliar salty flavor. Bitter-sweet flavor. The sheets were tangled and the evidence of a sex party existed throughout the room. *Did she like it rough?* She looked around again. Apparently so with the weird gadgets everywhere. An obvious sex swing in one corner, a pole with ties and binds in another. Leather, lots of leather, draped around several pieces of furniture.

With deliberate caution, she stepped onto the hardwood floor and the dreaded creak announced to the person in the next room of her awakened state. She heard heavy footsteps and turned to see him in the doorway. Immediately, she hit the bed again and covered herself up.

"Baby, I've already seen that gorgeous ass of yours." He chuckled and then turned his back to her. "I'm not much of a cook, but when you're up and at it, I have breakfast ready. I usually eat dinner first, but I took a chance you might want breakfast."

"Dinner first?" She questioned him without realizing it.

He turned back around and propped his hands on the doorframe showcasing perfect arms and glorious muscles. "Yes, what do Spensers typically do for their first meal of the day?" His eyes teased her further.

"Spensers?" She questioned him more.

“Yes, Miss Spenser, in case it slipped your mind last night, I do know you belong to the Spenser clan.” He shook his head. “I’ll let you get dressed. How do you take your coffee?”

“Do I drink coffee?” She called out to him and noticed when his footsteps stopped moving away from her. Somewhat hurriedly, he headed back to the room where he’d left her.

He slowly peered in on her this time. “Constance, knock it off.”

“Constance? This is my name?” A blank expression washed over her. “That’s my name, right?”

“Do you know where you are?” He approached her with what she viewed as forced restraint.

She shook her head. An emphatic “no” told him more than her head shaking.

He moved closer. “This isn’t a real good time for games.”

She looked around the room. “By the looks of things, we played enough of those last night.”

He moved closer to her and they studied one another for a few minutes more. “What do you mean? You really don’t know where you are?”

“No.” She pulled the blankets around her tighter.

* * * *

Tears threatened her and he saw them well at the corners of her dark brown eyes. Her little body seemed to shake from underneath the sheets and coverlet hiding her from him.

Damn it all. After Walt woke him earlier, he’d spoken to one of the elders and guaranteed her safety. Now, she couldn’t remember him or as it appeared—anything?

“Constance, if this is a game, I can tell you now, it’s going to backfire on you.” He went to her purse and pulled out her wallet. “See, here’s your passport.” He wondered why in the hell she had a passport, but maybe it would jar her memory. Someone did a phenomenal job painting her into the place a photographer’s lens would’ve never captured. The photo looked legit.

“What’s a damn passport mean to me?” She questioned. “Am I not in Edinburgh?” She glanced over to the window. Fortunately, in the far distance, she would be able to spot The Edinburgh Castle.

He nodded toward her identification. “Your name, it’s right here. Constance Spenser.” He rubbed his chin in deep thought. “If you don’t know your name, how do you know you belong in Edinburgh?”

The tears came fast then and she swiped them as quickly as they did. “I have no idea. I just know I live here.”

“Damn it all!” He thought it first and said it loudly just to be sure she knew he wasn’t a bit amused. “Constance, listen to me. Your name is Constance Spenser. You’re a member of the Spenser clan. One of the most notorious vampire families in—”

“Vampires? What the hell? You think I’m part of some vampire clan? And you slept with me? Are you always this insane or do you have a sudden death wish?”

Both, no doubt. Before he seriously screwed up and did some damage, he caught the words he wanted to speak right in his chest. His cheeks swelled and he slowly blew out hot air. *Why make matters worse?* First things first. He didn’t really need to tell her in that precise moment that he, too happened to be a vampire. It wasn’t necessary. No, he’d wait before he shared the information, but maybe he should shed light on the sleeping-with-him factor. “We didn’t fuck.”

“Nice.” She really didn’t seem to care one way or the other.

He realized how it sounded and tried to regroup again. “Well, I mean, I would have if—”

“What’s your name?” She cut him off.

“Sebastian.”

“Are we lovers or...”

A thousand answers would’ve been better than the one he was going to give her, but sometimes the way someone can make their dreams come true is to simply start by believing they *are* true. He decided the night before he wanted her and now, it appeared he might just get his chance. Sure, more conventional ways might have made things less complicated, but Constance didn’t quite fit the bill or make a strong case for uncomplicated.

“Yes, honey, we are.” He lied. *Damn right, he lied.* Damnation and hell fire, he made it up as he went along because he wanted to keep her. His

hand went to her head and he stroked in the beauty he saw every time he looked at her. And yes, he made excuses for himself.

She smiled at him warmly. "Then looks like I didn't do too badly for myself whoever the hell I am."

"I guess I feel the same way. We're damn lucky, if you ask me." He winked casually and then reluctantly slid a kiss on her cheek. "Get dressed. We'll eat breakfast and then I have somewhere I want to take you."

He almost slipped away from her with all the answers she needed when a question hit her. "I still don't know where I am or..."

"Dress Constance, and then we'll work this all out." His voice shook. *Could he work this out?* He sure as hell hoped so.

* * * *

The Sabbath compound impressed her. "This is your family home?" She looked around with bright eyes when they entered the foyer.

The estate, designed by one of the greatest architects to ever live, impressed most mortals. Many of their own didn't find the appointments all that spectacular because so often the vampires, at least those from the older families, lived in similar settings. Constance's own home made even the Sabbath estate appear somewhat average. Of course, now she claimed no recollection of the past.

He nodded. "You've been here before."

"I have?" Her eyes darted around the open areas once more.

Darian Sabbath sat alone in the center of the family room when they entered. His face showed true surprise, if not shock. "What the hell?" He tossed aside a book he held in his right hand.

Sebastian raised his fingers to his lips. "We need to talk."

Empty eyes looked around the room. "Constance, I'd like you to meet my brother, Darian." He shot his sibling a warning stare before the concern washing over his face slapped him again with several doses of confirmation. Yes, a Spenser walked, strolled really, into their compound.

"Darian Sabbath, meet Constance Spenser."

"Yes, I believe we've met before." He brought her knuckles to his lips.

"We have?" Her eyes returned to Sebastian for a yes or no answer.

Sebastian intervened. "It's been years ago. Darian knew your family." He offered a gentle smile.

"He did?" She looked back at Darian once more. "Tell me about them."

"Yes, he will, but why don't you go out by the pool and wait for us there. I have to discuss some business proposals with him first." With his hand on the small of her back, he walked her over to the terrace doors and all but pushed her toward them. Ever so gently, of course.

"Okay." She seemed too affable for Sebastian's comfort, but he smiled sweetly until she disappeared behind the patio doors.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Darian challenged his brother as soon as the glass rattled with the closure of the doors. "What the hell were you thinking bringing her out here in the middle of the night?"

"She doesn't know who she is." He walked past his brother.

"What are you talking about?" Darian seemed more pleased with the declaration than simply bothered by it.

"You heard me. She doesn't have a clue who she is or how she ended up in my bed."

"Fucked her past life straight out of her memory, did ya?" Darian immediately seemed to like the idea all the more. "Keep talking little brother because you just won over my undivided attention, never mind my envy."

"That would be funny if it wasn't so pathetic!" Sebastian walked over to the wet bar and poured himself a scotch. He gulped it down and quickly poured another.

"So, did you get the best of her?" His jaw twitched with the anticipation of a positive affirmation. "Of course you did, look at her." He turned to stare at their guest.

Sebastian ran his nervous hand over his face and stared at his brother once more. "No, I didn't, so you cannot pin this on me. She thinks she *belongs* with me. Your drugs must've had some kind of adverse reaction on a vampire."

"Really?" He seemed far too delighted and very interested. "Tell me more."

"Do you have any idea what we're facing here or do you even care?" Sebastian knew his brother loved games, but there were more appropriate people—mainly mortals—to use for pawns.

"*We're* not facing anything. Drop her off at the Spenser gates and leave her. They'll know what to do with her. She's theirs. They'll find her help of some sort." Darian joined him at the bar and slapped him on the back. "In the meantime, let's raise our glasses. Evidently, there's a lot we can toast."

"The last time the lovely Miss Spenser visited here, she quite confidently assured me she would never return." He chuckled. "I wish I would've known then what I know now."

Sebastian's eyes followed her every move through the glass. He watched her walk around the pool utterly amazed. "I can't take her back. She doesn't want to go." He ignored his brother's attempt to make light of their situation.

Darian almost spat his words and his first sip of alcohol straight forward. "She doesn't want to go home?"

"No."

Darian studied him before he spoke again. He watched him stare at the beautiful young woman. "You like her and want to keep her. That's the problem, eh?"

There was little reason to respond. He just watched her graceful moves and damn it all, he wanted her and yes—he planned to keep her. Hell yes, he wanted to keep her, but she wasn't a prize to be won or lost and he tried to grasp an understanding of the fact. It proved challenging when his eyes refused to leave her curves.

Darian snapped his fingers in front of his brother's face. "Then keep her, but get her the hell out of here. They'll search for her, if they aren't already out on a mission to find her and guess where they'll look first?"

Sebastian squared off with his older brother. "Well, I don't imagine they would be looking here if they didn't have a pretty damn good reason to begin at the source."

Darian rolled his eyes.

Constance slid back inside and shut the door behind her. They heard the swoosh sound of the sliding door and both looked up at the same time. Her face held a lot of anxiety. She swallowed hard before she stared directly at Sebastian. "I missed you."

Darian turned beet red fighting the laughter he wanted to share. Never mind the obvious delight he found when he heard her chosen words. "She missed you. How touching. Those very words are sentiments I'd cherish if I

were you. I'd also find a way to work this to your advantage and of course, become very aware of a real possibility. She may walk in one day with her memory fully restored. Then what?"

Sebastian didn't bother telling him about the bold face lie he told the young woman just because his emotions for her allowed his better judgment to take a very corrupt turn. He didn't bother telling his brother he loved finding her in his bed and it seemed too painful to even think about returning her to the Spensers.

He did want to keep her. Just like he'd always wanted to keep the little stray animals they seemed to bring in from the street. He wanted to keep the seductive hellcat who warmed his bed and his heart after just one night of distorted and yes, maybe even a little manipulated pleasure.

* * * *

Hours later, Darian escaped down to the underground quarters of a made-to-order prison underneath the Sabbat compound. The news he wanted to share fresh on his lips, only one man warranted his company. He walked into the dimly lit holding area.

"My brother gained the interest and approval of a particular Spenser."

The shadow in the cage didn't move or react. Not in the least.

Darian paced the concrete floor and he watched his prey closely. "Did you hear what I said?" He stopped at one of the four corners.

Nothing. Not a sound. Not a movement. Only blackness stilled the anger from pure rage felt and yes, the fury seethed from the man caged. The animosity danced, but it never showed its face.

"I met her today. She's quite beautiful really. She has ivory skin—pale white. Her long eyelashes nearly curl up to hit her lids and they both cover the darkest of black eyes that I've ever seen. In fact, if my brother didn't already have her marked for his own, then I suppose I wouldn't be opposed to taking a much younger woman to my bed. After all," He chuckled knowing his final descriptive terms would urge hell from the man behind his bars, "seeing the black-haired vixen's hair fall gently around perfectly mounted breasts is enough to call out the betrayal of a brother."

A hissing sound fell into the room. It sounded like a rattlesnake and the sound opened up the walls of horror. The hellish temperament of a father

came to life as the man trapped there forced all of his weight against the metal knowing when he did, he would be speared with more of the painful drug Darian's significantly sword-pointed bars speared into his veins.

The contact generated a rumble of terror. Darian even backed away since the close-up show of agony seemed unbearable even for the man who orchestrated the whole enactment. The bars did shake, which surprised Darian and the guards. He shot a disapproving glare at one of them. "See that this never happens again." He nodded toward the bar he saw give with the structure and move with anger's beastly face.

When the man on the other side calmed down some, he went in for a final kill. After all, he liked to taunt his prey as much as possible. "As I said, she's quite lovely. My brother left our club with her last night and when they reappeared today at the compound, I must say, they both possessed a certain spark in their eyes, never mind the spring in my young brother's step. Must've been her first time." Darian chuckled as he listened for more outrage.

It didn't come. But the warning did.

"Orlando and Almonzo would never stand for it. I don't believe you." The syllables were painful to hear because they floated from a very dry tongue.

Darian walked closer so the prisoner could read his expression. "That's why I took the opportunity to study everything about her. I thought you might be unable to grasp the concept unless my description of her hit something of a personal note. She wore a necklace. A lovely gold choker with a charm embedded completely with gorgeous diamonds."

Silence. Nothing stirred.

"An elegant piece really. Where did she get it? I'm assuming you had it made for her or perhaps her brothers gave it to her or maybe even one of their scrumptious bed partners."

Again, no response.

Darian moved closer. "She is, after all, such a *lucky player*."

Again the man from the other side rumbled with his anger and the spears were ready for him when he did. The pain of the injections broke the flesh, but the words spoken speared his heart. "Constance."

Chapter Six

“Any news?” Orlando approached his brother quickly before he even asked. He took quick strides across the room. His heart-shaped mouth formed a tight line of grief and his natural light chocolate curls cascaded over his back—he looked ready for war but also expectant—perhaps dreading the news of an unknown battlefield.

The mirror-images faced off. Sadness sliced through the expressions both wore.

“No, and I don’t want the others to hear me when I tell you my fears.” He walked over and shut the doors to the pod. The Spenser men used the area to conduct the family business from the triangular area. When their father was still with them, he chose to work from the sitting area. Now, the boys avoided working from there as much as possible. Today, they stood in place ready to discuss the disappearance of their sister.

“It’s bad, isn’t it?” Orlando questioned him.

“We found her car.” Almonzo released a shudder before he drew in a breath and then released it with more details.

Orlando sat down on the sofa and rubbed his hand along his thigh. His leg bounced with the feared news he waited to hear. “Where?”

“One of the Sabbat clubs.”

Back to his feet, in record time, Orlando’s fangs dropped with a snarl before he could ask. He didn’t even know if he could ask. His expression told quite the tale.

“I’m assuming you know which club?”

“Damn straight—Natasha feared she’d spend her twenty-first birthday there.”

“Then why the hell didn’t she tell us?” Almonzo only glanced at his brother as he slid into an overcoat—for show more than need.

“She tried. We’ve been so busy with the business that we didn’t listen.”

“Damn it. Take up for her. She never has a problem getting your attention when she’s leading you by the nose to her bed.” Almonzo sneered.

“We can point and place blame all we want,” Orlando remained placid, “The fact remains, Constance must be in trouble because she would never let the other women worry about her like this. I’m afraid the Sabbats have her.”

“I didn’t need you to remind me. Let’s go. If Darian Sabbat is behind this, I have a feeling he’s expecting us.”

* * * *

Darian didn’t give anyone the night off. Sebastian thought he might, hoped for it anyway, but in the end, he fully expected his brother’s verbal order to work the clubs. The Sabbats had a few shipments coming in and no one managed the drug runs or shipments but Sabbats. With so many holdings and the busiest clubs in the world, Friday and Saturday Nights belonged to business.

He sat easily on his sofa staring at the entertainment center. She walked by him and he almost quit breathing. Hell, maybe he just died then and there because he swore under his breath, no one ever looked this damn good in his world.

Stockings with mock entwined lace stretched over her legs and stopped at her thighs just two inches below the skirt she wore, which didn’t even deserve to be called out as clothing. The black mini-skirt with suspender clips were beautifully adorned in pearls and those little nubbins set off the crop red top which fell on nothing but an open, sexy back. From the rear, the only straps showing were a collar-like implication across the neckline and two straps under the arms and across the shoulder blades. Three bands—thin ones. The front cut looked like a halter top and split her little waist off at the middle.

“How do I look?” She twirled around with nothing but wicked laughter falling from her lips.

He studied her for a moment. He would never tire of watching her. His legs felt heavy and with the weight in the middle forcing them open, why wouldn’t they?

“Well?” She moved closer. “What do you think?”

“Turn around again. *Slowly*.” The husky voice of control existed. If she didn’t pull him back to his underground world with one outfit—maybe he should’ve thought things through before he took her shopping. And perhaps he should’ve fucked her first before he dressed her like a woman he wanted to find in his bed.

She moved her arms up a bit and took a casual parade around the room directly in front of him. “Tell me you love it.”

“What do you think about it?” He watched for a reaction. Studied her closely and bit back pure raging lust.

“I feel so sexy.” She reached for him and tried to pull him up, but he resisted.

“You’re hell-hot is what you are.” He pulled her to him instead. His lips slanted over hers and he finally did what he meant to do several times throughout the day. His tongue slid past her tightly formed mouth and her pucker only loosened when he dipped in nice and easy for a lingering kiss.

All of his senses came alive in the kiss. Every fire he ever wanted to burn flamed in her eyes. He made sure she saw his wants and needs—fueled them with the way she deliberately kissed him.

“Ahem...” The announcement from another one of Sebastian’s brothers lingered from the doorway.

“Great timing.” He rolled his head back. The cushions behind him supported his neck and he turned to glare at a smirking Sabbath.

“Hi!” Constance went from sexy seductress to the happy hostess in a second flat. She didn’t bother to notice she left Sebastian on the sofa with a perpetual hard-on just dying for her attention. She extended her hand to the man standing with one foot inside the living room and one still in the hallway of the third floor.

“Hello.” He had a cool demeanor. Cold, really. She probably picked up on it but if she did, then she likely noticed the lust in his eyes because he sure as hell didn’t try to hide it. He took the time to undress her slowly with a lone visual sweep—hell bent on bringing his brother grief.

“I’m Constance.” She giggled and then looked back over her shoulder at Sebastian, “At least that’s what he tells me.”

“Gabriel Sabbath.” He brought her hand to his lips and then slowly kissed her hand.

“Wow.” She turned around and shot Sebastian a tempting grin. “Your brother likes me.”

Gabriel looked amused. “What’s wrong, Sebastian? You want to keep *this Spenser* locked up away from all of us?”

Sebastian ignored him. “Why are you here?”

“Darian said you might have a crazy idea you could spend the night in bed rather than at the club.” He eyed Constance and then continued. “I have *no idea* why he might have thought something so *profoundly ridiculous*.” He placed his tongue on his upper lip and lingered there long enough to provoke anger.

“Keep your tongue and your teeth hidden, Gabriel. She’s mine and she’ll tell you as much.”

“Damn, then.” He snapped his fingers. “If that’s the case, and if you don’t mind my saying so of course, you might want her to go change. She does look good enough to eat and if I didn’t have to wear around the last name of Sabbat too, I’d bend her pretty little ass over a balcony at the club and kick out those mighty fine legs long enough to tempt her myself. After all, she does tend to sport around sex appeal.”

A bright red color framed her cheeks and Sebastian noticed when she batted her eyes. *Flirt*.

It almost pissed him off.

He leaned over the sofa to watch the sway of her hips as she walked back to his bedroom. Heated eyes then raked over his brother. “You’re treading.”

“Yeah, and she’s walking. If you think she isn’t then take a very good look at her when she comes back.” His voice lowered. “She’s not hurting for a man’s attention, Sebastian. From her cute little skirt to her slow-screw-shoes, the woman is a cover girl for fuck-me-hard condoms.”

Snarling teeth clamped down. “Shut up.”

“Fine. But mark my word. If she’s dressed for you, then more power to you, but when the men in our clubs see her, you’re going to be faced with the reality you should’ve left her here with Walt.” An added stab seemed appropriate and Gabriel took his best shot. “You should’ve put a collar around her delicious little neck so at least the Doms in the club would know she’s off-limits.”

She reappeared with a handbag to match her get-up. He loved the way he dressed her and didn't give a shit what his brother thought. She only had eyes for him and damn what her gaze could simply do for a man. She brought on the whole package and a damn good thing since the one settling in between his legs felt hard with ripe anticipation.

* * * *

As soon as they pulled into the club parking lot, Constance felt alive. "So, you own this club?"

Both of the men in front of her nodded.

"Un-fucking believable." Gabriel watched her with adamant amusement. He looked out at the parking lot as the car pulled up to the front of the club. "Her family owns the world and she's impressed with our little corner of it." He smacked his brother on his back and jumped out when the door opened for him. "Since the two of you have been making eyes at each other, I'll see you inside. I think you may have a few minutes to burn."

Sebastian rolled over her in a move to close the door behind Gabriel. He hit the window button and lowered the glass. "We'll be right there. I need to go over a few things with Constance."

"I'll just bet you do." Laughter flowed into the night air and Sebastian pressed the button and the window rose to a secure state again. He pressed the intercom and instructed the driver to drive around. "Give us thirty minutes and then bring us back. If Darian calls, tell him we're on the way." He cut the speaker off before he received a response.

Constance moved over to him easily. "You want me, don't you?"

Did he really need to answer?

"Come here." His words were heavy and he pulled her against his chest. He didn't want to screw her. Not yet. Not with a rush order and a brother or two waiting, but he damn sure wanted to taste her. He didn't think he could go inside and work at the club unless he made sure he had her on his lips first. Only one little taste, maybe two or three. Hell, rushing didn't make much sense either.

"You *do* like the outfit."

"Uh-huh." He answered her as her lips covered his.

Her brilliant tongue moved over his with an easy placement for her own desire. She reached around her neck and untied the straps holding her breasts in confinement.

“Sweet baby.” His mouth moved, drifted really, over first one nipple and then another. “But that’s not all I want.”

Her mouth formed a pucker. *No, it was a deplorable pout.*

“Don’t do that.” He chuckled. His finger ran in between the valley her breasts barely allowed and skimmed past her navel. By the time, he reached her hip and then her inner thigh, his palm opened and he searched with a firm grasp of where he planned to go and what he intended to find.

“Hot honey, baby.” He moved her over to the side and then helped her lie down on the car floor. A simple stretch across the carpet, his hand supporting her to avoid the first sting of rough flooring and then he supported only a firm little bottom—with two hands, of course.

Bringing her up to taste was the easy part. Forbidding himself to simply ruin her in one slow tongue-fuck proved his greatest challenge. His mouth wanted to feast. He felt like he had waited an entire life of a mortal man to have this moment just to drive her crazy in the middle of the parking lot. He moved one finger to her center—only one. He didn’t want to do it, but the way she writhed under his touch, as soon as his tongue sunk all the way in, he lapped her right into an effortless orgasm. No stalling here—only excitable pleasure. A rush of her pleasure proved the cause was effective.

“Sebastian...” Her whispers were musical. “I love it when you love me.”

Good God, the woman said the four letter word and he only had one choice, to ignore it and let it slide. Lust always brought about too many mixed emotions anyway. Kissing her thighs and moving to her waist, her breathing picked up speed once more. When the first finger didn’t satisfy a lone effort this time, accommodating her proved easier the second time around. He didn’t like one anyway, two of anything always seemed better than one—almost always. At least, until he met Constance.

“Is that all you have?” She flashed a devious little smile before her feet locked and met behind his back, drawing him to her. She moaned and begged.

Damn it all, he hated for her to plead so soon but maybe the vixen still had some of the drug probing her delicate veins. Either the drug still played

hell on her system or the wench loved to fuck. Then again, she swore by her virginity the night before which is why he left her with it.

He leaned back up. Calm and cool, maintaining his image, he had it covered. That is, until she arched her back and damn near fucked the daylights out of his fingers.

“God, baby, I’ve never felt anything that damn tight.” His shoulder length hair swirled with her movements. “Sweet—really nice.” He watched her grind against his hand because to look away would be positively unthinkable.

Her palms settled on the floor of the car and she pushed her hips forward in an upward motion. “Let me have that tongue again and I’ll show you tight.”

Biting down against his temptations and hers, he fed himself on her promises and she delivered on them—more than once.

After he provoked the first orgasm, she took the second, and came right back to steal a third. Each time, he tasted more of her. Each time, he wanted all of it. Every drop she had to give, he possessed and savored.

His lips ran down her leg and he unhooked his belt. *Did he really want to fuck her? Yeah, really, he did.* But did he want to do it knowing she would own his soul and heart the very second he sank into her folds? Risking it put him in a predicament of the worst kind. He knew her brothers and her family would eventually come for her. He also understood when they did, they would take her from him and with her would go a piece of him. He didn’t know if he could stand the loss.

Closing his eyes, he sank back against the car seat. “Come here.”

“I like it when you say those dirty little two-word sentences.” Her eyes draped over him. Covered him and warmed him like a soft woven wool. “Does this mean, you’re going to say *screw-me* next?”

“You’re good.” And his voice was loaded down with sex-appeal and he sure heard it. *Did she?*

“You said you’d be the first to find out. Wanna find out now?”

“I want you to do this first.” He pulled his cock out for her. *Damn, I’m such a nice guy.* He chuckled as he did the deed—saving her the trouble.

Her eyes sparkled almost as much as the pre-cum on the tip of his dick. “Delicious.”

“So, you remember?” Instant worry crossed his mind. If she remembered his taste, what else did she remember?

“Just the way you taste.” She grinned. Her head lowered.

He rose to an admirable size as her mouth took the mushroom tip and allowed the hard expansion time to glide between her lips. Once settled there, soaking in the moisture seemed to provide a mix of pleasure and pain. He slipped and slid wherever her mouth encouraged its participation. Her coaxing turned verbal fast.

She took the shaft and slowly worked her little mouth all the way to the base before lightly touching his balls and beginning the journey back up to the tip. Sometimes, she went down fast and then returned back up to the top slowly and then other times she took him up and down in a rapid beat. During the faster oral explorations, she moaned and groaned and he almost came each time she moved him closer to the back of her vibrating throat.

He floated along with her. He let her have his cock and he allowed her to suck at her pace until her enticing small mouth left his shaft and tightly ran a firm finger across his balls. Her tongue then traced the outline and by the time she moved back to his hard dick, two strokes started his bliss. Damnation did she have the whole of him then—she owned his body and claimed his heart. The abduction all but left him in ruins.

Knotting her hair, he didn’t give a damn if he tore the strands from her sexy little clip. He stroked her mouth with the intent to spill and drip he did when he came in jolts of pure fire. “Don’t stop, honey. Don’t stop. Please sweet baby, don’t you ever think about leaving me.” His hands gripped her head and he hated himself for it, but he fucked her mouth good and hard. Controlled by forceful caresses to the back of her throat, he moved and grinded with a new routine. She didn’t complain or try to get away. She moaned all the more.

Hungry growls tore from his lungs and the car seemed to come alive with their desires. His hands locked under her neck and encouraged her to keep taking his cock deeper and deeper—until she rose to the tip and mumbled even sweeter words.

“Feed me. I have to be fed.” Desperation fell from her lungs.

She surely didn’t say it. Surely to hell and back she didn’t ask for his blood. She swore she didn’t know—told him she didn’t remember.

Then it hit him. She asked *for more of him*. “Still more?” He peered down on her.

Nodding, moaning, and begging with her humming sounds. “You got it, baby. I have more, doll. So much more to give you.” And so he did. She all but took the tip straight down her throat until she made sure she took his very last ripple and only then did she give him back some element of self-control.

Only then did he seem to deserve it.

Chapter Seven

Darian and Gabriel stood at the side-rail watching her dance. Sebastian casually joined them. "I have no idea why you wanted us here tonight."

