
Chapter 1

Emma

As I steer my sleek black BMW through the crowded streets of Denver, I only have one thought on my brain: I will find him, and I will kill him. Toshi Sato: my only mission in life, my only reason for living. I allow myself to replay it in my mind, just one more time. At least, that's what I always tell myself. Just one more glimpse at the horror.

I can still hear Robin and Becky screaming. I can still hear Joyce begging for them to just let her die. I can still hear Maureen crying for her mom. I can still see the look of despair on Paula's face. I can still see all their faces, full of pain and fear.

I barely remember what they looked like before. I hate that my strongest memories aren't when they were beautiful and smiling. They'd become like sisters to me. We lived together and worked together every day. They were my family, until they were violently torn away from me.

I'd never had much of a homelife, my mom died when I

was young, and my dad never really cared what I did, as long as I stayed out of his hair. Joining the army after high school seemed like an amazing adventure. Imagine being eighteen, traveling the world, learning how to heal soldiers, meeting all kinds of people. I didn't realize that it would lead to my ultimate tragedy.

Toshi Sato was a murderer and his men were mostly psychopaths, they've spent over a hundred years traveling to new cities, killing innocent people. They'd perfected their craft over the years, but they made one big mistake: they didn't kill me.

Sato said I was special, so instead of killing me, he turned me. And now I will dedicate every single minute of my immortal life to find him and destroy him.

I must've been absorbed in my thoughts because I somehow turned onto a busy downtown street. I scan the faces of the pedestrians for Sato, just in case. He doesn't usually come out in heavily populated areas like this, but you never know.

I hadn't expected to spot him in an industrial neighborhood three months ago, but when I randomly followed one of The Community's members in the middle of the day, I got lucky.

I'd noticed Marcus looking nervous when he took a set of keys for one of The Community's cars, and I tailed him out of curiosity. I couldn't believe it when he pulled into a warehouse and I caught a glimpse of Sato inside. I'd only heard rumors of his presence in Denver, I hadn't even known for sure that they held merit. Unfortunately, I didn't get an opportunity to kill him that day, but I will soon. I can feel it.

A group of drunken college students step out in front of my car, and I slam on the brakes, barely avoiding hitting them. Two of them bang on my hood, like it's my fault. I roll my eyes and wait for them to get out of my way.

“Look at the bad bitch in her BMW,” one kid sneers. He’s wearing a University of Colorado Denver sweatshirt and a backwards hat. His glassy eyes suggest he needs to go home and sleep it off. “Why don’t you come out here?”

Irritated and impatient, I pull my Beretta out of the glove box and point it at him through the windshield. He raises his hands defensively and trips over his feet trying to move away from me as quickly as possible.

“Fuck!” he yells. His friends all scramble around, trying to right him, and then they all run off.

I calmly return my Beretta to the glove box and drive on. I wouldn’t actually even need the gun against a punk like him, but it helps to end stupid situations like that quickly.

I drive another six or seven blocks, and then, a bar sign catches my attention. There’s nothing truly special about it. It’s quite plain, understated, a simple wood sign with black letters, but maybe that’s why it attracts me. *The Last Obsession*. Maybe the name is what pulls me in, tracking Sato has definitely been an obsession for me.

I glance down at the clock, noting it's before midnight, as I pull my car into the crowded parking lot and find a spot near the back. It won’t hurt to have a drink. After all, it’s still my birthday.

The last time I celebrated my birthday was over sixty years ago. The girls baked me a cake, and gave me charming homemade presents. We shared a bottle of wine, and walked around the Army base at dusk. That had been one of the happiest birthdays of my life. The following year had been the worst birthday of my life, and I haven’t acknowledged the date since.

I walk into the bar and take a minute to appreciate the ambiance. It’s hip but relaxed. There’s a DJ tonight, and the dance floor is filled with young, writhing bodies. Almost every table is full, but there’s only a few people at the bar. I slide

onto a barstool at the end of the bar, as far away from people as I can possibly get.

I'm forced to socialize at The Community's houses, I certainly don't want to do it here. I'll have one drink, and then I'll go. I won't go home, it's still too early, and there's a party at the house tonight. Avoiding those scenes are pretty high priority for me.

