
MOONLIT SURRENDER

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Present time

John stopped the car outside his apartment building. Lucy immediately froze up. “There is no way in hell I’m going up there. Show me whatever the fuck you want to show me right here.”

His lips tightened. It was something she was learning meant he was frustrated.

“I didn’t lie to you, sweetheart.”

“Don’t call me that.”

He let out a deep breath. “I didn’t lie to you, Lucy. Doris and I are not a couple.”

“Bullshit,” she interrupted again. “I saw you two making out in the parking lot tonight.”

“You saw something, but it wasn’t affection or love. Please come upstairs and talk to me.”

Lucy’s brow furrowed, while her mind was going a mile a minute with thoughts of what she should do right now. *Oh fuck it. Why not?* “*Why not*” is exactly what a girl says before she winds up dead in

a ditch. Probably. What else is going on in life though? That asexual mother-fucker sitting on his lazy ass in front of the TV? That mound of debt you've accumulated from school that will probably lead nowhere? The family you barely keep in contact with? Fuck it. See what he has to say.

She didn't say anything out loud but opened the car door and stepped out. John was behind her quickly and draped his suit jacket around her shoulders before she could freeze into a popsicle on their walk to his building.

They said nothing as they climbed the stairs, nothing as he let her into his apartment and switched on a couple lights, and nothing as he pulled two glasses from his kitchen cabinet and poured a glass from the bottle of the sweet red wine he had introduced her to and something deeper red and thicker looking from a different bottle into his glass.

Still draped in his jacket, she sat down with one leg tucked under her and took a small sip, hoping she'd hate it this time. *Nope. It's still delicious. Damn.*

John pulled his old, faded antique chair up closer so he could face her better and then sat down on the edge of its cushion. He watched her take another sip, his gray gaze focused on her lips for a moment before trailing back up to her blue eyes.

She felt naked sitting in front of him with her face washed of her makeup, her hair down and still damp, and attired so casually, but she stared right back at him.

"I'm a vampire, Lucy."

She laughed so hard a little wine went up her nose. She coughed and her eyes burned and watered.

John's expression didn't change, the solemn muscles in his face not moving an inch.

She calmed her skeptical giggles but couldn't wipe the amused slant from her mouth. "Seriously? This is what you're going with? 'I'm a vampire, Lucy'," she mocked his stern tone and couldn't help but laugh a little more.

“Would you like me to prove it?” he asked, still showing no signs of giving up his ridiculous charade.

“I would fucking love that. Please do,” she motioned her hand for him to continue as she relaxed into the couch cushions, ready for a show.

The first thing he did was retrieve a hand mirror from what she assumed was the doorway to his bedroom. He held it up as he stood in front of her to reveal it was missing his reflection.

“Give me that,” she snatched it from his hands, convinced it was a trick mirror, but her own reflection was clear as day. She held it back up to catch John in it, but he still didn’t appear. “Okay. It’s a neat trick, I’ll give you that. What’s next? Where are your terrible fangs, John Wright, the wicked and super real vampire?”

He pulled back his lips from his teeth and sure enough, there they were, sharp as ever.

Lucy rose from her seat at that and set her glass of wine down and shrugged his jacket off her shoulders. She looked at him, still smiling from amusement, and tugged on one of the fangs. It didn’t budge, didn’t come out the way the fake ones from Halloween stores did. She tugged a little harder.

John winced. “Pulling out the tooth doesn’t prove or disprove anything, dear.”

Lucy retracted her hand, this time a little impressed. They definitely seemed real, and he carried the façade so well. “So is this why you only teach night classes then? Why I only ever see you after dark?”

He nodded.

She laughed nervously. “So like... what does a vampire do besides eat people?”

“I don’t eat anyone. I drink blood though, yes. I don’t know what you mean. I live.”

“Do you have like supernatural powers or something?”

Strength?" she asked, recalling all of the cheesy vampire romances she had read as a teenager.

He nodded. "It is one talent, yes."

"Show me."

He dipped down and lifted her up into his arms again, the same way he had carried her out of his apartment when she had been too tipsy to tackle the stairs.

Her heart began to race, but not from being so close to him this time. She was starting to believe him. She leaned in and heard the odd silence of breathlessness in his lungs and the strange absence of a heartbeat. "You definitely breathe though. I've heard you sigh and stuff."

He shrugged with her still easily cradled in his arms. "A reflex. An old habit that refused to die along with many of the things I lost with my mortality."

She reached her slender hand in between the buttons of his shirt until they touched his temperate skin beneath, not cold as she had imagined a vampire's would be, but it was not the warmth of living flesh either. She felt under his chest hair that alarming silence within and recoiled in fear. "I don't like this. This isn't funny anymore. Put me down."

Gingerly he set her back on her feet.

Lucy took two steps back. "So like... what? Doris is a vampire too then or something?"

"She is the thorn in my side, the wretched woman." He fell into his chair as if suddenly collapsing beneath a great burden. "She figured it out. She realized what I am and she's been using it as leverage for some time now."

"I don't understand. How did she happen to figure it out?" She crossed her arms as she listened, skepticism still scrunching her face.

"Through all of the things I just showed you. She did her own investigation on me, then confronted me with the results."

She paused, soaking up the information he offered. "Why

would you care though? So what? There are whole groups of people on the internet swearing vampires are real, but nobody gives it any stock. She already looks a little crazy to me.”