Darian slapped his brother in between the shoulder blades. "We didn't want her here, only you. The trouble there is you can't go very far without her nearby to take the edge off now can you?"

Sebastian glared at Darian and then Gabriel before he broke out into a smirk. "I never thought I'd see the day. You're both jealous."

Gabriel's cheeks swelled as his mouth twitched off the desire to deny the truth. He suddenly pointed at the dance floor. "Hell, with an ass like that, who wouldn't be a little green with envy."

It is a pretty one. He kept his comments to himself because to voice an agreement would be like inviting his brother to join them and he didn't see that happening.

Darian moved closer. "Tell me something kid, how do you stand here, all of fifty feet from that one and watch her frolic out there like she doesn't have a care in the world? What kind of man can keep his hands from the woman in his bed when she all but looks like she's ready to sprint right back there?"

A cocktail waitress walked by and Darian ordered drinks for all of them. Gabriel's eyes shifted across the room. "What's the point really, Darian? We don't need the trouble and things are pretty tight tonight. Let them go home."

"I have a little treat for the young Miss Spenser." Darian looked too smug. "And as a reminder, I say when you all leave."

"You said you didn't know she would be here." Sebastian pointed out.

Darian faced his brother. "I realized you wouldn't leave her behind. I knew with absolute certainty she would be on your arm."

Sebastian's possessive hold took over and he returned to the original topic at hand. "What kind of surprise?"

"Don't worry, kid. It's one that will tell you everything you need to know about the lovely Miss Spenser."

* * * *

Sebastian and Constance slowly moved up the stairs to one of the observation decks. Darian promised no stunts. He hoped like hell that he kept his word. Sebastian placed his hand on the small of her back guiding her up the stairwell and into a dimly lit area. At the landing, in the shape of an octagon, other steps led to various observation rooms. There, he had to taste her lips. He'd craved her on each and every foothold.

She turned to look at him. "Which way?"

"This way." He moved up against her and she sipped in the kiss he gave her like she thought of it as a pure dose of sweet bliss.

"There." He pointed and then easily moved his hand to hers. He closed his palm around her fingers rather than entwined them and then took the lead.

When they opened the door, Constance quickly spoke to Gabriel and Darian. "I must be the luckiest girl around. Not only do I have the hottest date in town, but I get the three best looking men to keep as company."

"Flirt." Sebastian moved her closer to his side. His hand held her waist in a possessive hold.

"I like her." Gabriel winked. "*A lot.*" He further taunted and his eyes did that undress-her thing again.

"See why I wanted him to have her. Eye candy for us." Darian smirked and turned to face two of the bodyguards. Nodding, one moved to lock the door behind them.

"What is this, Darian?" Instant concern flashed in Sebastian's radiant green eyes.

"Don't worry, this will only confirm what you seem to believe." He nodded again at one of the men against the back wall.

Bright lights came on overhead and in the room below. Darian moved closer to Constance. His hand moved to her back and he urged her to walk forward with the pressure he put on her shoulders with his left hand. His

right hand seemed to show her the way. “Constance, I need to ask you something. Step closer.”

Sebastian moved up first. He peered over. Gabriel stepped forward too. The man below seemed to lock in a knowing stare with Gabriel. Hatred existed between the two men.

The realization hit Sebastian like a kick in the gut. “Holy hell. You didn’t. That’s Samuel isn’t it?” He glared at the men in the room—the guards and his brothers.

Smug appreciation spread over Darian’s face while a slow fury took up residence on Gabriel’s. The man below seemed to stretch his neck to see what someone obviously wanted him to see. Sebastian moved to Constance quickly before she saw who stood below. “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

The guards stepped in front of the door.

“She looks, she speaks to him and he will see her or dear little brother, you will leave here tonight without her and Gabriel and I will keep her well entertained..”

Sebastian snarled and then turned to face Gabriel. “You’re in on this? You’ve helped him with this shenanigan?”

Darian and Gabriel only exchanged a brief glance.

“We’re helping keep her honest, Sebastian.” Gabriel smirked and turned up his drink. He sipped like he didn’t have a care in the world. As the glass came up a second time, Sebastian’s fury attacked him from the inside out and he laid a hard fist against his brother’s lower jaw knocking the glass into the window overlooking the room below.

Brothers threw punches and Constance backed up against the wall. The guard next to her stared straight ahead, but she wasn’t stupid. She knew he watched her in his peripheral vision. “Sebastian! Please stop!” She called out to him as the boys continued to tango.

Nothing stopped Sebastian’s anger. “Damn it! I expect this kind of thing from Darian but you? You knew about this and you went along with it? Do you realize how much time that man has lost away from his family?” He pushed his index finger into the chest of an uncaring vampire.

Darian nodded to the guards and they separated the brothers. Heated daggers seemed to dart from the red and shaded eyes. Sebastian realized she watched him with a different expression, and he misunderstood her misinterpretation. He turned around to prevent her from seeing her father

and he looked down on Samuel Spenser with pure regret. He felt sorry for the guy.

Guards held Sebastian and Darian urged her forward once more. “Sebastian, we take care of our own and protect our assets. We have to know.” He turned to Constance. “Miss Spenser, if you would please step forward.”

Swallowing hard, she shifted her weight and moved toward Darian because it seemed like an uncomplicated task but it hurt her to see Sebastian’s family treat him with such disrespect. Sebastian shook his head and turned away from her closing his eyes when he did. Both Darian and Gabriel noted his reaction.

“What’s wrong, kid?” Darian questioned. “Don’t think you can take a Spenser to your bed and become one of them. You are family first—our family. If you don’t want to cover all the bases, no problem, we’ll run them for you.”

Constance peered down and as soon as she saw the man below, she noticed how he seemed to light up into a million different shades of appreciation, if love and admiration actually had a color. Now, she decided, both did.

Her brow gave a bit and she looked back at Sebastian. The family guards held him with an electronic device and evidently, he didn’t fight them now because of it. He still wouldn’t look at her.

“Sebastian?” Her voice shook a bit. “Who is he?”

Defiantly, he looked back at Darian and Gabriel before he focused on her.

“Sebastian? Please, tell me who this man is.” Her lower lip trembled.

“I am your father.” She read his lips. She saw his tears begin to fall, but yet she didn’t know him.

“Sebastian! Damn it! Answer me!” She stormed away from the viewing window and walked over to him. He refused to look at her again.

Darian nodded and the men forced him to walk closer and look at the regal vampire. “He doesn’t look like vampire royalty now, does he?” The guards joined Darian’s hearty chuckles.

Gabriel began. “An old and very wise vampire once told me, if you can break the will of the vampire, if you can break his soul and forever wound

where his heart once pumped, you will return him to the same fate of man. And unhappiness will surely find him.”

Sebastian snapped at his brothers. “This is what you wanted her to see? This is what you wanted to show her? You wanted her to see that you have the only father she’s ever known? You wanted her to know or you wanted to test her? Which is it? Tell me, dear brothers, how long have you had her father and how long do you plan to keep him because I’ll make it my mission to turn the tables. The rules of your sick game will drastically change. I’ll go to her family and tell them myself.”

Darian rubbed his chin. “Constance, is that man your father?”

Constance’s eyes watered but not from recognition. “Sebastian, is he my father?”

Brows gathered around the room. Ill-will rippled from one brother into the heart of another.

“Choose, damn you.” Gabriel snarled.

“Fine, I choose her.” He looked down on Samuel Spenser and said the words again. If the sound drifted below, and he imagined it did because Darian would fully want to pain the man below by allowing him to hear his daughter deny knowing him as a father. “I choose her.” And if sound wasn’t an option, her father would know his intentions. “And Constance,” he looked over at her with nothing but care and concern in his eyes. “That man is your father. His name is Samuel Spenser. Your name is Constance Spenser, as I’ve already told you. You are the youngest child, the only daughter, of Samuel and Marion Spenser. Yes, you are his family.”

Taunting his brother more, Darian walked over and stood in front of him. Slowly he raised his hands to his brother’s face and he clapped them several times. “Bravo. Once again, you’ve managed to be noble. *Fantastic*.” He clapped a few more times. “My brother, may the Spensers one day reward you with one of their own.”

Constance swallowed. “I want to see him. Talk to him.”

“It’s not allowed.” Gabriel took a seat on a circular sofa as the guards released Sebastian. He deliberately held her in his gaze and allowed his legs to spread easily. “Of course, if you are interested in a little negotiation, we might be able to work something out.” He gawked at her breasts.

“The hell you say.” Sebastian grabbed her quickly and pushed her forward, guiding her right past the bouncers and guards and straight back

into the club. By the time they made their way to the appropriate room, Samuel Spenser was gone.

* * * *

“Let’s get out of here.” He pulled his cell from his pocket. “Back of the club. Meet us there.”

She looked like she’d aged ten years. “He’s my father?”

Reluctantly, Sebastian nodded. “I’m sorry you didn’t recognize him. Maybe one day you will.”

“Why do your brothers act like they are imprisoning him?”

They are. He didn’t tell her. “There are a lot of questions you’re going to want answered, Constance. Right now, I can’t answer them. You aren’t able to handle the truth.”

“But you know the truth, don’t you?”

“Yes. I know who you are and where you belong.”

“So I don’t belong with you and you don’t want me?”

He stepped closer to her than he should’ve moved with an expectant audience looking on from up above. His hand cupped under her chin and his thumb ran over her cheekbone hard before he wrapped her neck. Slowly, he lowered his forehead to hers. “I want you with everything I have in me and that’s why I have to give you back. I must take you back to your family.”

Chapter Eight

“Did you find her?” Marion waited for her sons in the pod. She had a glass in her hand and set it down abruptly when she saw them. “Tell me you found something!” Their mother used to be a strong matriarch, but since their father’s demise, her temper often spiraled out of control and her emotions won out when she felt backed into a corner.

Orlando and Almonzo shook their heads.

“You came back empty-handed? You came back here with nothing to offer me but excuses?” Her tone rapidly turned vile. “What the hell were you thinking? This is not acceptable!” Her small frame shook with disapproval.

Tate, the family caretaker entered. “A car approaches.” His announcement stirred a lot of emotions—particularly, uneasiness.

Orlando and Almonzo quickly made their way to the foyer about the time a knock came at their front door.

“Walt. What an unexpected surprise. Come in.” Tate welcomed him. The Spenser men weren’t so willing to accept Walt into their family quarters. They knew he worked for the Sabbats now and having him there with them made them very uncomfortable.

Almonzo finally extended his hand. “What brings you out tonight?” Politeness never served him well as a strong suit.

Orlando disappeared to tell their mother of Walt’s arrival and undoubtedly dismissed it as unimportant. Sending her away seemed appropriate given the animosity between the Sabbat and Spenser families. By the time Orlando rejoined the others, they’d moved to the family study.

“I have some news about Constance.” A typically cheerful man, Walt’s monotone suggested he was coerced into the role of a messenger.

“Please, sit down.” Tate instructed. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“Damn it, Tate.” Almonzo glared at the man. “I don’t believe in being hospitable to accomplices.”

“I’m anything but a conspirator unless I qualify as such for her safe return.”

Orlando sat down next to him. “What do you know?”

Almonzo stood in front of him. Hours seemed to click by in place of mere seconds.

Walt turned to Tate. “I’ll take that drink.”

“And it *will* be your last one if you don’t start talking.” Almonzo reminded him of his stout anger and his love for one young and beautiful dark-eyed Spenser—his baby sister.

The butler moved faster than the speed of sound. The sound of ice falling into a tumbler echoed in the room and he quickly reappeared shoving the drink into their guest’s hand.

“I will kill you myself if you’re involved.” Tate reminded him of his loyalty to the family as he handed off the glass. The fluid splashed around the rim and a few drops sprinkled over his fingertips.

Both men glared at one another before Tate and Almonzo sat in opposite chairs facing the sofa. Tate loved Constance more than living and he would’ve negotiated with any family, even the devil himself, for her safe return.

Walt cleared his throat. “She is safe.”

“With Sabbats?” A loud roar seemed to call for condescending remarks. “She’s safe at home—our home. Where is she, Walt?”

“I’m going to take one of you with me to retrieve her, but first I have to warn and advise. She’s not in harm’s way. In fact, your family owes Sebastian Sabbat a great deal.”

“I’ll be the judge of that.” Almonzo stood up. “Let’s go.”

Walt took a sip of his drink. “Not until you hear everything I have come to say.”

“Go on.” Orlando urged before he shot his hot-headed brother a quick glare.

Walt delivered the news slowly. “Constance turned twenty-one and she did it in grand style. She went to one of Sabbat’s BDSM clubs.”

Almonzo sneered. “Tell us something we don’t know.” The twins already investigated and knew where she’d been spotted last.

“She was drugged.”

“This Sebastian kid drugged her?” Almonzo’s eyes narrowed.

Walt, protective of his own as much as Tate, immediately stood. “Hell no. He wouldn’t harm a hair on her head.”

“I doubt it. *Go on.*” Almonzo moved closer.

“Sebastian saw your sister at Agendas. It’s one of the clubs near Greenside Place.”

Orlando stared at Almonzo. “We know the place.”

“Someone, I don’t know who, took her to one of the private rooms there and drugged her. Sebastian broke up the intimate little party and brought her home. She didn’t know who she was and didn’t recognize me at all even though I spent a great deal of time with your family when she was a child.”

“Don’t remind us.” Almonzo cut to the bone when dealing with his enemies—specifically Sabbats or their allies.

The brothers exchanged unspoken and yet knowing words. “Does she know you now?”

“No. And she’s afraid, leery even, of everyone but Sebastian.”

“How convenient for him.”

“Actually, it is and it isn’t. You see, he cares for her.”

Almonzo’s eyes turned various shades all at one time. “Then he has a serious problem on his hands.”

“No, but you will if you don’t listen to me. Almonzo, this isn’t the time to play big brother. She all but loves him already. She trusts him. He saved her from date rape and from what I’ve seen of some of those rooms, a hellish experience.”

The room fell silent before Almonzo spoke again. “What are his terms then? I’m sure he has them if he’s attracted to her and he obviously is if he broke up some sort of little private party to save a woman he doesn’t know.” His eyes immediately turned a lavender shade. “Damn it, Tabitha! If you are going to listen in, you might as well join us!” His screams echoed out to the hallway beckoning his wife, a somewhat notorious eavesdropper, to enter.

The lovely significant other of Almonzo Spenser came in without a moment to spare. “He knows her.” She gently moved her blond hair behind her back and shrugged her shoulders. She then stood taller bracing herself for the wrath and anger she must have realized she would face.

“What?” Almonzo and Orlando questioned at the same time.

“He would remember her, anyway. When we were kidnapped, he played on the lawn with some of the animals there at the compound and Darian took her to the window to point him out. He stared up at her for a long time, waved at her for several seconds and grinned from ear to ear. A little boy’s love at first sight if you ask me and I’m willing to bet he never forgot her.”

A snort fell on deaf ears. Tate rose then and walked over to the wet bar. He didn’t bother bringing a glass out, he just turned up the remaining bottle of Scotch. The twins twitched nervously as they witnessed it.

“You failed to mention this all those years ago? You of all people should’ve known the importance of this—the significance!” Almonzo took a deep breath and let it out slowly before he turned back to Walt. “I’m sure he thinks in some twisted sort of way, she belongs to him, am I right?”

“He wants her, doesn’t he?” Tabitha didn’t wait for Walt to answer her husband before she rushed in with another question.

“He appears to be quite smitten, yes.”

“That’s too damn bad.” Orlando looked at Tate and then Almonzo.

“Yes, a dear shame.” Tate agreed.

“A dear shame?” Orlando motioned for him to sit before he teetered over like one of those weeble-wobbles he collected.

“Orlando and Almonzo, you have a bit of a problem. I remind you, she only knows him. She only trusts *him* and she is just realizing she is a vampire with powers. If you shake her...”

“Wait a minute. What do you mean she is *just* realizing she is a vampire with powers?” Tabitha interrupted. “She’s always known she’s a vampire.”

“She doesn’t know now and her coming of true age is kicking her ass every which way but loose.”

Almonzo swallowed hard. “And if we push her, she’ll cling to them and she could easily become *like them*.”

“If it’s any comfort, I raised Sebastian like I would’ve raised you. He isn’t like Darian and the others. He has a kinder spirit. As a boy, he spent most of his time in the country with me and the countryside staff. He loved donating his time to organizations for the less fortunate and he spent most of his time around the animals.”

“As opposed to becoming one? I doubt it.” Almonzo didn’t like being played as a fool and Sebastian’s reputation as a womanizer was well recognized in Edinburgh. “You want me to believe *that rogue* has an

element of compassion? Please. I know him on paper. He takes submissive women and he has been labeled by those in our culture as quite the ladies man.”

Tabitha set her jaw and her teeth shifted. “I think someone else here, actually two of you, once carried the same or similar reputation.”

“We didn’t frequent BDSM clubs.” Orlando informed.

“Who the hell cares?”

“Tabitha! Enough!” Almonzo watched her anger slap him with a real dose of woman-fire as her eyes narrowed.

“Don’t you tell me, Almonzo Spenser. If you are going to go pick up Constance, then you are going with a gentle hand and you’re going to treat the man she cares about with some element of respect or *you will lose her*. Think about it. You’ve been in love before and I dare say, you’ll stay that way unless you cross me on this.”

All eyes focused on the couple. Most people understood who wore the pants in their family—Tabitha. She just had enough smarts about her to let Almonzo think he zipped them up nice and snug.

Orlando’s nose went to the air. “Come darling. Might as well join the party.” All eyes shifted to the door.

Orlando’s wife entered the room then. The little red-head spitfire immediately sat down on his lap. Worry spread across her brow.

Walt quickly gained an introduction to both wives, though brief.

Almonzo hated to admit defeat, but the fact that Walt delivered the news proved significant. Darian, the true brains behind the Sabbat organization, wouldn’t have permitted one of their family caretakers to carry the news of anything so important. “So what do we do?” The question proved as troubled as the tone he used to ask it.

“You wait until he can bring her home. He thinks she’ll trust him enough to bring her back here in a few days or you go after her and risk her returning to him in the same amount of time. He said it is your choice. He’ll respect your decision.”

“Like hell he will. Sabbats don’t respect us. They run over us.” Orlando rubbed the back of his neck.

“Is she safe?” Natasha looked at the messenger.

“No, she isn’t safe. She’s with a damn Dom for crying out loud!” Almonzo began pacing again.

Tabitha cleared her throat and glared at him with meaning. He shook it off because everyone in the room would've noted how he avoided eye contact with her then. She looked at Walt. "Is he sleeping with her?"

"Damn it, Tabitha!"

"No, he isn't." Walt informed.

"Can you guarantee he won't?" Tabitha remained calm.

"Hell no, he cannot! Are you mad?" Almonzo stopped long enough to give his wife a once over and then he huffed and puffed his irritation out with a groan before he picked up another pace across the Oriental rug.

Walt stood. "The decision is yours. As I said, he would like to honor your wishes. He didn't want the family to worry about her and yet, he didn't want to return her only to desert her. She truly doesn't know what is going on."

"Fine. Our hands are tied. Once again, Sabbath wins." Orlando looked at Almonzo. "Mother cannot know about this."

Almonzo moved his hand over the length of his face. "I want to see her. I want to see for myself. Maybe I can have a daily visit with her or something. Maybe then when we bring her home, she'll be willing to come home to her family."

* * * *

"But I don't want to know them." Constance pursed her lips. "You said I would begin to come back around in a few days. You think this drug will wear off and I'll remember. I like it here and until I remember, I don't want to go. Don't you want me here?" She questioned him as she sat on the bed waiting patiently as he tried to find something suitable for her to wear. When he'd shopped for her, he apparently shopped with nothing but pure sex on his mind. It proved to be a fact now that he needed to find a way to make her look presentable to her family.

He pulled out a black skirt. Yes, hell yes, it happened to be short, but it was longer than the one she wore the first night he saw her at Agendas. He then found an old sweatshirt hanging in his closet. Her brothers would appreciate it. After all, he knew they were gamblers. He tossed the Atlantic City sweatshirt on the bed. She would look all college co-ed. Compliments of the last college co-ed he actually had in his bed. He didn't even smile

now when he thought of the buxom brunette. She didn't hold a candle to Constance. Not even a flicker.

"Please don't make me do this." She whined as a small puddle of moisture formed in the corners of her eyes.

"Constance, please. Your brothers are on their way here now and I want to meet them downstairs. You don't want them to see my room, I can promise you."

"You're going to make me go back with them."

"I am going to do what is best for you." He tried to force a smile.

She stood up and defiantly raised her arms above her head. "Fine. Then dress me because I have no intentions of going of my own free will."

He hated to be dared by a beautiful little vixen, but for some reason, she tempted him with the sport of it so he played it her way. She might be sorry later.

"No problem." In one yank, he had her top off and her skirt down. One shove to the mattress, and her slow-screw shoes were tossed over his shoulders and her panty hose, sinful as they were, ripped to shreds as he dismissed them without a second thought. Finally, he tore the skirt from her hips just as quickly.

"Now, dress." He set his jaw and walked out of the room. Damn hardest thing he'd ever done in his life, but she asked for it.

She heard him open the door. "Where are you going?" She called out to him from the bedroom standing there stark naked to tempt him one last time.

"The hell away from you, that's where I'm going. Now, get dressed. I'll call for you when they arrive." He pulled up the door behind him. It weighed more than he did in that particular moment.

Chapter Nine

“Please come in.” Sebastian Sabbat showed evidence of a much better disposition than his brothers. If Almonzo sensed it right away, he didn’t act like he noted it or even cared.

Tabitha shook his hand. “It is nice to meet you, Mr. Sabbat. I remember seeing you as a child at your family compound.”

“Call me Sebastian.” He turned to Walt. “Would you let Miss Spenser know her brother and sister-in-law are here to visit?” He wasn’t sure if he should assume they were there for a visit or to take her home. “We’ll wait in the courtyard.”

Walt nodded before he turned toward the steps.

“This way.” He walked ahead of them and glanced over his shoulder. “May I offer you something to drink?”

“No. We aren’t here for complimentary drinks on the house.”

Tabitha nudged her husband. “Thank you, but no.”

They walked to the courtyard. Almonzo and Tabitha sat down easily in a swing there. Gently they swayed back and forth as they waited. Sebastian took a chair nearby.

Silence kept the night still. Nothing in the air or the atmosphere seemed to approve or disapprove of one or the other. Almonzo studied the young male vampire. “You care about her.”

Tabitha watched him for any sign or expression. He felt the eyes of scrutiny and hoped the inspection allowed them time to study him carefully because if Constance suspected they were there to judge, then she would hold all of them in contempt.

“Your sister, as you know, is a magnetic being. I really can’t imagine anyone ever being in her presence and not feeding off her energy alone. But...” His eyes glazed over and then he finished, “I have to warn you.

She's vulnerable. The drug she was given has left its mark and I'm just hopeful she'll remember you and her past life soon."

"And what if she doesn't? What then?" Almonzo watched him even closer now.

Sebastian felt his piercing glare sear through his skin. Mr. Spenser underestimated him and he did it rather quickly. "I don't know. I think we should take this one day at a time and hope she returns to her own mind and her own memories soon."

Tabitha smiled gently. "Sebastian, do you realize the hatred Constance harbors for your family and how deeply it runs?"

"Yes. I do." He released a long, tortured sigh. "It might surprise you, but I even understand it. Better than you might think."

"So you know she will turn on you?" Tabitha and Almonzo had obviously discussed it. They probably felt as he did. Constance would be hell fire itself once she remembered her past and her family.

"I know it and expect it." He nodded.

"*Then what?*" Almonzo persisted.

Sebastian stood up and walked over to the patio doors and secured them, just in case Constance eavesdropped before she made an appearance. "Mister Spenser, I care about your sister, but I'm not a complete idiot. I know you will never let me have a chance to earn your sister's affection, but would it be so bad for me to become her friend? Would it be so awful, so unthinkable for us to become allies in the future?"

Almonzo didn't respond. After all, it became increasingly difficult once his sister opened the patio doors and in all of her glory strolled in with pure-ass hell-fire defiance.

She strode outside with a snug crème Chinese-style dress. A saucy collar and buff sleeves framed her slender frame and the full skirt flared in a ballerina style from the thigh. Snaps and cheeky keyhole slots held the back, and the black trim lace shouted, no screamed, maybe even fucking yelled sex appeal. Then, to add insult to injury, she wore those sex-me-up and sex-me-over high heel shoes.

Damn, she looked good.

His jaw dropped. Stunned to see her like that, he glanced back and forth between the Spensers.

Walt nearly tripped over himself to try and stop her, but everything happened just a moment too late. She walked out with her head high and made it a point to sit at Sebastian's feet. Just like a submissive would've been expected to do. He closed his eyes and waited for her brother's wrath.

Tabitha smirked a little as she watched the show. "Almonzo, don't." She put her arm out noticing immediately by the expression on her face, she didn't recognize them. Her act of defiance wasn't for them, but out of defiance toward Sebastian. Thank goodness at least one Spenser was reasonable.

Tabitha rose to stand in front of her husband before kneeling down in front of the younger woman. "Constance?"

She set her lips, her jaw, and her neck—proudly. Just like a Spenser, whether she wanted to claim them or not. She happened to be one through and through. She tossed her wavy dark hair over her shoulder and possessively draped an arm easily around Sebastian's calf.

"I can assure you, this is an act." Sebastian glanced at Almonzo and then back at Tabitha.

Almonzo forced a smile in his sister's direction, ignoring the other vampire. "Constance, I think you should know I'm here to take you home unless you give me a damn good reason to leave you here and so help me God, I'm not seeing one with my own eyes yet."

Walt stepped in nervously. "This isn't common practice. This hasn't been something we've been accustomed to seeing from Miss Spenser."

Sebastian shot him an uneasy warning. Hell, he lied through his teeth. This kind of attire maintained conformity because he bought the clothes for her. It happened to be how she left earlier in the evening and precisely how she dressed when she arrived there in the first place. The kneeling part was new and a bit much but as for the clothing, it was dress as usual.

Almonzo studied her close. He seemed to search for a glimpse of familiarity or something to prove to them that she recognized them. She offered nothing, not a damn thing.

Sebastian's nerve endings were alert. Damnation, what he'd do to her as a submissive. She seriously fucked up when she used this stunt to play the part because he liked having her kneel. He liked it far too much and he sensed her brother may have picked up on it. If she belonged to his family, if he had a sister behaving badly, he'd toss her over his shoulder and carry her

back to the home front. She would then never leave again. Never so much as even think about it.

His dark eyes met Almonzo's. "Why don't I let you talk to her alone?" Hell, maybe not. If he stood up now, her brother might just kill him. He wasn't just hard, he was also sporting precum and he damn well knew it would show on his black slacks. The moisture felt soothing. He was one sick bastard. One quickly destroyed vampire too if he decided to stand the hell up.

Constance saved him. She grabbed harder to his leg and looked up at him. "I don't know them and I told you I'm not going with them."

"Constance." His hand gently played in her hair and he hoped he didn't show her too much affection in front of her brother and his wife. He felt confident they wouldn't approve. "Then you should've dressed in something a bit more appropriate. Would you like to go upstairs and try to find something else to wear in front of your guests?"

