

# **Encounter -- Blood & Fire: Strings Attached**

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## **Strings Attached**

I tossed my house keys onto the bar and looked back over my shoulder at Julian. "Have a seat, get comfortable. Guess it's kind of pointless to ask if you want something to drink..."

Hot breath caressed the nape of my neck as my hair was draped over my right shoulder. Seconds later, I felt the soft nick of sharp teeth over my skin. I shivered and leaned back, closing the fridge. Julian's arms slid around me -- one across my waist, the other cupping my jaw, tilting my head back to rest on his shoulder. The sensations -- his teeth, his breath, *him* -- all went straight to my cock.

"I do," he whispered, "but only for something more...fulfilling."

"Fulfil... Oh, fuck..." My breath left me as Julian nipped my throat, fangs just barely scratching the surface. "Julian. Please."

When he broke the skin, lightning bolted up my spine. I reached back and gripped his head, knowing his strength would keep me up when my knees gave way. Julian drank deep, every pull met with a low growl, the deep rumble sliding through me like quicksilver. I could feel him everywhere--from my head to my feet. He was a part of me, somehow; a part of me I'd come to crave and need. *To love.*

His hand dropped from my waist to the front of my jeans, and within seconds, he had me in his hand, those long fingers stroking me until I was shuddering in his

arms. With a cry, I came, coating Julian's fingers as he continued to feed. When he'd taken enough, he licked the bite wounds, urging them to heal. I slumped back against him, breathless and shaking.

Fuck.

"Now what was this thing you wished to show me?" Julian whispered as he stroked his hand idly over my cock. I shuddered and grabbed his hand to stop the movement. Julian just chuckled. "I can't fucking think when you do that."

"Thinking is very much overrated," Julian said, completely unrepentant. "But I will leave you be. For now."

The last was more breathed than said and Julian stepped away. I tugged the dishtowel off the oven door handle and wiped myself off, watching Julian as he licked my come from his fingers. God, the man was fucking perfect--hot as Hell and deliciously kinky. A brown eyebrow rose and he smiled slowly, as if he knew exactly what I was thinking.

Oh, yeah. We were supposed to be talking. "Yeah, anyway, about that 'something.' Remember me telling you about the weirdo who leaves me gifts?"

"I do." Julian reached out and hooked his fingers in the front of my still-open jeans, pulling me close. "Did your admirer leave you another gift?"

I nodded and draped my arms around his neck. "A corset. Can you believe it? A fucking corset!"

"I did not know a corset could fuck," Julian said, straight-faced as anything.

I wanted to laugh and smack him and call him a smart-ass in seven different languages, but something about the way he said "fuck" left me tongue-tied. I lost track of what I was going to say altogether, thinking of nothing but ways to drive him so mad with need that the only thing he could do was scream "fuck me."

"Jason?"

Shaking my head, I blinked. "Uh. Yeah. Sorry." Julian just smiled. "Anyway, the weirdo left me a black leather corset."

"Is it a real one?"

"Does it matter? I can't wear that!"

Licking his lips slowly, Julian said, "I think you would look positively exquisite in one." The way his eyes locked onto mine -- almost boring straight into me -- told me, without a doubt, he was serious.

"Really?" I bit at my lip, wondering just how far I could take this before I chickened out. I'd seen several people -- men and women -- wearing them, but it just looked fucking uncomfortable as hell.

"Let me do it," Julian murmured over my lips, tongue sliding across them. "Let me put it on you, pull the laces tight."

"Then what?" God, I was already lightheaded, practically leaning on him for support. The thought alone of letting him do it -- of letting him lace me into a corset -- was a heady one.

"I will have something to hold onto while I am thrusting inside you, something to pull on, to drive our bodies together."

Oh. My. Fucking. God.

With a slow nod, I agreed. Julian pulled away and took my hand, leading me toward the bedroom without another word. God, what was I getting myself into?

"Undress for me, Jason."

I let go of his hand and undressed, tossing my clothes onto the floor in a pile. Standing there before him, I felt vulnerable, more than I ever had before. Julian smiled and then turned away. I waited and watched as he went into the closet, and a moment later, he emerged. When I saw what he had, all the blood in my body went straight to my cock.

"Bend over," he said, nodding to the bed.

"What exactly are you planning on? I thought you were going to put me into the corset?" But I turned anyway and bent over, bracing my hands on the bed. Under my right arm, I saw him come to a stop behind me and open the bedside table drawer.

"I am only raising the stakes." The drawer closed and Julian leaned forward, placing a soft kiss just on my lower back. A slick finger circled my hole and then slid

inside. I gasped and backed up, wanting more. "Yes," Julian purred on my skin, adding another finger.

"Julian... please."

I groaned and rocked back, driving his fingers deeper. Julian wrapped his other arm around my waist, pulling me against him as he fucked me, spreading his fingers apart, opening me for him. Then they were gone and something much larger pressed to my hole. Keeping the pressure steady, he eased the plug into my ass, moaning when my body pulled it the rest of the way inside.

"Oh, God. Full, so fucking full. Julian..."

"Yes, to keep you ready for me, to keep you open." Julian tugged at the base and I whimpered, already shaking. "Stand now. We have more to do."

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