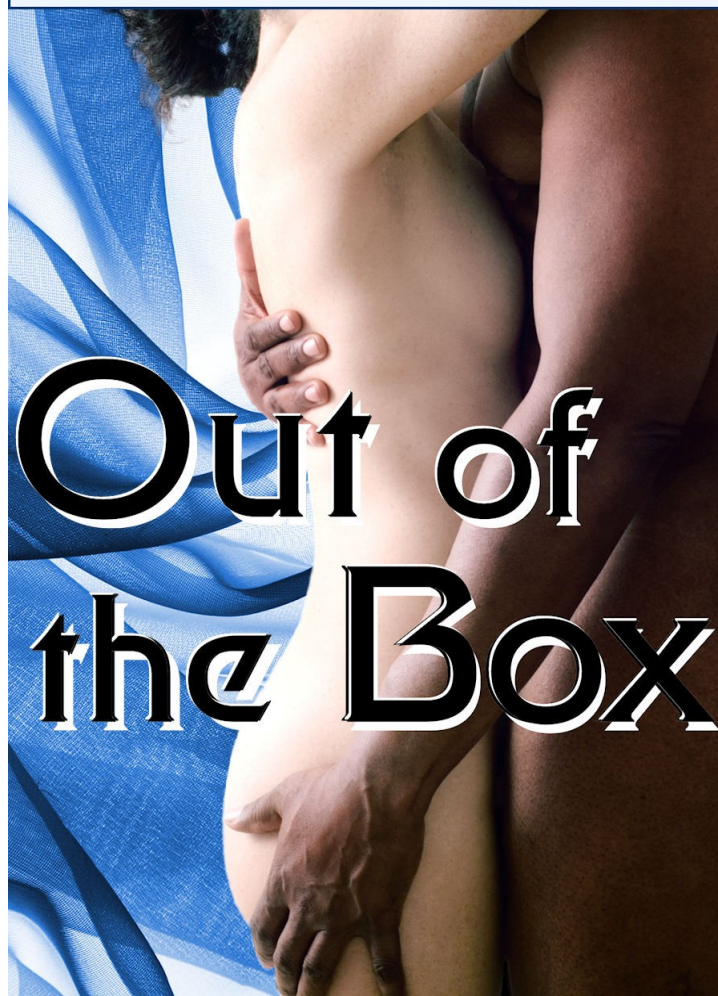


KALLYSTEN



**Out of the Box**

**By Kallysten**

*When she walked into the club, all Virginia wanted was 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.*

*Part 1 of 10 of the 'Out of the Box' series, which is also available as 'Out of the Box, the complete series.'*



Smashwords Edition

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## Out of the Box

I had managed to calm down on my way home, being out of his presence helped. But now that I've picked up the pen to put all of it in writing before I forget, my heart is trying to break free of my chest again. He's so different from the other men that passed through my nights. I knew he would be, of course, it was part of the thrill, but while he did what I wanted, what I expected, it's everything else that made me wonder about possibilities I had never considered before. I'm not a prude, but what I saw in that box...

I guess I should start from the beginning.

I went to a new club last night. I heard about it when I first moved here, but it took me a while to work up the courage to go. It's a vampire-friendly place. There isn't a single mirror in it, not like regular clubs where it's easy to know if you're dancing with a human or a vamp. It was hard to tell, of course, but I think maybe half the crowd last night had fangs. And the other half... Well, most of them weren't shy about showing off their bite marks. Necks, wrists, shoulders, it was almost like showing off tattoos. I felt a bit naked, with no marks of my own to display. And yes, I've got to admit that's the reason I went there in the first place.

I've always been fascinated by vampires. I guess it was just a matter of time before I slept with one. In a way, it's a bit surprising that it took me so long. It's been fifteen years since I left home for college and started that long string of charming princes that turned into lousy frogs after a few nights or a few months. Fifteen years since I first had sex on that too small dorm room bed. Last night, when *he* touched me, I felt like a virgin all over again.

I had been at the club for a little while when he arrived, but when he came onto the dance floor, my eyes went straight to him—and never left. He isn't particularly tall, and his clothes weren't flashy in the least, suit pants and a beige shirt unbuttoned halfway down his dark honey chest. But something in the way he stood, in the way he moved, drew me in. I was caught the moment I saw him, and he didn't even know I was there. Three or four girls descended on him and started dancing around him, close enough that they were practically humping him, but at the same time he seemed to be alone, dancing by himself, for his own pleasure. And let me tell you, he knows how to dance. He dances... It's going to sound stupid, but I was going to say, he

dances the same way he makes love. With the same sensuality, the same strength, and that look in his eyes... Yes, I got to compare both things firsthand.

