

Encounter: The Beast Revisited

Reneé George

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2010 Reneé George

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

The Beast Revisited

Leaning against the wall, I gaze at my lover. When I look at him, my knees tremble and my hands shake. I know that if my heart still beat, it would race in my chest at the sight of his beautiful, long, lank of a body. Those piercing dark brown eyes, like melting chocolate pots, and the way he watches me -- my dick gets hard instantly, every time.

"Guillermo," I call to him from across his office where he stands over his desk calculating the week's take at *Corazon de la Muerte*, an after hours night club in downtown Kansas City. He is a five hundred year-old vampire, and he could have anyone he wants. He chooses me.

"Yes, *Amante*," he answers, his gaze shifting from the paperwork and sliding on to me.

I react to him with a flush, my fangs dropping down, as my desire for him slips some of my control. I used to fight my inner beast, my vampire soul, but not anymore.

When I don't answer him right away, he responds again. "Nathaniel?"

I like *Amante* better -- lover. It rolls off his tongue with such a lyrical lilt. His brow arches in a question. I answer by unbuttoning my shirt, slowly, one by one, until they are all unfastened. His dark eyes grow wider, his irises swirling as a half grin forms on his wide firm mouth.

Sliding my shirt off, I chuck it to the floor in front of me. "Take off yours."

He obliges, the silvery Tee messing his short, black hair as he pulls it over his head. Unlike myself, who has always been more stocky in figure, Gui's body is leanly muscled with smooth cuts. His pale skin has traces of the olive skin tone he once bore in the sun. Amazing, considering how long he's been a night creature.

As he strolls across the floor toward me, a rush of excitement shivers my flesh. My cock is stiff and engorged, ready to have him however he wants. He is in front of me, close enough that the air between us has increased by a degree.

"I find it very hard to work with you so near," he says.

I take his left hand in mine, both of us wearing matching rings, a symbol of our commitment. "Is that a problem for you?"

"No." He leans in and kisses my shoulder, the skin pulling tight in response to his lips. "Never."

I smile, knowing that I'm showing some fang. "Good answer."

He smooths back my hair. I groan, even that little bit of a connection turns me on even more. Gui's mouth connects with mine, soft at first, his tongue slipping between my lips. I can taste blood, but he smells of me, vanilla shampoo and lust from earlier before he left the house for work.

I smile again. "You didn't shower again?"

He shrugs. "I wanted to have you with me, always, if only in scent."

I slide my hand to his back, pulling him closer. The distance makes me ache. His cock presses just above my own, hard and ready, much like my own. This time he moans, a soft, throaty sound of pleasure. My Beast growls with satisfaction. I know exactly how it feels.

"There are too many clothes," I tell him as I snap the first button on his slacks.

Guillermo doesn't waste any time joining me, his deft fingers breezing through the buttons on my jeans.

"*Eres mío*," he whispers, his brown eyes turning silver as our loosed cocks brush together.

"You are mine," I repeat, taking his lower lip between my teeth.

"*Y soy tuyo,*" he finishes.

"And I am yours." I attack his mouth with a passion unrivaled. His lips feed from mine as our tongues dart and twist in a frenzied dance. I want him, all of him, and I can't stand what clothes stay between us. I push at the waist of his pants, shoving them past his hips, while my fingers slip along his sculpted ass.

I scrape the skin with my nails -- an act of possession. His throat rumbles in response. He jerks my jeans down, his hand wrapping my cock as I kick them off the rest of the way. Gui does the little flutter and roll maneuver I like so much, causing my balls to tug upward.

I break from the kiss. "Goddamn, I want you so badly."

"Tell me what you want," he demands -- a game we've played since we became lovers.

"I want to fuck you, I want to be fucked by you. I want it all."

He chuckles, low and sexy. A sound that drives me wild. "Greedy much?"

"Absolutely." I grin. "Especially when it comes to you."

His expression turns serious as he drops to his knees in front of me. "You have such a wonderful cock."

His tongue flicks across the bottom vein. It's hard to keep my legs from buckling. Guillermo is teasing me. He wants me to ask.

"Suck me." I run my hand through his cool, dark hair, then grasp a handful, tilting his face toward mine. Our gazes meet with dark intensity. "I want to fuck your mouth."

He parts his lips, taking in the head of my cock. A million nerve endings fire at once. My eyes threaten to close, but I want to watch him, just as he's watching me. His mouth quickly engulfs my entire length, his tongue reaching for the base of my sac.

"Oh, God," I whisper hoarsely. Guillermo is as close to a religious moment as I'm going to get, and my body revels in his glory. He sucks hard, and I can feel my cock reach the back of his throat as his teeth glide the sensitive flesh.

Sliding up and down over my shaft with his lips, teeth, and tongue, I can feel the pressure growing, mounting, threatening to take me over the edge. In that second, I realize, I want him in me when I come.

I pull him off my cock. There is an audible sound when his lips pop off the tip. My voice, fiercer than I mean, sounds foreign to my ears. "Fuck me. I want you hard and inside me." I need him, much more than I care to admit. I used to be nervous about having him enter me, but it has become part of what makes me whole.

In less than a second he is up, twisting my body around, and slamming me up against the wall. The roughness makes me want him even more. He nips my neck and shoulder with descended fangs, then whispers harshly in my ear, "I'm going to take you *duro y profundo*, hard and deep."

"Yes," I plead, wanting nothing more in that moment. I brace my hands against the wall, anticipating the erotic assault. His fingers, slick with saliva prepare my ass, loosening the muscle for his thick cock. I don't want to wait. "Please," I say as my brain begins to shut down -- my body becoming a conduit for rapture. "Now. In me now."

I feel the tip of his cock cresting the first ring, moving past with a gentle push. I moan, a baser animalistic noise. "Yes," I say. "Oh, God, yes."

Encouraged, Guillermo pushes his hips forward, his slipping deeper inside me. When it moves past the spongy spot, I cry out. I want the moment to last, but I'm already on the verge of bursting.

"You feel so good, so tight," he tells me as he buries himself balls deep in my ass. His thick cock fills me, replacing an emptiness I felt only seconds earlier. There is a slight burning sensation as he withdraws, then surges deep once again. His pace quickens, and I reach my hand around, grabbing his ass to urge him to a more frantic pace. I want his thrusts to match my desire.

"Take my blood," I grunt through the insistent fucking. "Take it when you're ready to come."

"Nathaniel, *mi amante, mi amor*," I hear him say as he pounds his cock inside me.

Releasing his ass, I grasp my own length, gliding my hand up and down the shaft as he strokes hard and deep, as promised. His balls slapping against my own trip my sensors and I bite my lower lip trying hard not to come before he's ready. A rhapsody of passion takes hold when I feel his fangs pierce my shoulder. I can feel the cry of pleasure before it rips from my mouth.

"Guillermo!" I shout, as his body jerks behind me and my own seed pumps from my fist. When our groans of ecstasy subside, and the orgasm abates, I collapse to the wall. Gui stays pressed to my skin from behind. I can feel his cock soften, withdrawing of its own accord. It feels good.

"Te quiero, mi amor," he says, nipping my earlobe.

I turn in his arms and stare at his beautiful face. "And I you, Guillermo. I love you." Patting his ass with both hands, I give his cheeks a squeeze. "Now don't you have work to do."

***Author Note** -- This encounter takes place after *The Beast 5: Rock the Line*. It is in first person, because Nathan feels so much more than he sometimes lets on. It is just one of the intimate moments they will share in the many years to come. If you want to know how these two vampires ended up together, read *The Beast* series at: <http://www.changelingpress.com/catalog.php?upt=book&ufilter=series&sid=53>