"No, I would like for them to leave." She glared back at them. "The sooner the better."

Tabitha glanced at her husband and saw the pain. "Constance, what if we come back tomorrow for a visit?" She looked at Sebastian and he nodded in acceptance.

Almonzo started to protest, but Sebastian understood it pained him to see his sister so crippled by her own mind. "I think tomorrow would be a good day to spend painting. What do you think Constance?"

"Do I paint?" She asked Sebastian and he confirmed it. "From what I hear from these two, evidently you are quite the artist." He smiled easily. "See, they know you better than I do."

"I don't think so." She resigned herself to sound utterly disgusted and he caught the recognition in Tabitha's face. The woman would assume they were sleeping together. Hell, they should be by now after Constance more or less offered him sex every hour of the day.

Walt intervened. "Would you like to bring her supplies or shall I send for some?"

"I'll bring some of her things, if that's all right." Tabitha reached out for her hand, but she moved it away quickly.

Tabitha gave her a simple shrug. "Constance, I did bring some of your personal belongings from home. Your make-up, clothes, just a few..." She

almost couldn't finish her statement because Constance seemed totally uninterested. "Just items you enjoy." She nodded at Sebastian.

Walt cleared his throat. "Well then, what time should we expect you tomorrow?"

Almonzo narrowed his eyes. "How about midnight?" He couldn't feel good about their predicament, but anyone with a brain would be able to see the obvious. Sebastian and Walt provided their only hope to reconnect with Constance.

Almonzo walked over to her. "Constance, we're your family. I hope you know you can return to us whenever you are up to going home." He reached out and touched her hair, but she immediately moved her head and laid it over on Sebastian's leg. He tried to move her, but Almonzo shook his head. "It's all right. I see what you are dealing with now and I thank you for taking care of her." He gritted his words. He started to walk forward, but suddenly stopped in his tracks. Reaching into his pocket, he said, "Please call us if she needs anything." He handed Sebastian his business card.

Sebastian shook his hand, but couldn't stand. Constance refused to allow it. Tabitha nodded on her way out. "Thank you for opening up your home to us."

"We'll be here all day tomorrow. Come back anytime. You don't have to have an appointment or stick to any schedule. Drop in anytime for as long as she is here."

Walt nodded and walked the Spensers to the door. Realizing how difficult a task they had to bare, Sebastian immediately scolded her. "You should be ashamed."

She immediately jumped to his lap and naturally draped her legs over his sides. "I'm anything but ashamed, but I do have a pending problem."

"I can hardly wait to hear all about it. I'm sure there are more than one or two ways I can help you out."

Chapter Ten

He watched her butt cheeks all the way up the stairs. Damn her for putting on such an outfit. Double damn—he bought the darn attire.

He felt confident he played right into Miss Spenser's manipulative hand and truth be told, he successfully did it again and again since day one. Hell, Milosh even helped her do it. He was a stupid moron with a hard cock. What a dickhead indeed. He rubbed his hand over his brow and then began massaging his temples. He fell onto the sofa as soon as they entered his third floor suite.

"Constance, you are going to have to give the Spensers a chance. They are your family." He kicked his loafers off to the side and loosened his belt and then his collar.

"You're the only family I'll ever need." She stood in front of him and her arms hung to her sides.

Her girlish innocence changed him in one simple statement. He recognized it as a turning point when he heard her say the words. His body went rigid and a few chambers in the heart everyone told him didn't exist now pumped right open.

She looked tired, but she also looked totally child-like and it just about unnerved him to observe it. Even in the damn get-up she chose to wear and even though everything about the attire screamed creamy-hot sex, she seemed to project youth to the fullest extent. Totally girl-next-door one minute and a precious china doll he wanted to protect the next. Yes, every feeling he felt for her verged on the edge of absurd.

"I just want you to hold me." She dropped down on the cushions next to him and snuggled her way right under the pit of his arm. Instinctively, he pulled her tight against his chest. His eyes focused on the entertainment center—straight ahead. He kissed the top of her head and then nuzzled her hair for a second longer than what he planned to allow himself. Losing

himself to her just came easy and a lunatic would have processed the feelings he held for her as plain dangerous.

His gaze met hers. In his shoes, any other man would've fucked her silly right then and there. Most vampires would have claimed her. Nicked that taunt perfect skin and drained all of her blood stores just so she would return the favor. Deciding what to do, when he seemed to wobble around in the woman's high heels proved quite difficult and never mind the other obvious obstacles—those weighed in without one measure of self-control and it irked the hell out of him.

"I'm so tired." She closed her eyes and fell against him. For a second, he halfway expected a ploy. "I'm not really feeling well."

Immediately, he knew. Before he even looked down at her skin color, he sensed it. Damnation, he must've been a self-serving egotistical bastard. Where in the hell had his mind been? He needed to feed and he realized she didn't survive long without the blood of another.

Reluctantly, he picked up the phone and he dialed Spenser. He hoped he wouldn't object to a supplement.

* * * *

She wrinkled her nose. "Absolutely not! I'm not going to drink that fluff."

"I assure you, it's going to be a necessity. You cannot survive without blood or a supplement and since you swear you aren't a blood-sucking vamp, as you so eloquently put it, then I assure you, this is necessary!" He glared at Walt. "Do something."

"You seem to have everything under control, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I obviously don't." He sneered. "Make her drink this or I swear, I'll feed her myself and then let her return the favor."

"Constance, would you please open up." Walt tried coaxing and then turned to Sebastian. "Don't threaten me, it's her neck in question—not mine."

Her little mouth pursed and she pushed him away. "I'm sick and I'm going to bed. You'll have to find another way to remedy this because I'm not drinking that...that vampire plasma."

"It is, for the last time, an artificial supplement." He slowly said the words he felt like he had repeated again and again.

She turned her upper lip nearly inside out, made a funny face and adamantly refused. "I don't care if it is a delicious sip from the world's best vineyard. No. Hell no."

Walt stood next to her. "Constance, I'm going to retire for the evening. I must urge you to take the supplement. You only have two options here and I believe you are going to find this one will work better for you at this time."

Sebastian stormed away. "Fine, go to bed. I'll hold her down and pour it down her throat if I have to get her up in the middle of the day to do it."

The men said their good-nights and Walt left the couple alone.

"So, you aren't going to drink it?"

"No, so as Walt suggested, we move onto Plan B." She tossed her hair back as she walked across the room toward his bedroom. "By the way, what *is* my other option?"

He smirked at her back. Hell, how could he put it to her in a way that would just wipe that sassy little expression straight off her face. *Gently? Not a chance.* He turned off the dim lights in the room and walked toward her. He began his approach in a sultry fashion. Damn if he didn't play her little games well because he'd sure played them long enough. The woman happened to be a real pain in the ass when it suited her. Saving her life suited him and frankly his way seemed a lot better than a supplement.

"Well you see, Constance, if you don't take the supplement and you are not fed, then you die. You are still very much a vampire." His nose went to the air as he sniffed out her scent. "And I am very capable of feeding you."

She moved closer and watched him with intriguing interest. "So you do plan to pour the gunk down my throat while I sleep?"

"No. I actually prefer the other options. I plan to go out and find enough of the real thing to satisfy us both."

Her brow gave a bit. "You mean you'll go find a mortal woman to screw right before you suck her blood."

Matter of fact, he had to give her credit. The woman possessed the innate ability to run ice water through her tiny little blood vessels.

"I can hardly wait to find out how *that* would actually satisfy *us both!*" She wheeled around on her heels and marched into the bedroom. She sure as hell didn't skip. Her arms were swinging and her hips were shaking—

though barely. Perhaps, pissed didn't quite gain the rightful meaning or definition of a woman just down right angry as hell.

She flopped her bottom on the bed. "So tell me something Mister Manly Vampire, why is that you are interested in fucking for blood but not for me?"

He choked on her question restraining against all out laughter or at least a wicked, if not promising, smile.

"Honey," he said it as sarcastically as possible. "I'm just going out for dinner. I believe in carry-outs so I promise I'll be back without showing up in your bed freshly fucked."

She glared at him. "You're disgusting."

"You're damn near right." He agreed. "But I'm taking you back to the side you live on tonight, dear. You're right, a fully developed vampire woman shouldn't settle for substitutes when the real thing is so much better."

"I never said that or anything remotely close to those words."

"You didn't have to say anything at all. You want to have me in your bed in every way imaginable, so tonight you shall have me." He walked over to the bay window and gave it a little push. And before she thought up another totally ridiculous way to stop him or heaven help him—stall him, he took a leap of faith and headed to the streets in search of wild untamed blood. A perfect match for the woman he'd find waiting for him once he returned.

* * * *

"She sleeps." He watched her with a true passion for the one lying there unaware of his presence.

He pulled the satin sheets back away from her body and just sipped in her life form. He started to touch her, reach out for a simple stroke, but instead stopped himself for one reason—to savor what she offered to him just by sleep alone.

A sudden cold chill seemed to strike out at her. She reached for the blanket. He tugged it back further away from her. She moved her hand again and missed once more. Finally, she tried again and this time, he allowed her

to have his wrist and she tugged him with her as she snuggled deeply into the idea of sleep.

He smiled down on her as he stroked her coal mane away from her face. She looked positively wild one minute and recklessly sound, if it were remotely possible, the next. Even as she slept, and slumbered hard, her face proved her passion for the uninhibited lifestyle existed.

Constance liked being an untamed little vixen and even though sleep divided her from who she was or who she might be when she was with him, he leveled her out with the touch of his hand. He liked the feeling of empowerment it gave him.

Lazily, she rolled over and stretched. "You're here."

"It looks that way." He stood up next to the bed and smiled down on her.

"I missed you." Her eyes batted away sleep.

"By the looks of things, I don't think you even knew I left."

"I felt it." Her coal black eyes followed him. "Even in my dreams."

"Did you now?"

"By the way, I watched your neat little trick when you lowered yourself to the ground like you had plenty of time to drop there."

"You should try it sometime. It's not a bad rush." He smirked. *Zip!* The zipper on his pants fell easily but not nearly as fast as he stepped out of his slacks and then shrugged off his cotton shirt.

Damn her for acting uninterested. Double damn him for doing it in the first place—he put the blame on the male-factor. A man couldn't turn down a woman like Constance Spenser and he sure as hell didn't plan on feeding her without the other close-knit involvement too.

He slid beside her with nothing on to distract her intentions or his motives. She knew where they were headed and he didn't want to give off any wrong signals. His lips covered her possessively at first, nothing but mere ownership guided him to take them and he liked the taste of proprietorship found in them.

Separating her lips with his tongue was the easiest part, but when her tongue began a full blown battle for controlling interest, well that's where the negotiations were bound to meet a few obstacles and yet, he was unwilling to let her place them there. He refused to let himself build them.

She gave and then retreated and when she moved just an inch or two one way or the other, his mouth followed her with ease and confidence. His lips traced her veins when he had no other choice but to find the veins he wanted to later prick. He saw the weak awareness in her eyes. She accepted her fate and liked this option much better than a tasteless drink—damn good thing.

His fingers easily slid the straps of her nightgown off very delicate shoulders. He smiled as he removed it, a short nightie he hand selected because the bright apple red silk accentuated her ivory skin and dark hair. Bare skin held far more appeal.

“Dear God, you are the most beautiful woman to ever grace the universe.” Lips touched again, ever so lightly and his thigh moved against hers, allowing his woman to know and feel him there. Naked—without the unnecessary barriers of restraining cloth.

Constance swallowed back emotions and she had them. He allowed her to experience them. There wouldn’t be a rush to get her to orgasm, nor a sprint to help him arrive at a release.

“The way you look at me, you better think I’m pretty because I never want to catch you eyeing another with the same gleam in your eye.”

Never. I swear it. “Not on your life.” He swallowed back the pain and the joy her words brought to him easier than anything he’d ever considered. Even if he didn’t take her, this moment, her statements, her facial expression, her damn near criminal body demanded his attention and threatened to make him a much better man just by the experience.

His lips cascaded, fluttered really, past her veins to her shoulders before dropping where a man in pure heat wanted his mouth, tongue, and teeth to explore. Her ripe little nipples were ready for him. Beaded to perfection, the first nub only gained his acceptance by a quick lavish. Hell yeah, it was one most enjoyable lick but the second little bud, he captured with the full intent to drive her to an unmatched madness. And he succeeded.

Never before had he experienced such erotic pleasure. Her hands released his rogue ponytail and as soon as his hair draped to his neck, her tender hands combed through with pure delight. “You have more than I do.”

“Ah, now baby, don’t be jealous. Men are just made differently.” He chuckled as he rubbed his cock against her leg.

“Damn, you’re cocky. I meant your hair—it’s thicker.”

"I meant my cock," he teased. "And you better than anyone should know and feel just how right you are now." Rather than a simple rubbing sensation then, he moved his dick up and down her leg several times.

His eyes focused on her. "You're nervous?"

She shook her head and then slowly nodded. "I'm sorry. I am. I know I told you I was a virgin. I'm glad I told you. I'm glad," she confessed slowly, "you told me the truth when I asked because I felt inexperienced. I feel untouched."

His hand moved over her brow. "You are untouched. You saved yourself, dear Constance, you've saved yourself *for me*." His mouth moved to her forehead and his hand cupped her ear and face bringing her in for a delicate, appreciative kiss.

"I think I have."

"I know you have." He winked and then studied her closely. "So help me, you say the word, you tell me to stop and I stop. Even if I am inches away from sinking into your hot little pussy, you tell me no and we go nowhere but to sleep."

Her lips twitched and she dropped her chin a little as her neck rolled her head over a bit to the side. "No foreplay, none. I'm weak. I know what I need and I trust you know how to give it to me."

"No foreplay? None?" He snickered. "Darlin, you aren't *that weak*." His hand cupped her chin before he kissed her lightly. "But you will be. Mercy hell, I promise...you will be."

Kissing her stomach seemed like a luxury in itself. She taunted him with her nails scraping against his back and she led him, pushed him really, lower. Hell, she didn't have to be so accommodating. He knew where to find his pleasure and his newfound passion. Skipping foreplay proved an agonizing thought. He viewed it as completely unacceptable.

Once he gained full access, he positioned himself between her legs without a care in the world. He truly decided he belonged there. Perverted or not, whether she later wanted him there or not, he belonged there now and he would make sure she never forgot it—never failed to remember he paid her a visit.

Light kisses ran up and down over and under her well shaped leg. "Incredible. Fucking inconceivable." His forefinger ran up and down her slit. "Gentle woman." He pressed the pad of one thumb on her clit and her

legs parted just on instinct. “Beautiful. Perfect. Just the way I wanted you.” Her hips gave then and he definitely had a full pardon for one sinfully delicious and yes, well prepared meal.

Three fingers began to bring forward her need. Hell yeah, he wanted her grinding against his palm because right before she came he planned to slide his tongue into place and let her abuse the hell out of him. And he accepted the task—he planned to be ready. Light flickers of delight, he gave her a few of them, but his fingers did work. Ah, turn about is fair play—foreplay.

“You drive me crazy.” Lazy words glided across her tongue. She seemed so damn tired. He should be drained of the very blood stores he withheld from her. He’d never felt better, but yet he wanted to taste her—all of her before he shared the blood he took to save her.

She seemed to grasp at the sheets. “So close, Sebastian. So... close.”

Heat nearly purred out the same response as his tongue took over and continued the leisurely beat. “Good?” He peered up and then back down and when he sank into her folds once more, he pussy-talked her into the first little release of the night. Maybe it didn’t rock her world like he’d hoped, but hell, the woman needed her energy restored and he brought with him mighty fine fuels for her weak and weeping little soul.

“There baby doll. There you are.” His tongue licked her gently as he moved back up her stomach and saw the alarming look of pure vampire need. “Constance?”

“Hmm...yes, so good.” Her eyes dropped with sleep drawing her near.

“Are you okay?”

“Perfect.”

He brushed the sweat from her brow and began to tell her what would take place. A spark came in her eyes. Just a little one, but one there nonetheless.

“You’re sure you wouldn’t rather drink the supplement? Maybe it wouldn’t hurt to drink enough to regain your strength.”

The magical statement—the threat of the gunk.

His little hellion came alive and when she did, she left nothing to chance. He watched her inner strength unfold and snickered to himself when he witnessed it. She wanted his blood on her hands. Damn, he should fuck her into another lifetime for being down right naughty—for wanting him so much it hurt him to think about it.

Her sleek body moved over him. He rolled under her and let her just have the lead. She appeared determined to take it. Still, he didn't forget her first confession. He'd hardly been with a virgin in recent years given his sudden interest in the BDSM club scene. He couldn't imagine a woman with plenty of virtue willing to slide him right into the little snatch she'd kept all locked up and tidy. Even if it was brewing to the brim—all for him.

"Holy hell!" She cried out with pleasure and pain as his cock twitched inside her walls. She never ceased to amaze. She found the ready seat his body provided and after she released the obscene cry to the wild, she seemingly didn't know what to do.

"That's it, baby." He didn't have a problem with her aggressive pursuits, but she knocked the wind out of him with one slow shocking maneuver. Totally unsuspected—he'd never tire of her and the element of surprise she continued to bring in their relationship. "Just relax. Don't rock against me until you're ready." *Relationship?* He surely didn't so much as *think* the word. *Damn it all!*

They're eyes locked.

"It hurts too bad to move."

"Then don't. Let me. Don't shift your weight. Sit and relax. Let me do it." He swallowed. He felt like a nervous vampire roaming the streets of Amsterdam looking for his first whore.

He was one lucky vamp. His dick was inside of one of the most prominent women in the world and the vantage point he had was the most divine. Her beautiful breasts showcased perfect nipples and her slender stomach would only look better if his seed later impregnated...

He didn't deserve to live after the thought—taking advantage of her virtue was enough but planning their future? If he doubted her virginity before, he damn sure realized who stole it now—he owned the precious take. He moved in slowly as his cock stretched her more than before...and oh yeah...all the confirmation he needed gave some then. A thick barrier of proof existed as her thin seal was stamped and he pushed through the point of no possible return.

"Sebastian!" She screamed with a blood-curling cry. His cock ripped down the safeguarded wall and as it crumbled, it also guaranteed he popped her coveted cherry.

His hands moved to her hips and he held her thighs then. “That’s it, baby. Work with me.” He slid up a bit and out. Damn it killed him but no, she didn’t seem ready to take him all and keep him thickly buried inside. Her little body wasn’t ready to handle him, but now that he knew what he truly had to work with it, he took all the time in the world. Only his cock would stretch her. Only his seed would fill her. *Damn it to hell.* How in the hell could he fuck her without a condom? How in the world would he forgive himself for taking full advantage of her and never even considering her or the options she might want?

“That’s it, baby. Hold still now.” He slowly moved into her. Divine, hot sleek warmth—velvet. Pure and simple. Luxurious and heated. He would lose himself forever.

Her lip quivered. “You said you would stop?”

“You say the word.” He still moved in slightly. He let the tip cascade her gently. Just a bit. *Oh don’t stop me now.*

“Then I need you to stop.”

“Honey, I’ll stop, but you have to feed first.”

“And we have to fuck for me to...” Her eyes began to focus on his neck. Just her glare called to him—one particular vein. Hell yeah, he felt the one she’d take. He rubbed his hand over it, covering it from her view. With his free hand, he moved three fingers to her lower lip. “That’s it, Constance. You’re feeling me, baby. I’ve got you. I have you now and I’ll take care of you forever.”

Damn, just don’t make me stop now. He never spoke the words, but he feared them—in that moment, he dreaded them worse than any threat of a dagger or death, he agonized over the loss of control—in truth, even more awareness hit him—he knew he would die, cease to exist, if he lost her.

She moved closer and her senses came alive. He saw her nostrils flare and totally understood. She knew, in that particular moment, her needs and even then, he couldn’t stop long enough to pull out and sheath himself. He’d let her feed, he told himself. She needed his blood. He had self-control. He could damn sure practice it. His blood called out to her.

Fangs dropped. Dainty little pointed teeth. Holy shit, if teeth were truly beautiful, hers were spectacular. He flipped his own neck a few times. He wanted the vein to protrude for her. She sneered and snarled and he damn well sank deeper into her folds.

Snapping teeth gritted with the pain. “You’ll pay for that.” Down, she bit. She snapped around him hard and he thrust deeper—just smothering himself, burying himself, deep inside of her.

“Oh that’s it, baby. Feed on me. Take every bit you need. I have plenty for both of us. I’ll keep us fed.” He relaxed under her willing little mouth and her body became instantly available to him. His blood energized her and her body seemed not only able to ride him, but more than talented enough to help move them to an unshakable orgasm.

When she closed his neck with a loveable little swipe, her endurance matched his and he saw it instantly in her face. Her precious, but very wicked eyes sparkled with restored vitality.

“How did you know to do that?” He pushed himself into her, feeling her move around him before he pulled out and rolled over to retrieve a condom.

“What?” She questioned.

“Your instincts are back, Constance or else you wouldn’t have known to heal me with your own hot little mouth.”

“I don’t feel differently, only rejuvenated.”

He watched her as he held himself sheathed and ready. “Then show me just how good you feel.”

She heated him with a penetrating stare. He’d be damned if he wouldn’t fuck his little virgin into a hard core orgasm now and feeding his cock to her slowly just wasn’t going to work out. He wanted to feel the barriers he crossed, the worlds he passed beyond.

There. He sank inside. “God, you feel so sweet and tight.”

Hell and earth—*there*. Another thrust and two more long awaited thumps.

He retreated, rocked back on his knees, brought hers up as he almost bit his lower lip off. It didn’t matter. Let him bleed. She liked the taste of his blood.

“Come here.” He tugged her to him and kissed her hard and then he pushed her back. The pressure was building and his body indulged in the greedy excursion—the enjoyment of consumption. His cock continued to strum inside of her with a beat of a more carnal drum keeping them in their own erotic time.

Her hips rose up off the bed. Her feet helped her arch and thrust against him. Oh he was loving her body more and more with each passing second.

“Constance, you hurt me and I swear, I’ll come back for you and fuck you day in and day out until you remember this.”

Her black eyes followed his. They both watched as he entered her again and again. “Oh, God!”

“That’s it, sweet one. Let me feel that pure heat.” His cock began to pick out a pace and once they had it, hell fires blazed with acknowledgement as beads of sweats rolled off of him.

His body moved into her with fire pulling him and a silky bed of passion laying in wait. He stroked it, felt it—loved it. And when he climaxed against it and with her, everything in him told him, warned him, of the ending it would soon bring.

* * * *

Soft and receptive, her walls let him take her to the other side. Her eyes followed him. One minute his hand would play with her nipple and then he would touch her pussy. Heaven help her, when he touched her there with a rotating hand and a spear for fingertips, she shot right up off the bed. Her hips rose and her feet forced her hips up which only allowed her more control to grind against his cock.

He merely smiled. He knew what he did to her and he did it all the more.

“That’s it my sweet woman. Come to me. Come to me now.”

She wanted to come. Hell yeah, she worked for a release. With the man inside of her grinding a stout cock against her—what woman wouldn’t have an orgasm? God, he felt like a capable man and yet, she had no idea. She saw it in his eyes, his expression—he knew her like no other man and yet all she could think of other than the fact she closed herself around him so eagerly was why—damnation, *who* was this man screwing her into an unexpected amount of pure bliss?

He didn’t take her gently and she didn’t act like she would break because of it. Her hips met his and her eyes stayed on him as he fucked her into one more realm of ecstasy. She let him have her virtue—oh yes a man like this had her permission to take it. She wasn’t sure why and didn’t even know how it happened, but it felt right. This creature, whoever he happened

to be, knew how to take a woman's virginity and gift her with a slow, talented ride.

Thighs bunched and her hand moved to his ass. She felt his butt cheeks clench and he drove into her with a fast fuck. A real hard screw—so much for a pat-down. No, hell no. They rode out their pleasure with the strength of a runaway wind and a tide cresting higher.

* * * *

Her eyes fell heavy by the time his lips locked around her veins and he freed her of the excess blood she earlier sipped like fine wine. Just a quick nip, only a little sip—one drink. He had to taste her nectar and with her to quench his thirst, he would never know another woman in his arms or in his bed. He bit again. Harder this time—the puncture of permanence—the one he gave to her marked her forever through time. She belonged to him.

Chapter Eleven

“Insatiable.” He stared at the ceiling as his hand moved his cock once or twice. He rolled over and peered down on her. “I will never tire of this—never in our immortal lifetimes—I swear to you.”

She stared at him blankly. Glared at him really—fire and ice ran rampant in her veins and she damn sure wanted to kill him. Her eyes deliberately raged with a bit of fire.

God help him. He didn’t want to see it.

No! Not now! Heaven help him, not this instant. Any other time, all right, but not right this second. Not here. Not now damn it! His emotions began to unravel and he swallowed hard against them as he rolled over to the side of the bed to unsheathe himself. He felt her move behind him.

“Where is my car?” She swallowed hard.

“Constance—”

“You know my name?” She turned around to look at him. “Of course you do. It’s your business to know and while it may have taken me a minute to shake my memory. I know precisely who took me to bed.”

He glanced back at her and nodded, but suddenly he couldn’t face her. He stood up and retrieved his pants. He stepped into them and zipped them up. Nervous fingers would never be able to button them so he left the top open. He picked up his shirt from the floor and tossed it on the bed.

“Constance, I care about you.” He didn’t know what to say. “And,” He paused as he tried to find the right words, “I think you care about me too.”

Her brow gave a bit as she studied him. “We do the nasty deed and you think I care about you?” She laughed bitterly. “I see, so I suppose I must’ve told you about the issue of my virginity.” Her small little hand dismissively waved the notion away.

"I don't look at your virtue as an insignificant little detail." He kept her in his focus. Damn it all. He had the worst luck of any blood-sucking bastard breathing.

"Well, Mr. Sabbat. It is Sabbat right? How do you view drugging me and taking my virginity?" Her words were as cold as an Alaskan snow. "Tell me please because I simply cannot wait to hear your excuses." Pure contempt poured from her lips. She began to look for her clothes.

His eyes refused to leave her now. It might just be the last time he saw her nude and heaven help him, Mother Earth stop him, try and forbid him, he had to stay with her until the very end. Until she walked out on him and refused to grant him the opportunity once more.

"Where are my clothes?" She stood in front of the bed. Her nipples were ripe from the abuse she suffered from only his lips. Her mouth appeared swollen and dry. Her cheeks were elegantly flushed and she looked beautiful, but her fury would come and when it did, he hoped he had the good sense to let her rage on before he reeled her back in with a slow hand. If it even hung at his side as a remote possibility.

"Constance, you need to listen to me." He started to approach her slowly. "You were drugged."

"Damn straight I was drugged. Your friend, Milosh—I think I remember his name—consider him a dead man. My brothers will kill him." Her little cheeks swelled. "Right after they slaughter you. Now tell me Mr. Sabbat, where are my clothes?"

He gritted against the anger. Hell the woman had so many different personalities, he had a tough time keeping up. He turned a cheek against a reality he should've expected to face. This young woman—this Constance—she existed. She was real. This was the one he feared he'd find. The woman he knew all along, he held in his arms. She was a true spit-fire, a hellion and a rebel, and she was ever bit as beautiful—even more so.

