

Encounter: Vampire's Snare

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Vampire's Snare

"Where the fuck are you, Katt?"

Katt was totally thankful the big vampire couldn't see her smile. He'd probably paddle her ass. Then again...

"I'm right where I told you I'd be, you big oaf. On my way to New Earth. My ship leaves in two days and I plan to be early." Caleb had forbidden her to leave, but Kat had never been one to follow orders. Especially when his sole reason for her not going was to keep her with him. She wouldn't mind it except he refused to admit he was in love with her. He kept her at arms length, yet refusing to let her get close to anyone. It should have been mean, or, at the very least, annoying, but Kat actually found it kind of romantic.

In a sick, twisted, vampire kind of way.

"If you leave, I'll hunt you down, human. If I get sunburned because of it, I'll replace it with your flesh."

Katt laughed at that. Only she would find his remark humorous. Why couldn't he see they were perfect for each other? No one else in this world -- or any other -- would put up with him.

"In that case, I'd say you'd better catch me before I go off world." She stabbed the connection closed and sat back to wait. Katt had no intension of leaving Earth. Even

New Earth, though full of promise for anyone who could leave the frozen desolation of this planet, held no interest for her. Her life revolved around Caleb. If he wouldn't claim her willingly, Katt was ready to force the issue. Failing that, she'd leave.

But not yet. This was the last card she had to play. By the Sun above, it would be a good one.

A red haze flooded Caleb's vision. She was leaving him. His Katt was really leaving him! For far too long, he'd denied himself the one thing he wanted more than life itself and for what? He was a vampire. She knew that. Accepted it. Why was he still holding on to the idea she was too fragile to take him on?

She had fought beside him when necessary, and could drink him under the table if she chose to. Only she got his sense of humor and only she could turn everything he said into a sexual innuendo that left him hard and throbbing when ever she chose.

And she was leaving.

Not bloody likely!

It took little effort to find her. She hadn't even bothered to seek appropriate shelter, a fact that angered Caleb almost as much as her trying to leave him.

"Stupid, stupid human!" His large hand easily gripped the back of her neck and pulled her from her place at the bar. He flipped a credit chit to the bartender, who didn't even look up from polishing the glass he held. In fact, everyone in the bar seemed to have somewhere to look. Caleb guided Katt -- none too gently -- down the stairs and into the secure suite he'd rented.

"Are you trying to get yourself killed?" His anger was second only to his fear. Though he tried valiantly to mask the fear with the anger, he was sure he hadn't succeeded.

"Not in the least." Katt didn't seem at all impressed with his tirade. "I just wanted to make sure I didn't hide from you too well."

Caleb opened his mouth to say... something... when her words hit him.

"I beg your pardon?"

She rolled her eyes even as she began to strip. "And you call me stupid." Caleb was stunned beyond any intelligent response. In fact, he couldn't seem to do anything other than watch her bare her exquisite, creamy flesh one delicious inch at a time.

"What are you doing?" His words came out husky, needy. It was impossible for Caleb to manage anything else. His tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth.

Katt actually laughed at him. No one had ever laughed at Caleb in his entire life. He was a Vampire. Only the Lionsblood were equal to Vampires in this frozen hell, and in a bad lot, Caleb was the worst. No one crossed him.

Except Katt.

"If you can't figure out what I'm doing, Caleb, you have bigger problems than just being too blind to see what's under your nose." She finished removing every stitch of clothing and stood there, one hand cocked on her hip as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Now, get over here and fuck me."

She didn't have to tell him twice.

Two steps later, Caleb pounced. He slammed Katt against the wall and fused his mouth to hers. Her lips parted and she sucked his tongue into her mouth. Caleb was so surprised, he let her take control without much of a fight.

Katt flipped their positions so that Caleb's back was against the wall and she was free to rid him of his clothes. For the life of him, Caleb couldn't seem to do more than exactly what she wanted him to do. He shrugged out of his coat and shirt, stepped out of his pants and boots, and simply let her explore his body to her heart's content.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted to touch you like this, Caleb." Katt's breath came in little pants and her hands shook. "And I'm not going to stop you finally admit you love me."

Caleb looked so shell shocked, Katt would have laughed if that hadn't been her plan all along. Get him so flabbergasted all he could do was stand there...

