

Acacia 1.5: Aeron and Helia

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Helia smiled up into Aeron's expressive face. She could almost see his wicked intentions long before his fingers grazed up her sides, lingering slightly at the sides of her breasts. "Oh no... you can't think..."

His lips came flush against the skin at her throat and she sighed as the pleasure shot through her veins with every delicious scrape of his fangs.

"You are thinking *that*." She sank her fingers into his hair, tugging just hard enough to bring his attention back to her face. "Won't we get in trouble?" She looked meaningfully around the pristine medical room.

They'd been shuffled here directly from the travel capsule. With her father in a room just down the hall she was just glad they'd all made it to the Acacian moon colony safely. But apparently Aeron had more on his mind than just being alive and safely away from the Reapers who had wanted them all dead.

"Relax, love. It will take the Medics a while to get all the paperwork organized." His head ducked back to her neck where he began nibbling in earnest.

"Paperwork? You have that here too, huh?" The more he did that thing with his tongue the less inclined she was to talk. He was bringing her up to boil.

"The older they are the more paperwork there will be. Med Blake is old. We have plenty of time to get where we're going."

“Mmmm...” She tugged at his shirt and pants, the torn remains of the borrowed Reaper uniform. “We were asked to undress and change into medical gowns...”

He shed the shirt in seconds. The pants followed after. His motion was fast, almost too fast to follow with the human eye, which was a comfort after seeing him so badly injured. His wound was healed over, leaving little more than a white scar. He pressed a hot kiss over her lips then pulled back. “Hey woman, get out of those clothes. Can’t have you defying Med Blake's orders, now can we?” The final was said with a playful slap to her ass.

“Aeron!” She stripped off her clothes while glaring at him. “Just because I’m considered a slave --”

“Not *a* slave, love...” He kissed her again. “You’re my slave.”

She shoved him back with a deeper glare. Surely he was joking. She knew she was officially listed as his slave while on the moon colony. All humans were slaves here. But he didn’t mean to make it true in fact... did he?

He laughed and dragged her back into his arms, bringing their naked bodies together with a slap of skin to skin. “I’m teasing you, love. If anything you own me. Haven’t you figured that out by now? Not to mention once we go back to Rahla, when you will once more be free and I would be hunted as a spy if anyone let it slip who I am...”

“I would never.”

“I know you wouldn’t. Just like I would never abuse your status here.” He kissed her with tender passion, reminding her how little they knew about each other and how very much they had yet to learn. But it was worth exploring all they could share together. She deepened the kiss, letting the fire flare up between them. His fangs swelled against her lips, and his cock hardened, pressing hotly against her hip.

Her body awoke, demanding that sweet fulfillment that only he seemed to be able to satisfy. When his fingers brushed over her pussy she gasped at the shock, then immediately clenched her thighs over his hand.

Not that he was escaping. Oh no, with his other hand and his body weight as

leverage he lifted her to sit on the edge of the exam table. Then he was back between her thighs. He stroked shallowly through her folds and dipped into her slick pussy over and over.

She reached for him, wanting to offer the same pleasure, but he caught her hands and pulled them back behind her back in sweet restraint. All she could do was hold on through his torment.

With a growl, he deepened his strokes, rubbing his thumb over her clit until she was sure she'd explode from the tension. Gasping for air, Helia was caught in the pleasure, lost to its brilliant crush, falling into his wonderful arms.

"That's it, come for me." He stroked her back while he cradled her so gently in his arms. But the tender motions also maneuvered her back to the edge of the table, parting her thighs once more. He moved his body smoothly against her own. The moment his hot cock brushed against her entrance, she was jolted upright and brought face to face with her vampire lover in full lust. His eyes glowed red and his fangs pulsed with his need.

Yet he'd been so careful with her.

She loved him more than she'd ever thought possible. Instead of pouring out the words in her heart, she showed him. Tilting her head, she bared her neck to him. *Take me. Keep me. Love me.*

His cock and his fangs pierced her in one beautiful violent motion. No more than a heartbeat later she was flooded with his pleasure, hers and theirs bouncing back on shimmering echoes that left her with no control. Deeper and deeper he filled her, while she could almost feel her blood filling him. Together their union was perfect, overflowing, overwhelming.

She clung to him, reveling in each stroke of his cock, each pull on her vein. Heat flushed through her, a flash storm she'd never get enough of. The emotion running through her mind was one of gentle shelter and comforting arms. It wasn't hers.

Aeron eased back from her neck, his eyes full of glistening love. His strokes had slowed but were still just as deep and commanding. Only now he was sharing all his

needs with her. Not just for blood and sex, but also for a love he'd been missing for a very long time. She dragged his mouth down to hers, kissing him with everything she had, showing him that she understood and offered him everything she was.

Her legs tangled around him, locking them together, and she wrapped her arms around him, just holding him. This, she knew was what he needed. His hips continued to rock against her, grinding them together in a deep slow motion. Their kiss, too, was a reflection of that desperate need. Long, slow and lasting. This wasn't just making love in an exam room. This was forever.

She knew someday he would offer, or someday she would ask, and the decision would be made. She'd become a vampire like him so they could be together so much longer than just a human lifetime. She welcomed that day, be it in a week, or not for another fifty years. She would say yes. She would do what ever it took to love him a little bit longer.

Physical release when it came was sweet and shattering. Looking into his eyes during that perfect moment, she saw his love, her love, and eternity.

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