

KISS ME DEADLY

By

Marianne LaCroix

Website free read

For more visit www.mariannelacroix.com

KISS ME DEADLY Copyright © 2004-2007 Marianne LaCroix

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This book may not be reproduced in whole, or in part, by any means, without the written consent of the author

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination, or are fictitiously used. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

KISS ME DEADLY

Darkness crept along the cool stones of the castle as the sun dipped down behind the majestic Carpathian Mountains. The reputed haunted Dracula's Castle sat in silhouette to the dimming sky. Night slipped about the forest, welcoming the nocturnal creatures into its embrace.

Victor felt the calling of the moon, knowing tonight would be another fight against the dark powers of the lycan. On nights like this, when the moon was at its fullest, ignoring the beast was unlikely. However, the touch of a woman helped ease the creature clawing for dominance. That was why he sat poised outside the castle before him.

He saw her from a distance, a woman of dark beauty in the employ of the castle as a tour guide. He worked at the castle as well, but their paths hardly ever crossed. As a maintenance technician, he usually kept himself behind the scenes.

Only when he arrived for work in the morning did he have a chance to observe Celestina closely.

She was as her name described—heavenly. Her ebony hair was swept up into an elaborate coiffure, and her cappuccino-colored skin was flawless, smooth like that of a classic Greek sculpture of the goddess Aphrodite.

As a tour guide to the famed castle, she wore a tight-fitting black gown that dipped low in the back, exposing her soft skin, beckoning him to touch her. The urge to run a finger down the crease of her spine tempted him each morning. The thought of her reacting to his touch drove him close to madness with desire.

Nights after the tours ended and the tourists were gone, he returned to his small, remote home in the mountains alone to bear the lust beneath the moon's silver glow. On the nights when the moon was full, he'd give into the beast and prowl the forest, running with others of his kind.

The land of legend was more real than any theatrics put on by the movies. Werewolves and blood-drinkers roamed the mountains, fighting their instincts to fit into human society.

He was one of those creatures of legend. A werewolf.

Victor watched in the darkness, waiting for Celestina to finish her tours for the day. A glimpse of her ebony beauty tonight wouldn't be enough to tame the beast.

He planned so much more than a glance. He wanted to finally caress the skin that haunted him, kiss the lips that tempted him, and bond with her as his mate.

Her willingness worried him. On the few times they had come into contact, he felt the attraction, smelled her feminine essence. He was sure she wanted him, too. If she denied him, he would let her free, but reluctantly. He hoped when the beast was upon him he had the strength to release her if she refused his offer.

Running a hand through his long, dark brown hair, he watched in silence until she appeared. When she walked out into the darkness, his body instantly reacted. His cock grew hard and demanding. The animal craved her. No other would tame him.

His body started the change, lust and desire bringing on the transformation. His body grew in mass and size as he shifted into his lycan half. His face elongated and he took on the characteristics of the beast. No kindness would come of this moment.

Screaming the wolfen call into the night, his voice carried across the mountain range. Wolves wandering nearby answered with their cries of understanding and the companionship of a pack. They sympathized with his desperation to mate, his longing for a life-partner.

Celestina stopped to gaze out over the mountains in his direction. He barely registered her shock at his approach. Large and menacing, he was the beast, and taking what he wanted was his driving force.

And he wanted her.

Breaking from the darkness, he snatched her from just outside the castle. She froze when she saw him, probably in complete horror and amazement. He was sure she never dreamed the theatrics of her job would truly come to life.

She screamed and tried to flee when he picked her up, but he was too fast, too determined. With her in his massive arms, he raced from the castle and all other human eyes, out into the mountains.

As he ran, he was painfully aware of her soft body against his own. Her scent of coconut and feminine allure permeated his nostrils. She held tightly to him, her arms locked around his neck. It was then he heard her whimpering.

He squeezed her to him, relishing the curves molding to his body. He would give almost anything to ease her fears. At the moment, he needed to disappear into the dark forest to his lair.

With inhuman strength and speed, he arrived at his hidden cabin. There, within the mountains he called home, he lived in solitude with only his wolfen brethren as companions.