He chuckled and nodded, then took a deep drink from his glass and returned to his serious scowl. “It’s not the general public I fear. It’s the few hidden in the shadows that would believe her, those that don’t suffer my kind.”

She sat down on the edge of the couch, eyes wide. “Do you mean there are vampire hunters too?”

“I suppose that would be the simplest description of them, yes. They are a group, a collective of skilled hunters that have been around for centuries, dedicated to wiping out evil on earth, vampires among that crowd.”

“What do they call themselves? Where do they come from? Are there any here?”

He held up his hand to halt her barrage of questions. “I really don’t know much about them, dear, save to avoid them. I encountered one once, long ago, who I only managed, by the skin of my teeth, to convince to let me go. She did not offer a history lesson on her order.”

She paused reflectively for a moment, soaking up all the information he had given her. “So, Doris knows and she threatened to tell people in exchange for...?”

He looked away from her and was silent for so long, she had begun to wonder if he had even heard her. “She has an unhealthy fascination with the supernatural. She asked that I drink from her.”

Lucy’s brow raised in shock. “Seriously? She didn’t ask for money or anything, just to be your personal juice box?”

He shuddered slightly. “Please never use that particular phrase again.”

She laughed nervously. “You’re serious though?”

He nodded. “That’s what you saw in the parking lot. It’s true, she doesn’t care for you. I imagine she finds you a threat.”

“A threat?” Her eyes widened. “Were you planning to do the same to me? To make me your little snack pet?”

“No! No, not at all, I swear it to you.” He held up his half empty glass. “I haven’t needed to touch a person to sustain myself for many years. I have a connection through the diner we visit. The owner supplies me with my meals.”

“That’s blood?”

He nodded and set it back down on the worn wooden end table beside him.

Realization dawned on her. “That punch you get when we go there?”

He nodded again.

She searched her history with him, noting she had never truly seen him eat anything, but for a taste here and there, only that red punch – blood. She had never seen him during the day, even their text correspondences were after dark. The tepid temperature of his skin, the absence of heartbeat, the lack of breath, it all pointed to the picture he was painting her.

“So how long have you...” she trailed off unsure.

“It’s been a few hundred years or so. I’ve honestly lost track by now.”

Her jaw fell slack in absolute shock and she moved to take a drink of wine and wound up finishing the whole glass. “This... is a lot,” she whispered.

He leaned forward, watching her as if she might suddenly die from the information he was dumping on her, and refilled her glass. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. My intention was never to burden you with my mess. I thought... I just wanted...” he hesitated, for once unsure of what to say.

“Why me?” she asked softly, finally finding her way back to his luminescent gray gaze.

“I don’t understand.”

“Why are you telling me all this? Why did you ever talk to me? Why did we spend so much time together?”

“Because I enjoy your company,” he answered simply. “I didn’t intend for things to get so out of hand, but...”

“But what?”

“I can’t seem to help myself around you. You’re a very special young woman.”

She grimaced in disbelief with a massive eye roll. “Really? You expect me to believe that? I think that’s the least believable thing you’ve said all night,” she laughed sardonically. “Out of the hundreds of years you’ve been alive and all the people you’ve met, I’m special? You just can’t help yourself?”

“And why shouldn’t it be so? We live in a wondrous world.”

“There are so many people in the world though, and that’s not even counting past generations. How many versions of a person can there be? You must’ve already encountered about twenty of me by now.”

He laughed. “Would it surprise you then to know you are the first *you* I have met?”

She nodded in disbelief.

“You don’t give enough credit to the diversity of mankind, all the numerous variables that go into making a person: genetics, lifestyle, environment and so much more. Inevitably, I’m sure combinations get close to repeating, but I’d say they never truly do. I cannot speak definitively on it though. Suffice it to say, though, I find you unique and captivating.”

“Captivating?” she echoed, still unable to grasp everything he had said so far in the night. She looked up at him, into his beautiful, otherworldly eyes. They held the most sincerity, the most depth she had ever witnessed in a person. Lifetimes rippled within his gray ocean.

“Do you know,” he began softly, inching his chair a little closer to her, “deep down every person holds this innate desire to know and be known by someone? It drives so much of what we do, to enjoy and be enjoyed. We all seek acceptance and

company, all of us in varying degrees, but we all seek it. Even I do. I was once a man.”

“I don’t know what you want from me.”

“Just to be with you,” he said so softly, so easily. “I’m not asking for anything but your company, just as we’ve been. I’m sorry for offending you with Doris. I’m just not entirely sure how to defuse the situation without my secret coming out – and it is a secret, Lucy. You can’t tell anyone what I’ve told you here tonight, not Ben, not anyone. Do you understand?” He waited for her to show a sign that she had heard what he said, but she just stared up at him still dumbfounded. “Lucy, do you understand? You cannot tell anyone I’m a vampire. Okay, dear? My life depends on your discretion.”

She nodded slowly. “Okay.”

He nodded too, if a bit nervously. “Good girl,” he muttered. “Our secret.”

She reached a shaky hand to grab her glass of wine again and finished it off with three consecutive gulps.

John watched her worriedly. He grabbed the bottle of wine again and refilled her glass once more.

She took another sip, set it down, and then relaxed into the couch and closed her eyes to collect her thoughts.

