

Fighting Passion

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Vampire and Witch at war but they can't fight the passion brewing

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Highlands of Scotland February 14, 2004 Wynter Donal eyes flew open as her blankets were pulled off of her. She started to reach for the dirk she had hidden under the pillow she didn't sleep on. Only to find it missing and at the same time she heard a chuckle that sent a chill down her spine. Then heat started to pool between her legs. Her frightened gaze flew to look at the source of the chuckle. Her eyes landed upon the very man - no vampire! - she was fighting. Ryder Xerxes, the King of the evil vampires. She pulled herself up into a sitting position before backing up into the carved headboard of her bed. "What do you want and why did you take my dirk?" she demanded before he set the dirk on the bedside table. As he climbed onto the bed she started to move away but the look in his black eyes stopped her. "I mean you no harm," he all but purred as he reached to stroke her red hair with his right hand. He knew she was confused and frightened for at the moment they were enemies. Yet he knew they, him and her as a couple, weren't meant to be enemies. No they were meant to be so much more. Lovers for one; everything else was to come later. "I'll scream if you do anything more or come any closer," she threatened as she grabbed his wrist to stop him from stroking her hair. As soon as her skin touched his, she knew that was a big mistake. It seemed as though lightening shot through her from where her palm touched his wrist. The feeling went throughout her body making her come alive. Her heather colored eyes widened in shock just before he jerked back. Yet a moment later, he had her pressed against the mattress and as he pressed her arms above her head he murmured against her ear, "You won't scream and you know it. Not now at least but in a little while. Only it won't be to call warriors in here. You'll be screaming because the desire I invoke in your mind and your womb." Her body involuntarily shuddered with anticipation as she let out a shaky breath. Ryder shifts her arms so that he was holding her wrists with one hand. Then he took his other hand and took a hold of her chin to guide her lips to the target. He felt her stop breathing as their lips touched. Instinctively he reached with his mind to hers and blocked her from communicating with

anyone but him. It took her a moment to realize that he'd expected her to call out for help mentally. Fury swept through her as before she began to try to break free of his grip. Before she knew it he'd not only trapped her arms with one hand but also her legs with his own. She then noticed that her womb was clenching almost in anticipation of his cock. Tentatively, she glanced up into his black eyes and saw they were laced with scarlet and desire. Air came and went from her lungs in short bursts without her volition. Closing her eyes, she knew that the only way to survive this ordeal was to succumb to the passion rising within. He leaned close to her ear and nibbled it lightly as she felt her sweet nectar begin to drip. He then took the tip of his tongue and lightly tickled the delicate whorl of her ear before whispering huskily, "I am going to get off you and allow you to take your nightgown off. Now no screaming or I take you from this place and take you as my bride before it is time. Understood, mon amour?" She nodded as she started to pull the nightgown over her head when his voice stopped her. "No, unbutton it slowly." Her eyes widened at the way he all but bit out the words. She could tell he was shaking slightly from his desire for her. She tentatively climbed off the bed and with a flick of her hair she looked down and forced herself to concentrate on the buttons. All the while she knew he was lounging on her bed watching her with a look of sheer desire. He started rubbing his cock through his pants in anticipation and wanting her body being bare for him, and just him. He wanted to just rip off the nightgown but he had to show her who was in control in the bedroom. He waited two years for this and he wanted to make it the best for her. He knew she wasn't a virgin for she was of late intimate with her former bodyguard, Liam. He knew every time they fucked for he felt what she felt. Though it wasn't as strong as what she was starting to feel now. She didn't like the way he was staring at her. As if she was his to possess. "You are mine to possess. Don't ever think otherwise. That's what the prophecy says. But what wasn't expected was how strong the desire between us is. You can feel it. Just reach with your mind to mine and you will feel and see how strong my desire for you is. How badly I want my cock buried deep in your warm honeyed core." "Your reading my mind aren't you?" she murmured as she dropped her nightgown and gripped the edge of her bed as liquid ran down her leg from her womanhood. She had a hard time catching her breath before he held out his hand to assist her on to the bed. Mentally shrugging she accepted his hand for Wynter knew that she couldn't make it on her bed herself. Once on the bed she allowed him to lie her down on one of her pillows. Inwardly she smiled because he thought of her comfort before pleasure unlike Liam. Maybe things won't be that bad, she thought before mentally shaking herself, STOP! He's the enemy. You know the only way to survive this is to give in. Just give in but don't fool yourself into thinking he'll come and date you. There is a WAR going on, Wynter. Always remember that. He smiled as he caught her thoughts. If he could he would court her. But she was right there was a war going on. But that didn't stop him from his mission this night. He reached and lightly began to knead her breast before softly pinching her nipple. Her breath was so ragged and she didn't understand why she was so close to having an orgasm when all he was doing was touching her breast. She threw her head back against the pillow and was about to let out a scream of passion when his hand came over her mouth stopping the scream in her throat. Opening her eyes she silently questioned him. A smile came briefly to his eyes before he murmured huskily, "As much as I'd like for you to scream your

