

Encounter: Ten Seconds

Riley Ashford

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2009 Riley Ashford

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Ten Seconds

"You want to *what*?" Marlene Dayton looked at the Dracula wanna-be.

"I want to bite you," he said. "Your neck is awesome."

Marlene stood in the darkened hallway, which dead-ended, and only had one door to a locked storage closet. Nobody ventured here. It was her favorite spot, and she'd usually laze here until someone caught her interest. Then she'd approach. But this guy had seen her, and sauntered uninvited into her social territory.

"I'm dressed like this --" she pointed to the very short red dress and then to the four-inch stilettos "-- and you think my *neck* is awesome?"

"I'll start there, sweetheart. And nibble the rest of you, too."

She tilted her head, considering the offer. At least his costume wasn't as cheesy as the others. All he had were the sharp, pointy fangs and red contacts -- and the requisite black clothing, of course. The tight T-shirt tucked into jeans showed off an impressive muscled chest... and oh look, black cowboy boots.

He wasn't bad looking. He had angular features, a dip in his chin, and he was smoothly shaven. His longish brown hair brushed his broad shoulders. He was probably in his early twenties. Mmm. She liked the stamina of young men.

"Get me a drink," she said, "and I'll think about it."

He took off toward the bar on the other side of the room.

Marlene sighed. These so-called "theme" events were really getting on her nerves. *Naughty Nights* used to be about the sex. Every Friday, she showed up at the old Victorian house, paid her fee, and then, if she was lucky, she found a compatible partner to take up to a private room.

She was a partner in a law firm, and happily married to her job. She loved it -- the work and the lifestyle it granted her. She had no time for relationships, but she was a woman with a healthy libido. That's why *Naughty Nights* was so perfect. She got sex then she got back to her life.

"Merlot," said Dracula. He handed her the glass.

Marlene took it, slightly unnerved. She hadn't even seen the guy move. It was like he'd appeared outta thin air. "What are you, a magician?"

"Something better," he promised.

She sipped the wine and studied him. He really was good-looking. And he had quite the bod, too. She put the glass down on a nearby table, then crooked a finger into his belt loop and pulled him close. "You wanna go upstairs?"

"Why waste time?" He flattened her against the wall, his hands drifting to her hips. He slid his fingers down her dress until they met the quivering skin of her inner thighs. Well, well. He was an eager one. He kissed her neck, and as his lips paid homage to her throat, he started lifting her skirt.

"Whoa there, cowboy." She grabbed his hands. Okay, they were in a dark hallway, and this place was all about the sex, but she preferred privacy.

He pulled back, his gaze intense. "You're forty, Marlene. Don't you think it's time you started living?"

She gaped at him. He knew her age, and her name -- information he could've gotten from anyone here. No, the part that outraged her was his accusation that her life was somehow lacking. She refused to be lonely. If her heart was as empty as her apartment... well, that was the price willingly paid.

"Get off me," she hissed. "If I want to be fucked by my therapist, I'll make an appointment."

"Don't be petulant." He was all muscle and strength. She couldn't budge him. Hell, she barely had room to breathe. He cuffed her wrists lightly with his fingers. Then he kissed her neck again. She stiffened, and tried to decide whether or not screaming would make a difference. Probably not. This was *Naughty Nights*, after all. Lots of people screamed.

"Please," she whispered. She heard the fear in her own voice, and it made her feel weak. Within the firm, and in court, people were afraid of her. She had to be a ball-busting bitch all the time to keep her edge and her reputation intact. Now, she felt horrifyingly vulnerable. Awareness buzzed in every nerve ending. She knew this man could take her, and there wasn't a single thing she could do to stop him. Dread froze her, and her breath stalled in her lungs.

He lifted his head, his red eyes glittering with challenge. "Ten seconds," he said. "Give me ten seconds, Marlene, and if you say no, I'll walk away."

It wasn't much of a choice, especially if he was lying. But if he wasn't, then she could endure anything for ten seconds. "Fine." She was glad her tone held steel. *Afraid, my ass. We'll just see who bests who, buddy.*

"Count."

She'd barely gotten "one" out of her mouth before he slapped her enchained wrists above her head and leaned down to suck on her nipples through the thin material of her dress. She didn't wear a bra because, really, what was the point?

Lightning pleasure zipped from her breasts to her pussy.

"Two," she said, gritting her teeth.

He was relentless, nipping the hard peaks while pressing his jean-clad cock against her sweet spot. Holy damn. Her panties were soaked. And he knew it.

"Three." She sucked in a breath. "Four."

He stopped torturing her breasts. Then slid his tongue between her cleavage and kissed a line to her collarbone. Desire ignored her mental protests, and wound through her. Sparks lit in her belly, heat flared and then... damn it, there went flames of need rushing and roaring.

“F-five.”

He dropped her arms, and she clamped onto his shoulders because her knees felt like pudding. He unzipped his jeans and yanked up her dress. Wildfire. Uncontrollable. Made her tremble. Made her swallow a moan.

“Seven,” she managed, her voice husky.

He ripped off her panties and they fell to the floor. Marlene had always thought that panty-ripping thing was an urban legend. Anticipation sparked in her belly, her pussy wet and welcoming. She no longer cared about the people who might be watching, or that this bastard had made her want him.

“Eight. Nine.”

His grabbed her ass and lifted her, his cock nudging her entrance. His gaze pinned hers. “Ten,” he said. “Yes. Or no?”

“Yes.” Her body ached for release. She wanted him inside her, to fill her, and to plunder, and to give her the pleasure she craved.

“I’m going to bite you,” he warned.

“As long as you fuck me, I don’t care.”

He thrust hard and deep, his cock filling her to the hilt. She gasped, and clung, and squeezed her legs around his waist. He held her against the wall, his fingers digging into her ass as he fucked her. She panted and moaned and clawed. God, oh God, he felt so good.

Then he bit her.

It felt as though her neck had been jabbed by twin needles. Pain gave way to a rush of sparkling bliss that flowed from her neck down, down, down to mix with the blossoming pleasure of orgasm.

The alchemy of his lovely bite and his thrusting cock shattered her.

The world burst into a thousand colors, and she clenched around him, crying out, as she scrabbled to hold on. His mouth lifted from her neck and he conquered her lips. She tasted something metallic on his tongue, but she didn’t care, she wanted his kiss.

She wanted him.

Then, his thighs quivering, her name harsh on his lips, he slammed her into the wall, her back protesting, but her body rejoicing, as he emptied his seed into her.

For a long moment, she could do nothing but remember to breathe. Finally, her mystery man withdrew. He held onto her while her feet remembered how to stand, and he pushed down her dress, and righted his own clothing. He kissed her, one long slow good-bye.

“Do you want to remember?” he asked.

Marlene looked at him, and knew. This Dracula was for real. “I want to remember,” she said. She tried to feel brave. Tried not to think about never seeing him again. Ten seconds had made all the difference. “Are you gonna at least tell me your name?”

“Maybe.” Then in the blink of an eye, he disappeared.

* * *

One Week Later...

Knock, knock, knock.

Dressed in a faded T-shirt and sweat pants, Marlene dug a \$20 bill out of her purse. It was Friday, and she’d decided to ditch *Naughty Nights*. She’d spent all week thinking about her Dracula, and just couldn’t bring herself to go on the prowl.

Knock, knock, knock.

“All right, already!” Damn, the pizza guy was impatient. Irritated, she stomped to the door and flung it open.

“My name is Thomas,” said the vampire, grinning. “You have a few seconds?”

Enjoy more of Riley Ashford’s “By the Numbers” stories:

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=125>