

## SCANDALOUS

Episode 1 by Chanta Rand

Website: <http://www.chantarand.com/>

He smelled bacon.

He mentally struggled with whether to get up and eat or to lay comatose.

Comatose felt good.

Eating would mean dealing with his cotton-dry mouth and the insistent pounding at his hotel door.

He rolled over in his king-sized bed and cracked an eye open. His gaze landed on a plate stacked with strips of bacon, and a mountain of scrambled eggs slathered in Tabasco sauce—just the way he liked them.

He'd eaten the same breakfast ever since he'd bought this hotel years ago. Everything was as it should be, except for the idiot at his door. Who had the balls to disturb him after a night of...hell, what *had* he been doing last night?

His mind barreled through his memory bank until he remembered. Oh yeah, he'd gotten shitfaced with his cousin, Willard and his brother, Bubba. He could hold his liquor better than the average man, but last night he had a good reason for getting tanked.

Grumbling, he tossed his sheets aside and slid out of the bed stark naked. He yanked on a pair of jeans he found discarded on the carpet in the bedroom of his suite. He hobbled barefoot to the front room, but he pulled up short when he saw a buxom blonde sit up on the couch and wipe the sleep from her eyes. The words, *Big Tits Ain't a Crime* stretched across the front of her tight t-shirt.

Incredulous, he rasped, "What the hell are you doing here, Anita?"

She yawned. “Hope you don’t mind, Reed. I crashed on your couch. But don’t worry. You and me didn’t do nuthin’. You was too drunk.”

*Thank God!* Sex was so much better when he had the memories to rewind.

“I don’t have to be at work for a few hours,” she added, a flicker of hope dancing across her cherub face. “I got time for a quickie.”

Anita was a maid at his hotel. In addition to her irritating habit of using her key to get into his room, she was also engaged to Willard. Reed enjoyed a good fuck, but not at the expense of someone’s fiancé.

“Some other time,” he lied as he walked with a slight limp toward the door. The hangover was temporary. The limp wasn’t. Most everybody in town knew how he’d sustained his injury. Women thought the cane he used was sexy. There was no accounting for female reasoning. His family had run this town for three generations. Power was one hell of an aphrodisiac.

He hoped Willard wasn’t on the other side of that door with a pair of steel knuckles. Of course, it could be the police, too. He’d been known to raise hell during a night of drinking. But, he didn’t take the cops seriously. He’d gone to middle school with half of ‘em and played varsity football with the other half.

When he opened the door, he stared into the face of a strange woman. She was graced with high cheekbones, a mane of raven hair, and a long, slender neck he would love to sink his teeth into. Her stunning sable skin was marred only by the tight scowl she gave him. It was obvious she had a bone to pick. Adam had already sacrificed a rib for men everywhere. Reed would be damned if he let this beauty take one of his.

Episode 2 by Valerie Twombly

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Abby hadn't been prepared when the door swung open, and Reed Evans greeted her wearing a pair of faded blue jeans and thick black hair that looked as though he'd been ridden hard. She stared into his blazing green eyes and would have melted if not for the fact he looked madder than a bull who'd just lost his nuts.

"Mr. Evans?" What a stupid question. Of course he was, but she'd suddenly lost her nerve.

"Who wants to know?" he growled.

"My name's Abby Livingston and I'm here on business. May I come in?"

"Woman, you do realize what time it is?" At least he stepped aside, which was a positive sign.

"I am sorry." She walked through the door, and it was then she spotted a blonde wearing a tee that was three sizes too small. Most likely the woman—if you could call her that—was the reason he looked so rough. Abby pulled back her shoulders and glided across the carpet with the grace and manners her southern grannie would be proud of. She heard the click of the door behind her and when she turned, the girl was gone. No doubt, scooted out and sent on her way with a wad of cash in hand.

Time to get to the point. "Mr. Evans. I find myself in need of a bodyguard, and I was told you're the best."

He tipped his head back and laughed. "Oh shit." Rubbing his temples he glared at her and grabbed a shirt from the back of a chair and shoved his arms through the sleeves. It was a shame to cover up such male perfection, but better for their conversation.

"You should have also been told that I haven't been in the business since..."