When I stepped onto the dance floor and toward him, I just wanted to get close. I wasn't planning on actually trying to talk to him or anything else. The girls around him were younger than me. Prettier. Sexier. But his eyes looked past them and into mine, he raised his hand toward me, and before I knew it, I had taken it and I was dancing with him. Against him. Close enough that I could tell he had no body heat, but by then I was already sure he was a vamp.

As we danced, his fingers fluttered over my arms, my back, my sides, barely brushing wherever my dress left skin exposed through those diamond cutouts I love so much. I love them even more after last night. To feel his touch like that, so innocent and at the same time a promise for much, much more... It was intoxicating. I didn't drink more than a glass of wine last night, but I felt a little drunk when I was in his arms, moving alongside him. I was drunk on his touch, on the slight smile on his lips, and on the heat in his eyes. They are very dark, but I could have sworn I saw flames dancing through them.

I don't remember what words exactly he murmured when he leaned so close that his lips brushed against my ear. I remember only that I trembled when I said yes, and his hand slipped down my arm to clasp mine. He led me through the crowd, and a few dirty looks were thrown my way. A few envious ones, too.

When we reached the parking lot, he opened the passenger door of his car for me and I had this fleeting thought that if I climbed in, there was no turning back—and no telling how the night would end either. I had that fantasy of being bitten by a vampire, of being needed on that very primal level, but I guess one can never know until after the fact whether a vamp is out to feed or kill.

He gently closed the door after me, and only then did I realize that I had made my decision when I had come to the club, before I ever laid my eyes on him. That thought calmed me enough that, once he had started the car, I managed to ask his name.

“Anando,” he replied, flashing me a smile. “What's yours?”

“Virginia.”

For a few seconds, the only sound was that of the engine purring, then he asked, “Tonight was the first time you ever came to the club, wasn't it?”

“It was. How did you know?” I turned sideways on the well-worn leather seat so that I could see him. In the brief light of passing cars, his features were hard to distinguish.

“I am there just about every night.” Another smile in my direction lit up his whole face. “I would have noticed you if you had come before.”

From anyone else, at any other time, I would have snorted at such a claim. But it was difficult not to believe him when he had ignored the girls at the club to reach toward me instead. My cheeks felt on fire.

“So what brought you there tonight?” he continued when I didn’t answer. “Looking for anything in particular? Anyone?”

*You*, I wanted to answer, but it was just too cliché. And I had a feeling that he already knew anyway.

The ride was short. When he pulled up into a driveway, the house that appeared wasn’t anything I would have imagined. In my mind, vampires had to live in old, decrepit mansions, all the windows boarded up against the sun, with a family graveyard or maybe dark woods in the background. Instead, he led me up a pathway lined up by fragrant rose bushes to a contemporary one-story house with wide French windows. The inside wasn’t the dusty, candle-lit interior of vampire movies; rather, it was a sparsely furnished but comfortable home, with light wooden floors and earthy tones on the walls and fabrics.

“Would you like a drink, Virginia?” he offered as we walked into the living room.

I would never have thought I’d be bold enough to suggest what I said next. “Would you?”

I had tilted my head, enough to make it clear what I meant. His eyes caressed the curve of my neck and shoulder and he smiled, just widely enough that I could see a fang.

“Maybe later.”

With his hand at the small of my back, he guided me into the hallway and toward the bedroom. The colors in there were darker, bolder, shades of blue on the walls, carpet, drapes and bed linens, dark walnut furniture around the room. The only jarring note was a white wooden chest against the wall. My eyes rested on it for a few moments before Anando recaptured my attention.

Standing behind me, he rested his hands on my shoulders and slipped his fingers beneath the straps of my dress. They slid off and down my arms at his touch, so that when he pulled down the zipper in the back, the dress fell off me to pool at my feet. I still had on my bra and panties,

but I felt naked and exposed. Even more so maybe, because even though I couldn't see him, I knew he was still fully dressed.