I've lived in Community houses all around the world, they're always lavish mansions specially designed to house a large number of people, and they're always full of vampires whose lives are consumed by nothing more significant than socializing. I have nothing in common with any of them anymore, and I hate the shallow ritual.

"What can I get you?" the young female bartender asks as she approaches. She has black hair with bright red streaks. I like her style, kind of an emo chic. She smiles casually, but her eyes tell me that she doesn't put up with any bullshit.

"Shot of Jose," I tell her.

She pours the shot and sets it in front of me. I give her some cash and tell her to keep the change, even though the tip is more than the drink itself.

"Rough night?" she asks me as she gets a drink for another patron.

"Not especially." I shrug and take the shot. Nothing good or bad happened today. I stocked up on my blood supply from the blood bank, I drank my fill, and then I started driving around, looking for Sato. The most interesting thing that happened today was almost running over the group of college kids.

The bartender starts making a bunch of drinks for one of the waitresses, and I watch the people on the dance floor. So young, so naive, so human. Why am I even here? I really should get back in my car now and keep driving.

The tequila hits my stomach, an organ I don't use very

often anymore, and gives me a warm tingling feeling. Suddenly, I'm feeling like maybe I could take the night off from hunting Sato. I probably wouldn't find him anyways. Maybe I need something else tonight. It's been a long time since I've done anything for me, or anything fun. What's one night?

The bartender motions to me, asking if I want another shot. Why not?

"Make it a double," I request, feeling better and better about my decision to take a break tonight. Just this once, for my birthday.

"Make that two," a hopeful male voice says behind me.

I turn to look into the blue eyes of a young, good looking kid. His blond hair is spiked and he's wearing a punk rock t-shirt. I inhale his scent, innocent and weak. Easy prey for someone like me, if I were into that. Luckily for him, I'm not.

"Fuck off," I snarl and turn back towards the bar.

I hear him walk away quickly. The bartender chuckles as she places my drink in front of me.

"It's on me," she says, waving away the cash I'm holding. "That was hilarious."

"Thanks," I mumble and down half of it.

She's already halfway down the bar pouring drinks and warding off the attention guys send her way. She looks like she has far more skill at it than I do. The guys hang on enough to give her fat tips, but not expect anything. Good for her. I get plenty of male attention, but I always just tell them to get lost. I'd never be able to work in the service industry.

I glance around the room again. Taking in the crowds of young humans, eager and desperately flirting, hoping to find comfort in each other for the night. Maybe that's what I need. Comfort. Or just to get laid. I can't remember the last time I had sex. It was remarkably forgettable. I should go back to The Community's house, find some new turn to take my frus-

tration out on. I should leave this bar full of humans. I sigh, and resign myself to get out of this place.

Then I see him. Tall, dark and handsome. Yes, the old cliché, but he's so much more. He's towering over the crowd, his black hair is buzzed short in true military-fashion, his chiseled features are arresting and distinguished. He's exactly the kind of man moms warn little girls about. He's leaning against the side of a booth talking to a group of men who are all about the same size as him, and all handsome, but none have his magnetism or presence. His aura calls to me, and I can't stop myself as my eyes rake down his physique.

His biceps bulge against the seam on his black t-shirt, and I see the hint of a tattoo peeking out, some letters, it looks like. The fabric of his shirt stretches in protest across the expanse of his wide chest. The muscles beneath are obvious, even from this distance, and they taper down to a flat stomach and narrow hips.

I swallow hard, my mouth suddenly dry. My eyes are glued to him. I know exactly what I want for my birthday.

As if he senses my eyes on him, he begins to scan the room until he spots me, his eyes locking with mine. I don't look away. I don't duck my head. Timid and feeble, I am not. He quirks his lips and tips his drink to me in greeting. I raise my right eyebrow in response.

He grins at me, and then turns to the table. He slaps one of the guys on the back. I tilt my head as I listen past the music, past the voices, until I hear his, a deep, rich baritone. "Thanks for the drink. See you boys tomorrow."

With that, he turns and walks towards me. The guys at the table all look at me from across the bar and chuckle. One guy waves at me playfully. He has sandy-brown hair that's longer than the others and laughing blue eyes. Then they turn back to themselves.