“Yes. Since you took a bullet to the leg. I know.” She shifted her weight. Why the hell had she decided it would be a great idea to wear heels? Sneakers and jeans were more her style, but she’d thought a short skirt and pumps would go further at showcasing her long legs than pants. She’d taken great care with her appearance before she came. After all, if Reed Evans knew she grew up on the poor side of town he’d never agree to help her.

He poured himself a cup of coffee from the carafe on the table and took a long sip. “So you know then that this is a waste of your time?”

“I was also told you never turn down a damsel in distress.” She adjusted the strap of her purse. The one that carried her life savings and she hoped would be enough for at least a down payment on his services. After that, well...she’d figure it out.

“Well darlin’, that’s where you’re wrong.”

Episode 3 by Mina Khan

Website: <http://minakhan.blogspot.com/>

Good thing Abby had plenty of experience with challenges. She didn't like them necessarily, but she never backed off from one. Squaring her shoulders, she met his glare and smiled. "We'll see about that."

A glint of interest sparked in his eyes as his lips twitched into a shadow of a smile. A smile that did nothing to cut the dark broodiness of his features or the thick tension in the room. Just made him look more...big, bad, and dangerous. She swallowed as her heart sprinted. Were those fangs peeking out over his full sensuous lips? Oh, yes. Good, so he really was a vampire.

"Not that you don't have a smokin' hot bod, but why does it need guarding?"

Heat rushed across her skin at his blunt words and roaming gaze, but she kept her chin up. "Perhaps I should have introduced myself by my professional name, Sitara the Seer at your service."

He guffawed at that. "You don't look much like your pictures."

Yeah, well. Uncle Dave, her manager, guardian, and only-living relative, insisted on stage presence. He thought exotic and mysterious sold better so the fancy name, the heavy makeup, the gaudy jewelry, and dressing in silk, and gauze outfits straight out of somebody's harem fantasy. Everything about Sitara the Seer was a sham except for the ability to see the future.

Still smirking, Reed crossed beefy arms across his impressive chest. "So tell me what am I going to do next?"

"You're going to offer me coffee and a seat."

"Because that's what the Universe is showing you?"

"No," she said. "Because that's the polite thing to do."

“I like you.” He grinned and waved at a pair of straight back chairs sitting in front of his desk.

“Make yourself comfortable. How do you take your coffee?”

“Black,” Abby said, lowering herself into a seat. Her skirt slid up as she crossed her legs. His eyes widened and followed every move. A very female sense of satisfaction filled her and she turned away to hide her smile.

Within moments, he’d placed her coffee by her and claimed the big leather chair on the other side of the desk. He leaned forward, hands clasped. “So what’s the story?”

She sipped her drink, letting the bitter taste, and rich, smoky aroma fortify her. “I have a regular client, let’s call him Mr. X.”

Reed raised a raven brow. “Mr. X?”

Abby flashed him a pointed look and continued. “He usually wants me to pick lottery numbers or race horses, favorable dates for business and such things. I knew he was involved in some shady deals, but this time...” She choked up on the rest of words and had to take another swallow of coffee.

“This time?” Reed picked up a pen and tapped on the desk top like a demented woodpecker.

She swallowed and met his cool green gaze. “He asked me if he should go into a new international venture. This time, I saw death. Not his, but that of other people at his hands.”

Reed made the time out sign. “Wait, you expect me to believe you actually saw a vision.”

“Yes, and because of that vision I’m now in danger.” Was that breathy voice coming from her? She cleared her throat.

“You told Mr. X you saw him murdering people?”

“Of course not.” She bit her lip. “I may have shouted out “Murderer!”

Episode 4 by Angie Daniels

Website: <http://angiedaniels.com/>

Reed was usually all about business, but once Abby started gnawing on her bottom lip, he'd barely heard another word she'd said. They were full, lush, and parted slightly, revealing the tip of her tongue as she drew the flesh between her teeth.

She had no idea the things he yearned to do with that delectable mouth.

And then, there was her feminine scent that was driving him fucking nuts. The fragrance was amber and lemongrass with the faintest hint of blood. She'd recently cut her leg—probably shaving—sending his appetite burning.

Damn, he'd love to kiss her wound and make it all better.

Hunger roared through him as his eyes perused a slender frame with enough tantalizing curves to make a man want to drop to his knees and give thanks... among other things.

