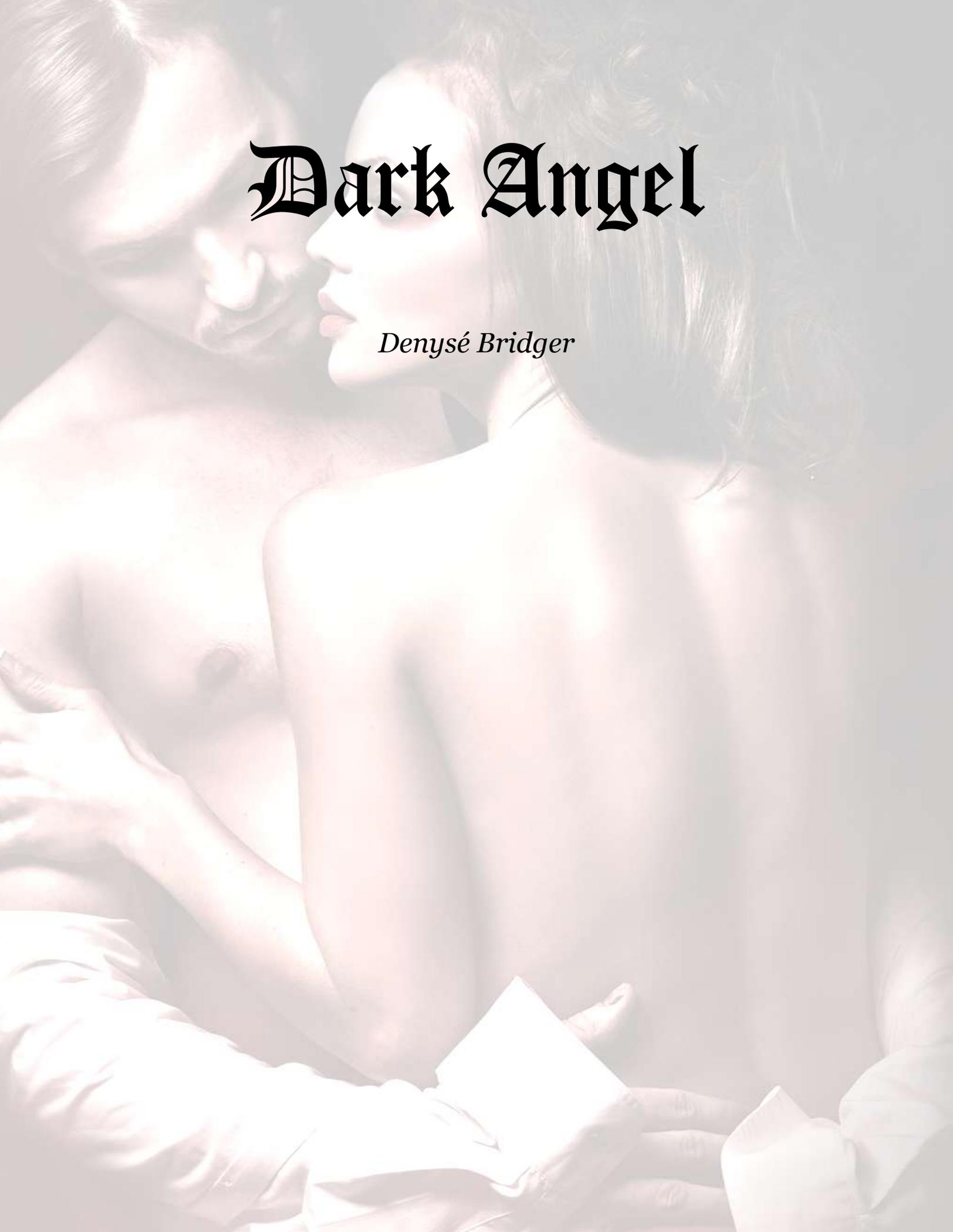


Dark Angel



Denysé Bridger

A romantic close-up photograph of a man and a woman about to kiss. The man is on the left, leaning towards the woman on the right. They are both shirtless, and the lighting is soft and intimate. The woman's hair is styled in an updo. The overall mood is sensual and intimate.

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*And death shall walk quietly in the shadows of night,
stealing dreams, betraying hope... leaving silence and dark truth...*

She approached the darkened club with a feeling of excitement and abject terror, certain she was walking into a nightmare, but drawn as a moth to flame, unable to resist the inexorable pull of desire. How many times had she come to this place with the intention of talking to the owner? How many times had she fled before he found her waiting, and knew her secrets....

