

## Smut

"Darling, why is the insipid whore sending you gifts?" There was no real anger to his tone, but the aggravation and curiosity was clear.

Too bad she didn't have a good answer. "I have no idea."

Looking at the card, she noticed the signature of Jack's wife, Cindy as well as a note.

*I overheard your discussion of your Valentine's day celebration, consider this both an apology for the unintentionally eavesdropping and a gesture of my gratitude for the ideas your experience gave me.*

If she was still human she would've flushed. Handing over the note without a word, she watched as Anton's mouth curled in amusement. "Apparently we need to be more careful where we discuss such things."

He knew Jack was going to use that against him somehow, he wasn't sure how yet but he'd find out when the insipid whore made it known.

Shifting his focus to the presents, he idly noted that they were high quality if nothing else. Alongside three books that appeared to be full of sexual positions to try, was a set of lingerie. Anton would never admit it to the woman's face but she had good taste. Grace would look exquisite in that.

Grace snorted, lifting the garment to hold over her chest with amusement. "Why is it that women's lingerie is so skimpy? And for that matter why isn't men's lingerie more of a thing?"

Staring at her in both confusion and wariness, he waited for her to continue.

She did after a second, "Don't get me wrong, I like wearing things like this and when I say men's lingerie I don't mean I want to see *this* on you. You'd pull it off but too feminine to really fit you."

He heaved an internal sigh of relief, while he would have put on the blasted thing if she'd asked he wouldn't have enjoyed it. Now he just had to puzzle out what exactly she was talking about. "What is men's lingerie to you?"

She paused, thinking it over before shrugging. "I've never been the type for speedos, which is the go-to for most guys. If I had to pick something I'd say leather or jeans. Either material molds pretty well to skin and *you* have the ass for it."

His mouth twitched, amusement dancing in his eyes. "I'm glad to hear that, for now though I have a meeting to get to. Keep thinking those thoughts while I'm gone, it'll make the ravishing you give me on my return all the better."

Her laughter echoed off the walls as he breezed out of their room. Her husband was definitely a character...

Anton walked out of the meeting half an hour later with a plan. He'd spent the entirety of the time since leaving Grace pondering over her previous words. In their relationship he'd never gone out of his way to wear something enticing. His clothes were fitted to him specifically and Grace had shown her appreciation many times before for that fact.

Now, as he remembered the times she'd worn various lingerie for him, a plan began to form.

Whenever she'd worn such things it was all he could do not to break their bed with passion. What would her reaction be? She had much less control than he did, if she was affected as he was when their positions were reversed then she'd probably demolish their bed or at least the wall the headboard rested against.

The thought was more appealing with every step until he decided; he would wear something for his wife. What that would be? Well she'd already given him a good place to start.

Now all he had to do was decide *what* exactly would drive her to insanity with lust. Always a fun thing to consider...

Grace breezed through the castle, tracking down her husband who'd been mysteriously absent over the past few days. Around lunch time he'd sent one of the staff with a message to meet in their room. It was definitely out of the ordinary for him and her curiosity was piqued.

He was planning something, his disappearance proved that, but what it could be? She had no clue. But if she was right then she'd be finding out in just a minute.

The second she cleared the doors to their room, she froze as her vision narrowed to just Anton.

Anton who was now lounged contently across the sofa of the sitting area, in only a pair of leather pants. Dark hair fell in waves, framing eyes that flicked over her lazily, the green all but glowing as he smiled. The five o'clock shadow dusting his jaw made her itch to feel it in other areas, before she snapped back to the present. His eyes had moved to her the second she'd come in, taking in her reaction as she fought not to swallow her tongue.

A slow smile curled his lips as he stood with the grace afforded to an almost six century-old vampire. "I take it you like it then?"

When asked later, Grace couldn't answer what happened over the next few seconds. One minute she was by the door and desperately trying to corral her raging hormones, the next she had Anton pinned back on the couch with his leather pants ripped open.

Not wasting a second to ponder that phenomenon, she tangled her fingers into his hair and dragged him into a kiss that was equal parts spark and heat. His chuckle vibrated through her but she refused to relinquish him long enough for him to voice it. No, all her attention was on freeing his length from underneath her without moving from her place astride him.

It took a second of fumbling before she managed it. Lining him up, she broke the kiss long enough to gasp out. "Do *not* tell me how much the pants cost." The briefest look of confusion painted his expression before everything was drowned under passion.

Dropping her weight down onto him, she shuddered at the burning stretch. Usually they were careful to prepare her beforehand but there wasn't a chance in hell she was waiting that long. Not when he was in *those*.