Watching her, smelling her, Reed felt a rage of heat rushing through his veins that landed right smack at his groin, causing his cock to throb something fierce.

While she explained her dilemma, he found himself imagining how wild and wicked Abby could behave once she lost that restraint. She seemed to be the type of woman who possessed fire and will, and he wanted to know what turned her on. Already, he anticipated hours and hours of wicked pleasure.

Oh, he could hardly wait.

“Have you heard a word I said?” Abby barked, bringing him back into the conversation.

Reed slowly rose from the chair and frowned. “No, I’m afraid I have not,” he began, and when her eyes flashed dark fire, a smile curled his lips. “However, once we’ve discussed price, and you agree to my terms, then I’m all ears.”

Abby tilted her head to one side and sent curls bouncing around her face as she threw him an arched look. “Money is not an issue.”

Before he could respond, she slid the leather strap off her shoulder, unzipped the purse, and emptied the entire contents onto the cluttered wooden desk with a loud thump. Eyes wide, Reed stared down at the large bundles of cash. There had to be several thousand dollars right before his eyes, and yet the money was nowhere near as tempting as the woman sitting across from him.

“I think that should be more than enough,” she decided, her brown eyes glittering confidently.

“Really?” he murmured. As he gazed at her, Abby then made the mistake of nervously nibbling on her bottom lip again, only this time her teeth sank into the tender pink flesh, drawing just the slightest drop of blood. However, for a vampire it was more than enough to cause his lips to curl back and his fangs to show as he snorted a laugh.

“No, I’m afraid that won’t work,” Ó he began as he rounded the desk, taking one step and then another. “I want something else.”

“Something else?” Abby repeated, and then Reed heard the sharp intake of air as it hissed through her teeth. It was clear she knew which direction the conversation was headed.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Tell me what you want,” she demanded breathlessly.

Episode 5 by Luanna Stewart

Website: <http://www.luannastewart.com/>

Abby watched Reed's eyes darken, and at the same time heard the door lock click into place.

Holy shit, batman. She'd heard stories about vampires being able to control stuff with thoughts, but she'd never witnessed it. The other vampires she'd met over the years had been too eager to stay under the radar, keep their secret powers secret.

"Um...what do you think you're doing?" She had a pretty good idea, but there was no way in hell she was going to be this guy's breakfast. Even if he was drop dead gorgeous. Damn, poor choice of words.

"Oh, I think you know exactly what I have in mind." He crossed to a wall cabinet and took out a metal tray holding medical equipment. "But first we need to take care of preliminary screening." He snapped on a pair of blue surgical gloves.

She tried to laugh. This wasn't really happening, was it? "Shouldn't we just ask each other about our sexual history or something?"

He grinned. "Oh we'll get to that too. Now be a good girl and roll up your sleeve."

She was used to weird shit, given the weirdoes she hung around with, and the even weirder weirdoes she encountered as Sitara. She rolled up the sleeve of her blouse and turned her head away.

"This won't hurt a bit." He chuckled as he tied a strip of rubber around her arm. "Well, this part won't hurt. And I've yet to hear complaints from my other...lovers."

"I'm not hiring you to be my—" She jumped as the needle pierced her flesh. So much for not hurting. She dared a glance at her arm and was surprised to see him filling a third vial. "What the hell do you need all that blood for?"

He deftly finished and sat again behind the desk. Seeming to ignore her question, he divided the blood from one tube into other tubes and added drops of various liquids. Then, he pulled off his gloves.

"Now, we have time to chat. When was your last sexual encounter, and with whom?"

"Look, I want you as a bodyguard, not a gigolo." Not that she would kick him out of her bed, but he was taking all the romance out of it.

Without seeming to move, he appeared at her side, clasped her arms and pulled her from the chair. His nostrils flared as he leaned closer. Close enough for her to feel the cold heat from his body. Whoa, that didn't make any sense. How was heat cold?

"I don't smell a man on you."

All she could do was shake her head. She looked into his eyes, dark and mysterious, and couldn't look away. A feeling of peace, contentment, comfort filled her mind, and body. Hell, she felt *fabulous*, like she was floating on a warm cloud of massaging brilliance. He lowered his head toward her neck, and she tensed. Shit, this was really happening, and she didn't care. She wanted to stay on the cloud. But, all she felt was the soft brush of his lips.