Tonight would be no different. The honest part of her soul recognized that as fact. Yet, she still sought the nightclub that had become an exclusive place filled with the most striking men she'd ever seen. Tall, powerful, deadly males who moved like the world was theirs and they were comfortable with the balance they held in their hands.

The owner of this dark and dangerous place was like them, but also different. He was, she suspected, even more lethal than the ones who drank and relaxed in the club, a place aptly named The Underground Cavern. He was tall, breathtakingly handsome, his brilliant jewelled eyes shrewd and sharp with intelligence. More than once, she'd felt him probing the shadows, seeking her enthralled presence.

She reached the back alley that acted as a rear exit to the place and she stared at the door for a few minutes. All it would take was to lift her hand and knock, and perhaps she'd finally speak to him. Her arm rose and her fingers splayed over the cool metal, absorbing the icy chill of the night that emanated from the smooth surface. Her heartbeat suddenly tripled without warning and her chest tightened, terror suffocated her, she felt the world going grey as an abyss opened before her mind's eyes.

"You come here often, little one. Why?"

As quickly as the vise had gripped her, it released her, and she came close to falling against the door, her shaking legs so unsteady they no longer supported her. A strong arm snaked around her waist and the split-second of relief evaporated instantly when she was pulled tight to his hard body and his voice purred next to her ear.

"What do you want?"

She felt his intake of breath as he drew in her scent, and when he spoke again, there was silken satisfaction in his rich, modulated voice.

"You want me."

She shook her head, a curt motion that made him laugh. The sound of him, the flow of his presence was a living thing that wrapped around her and crept inside her, a serpentine dagger that sliced through a lifetime of barriers with an ease that made her gasp. She tried to step clear of his orbit and was quickly aware that she was immobile, and would stay that way until he decided otherwise.

"Let me go." Her small voice was barely audible.

"You want to know what it would be like to be part of my world, don't you?"

"No." She heard the shaken whisper like it was someone else who'd uttered the denial.

"Then it must be something more intimate that makes you wait in shadows for a glimpse of me."

She heard the mocking in his tone. Anger rose and she made her first genuine effort to pull free of his hold.

He released her abruptly and she stumbled. Before she could regain her balance, he spun her around to face him and took a step closer, pinning her against the cold door. He was huge, looming over her like a dark angel. His body radiated contained power and lust. She looked up at him and the tremors inside her became an earthquake she couldn't control.

"I just want to go."

He shook his head, and the smile that lit his features was that of a predator who'd found enticing prey and wanted to savour it.

