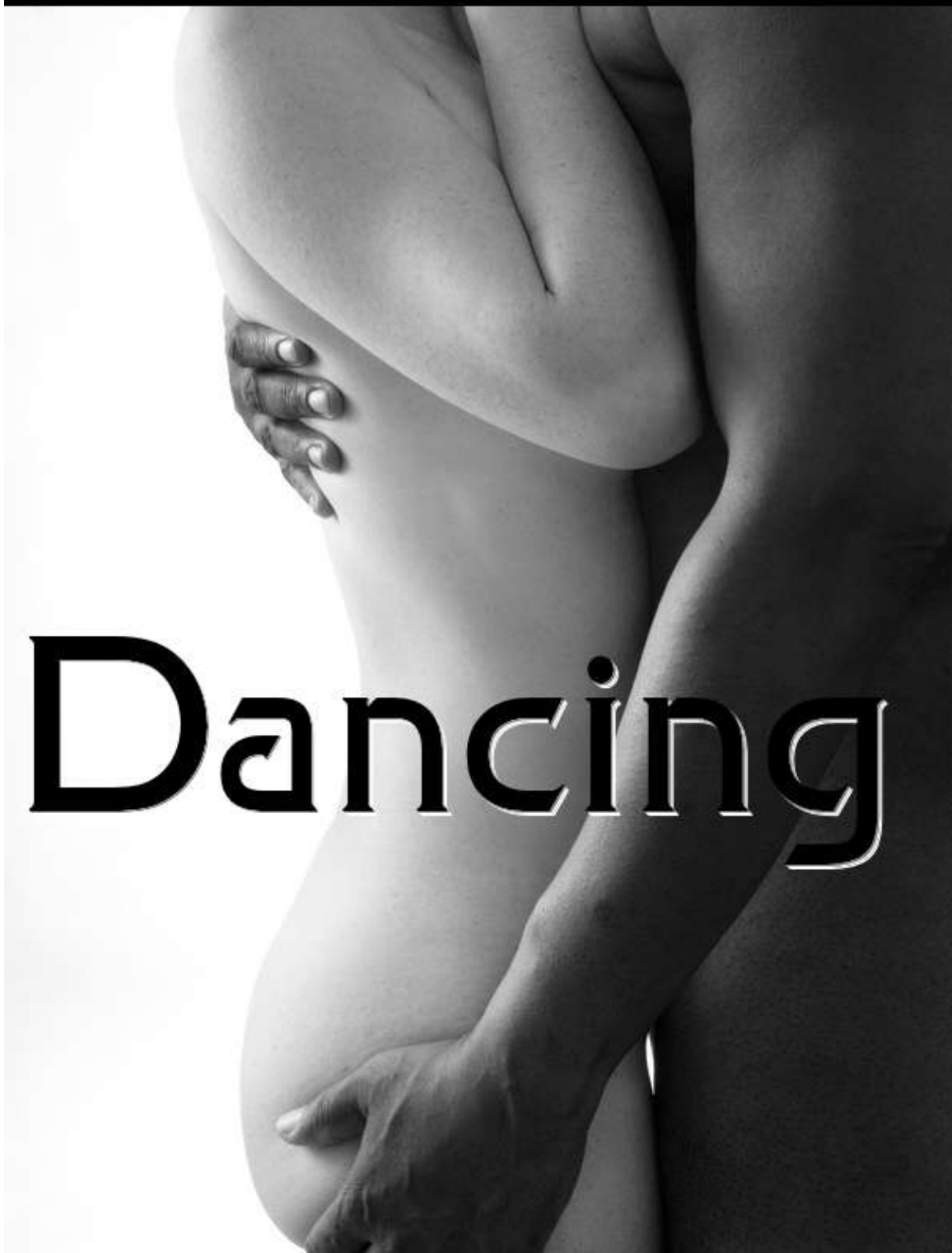


**KALLYSTEN**



**Dancing**

# **Dancing**

## **by Kallysten**

*Every time Virginia goes to the dancing club "On The Edge", the vampire Anando draws her into a sensual dance that doesn't end until morning - and in his bed. This time, though, they might not make it out of the club before the heat reaches new heights...*

*A 'deleted scene' from the Out of the Box series.*

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## Dancing

I went to the club again last night.

I managed to resist the temptation all week, telling myself over and over that I couldn't show up at work late again or too tired to do anything productive. But last night was Friday night, and that excuse didn't work anymore. As much as I tried to focus on what I was doing, I thought about it all day long, squirming on my seat more and more as I became wet in anticipation. Better—or is that worse?—than Pavlov's dogs, except that I need no bell. I think his name, and suddenly the air is stifling around me. I picture his smile in my mind, or his hands, and I can feel his lips, his touch on me. And thinking of his cock or fangs sliding inside me...