"Relax, my sweet. You will know when it's time." He gently bit her earlobe and released her arms, letting her settle in the chair. She wanted to cry.

He glanced at the small laboratory atop his desk and smiled. "Yes, very good. Let's get started."

Episode 6 by C.A. Szarek

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“Can I ask you something?” Abby shivered as Reed rounded the desk and took a seat, those fabulous green eyes intent on the mini-lab instead of her.

She ignored the disappointment that crashed over her. Things had been hot. What was with the cooling off? Was he really going to play scientist, instead of trying to ravish her?

He finally looked up, and cocked his dark head to one side, then nodded. “Sure.”

“You’re a vampire, right?”

Again, he nodded. “Not a secret, the whole town kinda is.”

“Why do you have a limp?”

“The bullet was silver, and we didn’t get it out fast enough.” He shrugged as if it was nothing, but something darted across his handsome face and had Abby muttering an apology.

She jumped when he stroked her cheek and one corner of his mouth shot up. Abby hadn’t seen him move—again. She had to order herself not to lean into his touch.

“It was a long time ago, I assure you my skills aren’t lacking.”

“I wouldn’t have come to you if I thought they were.”

“Right. Well, let’s get started.” Reed rubbed his hands together, as if in anticipation and took his previous seat.

“Get started?” That was the second time he’d said that.

“Yes.” He hit some buttons on a machine. Red lights shone, and a whirring sound filled the room.

“I thought you were going to help me.” Abby winced at the desperation in her tone. Her heart sped up, and she fought the urge to look around. She was safe here—despite the fact she was with the most powerful vampire in town. Reed wouldn’t let anything happen to her, would he?

“No, I won’t.”

“You read minds, too?” Shit, she’d have to guard her thoughts.

He chuckled, and the warmth of it was like a caress.

Abby squirmed in the chair and squeezed her thighs tight. Desire settled low. She wanted him. A stranger. A vampire. Hoped like hell he couldn’t tell.

Reed’s smirk, and the flare of his nostrils said otherwise.

Her cheeks warmed, and the fact that he’d not answered was palpable.

“You and I should work out just fine,” he murmured. His voice dropped. It was thicker, more appealing somehow.

“What’d you mean?” she whispered.

“I don’t want your money.”

She straightened, her longing shooting to anger, and Abby popped to her stilettoed feet. “You said you’d help.”

A slow, sexy grin bloomed across Reed’s delicious mouth. Fangs peeked out.

Abby’s heartbeat kicked up. She was in so much trouble.

“I will.”

“So what the hell do you want for payment? I’m not a sex slave. It’s not going to be like that, I don’t care who the hell you think you are.” Her voice rose with each demand, and Abby bristled when Reed came to her side and cupped her face.

He dipped down as if he was going to kiss her.

She stiffened, and cursed her disappointment to hell when his mouth stopped millimeters above hers.

“No worries, little seer, you’ll sleep with me.”

His confidence flared her anger, but Abby couldn't pull from his hold. He wasn't hurting her, despite the firm grip. "I will not. And you're still being obtuse."

Reed laughed. His green eyes twinkled.

Abby glared.

"I needed your blood because it's how you're going to pay me. You're going to bond with me."

## Scandalous

Episode 7 by Chanta Rand

<http://www.chantarand.com/>

Reed's mouth salivated at the thought of bonding with Abby. Bonding was more pleasurable than sex. He didn't want to do this sacred act just to possess her body and mind. He wanted to do it to ensure his legacy.

He relished licking a woman's smooth skin from earlobe to ankle. Stroking her hot, supple flesh. Sinking his fangs into the tender meat of her breasts. He indulged all of his hedonistic whims, but there were times he grew bored with his lifestyle. For over a year, he'd been looking to settle down.

With Abby's reputation and his powers, their bonding would be like two powerhouses uniting. They could be equals, their blood oath signifying their fidelity and dependency to each other.

Abby's full lips dropped open. "You want to control me?"

He stroked her cheek. "I don't think anyone could control you, woman."

"Stop it," she snapped. Anger flashed across her dark irises as she pulled away. "I know what a blood bond is."

He shook his head. "There's more to it than what you're thinking."

"Goddammit! Stop reading my mind."