Lucy opened her eyes and looked at him, the alcohol in her system emboldening her once more. “I don’t want things to be the same.”

He looked startled as he realized what she meant. “Sweetheart...” he started but trailed off unsurely.

She rose from her seat and stood between his knees, resting her shins against the edge of his chair.

His eyes trailed up her body, lingering over every curve and valley, slowing their path as they grazed over her breasts.

Lucy felt goosebumps tickle her skin as she realized in her haste she had not slipped on any undergarments. All that stood

between the two of them was a thin barrier of cotton. “Do you still want me?”

He nodded, not missing a beat. His hands rose from his lap, pausing only for the slightest of moments as if to give her a chance to decline his touch before they slid up the backs of her thighs and under her shorts to cup her ass.

Lucy felt heat coursing through her body, felt her pulse thunder in her ears, and wondered what arousal felt like to a vampire with no heartbeat. She reached her hand down to his neck and jumped when she felt a faint, slow pulse.

“We can discuss vampire anatomy another time,” he stated low and smoky, noticing her discovery. “Suffice it to say you make what little blood is in me rush.” He rose from his chair and towered over her, crushed her to his chest, and then bent down to kiss her hard and passionately, not the slow game he had played in his car the last time they had kissed.

Lucy moaned into his mouth and felt him moan back, felt the rumble in his chest before the sound even made it out of his mouth and into hers. She let her hands explore him, trailing over his body and unfastening his tie so she could open his shirt and feel his skin against hers.

“Lucy,” he groaned, pulling away from her. To her surprise he was breathing heavily. “This... you’ve had a shock tonight. You’re not yourself.”

Lucy rolled her eyes. “Damn it, John. Stop making excuses. I want you. I want you so fucking bad and have for so long. I don’t care what you are. You’re you and that’s all that matters. Please.”

His hands faltered uncharacteristically. “It won’t be how you think,” he warned softly.

“I don’t care,” she smiled and tugged his arm to guide him to his bedroom.

He followed quietly, allowing her to lead him.

She didn’t bother to switch on a lamp, instead savoring the way the moonlight spilled over his features from the large

window overlooking the sleeping town below. She backed away from him just a bit and pulled her shirt up over her head, her breasts heaving out into the cool air of the room, and then pushed down her shorts, standing before him totally naked.

He didn't say a word, didn't move a muscle, just watched her. His stormy gaze took in every single detail for a long, savoring moment before he finally reached out a hand to curl a silky tendril of her dark hair around his finger. He seemed to be silently battling himself, but finally he spoke. "You're an excellent student in my classroom. Do you think you can follow directions just as well outside it?" He scooped her chin under the knuckle of his forefinger to tilt her head up to him.

"If it would please you, then yes. I can do that."

He hummed low in approval. "Good girl."

She felt a strange fluttering in her chest and her cheeks heated under the intimate accolade, a hunger growing in her belly for more.

"Stay," he commanded before leaving her to light an antique candelabrum atop his old wooden dresser. Warm candlelight flickered through the room in a hushed glow, lighting things just enough so Lucy could see the bedroom fully.

In front of her she saw a grand four poster bed with crushed red velvet draping elegantly over its heavy oaken framework like a plush red waterfall inviting her to impossibly soft linens and puffy tasseled pillows. On either side were matching end tables and in front of the bed was a long, upholstered ottoman with curved wooden feet carved into the shape of lion's paws. Across the room by the window with its heavy drapes pulled open was an old leather chair and matching footstool next to yet another bookcase in the apartment. The tiny table beside it had a decanter and glass along with a bookmarked leather-bound volume with no title on its cover. She assumed by all the creature comforts around it that it was possibly his favorite place in his home.

Her attention was drawn back to the man out of time that had created the anachronistic oasis and watched him take a seat on the ottoman in front of the bed. "Come here," he ordered quietly.

Compelled as if by some unknown magic, she felt no will but to obey and crossed the room to be pulled down into his lap. He cradled her close on his knee and kissed her again, savoring her at a slower more controlled pace now. Her lips parted open to him and his tongue swept through her mouth, tasting her and claiming her with a rough hand tugging her hair back. She moaned into his mouth and he reciprocated with his own. He broke away from her slowly, his hands wandering over her, learning her shape. He set her back up on her feet and spoke softly, his voice hoarse with lust, "Open the drawer of the left end table, grab what's inside, and then climb onto the bed."

She nodded, but as she turned he tugged her roughly back to him. "You will say 'Yes, sir' when I give you an instruction or ask you a question. Do you understand?"

She smiled a little, enjoying the strange game he was introducing her to. "Yes, sir," she replied obediently.

He nodded with approval and then released her to complete the task he had given her.

She tiptoed over to the end table and found a heavy vibrator in its drawer. She looked back at him surprised, unsure if this was the correct item.

He was on his feet now, standing center at the foot of the bed with hands resting behind him in the small of his back as he waited patiently without another word. There was something familiar in his demeanor, something similar to the command he had at the front of his classroom, but now it was somehow so much more sensual. This wasn't philosophy he was teaching, and it wasn't a book or papers he looked at. His eyes were focused solely on her naked form climbing up onto his pillowy bed on her knees and waiting for him to instruct her further.

“Lie back on the pillows and turn the vibrator on. I want you to rub it against your pussy.”