"A hundred says he doesn't close the deal," I hear one guy

say, he looks to be the oldest of the group, with military-style brown hair and intelligent brown eyes.

"You must want to lose your money tonight, boss," the guy who waved at me says. "That deal is already closed."

I return my attention to my sexy conquest. His eyes scan me, taking in my heel-covered feet, my lean body, light blonde hair and light blue eyes. His deep green eyes return to mine, and he holds my gaze as he weaves intently through the crowd on the dance floor to reach me. I down the rest of my drink as he approaches. The alcohol won't inebriate me like it would a human, but it gives me a pleasant feeling.

"I must be pretty fucking easy if you can pick me up with just the lift of one eyebrow." His deep voice vibrates straight to my core. The hint of a smile touches his full lips. That mouth should be outlawed on a man.

"Good." I stand from the barstool and take his hand. "Let's get out of here."

Even in my heels, he's a lot taller than me. I'm fairly petite, standing at only five-two barefoot. I estimate that puts him around six-one. His large muscular frame makes me imagine very naughty things, like him taking me against the wall.

He lets me lead him outside, but as soon as we're out in the warm night air, he pulls me back suddenly, and I'm pressed up against his rock hard chest. My whole body electrifies with heat and awareness.

I can hear a couple making out in the side parking lot and a group of drugged-out thugs in the darkened alleyway a couple blocks down. I'm used to the extra noises, so when I realize all they're talking about is drugs, sex, and food, I tune them out.

My stranger wraps me in his arms and looks down at me with amusement and desire. "My place is only a few blocks from here, but I don't usually take women there without at least knowing their name."

I hesitate. My name. Usually such an easy question, I realize that, but it's not for me. I don't remember the last time I used my real name. I look up into his arresting green eyes, ready to give him the name I always use, but something stops me. For some fathomless reason, I want to give him my real name. I want to hear my name on his lips.

"Emma." My voice comes out small, and my name sounds foreign to my ears.

His lips quirk. "You don't look like an Emma."

"No?" I scowl at him, feeling defensive of my name and my looks simultaneously. "What do I look like? Trixie? Brittany? Bunny?"

He laughs, the sound sends a jolt of pleasure throughout my body. "No, you don't look like a stripper."

His eyes wander down my body again, and I look down at my black tank top, skinny jeans and high-heeled sandals. Probably not normal bar-hopping attire, but I hadn't planned on coming here, I had just dressed for the weather and comfort.

His eyes are heated and intense when they return to my face. "I like Emma. It's sweet. I'm Ryker."

"Of course you are," I quip with amusement.

He tilts his head in question. I give him a half-smile, as I gesture to his body and huge muscles.

"Danish for superior strength. It suits you," I explain.

"Impressive." He nods. "And thank you." He releases me from his arms, but takes my hand and starts walking down the sidewalk as he looks down at me. "So how do you know Danish? Please tell me you're not one of those women who studies the meanings of names in baby books."

I let out a little chuckle. "God, no. I speak a few languages, and I spent some time in Denmark." A few years, actually, on and off over the last several decades, but he doesn't need to know that much about me for one night of fun.

"Really? I've never been there myself, but it's definitely on

my list. Been all over the world but always in godforsaken hell holes." Ryker slows his steps as we approach the alleyway where the thugs are hanging out. He wraps his arm around me and walks with calm, confident steps until we've passed.

I smirk to myself, how cute that he thinks he's protecting me. I keep quiet though and smile up at his thoughtfulness.

"Get some, Rambo!" one thug yells out to Ryker.

"What about that one?" I hear one thug say, too quietly for Ryker to hear. "I could go for a cute little blonde. There was only one guy, we could take him."

"Did you see that guy?" another thug hisses. "He'd eat you alive, dumbass."

I can't hold back the amused chuckle.

Since he couldn't hear the dialogue, Ryker assumes I was chuckling at the Rambo comment. "Happens all the time. You'd think someone could come up with something more original. I mean, come on, I'm a Marine. If Rambo wasn't such a badass it would be fucking insulting.

