

# Encounter: Trapped

## Silvia Violet

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### Trapped

Shit! The alley was a dead end. The concrete block wall in front of her didn't look like it would provide any handholds to help her climb. Before she had a chance to find out, the vampire caught her, slamming her up against the wall with his hard body. He captured each of her wrists and stretched her arms over her head.

His thick erection pressed against her ass, and she wanted him despite the anger and fear racing through her body.

He inhaled deep and his body shuddered against hers. "I do love a good chase."

He was drinking in her fear and her need, feeding on them as he would her blood. She should be terrified, she was wet as hell.

"I didn't kill those women," his voice was a seductive purr.

Her heat hammered against her chest. "I can't be sure of that."

"The hell you can't."

She fought his hold though she knew she couldn't break it. Panic rose as she realized she was well and truly trapped.

His breath caught, and he froze. "Stop fighting me."

"Let me go."

"Never."

He pressed against her mental shields. She put all her energy into keeping him out, reinforcing her shields until they were thicker than the wall she lay against.

He growled. "I don't want to hurt you. But my control could snap any second."

"I don't want you in my mind."

"What about in your body?"

She pushed back against him and rubbed herself against his cock. As she'd hoped, his need distracted him. She slipped her hands free and spun, aiming a kick at his balls.

He caught her leg. She looked up and the power of his eyes froze her. He burst through her shields, but rather than raid her thoughts he opened his mind to her. What she read there confirmed what she'd suspected all along, he was telling the truth.

Before he shut his thoughts away, she saw something else, images of exactly what he wanted to do to her. Her desire rose until she could hardly breathe.

"Now, do you believe I am innocent?"

"Never. But you're not a murderer," her words came out in a husky voice, belying the hunger she felt.

He chuckled. "Run now or those thoughts you saw will become reality."

She should run, but she couldn't make herself. He was fighting his need, fighting his body's compulsion to take control of her, mind and body. She had seconds before that control broke. But she'd wanted him from the moment she'd laid eyes on him.

"Too late." He pulled her to him, crushing her mouth with his.

She couldn't breathe, couldn't think. He was all around her. He slid his hands under her skirt and pushed her panties down. She stepped out of them and kicked them away before she remembered they were in an alley on a city street. "Here?"

"Can't wait," he growled, grinding his cock against her.

She shuddered, trying to fight her need. "We'll be arrested."

"No one will see us."

"But --"

"I can cloak us."

“But I didn’t think-”

His thumbs found her clit then, and she no longer cared who might see them. He slid two fingers inside her, and she bucked against him. Heat shimmered in the air as if his lust were so strong she could see it, feel it. Her nipples tightened as if he’d touched them.

She unbuttoned his pants unable to wait another second.

He lifted her, and she wrapped her legs around him. With one stroke, he plunged deep, making her cry out.

She braced herself against the wall as he fucked, harder and harder with each stroke as if he were going to consume her body as well as her blood. His cock felt so damn good inside her like it was made just for her.

The rough surface of the wall scratched her back but she didn’t care, she was beyond registering anything but the orgasm building low in her belly, pressing against her, threatening to rip away all conscious thought.

His traced the side of her neck with his tongue. She tensed, but he didn’t give her time to be afraid. His fangs sank deep, and the pleasure/pain sent her over the edge. Her orgasm stretched on and on.

His mind connected with hers, and he poured all his need into her. She bucked against him, desperate for all he could give.

She came a second time, and he went over with her, lapping at the wounds in her neck as he poured himself into her body.

When he released her, she sagged in his arms, incapable of moving.

He kissed her softly. “You’re delicious.” His silky voice stirred desire deep in her, despite her exhaustion. “Let me take you home. I can heal the scratches on your back. Then I’ll show you what I can do with more time and more comfortable surroundings.”

“There’s more?”

He smiled and her heart accelerated again. “Much, much more.”

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