

## Encounter: Two Steps Behind

### Megan Slayer

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### Two Steps Behind

"Upstairs? Your room or my apartment?" Anywhere where they could be alone. She didn't care. The Halloween party had lost its luster hours ago.

"My room." Julian drew her tight in his arms, nearly crushing her in his grasp. "Hold on to me."

She paused. "Why?"

"I'm taking you home to fuck you."

Although they continued to sway to the music, Daisy's stomach whirled. A breeze ruffled through her hair and she closed her eyes. Being in his arms affected her like a drug, made her woozy and alert at the same time. She nuzzled his chest and opened her eyes. Instead of standing in the middle of the ballroom, she peered at the heavy furniture and maroon shrouding the walls. Julian's bedroom. She gasped. "You were serious. How the hell did we do that?"

"For the woman I love, I'm always serious, but I believe I left something out." He tipped his head. "I forgot to tell you about the flying, didn't I?"

"Yeah," she said, nodding. "You did. That was so cool!"

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." He scooped her into his arms and strode to the bed. "About that proclamation. You love me?"

"Yes, Julian."

"Goddess, yes." He lowered her to her feet. "Let me see you. All of you."

"I'm ready." Daisy tugged her zipper down until the gown slid off her shoulders and pooled at her feet. Her nipples puckered in the cool air. She moved to kick out of her stiletto pumps, but he stilled her actions. She peered at him through lowered lashes.

"You remembered my fantasy." Julian wriggled out of his tuxedo jacket and toed off his shoes, but his predatory gaze never left her nearly bare body. He licked his lips and tore off his dress shirt, baring his body to her heated gaze inch by delicious inch. Buttons scattered on the floor in a series of soft thumps.

"You did say you wanted to make love in heels. I assumed you meant I'd be wearing the heels."

"Vixen."

Now she needed to tell him the exact words on her heart. "I meant it." Her words came out on a broken breath as his opened trousers fell to his feet. "I love you and want to be claimed -- as your mate."

"Makes things easier." His thick cock bobbed before her, a bead of pre-come glistened on the tip. "Lay down, love."

As she fell against the lush bed sheets, she dragged her gaze from his erection to his face. Silver swam in the icy depths of his eyes. Every synapse in her brain kicked into hyper drive and her mouth watered. The man had a body like a god -- all muscle and silky smooth skin.

"The last two nights could never be enough. You're the only woman I want in my bed." He crawled over her, his dick thrumming against her clit. Daisy slid her hands between their bodies and caressed his cock.

"I've needed you for so long." He groaned. "I'll never have you enough. You and your wicked hands." He groaned again and entered her in one thrust. He gritted his teeth. "My mate."

She whimpered as he began to move, slow strokes in and out of her pussy. "You did have to wait for the last eighteen months."

The corner of his mouth kinked as he slowed. "You knew the whole time?"

She smoothed her palms over his chest, plucking his nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. "You've been two steps behind me, protecting me from the darkness. I didn't know the who or how particularly, but I knew you were there. I admit, I wasn't sure how to tell you to come to me for more."

"I couldn't be dead with myself if something happened to you."

"Dead with yourself?" She arched into him, sending him deeper into her pussy and kick-starting his harder thrusts. "Mark me, make me your own, and never leave me. I'm yours."

Julian pistoned into her, knocking the headboard against the wall in the rhythm of their love. When he tilted his head back and opened his mouth, his fangs lengthened. "You're my equal and my drug." He surged forward, burying his cock to the hilt and his teeth into her neck.

Daisy gasped and clutched him. For the first time in a long time, she wasn't afraid. She welcomed Julian and his quirks. Electrical tingles streaked through her body and centered in her pussy. The orgasm built in a wave and colors flashed behind her closed eyes. Yes, he was the one she'd looked for all her life -- the man who made her whole.

As Julian withdrew from her vein, his feral cry ricocheted through the room. "Mine," he growled.

The tension within her snapped as she tipped into oblivion. Julian surged forward with his final thrust and slumped onto his forearms over her. His heated breath fanned over her skin and a hank of his dark hair hung over his brow as he remained within her body.

"Julian?"

"Yes, my beloved?"

"Did you really have to dress up like a vampire? Isn't that against some sort of vampire rule or something?"

He shrugged. "It was a quick and simple costume. Plus you found me right away."

"I did. You made my Halloween the best ever." She draped her arm across his chest and kissed the corner of his mouth. "Are you ready for round two?"

"Until the sun comes up."

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