I laugh outright at that. "You don't like the Army?"

"Now, I never said that." He grins. "Those little boys are good for something, I suppose."

I purse my lips and raise my eyebrows.

He raises his hands in surrender. "I'm just playing with you. I got massive respect for all the branches. All my brothers. I currently work with a couple Army Rangers, a Navy seal, and one guy is Air Force. Everyone has their own jobs, and everyone kicks ass. Even the women."

I lightly elbow him in the side, and he grunts. Might still have been too hard, or he's humoring me, I'm honestly not sure. "Better watch your mouth. I'm a feminist."

He stops walking and pulls me against him. My body molds itself to his fine muscular form like it was meant to be there. "Is that right? Well, then, I guess I'll be a feminist too. I was serious, though. I'm all for equality on the battlefield.

However, I have to admit that it's harder for me to see a woman go down."

I scowl at him, even as my hands wander up his torso to his muscular chest. Jesus, the man could be sculpted from marble. "That's the opposite of feminism. It's supposed to be equal. It shouldn't be harder to see a woman die than a man. That's what equality on the battlefield means."

He turns pensive and lets out a deep sigh as shadows fill his eyes. He blinks, and the look is gone. Then he looks down at me as a slow, sexy smile spreads across his face. "Where do you stand on equality in the bedroom?" His arms tighten around me, crushing my breasts against this chest.

"I guess it depends on my mood." I wrap my arms around his neck, pushing myself up to my toes to get closer to him. "Tonight, I'm not feeling very feminist."

He growls, and I feel the vibrations in his chest. Instantly, his lips are on mine and he's kissing me, hard and demanding. My lips ignite against his, and a fire sweeps throughout my body.

I push myself up farther, trying to get more of him. His tongue sweeps across my lips, demanding entrance. I open for him, and he takes full advantage, claiming my mouth with his. I've never felt more turned on or more connected to a guy, and that's after only a kiss. I can't wait to feel more of him. He nips at my lips, gives me one last hot kiss, and then he pulls back.

We're both breathing heavily and staring into each other's eyes. He takes my arm and leads me up a walkway to a quaint two story house. It's white with blue shutters, a neat front porch, tidy lawn. Not even close to what I would've expected.

"Is this your house?" I ask in amazement, even though the answer is obvious.

"Yes," he replies simply as he unlocks the door. "Come on in." He holds the door open, and I sweep past him.

I only get a quick glance around at the basic masculine

furnishings and tidy living space before he closes and locks the door and pulls me down the hallway.

When we reach his bedroom, he turns to me and grabs my hips, pulling me to him and his impressive erection. "Only rule I have is no biting."

My eyes snap to his face. He looks at me knowingly, and I'm wondering if it's possible. Does he know what I am? Does he know and brought me here anyways? To his house. He invited me in, like they did in old movies when humans thought we couldn't enter without invitation. *Oh God.*

Before I can dive headfirst into a full-on panic, he's kissing me and pushing me toward the bed, and I'm once again lost to the sensations that he elicits. He dips his head and licks and sucks on my neck. I moan and arch my back to get closer to him. I tug his shirt up and run my hands over his chiseled abs. He pulls my tank over my head and unzips my jeans to push them down. I kick off my heels and step out of the pants.

I stand before him in only a tiny, black lace thong as his eyes sweep down my body. Luckily for me, I died before gravity took over, and I will forever be tight and perky. I don't even need to wear a bra if I don't want to. My breasts are full and heavy but not weighed down.

"Mmmm." Ryker licks his lips. "Happy birthday to me."

I freeze. "It's your birthday?"

He nods but doesn't stop his assessment of my body, until I say, "Mine too."

His eyes find mine. "Really? June fourth?"

I smile, because obviously I know the date. "Yes. How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight. Why were you at the bar by yourself then?" He frowns. "Why didn't you celebrate with friends or family?"

"That's a story far too depressing for the current situation."

I use my hands to gesture to my mostly naked body. "Is that why you were there? Celebrating?"

"Yes, the guys talked me into having a beer with them." He lifts his hands to my hips and uses his thumbs to trace circles on my hip bones. "And man, do I owe them a thank you."