Sweeping her inside—where he had shortly before prepared for her arrival with a fire blazing in the stone hearth and fresh beef stew cooking on the stove—he closed the wooden door and laid her upon the red couch near the fire.

“Who are you?” she asked in a frightened voice as he eased away from her.

Still in his lycan form, he had no voice but that of the wolf. Her brown eyes, the color of the earth after a summer rain, pierced him, making him ashamed of his actions. He could smell her fear and he wanted to punish himself. How arrogant and out of control was he really? Did he truly think he could force a mating with Celestina?

Humbled, he turned from her.

The change began, transforming him back. The hair receded to tanned skin, powerful muscles shifted to that of a well-toned athlete, and his face changed back to that of a normal man.

The shift took a toll upon his strength when he changed from wolf to human. He dropped to the floor by the fire and breathed deeply, relishing the feel of his humanity. When he shifted from human to lycan, he was so overpowered by the animal he never felt the aftereffects. But now, he was at his weakest.

Ashamed of himself, he couldn't bear to show his face to her. He could feel her gaze upon his back, and he dreaded her look of disgust. He was a mere animal, nothing more.

A caressing hand ran along his back and he inhaled quickly. Turning his head, he saw her crouched next to him, studying him.

His clothes, tattered from his change of size and mass, fell off his body, baring his skin to her touch.

"Victor," she whispered.

He groaned at the sound of her voice saying his name, like magic upon her lips.

Still disappointed in his rash behavior, he said, "I'm sorry, Celestina."

"For what?" There was no hatred or fear in her voice, confusing him more.

"Snatching you away, bringing you here, and allowing the beast to take control. Take your pick of offenses."

She chuckled and he turned to face her. Her fingertips still traced the muscles of his back, and his body was very aware of her closeness. Sniffing the air, he sensed her excitement. It was a perfume calling to him.

“Victor, I’ve always known you were different, but I couldn’t figure what it was—until now.”

He reached out to touch her jaw, and her skin was softer than he’d imagined. She closed her eyes and moaned at his touch.

“Celestina, I’ve loved you from afar for so long, since the day you arrived at the castle two years ago. I’ve fought against myself from taking you and making you mine. I gave into those desires tonight. There was no other way.”

She turned her face into his palm. “God, I’ve wanted you, too.”

“You have?”

Her eyes opened and she looked into his eyes. “Yes. I’ve wanted you ever since I started work here. Seeing you arrive each day, then leave, were my high points.”

“And knowing that I am...not entirely human...how does that affect you?”

Her answer was a kiss.

The strength that had left him suddenly flowed back through his veins. She was sweet and sensuous, and kissing her was beyond pleasure. Grasping her head with

his one hand, he returned her kiss hungrily. His tongue probed her mouth, tasting the delights only Celestina could create.

The demure woman changed into a wildcat, clawing at his skin, urging him on with her heightened excitement. Leaning into his kiss, she threaded her fingers through his hair, her tongue plunging into his mouth, plundering, searching.

The roles shifted. The victim was now the predator.

She pushed against him, coaxing him to lie back upon the rug before the fireplace. Her hands splayed over his chest and she mapped each contour with her fingers. When her fingernails teased the nub of his nipples, he inhaled sharply. Never had he thought he would be the one surrendering tonight.

So many nights he'd dreamt of having her, and now, she was there, tracing his muscles with her hands, lowering her body over his, molding herself into him. His cock was painfully aware of her entrance so close. Her moist heat beckoned to him. But he let her take control of the moment. He enjoyed having her heart beat quickly above his own. The smell of her feminine honey wafted through the air as she pressed down onto his body. Softness to hardness, she was driving him close to the edge.

When she closed her hot mouth over his nipple, he had enough. It was time for him to show this woman, his mate, his true nature as a lover. He was the Alpha

male; the leader of the pack, and no female would fully control him in the bedroom.

Grasping her wrists, he pushed his weight into her, flipping her over onto her back.

“Oh,” she whispered.