She moved closer and she did it quickly. "I said..."

His lips slanted over hers as he brought her in hard against his chest. They turned up at the corners and he damn near spoke them into her lips. "Why darling, they are in your closet. Right where they belong." If she wanted to be a bitch then he'd let her know he was hard and ready for the challenge.

A priceless expression crossed her face. “What the hell are you talking about?” Her palms slammed against his chest and she pushed him away.

“There.” He pointed to the closet and walked into the living room. “I think you’ll find the wardrobe really suits your personality.”

* * * *

Her eyes defied her. They lied for her. Hid from her some kind of truths maybe—something too painful. “What the hell is all of this?” She scanned the hangers. Clothes lined up neatly. The outfit she’d only just worn to the club seemed dry-cleaned and ready as it hung from a plastic bag. Her shoes were in good company—twenty pairs of various colors and styles lined up with them. She almost missed her own pair.

She backed away from it all and felt the brush of material against her back. Slowly, she turned. Perhaps she already understood what she would see behind her. The clothing of Sebastian Sabbat. His style and fashion sense in each garment hanging there.

“This cannot be happening.” She grabbed her own garments and dressed quickly. She slipped her shoes on her small feet and quickly crossed the room. She looked around for any personal effects and caught a glimpse of her purse. She grabbed it up from the nearby armoire and then opened the bay window. She didn’t believe in traditionalism like many of the other vampires—in fact, she wasn’t sure she knew how to just step out and float to the ground but she recognized it as one of her many abilities.

“There’s a first time for everything.” He said behind her.

She turned to face off with him. She felt her eyes shade and hold. The anger raged. The fury consumed her and she damn well wanted him to know it.

“You’re a spectacular picture when you’re mad.” He crossed his arms and sat on the bed. His eyes seemed glued to her.

If she wanted to read his expression, he didn’t give a lot away. She bucked against asking him a lot of questions, but there must have been so much she needed to know.

He didn’t use their situation to his advantage. Hell no, he’d already successfully managed that part—or so it seemed if the tangled sheets were any indication and her spent body reminded her.

She shuddered.

He saw it.

She wouldn't make the mistake again.

"I think I love you."

"What?" Her mouth fell open and she felt her eyes change again. Rage might have been behind the first transformation, but now something more existed there. She barely saw through them because of the mixture of colors, but the only purpose now seemed to exist with questioning intent.

"Constance, you've been here for several days."

"That's impossible."

"You need to sit down and let me talk to you. I know better than anyone, it's easier to run. You can take to my ledge and use your will against only yourself. I'll hurt—maybe I won't even exist without you here, but please, give me a few minutes of your time. Only a moment or two?"

"For a savage Sabbat? You must think I'm mad—practically insane." She turned her back and brought her leg up to step onto the windowsill.

"You'll fall sick without me now. I've marked you as mine."

* * * *

Damnation, she was right. He must've been courting lunacy when he decided to bite and mark her as his virgin bride. The elders would find the act defiant and both their families would have a true problem with it, even Darian. Sure, he wanted him to screw her, rub it in her family's faces, but marking her with his blood and then allowing their bloodlines to mix and take the final sip to seal it, he had truly gone mad.

Her nostrils flared and her rage existed as she swallowed again and again. Her breath seemed to fail her altogether. She couldn't speak—only try to breathe. "You'll die then because my brothers will never allow it especially since I didn't have a particular voice in the matter."

"Constance, you begged me to take you. I resisted you at first. God, you have to believe me. But you were hungry, you needed me and I..."

"*You* are a dead man because through death only am I free from you and if you marked me then you will die, and you've made a most grave mistake." Her coolness matched her new ice blue eye-shade. Not one hint of

the black calm underneath would resurface in his presence. The dark eyes he wanted to see once more ceased to exist.

She stepped to the ledge and then turned around once more. This time, he saw the red, the pure hell in them. It would be remembered. Damnation, he didn't want her to leave, but nothing would stop her. She truly hated Sabbats and everything his family stood for and worked against.

"I'll own the error and I'll be waiting for death because without you, I'll welcome it."

She didn't turn around then but instead dropped to the ground and she didn't look back over her shoulder. Still, he watched her until she disappeared into the shadows of night.

Chapter Twelve

He waited until he saw Darian and Gabriel leave. They were going to work in the warehouses and shipments would begin arriving within the hour. They expected him to be there. He called to tell them to expect him late. He watched as the tail lights of the limo pulled away and then eased his way to the house.

Once inside, he began to walk throughout the estate with his senses guiding him. “Samuel Spenser, where are you?” He called out to the familiar space he invaded. “If you want me to help you, then help yourself. Scream or yell. Tell me where you are now!. I need to talk to you.” Every step he made, he chanted the same thing again and again.

He walked the length of the basement and nothing. Not one solitary sound. After an hour of searching, he came up empty handed. “Damn it to hell! I’m calling out for Samuel Spenser! If you are here—answer me!” The ground underneath shook and parted with waves of dust scattering away from his anger. His eyes focused on much of the same leading behind a wall.

“And so you are here.” He walked quickly to the wall and worked diligently to find what he needed to release it. He saw the lever and spring attached to the pulley. He only tapped it and the partition gave way to the room behind it.

A large cage, approximately ten by ten, perhaps not even the size of a small bedroom, housed the large man. “Are you Samuel Spenser?”

The man moved closer to the dim light in the room. “Who are you?” He studied him for a minute and then blinked his eyes. “You’re the man they held while they pointed me out to my daughter?” He questioned but didn’t appear to need confirmation.

“I am.” He carefully studied the vampire the Sabbats were raised to fear—respect. Now, he wasn’t sure why. His brother had systematically

ruined the man and the vampire living within him as well as vice-versa. The vampire before him looked like a broken man more than one of the most powerful of their kind.

Samuel Spenser moved as close as possible without touching the swords. "Are you a Sabbat?"

"I am."

"The one rebel?"

"I suppose some would agree."

Samuel's eyes held caution. "Why were you with my daughter?"

"They drugged her and I kept her with me until she returned home safely."

"Is she home now?" The idea of it seemed to give him hope.

"Yes, sir. She is."

He nodded and then his lips pursed against the pain. "Does she have her memory now?"

"Yes, sir. She does."

The man behind the heavy bars lifted his nose and in an instant, his eyes shaded. "I feel her here, is she here?"

"No."

Rage set in and instantly, Sebastian understood why. What he'd always heard about the Spenser sixth-sense came alive in the eyes of a knowing father. His breathing became heavily laden with pure pain. "You marked her then, as your own." Every syllable he spoke fell from a painful heart and most tortured mouth.

"Mister Spenser, more than marking her as my own, I want you to know that I do love her as my own." Sebastian moved closer. "She will love me, too. She loved me before her memory came back. She adored me from the moment she saw me—until she realized my family had a stake in me."

Men squared their shoulders with determination. Eyes pierced through with a profound death looming to dare them if necessary. "You will not take my daughter into your family. My sons will never allow it and if I am ever freed, I will never stand by and watch it."

"Would you like to talk to her?" His voice remained calm. "It is not a trick question."

"I do not wish for her to enter into this hell even for a moment of time with her."

Sebastian held out a cell phone to him then. "It's yours. Until the battery runs out and then I'll bring you another. Hide it."

"Why would you help me?"

"Because sir, I'm not like them. I may share their blood, but I'm not tainted by their ways."

Questioning his motives, Samuel Spenser nodded slightly. "This will not earn you favor with my family or with Constance."

"No. I am sure of it. But it is right. I believe in doing what is right."

"Then I thank you." Reluctantly, he accepted the phone, but he lurked more in the shadows of confinement rather than granting Sebastian a closer inspection.

A nod barely moved Sebastian's head and he drew a deep breath and turned to walk away. "The spears there, they are loaded with sedative or death?" He assumed after nearly nine years, the man ward off by them would know.

"Sedatives—pain."

"Slow death?"

"Slow death." He agreed.

"I imagine I'll know it soon enough." He commented and then quickly added, "I cannot release you myself. To do so, I will die by my brother's hands. But I will help you and you will need it if you don't want to place your sons in harms way. Tell them I'll be at Agendas tonight. They can find me there."

The wall parted and Sebastian stepped to the other side. He nodded again. "And I'll expect them to bring Constance—she *will need them to bring her* to me." Before he received the reply, the door shifted and closed separating differences once again, but leaving the man on the other side with a new understanding as well as renewed hope.

* * * *

"Are you sure you are feeling all right?" Marion doted on her daughter as much as Tate.

The caretaker moved about the room like a busy butler looking for one more thing to straighten or tidy in the massive bed chambers. His small

hands fluffed a pillow—again—and he kept a keen eye on Constance. He'd been doing it practically all of her life.

"I still don't know why your brothers have to have all of this secrecy around me." She carefully watched her daughter. "I'm not naïve, young lady."

"Mother, no one thinks you're naïve."

"Then you realize, as a mother, I have a right to know certain things about my child." Her dark eyes mirrored her daughters, in many ways; Marion Spenser's beauty lingered in her youngest child's face.

The twins came to her rescue. *Finally*. It took them long enough.

"Mother, she is anything but a child. Besides, Almonzo told you earlier that we want to handle this and we will take every precaution to ensure all of you are safe." Orlando stepped up to the bed and peered down at his sister. She sensed his concern.

Almonzo sat easily on the bed. "We need to talk to her, Mother."

Tate rushed to Constance's side. "I think she's *talked* enough. She's weak and needs her rest." He adamantly stood his ground—unsuccessfully.

"You will take Mother and you will take leave." Almonzo stood and walked to the window overlooking the grounds before opening the patio doors.

Raising an eyebrow, Orlando nodded. "Now. We would like to have a moment *now*."

Fear sliced through her chest. Constance rarely felt scolded or condemned by her brothers, but suddenly she felt afraid and very *exposed*. She didn't like it in the least.

Piercing glares, a battle of wits and wills moved freely around the room until finally Marion Spenser kissed her daughter on the cheek and Tate escorted her easily out of the room. Orlando took his mother's chair and Almonzo sat down on the side of the bed.

"How are you feeling, really?" Almonzo watched her for signs of any pain or shortcomings.

"I feel great, actually." She shrugged, but did she dare relax? Almonzo and Orlando didn't clear the room to check on her well being.

"I bet." Almonzo studied his double and waited. Orlando tilted his head up in the room, his nostrils flared and then he reluctantly nodded.

The hissing sound of a damn pissed off snake ripped throughout the room. “When the hell were you going to tell us he marked you?” The shouting rumbled across the air. The wind blew in and collected the curtains before slamming the patio doors shut for them.

Constance moved up on the bed. “I don’t know. I haven’t been home long enough to take all of this in or think about it.”

“Do you remember anything or—”

“Bits and pieces.” She chopped out an answer and then held up her hand to her older brothers. “I planned to tell you.” Her eyes threatened to produce a tear because she tried to forcibly make them water, but her dramatics failed to work her brothers. They weren’t stupid and they would never perceive her as a victim.

“You’re turning into a damn woman.” Almonzo paced the floor. “You tell what you want to tell—*bits and pieces* of the *truth*.”

Orlando looked at his sister. “She is a woman, brother.” He acknowledged.

Almonzo stood at the door. The pain and agony of realization hurt them all. The room seemed to flood with heartache. Death called, it shouted out from beyond. Constance spoke first because she knew they would want to know her position.

“I accept whatever you decide.”

“And what if we decide to hand you over to him? What then, Constance? Do you accept a fate of Sabbats?”

Her eyes held sudden fear. “Certainly not.”

“Then you should have taken the opportunity to turn him away when he took you into his bed! What is wrong with you? Did you really think we wouldn’t know that you slept with our enemy?”

“I didn’t go there willingly!” Her whining tugged instantly at her brothers’ hearts and she witnessed it. And then she saw the pure rage in both. Orlando stormed to the doors and opened up the night again shouting out in an agonizing fury.

“He raped you?” Almonzo questioned more sensibly.

Fear washed over her then. “No, not exactly.”

Orlando marched over to her and grabbed her by the shoulders. “Then what *exactly*?” He shook her hard until tears did fall. The kind she didn’t control or use for simple theatrics.

Constance's lower lip trembled. "I think I encouraged it, under the circumstances."

Orlando's grip didn't ease and his eyes shaded. Even when Natasha and Tabitha rushed in, he didn't release her. He only called out over his shoulder. "This is a family matter!"

"Precisely and we aren't going anywhere." Natasha stood her ground against her husband.

Tabitha and Natasha were strong women and they loved their sister-in-law. Both women had known her since she was a little girl. They also recognized the vile tempers in their husbands and didn't plan to let Constance deal with them alone—not in matters concerning the heart.

Natasha walked over to the bed and laid a firm hand on her husband's shoulder. "Let her go, Orlando. Now."

He shook her once more, maybe for good measure or perhaps just to shake some damn sense into her. Heaven help her, she needed it.

"Almonzo, do something!" Orlando called out to the one in the family who seemed to handle the majority of business matters.

Tabitha faced off with her significant other then. She stood in front of him and shook her head. "No, you will not torment her. Has she not been through enough already?" She glared at him.

"Has she not put the entire family through enough hell?" He turned on his sister then. "What were you thinking going to Agendas? It is a known Sabbat club."

Constance thought back to her twenty-first birthday. She went there looking for *him*. If she wanted to be honest, then she needed to admit *that much*.

Tabitha smirked then and looked at Natasha. The women obviously knew something Constance's brothers didn't. Constance blinked her eyes because she recognized the stares her sisters-in-law shared with her. She either confessed the hell up or they would.

"I went there looking for him."

"For who?" Orlando asked.

"Who the hell do you think—Santa Claus?" Almonzo shook his head and then returned his focus to Constance. "Why did you want to find Sebastian Sabbat?"

Tabitha's mouth turned up at the corners. "Almonzo, if you don't mind my saying so, I absolutely know why she wanted to find him. I've met the man, remember?" Her words taunted him with several reminders. When Almonzo took Tabitha for a lifemate, Darian Sabbat took her blood which mandated a call for a secondary provider. He was a damn close carbon copy of Sebastian.

"Just for that, I'll enjoy killing him." He glared at her and set his jaw.

Tabitha moved closer. "This is ridiculous and you know it. I'm not going to stand by and watch you criticize her for an attraction."

Almonzo studied her and then crossed his arms. He towered over her petite frame. "Is that right? An infatuation, is that what you think this is?"

"That's precisely what this is. She heard about him at a night club for crying out loud. Some girls were going on and on about him and curiosity must have killed the cat." Her arms rose and fell in exasperation.

"No, dear wife, I'm afraid it's more than that—it didn't kill anything. It just called the little pussy out."

Constance's mouth dropped as soon as the word fell from her brother's mouth. She covered her ears. "Stop! I can't talk about this with all of you."

Orlando stormed over to her again and quickly removed the palm muffs she found by using her hands. "Oh but little sister, you are going to hear us and you are going to hear us loud and clear!"

Tate rushed in before the scolding exercise continued. "Almonzo! Orlando! The phone!" He tossed, literally threw, a cellular phone in the direction of the older twin.

"This is Almonzo Spenser."

He raised his eyebrow waiting for a word from the other end.

"Hello?"

"Hello my son."

Almonzo's eyes seemingly set. He glared ahead. "Father?"

Everyone in the room watched and waited. It had been nine years—nine hard long years. The family had little hope left. They buried him deep in their soul and accepted his death as a rare and unusual vampire death. A vampire killing the Sabbat family orchestrated or so those carrying rumors believed, and those present accepted it. Until, a phone call suddenly changed everything.

Chapter Thirteen

The Spenser limousines pulled up to the front door of Agendas. Constance rode in one limo with Orlando and Natasha while Almonzo and Tabitha were in another. Constance stepped out defiantly still arguing with her fate and her stubborn-ass brothers. She glanced back at Almonzo as he moved away from his car. He walked closer to her with Tabitha on his arm, lightly touching his elbow.

“I hate you for making me do this.” She nearly screamed at him. She didn’t care if the doormen or the patrons of the club watched in horror as she shook her little finger in his face. She didn’t object to throwing a fit or true temper tantrum, if it suited her—and right now, it sure did.

“I know and you’ll hate me forever, I’m sure.” He taunted her as they walked to the door.

A doorman opened it and Orlando slid a tip in his hand. They passed by onlookers and every one in their party seemed to receive an eye or two of approval. They were the beautiful people. Unblemished by age and unscarred by any imperfections, they walked into the club like they owned it, but the truth didn’t hold as much appeal. They were, in fact, sitting targets and they damn well knew it.

“Why did you insist on bringing Tabitha and Natasha?” Constance turned to her brothers. “You are placing them in harm’s way especially with Tabitha’s history with the deranged Sabbat.” Constance casually referred to Tabitha’s previous relationship with Darian Sabbat. He was one of her secondary mates thanks to the flawed laws of their elders.

“And you think you would’ve been safe with these two?” Tabitha asked her. She rolled her eyes. “Oh please, Constance.”

“Besides, there was no way in hell I’d let him walk in here without me.” Natasha quickly added as she searched the room over and latched a possessive arm around Orlando’s shoulders.

Constance understood. It happened to be what drew her into the heart of the club. The beat pumped orgasmic sensations onto the dance floor and those dressed there weren't exactly the epitome of innocence. She loved it there. Freedom—hell yeah, she was free out there and just loved the way the music washed over her as if granting her the right to move.

The pull began and she found herself there again. She didn't even know where or how she lost her brothers and their wives, but before she knew what hit her, she was there on the dance floor, shaking her ass with the best of them, losing her arms to the ceiling and her weight to the floor. She swayed, heaven help her, and the thumping drums intoxicated her. The sounds made her feel completely inebriated by their fluid attempt to work cautiously into the waves and waves of pleasure. She was possessed by the music there.

It almost felt like home, for some unexplainable reason.

Tabitha eased her way onto the dance floor and pointed to a corner booth. "We're over there and your hound dog brothers will not let you out of their sight. Behave!" She shouted over the music. Constance nodded and then danced away from her. She would remember to thank her paranoid twin brothers later. They insisted on arriving an hour earlier than Sebastian requested and she happened to be grateful. She would dance her life away until then.

* * * *

He zoomed in on her. The eyes in the sky were all on her. He sat in the control room and deliberately placed them there so he could feel her surround him while he watched her dance. Mesmerized by her, he dared stupidity, no he invited it. He truly opened himself up to the feeling of compact lunacy.

Sebastian called down to the disc jockey. "Cry Little Sister—McMann. Play it as soon as I walk out on the dance floor. Hit it."

Steadily, he rose to his feet. He gripped the mouse and clicked the image of her dancing and moved it to nearly life size proportions before he clicked again and saved it to the computer. Damn it—he'd turned into a sick stalker. He shook his head and tried to strain against the existing pain he knew he would find in her eyes, if not her arms.

He didn't give a damn.

Her father instructed her brothers to bring her there because he knew, and now they realized, she would need to be fed. Until they reached a pardon or acceptable terms, he would feed her because it would be his responsibility and she would hate him for it. And he fully accepted the hellish circumstances ahead because he refused to keep his dick fastened in his pants when had the chance to do the honorable thing.

When he circled the club, he didn't see them instantly but he felt a lot of eyes on him. Her scent wildly pulled at him, but he didn't allow himself to go to her. He would greet his guests and treat them like the VIPs they were in his presence.

"Thank you for coming." He nodded toward Orlando and Almonzo and extended his hand.

They ignored it.

"We didn't have a choice in the matter, now did we?" Almonzo focused on his wife and then Sebastian.

Smirking, Sebastian turned his attention to the women. One or both of them found him attractive. He didn't have to guess because the true venom in a jealous male often found light in a man's eyes and how he focused on the woman he liked to keep in his bed. "Ladies, it's a pleasure."

Orlando sneered. He turned to look at the dance floor. "She's there."

He smiled and slid them an envelope. One that held everything they needed to know about their father including a map of the estate where he was held as a prisoner. "I never doubted it for a moment." He nodded and then signaled a cocktail waitress over to the table. "The Spensers are my guests tonight. Drinks on the house."

She purred her response. "It's my pleasure. I know these boys."

The tables turned and the jealous little vixens seated there nearly sharpened their claws as they hung onto their men. Sebastian chuckled then patted the table. "We'll be back."

"Make it fast," Almonzo warned.

Sebastian heeded the warning. He might as well. The little hellcat on the dance floor would not go willingly. He wouldn't be able to hold her long without restraints and he hated to bind and tie her—oh yeah, he'd really hate it.

He felt the eyes of her brothers on him as he stalked her. He leaned up against the padded rail on the interior area of the dance floor.

Cry Little Sister began to play.

He felt his jaw twitch as he watched her shapely legs move under her in a slow sway. Her black eyes began to search. Clockwise, she turned. Slowly with her moves, she worked her way around the crowded room. He realized she felt him there and once her gaze hit ten o'clock, she would see him. Slowly, she danced. He longed to be there with her or at least for her eyes to find his and yes, they were coming for him. Slow and sure, but her focus would find him.

Damn if he didn't need her now, he never would. He ached for her with a slow burn and he hoped the song alone would shake some element of the same need he wanted her to find.

She continued the search.

Her eyes would move to the rail and across the room. He saw her make eye contact with both of her brothers. She seemed to look away from them quickly. Damn them. They didn't tell her at all why they bothered to bring her.

Two inches more. *There. There now baby girl. Here I am.*

Fear consumed her—chased her. Locked in an understood trance, his hand easily went out, and slowly, he reached for her. Her dark hair layered over her shoulders and her neck rolled off to the side. She glared at him once before glancing back at her brothers. They seemed to make an effort not to look at her now. He felt certain it was a strain and even more positive he could thank the lovely women they chose to take for their wives. They were keeping their mates well entertained.

Constance seemingly knew then why she was there. She moved closer. His nose tilted up to the air and he suddenly knew the only purpose he had in life, the only one he wanted to serve, stood only inches away from him. He motioned for her. His palm rose and his pinky, thumb, ring and middle fingers closed. Indicating, he wanted her to move closer, his forefinger bent forward and back for her. He beckoned her closer, ever so close. Five of six times, forward and back he moved it so she would know he meant her. As if the little wench doubted it for a second.

The black dress snugly hugged her waist and thighs. It barely covered her ass. Her brothers must've expected him to fuck her. They gave their

permission when they allowed her to come to him dressed like a seductress. Hell's fury a woman who wanted to be left untouched didn't dress like Constance Spenser.

His arm brought her to him. She wiggled against him. "Let me go."

"Not on your life." He moved into her slowly and nuzzled her hair as he did. He inhaled deeply, careful to breathe her in for an enduring moment. He glanced, only once and just for a mere second, at her brothers. His eyes latched with the older twin. The one he knew headed up the family now.

"They'll kill you." She whispered and threatened seeming all too delighted with the possible outcome he would eventually face.

"Not today they won't. Today, they expect me to feed you."

"And you're just betting that means I'll let you *do me* too?" She defiantly pressed her center into him.

"I have no expectations, Constance. Maybe I suspect death looms, but until my death, you'll see me because I'm in your veins now. You have to have me in daily doses in order to survive." His arms wrapped her tightly as he moved her back to the dance floor.

"What are you doing?" Her eyes moved over him.

"We're dancing to the other side." He informed her lightly as his cock moved up and back against her center while his thighs bunched and touched her with each move. His thick arms held her close and his wrists crossed behind her waist and they locked then behind her allowing his palms to rest on the base of her ass.

And he made damn sure her brothers didn't see her backside.

He saw Orlando stretch. Hell yeah, the bastard knew, but to confirm it he would have to get up out of his seat and verify it. Thank goodness his little redheaded wife didn't plan on moving or allowing him the opportunity.

"I scream and you're a dead man."

"Careful love, my family has something your family wants. I'm sure you know I'm helping your brothers *and you* find your father." In a daring move then, one of his hands moved lower and gently caressed her ass.

Her breath hitched in her lungs. "I want you to let me go." Her dark eyes locked with his again.

"Your words threaten and tell me one thing but your heart, damn you woman, the place where it will never truly thump, only beats with me." He watched and waited for her to deny it but when she didn't, he continued.

“You’re afraid of me. I see it in your face. You’re frightened by what you feel for me, and by what you may already yearn for and yes, I believe it’s a craving.” He looked beyond the crowds and saw the sudden uneasiness in her brother’s faces.

“Come on.” He took her hand and led her off the dance floor. Arrogantly, he paraded her by her family. “We’ll be back.” He snapped.

“Damn it do something! Stop this.” She glared at her brothers then. He suspected she would and it’s why he did it. He deliberately passed by their table and shot her brothers a stare, a million dollar dare they would not take.

Rage—he wanted her full of fury when he took her and damnation *he planned to take her*. If they thought he just planned to feed her, they were wrong, so very wrong.

They walked down the hallway to the suites. “I’m not going in one of those with you. I’m not.” She defiantly chose to scream at his back as she tried to wiggle her wrist from his grasp.

“You are right. You will not.” He damn near shoved her out the back door and into the waiting limousine. “See how easy it is to have your way with me?”

Chapter Fourteen

“Champagne?” He immediately watched her squirm for a rational thought.

“No.” She crossed her arms tightly over her chest.

“Fine. Perhaps I can find something else you’d prefer to sip on then.” He smirked and unhooked his belt. Damn, he wished he could do it for more than mere show.

“I’m willing to bet my brothers thought I would remain in the club.” She made the observation and also made a point to act unimpressed by his theatrics.

“Your brothers are anything but concerned about your safety with me now.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Maybe you should. But don’t take my word for it, why don’t you ask them when you see them again.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Oh, you mean,” she held up her little forefinger sarcastically, “this isn’t one of those nights where you just find a gal to take home and play house with for awhile, huh?”

“Hardly.”

“Are you sure about that? Because Sebastian, if I remember correctly, you have a closet just waiting for me.”

“I made an error in judgment.”

“An error in judgment—that’s a convenient way of avoiding the truth.”

“It *is* the truth and I just wish you could remember everything.” He stared straight ahead. This feeding thing wasn’t going to work out for them. He already felt failure and he didn’t like the way it made him feel.

She moved a bit closer, though her slide across the seat didn’t do a lot to ensure the loss of space between them. “Oh, you mean the part where you

came in and saved me from what's his name. The guy, I am now presuming worked for you."

Damn his mouth for watering near her. He took the champagne flute and tilted it up and just gulped it. Hell, it barely quenched his thirst. He set the glass down in the holder nearby and stared at it like it held more of his attention than the woman next to him.

"Constance." He gritted his teeth. "Milosh did not work for me and he did not know who you were. I am quite certain after he screwed you, he would have killed you once he realized you would need a stake through the heart. Then, you would not be here to argue about it and look at what a great time we would have missed."

She sighed dramatically. "Have you forgotten one small detail?"

"What's that?"

"I cannot die!"

"You can die by a spear with a certain blended cocktail."

She gasped.

He easily read the face of recognition. "Oh so you know about the deadly cocktails Darian has for your family?"

"The vaccines he created from Tabitha's blood?" She questioned quietly.

