

Moondance

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Kendra doing her witchy thing with her boyfriend Alex

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When Alex walked into the apartment he knew right away that Kendra was nowhere to be found. Not within the four walls at least. He knew he'd find her outside on the beach; it's where she always went when she was feeling restless, no matter the time of day and after fighting Deveraux last night she was bound to be for the next few days. Sasha romped to the door, demanding attention and Alex leaned over, scratching the pup behind his left ear before motioning him to his basket in the corner of the living room, a silent command the wolf obeyed without hesitation. Alex smiled and crossed the room, sliding open the glass doors and stepping onto the balcony, his smile widening when he caught sight of her. The moon was hanging low and heavy in a midnight sky so dark the stars shimmered like diamonds on a black velvet cloth and several yards away, Kendra stood on the sand, her back to him, the white cloak she was wearing a beacon in the darkness, raven hair curled into fat glossy ringlets that fell only midway down her back, her arms raised alongside her body, palms turned towards the sky. He'd obviously found her performing a ritual, though whether it was the beginning, middle or end of it he couldn't tell. He knew of course that magic was more than just a way to make her life easier, more than a way to protect and defend herself. Kendra lived and breathed magic like air, soaking in its spirituality like life itself. She honoured it, celebrated it and gave thanks for it whenever she could. He'd never had the opportunity to watch her though, not like this. He startled slightly when a ring of fire sprang from candles buried in the sand, a circle of light coming to life. The beginning of the ritual then. Kendra dropped her hands and suddenly turned, staring straight at him, her eyes dark fathomless pools in a face that radiated serenity. She had known he was there, had probably known from the moment he walked through the door, if not before. He looked into her face and swallowed hard. Fuck. She looked..well she looked almost predatory. Scratch that. No almost about it. Kendra might come off as prim and proper to most people but he knew better. Not that it was a façade, because she was prim and proper. In a manner of speaking. It's only that she turned into quite a little hellion in bed. Or out of it. Which suited him just fine. He gave her a little smile and shifted uncomfortably, trying to make room for his growing erection. Damn if the sight of her wasn't enough to make him stand at attention. She must have read his mind because a knowing smile curved that

luscious mouth of hers, the kind of smile women smiled when they knew something they weren't supposed to. Having a witch and an empath as a girlfriend was sometimes disconcerting. Thankfully, being a vampire did level the playing field somewhat, he could sense her pulse quicken even though she was standing several hundred feet away and a smile tugged at his own lips. The answering shimmer in her eyes making his body tighten further. Fuck. Except for the faint curve of her lips, her face remained impassive as she lifted a hand to the clasp at her throat. With a small shrug of her shoulders the white fabric fell to her feet and his eyes widened as he saw what she was wearing. The skimpiest, sheerest scrap of white fabric he had ever seen. It covered her from breast to mid thigh but left absolutely nothing to the imagination. He could clearly see winter chilled nipples through it. He swore again and dropped his head, shaking it ruefully. Her laughter wafted through the air. When he looked up again, the sight took his breath away. She'd pulled off the dress, if you could call it that, and her head was tipped all the way back. Moonlight danced over her, her body a playground for silver light and shadows. He ran his hands over his face, unsure of what to do; stay here, watch and slowly go crazy, or go to her and have her join him on the slow road to insanity. He kicked off his boots and put one hand on the railing, jumping off the balcony with ease. The moment she heard his feet hit the ground, she tipped her own head forward, her smile widening as she watched him come towards her. He hesitated at the edge of the circle not wanting to mistakenly breach any magical wards. Kendra smiled and reached a hand out to him. He stepped over the ankle height flames and took her hand, lacing his fingers with hers and pulling her close, his free hand skimming down her bare back to cup her ass to pull her even closer. He leaned down and kissed her neck, his mouth lingering on that spot right below her ear, the one that never failed to make her whimper and go soft in his arms. He smiled as she reacted just as he knew she would. 'You shouldn't be out here in nothing but your birthday suit. You'll catch a cold and you never know who's watching' She laughed and leaned back slightly to look at him, dark eyes sparkling mischievously. 'I fully expect you to keep me warm..and no one is watching'. Kendra took a step back, putting space between them, watching him as he watched her. He couldn't take his eyes off her and that made her feel something beyond beautiful. It made her feel powerful. She knew she was weaving a different kind of magic. One that ran deep and spoke to the most basic needs of earth herself. She tugged at his t-shirt and pulled it off as he raised his arms, dropping it to the sand. Her eyes left his face and she bit her lower lip as she looked at him, hunger flaring in the pit of her stomach. Gods he was beautiful. Broad shoulders, chiseled chest...oh yes..and that perfect six pack. And all of it was hers. She sighed and ran her hands down his chest, smiling a little as she felt a tremor run through his body. She looked back up into his face, biting back a groan as she saw how his blue eyes had darkened, reflecting the need he felt and mirroring her own. Without warning he swept her up, an arm behind her knees, the other around her back, holding her tightly against him. One of her arms wound itself around his shoulder; the other hand cupped his cheek and gently turned his face towards hers. She kissed him, slowly, deeply as she lowered her shields, offering him everything. Every single part of her there was to be had. She knew Alex could handle it, would take everything she had to give and give her back just as much if not more. He knew the moment her shields disappeared. She'd given him glimpses before,

