

Encounter: My Psychic Vampire (A Pack of His Own)
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They'd taken down the Christmas decorations and the New Year's baubles and even the trinkets devoted to the Feast of the Innocents. Charlie can taste his mate Luis's lust in his mind. The only problem is how to get the rest of the pack to go somewhere else.

My Psychic Vampire

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Charlie had been aware of Luis's presence all afternoon. As they'd taken down the Christmas decorations and the New Year's baubles and even those few trinkets devoted to the Feast of the Innocents. That last was a Puerto Rican psychic vampire tradition stolen from the humans of the same island.

Charlie was aware of Luis's thoughts in his mind. Not obtrusive, these thoughts, but lascivious in nature. They would have been offensive and unwelcome if they'd come from anyone else. But from his mate, images of the two of them together in bed, with the rest of the pack banished somewhere else... Charlie was delighted.

The only problem was how to get the rest of the pack to go somewhere else.

Can't be done, Luis whispered in his mind, telepathy easily carrying his words. *There are too many of them and only two of us.*

Charlie had already conceived of an idea and he hastened to put it into action. He proposed the pack go running in the hundred acres that surrounded the house. He trusted his beta, Jeremy, to develop some games for them. Jeremy gladly took up the challenge and within the hour, the house was empty except for Charlie and his mate.

They could retreat to their bedroom, but it seemed like a much better idea to reclaim the downstairs as their territory. Luis's mother had been there of late, running things into the ground and generally getting in the way. It was time to restore the psychic balance of the house. And Charlie could think of no better way to do that than by claiming his mate, body and soul.

They started in the living room, shedding their clothes down to the last stitch. Charlie, visually impaired, began examining Luis's body with the tips of

his sensitive fingers. He traced the psychic vampire's collarbones, resisting the clear image of nudity Luis sent into his mind. "I want to rediscover you for myself, thank you," he murmured as he followed the path of his fingers with his mouth. Luis's skin was soft, silky, and Charlie tasted the flesh greedily. Psychic vampires didn't sweat much, as a rule, and so the skin had little flavor. As if to compensate for this, Luis's overall aroma was of dark chocolate and strong coffee. Charlie's mouth watered as he laved his mate's right nipple.

Luis moaned. "Don't take forever," he warned. "There's no telling how long the pack will be gone."

"I don't care if they walk in on us."

"You'll care if it's one of the pups or wolflings."

That was true. Charlie left off Luis's right nipple and traced a finger around the left until it stood at attention. Then he took the nub into his mouth and teased the sensitive flesh. "Tell me what you want."

"Your cock in my mouth," Luis confessed. "And up my ass, but first in my mouth. I need to smell and taste your arousal." He inserted a thought into Charlie's mind. *And I want to be resting right here when you come.*

Charlie dropped to his knees.

"Hey! The goal is for me to taste you, not the other way around."

"Who says I'm going to taste you?" Charlie rubbed his bearded cheek against Luis's half hard cock. Then he did the same against the psychic vampire's balls and thighs.

Luis trembled all over. When he took a step forward to increase the contact, Charlie stood. "There," he murmured. "Now you're desperate. And you have to lick me first before you'll get any satisfaction."

"You're a damned tease."

"I learned from the best. Who made me orgasm in the psychic world when I couldn't even move physically?"

Luis didn't respond, instead dropping to his knees. He cupped Charlie's balls and didn't waste time. He enveloped Charlie's long, thick shaft almost to the root, deep throating. He groaned loudly and, reaching around with both hands, grabbed Charlie's ass. He spread the cheeks and shoved Charlie against his lips.

Charlie held off orgasm with sheer force of will, counting backward from one hundred and switching between Russian and Spanish every other number. By the time he'd gotten to fifty, Luis wasn't sucking quite as hard. In fact, he was drawing back.

"I thought that would make you come for sure."

"I thought you wanted me inside you."

"I do, but it's great to see you undone and begging."

Charlie showed his eyeteeth. "You're the one who's going to be begging. Get up. Face the wall. Brace yourself."

Luis obeyed. He didn't always. He flexed his ass and Charlie felt it against his hands.

Wetting a finger, Charlie slipped it in to the second knuckle within his mate's taut entrance. He wriggled the digit, seeking from memory the place that would make Luis-

"Fuck!"

That would make Luis scream. Charlie smiled. And added a second finger. "Fuck yourself on my hand," he whispered.

Luis began doing just that, rocking against the fingers up his ass. He reached down to stroke himself and Charlie let him. Surely Luis had softened a little. And if he hadn't, if he came early? What of that? Lovers didn't have to orgasm at the same time to prove their undying devotion.

When Charlie was satisfied that Luis was well-stretched, he spit in his other hand and coated his cock. "There's going to be a mess on the wall."

"We'll get it cleaned up. For right now, fuck me."

Charlie rode him. He angled and arched and pushed, claiming Luis's inner body as his own. The fire in his balls was barely in check and he buried his face against Luis's sweet-smelling hair, luxuriating in the fact that his mate had started to sweat.

When Luis came, Charlie still had three or four good thrusts left. He gripped Luis's hips and pounded.

When he came, he shouted so the whole house could hear him.

"I'll be hard again in ten minutes," Luis panted.

Charlie smiled. "Bedroom this time. Just in case the wolflings do come home early."

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