I chuckle.

"Thank them tomorrow." I tug his t-shirt the rest of the way up, and he releases me to pull it off and toss it aside. I run one hand over the 'USMC Semper Fi' tattooed in thick letters on his arm.

He leans down to kiss me, soft and sweet, very unlike the kisses from earlier, before he roughly pushes my shoulders, and I fall backwards onto the bed. I laugh as he lands on top of me with his legs intertwined with mine.

His mouth crashes against mine in a demanding kiss as his hands find my breasts, squeezing and kneading. He pulls my nipples between his fingers. I moan into his lips as he alternates between pinching and caressing, driving me crazy. I wrap my arms around his neck and raise my hips to meet his.

He groans and uses one hand to unbutton his pants and lower them down his hips. He wiggles and shifts and then finally kicks them off. His hand strokes up my thigh and finds my core. I'm throbbing and soaked through the scrap of fabric. I gasp as he grabs my mound and rubs his fingers against me. My back arches and my core throbs with frantic need.

My lust-crazed brain barely registers that I'm acting like a desperate, wanton woman. I couldn't stop myself if I wanted to at this point. Everything about Ryker turns me on, and I can't get enough of him. I want all of him and more. I need to feel him like I've never needed anything before.

He grabs the lace of the thong and with a little tug, the material is just a scrap in his hand.

I give a little shriek and manage an indignant, "Was that necessary?"

"Yes." He quickly buries his face between my legs and all thoughts of arguing are gone as he licks and nips and sucks my most sensitive flesh.

I moan and writhe against his talented mouth. I reach down and hold his head against me as I ride his face. My orgasm hits me without warning as I cry out his name and my entire body spasms in ecstasy.

He continues to lick my folds as I come down, but he doesn't stop. He laps at the juices flowing from my body and then slips a finger into me. I cry out, and he adds a second finger. His tongue circles around my clit as his fingers stroke me. I moan and buck my hips against him. I wouldn't have thought I could have a second orgasm so fast, but he's definitely making me hope it's possible.

I raise my hands to my breasts and pinch my nipples. He looks up to watch, and his eyes burn with heat and need. He sucks my clit into his mouth, and I can feel the orgasm starting deep in my pelvis. He licks and sucks at me while his fingers curl up and stroke my G-spot. When he adds teeth and nips at my clit, I lose it and scream as another orgasm overtakes me.

I'm still riding the waves as I feel his weight above me. He runs the head of his cock against my opening, and then he thrusts inside and buries himself to the hilt, and I'm screaming all over again.

It hurts, he's huge, but the pleasure overpowers the pain as I clench and throb around him. I do feel pain, just maybe not as intensely as humans, but I heal very quickly. I'm immune to silly human things like pregnancy and STDs so going bare doesn't bother me at all. I wonder for a second why it doesn't bother him but don't let myself dwell on it.

He growls and just holds himself inside of me as I come down from my orgasm and adjust to his intrusion.

"Fuck, you're tight." He closes his eyes and grimaces like he's in pain. I know he's just trying to get a grip on his body so he doesn't come too soon.

"Fuck, you're huge," I purr playfully, and he grins down at me as his cock twitches inside me.

"Compliments will get you nowhere." He eases his cock out slowly and then slams back into me.

We both groan.

"Are you sure?" I bat my eyes, wanting to see what he does. "What if I said you're the sexiest man I've ever laid eyes on, and you have the biggest cock I've ever had inside me?"

"That's it." He pulls out of me suddenly, flips me onto my stomach, pulls my hips up, slaps my ass hard and slams his cock back into me.

I want to laugh at his reaction, but this new angle has him even deeper than before and the feeling is exquisite.

He slowly pulls out to the head and then shoves himself back inside. I gasp.

He does it again, and this time I push my hips back to meet him. He groans.

He runs his hands up my back before taking my hair in one hand and turning my head to the side. He strokes me, slow out, hard and fast in. He kisses up my spine, and reaches around with his other hand to rub my clit. His rhythm increases and pretty soon we're slamming into each other with furious passion.

I'm completely lost in the feeling of him, every brush of his chest against my back, every touch of his lips against my neck, every stroke of his cock into me.