Her cheeks flushed and she nervously complied. Slowly, she settled herself against the tasseled cushions and let her knees fall open and saw John’s intense gaze still watching her carefully. His eyes dropped to her exposed pink lips parting open before him. She felt vulnerable in a new way she had never felt before, but it wasn’t fear she felt totally open to him like this. It was pleasure that heated her skin and made her pulse quicken.

She depressed the power button on the wand in her hand and the room was filled with its low hum. She took a couple of deep breaths, then lowered it to herself. She gasped immediately as she felt its powerful vibrations shudder through her sensitive flesh, she closed her eyes and relaxed into the pillows as she began a slow rhythm over her clit.

“Look at me,” his voice commanded louder this time. “Eyes open, dear.”

Lucy reluctantly looked down past the end of the bed to where he still stood watching her, but answered softly, “Yes, sir.” No one had ever looked at her with such intensity, such clear want and admiration. She heard him sigh a couple times as she worked herself forward, arching her hips into the rhythm of the toy now.

She could feel her body getting closer and closer to its natural conclusion. She could feel her heart thundering in her ears, see her chest heaving with labored breath, and feel her own desire coating her and the vibrator in a slick dew.

He let her inch herself closer and closer to the edge but ordered her to stop when he sensed her getting a little too close.

She shuddered as she pulled the vibrations away.

“Turn it off.”

“Yes, sir.” She held the button down again until it fell quiet, then placed it on the bedspread beside her and found it difficult to wait for the next step in the game. She felt her legs quivering

as they stayed open for him and the soft movement of the room's cool air washing over her wet pussy.

John finally approached her, halting at the side of the bed. He ran a finger from the inside of her ankle, up her calf, over the inside of her knee and up her inner thigh until his finger reached where her leg met her body then he grabbed a fistful of her flushed thigh, eliciting a soft exhale from her.

“Do you like it when I tell you what to do?”

Lucy squirmed under his little finger stroking one of her lips and nodded.

His hand left her in a flash and then came down in a hard smack on her thigh.

She flinched and let out a restrained whine and was shocked to feel the warmth from the strike melt into pleasure.

“What was the first rule I gave you, dear?”

It took her a moment, but then she remembered. “I'm sorry. I meant yes, sir.”

“Good girl.”

Her toes curled into the thick duvet beneath her.

His eyes saw all, his hands moving over her like a seasoned musician with his instrument of choice. He tickled over her tummy and watched her squirm. He caressed her arm and watched her skin crawl. He danced his fingers slowly up her sternum and watched her nipples harden and observed the blush that spread across her chest as his fingers gently rested around her neck. His other hand gingerly swiped a lock of her hair back from her forehead and he smiled when he saw her lick her lips and surrender to his grip.

“Do you like being touched like this?” he rasped softly.

“Yes, sir.” She wondered if he was learning her or testing her.

His fingers tightened around her throat more firmly as he continued his examination of her reactions. “You may tell me to stop at any point you feel uncomfortable. It's important we know your boundaries.”

“Yes, sir,” she answered softly as his hand continued to tighten and pinch the arteries in her neck. She heard her pulse thundering and began to feel lightheaded, but to her own surprise, she enjoyed it. Something about the act grounded her, kept her in the moment with him. She felt more aware of her body than ever and warmth spread through her.

It was like an electric shock went through her when he lowered his mouth to kiss one of her nipples. She felt him suckle her gently and flick his tongue around the hard peak, then slowly, his teeth clamped down around it and he tugged. She moaned loudly and felt more aroused than she had in her whole life. He placed a knee on the mattress and leaned over her to give the same treatment to the other nipple, his loosened tie tickling her as he bent down to her. She was covered in little bursts of sensations: his kiss on her nipples, the tie, the feeling of his slacks against her side where his knee depressed the mattress beneath his weight, the feel of his powerful fingers tight on her neck, the sound of his own moans into her breasts. They were overwhelming and she began to lose control of herself.

To her disappointment, he leaned back off of the bed and released her to squirm breathlessly in want, but that disappointment melted away when she watched him quickly peel away each layer of his clothing until he was as bare as she. He was paler than she had imagined, but the glow of the candlelight dancing in the room kissed his skin with a warmth that made her quickly forget his secret. All she saw was a man climbing up onto the bed with her and settling himself between her open knees.

His hands slid under her ass with a firm squeeze, then settled in the hollow of her hips and with a sudden yank, tugged her down to him and off of the pillows so she was totally horizontal. She felt his erection press against her and felt nothing in the room except her desire for him. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist to try to pull him inside of her. He did not enter her but slid himself against her opening and over her clit, slowly

covering himself in her slippery nectar until there was hardly any friction between them. Her moans grew and she gyrated against him desperately.

His hum of approval filled her ears, low and raspy despite his cool command, and was filled with a similar desperation as hers.

She arched up a little higher, trying to catch his tip to slide him in, but he remained just out of reach. "Please, John," she whined.

He sat back and his hand reached between their two bodies and she heard the sound of her wetness as he dipped two fingers inside of her. "What a mess you are, dear." The tips of his fingers curled up against her walls and stroked her in a place she had never been touched.