His mouth crushed down upon hers, possessive in his urgency. Her lips would be sore after this night, but he would always keep them swollen, marked as a woman well-kissed. Of course, he wanted so much more than that from her.

Her body moved under his, and he was painfully aware of the clothes presenting a barrier. He pulled away from her mouth and leaned back only to slip his fingers into the edges of her dress to tear it away. The sound of rending fabric, along with the snap of a log spurting open in the fire, echoed through the room.

She moaned and her hips bucked upward toward him.

“Victor, take me. I can’t wait any longer.”

Pulling the ripped material from her body, he tugged at her bra and it snapped off with ease. Her exposed breasts, so firm and inviting, were bared to his gaze, and his mouth watered to taste them.

“You look at me with such heat in your eyes,” she cooed in a husky voice as her hands moved up his arms to his shoulders. “I need you inside me, Victor.” She punctuated her request with a restless motion of her hips.

“I’ll fuck you soon, woman. First, I need to feast upon your body. You’re my mate, no other shall ever enjoy your delights but me.”

She moaned as he lowered his head and laved at her breast.

“Oh, yes, honey.” Her voice was barely audible between her pants.

He relished the texture of her hard nipple against his tongue. Like a fresh raspberry, sweet and fruity. He teased and tasted her one breast while pinching the erect nipple of her other. She writhed beneath him and her heart pounded within her chest. The musical sound of her body’s reactions were each an aphrodisiac to his libido. Even the warm pumping of her human blood enticed him beyond all reason. The urge to sink into her flesh and taste her was overwhelming.

Her silken thighs enclosed his hips, but he denied them both the copulation just yet. No, he needed to feast upon her more before answering their desires, driven by passion and newfound love.

Moving down her body, now slick with perspiration, he sampled her salty skin as he positioned himself between her legs. She moaned and her head thrashed side to side as he poised over her mons.

“Please,” she pleaded.

He leaned his head down to her moist curls and breathed in the strong scent of passion. Dipping down, he ran his tongue through her slick slit. She jumped and he

held her steady with his hand upon her hip. When he touched the tip of her clit, she screamed.

She came and he continued to lick and tempt her straining nub, prolonging the climax, lengthening it, urging her to into another height of ecstasy. He eased two fingers up into her channel and her muscles convulsed in another orgasm.

Squeeze, release, squeeze, release, her body rode the waves of sexual pleasure, but he wasn't through yet.

Before she could recover, he backed away from her soaked cunt to ease her body over, laying her on her stomach. She whimpered and his cock answered her plea by pulsing with want. Finally, she would be his.

Moving behind her, he eased up her hips into the air, her ass at perfect level to his cock. He rubbed the slick juices of her honey over the tip, and she cried aloud.

Victor teased her pussy, and with a gentleness that surprised him, he entered her feminine passage into heaven. Leaning over her back, he reached around her to search with his fingertips for her clit. She groaned and pushed back into him, taking his penis deep as he stroked her fleshy button with tender brushes.

As he thrust into her, her walls clamped down upon his length, milking him, sucking his cock farther into her body. It took him beyond his dreams and into a land of salvation. Buried deep within her sheath, he found his peace. The beast was tamed by the rhythmic contractions of her about him.

Covering her back with his body, he rejoiced in the intimate skin on skin connection. They moved as one, mating as the wolves in the wild—as he was destined to be with his mate.

As the tension built in him, begging for release, she yelled and climaxed. It was more than he could tolerate. His seed spilled into her as he surfed the waves of his own climax in conjunction with hers.

But it wasn't enough.

The taste of her was too entrancing. He pumped into her cunt as he took hold of her shoulder with his mouth. Biting down, he held her in place, tasting her tangy blood upon his tongue. Rich, warm life-fluid exploded in flavor and he drank from her.

It was the deadly kiss of the werewolf—but also, it was the wolven connection to his mate. They formed a bond stronger than blood in the act, exchanging semen for blood.

For the rest of their lives they would be joined by the right of the wolf.

And now, Celestina shared his fate as a lycan.

THE END