The flash of pain wasn't impossible to ignore, proven when she didn't hesitate before thrusting down to impale herself on his cock. He let out a strangled groan, the noise goading her on as she set a brutal pace.

His hands gripped her hips, most likely in an attempt to slow her down out of worry for possible injuries, but she was having none of it.

A growl rumbled from her, eerily similar to the ones he let loose on the rare occasion she managed to drag every ounce of rational thought out of him until all that was left was raw need.

She felt his cock jerk inside her at the sound the second before she buried her teeth into his shoulder and slammed down pointedly. This time when his hands gripped her it was to drag her down onto him. Happy they were on the same page, she removed her teeth to pull him back into a kiss.

It had none of their usual tenderness, all teeth and tongue as she rode him hard. Every relentless grind into his lap scraped the zipper against her stomach and slid the cool leather along the edges of her folds. The combo of hot, cold, sharp and smooth drove her to the brink of sanity as she ramped up her pace until she was a blur on top of him.

Dimly she heard an odd *creak* but before she could identify it the couch under them gave with a heave. The rough collision with the floor only made her pause a second, using the momentum to roll on top again before picking up right where she left off.

Anton's groan was cut off with a barked order in Romanian, apparently the sound of the couch breaking had drawn his guards to their room. The order was cut off with a rumbling moan when she tightened her inner muscles to a vice before pistoning back down onto him.

Now she could hear the footsteps all but tripping over themselves to run away, the sound bringing dark satisfaction to her as she refocused on driving her husband wild with pleasure. He might not be happy about that later, the rumors would definitely be atrocious and widespread but for now she didn't care.

A week didn't go by where her screams didn't ring off the walls of this castle, the knowing looks the guards and people threw her after a particularly good night making her flush when she'd been human. It was her turn to make *his* shouts echo for everyone to hear and not a damn person in this castle would doubt that Anton was well fucked after this.

Their room may be soundproof, but the lounge wasn't and she was going to use that to her advantage until the very last second of this interlude.

Giving a particularly vicious twist of her hips, tightening her muscles in tandem to grip his length and *pull*, a choked shout came as the only warning before he

shuddered violently underneath her. Each pulse of his release filled her with triumph, this was the first time in their relationship she'd made *him* come first and she would revel in it for many weeks to come.

Briefly she paused, waiting to see if overstimulation was going to make an appearance. She'd never gotten around to asking how fast his recovery time was and the last thing she wanted was to hurt him by continuing after he was spent.

That didn't mean it wouldn't *suck* though, the fire blazing in her loins was nowhere near sated. The sight of the leather pants still clinging to her husband combined with the residual twitches and shudder of his climax acting as water on the grease fire.

Thankfully after a second of dazed contentment, Anton's eyes locked onto her with purpose. "Don't you *dare* stop."

Permission granted, she continued as if she'd never paused. Anton's cock not softening inside of her helping with that as she ground him into the floor with every thrust. If it hurt he didn't complain, only throwing his head back with a groan as she kept her pace.

Through the rocking thrusts she could feel his length twitch, an idea coming to her as she seated herself fully onto him. He'd always bragged relentlessly about being able to reduce her to a pile of wordless goo in their bed, now she was going to turn the tide.

Ripping her mouth from his, she latched onto one of his nipples and teased with the edges of her teeth while scraping her nails lightly against the other one. A shudder rolled through him, the twitching from inside her getting more insistent as she twined her tongue around the bud. How many orgasms could she pull from him in a row?

She was going to find out.

Remembering what his venom felt like the multiple times he'd bitten her, she sank her fangs into the nipple before switching to the other one. When the only reaction she got was a shudder, she huffed. He always got on her case about not holding back in bed, she would *not* allow him to be quiet for any second of this.

So saying, she started at the top of his chest and left bites all the way down before rising back up to his throat. When he let out a muffled grunt, she hummed in satisfaction. Not as loud as she wanted but she could work on that.

Pulling back, she dragged her nails down his chest and sent a burst of electricity straight down to wrap around him. His hands gripped her sides like iron as he bucked hard enough to nearly push her off, another hoarse shout ringing off the walls as rope after rope of come filled her.

Looking down at his twitching body, she took a minute to appreciate the view. He very likely wasn't going to let her do this again so she'd imprint it into her memory while she could.

As his eyes opened, she shivered at the passion still rolling behind the green gaze. His mouth was partially open, dragging in air he hadn't needed in centuries, the picture burning into her memory as he came down from his second high of the last thirty minutes.