Lucy swore loudly as she felt him press into this new, secret place Ben nor she had ever discovered. His touch was gentle, but firm, and she felt her body unfurl and open up like a rose blooming in sunshine. Her hips arched down into his hand and she felt herself seize up with pleasure.

John's body slid over hers as he covered her and rested his weight on his other arm beside her, straddling her leg and still touching her in this deep place that made her wonder if he wasn't some sort of ancient warlock instead of a vampire. He buried his face in her neck and hair and inhaled her scent deeply as he rubbed himself against her thigh and continued to stroke her walls. His tongue darted out and licked up the side of her neck until his mouth reached her ear to suckle her lobe gently.

As the pad of his thumb came down onto her clit to rub back and forth, she wondered if anyone had ever literally died from too much pleasure. No words were forming on her lips, not even curses, just incomprehensible whining and moans as she shivered beneath him.

"Hands above your head, sweetheart. Wrists together. Hold them there," he commanded.

She tried to answer, but only an unintelligible groan left her throat as she obeyed.

“Good girl,” he cooed, knowing she was beyond words at this point. “Keep them there. There’s nothing left for you to do but let me take care of you.”

She turned her head to look at him, still utterly speechless. Could something this good truly exist? She watched him watch her as he worked her body with an unearthly precision. His otherworldly gaze starred back and his brow furrowed with hers as he beheld her sweet anguish as if it were a work of art.

“Yes,” his smoky whisper rumbled beside her. “Let go. Your body knows its way. Let it happen.” His hand matched the urgency spreading through her body. He could feel the tension growing in her, the inevitable climax her body was speeding recklessly towards.

Lucy felt it almost impossible to keep her arms up. A wild, primal urge washed through her to claw at him, to hold onto him for dear life. This feeling was too big, too powerful. She had never let it build to this point before or been touched in this deep place. There was no stopping it though, and she felt her body race over that edge and felt the crash of the hot tidal wave of pleasure wash over her, from the tips of her fingers still desperately reaching up to the headboard, all the way down to her toes. She rolled into him with a loud cry and slammed her hips down onto his clever fingers with legs shaking and toes curling and felt a warm gush of liquid pour out of her as she came harder than she knew her body even could.

“Oh my God!” she was finally able to gasp as she quivered under the lingering pleasure still tickling up her spine.

“Good girl,” he moaned, his hand slowing but still remaining on her to work out every ounce of pleasure he could. His mouth came down on hers and he kissed her deeply as his fingers finally slid out of her and he grabbed her mound with a gentle squeeze. “You may let your arms down.”

She sighed in delight and then brought her hands down into his hair to run her nails over his scalp as their kiss continued. Little moans still bubbled out of her as his tongue swept through her mouth and he continued to straddle her thigh. She took her own opportunity in this quiet moment to learn his body in turn. She ran her fingers down his stubbly cheeks and neck, across his broad shoulders, and over his strong back. She touched down the lean muscle of his arm draped over her and memorized this moment and how it felt to have him on top of her, still drunk with the ecstasy he had given her.

“I want to take care of you now,” she whispered against his lips. “Please.”

He sighed softly back, “I would like that too.”

She pushed on his chest lightly and he rolled off of her onto his back beside her. She sat up and began a slow descent of kisses, starting first at his neck, then slowly made her way down through his chest hair and paused over each of his nipples. She pulled the right one between her lips and suckled it softly and swirled her tongue around the stiffening peak, then planted a playful nip before stretching over him to kiss the other. She felt breath stir in his torso, rising and falling in a steadily increasing rhythm, and that faint pulse knocking quietly somewhere inside him.

The sounds he made as her mouth moved over him were possibly the most exquisite thing she had ever heard. Ben was usually so quiet, until the final moment. Lucy had no idea a man’s moans could sound so delicious.

Her hands ran down his flat tummy until they found the soft collection of curls at the base of his cock. Her excitement grew and she crawled down to the foot of the bed to perch herself between his spread legs.

He propped himself up on one of the cushions and watched intently as her mouth lowered to him. Delicately, she pulled one of his balls into her mouth and sucked and massaged it with her

warm tongue. Something like a prayer slipped out of him. It was not a deity he uttered, but her name on his lips. His pleasure filled her with confidence and she continued her slow claiming of the intimate part of him, alternating between each ball until he was dripping with her saliva, then slowly she made her ascent.

She sat up on her knees and grabbed the base of his cock to hold him steady as he throbbed and twitched under her touch. Her lips lowered to his shaft and left gentle, wet kisses up his length, then long licks that trailed all the way up to the underside of his tip. As his groans and sighs grew and she could feel him as hard as stone in her hand, she lowered her lips back to his tip and ran her tongue along the underside, catching all the delicate nerve endings on the tip of her tongue and savoring the growing volume of his voice. She stopped to suck the delicate skin there until she began to pull the whole thing between her lips with gentle suction.

His hands reached down to her hair as he entered her mouth. They moved so tenderly through her silky tresses, one hand carefully gathering her long black locks in his fist to hold them out of her way and the other smoothing back any stray strands with such a simple sweetness that somehow felt more intimate than any of the sexual acts they had performed so far. There was something more personal to his fingertips gently threading through her hair while she swallowed his cock than actually feeling him in her throat.