"Yes. They do indeed exist and Milosh would have access to any vaccination he asked for because he is granted those favors from Darian in exchange for his continued services in less desirable affairs."

"Oh you mean the human trafficking business."

Sebastian's eyes fell. "I mean Darian's affairs—something I choose to distance myself from at any cost."

"Milosh did *you* a favor."

"No, dear. I did you one. Milosh wouldn't be opposed to cutting your heart out if you pissed him off." He shifted in his seat. "And call it a hunch but I imagine you would find a way to do it without any problem."

"Oh you're good." Her full lips formed a tight line and her jaw set.

And she just lost round one.

He smirked. He'd just taunted the hell out of her for that comment. "So you remember?" She moved, or at least started to scoot her ass away from him, but he grabbed her wrist and pulled her closer.

Darting glares, seductive stares. “You do remember. It’s why you sensed me there with you. As soon as I moved to the dance floor tonight, you felt me in every way that matters.” He caressed her ankle then with one lone finger. “In places only I have visited.” He trailed up her inner thigh.

“Don’t flatter yourself.” She blushed and smacked his hand away.

“Are you angry little one? I think you are and I think it’s because you’re angrier at yourself for wanting me than at me for making the first move to kiss you.”

She laughed uncomfortably as she yanked her arm free. “You do give yourself way too much credit.”

“Do I?”

“A lot of it, actually.”

“Then kiss me. See if you can resist me. Just one kiss. That’s all.” His tongue touched his upper lip. And then he moved her closer to him. “If you don’t want me after the kiss, then I’ll feed you and return you to your brothers without the scent of sex to keep you warm tonight.”

“Fuck you, Sebastian.”

“You can if you want, but you say you don’t want it.”

“I didn’t say anything at all...”

“Oh, so you do?”

“I need your blood stores.”

“And you’ll have it. After the kiss.” He narrowed his gaze then. A daring soul, he knew his little vixen would take the bet. Her lucky player charm reminded him she loved a good wager.

“And—I lead.” He quickly added.

“Fine.” She sarcastically puckered up.

“Come here.” He called for her and watched as his meticulously chosen words seemed to bring back a memory.

* * * *

Heart-felt agony swept over her as he kissed her. *Come here*. She closed her eyes and her head dropped with the memory of how he felt on her skin, under her touch. Dear God, she saw him in her mind, towering over her ready to enter her and she had to force herself away from the kiss before she

fell deeper into his mouth and simply consumed him. She swallowed back the pain and the true mental clip she focused on forced her to open her eyes.

“You remember.” He moved closer.

“I don’t remember anything more than who you are and since I chose to go to bed with a monster, you’ve kept me bound to you by blood.” She snapped at him then and her teeth dropped with her anger.

He unbuttoned his shirt then and his eyes hazed with the anger she must’ve drawn out of him as well. “Then if I am nothing more than a mere animal, perhaps you should show me how easy it is to take me to slaughter because I’ll be damned if I want the women I take to my bed repulsed by me.”

Her sneers were warranted but his anger seared her senses. She wasn’t sure exactly why he seemed so well provoked to it without warning. She just didn’t understand men. First, he wanted to kiss her and now, he seemed ready to feed her and let her go.

“Fine, have it your way.” Her lips fell to his skin and she instantly tasted the fortitude waiting for her there. Her teeth first barely nicked his skin, but once she tasted him, sweet heaven came calling and she knew he tasted familiar. Her little fangs dropped and he welcomed her home. Even in his own fury, his eyes set with hers and he moaned as his head dropped just over to the side. Full access—he allowed her and seemingly wanted her to take what she needed.

His strength gave her courage to live out another day and she thanked him as she gently swiped her tongue over the intrusion. He fed her enough to quench her need—but for how long? Her lips seemed to roll with a pucker. She felt alive in every way and the sexual heat, the damn energy firing her forward threatened to part her legs and invite him in for a quick revisit. She was wet and on fire for his touch.

His head tilted upward and his nostrils flared. He smirked because he knew. He recognized a woman in heat. They all did. Vampires and their keen awareness left a female simply exposed.

“I can’t do this again. We’re going to have to talk to the elders. I don’t—want this,” she shook her head and then she decided what the hell, “I don’t want you to die, but we cannot be together like this.”

Maybe he agreed because he didn’t seem to fight her on it. He just glared straight forward.

A bead of sweat formed over his brow. "You will see me dead or you will decide you need me beside you. It's your only choice." He lowered the glass separating them from the driver then. "Let's go back. Miss Spenser has more than had her fill."

* * * *

The car pulled up to the front and Sebastian stepped out. Arrogance quickly settled in his stride as he walked back inside ahead of her. Walking in the front door allowed her big brothers to know he slipped her out of Agendas on their watch. It proved to them who really held the control here. He didn't give a damn.

They'd bred hatred in Constance's delicate veins so he didn't care what they thought now. He hoped it pained them to no end as they brought her back again and again as they waited for the right time to be rejoined with Samuel Spenser. As long as the patriarch of the family remained a prisoner at his compound, Constance would need him on a daily basis. For now, it served a purpose—he just wasn't sure who benefited most.

"I hope you've enjoyed your time here tonight. Darian and Gabriel will be here tomorrow night. I can meet you back here or at my cottage in the country." He didn't look back over at Constance. Damnation, if he did, it would kill him. Besides, he wanted to hurt alone. He didn't need her assistance or her encouragement. He managed the pain all by himself.

Almonzo studied him for a long time. "Stop by our home when you have a moment. She's usually up right after sunset. Stop in anytime."

"Very well, then." He nodded to the women and watched again as the men to their sides flinched. This time, he didn't find amusement in it and maybe he never would again. Perhaps these men would not only be around to judge him, but maybe they would also later stand as his jury and determine his fate—then, only then would they lead him to his execution. But they would be too late. Constance's own earlier words all but left him in the gallows.

Chapter Fifteen

“My daughter is taking her toll on you now, I see.” Samuel Spenser remained in deep thought as he watched the young man in front of him. Perhaps, after several days of visiting with him, he saw what his daughter saw in him.

The young vampire proved to be level-headed, which didn’t seem to be a common trait in their kind. Many of the young males were reckless. He raised two sons. He should know better than anyone. The Sabbat boys acted like rebels beyond reason, but somehow Sebastian stood out as different.

“I don’t wish to discuss Constance today, with all due respect.”

“Understood.” Samuel quickly changed the subject. “Tell me about my sons. How are they?”

“I don’t know them all that well and I don’t imagine they want to strike up a well meaning conversation with me anytime soon.”

“They tell me you’ve been visiting Constance at the house.”

“Yes.” He nodded.

“And that works well for you?”

“Well enough.”

“I see.” He rubbed his chin and watched the young man fight against the pain he experienced.

“You’re the black sheep.” Samuel remarked.

“I am indeed.” Sebastian agreed.

“Why have you stayed involved with your brothers and your family business?”

“Lack of better opportunity, I suppose. But I’ve bought a few casinos on my own. I imagine you know this already. Your sons would have told you.” He turned a metal chair around in the center of the room and straddled it. “Any advice?”

“Run like hell. Stay out of the way of the larger conglomerates and sell quickly when the big guys offer to buy you out.” He laughed. “Ahh, I’ve missed the days of negotiations.”

Sebastian chuckled. “I’m sure you have.” His voice darkened. “I’m sorry about all of this.” He locked eyes with Samuel Spenser and the man translated his sincerity and even responded to it.

“Sebastian, I’ve been thinking a lot about you in recent days. You were only a child yourself when your brothers brought me here. I know, realize indeed, you did not know about my capture and I believe you are the kind of young man, had you known, even before you knew my daughter, you would have reacted in the same manner as you have now.” He chose his words carefully but then again, they were already thought provoked. He’d definitely had time to think about Sebastian Sabbat since they’d met.

Suddenly uncomfortable, Sebastian changed the subject. “How are you on the cell phone battery? I brought you another one if you’d like to trade.” He handed it over to him then.

As he did, his own phone rang. “Excuse me.” He turned his back to Samuel and stepped off to the side. “Sebastian Sabbat.”

He turned back to face Samuel Spenser. “Yes, I own the property. I don’t know. I haven’t really thought about selling.”

Samuel felt his face heat, maybe even light up in anticipation.

“Yes, I certainly will and I will call you when I’m in town.” He closed the phone and excitedly shared his news.

“Well, I’ll be damned. Talk about timing.”

“An offer?”

“Maybe. One of the large casino holding companies would like to look at the Silver Globe Casino I only just purchased. It’s out on Boulder Highway. Do you remember it?”

Samuel nodded. He did remember it. “Nice property. Let me guess, one of your competitors?”

Sebastian smiled. “Yes, apparently they view us as such since we implemented a new comping program for VIPs. We’re optimistic actually. We believe we could turn a smart profit in about five years and that’s not bad given the price paid to own a piece of ground in Vegas.”

“How long have you been working in the casino business, Sebastian?” He questioned the young man because he really didn’t get the feeling Sebastian had a good sense of the casino business—yet.

“I just bought two properties and I am spending more money than I’m making right now. It’s going fast. So maybe five years is a bit of a stretch, but I’m optimistic.”

“Aye. I see—I guess you’ve used this same attitude while trying to win my daughter’s love?” Scottish flavor tickled the hell out of him. He only used it typically when he felt at ease with his company. *Imagine, the ease of talking with a Sabbath son.* He damn near chuckled again when he realized it.

“I really thought we weren’t going to talk about Constance today. Aren’t you speaking with her daily now anyway?”

“I am.” He turned his focus back to business. “If you have a pending offer, then you should go.”

“I can’t right now.”

“I see no reason why you cannot.”

Sebastian stared at him hard. “I have several. Your daughter being the main obstacle, and that’s just for starters, but I can’t leave her. She refuses to drink the supplements Tate or even Walt prepare for her. She will die without me.”

“Then she will not know what it is like to be without you, will she?” The words he spoke were carefully layered with meaning. He assumed the young man in front of him would catch the truer significance behind them.

Sebastian slowly sat back down and focused on the older Spenser. He started to speak first, but out of mere fear, maybe even a bit of respect, he apparently lost the desire to hear his own voice.

“I’ve grown to respect you, Sebastian. No, I don’t like how you and my daughter were initially joined, but you could have easily left her and you chose instead to stay by her side. Even though her brothers, I’m sure, didn’t make it easy for you.” He smiled then. The twins, most likely, gave him hell.

He began to pace in his cage. “I talk to my sons daily now, thanks to your generosity of course, and in all honesty, we want you to take her away. We want you both out of this town when Orlando and Almonzo come for me. Obviously, we need you safe so you can keep her safe.”

His eyes darkened and then he gave his final nod of approval. “You will go to Las Vegas because you have a business to run and because I think my daughter has fought a hard battle and she finally deserves to lose the war—and the least you can do is reward her for a game well played. She’s always wanted to go to Las Vegas, after all.” A sudden twinkle came into his eyes and he felt it sparkle because it was a twitch only thoughts of his children brought, specifically Constance.

Sebastian looked like a wet pup out in the rain. Shocked, actually, and stunned to silence, no doubt. His long hair framed his shoulders and shielded his face preventing Samuel from reading his excitement or his dread—both of which were guaranteed to exist.

Samuel continued. “I will talk to Almonzo and ask him to advise you if you find you need consultation in any area of a sale transaction. After all, we are quite familiar with the hospitality industry and the gaming industry, in particular.”

Sebastian seemed to anticipate a final word. Samuel toyed with him. The young man knew he’d already been granted permission. It was all but written across his face—the expectancy and the relief.

He chuckled. “And my darling daughter will go with you kicking and screaming but once she’s there, I imagine she’ll like it well enough and I think the two of you will be very happy.”

* * * *

“Father, have they drugged you?” Constance held the phone closer to her ear as she glared at Sebastian when he entered the room. She paced around like the true tigress she was and he felt some measure of pride watching her.

“I’m sure we have other options. *I’m quite of confident of it.* Just a minute, Father.” She held the phone down to her hip and locked eyes with Sebastian. “If you don’t walk back out that door this instant, I’m going to scream my bloody head off.” She returned the receiver to her cheek and tried to wave a dismissive hand in his direction.

“Go ahead.” He mouthed the words more than said them.

“Yes, he is here. Why? Fine, but I want you to know this is unacceptable.” She handed the phone off to Sebastian and then stared at her

brothers when she saw them enter the room, too. “Fabulous, the whole family wants to take his side, I see.”

“It may be unacceptable but it is workable.” Almonzo didn’t necessarily look happy about it, but he seemed content with the words they were all about to hear as a family. He nodded to Sebastian and Sebastian connected the phone to the speaker box outlet and stood back waiting.

“Are you all there?” Samuel Spenser spoke with authority. If his children could only see him now, they would be shocked. The man who once seemed to tower over all of them barely had enough meat to cover his bones when Sebastian first found him. Slowly, he had put on some weight because Sebastian had taken him transfusions and supplements to help him regain his strength.

* * * *

“We’re here.” Marion walked in and stared at the young Mr. Sabbat, Constance noticed. Her mother seemed to recognize her fate and readily welcome it too. *Damn it all!* They were ganging up on her and she felt it. Now she understood what Almonzo must’ve felt like when Tabitha moved in with them. It might be why he didn’t seem so willing to let his guard down. She’d hang tough with him. Yes, indeed. Some Spensers still knew how to stick together.

“Good. How are you today, Marion?”

“Fine, dear. How are you?”

“Better now since I can hear your voice.”

Constance wrinkled her nose and Orlando pinched it as he commented. “You two quit your flirting. We have business to begin and I can’t wait to see the look on my little sister’s face.” He swatted her backside with a newspaper and then moved to the sofa to soak it all in.

“Sabbats are leaving—a little bird flew by recently to tell me.” Even now, he seemed hell bent on keeping the close relationship he’d developed with Sebastian from her, but she knew her father saw him more and more. She sensed it because Sebastian seemed to possess a close familiarity with her family. “And so are you, Constance.”

“What?” Her eyes widened.

“Boys, she leaves today and you go on standby. When I give the word, we move.” Almonzo and Orlando stared at Sebastian.

Almonzo still had a difficult time calling Sebastian by name. “I suppose your messenger boy here will be leaving with our little sister?”

“He will indeed.”

Orlando slapped him on the back. “Well, I’ll be damned. You won over the old man. I’d say your chances have improved now, but uh...” he pointed to Constance, “only slightly, she’s stubborn as hell and I hope you have a high tolerance for temper tantrums and *lots* of drama.” He slapped his back again.

“Boys, we have a small window of opportunity and Sebastian will discuss it with you. Please study the maps and the layouts—no room here for error.”

“Yes, Father.” The twins chimed in together.

Constance and Sebastian locked eyes once more. She’d already mouthed the words twice, but now decided to spit them out for all to hear. “No means—hell no!”

Her mother caught it on a third threat. “Ahem—Samuel, your daughter is less than agreeable.”

Tate stepped forward then. “I would like to offer my services. I will travel with Constance.”

Orlando and Almonzo both grinned then. They knew their father would be right there to deny him.

“The hell you will. You’ve pampered and spoiled her all of her life. That’s part of the problem now. You won’t go. Her mother won’t go and her brothers will leave this alone. I’ve already talked to the young man there with you and he is a keeper—you might as well accept it, Constance.”

“I will not! And pardon me for saying this, Father, but given your predicament at the current time, I don’t think you’ll make me.”

Samuel Spenser took extreme caution and obviously tried to avoid calling out Sebastian’s name, but his daughter drew him out and the precise details he wanted her to follow did as well.

“Constance, *you will leave* with Sebastian. He is taking you somewhere safe and you do not get to decide whether or not you will go with him.”

“Father! Stop this! I am a grown woman and you have to understand that I haven’t even been in your presence for nearly nine years. I am *not* in love with this man.”

“Liar.” Sebastian smiled.

She twitched all over and everyone in the room witnessed it.

“Then perhaps you should have thought twice before you searched him out in one of the Sabbat clubs. Sebastian?”

“Yes, sir?”

“Marion has her things packed and Tate made arrangements to have a shop on the Strip contact you upon your arrival. You wanted to stay at your place, correct?”

“Yes, sir, but if I have any problems, and I’m sure I will, I’ll move to the suggested location.”

“Good. The elders would be happy for you to use their compound there. Just let Almonzo know if you need it and he’ll arrange it. Now, so you can travel tonight, please leave soon.”

“But Father!” Tears were forming. Damn it all, they would fall.

“Constance!” Marion set her jaw and her cheeks seem to puff out automatically. “Enough. You will go and next time, think smart before you part your legs.”

“What?” She dropped her jaw and glared at her brothers. They’d promised not to tell her she had to be fed by Sebastian. They promised to pretend that he was only a guest in their home—there for business.

“Don’t look at your brothers. Did you think I wouldn’t know my own daughter needed her determined mate’s blood? Did you think it would escape me that a handsome man in his twenties came in here day in and day out to discuss business? Did you think I wouldn’t ask?”

“I thought,” she glared at her brothers and then snapped her final comments, “some siblings had an inch of loyalty and I thought we all stuck together here.”

“Well, they’re hanging pretty tight right now.” Sebastian laughed. “I’m ready to leave when you are, dear.”

Chapter Sixteen

She told him a thousand times—no a thousand didn't quite cover it, it seemed like ten thousand, maybe even twenty—she didn't want him for keeps. She didn't want him to touch her or talk to her and she damn sure didn't want him to feed her. She would starve before she would take his blood ever again. And he loved hearing it each time she screamed it.

“Good evening, love.” He pulled the thick shades back and allowed the moonlight to drift into their penthouse suite.

She pulled the cover tightly over her head. “Go the hell back to the flames you inspire.”

“I'll kindle them all right and in fact, today will be the day.”

She immediately sat up and faced off with him. “The hell it will be because you are still a Sabbat at the end of the day. And at the end of your pathetic life, if you ever face an unexpected demise, you'll return to those rogues you call family, so death would then separate what you are trying to accomplish in life.” She crossed her arms over a heavy chest with a true huff.

He studied her for a long time. He wanted her to feel him in every muscle he wanted her to twitch and he damn sure didn't have the patience to make her wait now. *Make her wait, hell.* He must've been delusional. “Well, I see you've practiced your little speech for quite some time.”

“I didn't need a rehearsal.” She stood up fast and stormed by him.

“Not so fast, little vixen.” He stretched his arm to catch her.

“Oh, I know that look. You think I need to feed and you're just ready to help me out.”

“We do this the easy way or the hard way and I don't care which. Your father and your brothers told me to finish this and I plan to do it. The sooner you accept it—the better.”

Her eyes narrowed and he saw the hell she decided to bring without a second thought. “Well, lucky me. I now have one more damn man in my life to tell me what the hell he wants me to do.”

“Seems you *are* the lucky one, darling.” He pointed to her lucky player necklace before he moved to the door of their suite. “Oh, and I forgot to tell you, I rode out to the Dark Castle of the Desert last night. I thought it might be of some interest to you since your brother Orlando spent a great deal of time there. In fact, I like it there. Maybe we’ll spend the day there tomorrow.”

“No. I don’t think so. I know all about that place and I’m not going.”

“Then you’re coming—and I’ll be right there to ensure you do it up right.” He smirked as he slammed the door on his way out.

“You’re a bastard!” She screamed across the room and ran to the door. Before she thought about it, she stepped out into the hallway. Once she did, the door slammed behind her. “I said you’re a bastard!” She yelled out behind him.

He slowly turned around and noted the obvious. “I heard you. And by the way,” he pointed to the hotel room, “you’re locked out love.”

Some of the hotel guests walked by with smirks on their faces and true laughter in their lungs. They smiled and snickered as they walked by her. All of them heard her rant.

She tried to open the door but couldn’t get it to budge. Damn him! Damn him! She knew why. Her abilities were weakened because she did need blood and the door didn’t give an inch. “Great! This is really super!” She kicked the wall with her bare feet and immediately hopped around because of her idiotic maneuver.

“I’m going to kill you, Sebastian!” She looked up at the eyes in the sky—the casino surveillance equipment she felt certain zoomed in on her as she pitched her fit. “Fine. You want me to stand in the hallway. Fantastic! I’ll stand.” She glared up and set her jaw. “This is for you sweetheart! All for you.”

* * * *

He read her lips. "I'll take it from here. You boys go take a break. My new wife is getting ready to put on a private show and I damn sure don't want to make you jealous."

Several of them grunted and groaned as they left their seated positions. Sebastian quickly dialed housekeeping. "Keep the top floor free of the carts and don't let the maids up there until I give the okay. My wife is locked out of our room and I want to keep her entertained for a bit." He snickered and then called security. "Stall the elevators for ten minutes. No one to the penthouse suites."

"Go ahead love. Show me what you've got." He crossed his arms and watched her. He never doubted her for a minute. It would be one hell of a show and he fully intended to be a very attentive audience.

* * * *

"You think you can control me!" She shouted up at the cameras. She didn't know if he could hear her, but he damn sure watched. *She felt him.* She knew he lurked behind the monitors somewhere and she just bet he was sitting there all smiles. And hard as hell, she quickly reminded herself.

She narrowed her gaze and then marched to the elevators. For a very busy casino, no one had stepped off the elevators in nearly five minutes and the floor appeared vacated.

Fine, he wants a private show, he can damn well have one. "Sebastian, come and get it." She said the words slowly. "I feel you watching me, so help me, I feel you."

And she did. In her soul, on her skin, and hell okay, in her heart—he existed there.

Her little babydoll gown had a tie in between her breasts and she made a dramatic wave over her breasts before she yanked the tie loose. Her eyes batted up at the cameras. "What about it, if you think I'm not proud of these, you're sorely mistaken. I hope your camera guys enjoy watching!" She crossed her arms in front of her waist and when her arms came up again, she walked around completely topless, the babydoll nightdress dragging at her bare feet.

Thin arms went out to her sides and she reached up for him. "What do you think, Sebastian! Do you think I've put on a few pounds since you were

feeding me so well or do you think I look good enough to eat for a midnight snack! Come and get it baby!” She acted like a raging lunatic.

* * * *

And he loved it.

A few pounds—where? Nay, even if she had them, she could stand a few extra if she wanted them. Her belly seemed as flat as ever and her round breasts only shaped perfection. She strutted around and everywhere she walked in the hallway, he had her at a different angle.

His three middle fingers moved across his bottom lip as he watched in deep thought. “Damn her ass.” He’d spank her silly just for making him hard.

The games needed to end, but damn it, watching her just added to the excitement and it made for interesting and very unusual foreplay. That is, until she leaned out the window and began taunting his guests coming into the casino.

Yes, she made an error in judgment there.

* * * *

“Hello, darling.” Carnal urges surged through his hungry tone.

She didn’t turn around.

“Rule number one. You do not shout at the patrons of this casino. Rule number two,” His voice bordered on pure hellish intentions as he continued, “You do not strut around here topless in nothing but a thong just begging to find a good man to tear it off.” He then pulled her to him and deliberately ran his hand over the cheek of her ass. He damn near growled.

“And I’m sure this has been a real imposition on you.” Her eyes narrowed.

“It has.” He picked her up and tossed her over his shoulder. Damn, he hated to be a typical Tarzan. The way he did it all but played into her hand. The games were over and he didn’t calmly walk back to their room, he stormed back.

He nudged the door open with his foot after he unlocked it. Then, he walked inside their room and she immediately wiggled under his grip. “Put me down.”

“Rule number three.” He smirked and then added, “You will submit to me just as any other submissive would do when they are in my bed.” He knew the third demand might be pushing it a bit, but what the hell. He wanted to make sure they got off to a good running start.

“What did you say?” She snapped—but her nipples truly popped—proving she was a little excited by the mention.

Well, maybe not.

“I like my women submissive. And I think you know what I mean by *submissive*. After all, you do frequent our clubs, do you not?” To his knowledge, she only dabbled in the scene. From what her sisters-in-law shared with him, he happened to be the reason she puttered there in the first place.

“You’re real funny.” Her arm rested tightly around his neck.

“No, but I’m real horny. Want to check for accuracy?”

“You’re not going to let this rest are you?”

“Not on your life.”

“Do you really want to carry on with a woman who isn’t interested in you?” Her eyelids batted back her deliberate lie.

“Interested? Now that’s funny. I affect you in a way like no other.” He looked down at her and on a pure-ass dare allowed his fingers to trail over her thigh. “Spread ‘em.”

She swallowed tightly. “No way in hell.”

“Fine, if that’s the way you want it. I guess I’ll meet you there.” His hand moved and her body jolted when it did. Three fingers dipped under the scant thong and retreated. “You’re as ready as I am.” His jaw set and he moved her closer to the bed. Then, he dropped her there.

“Ouch! Dammit, Sebastian!”

What happened next was something she most certainly did not mean to do but somehow when she rose up from the bed, she was positioned perfectly on all fours—her palms and knees pressed into the mattress. He couldn’t have planned things better himself.

Before she gained the opportunity to fight him off, he grabbed her hips and moved her to the edge of the bed. He reached around her middle and

brought her back against his chest hard. “If you so much as move from your knees, I’ll screw you right here and right now and I won’t stop fucking your ass until I’m sure you can feel me all the way to your earlobes.” He hissed in her ear.

She understood he meant business. A shiver down her spine indicated her worst fear. She couldn’t wait for him to keep his promise.

Chapter Seventeen

His hands moved everywhere and yet seemingly found her ass most unavoidable. The second he began a deeper-tissue massage over her butt cheeks, he felt the change in her body. “You remember,” he whispered in her ear. “I know you remember *us*.”

Gently, he pushed on her lower back and both hands pulled her thong away from her buttocks. He left them at her knees. The little wench wanted them off so she certainly knew how to help. Of course, it would actually be kind of funny if she tried, even dared to think about bringing them back to cover her. He might just rip them off with his teeth then.

“I asked you a question.” He kissed down her back. “You remember, don’t you?”

“I remember.” She snapped back over her shoulder.

It was enough. More than he thought she’d admit.

He twisted her around to face him. “Then why the games?” He tugged at his tie and loosened it. Staring at her didn’t pain him but she knew how to make him hurt by a mere glare.

“Because, you’re still a Sabbat.”

“And you’re still a Spenser.”

He didn’t waste time with buttons. He had plenty of the cotton button-down shirts hanging in his closet there and at home. He just ripped it open. Her eyes fell to his six.

“That’s right, I’m just as finely tuned as you are, baby.” He grinned.

She tried to ignore his abs but he moved her hand over him. “And because I don’t want to care about you.”

“Too late. You already do.” He unsnapped his pants, tore the zipper and granted them both the same consideration by just stepping out of the boxers and slacks all at the same time. Stepping out of polished loafers went unnoticed.

“You’re arrogant.”

“Maybe... but let me point out the obvious too—you’re fucked. You should feel me between your legs any second now and oh, just for the record, since you have such a good memory now and all, condoms serve no real purpose. I want children and I want a lot of them.”

He laughed when she wrinkled her nose.

“We can discuss that later.” She snapped.

“Fine, we will, but I’m not sheathing this for you.” He fisted his cock in his hand and all but toyed with it as he threaded it slowly in his hand.

“I don’t get a say so?”

“Your mother told me not to allow you one.” He giggled. “I kind of thought it was funny talking over condoms with Marion, but hey, whatever works. I’m all for ten or twelve little me’s and little you’s running around the country.”