"Oh, fuck, Ryker, I'm going to come," I manage between gasping breaths.

"Give it to me," he grunts and thrusts. "Come on my cock."

I scream as the orgasm clenches my sex and spreads

throughout my limbs. He pounds into me as I spasm and shake beneath him.

"Fuck. Emma." My name is a beautiful plea on his lips, and I'm so grateful I told it to him.

He gives another thrust, and I feel his seed explode against my inner walls. I collapse onto the bed, and he follows me, keeping the bulk of his weight on his knees and arms.

He pulls out of me and rolls to the side, wrapping an arm around me and taking me with him.

Our breathing eventually slows, and I wonder if I'm supposed to feel awkward, but I don't. I wonder if he wants me to leave, but I don't do that either. I just lay in his strong arms and absorb his warmth and comfort. I think this is just what I needed today. I didn't know what I was looking for, but I would say that I found it.

"So, you're a Marine?" I ask after a few minutes when my mind clears through the post-orgasm fog.

"Yes, but discharged two years ago." His fingers start to move, rubbing my side and tracing little circles.

"Did you join right out of high school?" I don't know why I'm asking, I'll probably never see him again, but I'm enjoying this time, and I'm curious about him. It's not every day I meet a human that completely lights me up and makes me do things I wouldn't normally do.

"Yes." He nods, and his fingers trail down to my hip. "My buddy, Drew and I enlisted together the day he turned eighteen. I'm a couple weeks older. And we shipped out shortly afterwards."

"Do you come from a military family?" I look up at him, waiting for an answer.

My own father had been Navy, always about order and discipline. I left as soon as I could and never saw him again. I'm pretty sure he was grateful. I was more of a burden than anything after my mother died, and I'd been self-sufficient

since my early teen years. As long as everything was tidy, he barely acknowledged me.

Ryker snorts. "Not even a little. I never knew my dad, and my mom overdosed when I was seventeen. I finished school and got as far away as I could. What about you? Do you have a family?"

"No." I hesitate. "My mom died when I was little, and I haven't seen my dad since I left." There, that's mostly the truth.

"Are you hungry?" Ryker asks suddenly, effectively changing the subject.

I tense at his words, though, again wondering how much he knows.

"No," I reply, simply. It's true. I'm not. I got my fill at the blood bank before going to the bar. It was the only way I'd be able to handle doing something like this without feeling the thirst.

"Okay." He runs his hand down my hip to my ass and squeezes.

"Don't let me stop you." I wave a hand toward the door and the general direction of the kitchen.

"I'm not hungry." He kisses the side of my neck and murmurs, "For food." He strokes his hand up my side and lifts the weight of my breast in his palm.

I can feel him hardening. I giggle and squirm against him.

"Already?" I can't resist teasing him. "That's impressive, Rambo."

He growls and slaps my ass before rolling me onto my back and pinning me down with his weight. "What's my name?"

I pretend to think about it and grin slyly. "It's not Rambo?"

"You seemed to remember it just fine a few minutes ago when you were screaming it." He takes my hands in one of his

and raises my arms above my head. He grinds his hips into mine and his cock teases my folds.

"Don't tease me," I demand and lift my hips to his, looking for friction. All I can think about is how good he makes me feel and how much I want him.

He kisses down my neck to my breasts before pulling my nipple into his mouth. I moan as my back arches into him. He licks and sucks and nips at the swollen bud as I squirm under him.

He lifts his head and looks up at me. "Say it."

When I keep quiet, he lowers his mouth to my other nipple to give it similar attention. I moan and buck beneath him. Seeking his hardness and the release I know he can provide.

"Say it." He raises his mouth from my breasts and raises himself up to run the head of his cock against my clit.

"Umm..." I forget what game we're playing as desperation takes control of my body, and I wiggle against his hold. Even though I could escape if I really tried, he is every bit as strong as he looks and his name does him justice.

His name. That's the game. Before I can say it, though, his lips cover mine in a soul-crushing kiss. He doesn't wait for permission as his tongue plunders my mouth. I return it with desperation and greediness.