pleasure. I do not want your guards to come rushing in thinking you are being murdered. They also know that Liam is out on patrol and not in here and yes I was reading your mind I can't help it. No I can't always read your mind." She knew then that he didn't know that help wouldn't come because of the magik surrounding her room to give her privacy. Just to humor him she lifted her head she looked to the headboard and saw her small decorative pillow. Reaching she grabbed it and put it over her face. She felt him kiss her belly. Then he outlined the outside of her belly button with the tip of his tongue. She let out a quiet giggle because she was ticklish. She felt him smile against her belly before he railed kisses down further toward her core. As he trailed the kisses down her succulent body he ran his hands up and down her thighs. He knew she felt self-conscious about her body because she wasn't skinny but she wasn't fat either. As he breathed in her arousal he thought to himself that she was pleasantly plump with the most wonderful curves he'd seen on any woman in all his years. As soon as his tongue touched her smooth core, she opened her mouth and silently screamed; but at the same time she reached for Ryder's mind and screamed her pleasure. She felt more than heard him chuckle. He flicked his tongue on her little button causing her muscles to clench even more. Her breath came out in ragged bursts but she could barely breathe with the pillow. As if he could tell he took the pillow from her face and said gently, "If you can't breathe then don't cover your face. But don't scream aloud. I would enjoy hearing your screams within my mind. One day I will enjoy listening to your screams aloud. But for now it shall be just in our minds, Mon amour." He leaned toward her face and kissed her gently as he slipped one finger within her and she let out a strangled noise that she could not stop. He smiled against her lips as he slipped another finger inside of her before pulling out his fingers and trailing them to her little button. She started to slip away as the intensity of the orgasm hit her. He kept playing with her nub as he turned his attention to her and kissed her. With his other hand he held hers above her head so she couldn't fight him to stop as the orgasm intensified. Drawing his tongue across the line of her lips before she opened her mouth for him. He knew that her orgasm was coming as she kissed him harder. Not just with pressing her lips to his but darting her tongue to his. He pulled back and panted "No, mon amour, let me show you how to properly kiss." "I know how to kiss---" she protested before he cut her off with a finger to her lips then put it back to hold her hands. She didn't know how she could find the breath to protest when she was this close. He was driving her crazy with his fingers. She just didn't want him to know she was still an amateur. "You are a novice and I like that. So let me show you how I like to kiss. Now, shush," he murmured before kissing her again but this time when his tongue touched her he did slow sensual sweeps. She screamed her orgasm in his head as he heard and felt liquid whooshing at the juncture of her legs. But he kept going instead of stopping and she started to panic. "Please, no, if you keep--- -Oh, God, I can't take this!!! Please stop!! It's too much!!" She panted but he kept going. He knew as she fully came from one orgasm and started another. He also didn't understand why she feared the intensities her full orgasms. Perhaps it was because she hadn't experienced them with the proper person. As she was screaming her second orgasm he got up off the bed as she whimpered. Leaning down he kissed her softly, "Its okay, Wynter, I'm just removing my clothing." He saw there was upholstered chair by her nightstand and he sat down to take off his boots and stockings before

