



**'a paranormal short story'**

Pain. Pleasure. Darkness. The words evoke the creature that thrives on it. The vampire. The worlds' perfect dominants. They can give life everlasting, or the stillness of the grave.

Paige grew up hiding her witchy ways, thinking she was odd at best, crazy at worst. Then Rhysse happened to her. A vampire. A creature whose magic called to her own, quells its fiery needs... with pain and with pleasure.

Witches, however, were outlawed a millennium ago. True 'wicce' are still hunted. There is only one way around the decree - make her more than a witch. Make her one of *them*.

His vampire queen.

**EXCERPT**

Long shadows danced across the bed, and Paige knew she should be walking away. No, not walking, running. To ask Malik for help was to make a pact with the devil. He would make you pay. He would make you bleed.

Knowing that was still not enough to keep her away. Renting the apartment above the store to her ex was a bad idea on so many levels, the least of which was how easy it was to forget the devil he was and climb those seventeen stairs—she had counted—to his apartment, to his bed.

Malik was sex on a stick and that arrogant rock star swagger promised sensational sex. He worked nights as a bartender, and she'd watched the endless parade of barely legal girls doing the walk of shame as she opened the art studio downstairs each morning. Few had the strength to leave him before dawn and, much to their disappointment, fewer were invited back a second time.

Except Paige. She'd been coming back to him for nearly ten years. *Since I was barely legal*, she thought, shaking her head. Just because his door was always open to her, didn't mean she should continue to use it. Even if she was desperate to find a way to take away the angst clawing at her belly, making her

hyperaware of the world around her. He hungered for her energy and well, the sex made the pain he put her through worthwhile. Most of the time.

"This isn't working." She sighed and swung her legs over the side of the bed. Her wrists were throbbing from where he had held her down.

Squeezing her wrists until her eyes watered and she had cried out in fear he'd snap the fragile bones.

Not even Mr. Sex-on-a-Stick could help expel the energy threatening to burn Paige alive today.

"Stay in bed with me babe." His voice sounded tired and gravelly.

Paige grabbed her jeans off the worn, leather chair next to the bed and began searching the laundry-littered floor for her panties. She suspected the floor was his alternative to a wardrobe or a chest of drawers. She pulled out a pair of pink striped thongs. *Nope, those are not mine.*

"Don't go," he commanded. He sat up in the bed, the sheet barely covering his lap as he watched her search the room. She was also missing her bra.

"I see no reason to stay," she bit out. She was trying to chill the fire raging inside but she wasn't used to being cold.

He grabbed her hand. "Jesus, Paige. It's getting worse. I've never felt you so worked up before," he said, concern lurking his aquamarine eyes. "Give me a chance to quell it. Let me bring my A-game."

She watched him pick up the bottle of Jack Daniel's he kept next to the bed and take a long swallow. His blue eyes were heavy lidded but the spark of fire in them was not the least bit slumberous. It was nearly seven in the evening and he hadn't gotten out of bed yet. His tan skin looked swarthy and dangerous with two days' growth of golden whiskers along his jawline.

She reached up and pressed her hand over her neck where the sting of whisker burn raged.

"Jack is your *A-game*?" she asked as she stepped back to the bed.

"Fuel, baby." He pulled her closer and she straddled his thighs. He licked his lips and held out the bottle. She tilted her head back, one hand on his shoulder, the other covering his as he poured the coarse, amber liquid into her mouth. It burned her throat and she coughed, pushing the bottle back at him.

He laughed and took another long swig as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

He put down the bottle, his hands shifting to cup the cheeks of her ass. "You're still vibrating. I can take care of that."

"It's better than it was," she lied, and his expression said he knew it.

She looked down the long line of his body, at the thin line of golden brown hair that started beneath his sternum and continued on beneath the sheet on his lap. She traced that line with the forefinger of her right hand.

She thought about why she came here, to him. Why his energy could quiet her own. At least she understood her power. She was a witch, and her powers were increasing all the time. But she had never figured out what Malik was. “What are you?”

“I’ll tell you when I figure that out.”

**BUY LINK:**

Amazon.com <http://ht.ly/F4V630IHgt>