I couldn't not have gone.

When I went to the club the first time, all I wanted was to satisfy my curiosity about vampires, about what sleeping with one or having one feed from me would be like. Anando answered both questions beautifully, but he did more than that. He uncovered something inside me, a fire that I hadn't known had been dormant, and now it has become a raging inferno that consumes me and always leaves me craving more.

Last night was the sixth time I went to him. Or was it the seventh? It's becoming hard to keep track of it; our encounters just seem to merge together in my mind to form one glorious night of unending pleasure. In any case, sixth or seventh, I was there a little later than usual because I agonized over what to wear. Before meeting him, I had never been that interested in clubs or parties, and my clothing options were becoming limited. I could have worn something he had already seen me wear, I

suppose, but a part of me was worried that he'd get bored with me if I didn't try to impress him. There are always prettier girls than me at the club, and it's not as though Anando has made any promise to me. I've been rather good so far at not wondering what he does on the nights when I don't show up.

I eventually narrowed down my choices to leather pants and halter-top or long bohemian skirt and peasant blouse. I knew Anando liked leather, and the idea of him peeling the skin-tight pants off me was rather enticing. And yet, my instincts were telling me to go for the skirt and I eventually followed them. I slipped the skirt on, tied the blouse with a knot beneath my breast, and grinned to myself like a blushing schoolgirl when I left my underwear on the bed.

Anando was already there when I arrived at the club. I spotted him while descending the suspended staircases down from the first level, and I stopped on a catwalk above the dancing floor to watch him. A white shirt, open halfway down his chest as always, made his skin appear just a little darker than the dark honey it really is. His pants were dark brown or maybe black, it was hard to tell with the light pulsating to the rhythm of the music. What I had no trouble seeing however was how tight they were, defining his perfect ass in the back, and showcasing the bulge in the front. He was as gorgeous as he had been when I had seen him that first night, his body moving with the music rather than simply following it. Just watching him had me wet and burning.

The only thing was... he wasn't dancing alone.

I've got to admit I felt more than a pang of jealousy when I noticed he was so obviously hard. He always attracted girls as soon as he stepped onto the dance floor, but to see him like this, clearly enjoying the attentions of the

blonde bimbo who was practically straddling his thigh...I was burning, still, but not for the same reason anymore.

I could have left, right there and then, rather than see any more. Rather than risk seeing him leave with that girl. Rather than have him choose her over me. But just as I was bottling up my disappointment and preparing to turn away, he looked up, straight at me, and winked. I felt my heart jump inside my chest, and my cheeks flushed. Before I knew it, I was descending the last staircase, reassured now. I had a glimpse of him whispering something to the blonde while I was weaving my way through the crowd toward him, and when I reached him he was alone.

Alone, and waiting for me with an extended hand and a smile that had me melt just a little more.

I clasped his hand and he made me twirl. My skirt fanned out around me like the petals of a flower in full bloom. I laughed in surprise, and his dark eyes were sparkling when he pulled me closer to him, both his hands now holding my waist where the tied off blouse left it exposed. His skin was cool against mine, and as always it made me feel as though I were already burning.

"You look lovely, Virginia."

His words were practically a purr against my ear, and they made me shiver. Running my hands over his arms and shoulders, I grinned at him when he pulled back to look at me.

"You're not so bad yourself."

He chuckled, so low that I barely heard the sound over the slowing music, and pulled me tighter against him, his arms now wrapped around me and mine at his neck. I was close enough that I could feel his erection pressing against me with each leisurely dancing step we took; the sensation was

almost as erotic as holding his heavy cock in my hand, with an added taste of forbidden fruit. To feel him so intimately when there were so many people around us was almost dizzying. I closed my eyes and rested my cheek against his shoulder, breathing in his now familiar scent, a unique blend of herbal soap and spicy musk.

In the middle of my back, his hands were stroking lightly. His fingers slid upward beneath my blouse before sinking down again past the waistband of my skirt. The feel of his touch just at the top of the curve of my ass made me sigh and wish we had been alone.

“Naughty Virginia,” he murmured, his lips brushing against the shell of my ear. “I think I’m being a bad influence on you.”

With my eyes still closed, I grinned. “You think I’ve never walked around without panties before meeting you?”

“No. I think you’ve never had sex in a crowded place before. And I think you’re going to love it.”

His words cranked up the heat just a little more, and I had to bite my bottom lip not to moan. I raised my head from his chest to look at him, to assure myself he was only teasing. He had to be. Every time we had slept together, he had made me choose from an assortment of toys and accessories in his playthings box, but this went beyond adding an edge to our affair. This was crazy, and I couldn’t, wouldn’t...

The curve of his smile made it quite clear that he meant it, and that unless I objected right away and without hesitation, he would follow through.