but nothing like this. You'd think one might stagger under the weight but no, it did just the opposite. Despite everything she had gone through, she loved fully and completely, holding nothing back. Not her hurts, her fears, nor her memories, her dreams, nor her passion. She gave it all. To him. He almost, almost felt sorry for the idiot that had passed up on being loved by her. He held her tightly, returning her lingering kiss. He marveled at her. His little warrior. She was dainty and small, tough as nails and soft as silk. So she wasn't one to wear high heels and slinky dresses or lipstick and she'd sooner carry a revolver than a purse. She didn't bother with primping and preening, she fought like a fucking Scotsman, he'd seen her with too many bruises to count and covered with blood; her own and the man who's throat she just slit. She was a proper stand up fucking soldier she was but she still managed to be one of the most feminine creatures he'd ever come across. Kendra broke the kiss and whispered something in his ear that made his mouth slowly quirk into a grin. Both her arms tightened around his neck and she slid her legs from his arm, holding herself up against his body as she slid herself down it's length, every inch of her soft skin dragging against his, strong fingers skimming over her bare back as she went down and delving into her hair as she fell to her knees, her deft fingers making quick work of his jeans. His head titled back and he groaned as her mouth found him, his hand clenching in her silky curls. The circle of fire burned brighter. The flames shot higher as their hunger increased, bathing them in golden heat, searing Alex's skin almost as much as Kendra's mouth was. He looked down and groaned again. Fuck if she wasn't staring up at him, firelight highlighting the wanton lust on her face, dark eyes glittering like gems. It was enough to send him over the edge but she had asked him to wait, so he did the only way he knew how. The fist still wrapped in her hair pulled back, yanking her mouth away from his flesh. Swollen lips curled into a half smirk as she watched him through lowered lashes and she squirmed under his hold as she felt his eyes leave her mouth and travel lower. Kendra reached up and gently untangled his hand from her hair, she leaned back, hands resting on a thick fur blanket that hadn't been there a moment before. She leaned back further, unfolding her legs as she lowered herself to her back in front of him. Alex lifted a hand and rubbed the back of his neck as he watched her. A hellion, yes..but this, this was something he had not quite ever seen before. He chewed his lip and bit back a strangled groan as she arched her back and opened herself to him, her breasts rising and falling with already ragged breaths, the flames, which burned at least 5 feet high now, painting her body with deep burnished gold. Silver and gold. That was Kendra. Remote. Unattainable. Untouchable. Molten heat. Ice and fire. Steel and silk. Soft tapered fingers grazed the inside of her thigh and made a slow journey up the center of her body, trailing over taunt abs, dancing over ribs, skimming full breasts, her head tilting back so they could flit over her throat all the way up to her mouth. He sucked in a breath as she drew a finger into her mouth, wrapping her lips around its tip and sucking gently before it fell away. That strained his patience to the limit. He lowered himself to his knees next to her and heard her soft husky laughter as he gripped her arm and non-too gently flipped her onto her stomach, pinning her to the ground with his chest against her back. Kendra moaned softly, fingers clutching at the blanket when she felt Alex rake his teeth across her shoulder blade, her ass lifting to rub against him. He hissed and one of his hands slid under her, his hand splaying over her lower stomach to keep her hips tilted

