

# Sold to the Night Lord

My birthday 202

Cassian

My fingers dig into her alabaster-colored flesh. I know it wouldn't take much strength to cause permanent damage. That twisted part of me that will never leave finds her vulnerability arousing. Knowing she entrusts me with her body and her feelings, certain that I will never harm her, excites me. If that thought isn't enough to push me over the edge, seeing her on top of me, eyes darkened with desire, her breasts in my direct line of sight begging to be kissed, and the evidence of pregnancy in her stomach, keeps my body in a state of tension screaming to be relieved.

"You're starving," I say, running my finger between the valley of her breasts. "I know it, I see it in your eyes. You want me, you want my blood." Her skin prickles beneath my touch. "I know that sensation very well, I've lived on the edge of it for centuries, and since I tasted your blood..."

I keep touching her skin, exploring every inch beneath my fingers while her eyes stay locked on mine, hungry and full of lust. I make her body tremble as I run down her back, reaching her nape and circling it with my hand to draw her toward me. Her lips brush mine.

"You're just as addicted as I am to the liquid running through our veins." I lick her lower lip, feeling her stomach tighten and her legs try to close around my hips. "The blood of anyone else will never sate you," I murmur. "Nor will his body..." I go from licking to giving her a gentle bite. "Neither will another man's feelings ever be enough. You are mine, Elara, there will never be anyone else for you but me."

“There won’t be other women for you either,” she whispers.

“I don’t want it any other way.” My hips move involuntarily, seeking the contact of her sex. “You are my mate, the rest of the world pales in your presence, do you feel it too?”

She doesn’t answer with words, but her face is enough of a response. Every feature seems to relax in relief, as if she had thought she was the only one harboring such intense feelings. The thread tying us together is something neither of us can be immune to.

I brush her lips one last time before slowly guiding her to my neck with the hand I keep at her nape. She caresses my cheek with her nose, filling herself with my scent, and little by little lowers until her lips rest on my throat. I feel her hesitation, how her nails dig into the mattress when the intense scent and the promised ecstasy strike her. The first thing I feel is the wetness of her mouth on my skin, then the hesitation of her fangs scraping it, and finally the sharp puncture. My body jolts beneath hers and my hands bury themselves in her hair, pulling her closer to me. The pain quickly fades, giving way to a tingling that numbs the area and a liquid heat that spreads through all my limbs.

“Take all you need.”

My words make her press her body even harder against me and suck with more strength. I let out something between a moan and a growl. My hips jolt and rub against the lips *of* her drenched sex. The head of my cock slides between her folds, slicking with the evidence of her arousal. When she feels me between her thighs, she moans against my neck. I slide my hands down from her hair, along her back until I cup her ass in my palms, opening her more *for* me. I give a light squeeze, Elara moves atop me, driving me insane. My erection slips between her folds and knocks against the hole where no one has ever been before. I hear her breath hitch.

Maybe it's the intimacy of feeding her, or the animal possessiveness flooding my veins at having her above me, but I want to conquer more parts of her, I don't want a single inch of her body untouched by mine. It may sound sick, though I've never claimed not to be. I gather our orgasms still dripping outside her, and press at her rear, at the ring of muscles, "Do you remember what I told you?" I growl. Her silence is my answer. "I told you I'd be here too."

As she sucks hard, my middle finger pushes into her ass. Her whole body tenses at the intrusion. The tip of her tongue slides out, roaming over my wounded flesh and the drops sliding from my neck, staining the pillow. She presses her hands to my chest, straightens, and I feel a jolt in my cock when I see the scarlet liquid running from the corners of her mouth, covering her chin and splattering her breasts.

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Cassian..."

I move my finger in and out of her, using her fluids to slick the way as she keeps chasing her pleasure, grinding atop me, rubbing her **clit** against **my** pubis. She squeezes her breasts in her hands and bites her lip with her fangs while she looks **at** me more lustful than ever. Elara has **always** been beautiful in a way that hurts, but now, unleashed, she is so magnificent she will haunt all my dreams.

I pull my finger from her and slide my erection between her cheeks, making it slip again and again, preparing her to fulfill **my promise**. **With my thumb** I massage her clit and slowly press the tip inside her. She hisses through her teeth and digs her nails into my chest.

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"It hurts, Cassian. You're too big."

A small laugh rises from my throat, sensual and dark.

“You can take it, love,” I say as I pull the head out and wet myself again in her arousal. “You’re doing so well, like the good girl you are.”

I start sliding in, this time adding a couple more inches. I can feel her body’s resistance with each small movement deeper inside her. I bring the fingers of my free hand to my mouth, coat them in saliva, and then draw circles on her clit that wrench moans of pain and pleasure from her. The contrast of her interior gripping me like a fist and her nails raking my flesh is one of the most erotic things *I’ve*

ever experienced. The first, without doubt, was when I was between her thighs, stealing her innocence even as she stole my hatred and turned me into a man at her mercy. Close behind was the first time! tasted her blood, straight from the vein of her thigh.

Thinking of that hardens me even more.

Her body’s resistance slowly gives way to a warm welcome, and my cock buries itself fully inside, my hips colliding with her ass, spurred on by her moans that grow louder and louder.

I rise until I’m seated with her on my lap, and little by little she takes the lead, using my shoulders to ride up and down my length. Her breasts are within reach of my mouth, I pinch one gently between my teeth. She scratches my skin, dragging down my biceps to my forearms. She lets herself fall, sure I will hold her as she gives herself over with abandon.

“Keep going, love,” I murmur with her nipple between my teeth. “You’re a spectacle.”

The gray of her eyes shines like liquid silver as she keeps riding toward orgasm. My fingers never stop working that spot between her legs, feeling her

unravel bit by bit in my arms. I draw circles with my tongue over her nipple, savoring the taste that always lingers on her skin.

“Do it, Cassian. Please, I beg you.”

I watch her from beneath my lashes, lips curving almost devilishly against her flesh. I trace the last circles over her sensitive nipple before kissing the curve of her breast, feeling the erratic beat of her heart beneath my lips. With one fang I draw a pattern on her skin, and when I think her pulse can race any faster from the moment’s adrenaline, I sink my teeth in.

She screams my name, jerking her hips and driving my cock deeper into her ass. Slowly her body goes slack, I hear her ragged breathing in my ear and feel the faint tremor of her fingers. I suck harder, her blood explodes in my mouth, the wild taste flooding my tongue as I give my final thrusts and fill her with my orgasm.

We both collapse onto the mattress, entangled, exhausted. Still, I can’t help the arrogant smile stretching my lips as I lean close to her ear, brushing aside the two white strands sticking to her face.

“Now you’re full of me everywhere.”

She lets out a small gasp as she smacks my chest.

“You brute.”

“A brute you love, though.”

No matter how she fights it, she can’t keep from letting the smile curve her *lips*. She looks at me with eyes still clouded from ecstasy, but deeper within}

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