I tried. I really tried. But when I opened my mouth, no sound came out and all I could do was look at him, and get lost in his gaze. Those little flames

that always seem to appear in his eyes whenever he *wants* were back; I never can resist them.

“Let’s have a drink, shall we?”

I nodded dumbly at his suggestion. I think he could have suggested just about anything and I would have agreed, but the idea of sitting down seemed extremely good at that moment. All he had done was dance with me and whisper a few words in my ear, yet already my heart was pounding wildly in my chest and my knees weakening under me.

His right arm remained wrapped around my waist, his thumb running lightly over my skin as he guided me up the metal staircases and to the upper level. There’s a small bar on the edge of the dance floor, but all the tables are upstairs, as are small, intimate booths, almost like small rooms. When he started leading me toward those at the back of the room, I swallowed hard. Somehow, I was sure that this was what he had meant when he had talked of a crowded place. Most tables on the open floor hosted couples or groups chatting around drinks, and there was only one empty booth, its flimsy, semi-transparent curtain wide open rather than drawn for privacy.

To my dismay, this booth was in the center of the row, not on the edges where we would have been less exposed. Worse; as we walked past them, I could easily tell what the people inside the booths were doing despite the curtains being drawn. Most were simply chatting, but in two of them I could see people kissing, and in a third one a blonde vampire was drinking from a man’s neck. She looked in my direction when I passed in front of the booth, and I could have sworn she winked at me. I could have sworn, also, that it was the blonde girl Anando had been dancing with earlier.

Before I could process what I had seen or what was going on, Anando tugged me inside the empty booth to sit across from him on the leather

bench and flicked the switch that would summon a waitress. He ordered a drink for himself, and when I couldn't manage to say a word he ordered for me as well. Within instants, a wide tumbler was in front of him, two fingers of amber gleaming in it. My drink was in a cocktail glass, white at the bottom, pink in the center, cherry red at the top. I drained it in one long gulp that had Anando raise an amused eyebrow at me.

"Don't tell me you're afraid," he said with a slow smile. "I wouldn't believe it. I don't smell the slightest hint of fear from you."

The cocktail seemed to have given me my voice back, and I asked, bolder than I felt: "What do I smell like, then?"

He took a small sip from his glass and tilted his head just so as he looked at me thoughtfully.

"When you arrived, you smelled like you had spent your day thinking of me, and if you'd worn panties they'd have been dripping."

I blushed scarlet at that, confirming his suspicions despite myself.

"Now..." He took in a deep breath through his nose. "Now you smell like you always do when you're about to start begging for my cock."

There was nothing I could say to that. Nothing I could do either when he crooked a finger at me and smiled in that devilish way of his. I slid over the bench until I was next to him, my thigh pressed against his. He threw his arm over my shoulder and leaned in to press a kiss to my jaw.

"Unbutton my pants," he murmured. "Take my cock out."

He continued to feather light kisses along my jaw, down my cheek then along my neck, and I told myself those kisses were the reason why my hand was trembling as I did what he had requested. I gasped when his cock

sprang up as soon as I undid the button of his pants; I hadn't been the only one to leave my underwear home. I took the hard length in my hand and tugged on it gently, twice, just to get the feel of it, just to feel Anando sigh against my skin.

Then I realized the waitress hadn't closed the curtain when she had left. Startled, I jerked back, letting go of my prize, but Anando's arm prevented me from moving away.

"The curtain..." I started, but he shushed me with a kiss full on my lips.

It was only lips at first, a caress more than a kiss, but it wasn't long before his tongue joined mine for a slow mating dance. His free hand found mine on my lap, and brought it back to his cock. Fingers linked, we stroked him together in the same languid rhythm he was stroking my tongue.

"Do you think someone is watching?" he said, oh so quietly, when breaking off the kiss.

I started to turn my head to look outside the booth, but he stopped me with a word.

"No. Don't look. Just tell me. Do you think someone's watching?"

"I...I don't know."

"Would you like someone to be watching?" he insisted, his voice sweet as sin. "Would you like them to watch you give me a handjob? Or maybe...maybe you could put that lovely mouth of yours on me, take me deep as you do so well, swallow around me and make me come so hard... Would you like that, Virginia? Would you like to show them how good you are at giving head?"

Once again struck speechless, all I could do was take in shallow breaths and follow his lead. The hand on my shoulder drew me a little closer. At first I thought he would push my head down onto his lap, and the heavy lust his words had accentuated inside me spread out like fire, sending a fresh flow of wetness against my tightly squeezed thighs. All he did however was slip his hand down and inside my blouse until the tip of his fingers was brushing against my hardened nipple.

“Or you could lay down on that bench,” he continued on the same tone, “and let them watch you come. Would you prefer my fingers or my mouth? Or maybe both? My tongue lapping at those sweet, sweet juices and lovely clit of yours and my fingers up your cunt. Or up your ass, maybe, if you ask really nice.”

