



ERIKA SANDS

the **Joining**
BOUND BY BLOOD

The Joining: Bound by Blood

Excerpt

She smelled of sunlight and sweet herbs, yet he knew only darkness. A line of blood dripped from the wound in her neck. His lust for blood slammed into him. With the gentlest of intent, D’Nar lifted the hair off her shoulder. Spun red gold, he thought. He leaned in, careful not to touch any other part of her body, and his tongue snaked out toward the thin red stream.

“Will you allow me?”

He sensed her indecision. His breathing labored in his chest. The craving for the tangy taste of her blood careened about the edges of his lips. D’Nar closed his eyes as he shuddered, trying to rein in the lust created by her blood and her beauty.

“My lord?”

Opening his eyes, he read shocked disbelief in hers. He understood her confusion. He slid his cheek against hers, inhaling deeply. Her scent, mingled with the coppery tang of her blood, became an intoxicating combination. Something about her called to the darkness inside him. He didn’t want to give in. He didn’t want to let go.

He slid his lips along the strong line of her jaw. The metallic scent of her blood was driving him crazy. A fierce urgency gripped him. He leaned closer. A force deep within him kept driving him, driving his need.

“One taste? To seal the wound?”

The next several seconds became sheer torture. When she nodded, the dam of control broke with a rush of pleasure as he lapped up the fluid on her neck.

“Remember. One taste.”

His head swam with the essence of her. He reared back, knowing he flirted with becoming just as bad, if not worse, as the two young vampyrs he’d saved her from. But he refused to apologize. He would never apologize for what he was.