She melted under his touch and felt him melt into her deep kiss until she had swallowed him down to the base of his length and felt his soft curls tickling her nose with each plunge on him she made. Her saliva gathered in a thick coating around him and she wrapped her hand around his length to twist and pump him with each retreat of her mouth. She began a quicker rhythm, sucking him into her, then stroking him as she came up for deep breaths before descending again. It wasn't long before she could feel his hips arching into her cadence and she could feel his body

stiffening and edging closer to the same precipice he had sent her screaming over just a while earlier.

Suddenly she pulled away, slipping out of his loose grip in her hair easily. Even he was not ready for the unexpected withdrawal. She had only meant to shift gears and climb on top of him, but their eyes locked before she could move, and she watched the way his cock twitched desperately in the air and something tingled inside of her with pleasure at the small act of rebellion.

He sat up, their gazes still locked, something animalistic woken in him that frightened her a little. Was she in trouble? What would he do to her? Why was she so excited by this?

She bit her lip and remained still, silently challenging him to force her back down.

His arm darted out so fast, Lucy was barely able to catch the movement with her eye. It felt all of a sudden that his hand was in her hair again, yanking a fistful of it back in his vicelike grip. She was utterly trapped, his touch inescapable where earlier it had been so gentle. He forced her to him, inching her closer on her knees as his legs bent and opened wider to accommodate her.

With her head yanked back, she looked down her cheeks to his stern face. His other hand slid up her torso, over her left breast with a rough pinch to her stiff pink nipple and settled back on her throat where she was reminded how roughly he had held her down before. There was no doubt in her mind he probably hadn't even begun to tap into the true depths of his preternatural strength. How delicate she felt like this, how helpless in his clutches, and she could not explain why, but it made her feel whole and her entire body hummed in anticipation. And she could not help wondering if this was the *more* she'd been needing.

"You want to be a bad girl?" his deep voice broke her from her thoughts. If it was smoky before, there was fire and brimstone in it now. His hand tightened around her neck.

She did not answer, but instead struggled. Fear kept her from fighting in earnest, unsure just how violently he might give it back. This was all new for her, uncharted. What if she tried to rip herself away from him and his wrath was too much?

Her hands flew up to his wrist and she did her best to pry it away, but it was like trying to bend a statue, and for every time she tried to tug her hair out of his grip, he tugged back harder. She attempted to rise off of her knees to try leverage to escape, huffing and puffing and working up a sweat as her attempts escalated, but the man was truly immovable.

She could see the whispers of a smirk tugging at his thin lips. He was obviously enjoying the act too and calmly watched her wiggle and flail about in his grip. “Are you about finished yet, little girl?”

A wave of tingles tickled through her, this new dark place in her responding to his authority. How was he finding all these places in her she never even knew were there? The fight in her was not subdued, though. Pride pricked her and she found she genuinely wanted to break free, just to prove she could. She clawed at his arm and grunted as she managed to rise up into a squat and tried to outmaneuver him. And all the while scolding herself, “*He’s a fucking vampire, you idiot. Stop fighting. What are you even doing?*”

His eyes widened a little as he watched her battle him with all she had, as if impressed she had dared to give him her all. She felt the muscles in his forearm move and thought for the briefest of moments she had gained some purchase but realized all too quickly she was being moved. He lifted her up and forcefully threw her onto her back on the bed beside him as he followed her and flipped himself on top of her, pressing her into the mattress beneath his full weight.

“Put those claws away, dear,” he threatened gruffly in her ear. “I’ve had enough.”

His hand still tight around her throat and gripping ever

tighter, he pushed her knees wide open and this time did not hesitate to plunge himself into her.

The room was filled with the harmony of their mingled moans as he pushed his way inside and nestled himself in her dewy warmth.

Trapped beneath his weight and the strength of his hand, she felt the urge to struggle dissolve away into peace. He did not budge, holding her prisoner between his lithe body and the soft duvet beneath them and for the first time in her life she felt tethered to the earth and right where she belonged.

She felt a strange clarity in her defeat, realizing her pride outside of this moment had never been founded in a desire to be independent, but the ache to find someone she could trust to lead her. Was it possible she was simply unable to trust Ben to care for her? How did John so effortlessly create that safe space for her to willingly give in to someone else's control? The pleasure quickly pushed these thoughts away and her mind became only able to focus on the man holding her prisoner beneath his dark delights.

A sigh of delight left her lips and he was right there to feel every sensation as he withdrew and pushed himself back into her. His thrusts were hard, but slow and controlled. She felt him splitting her open and claiming her, not just physically but psychologically, and that peace melted into desire, making her wonder if it was an endless cycle he had brought her into.

He felt her arousal and heard the change in her sounds and commanded, "Touch yourself."

"Yes, sir." Her hand fluttered down her tummy to where their bodies were merged and she slipped her finger between her spread lips to rub her clit as he dove in and out of her. His grip was tight and the lightheadedness hit her again and she felt like she was floating. He thrust and moaned and groaned above her and all she could think was how his delight in her was better than she could have possibly imagined. His arousal, his pleasure as he forced himself as deep into her as he could go, his throaty moans

in the air around her filled her with an unmatched pride. She had never heard these sounds from a man before. She had never felt so wanted as she did now with his strong hand choking her and holding her captive.

She shivered and let out a hoarse whine that died in a breathy squeak as she came again for him. As if that was his cue, he let himself follow her. He let go of her throat and his careful pace and obeyed the rhythm his body set. He dove into her faster and then shuddered and thrust slowly two more times as he spilled himself inside her with a hum that sounded somewhere between agony and relief.