"When you bond with me, you'll have powers too. Our children can have powers—greater than what you have now. Greater than you could ever imagine."

She turned away. He was taking a huge risk revealing what he wanted, instead of just taking it or tricking her into it. Since the Dark Ages when rogue vampires had viciously bred on humans and forced

them to produce heirs, vampires had been given a bad name. What he wanted to do wasn't bad. It was survival.

It was time he started thinking of his heirs. His family's power was waning. Bubba was a full-grown child, hiding from responsibility as though it was an STD that would grab him by the dick and never let go. Willard was too easily manipulated by alcohol, drugs, and the first piece of pussy that had come along—Anita.

“What is your answer, Abby? You need me and I need you.”

He never thought he'd make that admission to any woman. But, Abby 'Sitara the Seer' was the perfect blood partner. He knew they would have a son. Already, the hemoglobin indicator on the Vitae machine told him Abby was *the one*. But, he didn't need blinking lights and buttons to know that. His body was hot with desire for her. He heard the blood rushing through her plump veins whenever she looked in his direction. His dick hardened at the thought of sliding in and out of her milky sweetness.

“Abby?”

“Fine.” She pinned him with a venomous glare. She wasn't happy about the terms, but she would thank him later. He was giving her the gift of immortality. There was only one way to do that.

She had to face the Coven High Council.

“Let's go,” he ordered.

Her dark eyes narrowed. “Where are you taking me?”

Even though she protested, he felt her disappointment. She wanted him to keep her in this room. Fall prey to her womanly charms. Taste the saltiness of her body fluids. He towered over her, his eyes flicking down at her cleavage. Were her nipples the same dusky color as her eyes?

He growled, and then took a deep breath to calm his raging libido. He had to make this raven-haired beauty his soon. “I want you to meet some people at the CHC,” he said. “I'm hesitant to proceed without their approval.”

She smirked. "Take me to your leader. The sooner we get this over with, the sooner you can help me."

## Episode 8 by Valerie Twombly

<http://www.valerietwombly.com/>

Abby paced the worn carpet and hardly took note of the tray of food that was left on the table for her. She'd answered their damn questions. Submitted to their stinking blood tests too and was beginning to feel like a pincushion. The door flung open, and Reed's broad shoulders blocked the light from the hall.

"Well? Don't stand there gawking at me. Did I pass?" Her last nerve was strung so tight it was likely to snap at any second.

He slipped in and closed the door behind him, turning the lock. "Oh you passed. The CHC is most pleased with my choice. We are to bond immediately."

She cocked a brow and jabbed her hands on her hips. "Here? Now?" she looked around. How the hell had she missed the bed? *Well now this just feels dirty.*

"I like dirty. Most especially from you." He grinned and flashed a hint of fang and she stifled a moan.

"You really need to stay out of my head. It's rude. Besides...what about Mr. X?" She couldn't tear her gaze from his fingers as he slowly—painfully slow to be exact—pulled at the buttons on his shirt until he exposed an expansive chest and an eight-pack of abs. "Umm...shit." She dug her nails into her palms to keep from tracing her fingertips over every peak and valley.

Reed chuckled and tossed his shirt to the floor as he stalked toward her. "Darlin', Mr. X is being hunted as I speak."

"What? I don't understand." She took a step back, her progress halted when she bumped the bed.

“You really think you can keep his name a secret from me?” He unbuckled his belt then slipped the button through its hole and lowered the zipper.

She swallowed.

“Nervous darlin’?” His mouth twitched, and she wasn’t sure if she wanted to slap him or kiss him. Kissing was preferable.

As if reading her mind, and he likely was...he stepped closer, leaned in and nuzzled her neck. She stiffened, waiting for the bite; instead he flicked out his tongue and traced a line downward until he reached that one little spot. The one that caused her lips to part on a moan, and heat to flood her sex. Even her nipples hardened into painful points and for a moment she forgot her name.

He slid his hands along her arms, to her hips, and then slipped them under her blouse. The skin on skin contact sent a jolt of energy coursing through her. “Damn,” she sighed.

He lifted his mouth to her ear. “Imagine how it will feel when I part your silky thighs and bury my cock deep inside you,” he whispered.

“Is it getting hot in here?” Desire so raw claimed her body and she caved to it. Leaning forward, she kissed his chest. Inhaled his musky scent until her mouth watered.