When he finally stopped pulsing inside her, she shifted to start up again only for a loud squelch to come from between them. Glancing down, her mouth went dry at the sight of the previous two loads he'd shot into her sliding back down to coat his length and stomach. She'd never thought she'd be aroused by *that* but as she locked eyes with him she breathed. "*That* is hot as *fuck*...how messy do you think I can make you before I come?"

A groan was followed by his hands dragging her down on him, the previous loads providing lubricant as he rammed his hips up into her. The motion sent the liquid splattering, droplets trailing up his chest and down to coat his balls.

Now that was a sight she'd never be forgetting.

Picking up her pace was trickier this time, once she had the new angle set though she sped back up. The sounds their bodies made dragged her closer to the edge until she was tottering on it. Just as she was about to crest it, she decided she wanted *one* more orgasm from him before she did.

Leaning back, Anton's hands gripping her thighs tightly as she did, her hands traced up his legs to his balls. The sticky residue coating them made her grin before wrapping her hand around them. The briefest look of understanding dawned before she squeezed, amping up the voltage in her hand to make it a living vibrator.

That proved to be his final undoing. His balls tightened up in her hands, expelling the last of what they had to offer as he rolled them over and ground his hips into her clit.

This time they both screamed, the sound becoming her new favorite as she shuddered below him. His body remained over her, plastered to her front as minute twitches came from where they were still joined.

It could've been minutes or hours before he slid to the side, dragging her on top of him to rest as was their usual routine. Unlike normal, the action was followed by a mess of come when he pulled his spent cock out.

As she emptied out, a shiver rolled down her spine, weakly thumping her forehead into his shoulder she murmured. "Babe, I found a new kink..."

A weak chuckle came from above her, "I noticed. I found a few of my own as well with this adventure."

His hand guided her head up to look at him, the sated happiness in his eyes relieving her. "So should I be apologizing or thanking you for the very much welcome surprise?"

When he moved to stroke her hair, she realized it. Anton was *shaking*. Glancing sideways she gasped at the cracks in the stone ground underneath them.

Before he could answer she prodded him, "Damn are you alright?" Remembering how she'd all but fucked him through the floor, she pulled back enough to get a better look. Shit she'd went all out, she couldn't see bruises but that could be because he was covered in so much of *him*.

His arm wrapped around her back, yanking her to him and dragging her through the small puddle on his chest. "Any discomfort I may have felt was lost under the pleasure, I assure you. And you are not in any way required to apologize. I set out today to discover how you would react when your restraints were finally removed."

He paused to gesture at the room before flicking his wrist to themselves. "My answer was supremely more satisfying than I was expecting. I'll have to order a new pair of leather pants, because *this* was an experience worth repeating. Multiple times."

Glancing down to the now ruined pants, she chuckled. "Yeah there was a good reason I told you not to tell me how much they were worth. I don't think I would've been able to focus if you had."

He hummed, "Noted. I'll be sure to *never* tell you. I half expected you to break the bed, the headboard and the wall behind it. I never thought we'd never make it past the sitting room, nonetheless to the bed."

Briefly embarrassment curled through her before she shook it off, Anton already said he'd enjoyed that so there was no reason to be ashamed of it.

Instead she chuckled, "Yeah well, I always knew the sight of you in leather would be a big turn on. I just underestimated how *much* of one it was."

His mouth trailed across her forehead, the leisurely stroke relaxing her. "Yes today has proven to be a success of the highest order. Next time though." He paused to growl into her ear, "*You* will be the one in leather and I make no promises for any of the furniture in the vicinity surviving the encounter."

Her mouth went dry as she nodded, "Sounds like a plan. In the meantime though..."

She cuddled closer to him, belatedly remembering they were on the floor as she did. Anton realized in the same moment, offering. "Would you like to shift to the bed or shower first?"

Flicking a glance down at the leather pants that were barely holding onto his hips, she answered with another question. "That entirely depends."

He raised a brow, "On?"

Balancing up on her elbows, she stared down at him with a grin. "If we're done or not. Since we're going to wind up trashing the pants no matter what it'd be a shame to not completely wear them out and there's no point in taking them off, getting clean and then putting them back on so, what do you feel like doing Anton?"

A devilish grin curled his lips, "You're right, we shouldn't be wasteful of such exquisite clothing. We can shower later, until then how about we see if you can't add a few more cracks to the ground?"



As he swung them around to hover over her, Grace knew that this was going to be a recurring theme in their life and she made a mental note to thank Cindy for starting this.