

**Encounter: Gift Worth Giving**  
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## Gift Worth Giving

The words of rejection rang in her ears. "What do you mean I'm not what you wanted?"

Trace had assured her that the vampire dock manager would accept her in trade for the agreement he'd struck on behalf of the human workers. She exhaled and let her skirt drop to the floor. "Trace told me..."

Vik waved his hand dismissively in her direction. "Trace's bargains are always shit."

He wasn't even looking at her. The bastard wasn't even looking at her! "Hey," she said, raising her voice. "It's customary to at least look at your gift before you return it." She stepped from the pool of red fabric at her feet and strode toward him.

Vik's nostrils flared. Oh yeah, vamps were all the same.

She stopped before him, so close that if she took a deep breath her generous breasts would brush against his chest. A quick glance showed his erection tenting against his pants, and if he opened his mouth, she'd bet his fangs had descended too. Rumor had it, Vik had a taste for humans in more than one way.

Reaching out, Vik twined one of her long, auburn curls around his finger. "Maybe not all of Trace's bargains." He leaned forward and took a deep breath. "You're wet. Tell me, Dana, do vampires turn you on?"

"They might. It depends on how good they are," she said. Might as well keep up this coy act, though that wasn't her style at all. She closed the little space left between them, flattening her breasts against his chest, and put her lips close to his neck. "Are you any good, Vik? Because I've heard you're really good."

In a flash he had her pinned against the wall, one of his hard thighs between her legs. He still had her hair curled around his finger, but he added a

handful and tilted her head. He kissed her. As hard and demanding as any kiss she received. His tongue slid into her mouth. Mindful of his fangs, she met it, drawing it deeper and sucking on it as if it were his cock. Vik controlled the busiest dock on Nochte-Theta; he controlled her body just as well.

His hips moved against hers. From the feel of his erection he was big, and he'd fill her completely. She moaned against his mouth.

\* \* \*

Vik grabbed her thin shirt. He tugged at it, the fabric tearing. He slid his bare hand across her rib cage and she arched into his touch. His hands weren't cold, not like she was expecting. They were warm, and everywhere he touched, her body blazed with sensation. When he brushed the underside of her bare breast, she thought she'd come right there. He found her nipple and rolled it between his fingers.

The kiss grew more frantic. More fabric tore-her shirt, and then his fingers were there, reaching between her legs and stroking her pussy. She spread her legs.

One finger curled inside her. The quick thrust teased her for more. Pulling away from the kiss, she drew in a shaky breath and moaned. "Please."

Vik only needed the single word. He shifted, and then his cock was there, the big, blunt head pressing against her opening. With his body pinning her to the wall, she couldn't move. It didn't matter. Not when he surged forward and filled her.

She bit her lip to keep from crying out at the pleasure racing through her. When she'd agreed to trade her body for a deal, she never imagined that it would feel like this.

Vik groaned. "Fuck," he muttered, pulling out until just the head of his cock rested inside her. "You're so damn tight." He thrust forward again.

She couldn't do anything except ride the thrusts that were taking her breath away. Tiny cries escaped her closed lips. Her breathing grew ragged. In

this moment, she didn't care about the bargain. She wanted this again. Every night.

Her pleasure spiraled. Vik reached between their bodies. His finger brushed against her clit, and she couldn't help herself-she cried out. Her orgasm hit her hard and fast, a kaleidoscope of sensations and desire, until she came with a scream that she couldn't contain.

Vik followed her into orgasm. He came with a long, low groan. He didn't pant. Vampires didn't have to breathe heavily. But he did keep her pinned against the wall.

"Come back tomorrow." His rough words caressed her skin as surely as a touch. His cock softened. He shifted, his cock sliding from her, and he pulled up his pants.

She leaned against the wall to try and stay upright. Her mangled clothing provided little cover.

"Tomorrow," she said.

A smile drifted around the corners of his mouth. "Yeah. Maybe Trace's bargains aren't shit after all."

"Maybe not." And since she was certain her legs would hold her, she grabbed the torn edges of her shirt and headed for the door.

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