## Episode 9 by Mina Khan

<http://minakhan.blogspot.com/>

Damn, she was beautiful. Her gaze heavy with desire, her mouth soft with want. Abby flicked out her pink tongue and fluttered the tip around his left nipple.

Reed jolted. A strangled groan escaped him.

She flashed him a delighted smile and gently nipped his other nipple, almost making him burst out of his pants. "Careful darlin' or you'll have me lose control," he said, his voice a raspy grate.

"Would that be bad?" She looked up with wide hazel eyes. Her full lips parted.

He could imagine those lips wrapped around his hard cock. Her mouth would be warm and soft. So tempting. He sighed. But not yet.

"We'd have to start the all over again," he said with a short laugh. "Not that I mind. I do want to take time with you, savor you," his words came out on a smoky whisper. "But tonight, now, we need to cement the bond."

"Right." Disappointment flashed in her eyes, made him feel like a well-worn heel.

He pulled her up until she stood facing him, and he could look her in the eye. "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

She stared at him for a long moment, then nodded.

Reed swept Abby up into his arms and carried her to the bed, laying her down gently so that her ebony curls fanned out over the pillow.

He grabbed the lapels of her silky blouse and ripped the thing apart. Vampire strength definitely had its perks. She gasped. Quickly and efficiently he had her bra unhooked and pulled off, leaving her beautiful breasts free. Her dusky nipples pointed up, begging for attention.

She turned her head away then, baring her neck to him. Reed lay down next to her, brushed his knuckles down the curve of her face. “Oh, Sitara, you’re exquisite.”

Abby moaned when he grazed her skin with his incisors. Her pulse pounded just beneath like a siren call. He placed his mouth on her, tasted her on his tongue, sucked that sweet and salty skin.

“Oh Reed,” she whispered, quivering. A bolt of desire shot through him at her response.

Reed let his hand travel down to cup a full breast in his palm, he played with the nipple, rolling it between his thumb and fingers, pulling and teasing. She whimpered and squirmed, clutching at him.

Now. Reed let his fangs extend and sank them into her soft flesh. She cried out, stiffened for a moment, and then melted against him. Her blood tasted sweet and rich, intoxicating. For a moment, he lost himself in her. All of a sudden, she turned rigid in her arms.

Panicked, Reed disengaged and looked at her. Abby’s body arched into a frozen bow. Her eyes were glazed, but not with pleasure nor pain, but an otherworldly distance. Unease prickled across his skin. “Sitara, Abby, what’s wrong?”

Her head rotated towards him, trapping him in her unseeing gaze. “They’ll be here soon,” she said in an eerie and emotionless tone. “Mr. X and his mercenaries. He’s angry. So angry.”

## Episode 10 Angie Daniels

<http://angiedaniels.com/>

“Sweetheart, listen to me,” Reed began, drawing Abby’s attention. She stared into deep, dark, penetrating eyes, as the gorgeous vampire said in a low hypnotic tone, “Mr. X is being hunted, and when he arrives, I’ll know. In the meantime, we need to finish cementing our bond.”

Abby’s head went in a long, slow spin. *What’s happening to me?* She wondered as a strange warm sensation flowed through her, and yet within seconds, she sighed and no longer cared about anything except the long fingers caressing her body.

She was under his spell.

“Relax,” he coaxed, his lips brushing her forehead, wiping the fear from her mind. “All I want you to think about is my fangs and my cock.”

Her body clenched with anticipation.

Reed had her stripped in less than a minute. Her skirt was tossed across the room, and panties ripped away.

“You sure don’t waste any time,” she whispered.

“Nope. Not when it’s something I want,” Reed replied as he covered her with his warm, hard body. Wasn’t a vampire’s skin supposed to be cold?

He kissed her mouth passionately then slid to her neck, and Abby trembled when she felt his sharp teeth grazing her skin. To her relief, Reed lowered his mouth to her breast and captured a nipple between his lips. The second she felt him suckling hungrily at her tender flesh, Abby dug her heels into the mattress and arched, drawing further into his mouth. Reed tugged with his teeth and caressed with his rough, wet tongue. Abby twisted shamelessly at the sensation he created, then moaned as his hand slipped

between her legs. One long finger dipped inside her tender folds, and then pumped until she thought she would burst into flames.