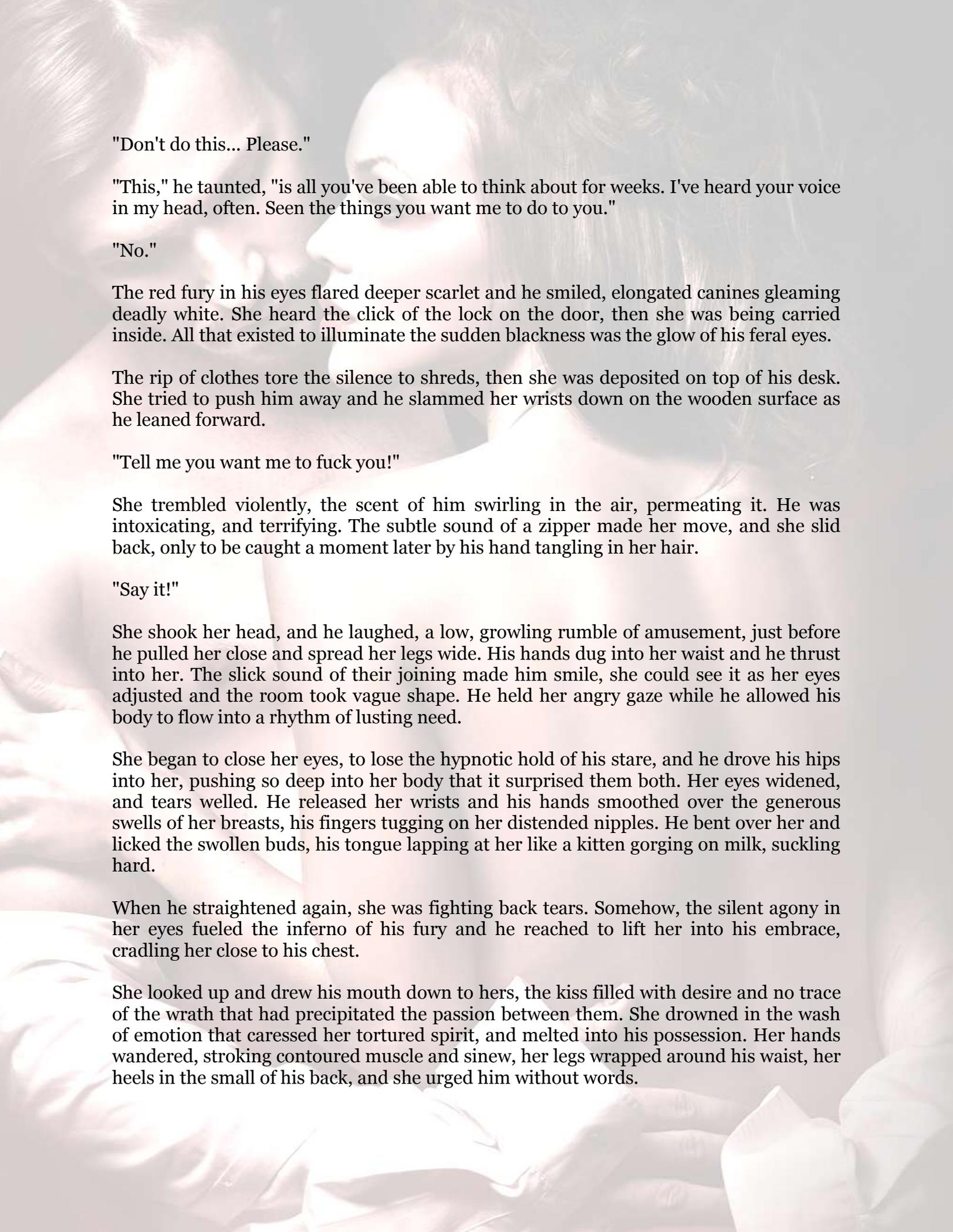
"I think what you really want is for me to take away all your choices. You want me to fuck you until you scream." He leaned closer and she could feel the movement of his mouth as he spoke into her ear. "You want my cock buried so deep in your cunt it hurts. Don't you?" His hand rose and long, tapering fingers smoothed over her throat, then began a gliding stroke. His hand tested the weight of one breast, kneading intently until she bit back the moan his touch evoked. His thumb lingered over her sensitive nipple, brushing repeatedly until a tiny spear of pain mingled with the pleasure he was creating.

She closed her eyes and her head fell back, the soft thud of her skull hitting the door something of which she was only distantly aware. His probing fingers worked the front of her jeans, then slid downward.

"How wet are you, little one?"

She opened her eyes and stared at the blaze of crimson tainted fire that was his gaze.

Before she could anticipate his actions, he lifted her off her feet and had her placed against the door, her legs were guided to a loose hold around his waist.



"Don't do this... Please."

"This," he taunted, "is all you've been able to think about for weeks. I've heard your voice in my head, often. Seen the things you want me to do to you."

"No."

The red fury in his eyes flared deeper scarlet and he smiled, elongated canines gleaming deadly white. She heard the click of the lock on the door, then she was being carried inside. All that existed to illuminate the sudden blackness was the glow of his feral eyes.

The rip of clothes tore the silence to shreds, then she was deposited on top of his desk. She tried to push him away and he slammed her wrists down on the wooden surface as he leaned forward.

"Tell me you want me to fuck you!"

She trembled violently, the scent of him swirling in the air, permeating it. He was intoxicating, and terrifying. The subtle sound of a zipper made her move, and she slid back, only to be caught a moment later by his hand tangling in her hair.