up against him. With one quick thrust and a ragged cry from Kendra, Alex found himself inside of her, buried to the hilt, blood pounding in his temples. He squeezed his eyes shut and dropped his head, resting his forehead against her back for a moment, whispering through gritted teeth. "Are you sure this is what you want?" He felt her body tense beneath his, perspiration dotting his forehead as he barely maintained control. Her only answer was a clench of her pelvic muscles, which tore a long, low moan from Alex. Damn the witch. She'd be the death of him if he weren't already dead. Alex started pumping his hips at a slow steady pace, still holding Kendra against him. He clenched his jaw as he listened to her ever-increasing cries of pleasure, holding back as best he could, cursing himself all the while for agreeing to this. He raised a hand to brush the hair from the nape of her neck and bit her just enough to leave mark, when he felt her arch away from him, her hand clutching at his wrist on her stomach he went still, grunting with the effort of it. Fuckit all to hell, her whole body was quivering against his, and those whimpers of her almost made it sound like she was in pain. Which was entirely possible. Christ knew he was. Kendra laid beneath him, thankful she was on the ground because she felt so lightheaded she was sure she couldn't stand. Good Goddess..she could feel Alex throbbing inside of her, heightening her desire even though he wasn't moving an inch. His bite turned into soft kisses against the back of her neck and she expelled air with an audible whoosh. Fuck. She bit her lip hard enough to draw blood and when his hand gripped her hip so he could roll slightly to the side, bringing her with him it was all she could do not to move against him. She wanted, needed to feel him move within her but this was her idea and she was going to see it through. She shuddered as she felt his hand skim over her stomach and cried out as it wrapped around a breast, his fingers teasing an already hard nipple until it was almost painful to the touch. Her head fall back against his shoulder and that's when Alex started moving again, his other hand gripping her chin between his fingers and roughly turning her head so he could kiss her, growling low as he tasted blood on her lips. He moved his hand down to her hips, sliding his hand down her thigh and beneath her knee, lifting her leg, shifting her slightly. He moved faster now, burst of quick, hard thrusts. Kendra's own body moved against his, squeezing him like a vice, she tore her mouth away from his, loud cries filling the night. He instinctively knew when she was close to climaxing, her body told him, her cries told him and when she was close enough that it was almost too late to turn back he stopped again, both of them groaning loudly with pent up frustration, both their bodies slick with heat that had nothing to do with the dancing flames surrounding them. Alex tried to relax, as much as he could while still deeply embedded inside the blasted woman, and stared up at the stars while catching his breath, Kendra trembled and shivered against him, stifling soft sobs of painful bliss. He leaned away from her and touched the tribal butterfly on her upper back with one finger, running it down her spine to where they were joined. He smiled when she shuddered deeply, her soft drawn out moan pleasing his ears. He kissed her shoulder, his hand brushing wet strands of hair from her cheeks when she whispered one word. "Now." It was all Alex needed to hear. Without ever leaving her, he pushed her back into her stomach, wrapping his arm around her waist to pull her up to her knees, another sob hitched in her throat and she kept her face buried in the fur blanket but Alex would have none of it, once more his hand found her hair and he pulled, bringing her upper body off the ground, another of her cries

renting the air. Once he was satisfied she would stay up, he slid his hand down her back, half tempted to trace every one of her tattoos to prolong her torture, at this point though he'd had enough of the same torture, no matter how exquisite it was, and he gripped her hips with both hands, fingers digging into her flesh as he took her hard, fucking her like he wanted to from the moment he glimpsed her on the beach. A few strokes is all it took to bring her back to the edge, she screamed his name every time she met his thrusts, begging him to make her cum until the force of her orgasm stole her breath as well as any coherent thought, her body now beyond her control or his. He let himself go at the same time, rearing back with a roar as he gave one last thrust, grinding into her, melding not only his body with hers but his mind as well. At that moment, the fire ring blazed at its highest before extinguishing completely, carefully chosen jasmine and patchouli scented smoke wafting up towards the moon. Kendra collapsed to the ground, and Alex did the same, covering her with his body, their ragged breaths mingling. After a few moments he realized she was still shaking. He nuzzled her neck, his arms tightening around her to warm her until it dawned on him that she was laughing. Alex leaned up on his elbow and gave her room to turn over, chuckling as he saw the grin on her face. Her eyes sparkled as she wrapped her arms around his neck and wiggled against him, trailing the tip of her tongue up his throat, then touching her lips to his, whispering "Now that's what I call boo bitchcraft."