

Hunger

Elizabeth Jewell

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Ronan was hungry. Ravenous, even. And the slim young man leaning against the pool table, applying chalk to the tip of his cue like he was giving the damn stick a hand job, looked damned tasty.

Ronan sucked his teeth, feeling the tips of his fangs just under his gums. They would slide out the moment he let his control slip, and he wasn't quite ready for that yet. He wanted to savor, take things slow.

Letting his predatory instincts take over, he moved toward the pool table. The young man, pursed his lips to blow excess chalk from the tip of the cue. Good God, but he was edible. And fuckable. Or both at the same time. The latter option sounded best.

Ronan sidled up to him in the quiet, vampire way that would ensure the other man wouldn't sense him until they were within inches of each other. But as he took his position against the side of the table, the young man looked at him placidly. "Hi." He smirked. "You wanna watch?"

Ronan's cock, not well behaved at the best of times, threatened to burst out of his jeans. This man was more than a meal -- he was long-term, a buffet to be preserved so Ronan could go back for more helpings whenever he wanted.

"I do," he said, not letting his voice or his expression betray his arousal.

"Well, watch then." Insolently, the young man turned his back to Ronan. He was lean and long in the torso, his gray T-shirt accentuating the lines of his back, the dip of his spine. Dark hair fell in a wedge around his face. He wore black, braided leather

bracelets on both wrists, a silver ring on his right hand. Between the hem of his T-shirt and the waistband of his jeans, white elastic peeped through. Ronan was more interested in the strip of skin just above it.

He watched the young man play, expertly wielding the cue. The way his hands curled around the stick made Ronan even harder, if that were possible. He was beginning to think he could come from just standing there watching. Ronan crossed his arms over his chest and waited.

His name was Aaron, Ronan gathered, from the conversation surrounding the pool table. When he had sunk the last ball with a shot that seemed to defy the laws of physics, Aaron picked up the wad of bills he'd just won and stuffed them into his front pocket. Mumbling rose from the other players as he declined another game.

Aaron didn't seem to notice. Instead he walked straight to Ronan, grasped Ronan's belt buckle with one hand, and leaned forward. "Wanna fuck?"

Ronan just smiled. Aaron gave his belt a jerk, then turned and walked out of the bar. Ronan followed. He was, after all, hungry.

Outside in the dark parking lot, Aaron turned to watch Ronan, all cocky swagger and smirk. "You wanna do it here or take me home?"

Ronan shrugged. "Which would you prefer?"

Aaron perused him. "I'm thinking you're too hungry to wait very long. So... here?"

Aaron's obvious indication that he knew Ronan was a vampire caught Ronan off guard. He hid it, though, only frowning a little. "You fuck a lot of vampires?"

Aaron grinned. "Many as I can get. You dudes are good."

"You're not scarred."

"Yeah, funny thing. You guys can't bite me."

Ronan's frown deepened. "I see." He took the two steps required to close the distance between them and bent his head sharply to Aaron's neck, fangs bursting from his gums. They grazed the smooth curve of skin...

And Ronan drew back. "Interesting." He could smell Aaron's blood, could hear the soft pulse of it beneath the surface of his skin, and knew immediately that he wanted nothing to do with it. He'd heard of such people before -- mortals with a genetic defect that rendered their blood unpalatable to vampires -- but he'd never met one before.

Aaron just nodded. "My mom was the same way. Now, you wanna fuck? It'll hold you over until you can find somebody with the good vintage O pos or whatever you freaks like best."

By way of answer, Ronan spun Aaron around and pushed him toward the back of the building. He hated the way it smelled back there -- of stale beer and old booze -- but it afforded a bit of privacy.

When Ronan shoved him up against the wall, Aaron chuckled and reached into his pocket. "Here," he said, handing Ronan a sample sized bubble of lube. "Get at it."

So that was how he wanted it. Ronan had no objection. He jerked the other man's jeans down, letting them fall to his knees, then unbuckled his own. His cock sprang greedily free, its long curve bobbing toward the heat of Aaron's waiting ass.

"You want it hard?" Ronan asked.

"Hell, I like it hard," Aaron responded, still as cocksure as any fresh-made vamp. But he wasn't a vamp, Ronan reminded himself. He was dirtyblood.

He was also slim, and beautiful, and he stood with his hips arched back toward Ronan, just waiting to take a hard, slick cock up his ass.

Ronan was more than happy to oblige him. There would be no kissing, no cuddling -- there was no need for it. He popped the tip off the bubble of lube and squeezed some of it into his hand.

He felt the tight ring of Aaron's anus relax the moment he touched it. Gently, then with a firmer stroke, he finger-rimmed the tight muscle, slicking it with the chilly lube. His index finger slid in almost by accident; he deliberately followed it with his middle finger and pressed deep.

“Aaahh...” Aaron’s sound was half pleasure, half protest. Actually more than half pleasure, so Rom pressed deeper.

“You ever take a fist?” he asked as he slid his ring finger in beside the other two.

“You gotta know me a little better before I start thinking about that,” Aaron shot back, his smirk evident in his voice though Ronan couldn’t see his face.

“But you don’t mind this?” Ronan withdrew his fingers and replaced them with his cock in a swift movement, a sharp thrust up into Aaron’s lube-slicked entrance.

“Shit...” Aaron’s body froze, and Ronan felt him relax in a quick wave, until he had accepted the inch or two Ronan had shoved inside him. After a moment, Aaron’s head tipped forward, and he said, the smirk still apparent in his voice, “No, can’t say I mind that at all.”

Ronan grinned, feeling his fangs prick against the back of his lip. “Good.” He wanted to bite as much as he wanted to fuck, but knew he couldn’t. Not this man. So he tipped his head back, trying to remove the temptation, and slid his cock slowly the rest of the way in.

Aaron’s back arched toward him, and he made a low moan. “You can’t do any better than that?” he grated through clenched teeth.

Irrked, Ronan clasped Aaron’s hipbone and shoved into him harder. Aaron shifted his hips, giving Ronan better, deeper access, and Ronan took the hint to fuck the hell out of him.

Aaron was hot and tight, and the harder Ronan fucked him, the more the knot of hunger loosened in the middle of his chest. He still wanted to bite, but the urge wasn’t as overwhelming as it had been, and the more he fucked the other man, the more controllable it became.

Teeth retracted, and more certain now he could keep the feeding urges under control, Ronan tucked Aaron closer and reached around him to palm his erect cock.

It was long and slim, velvet soft and steely hard. Aaron pumped into Ronan’s fist, body tautening. They fell quickly into a steady rhythm. Aaron clenched even tighter on Ronan, and suddenly the vampire felt the deep, spiraling heat coalesce in his

pelvis. He let it go, let the powerful climax feed his hunger. He spilled into Aaron, and Aaron's body jerked, then he, too, climaxed, warm come pulsing over Ronan's fist.

The hunger in Ronan's chest eased, and he loosed his hold on Aaron's hip. Aaron straightened, drawing in a deep breath. Slowly, they both stepped back from the wall. Ronan eased his clothes back into place. Aaron drew his jeans up and turned as he buckled his belt. "Was it good for you?"

His arrogant smirk hadn't wavered.

"Did the job," Ronan said, his tone bland.

Aaron laughed and slapped Ronan's shoulder as he passed. "You'll be back."

Ronan watched him go, taking in his tall, slim swagger.

He was probably right.

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