Then pounce.

Which she did.

Katt sank to her knees and took his cock between her lips and pulled for all she was worth. Caleb sucked in a breath, then groaned his surrender. His body relaxed beyond anything Katt had ever seen from him. It was as though he'd let go of something he'd been holding inside himself for far too long.

Knowing she had Caleb right where she wanted him, Katt began to suck him off in earnest. She explored every vein, every ridge with her mouth and tongue. She pulled hard only to take him back inside. Caleb's groans were like the sweetest music and she relished every note.

His hands fisted in her hair, holding her to him, controlling her movements somewhat, and she was content to let him. As long as he wasn't trying to stop her, she didn't really give a fuck who was in control. She meant to fuck him, to claim him whether he wanted her to or not. He was hers, damn it. It was time he realized it.

Caleb expected his eyes to be permanently crossed. Where had his Katt learn to suck cock like this? Scratch that. He didn't want to know. All that mattered was this moment, and getting his dick inside her cunt as fast as possible.

He gave one hard yank to her hair and pulled her off him before simply pushing her to the floor and covering her body with his. It crossed his mind that he was moving way too fast, that he needed to see to her pleasure first, but all he managed to do was drag his fingers through her pussy entrance once. When his fingers came back wet and slick with her moisture, he didn't question anything else. He simply thrust inside Katt and wrapped his arms around her.

"Sweet Sun above!" Katt gripped his shoulders and dug her nails into his flesh. He'd no doubt have gouges in his skin, but he didn't really care. It wasn't like he wouldn't heal. Besides, this was her way of marking him. The only way she had available to her.

Until she bit his shoulder.

Katt's bite drove all semblance of sanity from Caleb. All he knew from that point right up until he came was the need to have Katt. Now. Right this very second. He was

aware of his grunts and growls, but even more aware of her screams and cries. She dug her heels into his ass and lifted herself to him, fucking him when she became impatient.

She was nothing if not an active lover. He should have known she'd be. Katt never could stand someone else being in charge. She tolerated him because he was the better warrior. Well, he'd just have to be a convincing a lover as he was a fighter.

Rolling them over, she let him straddle his hips. Katt wasted no time adjusting her position so she could get better leverage to ride him. Within moments, she was pumping up and down on his cock. Her thigh muscles bunched and contracted with each movement. Moisture leaked from her pussy to trickle down his balls.

"Never --" he growled, "--leave me again, Katt. Next time you try, I'll spank your ass."

She only grinned and licked her lips as she fucked him. "Like that's an incentive to stay."

Caleb rolled them once more and pounded into her as hard as he could. Flesh slapped against flesh. Their mingled grunts and cries filled the air, as did the smell of their sweat and sex.

"Now, Katt," he roared, "Come on my dick. Milk me dry."

With a scream Caleb was certain would bring security, Katt came. Her already tight cunt squeezed his cock with spasm after spasm of her orgasm. Unable to hold back, unwilling to try, Caleb emptied himself inside her and bit the side of her neck. His fangs sunk deep and her fading orgasm regained new life. Her lower body tightened around him as pleasure seized her.

Katt scratched and clawed at Caleb. She was sure she'd marked him for life, but she couldn't bring herself to care just now. His bite had triggered the most intense orgasm of her life and she was fully intent on enjoying every thrilling second of it.

This was Caleb. She had him. He was hers.

After several seconds, he collapsed on top of her and rolled them over. They hadn't even made it to the bed. Sweat slickened their skin and it wasn't long before the chill of the room gave Katt goose bumps.

Caleb, ever aware of her, scooped Katt up as he stood and carried her to the bed. After climbing in beside her, he pulled the covers around them and held her close.

“If you’re not here when I wake up, Katt, I won’t be responsible for my actions.”

She giggled. Caleb doubted if that sound would ever fail to get him hard and ready for her. It always had and he vowed never to try and hide that from her again. “I guess that means the spanking is out, huh.”

He kissed the top of her head. “Only if you want it to be, baby.”

“Just promise not to go back to the old Caleb. You know, the one who refuses to acknowledge I’m a woman.”

“I think I can manage that.” He flexed his hips, rubbing his hardening cock against her belly. “Think you can take me again?”

She smiled eagerly. “Any time, any place, any way.”

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