

Guilt & Desire

As he held her guilt warred with desire.

She was so lovely, standing in his arms so willingly, utterly prepared to face her death so they could be together forever.

God's part of him wanted this so much. The darker part of him—the instinct that drove him to take and feed and kill—wanted to sink its teeth into her tender flesh and make her his so that nothing would ever part them.

But the rational part of him—the shred of moral decency he might still have inside him—knew this was wrong. Knew he should let her go to live a life in the sun with a man who wouldn't take her into darkness and blood.

In the end though he was a selfish creature and he could not exist without her in his life; which meant he had to make her like him—powerful, immortal.

His forever.

Clutching her close he pressed a kiss to her neck and a low moan escaped her, sending a rush of lust through his body. "Forgive me," he whispered against her and then he bit down