He held himself inside her until he softened and slipped out and then rested his stubbly cheek between her glistening breasts. His hands followed the soft curve of her sides and rested on her hips. "Good girl," he sighed.

She tried to understand why the 'good girl' praise made her feel so good, but her mind was slow from pleasure and the exhaustion settling in her. She gave up trying to understand what it was about the way he treated her that felt so right and just accepted there was no other person in the world she wanted to hear those two words from, no one she would rather please, no man or woman who could make her heart thunder the way it did from him calling her sweetheart.

He lifted off of her slowly and leaned back on his knees as he beheld her disheveled and sweaty state and placed a possessive open palm on her soft tummy.

She could feel it on her face, but couldn't stop it. She could feel the adoring way she was looking up at him right now. He had cracked her open tonight. Whatever walls had been up to protect or distance herself had crumbled effortlessly with the way he had disarmed her and taken command. Did he know it?

He smiled warmly back at her. "I believe a bath is in order now. Would you like that?"

Lucy grinned, feeling a strange sort of pride in the mess he

had made of her. She glowed in her little puddle in the crimson bedding, satisfied in a way she had never felt and in awe of the man that had brought it out of her. She nodded with a soft, “Yes, sir,” and watched him leave the bed.

John’s naked form disappeared through the dark doorway to the master bathroom and a flicker of more candlelight caught her eye. Lucy heard the rushing of water and smelled the faint scent of vanilla waft into the bedroom. Enticed, she tiptoed in after him.

He was setting a couple fluffy white towels next to the claw foot tub at the farthest end of the room as it filled up quickly with steaming water and scented bubbles. He twisted the copper faucet handles off when it was full enough and then offered his hand to help her into it.

Carefully she dipped one foot into the hot water followed by the other and then slowly lowered herself in. Goosebumps washed over her skin as she adjusted to the heat, but they wouldn’t go away when she felt him slide in behind her.

She relaxed back into him, soothed by the gentle scent of the bath and the soft light around them with only the sloshing of the water occasionally breaking the quiet.

His hands moved the water over her body, massaging her upper arms, shoulders, and neck as he did. Her long hair took a little while before he could soak it thoroughly, but once he did, she welcomed his fingers combing through it and kneading her scalp as he lathered it up in floral scented shampoo. He worked slowly, and neither of them uttered a word, the intimacy between them so heavy it drowned out everything else in the world. She never imagined anything like this would happen with him. She thought it would be good, but not this good.

Once her hair was rinsed and she was cleaned of all the sweat from her skin, his hands caressed her soft arms and then ran over her thighs, before slowly returning back up her tummy and even slower over her breasts, taking his time to fill his palms

with her curves and leave light pinches on her blushing nipples. His hands climbed up over her collarbones, following their soft wings, until his fingers slid up her neck and back into her wet hair. He massaged her scalp a little more, then turned her around in the tub to face him on her knees. Without words, he handed her a pouf and soap.

She wasn't sure why she felt so bashful all of a sudden. She had been with Ben for many years, was experienced in sex, had just finished seeing John naked and had touched him all over and been touched all over by him. It was something about the closeness of the action, of the whole night. How intimate it had been to surrender to him in the bedroom, and now here she was surrendering again in a way, through this personal act of servitude. Those walls of hers he had torn down in his bed were still in smoldering ruins. She was raw and open to him and even after the orgasms were completed, here he was still caring for her. He made her feel so impossibly safe.

Lucy dipped her hands in the water and dripped them over John's shoulders and down his chest and abdomen, savoring his soft skin under her palms and the way his silky, crisp whorls of hair felt between her fingers. She grabbed the pouf and lathered it up and spread the soap down his body, slowly scrubbing him at the same patient pace he had bathed her, caring for him now in return.

His eyes never closed or looked away. They stayed firmly fixed on her, not on her movements or even her body, just her blue eyes watching him back. With no makeup and no clothing to hide behind, she had never felt so vulnerable or exposed, but the way he looked at her made her feel more desirable than she ever had in her life.

Lucy was just finishing rinsing the last of the soap off of him when she saw his cock begin to rise out of the water, stiff and so welcoming as she remembered how good it felt to have him moving inside her. She was acutely aware of how Ben would

have cracked a joke at this point, but John acted as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He didn't need to utter a single syllable for her to climb on top of him and sink down onto his lap.

The room was filled with the loud sound of the sloshing water and his soft moan echoed off the tiled wall. His hands encircled her waist and followed their rise and fall as she began to move him in and out of her. Her own moans and panting began to mix with his, and she heard from his silent chest that faint heartbeat she had heard earlier, something in him coming back to life under her touch.

John didn't move, letting her take control this time, but for his clever thumb slipping down between them, sliding in between her soft lips to flick over her clit with each thrust she made. She wrapped her arms around his neck and maintained his intense eye contact, both of them watching every sign of pleasure across the other's face as they melded together again.

Lucy was surprised at how quickly she came again. Usually it was a one and done affair with her fiancé, but not tonight. John just kept unlocking her pleasure, again and again, and now again. She shuddered and cried out, digging her nails into his broad shoulders as she squeezed him between her thighs and quivered in his lap. John watched every movement of hers, took in every groan and whine, every breath and contraction around his cock, and moaned as he arched up into her and allowed his own release with her.