I would have asked—I would have begged, although I’m not sure what I would have begged for—but still I couldn’t seem to say a word. All I could do was squeeze my hand a little tighter on his cock, seek out his mouth for a breathless kiss, and hope he’d know what I meant. What I wanted. Like he always seemed to know.

Gently, he pushed my hand away and withdrew his own from my blouse. I would have protested, or at least tried to, but the next instant he was catching my waist with both hands and pulling me to sit on top of his lap, facing him. He didn’t need to ask. I raised myself onto my knees, shuffled my skirt out of the way, and lowered myself onto his cock as he held it against my folds.

I was so wet, he slid in all the way inside me on my first slow thrust down. I moaned at the sensation of finally—finally!—being filled the way I had fantasized about all day. All week. All my life, it sometimes seemed.

“That’s it. Always so perfect, Virginia. Always so good.”

There was a trace of awe in his voice, and so much desire that it sent a shiver down my spine. Placing my hands on his shoulders for support, I slowly raised myself until only the tip of his thick shaft remained inside me, then thrust down again. And again. It wasn't long before I started breathing hard. Closing my eyes, I threw my head back and tried to contain my moans.

I was dimly aware of where we were, of the leather beneath my knees, of the table at my back, of people passing by, but all of it was inconsequential. All that mattered was Anando's cock inside me, so hard, so deep; his hands on me, teasing my breasts through the light cotton of my blouse; and his mouth, at last, latching onto my pulse point, right where he had bitten me before, sucking and nibbling at the rough scars there.

I'm not sure how long we danced like this. It could have been seconds or hours. All I know is that the world came tumbling down on me when, arching deep into me as I was bearing down, Anando bit me and took one single pull on my blood. I came hard, my entire body tensing for a second before exploding into pleasure.

Panting, I let my forehead fall onto Anando's shoulder and shook again when I felt his hips jerk up into me as his own orgasm crashed over him. His arms wrapped around my back and he held me close, as he always did after we had sex.

"Think they liked the show?" he whispered, bringing me back to the present and to our little booth in one blinding second.

All I could feel was the warmth of the afterglow, and no embarrassment at the idea of having been watched. If I'm even completely honest, I might even have felt a spark of renewed lust at the idea. Before I could decide how to answer, a voice rose from the entrance of our booth.

"I know *I* enjoyed it."

Gasping in shock, I turned toward the voice—toward the blonde vampire who was standing there and looking at us with a hungry smile.

"If you ever want company..." she added, her voice sultry, and left the offer at that.

I pressed my face into the crook of Anando's neck, as much so I wouldn't see what he thought of the suggestion as to hide my own face and thoughts from him. There has to be a line to our... experiments, a point beyond which we won't reach. There just has to be.

Even if I'm more tempted than I'd ever admit.

## **The End**

### **About the Author:**

Kallysten's most exciting accomplishment to date was to cross a few thousand miles and an ocean to pursue (and catch!) the love of her life. She has been writing for fifteen years, and always enjoyed sharing her stories and listening to the readers' reactions. After playing with science fiction, short stories and poetry, she is now trying her hand, heart and words at paranormal romance novels.

To see her other stories, including a free monthly story and sample chapters, visit <http://original.kallysten.net>

### ***Ebooks available from Kallysten:***

#### **[Out of the Box](#)**

When she walked into the club, all Virginia wanted was to satisfy her curiosity about vampires - and about being bitten. But when Anando reached out to her and asked her what games she wanted to play, he opened the Pandora box and Virginia found answers to questions she had never thought to ask.

## **Out of the Box 2**

Virginia tried to stay away from On The Edge, yet in the end, she returns to the club – and to her lover, vampire Anando. She's determined to keep things under control this time, and she knows what to choose in his toy box to hold on to her decision. But the innocent game she expected sets her body ablaze with passion, and letting go might just be too hard to resist.

## **Out of the Box 3**

When she last saw vampire Anando, Virginia was helpless to refuse him anything, not even his request that she return to him. Once again, she is ready to follow his lead, despite her fear that she is losing herself in his control – until he gives her back more control than she ever knew she wanted.

## **Out of the Box 4**

Virginia wanted only one thing from vampire Anando—pleasure—and he offered it to her in ways she had never experienced before meeting him. However, when their casual relationship slowly transforms to include gifts, dinners and dates, they might both discover something they weren't expecting, or even ready for.

## **Out of the Box 5**

The temptation to return to the club and to Anando was too strong. Despite her better judgment, despite the risks to her heart, Virginia goes back to see her lover. He agrees to the rules she sets easily enough, but those same rules, once they are alone in his bedroom with a few toys between them, suddenly seem too restrictive to Virginia herself...