His cock strokes against my clit, and I cry out and pull back enough to scream, "Ryker! Ryker! Ryker! Please! Fuck me, Ryker!" Overkill, I know, but totally worth it as he shifts and his cock pummels into me.

"Good girl," he murmurs against my lips, and I don't even care that it sounds demeaning. I only care that he's kissing me, and his cock is filling me so perfectly. I guess I'm not a feminist in bed.

I wrap my arms and legs around him and hold him close as he pounds into me. I meet him thrust for thrust.

He slows his pace slightly as he releases my lips and drops his head onto my shoulder. I open my eyes to see the full expanse of his neck before me. Oh, how delicious. I can smell his rich blood coursing through the protruding veins in front of me.

For a moment, I let myself dream about how incredible this large, strong man's blood would taste. Then, I snap myself out of it and appreciate the trust he's showing me, even after those subtle hints that he dropped earlier. I smile and place a chaste kiss on his sexy neck.

He tenses and looks down at me in surprise. I smile at him and then push my fingers into his short hair and pull him down for another kiss. But this time, it's deep and slow, and he matches the rhythm of his hips to the kiss.

He holds me close as he strokes into me. I feel the burning orgasm starting deep in my core, and it's not long before I'm encouraging him to speed up and pushing my hips harder against him.

He unwraps my legs from around him and throws them over his shoulders, effectively folding me in half. I can practically feel him pounding against my cervix. Three thrusts in this position, and I'm screaming and thrashing out in orgasm.

My whole body explodes with sensations and pleasure as he continues to thrust into me. I scream nonsense words and curse words of all kinds as I ride the euphoria. It feels like there is no end in sight when Ryker's thrusts become harsher and erratic. Finally, he gives one final push and buries himself inside me, coming deep and hard.

"Fuck, woman." He lets my legs down from his shoulders and collapses on top of me. I bear most of his weight this time, but I don't mind. It's not like I can't take it. "You're going to ruin me." *For other women.*

He doesn't say the last part, but I hear it in my head, and the selfish bitch inside me hopes it's true. I don't want to think

about him with other women right now. I just want to bask in the afterglow of the best orgasms I've ever had.

"I think it's the other way around." I give him a half-smirk when he raises his head enough to see my face. "You're the one with the unusually large parts trying to tear me in half."

He chuckles and then his chuckle turns into a full belly laugh. He rolls off me but pulls me into him. "Unusually large, huh? You're good for a man's ego."

"I don't think you have any trouble with your ego." I snuggle into him, despite the warning bells going off in my head saying it's a bad idea to get too comfortable with him.

"I guess I don't." He yawns as his hands stroke my back. "Stay with me."

It's a half-question, half-demand, and even though I know all the arguments for needing to get out of this situation right now, I can't bring myself to do it. I want nothing more than to stay right here, wrapped in his strong arms.

I entwine my legs with his, wrap my arm around his waist, tuck my head under his chin and will my breathing to slow. I don't need air to survive, but breathing is a natural body function, and it would look fucking weird if we didn't breathe at all.

I listen as his breathing evens out and his heartbeat slows. Then I shift back a little, so I can look into his face as he sleeps. He really is devilishly handsome. I let myself imagine what it would be like if things were different. If I were a normal girl.

I could fall asleep wrapped in his arms and wake up here with him in the morning. Would it be awkward? Would he want to have sex again in the morning? Would he ask for my phone number? Would he want to see me again?

I sigh at all the what-ifs. I know it's all impossible and not worth daydreaming about. He's a nice guy and a human, and I'm... me.

I slowly extract myself from his hold and climb out of bed. He rolls part way over, but doesn't wake up. I get dressed in the dark, but it doesn't matter since I can see just fine. I grab my ruined panties and scowl as I stuff them into my purse. I'll throw them away later. I don't want to leave anything behind for him to find.

I take one last look around, nothing is out of place in his bedroom except his discarded clothes on the floor. Catching a glimpse of a tattoo on his back, I tiptoe forward to see the skull and crossbones design. The skull has a military helmet, dog tags and glowing red eyes. The banner beneath it reads 'we fight what you fear.'

Ryker grumbles and shifts in his sleep. I jump back and slip out of the room and down the hall. I open and close the door silently as I walk out of his house.