She couldn't speak for a minute, a delightful languor settling in her bones, and she collapsed onto him in exhaustion and ecstasy. He cradled her against him and smoothed back her damp hair. They lingered a moment like that, taking in each other, holding one another, before he kissed her forehead, set her aside to step out of the water, and lifted her out too, so they could both dry themselves and get redressed.

She moved slowly, not truly wanting to leave yet. She could

stay in this dream with him forever if he allowed it. Some unnamed hunger she had been carrying around with her for years had suddenly been fed and she found herself willing to give up anything to stay here and keep it sated. How quickly she was willing to abandon anything and everything if it meant living in this dream for a little while longer.

He smiled sweetly at her, and she realized now that he too was open to her, his own walls down, and his vulnerability was beautiful. His smile warmed her. There was softness and tenderness in the way he put her back together after the intensity in his bed, and it struck her that perhaps she too was helping put him back together.

He looked her over in her tank top and shorts she had arrived in and shook his head silently. He moved for another door in the bedroom and opened his closet. It was small and cramped, to her surprise. She thought for sure it would be just as grand as the bedroom. He pulled a sweater off one of the packed hangers and brought it back to her, slipping it over her head and helping her arms through each sleeve. He pulled her hair out and pushed it back from her neck and carefully fastened the three small buttons at the neck. He paused, holding onto the collar, staring down into the longing in her eyes and knowing full well what he had awoken.

“I don’t want to go,” she confessed softly. A wave of sadness washed over her. She felt suddenly twelve again, leaving summer camp, filled with the same sadness she had felt then on the drive home when she realized she would not see her friends she had made for at least another year, if ever at all. Long nights of giggles and secrets, hikes through beautiful scenery, cannonballs in the lake, and secret crushes on the boys in the adjacent cabin had come to an end. The high of summer was passing.

He reached his hand up to swipe away a tear she did not know had squeezed out. He pulled her into his embrace with a

soft kiss in the top of her hair. “I enjoyed our time tonight as well. You did very well. We will see each other again.”

“I wasn’t sure if you regretted tonight,” she whispered into the wrinkled dress shirt covering his chest, so low she wasn’t even sure if he would hear it. Her thoughts started to intrude on the moment. *I have a fiancé to go home to, a whole other life and path I’m set on. And he’s a fucking vampire. There’s no future here. This is just a dream because it can’t last. It’s so obvious this is a one-time thing.*

“Why on earth would I regret tonight?” he said and chuckled gently. He tilted her head back so he could see her watery blue eyes and nodded as he understood. “Life is complicated. If there is one thing I have learned through my lifetimes, it’s that goodness should be seized wherever you can find it.”

“Even if it’s wrong to?”

He brushed a stray strand of silky black hair behind her ear. “The world is rarely so easily separated into black and white, into good and bad, dear. You’re not a bad person for enjoying tonight, or even for wanting more.”

More. That’s what got me into this. I always want more. Why can’t I just be happy with my stupid life instead of always asking for more? her thoughts taunting her again.

He could see the conflict spreading across her face. “I will never ask you to do anything you’re uncomfortable with. You’ve been given a lot to think on tonight. Take your time with it. I’ll still be here. The sun will be up soon though. I need to take you home.”

She nodded and followed him out, understanding now why their time together had never stretched into dawn.

The car ride home felt so much faster than when he had stolen her away. It seemed like she blinked and suddenly they were outside her house. Lucy sank into John’s sweater and tried for a moment to hide away in its softness and the musky scent of him still on its collar, but she knew her time was up. She had to get out of this car and back into her life. She could still see the

flicker of the television's light in the living room window where Ben had probably fallen asleep, still totally unaware that she had ever left the house.

"You can't tell anyone," John's voice startled her from her thoughts.

"Like I would," she said and laughed.

"About me being a vampire, dear."

"Oh," she laughed again. "How is it that you being a vampire isn't even the highlight of the evening?"

He chuckled with her.

"I won't say anything, I promise."

"Good girl."

She did her best to hold in the sigh as she melted under his approval.

His gaze softened as he looked her over, reaching out to touch a rebellious coil of damp hair. "I know you must have a thousand questions. I'm sorry for getting, um... distracted," he chuckled.

She smirked bashfully. "I started it."

"We'll talk more again soon. I promise. I'll tell you everything you want to know."

She shifted a little in the leather seat. It was shocking, to say the least, this new discovery of what he was, but she found herself more interested in whatever game it was they had played, this power exchange. She wanted to play it again more than she cared about vampires. "And the other stuff?" she asked. "We can do that again too?"

Behind the calm gray of his eyes resting on her, she saw a fire coming to life, a spark at her request. Was he as excited to play again too? "Yes, of course, if that's something you want to do."

She bit her lip and looked away with a shy nod.

"I enjoyed our time together, Lucy," he smiled. "Sleep well."

"I did too. You, too." She slipped her hand through the door handle.

Moonlit Surrender

He caught her other before she could leave and left a light kiss on the top of her palm as she smiled wide and made her way back out into the cold.

She closed the car door and watched his black sedan hum away into the night as she stood there for a moment, hugging herself, and holding onto the moment just a little longer before making her way inside.