starting to unbutton his trousers. But small hands stopped him glancing into Wynter's blue eyes. She smiled as she unbuttoned his trousers before looping her thumbs in the waistband and pushed down. At her intake of breath he knew she'd seen his cock. What he didn't know was that she was licking her lips. He stepped out of the trousers and she set them on the chair before unbuttoning his white silk shirt. After she helped him out of his shirt she tossed it also on the chair. Pulling him back to the bed, she sat upon it and took him in her hand. Now it was his turn to have a sharp intake of breath for he didn't expect her to do this. What she did next shocked him too. But it shocked Wynter even more; well licking her lips shocked her too. She took the head of his cock inside of her mouth and gently suckled. After a few seconds she took more of him into her mouth. Pulling back some she did the same motion with one hand while with the other she played with his balls. Glancing up she saw that he had thrown his head back. Since their minds were merged she knew that he thought this was the most erotic thing he'd ever felt. Nor did he even expect it. She increased her speed and then after a few seconds he growled, "Enough. On your back, Wynter." She started to turn and obviously she didn't move fast enough for him for he grabbed her from behind and slightly tossed her toward the headboard. She giggled because nobody had done that before. He turned her over and gently opened her before he slowly entered her. He'd start out gentle but the way her core felt drove him to the point he couldn't take it anymore and he started going as hard and fast as could. She let out a strangled cry before she started screaming in their minds her pleasure. Before he knew it he was holding her wrists above her head again but not hard enough to leave bruises. She wiggled her hands and he slid his onto hers and laced his fingers with hers. Before he could stop himself he felt his fangs lengthen and he leaned down and took her breast in his mouth. He heard her gasp as his teeth sunk into her delicate skin. At once the sweetness of her blood filled his mouth and he drank for only a few moments before sealing the teeth marks to where it looked only like he'd left a love bite. He then released her wrists and pulled out. She whimpered before he took a hold of her waist and turned her over on her belly then entered her honeyed core again. He held up her waist as she went onto her knees. Once she was there he entered her again quickly going harder and faster than he did earlier. She let out a moan at the same time was screaming mentally. When he came he let out in their minds a roar that surprised Wynter as her eyes widened. Ryder noticed and smiled sheepishly before apologizing for going as he had. He pulled out and rolled onto his back as she interrupted him, "Why are you apologizing when you obviously enjoyed yourself." He chuckled, "Yeah and I'm guessing you did too. But other than that I truly meant to be slow but the way you felt drove me to the edge so I couldn't help it." She was silent for a few minutes before murmuring, "Are you not just saying that because you weren't going fast just to get it over with?" He stared at her for a moment with his mouth opened before stating, "I'm not lying to you when I tell you that I truly enjoyed making love to you or I would not have roared my pleasure. Something, love, which let me tell you I have never done before." They made love two more times before falling into a restive slumber. It was close to dawn when Ryder pulled himself from her warm embrace. She woke up immediately and he put a finger to his lips before leaning down and gently kissing her. He wanted to stay and just spend the day with her and not watch her from afar like he had been. "I'm sorry, Mon amour; I must go before

we are discovered together,” he whispered leaning his forehead against hers. “I know and I’m confused about how I should feel about you,” she murmured back. “I mean we’re supposed to be enemies.” “How about this so that you will not feel so guilty: Think of me as an enemy during the day so that you won’t feel like a traitor. But once the sun goes down leave your feelings neutral and let things go where ever they go. Also tell Liam to find another lover because you are mine now. For he’ll know there is a change in you if he beds you now. Now I must go but I will see you tonight.” He gave her another kiss before getting dressed and disappeared from her sight.