“Fuck me... please!” she screamed unable to take much more.

Reed rose from the mattress and gave a chuckle that said he knew he was in control. “Spread your legs, sweetheart.”

Whimpering, she parted her thighs, eager for his touch. Reed shoved his jeans and briefs down over his hips, and his cock sprang free. The word ‘tasty’ immediately came to mind as she spread her legs even wider.

He positioned himself between her thighs, thrust slightly then paused, and pushed a little more before he paused again.

“Reed,” she whimpered and rolled her hips forward, trying to draw him closer.

He brought his mouth down until his lips hovered over hers. “You want something?” he asked.

Abby shivered. “Uh-huh.”

“I want to hear you say it,” he commanded, his breath fanning her nose.

He was taunting her again. “Your cock...I want your cock inside of me.”

“How do you want it...fast or slow?” he asked with another teasing thrust.

“Hard,” she panted. “...and fast.”

“I prefer deep.” He plunged inside until he was completely buried, causing her to scream with pleasure, and then Reed’s hands were at her hips, lifting her, guiding his strokes. Abby closed her eyes as her head rolled to the side. Nothing had ever felt so good.

“Is this everything you desired?” he asked as his hips drove into her, forcing her walls to spread wider.

“Yes! Reed, yes!” Every hard thrust sent spasms rippling through her.

“You’re so fucking wet,” he groaned. A climax was rapidly building as he pumped faster, slamming hard into her again and again. In and out. Over and over until she heard him say, “Abby ... look at me.”

Dazed, she opened her eyes to find Reed gazing down at her. His eyes were glowing red, and his fangs were fully extended as he snarled, “It’s time.”

**Episode 11 by Luanna Stewart**  
<http://www.luannastewart.com/>

“Yes, make me come, damn you!” The tension at her core was so tight it hurt. She tried to wriggle her hips, but he had her pinned to the bed.

“Keep your eyes open, do not look away.”

“Please, Reed, do something. I need—”

“You need to look into my eyes.”

She obeyed, she had no choice. His green eyes were like a magnet. But, they weren't green anymore, closer to blue. No, grey. What the hell? His eye colour shifted like a kaleidoscope, all the colours of the rainbow. And then that fabulous feeling filled her body again, like she was floating. Way better than any orgasm. And still his eyes changed colour and grew larger until they were all she could see. She couldn't look away. She didn't want to.

His body shifted, but the image of his eyes didn't waver. She felt his lips on her neck, his tongue lapping at his earlier bite. But that was impossible because—

Oh, who the fuck cared. Every nerve in her body tingled, every muscle throbbed, every inch of her skin felt caressed by magic.

Teeth pierced her skin again, and his cock moved inside her, and finally she was so close, so close. She gazed into his eyes, which weren't really his eyes, and something strange, weird, wonderful happened. It was the like the other half of her that she hadn't known was missing, was in front of her and inside her, loving her, and making her complete. Strong. Invincible.

The pulse of her release throbbed in time to an equally pleasurable throb in her neck, where his lips sucked and held. She wanted to scream, cry, laugh, but no sound was possible.

Finally, finally, her eyes slid closed, she sank into the mattress, and gasped for breath. “What the hell was that?” She opened her eyes again at the sound of something being unwrapped. “A little too late for a condom, isn’t it?”

Reed grinned. “Just a bandage for your love bite.” And he stuck a regular, ordinary band-aid on her neck. Sheesh, it should at least have sparkles or something.

“I guess we’re bonded now.” She wiped a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth. Her blood. That he’d drunk, after biting into her skin, with fangs. But, rather than being grossed out, she was turned on. Hopefully, vampires didn’t need recovery time like mortal men.

“No, I don’t,” he said with a wink, “but we won’t be alone long enough to really enjoy it.”

“Why can’t I read your thoughts too?”

He slid from her body and gathered their clothes, tossing hers onto the bed and pulling on his jeans. He kept an eye on the door, lines creasing his brow. “I’ll explain everything in detail later. We’re about to have company.”

A heavy pounding sounded at the door. Abby scrambled into her clothes, only now noticing a tingling pain on her neck. She touched the bandage. Was she a vampire? Would she thirst for blood? She ran her tongue along her teeth –no fangs. Maybe it took time for all the changes to manifest.