The moon is high in the sky, and the air is crisp as I walk down his walkway to the sidewalk and head back in the direction of the bar to retrieve my car.

I hear feral cats fighting a couple blocks away, a baby crying in a nearby house, and the same thugs from earlier. I tune them all out as I wonder if the party at The Community's house has died down early or if it's still in full swing.

They've been known to go all night, but if everyone is feeling particularly lusty, they sometimes retire early to their bedrooms. I really hope it's one of those nights. I'm not in the mood for niceties. Not that I'm ever in the mood for The Community's bullshit, but some days it comes easier than others.

When I was young and new, friendly socializing came so naturally to me. I was happy and open and nice to everyone. Now, I can barely stand my own company. Everlee is the only one I actually seek out and enjoy speaking with.

I feel the prickly alertness creep up my spine at the same time I hear footsteps coming from behind a building. I'm really

not in the mood for this, I start walking a little faster. I'm almost to the end of the block when one appears in front of me. I stop and roll my eyes at the impertinence.

"Hey there, blondie." He sneers and stares at my breasts. His brown hair is greasy and his stained clothes hang off his skinny frame. I can smell the drugs burning through his blood stream. "Where are you going?"

"Home," I snap.

"You look like you need a man to take care of you." He licks his lips.

I hear two more snickering as they approach from behind me.

"Do you know where I can find one?" I tilt my head.

"Right here, bitch." He grabs his crotch, and I scoff.

"I know you." One behind me speaks up. "You were with Rambo earlier. What happened, honey? Didn't he give you what you need?"

I peek over my shoulder at the new voice, he's taller and more built than the idiot in front of me. He's also dirtier and has a mean snarl on his lips.

I turn around so I can see the third idiot. He's younger and shorter than the rest. He has shifty eyes, and his hands are shaking, from withdrawals or anticipation, I don't know.

I make the big one to be my greatest threat, so I turn my attention towards him. I smile. "Oh, he had everything I needed and more, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean." The big one moves closer to me. "I bet I got more than you need."

I pretend to watch with interest as he runs his fingers down the outline of his dick. I force myself to suppress the shudder of revulsion and burst out laughing. He snarls and reaches for me.

I grab his hand, and quickly circle around behind him, snapping the bones in his shoulder and arm.

"Argh! What the fuck?" he cries out in pain and confusion.

I'm still holding his arm behind his back, twisting it at a painful angle and breaking his bones further. I can hear each sickening snap.

"You don't have what anyone needs," I snarl at him. "Why don't you take your boys to the hospital and get yourselves cleaned up before you ruin any more lives?"

Before he can answer, a hand grabs my hair, and I'm being pulled back by the shifty little one.

"Let him go, bitch."

I don't release the big one's arm, and I hear a grotesque pop when his shoulder dislocates as I'm pulled back and so is he.

He screams, "Stop! Stop!"

The shifty guy behind me loosens the grip on my hair but doesn't let me go. He wraps an arm around my throat and squeezes. Unfortunately for him, I don't need to breathe.

I squeak to pacify him and then drop the first guy's arm, before spinning around and throat punching him before he could blink. He releases me and doubles over gasping for breath. I turn my attention back to the guy who had first blocked my path.

He holds his hands up in surrender and steps aside. I narrow my eyes in warning and walk by him.

I make it the rest of the way to my car without incident. I slide inside the BMW 340i and sigh at the comfortable interior.

I pull out my phone to check for messages. There were five missed calls and four text messages. Most were from Community members wondering where I was and alerting me that I was missing a hell of a party. Whoopee.

One text was what I've been waiting for, though, from my contact in town. Finally, a lead on the vampire hunting group that has been making waves in The Community. Rumor has it

they fancy themselves as a sort of police agency for vampires. So far, the only vampires to disappear by their hands have been the worst sort, blood thirsty, apathetic killers who nobody really missed. Still, news of such a group puts fear into The Community, but not me.

I can't ask too many questions or dig too deep amongst The Community without rustling feathers and risking my own life. I have no problem dying for my cause, but Toshi Sato must die first or it's all for nothing. And I know just the people to help me.