Her brow gave some then and a smile broke out over her face. “You are just so damn certain I want you.” She laughed and then tossed her hair over her shoulders. She moved and shifted her weight until her back rested against the headboard, but she kicked a playful leg out in his direction.

“You do.” He parted her thighs and settled in between them. Without the time to protest, she belonged to him because he didn’t finger her and he didn’t kiss his way there. He just parted her for his pleasure and inserted a willing tongue. The lapping began from there—and he made damn sure she knew it was only the beginning of a long day ahead.

After a few small, but sudden, long deep thrusts inside, he told her to relax. “I promise you, I’m not going to be in any particular hurry and you aren’t going anywhere all day so get comfortable.” He moved his hands under her bottom and drew her up to him with a breeze of breath blown straight into her pussy.

* * * *

“Oh hell. I did forget your truest talent.” She coughed to stifle a laugh.

“Think so, do you? Constance, I promise I’ll have you begging for my cock in no time then, just to refresh your memory.”

She moaned as he stroked her. Inside her pussy, his tongue twirled and her hips rotated with each loving reminder of how well he liked to please her with oral sex. “Damn, if you don’t make me want to...” Her voice hitched... “I’m going to...”

His tongue seemed to uncurl inside of her. He entered her a couple of times with a true thrust and then he took things nice and slow as he began to

unravel her with each slice of him. He really knew how to work on a woman.

“Sebastian.” The way she said his name with heat humming through the syllables only coaxed him more.

He peered up at her and she smiled as she said his name again before closing her eyes and biting down on her own forefinger.

“That’s it, pretty baby. Let me finally love you.”

“You better do it right and convince me to love you back.” She teased. Her hand dropped to his hair and she began to massage his scalp but he stopped the tongue bath midstream then and climbed over her. His palms rested on either side of her ribcage and he glared down on her before he took a breast in for a delightful taste. He sipped at the nipple before moving his teeth around it. Then, he bit and licked until it became a sizeable gem. The thought of the perky nub just about tortured his nerve endings. “You’re going to love me with a perfect kind of love, Constance.”

“There he goes again.” She batted her eyes. “You kill me with your arrogance.” She bit at his lip and then brought him closer for a kiss. “Just fuck me with your eyes opened and your mouth shut.”

“Hmmm, I think that was certainly an invitation.” He remembered how good her little pussy felt snatching him into a tight grip and on basic instincts alone, it simply slid into place.

She fully didn’t expect it so soon and he liked seeing the little vixen surprised. “Shit! Sebastian!” Her body shifted under his weight.

“Didn’t forget how after your first lesson, I hope.” He smirked as his mouth slanted over hers for a quick peck before his head dropped to her neck.

“Not on your life.” Her hips moved up and down with him then and he promised to show her a world of true ecstasy, if she would allow him to take the lead. After five or six strokes, the woman really didn’t have a problem promising him the world right back. In fact, she almost delivered a guarantee that she would drop it all at his feet. And, what he’d pay to see her sit her submissive little ass there and simply obey what she was told. It would be his just reward, after all.

“Don’t.” She grinned up at him. “I’m reading your mind. I will never be a submissive.”

“Wanna bet?” He pulled out.

“And I’ll finish myself before I beg.”

“Ah now baby, I won’t leave you needy, but I will make you grovel.”

He slid down her belly with a lapping tongue and full mouth kisses before he towered over her. With a chuckle, he flipped her precious little bottom right over and began to make good on the threats in a way she never expected. His hand caressed her round ass and he did it thoroughly by starting at the flank. By the time his hands rubbed her down, she begged for the spanking because her hooded eyes told quite the tale.

“Stand up.” He urged her to stand by pulling her with him. She stood obediently in between his legs. He would remember to remind her later how willing she became when she wanted a playful hand raised to her backside. He turned her around to the side and he damn near choked himself on free air when he caught the true power of her body. Perfectly protruded nipples rounded out and perked to perfection. He moved around in front of her and bit playfully at one nipple and then again at another before licking them completely.

“You taste like my wife.” He moved his hands over her ass and then gave her the first playful smack. A slight moan, really more or less a small grunt, left his lips and then he growled with the touch he gave her to follow through. “You feel like my wife.” He popped her bottom again.

Oh and how her cat-like eyes danced with seduction.

“Sebastian...stop this.” It was a whisper, a call to the man living on the wild realm of desire.

“Ah yeah, baby, you are definitely, my wife.” He moved his left hand down to touch her dripping passion, deliberately sliding just one fingertip inside, just past her folds. He left it there, still and unmotivated to move while the right hand came down on her once again. *Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!* Four slaps to the taut skin and with all the will of every planet in the galaxy, he did not move his forefinger forward. He didn’t have to—the heat drizzled across the pad of his finger.

Carefully, he watched her. She closed her eyes. When she opened them, she looked dizzy from the pleasure and the true pain he planned to bring. His voice was masculine and sexy as he scolded her. “You gave me a run for your love. You didn’t think I was good enough for this hot little pussy.” *Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!*

Her body writhed under the impact, but only for a minute because when he began the incredible massage over her buttocks, she creamed more and as long as he fed her desire, as long as he kept his hands moving, she felt more and more alive because her body told quite an erotic story.

“Ah...Sebastian.”

And her lips told another one altogether.

The tip of his finger didn't move. He wanted to move it, but to do it would give her the control she wanted and the hot fire pulsating against his fingertip would then spill in his hand.

No, she couldn't get off yet. He'd been waiting to have her for a long ass time so she would pay hell first. She would know what it meant to burn for a lover. And then by God, she would know how to hurt for him—only then would he take her to the edge of seventh heaven and if she wasn't good, he might consider leaving her there.

Smack! Smack! Smack! The more he spanked her apple-shaped cheeks, the more his cock throbbed.

Her head fell back and her body inched closer to his finger. “Fuck me with something damn you!”

“With *something*. What do you want? A tongue, maybe. A finger? *My dick*.” The last one wasn't a question but a mere suggestive assumption.

His hand flattened against her pelvic bone and he pushed the ball of his hand in a rotating circle. He knew the impact of it. Most women who shared his bed often spoke of his talents—his hand movements always one of them. They liked his erotic pussy massage and why wouldn't they? He was a practiced Dom and he knew how to bring about pleasure. Most thought some of his skills delayed orgasm—yeah, right. It never worked in his bed. His women screamed with release and Constance was no different there. She'd crave him from sunset to sunrise.

“Don't.” She warned him as he raised his hand once more. “I'm hot as hell from the burn. You smack me again and I might kill you when this is over.” She pleaded.

It didn't matter. He wanted to punish her for a few hours. He'd just started. His lips went to her hip and his tongue ran over her shape before he bit her butt cheek. He drew blood. Oh yeah, he did and he covered the droplet with his lips.

“Holy hell! Stop! Don’t bite ...Son-of-a-bitch! Please!” She tried to move from him and finally when he released her, she pulled his hair. “I told you not to bite me there!”

The right side of his mouth curled up. “Baby, I plan to bite you wherever I want. That is, until you become a little more willing to sit at my feet like a good little sub.”

“Dream the hell on. I don’t kiss ass.” But she knelt down in front of him. Did she ever. “And I only suck up, or down for that matter, when it *pleases me*.”

Her fingers went to work against his tight balls. *Holy hell*. He was glad it must be time to please the little vixen because her mouth latched on tight and just blew his worries and his plans straight to hell in a picnic basket.

Her hot fiery mouth punished them both because he stood to accommodate and when he did, her knees worked against his ankles with pure force as she parted his stance. He pulled her hair and even watched her sexy little eyelids flutter with the knowledge she owned the control now. He wanted to see it light up her little devious pupils and did they ever respond.

“Fuck it.”

“Hmmm...” She inspired it. She had it coming to her.

His hips gave, his thighs clutched and his knees bent. The little woman only sucked harder. “You can’t handle me like this baby.” He warned her.

With a pop, she tempted him all the more. Shoving him to the mattress, she climbed on top. “As hot as I am,” she simply purred, “As smoldering as you think you are going to leave me, I can assure you I can fuck you and your fangs, too, if you’ll just stop teasing me with both.” She climbed him like a solid brick wall and she hit one, too. She had her hot little snatch right over him and as soon as the tip touched her, he rolled off the bed and stood beside it.

“This is unreal. What is wrong with you?”

“Constance. I want your hot little mouth to make good on a few promises.”

He needed to come, hell’s fury, he’d get his first because he wanted her so damp in need when he mounted her again that she would gladly let him stay for a while. Ah yeah, he worked her the way he wanted because he knew how to deliver a woman to the edge of an orgasm and then strip her of the first one and the second one, too. By the time he built her back to

another one, she would earn the right to have it and gaining it then would instill a newfound pleasure.

Slowly, he moved his cock between her swollen lips. “Now baby. Let me come *for you*.”

* * * *

Cocky ass. He’s just so cocksure of himself. And she hated arrogant self-serving men. She hated egotistical, self-righteous, male chauvinists and she’d be damned if she didn’t pick the finest one of the hour.

Her eyes followed his and she was certain her pleasure and his brought about a true new shade of lust. “That’s it, baby. Take it all.” He threaded it between her lips like he offered her a slice of chocolate. The taste of him did resemble it in some ways—he was bitter-sweet even in the rawest of pleasures. “Suck deep, baby. Deeper and deeper.”

Tightly, she wrapped him in between her lips and just when he thought he’d take his best shot, she let her hands run interference. She added pressure to the shaft, right at the base of his cock. She held him tight with one hand while the other added just enough pressure to his balls to ensure the two things she read in a magazine significantly delayed his release. He’d do her now, by God.

Wrapping a mess of hair around his hands, he moved under her jaw line and tilted her up to him. His cock moved away from her mouth all on its own. “So, you’re well read. I wondered where you learned your little tricks.” He smirked then.

“If I don’t, you don’t.”

“Selfish lover. I’ll spank you for it.”

“Why not just screw me for it.”

“Because, you’re not getting your way.”

“The hell I’m not. Fuck me. Now.” She pushed him over on the bed and he laughed as he captured her lips and he danced into her mouth the way a real man kisses the woman he loves because he did love her and she damn well realized it. She was the one who broke the kiss and held him at a distance waiting for him to make his move or at least, let her know he planned to try a new one.

“You’re so used to getting your way. Every man in your life does what the hell you tell him to do.” He grabbed at the nape of her neck and pulled her back to him nipping at her lower lip as he sucked in another kiss.

“They tell me what to do.” She quipped.

“The hell they do.” His cock ran over her thigh. He was hard as cement but slick, oh how fucking slick, he felt to the touch.

Top or bottom. She wanted him to decide. Wanted to see if he would let her be the top now with all the sex games still being played out, worked out, and most definitely enjoyed. Side by side, their legs entwined. “Top. Bottom. Decide now.”

“You read your BDSM too baby?” He chuckled as he wrapped his legs around her tightly. “I still want to come in your mouth.”

“You can wait. I swear you can.”

“No, I can’t.” He yanked a tube of something, she wasn’t sure what it was at first, from the bedside table.

“Top. Want to figure out the rest?” He smirked as he moved her ass over a bit. He cradled her waist for a second, maybe not even one full moment and then his finger dipped to her pussy, but it didn’t linger long.

The cap to the tube fell to her knee and she glared straight ahead with knowledge. “You are not putting that thick mushroom head of yours in my ass!” She defied his plans with some of her own. “I mean it. I can’t take it. I’m not ready.” It sounded like a cry.

“Damn it all.” He moved her up closer to him.

She felt him behind her and nearly choked back the tears. He positioned her the way he wanted her and she went with it because she needed to feel something so desperately that she decided to trust him. He threw the tube against the wall and before she knew what happened, he slid right past the entry she thought he’d claim and found a perfect fit right where she wanted him anyway.

“Oh God, Sebastian. It’s perfect. You feel...perfect.”

“Not yet.” He bit down on her ass and then slowly licked his way up her spine.

His cock began to move into her with a bit of precision. He calculated his damn moves—she realized each thrust was delivered with his end results in mind.

“Remarkable. You are such an incredible lover...so beautiful.” He moved over her with cautious appreciation but his cock didn’t surge forward much here or there until he yanked her head back and then found the vein he wanted. “Now, baby, it’s perfect.” He slid in and out and in and out before his thumb ran over her once and then twice. “That’s it my sweet woman. Now, feed me.” He bit. She bled and they fucked. Oh, how they fucked.

Chapter Eighteen

The sound of the hotel phone woke them. “Sebastian Sabbat.” He moved her against his chest when he answered. He kissed the top of her head several times, just a light peck here and there, while he waited for a call to connect. “I think it might be for you. The connect is going through.” His chin rose slightly as he informed her of the pending call.

“Hmmm...” Lazily, she rolled over and positioned her ass right against his thigh.

“Almonzo? What’s wrong?” He moved his arm from under her gently and he immediately sat up on the side of the bed. An alarming thump seemed to ring out inside his head and his senses were alive with pending danger.

“They don’t know about the casinos. I’m sure. Yes, of course!”

“Fine, yes, we’ll be there. Hell yes, she’ll be there, too. I promise you, I won’t let her out of my sight.” He slammed the phone down.

“Father.” She searched his eyes.

He felt his eye twitch. He hated to lie to her so he just decided against telling her the whole story. “Yes. Almonzo wants us to move to another location. Get packed, we need to hurry.”

* * * *

The ride out to The Dark Castle of the Desert probably took about thirty to forty minutes. When a woman is well entertained, she fails to realize the importance of time. Constance managed to find plenty of recreation and satisfaction.

From the moment Sebastian stepped into the car, she understood the ride would be all about him. He made few bones about it. Well, actually, he made a bone about it and the one he let her have hardened to perfection.

Simple minded, she loved playing the part so when he stepped in, unzipped, and tugged his cock out to sport his intentions, she just played dumb. "I thought we were going on a short ride." She mused as her fingers began to trail over his thick thigh. "By the looks of things, it is going to be a very *long* one."

"I told the driver to let us step out when we're ready so we're going to be undisturbed, even after we arrive, if we need the extra time." He easily, and most comfortably, held the base of his cock. "But I have to be honest here, I'm not sure I'm going to go for thirty minutes. I could damn near come with your eyes focused on me."

"You could?" She stared hard at his cock and moved back away from him. "Let's try it and find out."

"The devil, you say." He reached over and grabbed her, hell yeah he didn't pull her easily, around the neck. "I need your hot little mouth around my dick and I need it wrapped real tight *right now*."

She bit down on her bottom lip and studied him. "I'm not sure I like this side of you."

"You better get comfortable with it because baby I promise you, I'm going to have a blow job more than I'm probably going to fuck. There isn't a woman alive who could handle me in her pussy as much as I want to be in yours."

"Wanna bet?" She dared him.

"I'll take a little side wager, but I still want head." His hooded eyes told her he fully expected a relaxing blow job.

What the hell? Give the man what he wants. She really didn't want to screw and then go meet with her brothers. *And she wanted to have cum dripping down her throat before she saw them?* Hardly. She cursed herself and her sexually charged pussy because no doubt, she felt incredibly turned-on just looking eye-to-eye with one of the best tasting intimate mushrooms she'd ever held in her mouth or ever would taste in her lifetime, if Sebastian had a final say in the matter and he might.

She kissed the precum-coated tip and let her lips, teeth, tongue, and her entire mouth do the exploring for them both. He moaned, groaned, gyrated, grinded, and just fucking enjoyed everything about the moves her mouth allowed him because the vocal commands told quite the never-ending tale.

“That’s it, Constance. Stroke me with your mouth, sweetheart. Give a man what he wants most.” His hips moved forward. His balls slapped against her chin as the pressure began to build.

Both hands held her over him and he moved her at just the right pleasurable pace. “That’s it baby. Bob up and down for me. Good God, Constance. That’s sweet.” His hooded eyes rolled to the back of his head as his neck rested on the headrest. “Fuck me harder now. Let me come.”

For what seemed like only mere minutes, she took the head of his cock and then sucked in his life form, the one that seemed to matter to vampires more than even mortals. Her mouth felt the veins pulsing and the hardness form an almost unbearable amount of fucking weight. She knew he had pain. Agony existed there when the evidence showed so much lust. He bulged with excitement and she moaned out as she drew his dick inside her mouth and tried to swallow him down her throat. The thick skin popped with pressure. Her tongue drifted over every bulging vein. “Come Sebastian. Come in my throat.” She whispered to the tip and licked the slit there at the top before she sucked him deeper into her throat.

Her fingertips never left his balls and she pinched the skin slightly with every move she made to take a better chokehold and her mouth never stopped mumbling her adoration because she possessed it. She loved his cock almost as much as she loved him. The thought stilled her.

“What’s wrong?” His hands wrapped her black hair and yanked her up. His eyes stared coldly into hers. “Something’s wrong.”

She shook her head and tried to slide back down on him, but he wouldn’t allow it.

“I felt you stall. I know if you stop for any reason, there’s something wrong.” He chuckled and he should’ve been shot for it. The man knew how to release some of the most deplorable sounds at the most significant times. That one would have earned him twenty years to life as a mortal.

“Sebastian, not now.” She told him as she moved down again. This time, he let her have him right back where she wanted him—in between her giving lips. And damn it all, she gave. She wanted to make sure, this time, he didn’t pull her back up to look at her with haunting eyes. This time, he didn’t intervene with questions he shouldn’t have to ask and this time, he fucked her mouth slow and silly before a low moan left her unraveled for another go of it.

Her lips parted and closed when her mouth rose and fell with the rise and fall of his cock pushing forward and back into her mouth. Her tongue rode one quick thrust out and capped off the tip with a quick lick before gliding down to his balls. She sucked in the form, the true shape of one of them and heaven on earth, he flinched worse than an animal pinned down as prey. She would remember it and she would do it again.

“I’m going to come. Get your mouth back where it belongs.” His hips gave and her hand rested on a hard thigh. One strong base for her palm to settle against only gave her mouth more momentum. She braced herself against his spill because he gave ample warning. Once her mouth slid back into place, or as Sebastian said ‘where it belonged’, then he began a grueling climax—one they both had to work for until the end.

She mumbled against his shaft.

“That’s it baby.” His thighs bunched and he continued to work into her mouth with a greedy deliverance driving him down her throat.

His hips seemed to have trouble coming off the seat. “Damn you, don’t you stop!” He called as he poured into her mouth with an approach most women would deem downright deadly.

He tapped the back of her mouth and pounded into her throat with pure excitement, unadulterated control. The male heat of one strong, venom-filled vampire began to spill and his sweet cock released enough of it to ensure she didn’t miss one taste of him.

She knew why he wanted to fuck her mouth. She recognized the danger that waited straight ahead. She’d heard it earlier in his voice when he talked on the phone with her brother. He couldn’t fuck her now because *his brothers* were waiting for them, right along with hers and he understood what waited on the other side. She’d always suspected it. She’d always known—always imagined it and hell yeah, after what Tabitha once told her of her own experiences, she was woman enough to crave it.

So it now came down to this.

* * * *

“That’s it, baby. Let me come.” His hand played easily in her hair as her mouth did the dirty deed to perfection. She sucked—until she had him all. Her teeth nipped—did she taste blood? If she did, she could have every

drop. She licked—candy wouldn't have tasted near as sweet by the way she reacted to his climax. And she gripped—hell yeah did she ever hold him in place.

"Easy baby. Ease up on me." Her mumbles were stifled and he just watched that little head bob up and down and up and down. "Come here." He finished and wanted to kiss his gratitude into her lips, because if he didn't latch on there, they'd find a way to repay her until next week. Oh yeah, he wanted her tight little pussy under his mouth because he wanted to feel her come against his tongue one more time. Just once more before everyone ruined things between them.

Constance moved away and looked at him with shaded eyes. "Every single time you tell me to 'come here' you are down right wicked."

"Let me show you sinful." He pulled her closer and kissed her with not only his lips but also with his heart and soul.

Her face showed concern and he didn't like how worry made an easy impression on her rosy little cheeks.

He took a deep breath and let it out. "Okay, let's hear it." He studied her.

"I know what happens next." She moved away from him and stared back at him.

"What do you mean?" He questioned.

"You don't know?"

"I know a lot of things, but right now, I don't know what *you* mean." His voice turned as cold as ice and his eyes followed suit because he felt the hazing over and he saw the expression in her face. The eyes of recognition. He turned to look out the window and he glared for what seemed like hours before he faced her again. "We're getting close."

"So, it happens there?"

"Yes."

"You don't want to talk about it?"

"Not particularly." He studied her.

"It bothers you a lot?"

"I'm not happy about it."

"Come on, Sebastian." She paused before she continued. "It's our culture. Surely, you didn't think you would get my cherry and then still be the only man to ever groom me for sexuality?"

"I thought when I petitioned the elders, they would understand why my wife might find sleeping with one of my brothers somewhat repulsive." He looked away from her again and slowly drew his pants up over his hips before zipping his fly.

"I'm okay with it." She shrugged it off.

"Oh, I imagine you are and I have no doubt, you'll have a damn good time."

He felt her eyes drill him with simultaneous daggers. He didn't have a reason to be mad at her, but damn it, he didn't know how to restrain against the burning jealousy inching into his skin.

"Fine, blame me." She spat the words and he thought it would be the last words spoken, but he should've thought twice because the woman behind the next syllables seemed hell bent on making him hear her loud and clear.

"It's easy for males in our culture to turn this around on the females, but let's take a moment to think about this rationally. I've talked to my mother at length about this, which is why I truly wanted to find a mortal man because I wanted to turn a mortal rather than have one of my own kind destroy a pure, innocent love." Her eyes met his. Darkly shaded, her verbal slip didn't go unnoticed.

She loved him. Damn, now it would be even harder to allow one of his brothers in their bed.

All of his fingers played nervously across his bottom lip. Back and forth, he scraped the pads over the rough, chapped surface. He waited. Watched. Heard.

"It's easy for the elders and for the vampire males who choose one of their own to bed to just turn it over and say it's the female's fault. It's always our fault. It's because we have tits and asses that won't quit—we're the women of this world that can handle cock three or four times a day and it's because of these unmatched sex drives that many of you want to mate with your own kind. Is that how it goes? I think so but I don't know. What I do know is that a sick perverted elder many moons ago put this order in force and any vampire mating with his own will first share her with another."

She took a deep breath. "After all, we need the secondaries just like the mortal women because we depend on the males to bring us our food stores."

She let out a disgusted sigh. “And I hate to break it to you but I am perfectly capable of the hunt on my own.”

He tried to be practical. “Tabitha has secondary feeders, as you’re aware of and while I’m sure they didn’t tell you all of the details, there were unusual circumstances or else she wouldn’t have been required to follow our customs.”

She didn’t discuss Tabitha instead she continued her rant. “You have options here. You can petition the board for an elder to step in and see, that’s the sickest part of it all. They handed down this order so the vampires who take a woman and don’t have a brother to bed with them, will have no other choice but to seek an elder to finish the mating process. How messed up is that?”

He studied her. “I wanted to do it.” His voice seemed haunted.

“You wanted to do what?” She snapped.

“I petitioned the elders to allow one of the board members to join us instead of one of my brothers since so much animosity already existed between our families. Almonzo and Orlando said you would have a fit because sleeping with an aged vampire didn’t seem like something you would consider, but they gave me their permission and I tried.”

“You discussed this with my brothers?”

“I did.”

“Damn you, Sebastian. See, this is just not going to work.”

The car came to a halt and they both looked out at the castle looming over them. She gritted her teeth. She started to get out of the car and he grabbed her wrist. “Constance, come on now. You weren’t even talking to me about sticking around for longer than a second. What would you have done in my place? You didn’t want to fuck me, much less take me for a mate.”

“Gee honey, I don’t know. Maybe if you had sweetened the pot early on, I would’ve been primed and ready.” Her face held steady—without expression but her expressive words cut to the core of a vampire, the heart of a man. It killed him for her to be angry now, of all times.

“You’re exactly right. What was I thinking? I should’ve walked right up to you at Agendas, told you I wanted you and then introduced you to my brothers and just gotten it the hell over with then and there. You know,

asked you which one you thought had the biggest cock or something!” He glared at her and she opened the door to step out of the limo on her own.

On the steps of the mansion, to her left she greeted her brothers and Tate, and to her right, she greeted Walt while glaring at Darian and Gabriel. She studied them each and whipped back around to face Sebastian as he moved out of the car.

“Damn if she’s not one hot piece of ass.” Gabriel grunted as he slapped Darian on his back.

Constance quickly turned to face him. She narrowed her gaze on the Sabbat brother everyone recognized as the ultimate of all bad boys. She watched as Sebastian stepped cautiously away from the car and with a deliberate sneer, she gave him plenty to fear when she asked a question with far too much enthusiasm. “So, which one of you handsome rogues will I be fucking today?”

Chapter Nineteen

Orlando and Almonzo sat across from her in the expansive living room. Both men looked concerned. Two of the elders were going to join them there to keep the peace between the Sabbats and the Spensers. Daggers were exchanged in dueling glares. After the meeting of families, they would be separated.

“What about Father?” She suddenly asked as she watched Almonzo run his hand over the length of his face.

“What about him? The bastards moved him.” He looked up then and sneered at Darian who appeared smug as hell.

Her vision blurred then and she knew her eyes showed evidence of her despair as her eyes shaded with the impact the news brought her. “You’re sure?”

“Of course we’re sure. We went there for him and we were damn lucky to have escaped a similar fate.”

Constance lowered her voice. “You should’ve let Sebastian help you. He offered and he would’ve too. He really has a lot of respect for Father.”

The twins glared at their sister. “Darian and that damn rogue Gabriel are apparently the only two who know where he is now.”

She swallowed hard and then walked over to close the massive, never mind heavy, wooden doors. She pushed them up and then turned to face her brothers. “Get me out of this.”

They both looked surprised.

“Constance?” Almonzo questioned just by saying her name, but he seemed too stunned to say much more.

“There’s too much standing in between us here. Too much to lose and I can’t go to bed with a Sabbat with Father out there somewhere.”

Orlando shook his head and walked to the opposite end of the room. “Well, you know little sister, you should have thought about that when you

went to Sabbath's clubs. We happen to know from Tabitha and Natasha, you had a near sick infatuation with Sebastian."

"Tabitha tells me you weren't so turned off by Gabriel either—is this true?" The other twin watched her closely.

"All of the women my age knew they were the prime catch and damn it, I guess I just wanted to prove I could get their attention." She took a deep breath and let it out. "Maybe I wanted to know I could win out over everyone else."

"Well guess what Constance?" Almonzo's tone changed considerably, "You caught 'em both."

Orlando stepped in then noting, most likely, the battle of wits beginning between his siblings. "This *is* going to happen. You might as well go to the room Tate has prepared for you. The elders are quite amused and no one will change the course we're all on now." He pointed at his double. "Almonzo and Tabitha were unable to escape the order handed down and do you think it was easy for him to let Darian take his wife to bed?" He set his jaw in his brother's defense. "Hell no. It was torture for him."