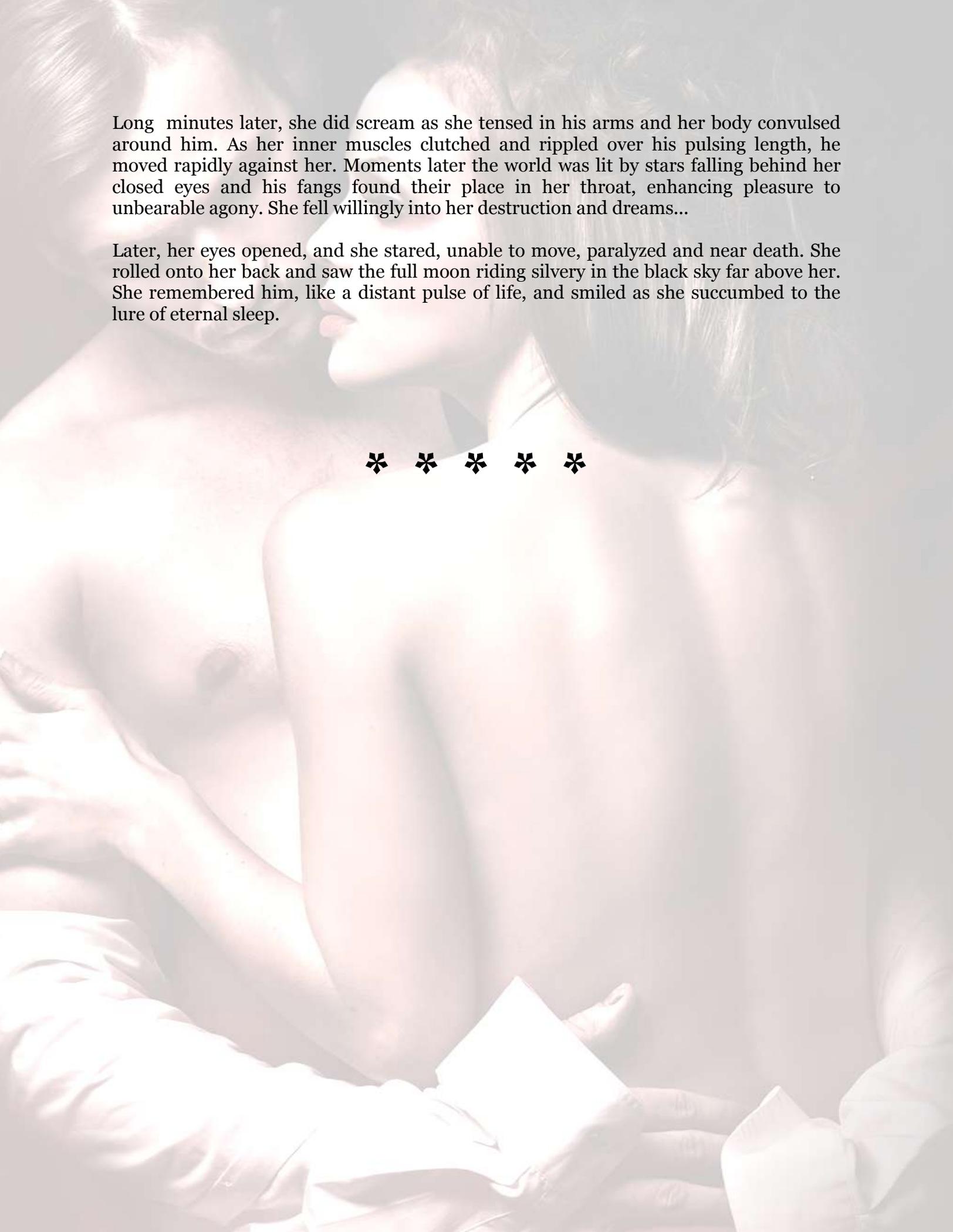
"Say it!"

She shook her head, and he laughed, a low, growling rumble of amusement, just before he pulled her close and spread her legs wide. His hands dug into her waist and he thrust into her. The slick sound of their joining made him smile, she could see it as her eyes adjusted and the room took vague shape. He held her angry gaze while he allowed his body to flow into a rhythm of lusty need.

She began to close her eyes, to lose the hypnotic hold of his stare, and he drove his hips into her, pushing so deep into her body that it surprised them both. Her eyes widened, and tears welled. He released her wrists and his hands smoothed over the generous swells of her breasts, his fingers tugging on her distended nipples. He bent over her and licked the swollen buds, his tongue lapping at her like a kitten gorging on milk, suckling hard.

When he straightened again, she was fighting back tears. Somehow, the silent agony in her eyes fueled the inferno of his fury and he reached to lift her into his embrace, cradling her close to his chest.

She looked up and drew his mouth down to hers, the kiss filled with desire and no trace of the wrath that had precipitated the passion between them. She drowned in the wash of emotion that caressed her tortured spirit, and melted into his possession. Her hands wandered, stroking contoured muscle and sinew, her legs wrapped around his waist, her heels in the small of his back, and she urged him without words.



Long minutes later, she did scream as she tensed in his arms and her body convulsed around him. As her inner muscles clutched and rippled over his pulsing length, he moved rapidly against her. Moments later the world was lit by stars falling behind her closed eyes and his fangs found their place in her throat, enhancing pleasure to unbearable agony. She fell willingly into her destruction and dreams...

Later, her eyes opened, and she stared, unable to move, paralyzed and near death. She rolled onto her back and saw the full moon riding silvery in the black sky far above her. She remembered him, like a distant pulse of life, and smiled as she succumbed to the lure of eternal sleep.



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