Time for questions ran out. Reed opened the door, and the entire Coven High Council filed in.

## Episode 12 by C.A. Szarek

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Wait. Not just the council.

Two gladiator-sized men—vampires, she assumed—with long black trench coats on and huge assault-rifle looking guns were with the elders she'd met earlier.

The one on the end was blond, and almost as gorgeous as Reed. He winked at her and flashed a fangy smile. His golden eyes twinkled.

A low growl sounded, and Reed slid his arm around her waist. He tugged her to his hard body.

“Hey,” Abby muttered as breath rushed from her lips. He'd probably read her mind and knew she thought the guy was hot, but he *was*.

“Sorry to ruin your mating ceremony, boss, but we found this...” the other big dude said. He was bald and had piercing blue eyes. Abby would consider him handsome, if his face wasn't so harsh.

She gasped in her new husband's—mate or whatever—grasp when she noticed who the bald vampire tossed to the carpet.

He was on his knees in front of them; his hands bound behind his back. Mr. X pinned her with a look that could kill. “Sitara, I'll slit your throat! No one betrays me and lives.”

Abby shivered, but she had no reason to. Reed's grip tightened around her, and he kissed her temple. She was surrounded by his smoky masculine musk, like she had been when they'd made love. Her neck—and her lady parts—throbbled with memories she wanted to relive.

The blond vampire stepped forward and knocked Mr. X on the back of his dark head. “Shut up.”

Mr. X obeyed, but turned his glare on the much larger male.

Reed growled again and looked at his man. “His men?”

“Dead,” the blond vampire said. He wore a silly grin that was on the deadly side and made Abby swallow hard.

Reed shot her a glance. “There’s no reason to be scared, darlin’. My men would never hurt you.”

“I’m Chase. Baldy over there is Mitch. Nice to meet you.” Chase bowed at the waist, and it somehow looked wrong considering his attire and accessories.

Mitch inclined his head, but didn’t smile.

A throat clearing had them glancing at the CHC collectively.

Abby looked at the Cover High Council Elder—a female who had her silver hair coiffed neatly on top of her head. They all wore long red matching robes, and even though she’d passed their tests, the whole group intimidated the shit out of her.

“I apologize for the interference, Elder Katrice, but this man wants to harm my mate,” Reed said. His voice was about as formal as she’d ever heard. He bowed, and Abby had little choice but to do the same, since they were still entwined side by side.

“Your mating ceremony is unfinished.” The vampire’s voice was tinny and her expression tight.

Like Abby and Reed had committed an unspeakable crime.

“It is?” she asked, but no one paid her any heed.

“We’ll finish it now.” Reed tugged her in front of him, settled his hands on her shoulders and looked deeply into her eyes.

“We will?” Abby croaked. She had news for their companions. No matter how much she wanted Reed again, she wasn’t shagging him with an audience.

Her mate smirked. “Oh, darlin’. I adore you already.” He dipped down and kissed her.

For once, she wasn’t mad that he’d read her mind. “What do we have to do?” Abby whispered against his lips.

Reed kissed her again in answer, until she was a quivering blob in his arms. She whimpered a protest when he pulled away.

His green eyes were harsh, and he glared at Chase and Mitch. “Get that piece of shit out of here. I’ll deal with him later. You know where to take him. Get Bubba and Willard, and apprise them.”

The two oversized vampires nodded curtly.

“Congrats, boss. See you later.” Chase winked at Abby, but her head was still spinning from Reed’s glorious mouth.

Then, they were gone.

The CHC watched them intently, and Abby’s tummy fluttered.

“Relax, darlin’.” Reed’s tone was rich, warm, and soft all at once. “We’re already one. Let the council make it official.”

She stared up at him, and Abby’s heart hit overdrive. *What does that mean?* died on her tongue.

There was so much emotion in his gaze. Deep feeling that didn’t make much sense—considering they’d met officially that morning.

Instinct told her that her own feelings weren’t much different. She wasn’t brave enough to voice it, but Abby would love this man—this vampire—for the rest of her life.

Reed smiled and flashed fangs. “Glad to hear, it little seer, because you’re *mine*.”

Good thing Abby didn’t want to disagree.

# The End

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