She didn't answer. She remembered hearing the arguments Tabitha and Almonzo used to have about Darian. At one time, Tabitha was in love with Darian. Their ceremonial joining included Darian and Richart, a Spenser cousin, who replaced Darian as a primary candidate as the secondary. The elders must've walked around with hard-ones for a year after they arranged that ceremony.

Constance felt the tears well in the corners of her eyes.

Almonzo ignored them by looking away from her. "I imagine Sebastian feels much the same way about this union. He fought the elders hard on this and I will tell you, they almost punished him for it. He crossed them in a manner I was actually proud of and I'm your brother. He will fail to impress me more than he'll ever gain my nod of approval, but he defiantly went up against them. He damn well almost changed our laws in doing so." He rubbed his chin with a grin planted on his lips.

"He still failed." She snapped.

"Don't you dare talk to us about failure, Constance." Orlando scolded her.

"Orlando, it's too late now and we agreed we wouldn't talk about this. What's done is done."

“So I have to do this?” She wasn’t quite sure how she truly felt about it.

“Yes.” The both said in unison.

“Fine—then since you both seem hell bent on making me, get ready to pay hell.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Almonzo glared at her then.

“If I fuck them both—I keep them both.” She turned then and marched out.

* * * *

Jealousy washed over Sebastian’s face. Damn. She hated it for him, but she wasn’t feeling his pain. She tried to kiss it and make it better for him but still, she had a feeling he wasn’t going to see things the same way she saw them. She had two of them. One would be inside her pussy and the other inside her mouth. Both looked good enough to eat—inch by delicious inch. After Sebastian pissed her off, she planned to screw them both and enjoy the hell out of it.

“One time.” Sebastian held up his forefinger and glared at his brother. “This time and never again.” He glared at Gabriel and then Darian. The stare he gave the head of his family spoke volumes.

“Good grief Sebastian, the first time I laid eyes on the little Spenser, she was twelve years old. I still see those dark black eyes from a child’s face. I don’t want your wife. *Gabriel does*. And Gabriel, *it will be one time* and one time better be enough.” Darian warned him with a stern voice but it didn’t matter, Constance saw the fear in Sebastian’s eyes.

Gabriel stared at Constance with hunger and any man, especially one who had already been with the woman in question, would know the glare lingering there.

“I’ll set the rules and boundaries.” Sebastian spat the words at his brother.

“The hell you will. We never had a problem when we pulled those girls out of Amsterdam and I don’t think we’ll have any issues now.” Gabriel moved his hand across his pants. Sweet mercy hell, he was hard—and ready.

Constance swallowed and tried to focus on words instead of an impending threesome. “So you two have shared women before?”

Darian laughed. “Before?” He rolled his eyes. “Which time?” He walked over to the bar and grabbed a crystal decanter. He poured a drink, scotch perhaps, she wasn’t really sure only that it appeared to be a stout liquor, since he sipped and didn’t gulp. “In fact, dear Constance, you’re the only woman these two haven’t shared.”

“Shut up, Darian.” Sebastian gritted his teeth.

“Come on little brother, you know I like tasting your women. Just like you enjoyed plenty of mine.”

Sebastian snarled then. “You don’t bleed her. If you do, I will kill you.”

“Fair enough. Keep her blood. It’s tainted-Spenser anyway.”

“You wear a condom.”

“Fine. Same goes for babies as for blood. I don’t need my blood mixing in with your woman’s family.”

The elders entered the room then. The one with a longer name than any of them cared to pronounce, spoke with authority. “Constance, you will be participating as a willing party, is this correct?”

She nodded.

“I need your verbal consent.”

“You have my verbal consent.” She almost smiled when she thought about how utterly ridiculous she viewed the whole charade and never mind the formalities. Of course, she grew up among the mortal children and defied her roots more than she abided by their foundations.

Sebastian’s head snapped to the right and he glared at her. “Why don’t you just sound all too eager to do it?” He snarled.

“Okay, fine I will.” She turned back to the elder and grinned from ear to ear. “I can’t wait to fuck them both.”

“Constance!” Almonzo called out to her as he entered the room. “Try to remember you are a Spenser, for crying out loud.”

Orlando shook his head, but she saw the smirk. He might have even been proud. Of course, she was fooling herself. What man, mortal or immortal, would truly be proud of his sister for doing two men at the same time?

“Constance, you understand by joining with Sebastian, you are choosing to join with another vampire family. You will depend on him for your needs and your life. His brother, by joining with you in the physical sense, will be the only other you will ever depend upon for your life source should

Sebastian's demise prove unavoidable." In other words, the sick bygones wanted her to know Gabriel would feed her and keep her alive with his blood stores should anything happen to Sebastian, of course.

Okay, that's when it really hit her and she busted a damn gut. She turned to look at her brothers who had a ridiculous slight nod moving their heads. They wanted her to agree to the nonsense. Imagine.

"Almonzo, you've become as ancient as the rest of the clan!" She despised being told what to do. "Orlando, you could've told me exactly what this threesome shit really meant."

Sebastian moved closer. "Constance, agree to it." He sneered.

Her teeth gritted and she snapped them at him. "No! I will not! This is like saying that if something happens to you, it's already decided who my next bed buddy will become and I don't like it. I guess then I would have to go to bed with Darian and then he would become the alternate source. Urgh!" Her words tumbled from tight as hell lips. Damn them.

Darian groaned too. Evidently, he didn't like the idea much better and apparently, her words held some measure of validity.

Almonzo pulled her arm and took her out of the center of attention. "If you will excuse us." He nodded to Orlando and he joined them quickly in the hall.

"This is utterly ridiculous!" She screamed and pushed against his chest trying to move by him.

Orlando paced back and forth behind them. "I do agree with her."

"Well, why wouldn't you?" He fired back, but never took his eyes off of Constance. "You've been agreeing with her since she was in mother's womb and that's part of the problem. We've spoiled her rotten and she wears her nickname of 'brat' better now than she ever did as a child."

"You could've told me this is what the stupid ceremony means."

"And you should've known what it meant!" Almonzo didn't have a lot of patience.

"All I know is I want to find Father or talk to Mother! They'll know what to do." She almost cried out as she begged for an intervention.

Almonzo's voice lowered. "We have to try to get through this as quickly as possible Constance," his tone changed drastically. "Darian and Gabriel are the only lead-ins we have to father and they've convinced the elders they *lost him*."

“What do you mean they’ve *lost him*?” She questioned them with true concern. All of her pending troubles pushed aside.

“We went to their compound after Darian and Gabriel left for the States,” Orlando chimed in. “And he was already gone. The cell phone Sebastian left for him wasn’t discovered so we are hopeful we’ll hear from him, but we’re certain of one thing. Whoever has him, just like Sabbats, they’re familiar and one of us. They can go undetected with the right inside connections on the panel. He’s vanished without a trace and according to the elders, Sabbats don’t have him but we’re certain they do. Constance, Gabriel might be our one last chance since they no longer trust Sebastian.”

“I danced right into the flames of hell, huh?”

“Watch your mouth, but yes, you did.” Almonzo agreed.

Orlando approached her cautiously. “Look at it this way, Constance. We never choose who we love. Not really. It’s fated, scripted, whatever the hell you want to call it and then we just love who we love. The truth is, because you love a Sabbat, we may have a chance to find Father and then when we do, we’ll make up for lost time. For now, we have to go through with this because this is about you and your life. It’s time for you to own your mistakes, if you want to call it out as one and it’s time to finish what you’ve started.” He took a deep breath and tilted his nose to the air. “Because I have to tell you here, sis, I’m not particularly fond of being in the same household with so much Sabbat blood.”

Ignoring his theatrics, she bargained again. “I don’t want a vampire. I’ll go to college. Start a family later. Maybe choose a mortal and turn him.”

“Constance, it’s too late.” Sebastian’s voice filled the hall.

Her head snapped in his direction. “What do you know?”

“I know you love me and I know once your blood filled my veins and I returned the favor, we were without all other options.”

“You took that away from me.” Her eyes narrowed.

He slowly agreed. “Maybe, but you weren’t so opposed to it.”

“Well now I am.”

The twins stepped away from their sister. It seemed to pain Orlando to do it. He turned his back to her, because he couldn’t do anything else. He walked down the corridor and left her to face off with her mate. It was written as the proper thing to do and both of her brothers knew it. She understood it, but she didn’t have to like it.

A distant look washed over Sebastian's worry-ridden face. "Well now, you are without *better options* love, so deal with it."

Chapter Twenty

Tate made her go to them. She now hated him. She'd spent her life loving the kind caretaker and now she despised him. It would've been fine to play sex games, but to have the elders choose a backup plan, a true plan B undid the best of her intentions. It seemed as if now her coming of age truly warranted a spiteful fit.

They were waiting for her when she entered the bed chambers. Every good intention she possessed went the hell out the door when she saw them there. They both had their own expectant looks about them. Each had their certain charms. Both possessed their individual all-rogue and very handsome good looks. Sebastian would spank her silly if he knew what ran through her mind, but she didn't care. He might invade a lot of her space, but he didn't practice mind control—no, not yet.

Gabriel looked tasty enough to eat. Sebastian, good enough to fuck or maybe she had it backwards. If she did, she would do both and she would enjoy it since the elders seemed hell bent on making this some sort of ritual, she would spite them and smite them with their own stupid laws. Gabriel would be the only other man she would ever be allowed to experience. Why not enjoy *the ride* while it lasted. A smirk turned her lips nearly inside out. No, the elders wouldn't approve. She almost laughed.

Sebastian gave her an empty stare and then quickly brought her back to their reality. "Don't get any crazy ideas. It's a formality and you will not enjoy this as much as you might think."

"Don't worry, I love the concept of no pain, no gain but I don't plan to have either without a good mix of pleasure." Gabriel teased her and his brother. Each caught the same phrase and it definitely fell from his lips with the pure intent of garnering different meanings for each. He laughed and sneered as his teeth dropped.

Heads snapped then. Sebastian glared. “Bleed her and you die beside of her. I’m not telling you again.”

Constance hated to admit it, but the rare mix of complicated emotions fueled her on many different levels. She felt excited—definitely turned on and yet self conscious, what woman would be willing to screw her husband’s brother without some insecurities? Then, she fought the amusement she found in all of it.

Mortal women, those who always ran the other way when they saw Constance enter a room, would likely crèpe their pants looking at these two. In Mythology, these men would have been considered gods and in Hollywood, they would’ve commanded the big bucks. She had them on a different screen so she might as well play the part of leading lady and insist they do her every which way but loose. Damn, she just hated the immortals that put their laws into effect. Really, she did—not.

Sebastian stood at her side. He seemed to try to read her, translate her emotions. “Are you all right?” He moved closer to her and touched her cheek then. All jealousies aside for the time being so maybe the moment would remain unspoiled, if wishing were possible now.

“Actually, I’m not.” No, she felt totally confused and true lunacy threatened to pull her apart. She wanted them both now and the thought alone proved anything but sane.

His arms drew her to him then and his brother soon closed the door behind them. Watching them, he seemed to be the decisive one. Constance quickly realized how this would begin. Sebastian would start them. He would take the lead but Gabriel held all of the cards. He would decide when to join them and he would decide when Constance belonged to his brother because through his approval, through his initiative, they would be joined.

Her head fit against his shoulder. She didn’t know why, it just fit. There, she could let her emotions tear her inside out and with her face buried against his broad frame underneath her hair, hiding became possible. She thought about the embarrassment of it all. She would be fucking herself into a new life and her brothers would wait for her to finish. Surely they saw the humor in it. She tried to find something to laugh about, but it became increasingly difficult with a strange set of shaded eyes watching her with pure hunger. Raw fascination.

Constance thought she had everything figured out, but when Sebastian stepped aside, she saw very quickly how things changed in an instant. As if he felt his brother's eyes on them, he simply moved away and turned his back. Maybe he felt compelled to look away because he didn't want to see their first contact or maybe he thought it would make it easier on Constance. Either way, he didn't look back for their first physical communication.

Gabriel loosened his black shirt. His eyes were tinted pine green and probably the most beautiful she'd ever seen. His features seemed more provoked than natural, but whatever the case, the way he pursued her was distantly familiar and yet haunting, almost chilling.

Stalking came to mind when he first approached her and she didn't move away from him at all when he walked toward her. He wanted to scare her. If she didn't see it in his gaze, she felt it in the room and she smelled the fear he wanted her to feel. She could linger in it awhile because it only fed her twisted desires. If he knew, dear God if he knew, he would ravage her body and soul while Sebastian stood by and watched.

A growl escaped his lips as his hands met her tiny waist and just as he pressed his lips into hers, Sebastian's back seemed to tense. His broad shoulders were squared and he first seemed to sink, shrink really, into his own skin. Then, he defiantly moved his spine back and bristled up against the pain he must've felt. When Constance witnessed the act of defiance, she simply closed her eyes. His brother's lips already claimed hers and by the moon and the stars and everything touching the atmosphere, she felt him there and liked the power having him there gave her.

His hands gripped gently, at first, and he didn't offer to move them from her waist, but he made love to her mouth without touching her body inappropriately and there within the kiss, the problem soon became obvious. She liked his mouth. Heaven help her, she loved it. His kisses were new and fresh and every bit as delicious as Sebastian's. She enjoyed the way he tasted and the way he used his tongue like a fine-tuned weapon. And God help her, she knew he realized what he was doing. He wanted to attack her senses and he did it with skill—true calculated precision.

Without a doubt, Gabriel planned his assault, a true dark romantic siege. His first initial kiss, light and sweet, simply brushed by her lips and without a flutter of tongue or a thrust of passion, he simply swept into them with butterfly strokes. The second pursuit of her began with a simple taste test.

The only way to define it—wonderful, simply magnificent, and truly fulfilling. His tongue barely touched her lower lip and when it did, he didn't just stroke back and forth but he worked a sensual massage into the texture of the surface. By the time his tongue moved slowly to the corner of her mouth, she captured him. Damn right. She did it. She brought him closer *first*.

Constance lost herself to Gabriel in that kiss. One kiss and she wanted his hands to touch her. Damn him for being so unconcerned with time. She tried to move closer to him, have some kind of bodily contact, but he only pressed harder *away* from her. His hands only held her firmer and he did it with a smirk already under the impression that she belonged to him as much as she belonged to Sebastian.

But he didn't stop the kissing. Hell no, he just kept loving her with his lips and while she thought she might be imagining all of the emotions she felt with Gabriel, she watched the expressions change on his face, too. A woman senses a lot of things when a man kisses her and she read a lot of things into their ceremonial meeting of mouths. Things that Sebastian wouldn't want her to feel for anyone other than him, but feelings she already had for his brother.

Her life passed in front of her and it stood in one place all at the same time. This man worked magical wonders with his pampering and she had to get away from him. If he wouldn't come closer, then she had to leave him where he stood. She finally drew on every single inch of strength she could find and she pushed him away from her.

Sebastian turned around then. Gabriel's eyes returned to the harder shade of lust rather than the one of pure enjoyment she'd only just witnessed when she rocked herself in his arms, locked herself into his sweet oral display of affection. Now, the carnal man appeared and the one next to him proved ever bit as hungry.

"You should've watched little brother. She liked what I could do with her sinful little mouth." His words reminded Constance of the differences found in men. One brother proved just as vile as the other proved honorable.

Sebastian's sneer told her he didn't care, but his hand told her he intended to find out. He didn't try to prepare her for it either because he wanted to first know, did she come apart at the seams from his kiss? His approach of her came from behind so rubbing his hands over her hips and

then moving them under her skirt without a second's notice proved more than a little easy. He didn't take one hand or the other, but instead formed a vee outside of her pussy.

"Hot heat?" Gabriel turned and walked over to the bed. He then watched with more hunger, more desire, more rage, more of everything he wanted to experience and he simply looked on with daring eyes.

"Fuck!" She screamed out when he slid his middle finger inside without a problem or a dry barrier to stop an easy slide inside.

"Yes, darling, I'm sure Sebastian knows just how bad you need *me* to finish what I alone started." Gabriel ripped his shirt off in a dramatic attempt to turn her focus back to him. It worked. If a man possessed a better six than Gabriel, she wanted him. Hell's fire, she'd leave Gabriel and Sebastian and never think twice because the man was as perfect as his brother—but hungrier and in that moment, obsessive desire held more appeal because she wanted the strange as much as the familiar and his sexy call to the wild side intrigued the hell out of her.

Sebastian's hand didn't rest easy. Maybe he felt like it was better to work with what he had rather than simply try and defy it. His body moved in behind her with the force of nature behind what he sported. Hell yeah, she felt it. Against her ass, he began to move as his fingers invaded her intimate space. He wanted his brother for an audience. Damn right. He wanted Gabriel to see his little wife come apart with manual threading from his hand. Constance didn't play the submissive role. She believed they expected it or wanted it, but she felt far too excited to sink into the role they wanted, maybe even expected, her to play.

"Come join us," she whispered the words to Gabriel before she moved her finger back and forth. She felt Sebastian flinch. The act alone, her advances, would be the death of him, but it would be the life of her. She wanted everything they both wanted to give and she wanted it to start now. Her heart was pumping more than blood—nothing but pure unadulterated lust shot through her veins.

Gabriel glared at his brother before he unbuttoned the top button on his pants. He unzipped them slightly, just a tiny little bit, and then walked over to Constance. "Now then, my little Spenser, what are you going to do with us now that you have us?" He teased her with his thought-provoking eyes

and deliberately chosen words. His hard body tensed with the bulging package she wanted all over her body.

“Take my skirt off,” she called out to one of them—him.

Sebastian’s breathing became labored. His envy—she understood, but she would not act as their sex slave when she hurt just to participate.

“How about I just push it up?” Gabriel looked down on her as he moved her skirt up over her hips.

Sebastian’s fingers parted her, separated her pussy lips, and kept another man’s hands, lips and tongue from the temptation.

A moistened lip showed desire. It didn’t spark from the act of encouragement, but rather appeared by an underlying desire and it was one she translated as quickly as she saw it. He took her hand and led her to the bed, away from Sebastian. Her mind revisited the first time she met Gabriel replaying the way he looked at her then and savoring the way he watched her now.

He sat.

Sebastian slowly disrobed behind her. She felt him do it because she damn sure didn’t turn around to take it in. She’d witnessed a man undress, now she wanted to know what the one sitting on the bed could do to her, for her—with her.

His nose seemed to sniff the air closer to her pussy. “You smell like honey. Sweet, sweet honey.” He blew on her slowly before moving closer. “I’ll savor this until we meet again.” He looked beyond her shoulder and smiled wickedly at his brother. “Because you are fooling yourself brother if you think we will never meet together again.”

Swallowing the anticipation proved to be a larger pill than she ever thought. Damn it, she could not breathe now. He planned to do this again? Would once never be enough? *No! Of course not!* She knew it from the moment his mouth met hers and now, voicing it only spewed her desire forward.

“What’s wrong, little gem?” he called out the nickname. Everyone in the vampire circles referred to her as her family’s gem, but hearing him say it with a seductive hint of ravishment made her want to come.

“I want to know what’s taking you so damn long.” Did she question or state it? She wasn’t sure. She only knew it crossed her lips as a whisper.

“He likes to run his mouth, or have you failed to notice?” Sebastian snapped. He moved in behind her and began to massage her buttocks. “Go ahead, Gabriel, keep talking and you’ll find her pussy well occupied by the time you tire of the self-indulgent conversation.” He smirked then and his teeth dropped.

An unexpected bite scrapped over her shoulder and she flinched with it as Sebastian moved his cock against her ass. Feeling the impact of her body move with the bite, Gabriel most likely realized dire need existed now. His tongue moved to her center and tasted, simply tickled her with one daring lick before closing down on her swollen clit. He held her in a firm hold as Sebastian took her blood and licked the wound closed.

Gabriel lowered his head and dipped his tongue deep into her pussy with every goal of staking a full claim. She was glad, oh so glad he did. Within seconds, Constance felt the explosion of lust take her, claim her and break her under his suction.

“Oh God! Sebastian! Gabriel!” Who should she cry for? Who she should call for? “Coming...”

He didn’t savor the oral feast like she thought. No, instead, he wanted her to come fast and hard and he drove her to it with any easy goal in mind. Where he gently made love to her mouth when he kissed her, his tongue nearly hammered into her now.

A shocking climax, no maybe it was a wave of orgasms, pulsed through her body and she cried out a few times, but each time Sebastian’s mouth covered hers and the loss of vocal release only agonized her. She wanted Gabriel to hear her call his name. She needed to say his name in the heat of the pleasure he brought.

Sebastian held her hair fisted in a knot while he kissed her into a heaven only angels experienced but she didn’t quite classify as one who earned the title. Right now, she wanted to be bad—naughty as hell.

Gabriel’s hands settled on her hips and he pushed her away from him and slapped her ass before gripping her only tighter. The one smack he brought lit a blazing fire in the core of her pussy.

She flinched and then writhed as if she was going to come with nothing there to start her or hold her back. “Don’t stop. Not now.” Her hips rotated forward.

“What’s wrong, honey? Did I miss a spot?” He slammed her pussy right back against his mouth and latched his lips over her clit.

“Oh! Damn it! I’m going to fall!” Her knees buckled and Sebastian braced her against his chest pushing her toward Gabriel’s tongue with the lightest pressure on the small of her back. Gabriel’s aggressive nature took him wherever her body allowed him to wander and there were few barriers to stop him with Sebastian easing her body over his mouth.

Gabriel’s approach, his sexual skills, varied from Sebastian’s. He liked to play rough and he didn’t plan on taking her any other way. It didn’t mean she enjoyed it any less. He rode out her orgasm with her and never left her needy or without, but then he swatted her ass and pulled her back on the bed as he did. He lost his pants in record time and somehow, she didn’t expect to be man-handled without additional foreplay, but that’s exactly what Gabriel needed and wanted—he wasn’t a man who stood by and waited for opportunity. No, he created them.

She was drenching between her legs. She didn’t know how in the hell she could still be wet, but lust saturated the folds of her pussy and she begged for cock.

Sparkles, yes damn it, beaded little pearls of moisture tipped Gabriel’s dick and she wanted to taste him. She had to swipe them away with one wispy motion.

She did it. Her tongue carefully licked the slit at the tip of his dick as she moaned her approval. He grunted in satisfaction. Morse code had nothing over on them once their oohs and ahhs began with more heat-defining lingo suggested in growls and groans than any language ever defined.

Now she had to hover. She wanted the absolute whole of his cock striking against the back of her throat while pulsing against her tongue with his full release. Oh holy hell, why did he have to moan like a man who truly enjoyed his woman?

Because I’m as much his as I am Sebastian’s. She shivered as if a cool wind lashed at her back. *Now*, she had to have him cum in her mouth.

She was, without a doubt, thirsty for him and her mouth dropped over his shaft with one purpose—to quench the longing. His cock was large and at first, she did choke against the length. He snickered, withdrew, and then pushed the tip of it to the back of her throat. And the erotic effort began.

“There, baby woman. I want you to suck my cock like you’ll never have another because I swear to you, this one will be one you’ll need from here forward.”

Oh God, why did he have to state the obvious?

A hissing sound filled the air and the anger between brothers cut through the act of joining for a split second but only for a passing moment. Nothing right then was going to stop them all for getting what they bargained for, what they all wanted to accomplish.

Sebastian’s hands began to guide her hips. Both men fisted their cocks and each had a different purpose. Sebastian slid in from behind, bypassing one entrance, where his cock would certainly fit with some effort, he moved his dick right past her folds and gained her admiration and attention as he slowly moved right into the tight walls of her pussy.

“Good damn, you’re tight.” He clamped down on her shoulder and his bite drew blood. Gabriel’s eyes shaded with recognition.

Her teeth snapped. Her fangs threatened to drop. Damn it all, she couldn’t suck a man’s cock with sharp fangs set. She fought for mind control, demanded oral obedience and she urgently defied pussy control because once Sebastian’s sweet cock began to stroke, she wasn’t sure how many times she came, but she found a rhythm and then she found a beat—each time, she only sucked Gabriel deeper because he accommodated her needs.

“That’s it, little princess. Damn Sebastian, her hot little mouth.” Gabriel fucked her moist tongue and throat with a large cock most women would run from if they had the option. If Constance only paid closer attention, she would’ve preferred to have him in between her legs rather than swelling between her lips but then again, delicious meat often came at a hefty price. He hurt her with the thrusts and only choked her with a daunting smile—one she put there and she’d be damned if she would leave him without it. He could pump his cock into her any day of the week if he’d just watch her take him.

Smack! Smack! Smack! With a pop she released Gabriel’s cock. “Ah, finally.” She arched her back and took the slaps. “What took you so damn long?” Two more slaps were brought down across her bottom.

Her mouth dropped open and Gabriel’s smile was only wider. “Well, I’ll be damned. The little vixen likes it when you paddle her ass.” He looked at

her breasts and opened his mouth like he might just take a nipple in between his lips but instead, he issued a request, a heady order.

“You’re not finished yet, princess.” With a fisted manly grip, Gabriel shoved his cock back to her lips. “Come on, baby, show me something wonderful with that hot little mouth of yours.”

Her eyes closed as she took him and Sebastian took her. Her mouth surrounded him as she all but swallowed the strength of man’s best and she deliberately held him deep, taking him with a slurping sound and a deliberate moaning as her body began to unravel with the extraordinary fuck Sebastian provided.

“I’m going to come—now!” Gabriel’s hips drove his cock in between her lips and damn if he didn’t tell the truth. The jolt of his release almost brought her off of the bed as the swirling hot cum drifted onto her tongue and he thrust against her tongue and throat as she swallowed all he had to give.

“That’s it. Don’t stop. Suck it baby. Take me little princess. Suck deep. Ah yeah. That’s good, baby...so good.” His husky voice sounded tortured and it scared the hell out of her.

Bobbing her head up and down, she felt Sebastian abandon her pussy for a temporary break but when he came back with a forcible thrust, she understood he wanted her to feel him all the way to her soul. “Don’t move.” His hand moved around to touch one breast, just long enough to tweak her nipple with a simple pinch. The other one was well caressed by another adoring hand.

Sebastian’s hand came down once again on her ass and then a sweaty palm gripped her hip. “Ah Constance, don’t move baby. Never move away from me.” He fucked her with forceful reminders of him, hurtful purpose, damn near broken beats and when he came, his juices seemed to drip on and on until she didn’t want him to do anything more than simply bury himself in her.

He collapsed on her back slowly and didn’t pay much attention to the fact that Constance’s arms wrapped securely around Gabriel’s waist. Sebastian covered her back with kisses and everywhere he kissed, hot fire held her in place. He lavished her with an affection and love she’d never known. Her lips drifted too and with circles of emotion, she planted kisses

into Gabriel's skin, but what she seemed to be doing to his heart would leave him forever changed because she saw it in his eyes.

Chapter Twenty-One

Time passed but it didn't seem like the clock ticked off the minutes quickly. Gabriel held her to him like he didn't care that Sebastian rested against her back and he carried the weight of two bodies. His hand began to move over her forehead and his lips settled on her brow for just a second before he whispered against her lips.

"I have to get inside of you. Let me feel you, Constance."

She blinked with a response because her throat was far too dry to state yes or no. He reached under a pillow, and proved he was a man who planned ahead. He pulled out a foil package.

He brought it to his lips and ripped the corner with his teeth. It was easy to place the condom in her hand then and together they rolled it over the length of his engorged cock.

His hand remained wedged between their bodies as he told her what to expect. She watched his mouth move as Sebastian left her temporarily only to return before she had the opportunity to comprehend where the Sabbats planned to take her.

"You are going to be uncomfortable for a minute but I promise you, we're going to bring you pleasure. You're never going to know this kind of pleasure or this kind of pain." He locked his focus on his brother and with a true purposeful smile, he nodded as if he suddenly earned the right to act as the deciding party.

Sebastian spread a lubricant over her butt and his shaft. She felt the cool moisture as he rubbed it everywhere—her ass, his cock—was he bathing in it? She didn't care. She was so turned on that she began to react to wherever his finger trailed arching against him and bracing for what came next—undoubtedly, it would be her.

When Gabriel bit down on his lower lip, her eyes bulged with knowledge and expectancy. A cry left her lips as one cock wedged slowly into her ass and the other began to stroke the walls of her pussy.

“Oh my...” She didn’t know how to define it or begin to describe it so she only tried to feel—feel what they were doing to her body, what spaces they invaded and yet so cautiously controlled now. She heard Gabriel tell her there would be pain but this...it was so close to hell and yet so incredibly close to pure bliss. Both men leveraged themselves into their respective places and then they did not move.

“Help me.” She closed her eyes and swallowed hard. Gabriel started to withdraw. “No! Don’t move. Just wait.” Her eyes flew open. “Don’t leave me, yet. Just give me a second to adjust to you...both.”

Sebastian’s warm lips began to move across her back. “What is it, Constance? Can you do this?”

“Can I do this? Hell! I am doing this!” She stretched her neck upward and her eyes dropped as she tried to tempt Gabriel with a bite he ignored. “I need you.” He glared at a vein she felt tingling with her life. He damn well knew what she wanted.

“Just for that, you are totally fucked.” The thrusts he made between her folds only forced her to part her legs for a more personal invasion from the rear and all three bodies shifted at one time.

“Damn woman, you’re tight.” His head dipped to her chest and he began to carefully lick around her nipple as Sebastian stroked her ass with a thick cock guiding him forward in a rush.

“You like two for one, don’t you, sweetheart?” Gabriel only hoped, and she only inspired it more as she deliberately clenched her vaginal walls tighter against his penis.

I love it. She mouthed the words. She didn’t want to hurt Sebastian but Gabriel realized her position. She not only loved fucking both Sabbats, she cared for both of them.

“Damn it to hell!” Sebastian held onto her hips as he tried to grind his cock against her ass slow. “Forgive me, Constance. I can’t take you nice and gentle, baby. Damnation, you feel too good. Too damn hot.” His breathing hitched in his chest. His thrusts were stronger with every stroke, and while he broke through the sensitive flesh of an untouched barrier, Gabriel’s thighs bunched and he brought her in for a kiss so passionate she thought

he'd kissed her literally into another decade. It was a mind-blowing detailed kiss where his whole mouth responded in an earth-shattering moment and if kissing brought on a more potent climax, this was it. It was a man's kiss. The kind that forever remained embedded in a woman's mind.

"Love me." She mouthed the words and his strokes picked up as his lips curled into a deplorable expression.

"I do love you." Sebastian heard the silent whisper she meant for only Gabriel to witness.

Gabriel closed his eyes and released a sigh. His hands went to her hips and he began to throw the weight of his cock into her pussy. She arched her back for Sebastian and her chest forward for Gabriel. His fingertips lightly touched her nipples before his fingers clutched at her waist.

Sebastian's hands went to her neck as if to protect her from Gabriel's bite. "Come to me, Constance." Sebastian whispered against her earlobe as the first jolt of his release spiraled into her body with a hot spray of fire that only triggered her own release.

"Come to me." She whispered and Gabriel's grip tightened as his jaw set with that determined look of a man meeting lust with a stroke of his best shot. He fucked her harder than any wedge of flesh allowed because then and there, he held her in an enduring stare that promised so much more than one ceremonial meeting. And her body writhed against his cock but her climax was truly brought on by the eyes of an indisputable love.

* * * *

Almonzo glared at Darian from across the living room. Orlando had deliberately tried to keep his brother from using this opportunity to drop his fangs and try to spear the man's heart with mere teeth but he wasn't sure how long the elders could or would run interference.

"So tell me, Spenser, how is your lovely wife doing?" Darian stood and patted the front of his slacks. "I think of her often."

"Watch it, Darian." The first elder warned.

"No time for trouble, today." The second added.

Darian pulled at his sleeves and unbuttoned his cuffs. "Apparently, we have all the time in the world. Their little sister must be feasting on my

brothers about right now and I imagine she'll like Sabbath cock about as much as her brother's wife did." He smirked.

Almonzo flew from his chair and threw himself against Darian as his teeth dropped suddenly with a threat to draw what little blood the vampire possessed. Darian's eyes only danced with amusement.

"You sorry son-of-a-bitch! You had this planned from the very beginning. If my wife and her sister were only as wise to you as my brother and I are then this ceremony today would never have taken place!"

Darian's lips only curved more. "Yes, but the lovely Mrs. Spensers didn't know, now did they? And who would've thought my brothers, lucky bastards or not, would end up in bed with the darling Spenser gem on the same day that the Spenser patriarch was once again noted as missing. Who would have thought?" He sighed.

"Darian! That's enough patronizing for one day!" The second elder in charge finally came forward and tapped Almonzo on the back. "Get off of him, right now Almonzo. This solves nothing."

"I'll kill you myself Darian." He snapped his teeth.

"Ah, Almonzo, you are not your cousin and while it might behoove Richard Spenser to kill a vampire with his fangs, I don't imagine you'll get your hands, or your teeth for that matter, quite as dirty as your cousin."

Orlando sneered then. "That's for sure. Spensers don't make it a habit to wrap our lips around Sabbath cock." He referred to the known fact that Darian and their cousin were in fact intimate during the Tabitha-Almonzo joining.

"Damn it!" Almonzo hissed and turned away realizing what would then quickly follow.

"Ah, but Orlando, some Spensers indulge in Sabbath cock as if sipping on a fine wine. Ask your brother, he's watched it all, haven't you Almonzo?"

Orlando and Almonzo hissed at the same time and Orlando left the room with a warning for Darian. "If you don't find and return our father, then I can promise you the last cock *you suck*, Sabbath, will be your own!"

Chapter Twenty-Two

Sebastian eased out of the bed and made his way to the bathroom to draw a bath for her. Gabriel watched him. *What a stupid fuck he is if he thinks I won't screw her without him to oversee it.* He mused over the trust his younger brother had in his bride. Sebastian would view it as a betrayal and yet, the vixen sprawled across his chest would never understand why. She didn't know the rules so she couldn't be expected to play by them.

"Come up here and do me dirty, princess." A husky voice pulled at her as much as solid arms.

Her smile would be the death of him—hell, it might be the death of Sebastian if he didn't watch himself around her. Constance kissed his stomach and placed her cheek against his belly. "I'm exhausted."

"And you think I should care, because?" He swiped a hair from her brow. Damn it all, he did care. Her skin looked tainted lime green. They'd depleted her iron stores and when Sebastian fed on her, he didn't bother to notice the obvious.

"You're tired because you need to feed." He began to rub his neck.

She watched him with a careful eye. He wondered if she knew if she took his blood what it would mean exactly—he bet she didn't. All she heard, all she understood, were the instructions laid out before them—Sebastian told Gabriel *he* could not bleed *her*, but he didn't say anything about the reverse order.

His thumb and forefinger began to flick a vein. It sounded like a loud tapping sound because he did it so hard. "Come here, Constance. Take what you need, lover."

Beautiful baby pink shaded her eyes.

“That’s it, darling, come to Gabriel, I’ll take care of you.” He whispered into her breasts as his tongue ran over one little perfect nub while playing with the other one just enough to offer stimulation.

Pearly white teeth dropped.

Ah yes, baby girl. You listen to me—don’t you? And he needed to believe she did. He wanted her in that moment more than he should’ve wanted another vampire bride, but he began to crave her from their first kiss and bleeding with her would complete the circle he wanted to have with her.

Helping her proved necessary because she truly had very little to motivate her thin hips to straddle him then. She moved over him and he moved his cock right into place. She cried out as suddenly as he entered her and he knew time then would not be a simple luxury.

He fisted her hair and brought her lips to his neck knowing with the show of teeth, it would provoke the bite, the feed—and hell yeah, the need. She locked him under her bite, nipping the skin deep with the cut and intrusion. She sipped some and then fed on his blood even though Sebastian would never allow her to truly have him. She cried out then because he pumped into her with a profound desire and it was carnally wicked.

“That’s it, baby. Take it all. Take me into your veins and into your soul.” He felt his eyes shade and she rose up over him as if the words crumbled around them. She glared at him with a spit-fire combination of understood betrayal, wanton need, and a perverse desire so necessary that no one would break the ride they were on. Her hips moved. His thighs bunched and even though they both heard the initial growl of true horror, they fucked out their differences between two lovers and the third one would just have to wait to join them.

* * * *

“You bastard!” Sebastian’s anger rumbled.

Constance rolled off the mattress and slipped into a robe at the end of the bed. She pulled it tightly around her and sat down on the edge of the bed. “What the hell are you mad about, Sebastian?”

Sebastian kept his brother in his focus. “Go on, tell her. You betrayed *her*, so you tell her. I’m not going to do it. This whole day has been a chess

game and I refuse to let you win simply because you manipulated the pieces.”

“But I did win.” The brothers both knew Gabriel’s words would prove true. If they needed further evidence, one look at Constance’s face and all old scores were immediately decided.

“You aren’t doing this.” Sebastian rubbed his hand over his neck as he twisted his chin and his jaw seemed to draw at conclusions.

“I already *have* done *this*.” He gently moved in behind Constance and began to massage her shoulders. His hands wrapped tightly around her neck in a more sensual massage and his teeth dropped.

“I’ll kill you first.” He approached his brother with mad rage lingering on his cheeks.

“She’s already taken mine, you saw her with your own eyes. How long now, brother, before she cannot survive on yours alone?”

He pulled the trigger with his chosen words and new understanding crossed his face. “Condom?” He couldn’t ask a fully developed sentence.

Constance swallowed hard. “Sebastian.” She stood up and walked over to him. True love and concern existed there, or at least, he thought so, “I’m sorry. I just...”

“Oh Constance, spare me the details.” He shook his head and then marched around the room with a true pace to work out on the carpet.

“Do you know what this means?”

“I don’t care what this means.” Constance dropped her robe then and went to him to wrap him against her nude body. “I want to keep him.” The declaration seemed understood without the verbal confirmation necessary.

Gabriel seemed well pleased with her choice of words and he leaned back on the bed. He moved his cock around in a playful gesture. “Well I’ll be damned, she wants to keep me. How about that?”

“No, Constance.” Sebastian worked himself from her grasp by pushing her shoulders back and then her forearms. “It’s not going to happen.”

“Why not?”

“It wouldn’t work.”

“Why not?” Gabriel asked this time. “We used to do it all the time.”

“Shut the hell up. I told you, I won’t discuss this with or in front of Constance.”

“Well, then, you’ll be the one left out if you deny me.” Constance didn’t seem like she cared about their previous arrangements. The purpose she had now seemed clearly defined. She wanted both men and she wanted them both for keeps—yes, a vampire’s forever.

Sebastian’s eyes narrowed. “Do you really think it’s that easy, Constance?” His tone changed. His demeanor soured by the second.

Gabriel stood up and lowered his mouth to her ear as he passed, but the words fell loudly on the open room. “It really isn’t. You’re kind of stuck with him because he’s the one who feeds you and as much as I hate to admit it, my blood can quench you and keep you alive, but it can’t fully nourish you.” He smirked. “You two lovebirds let me know what you decide. I’m hitting the shower.”

* * * *

After she heard the door close behind her, she began again. “I want him to stay with us.”

“Beautiful. Have you thought about how that will work out with your brothers? They have a hard time with me. You have no idea what Gabriel is capable of or the limits he will go to in order to do things *his way*.”

She smiled. *Yes, I know*. The thought damn near drove her to the shower to fetch him.

Sebastian pointed out the obvious. “I didn’t really hear him state he wanted to stay, so that should tell you a lot, Constance.”

“I don’t care. I want to keep him, just like you wanted to keep me.”

“He’s not a damn pet for crying out loud!”

“Meow!” Constance paraded around with her hands waving around her head after the sudden, if not immature, outburst. “I’m tired of doing things by the book here. It’s fine for a vampire male to be out on the prowl for young blood, fresh meat, hot pussy, but let a woman need and want it—hell no. It’s not proper.” Her head moved too much with the declaration and her anger only spewed to the realm of uncontrollable.

They both turned to see Gabriel standing in the doorway with a gleam in his eyes. “I wanted to know if you both want to join me or...” He paused and pointed down. “If you would be so kind to loan me your lovely bride

one last time.” He chuckled then still eyeing his hard-on. “I seem to have a real stiff one for the little vixen.”

“I imagine so.” He hissed.

She felt the twinkle come into her eyes, but she saw the fire in Sebastian’s. Damn it she couldn’t help it—to be wanted by two men with equal charms, though different, made her head swim with endless possibilities.

“And it won’t go away either. He may think it will, but it won’t.” She laughed as she walked toward Gabriel.

“Have your fun,” Sebastian snapped. “Go ahead, screw her until you are sick of her, but fuck her hard and fast because when you’re done here today, that’s it. I’m not taking you home with us!”

Sebastian’s eyes followed her hips to the opposite side of the room.

“Are you sure you don’t want to join us?” Constance tempted him with a ‘come and get it’ hook in her finger but he ignored her.

“I want you to choose.” He called out behind her.

“I choose you,” she looked at Sebastian and then faced off with Gabriel and his damn evil smile crooked with recognition. “And I choose you too.” She blew Sebastian a kiss and then with a squeal, ran past his older brother. “And I am woman enough to keep you both well entertained!”

* * * *

He damn near fucked her to death. He knew it because damn it, she had to bleed with him twice and the little wench still wanted more cock. Hell’s fury, if Sebastian thought for one second he would satisfy her by himself, he had another thing coming. He should know because she had ripped and clawed her way into one sweet orgasm after another and came back for more like a sex-depraved hellcat.

They stood under the head of the shower as his mouth trailed over her shoulders. “My brother is a lucky bastard.” He smiled down on her as he gently caressed her back one final time. He felt Sebastian in the bathroom with them and knew what came next.

“Talk him into it.” She purred over her shoulder. “I need...”

He slanted his mouth over hers and whispered his reply. “No, lover.”

Gabriel's hand massaged the side of her flank before patting her with three swats to the ass. His eyes watched in amazement—not a wiggle or a shake. She took the pat with a smile. "Baby, it's not going to work out. He's not going to share and I have to say, I don't blame him. If you were mine," he dropped to his knees and kissed the spot where his palm only just vacated, "I wouldn't have agreed to any of this."

"I thought he didn't have a choice."

Gabriel stood back up then and grinned big. *Yeah, make her think about it.* "We all have choices. I wouldn't have shared you and I damn sure wouldn't have let a brother of mine have you."

He snickered when he heard someone stir on the other side of the thick shower curtain. *Take that little brother!* Mind games, he loved them.

"Then step aside, my brother, you've played with Constance for the last time. And I'm so glad to know you understand." He growled as he stepped into the shower stall noticing how the area was quite large—it was all out accommodating for a sex party.

"I said I wouldn't share, but I didn't say I would step out of the way after you made the damn ass mistake of allowing me to sink my cock into her tight little pussy." He winked back at Constance. "Don't worry, lover. He won't ever be able to sate you by himself."

He stepped out of the bathing area, but peered back around with parting words. "Believe me, Sebastian, I feel like it takes some kind of woman to keep up with me. I know how to please women, but the truth is, *she's* insatiable. She just rocked my world several times and look at her. It's your turn and she already has that slow-screw-for-you look in her eyes. Hell, I wish I had her energy and her unquenchable appetite."

He started out but quickly added. "You know this about her too."

"Get out of here, Gabriel," Sebastian snapped.

"I'll be waiting for you upstairs." Leaving the area, he left them with a whistle on his lips. *Damn! It's good to be alive.* Almost as soon as he thought it, his heart fell sick. He'd never felt so alive before which only meant one thing. The why behind it meant *Constance Spenser* gave him a fresh new outlook. And that scared the hell out of him.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Orlando and Almonzo looked at her differently. From the moment she walked into the room, she noticed it. They already knew what she planned to ask them. Their reply seemed scripted on their faces.

She moved her head defiantly and confidently as the black curls swayed across her shoulders. They seemed to tumble over her back with a thud because she felt them there. Maybe she just concentrated on the sway of locks because it became increasingly difficult to look at her brothers.

“The answer is not just no, but it is hell no.” Almonzo glared at her.

“What?” She felt her cheeks heat. “What are you talking about?” She shot the Sabbat brothers a glare. Sebastian looked well pleased. Darian looked amused and Gabriel? *Guilty as hell.*

Quickly, she turned her back to her brothers. Orlando grabbed her arm to turn her around to face them. She heard a growl of anger and believing it came from Sebastian, quickly shot him a warning with wide eyes only and around the same time Almonzo held up a hand to stop Gabriel from moving toward Orlando. “We don’t need any of you to help us control our little sister.”

“Maybe that’s the whole problem now, she’s been under your thumbs for far too long.” Gabriel made the observation through clenched teeth.

Anger sliced at all of them, then. Sebastian’s jaw set when he saw the glare in two sets of eyes. Constance then fumbled words, she didn’t have much of a choice. “I want—no, I’m going to keep them both.”

The oldest Sabbat spoke with hilarity in his tone. “And just what do you think about that Sebastian?”

Sebastian didn’t speak. He groaned. Loudly. “We’ll work this out without an audience.”

He was tremendously amused. “And Gabriel?” The laughter fell then—openly and with enough wickedness to taunt his youngest sibling.

"I'm not opposed to it."

Orlando caught on fast. "So I suppose you love her, too?"

"Hell, no."

Constance was hurt. It really washed over her without a second to spare or a warning to stop it.

"Sorry, babe. I love that little body—I swear I do, but love you? No. I don't love you. I would never love a Spenser, but I'm thankful my brother shared you." He rubbed his chin staring at her as he lied. She knew it as a down right dirty fib. Vampires were good at telling them.

"Go ahead and keep lying to yourself then." She strutted around for a minute, clearly distraught by the words Sebastian's brother spat at her and she didn't know how to respond.

"What about Father?" Almonzo pointed out something Constance never thought much about in the presence of the Sabbat men.

"What about him?" As far as she was concerned, if she was able to get close to Gabriel, it all but guaranteed his safe return. And she couldn't help it. She cared for two men—two savage rogues—Sabbats or not, they held the keys to her heart.

Sebastian tried to reason with her then. "Surely to God you know that he would never go for Gabriel living under his roof?"

"Why not?" She looked back at Almonzo and Orlando, then she glanced over at Gabriel and that's when she saw the bitter, if not cruel, turn Sebastian cautioned her about.

He crossed his arms, leaned up against the far wall, and then crossed his ankles. He looked good enough to swallow whole, but he also had a different demeanor about him. He looked rode hard, well satisfied and totally disconnected.

"Because he had as much to do with Father's disappearance as Darian."

Darian looked pleased all the more. Gabriel's mouth turned up at the corners. "Sorry doll, but it's true. And I'm damn proud of the role I played."

Good enough to eat? She'd lost her ever-loving mind. He looked challenging enough to kill—slowly. *After one last fuck.* Shit! She should die right along with him.

"You had something to do with Father's disappearance?" She marched toward him as she said the words.

"I did."

“You bastard.” She raised her hand and he didn’t stop the smack she delivered straight across his cheeks and she came down with a strong blow.

“You better believe it.” His eyes drifted over her. “And I wouldn’t change a thing.” He smirked, but she saw movement. It was only a slight one, but a flicker nonetheless, and it existed in his eyes. A twitch in his upper right cheek allowed her to read his mind. No, he wouldn’t change a thing about spending time with her, but he regretted the role he played with her family.

She didn’t give a shit what he said. She studied him more with each passing second. Guilty—he regretted his role. Damn straight he did. “You’re a liar.” She moved closer and allowed her gaze to drift over him, almost on a dare, and then she whispered acknowledgement. “And I know why you are.”

“Forget it, Constance.” Almonzo shook his head at his brother. “You have no reason to rub father’s nose with the scent of two Sabbats.” He drew a deep breath and allowed it to release slowly. “I’m here to tell you, the hatred Father feels for their family starts—and ends—with these two.” He nodded in the direction of Darian and Gabriel as if there would be any doubt.

Sebastian stood next to Constance then. “We have to go.”

“Where are we going?” She questioned.

“I have some business to take care of before we leave. We’ll go back to Edinburgh tomorrow.”

He studied her expression.

She tried to cover up the loss she felt, but it was difficult because she immediately carried it with her. Gabriel walked closer and moved, in a stalker’s format. A few strides to the left or the right, an abrupt halt and then a final slow pursuit before he stopped in front of her. “When you’re back in Scotland, think of me little gem.” He kissed her on the forehead. A gesture in and of itself and one that for her, held more meaning than most heated kisses.

“Yes, I will see you again.”

Sebastian squeezed her hand as she crossed the floor to slide herself into the embrace of first one brother and then another. The elders stood beside them quietly and she ignored them. They didn’t bother to speak to her now and they were only there to ensure a secure common ground for the joining since Spensers and Sabbats were not on the friendliest of terms.

“Yes, we’ll be seeing you.” Sebastian glared at Darian.

Constance saw them over Almonzo’s bear hug and everyone in the room heard his request—if not, his demand. “You two finish this. You work this out with Orlando and Almonzo. I want her father waiting for her when we return to Scotland.”

Darian’s tongue darted in and out. “You know, if we can locate him, you aren’t going to win credit for his safe return.” He turned and stared at Gabriel. “He will.”

“Then so be it.” He studied Gabriel.

“Believe it.” Gabriel taunted. Constance knew then her feelings were justified. He all but promised her, in his own way, to work diligently until he found her father—or did she imagine, see even, what she wanted to believe?

Constance felt like she needed a moment alone with Gabriel, but it wouldn’t be granted. Her brothers were going to forbid another Sabbat union and the truth was, now that she tasted a little of it, maybe her time with Gabriel was nothing more than pure hunger—womanly lust. She tried to convince herself. *Of course—lust*. What kind of a woman falls head over heels for such a vile being? She nearly choked on the recognition. *The kind who can still feel the rogue in her veins*.

* * * *

Constance slid in beside him. They’d had a long day and busy night. They’d deliberately avoided the subject of Gabriel and she felt like it may be just as well. “Sebastian?”

“Hmmm?” Sleepily, he rolled over to face her. His lips curved into a gentle smile. “Ask and you will receive.” His cock rubbed over her leg with a plan of its own.

Did she dare—ask? Did she mention his brother’s name in their bed? What would he deem appropriate and what would he deny her if she even bothered to suggest it?

“Then I’m asking.” Maybe he would translate the request like she meant for it to be delivered.

“And I’m willing.” His voice held a sexual meaning.

Before her heart could leap, he slid down the mattress and gathered her calves into a strong hold. His tongue began to trace up her leg with a

guidance of greedy passion pulling him forward. When he reached her pussy, his tongue lingered as it stroked her into a fiery need. One where she wanted to feel him searching, pushing into her core with the intent to fulfill.

Sebastian sank into her folds and met her desire with a newfound spark. She relaxed around him as he drove her to the brink of ecstasy and her hands tangled into his hair while her palms massaged his scalp.

“Heaven help me.” He kissed her intimately as his hands clasped around her rear.

“Oh yes...” She rose up to greet him in a hugging hip-lock fashion and as he drove her over the edge, she immediately missed another. Constance felt the certain void as Gabriel’s image danced in her head and the vein she wanted him to take during the ceremony now burned for his touch.

She felt true love for the man in her bed but she held onto another love, a more perfect kind of love, because Gabriel Sabbat was the man she chose to love of her own free will and he was the man she willingly bled with knowing above all else, he would forever remain with her until death one day lingered with the potential to part.

Epilogue

“You never cease to amaze me.” Darian Sabbat glared at the man in the chair before him. “Your strength has proven you are a timeless force to be reckoned with and one which we need to destroy before the power you seem to live by threatens to ruin us all.”

Samuel stared back at the man taunting him with dark uncaring eyes.

“Your daughter has quite an alluring way about her.” Darian found another metal chair against the wall and carried it over to sit in front of Samuel Spenser.

Men glared with harshly set eyes, pupils filled with hatred.

“I knew from the moment Sebastian lost his battle of appeals with the elders, I had to move fast. After all, once your daughter had her sharp little claws in him, he was lost to us.”

Samuel didn’t seem to care one way or the other. He just stared straight ahead.

“So you might as well know. Gabriel met a similar fate.” A forced chuckle barely escaped his lips. “He just doesn’t know it yet.”

As if it pained him, Samuel Spenser spoke. “So the joining is complete.”

“Oh yeah, it is finished.” He seemed to delight in telling Samuel the truth, but he also was pained by what it actually meant to him.

A deep breath seemed too tortured to release. “And you fear you’ve lost another brother to my daughter.”

Darian’s anger took over then and he quickly stood from his seated position. “I don’t fear anything. I meet facts head on with an awareness of it and an acceptance of what it may eventually bring. That’s why you’re here and my brothers are now left to wonder if I had any involvement in your sudden disappearance. I saw your daughter worm her way into another Sabbat heart. She won’t be able to help you now by sleeping with the right enemy.”

“I hardly think that’s what she did if the elders ordered her to consummate the joining by accepting Gabriel as well.”

“I guess we’ll never know, will we?” Darian turned his back to the patriarch of the Spenser family.

“Maybe not.” He agreed.

Darian knew why he chose the particular words. It left room for doubt. It inspired thought and it provoked anger. Constance Spenser turned his world and his empire inside out. Now, he planned to return the favor.

“I’ll see you soon.” He didn’t know when—didn’t really care.

“Yes, we’ll meet again. I’m sure of it.” Samuel seemed to study him with too much curiosity.

“She’ll never be in my veins, for the record.” Darian all but spoke his deepest fears.

A loud laughter fell from his prisoner’s chest. A hearty rumble he all but forced into the room and the darkness that held him there. “She’s already there, Darian. She’s already there. She’s been living there for quite some time.”

WINNING VIRGIN LUST

Winning Virgin 3

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Destiny Blaine lives in Tennessee with her husband of seventeen years and two teenagers. The family is sports-oriented and spends a lot of time in sports complex centers around the country, traveling with various high performance teams.

Destiny's favorite pastimes include reading, playing casino craps, or watching all sports ranging from volleyball to football. She always enjoys spending time with family and friends, and finds the best days spent are typically on a white sandy beach with a good book in hand and family nearby.

Destiny has various novels and novellas due out in 2008 and 2009. You can find out more about these works of fiction and non-fiction by logging on to her website at www.destinyblaine.com. Destiny also has an active MySpace site where she interacts with readers daily. Check her out at www.myspace.com/destinyblaine.



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