His cool lips pressing at the nape of my neck made me shiver. I thought he would bite me then, and I arched my neck to the side for him. But all he did was kiss me, light kisses along my shoulder while his arms curled around me and held me against him. I could feel his cock, pressed against my ass, hard and grinding against me. It wasn't enough. I had to hold it, hold him, guide him inside me—and I had to do it now.

I stepped out of my shoes and pushed them and my dress away before turning in his embrace. The flames I had seen earlier in his eyes were back and I had to drop my gaze. My fingers trembled a little when I undid the only three buttons that held the front of his shirt together. Splayed over his chest to push the fabric off his shoulders, my hands seemed paler than usual against the brown honey of his skin. His nipples were barely a shade darker, and they peaked to small points when I traced my fingers over them. He wasn't moving at all under my exploration, but I could practically feel, just beneath the surface of his skin, incredible strength tightly contained and held in check. I leaned in and closed my lips over his nipple. He shivered. That I could make such a strong man react with just a touch of my mouth made me feel lightheaded. It also made me crave more.

In a hurry now, I attacked the fastenings of his pants and pushed them and his boxers down until I could hold his cock in my hand. Thick and heavy, slowly warming up between my fingers, it was beautiful. Just holding it like that was sending threads of raw want through me. I would have dropped to my knees and worshipped him with my mouth, but he cupped my face in his hand and brought my eyes back to his.

“Would you like to play?” he murmured. His voice was pure sin.

I briefly tightened my hand around his cock. “I thought we were playing already.”

He chuckled quietly at that and pressed his lips to mine. The kiss was hard, almost brutal when he invaded my mouth with his tongue. It turned my knees to jelly and left me breathless, and I had to lean against him for support, trapping his cock between us as I did.

“We can play this game, if you want.” His words were a caress against my cheek. “Or we can try something different.”

It didn't occur to me then that it was already different; he was a vampire, after all, and I had expected his fangs to enter the 'game' at some point. The promise in his voice was just too much to resist, and I nodded, my throat too tight in anticipation to speak anymore.

"Look in the box."

Even without looking at his face, I knew he was grinning. Gentle hands turned me away from him and toward the white chest I had noticed when entering the room.

"See if anything catches your eye in there."

As loath as I was to sever all contact with him, I did as he asked, and went to kneel in front of the chest. I didn't know what to expect when I unlatched the top and swung it open. What I found made me blush. Made me lose my breath. Made my whole body so hot that even the two scraps of lace that covered me seemed stifling.

My eyes took in the contents one item at a time, and with each of them torrid thoughts flooded my mind, flashes of fantasies I had never known I had in me. I have never been one for toys when it comes to sex. Or rather, I had never been. Last night changed that.

At the very bottom, heavy chains were coiled on themselves, and for a heartbeat I could see myself chained to the ceiling, helpless, exposed, and loving every minute of it. Next to the chains, several pairs of handcuffs, some lined with soft-looking fabric, summoned images of being bound to the four-poster bed and just as powerless. The leather whip resting half on top of the handcuffs made me shiver; I have no tolerance for pain. But the fur flogger with it made something stir inside me that I would never have guessed was there. Sprinkled over all of these were several dildos of different shapes and forms, some no wider than two of my fingers together, others long and thick enough that I took in a deep, shaky breath at the idea of a lover pushing one inside me. Another toy puzzled me for an instant before I understood what the leather strap attached to it was for. I breathed a little harder at the overwhelming picture of the strap-on buckled to my body, and Anando on his hands and knees in front of me on the bed. I had to shake my head to clear my mind a little and keep looking.

In a compartment on the side, several large candles would have looked innocent enough by themselves, but within this particular chest they seemed almost decadent. One of my boyfriends, a few years back, had wanted to experiment with melted wax and I hadn't particularly enjoyed it. Somehow, I had a feeling Anando would have made a repeat of the experience far more interesting if he had convinced me to try—and it wouldn't have taken much to convince me, not

when my body was thrumming with need. But he didn't say anything, and while I knew he was only a couple of steps behind me, I didn't dare look at him.

The most innocuous items in that chest were silk scarves, and when I reached in, that's what I pulled out. As I stood again, Anando stepped right behind me, close enough that his cock left a wet trace when it made contact with my lower back.

"Interesting choice," he said. "Are they for me to use on you, or..." His voice trailed off when I nodded. Curling a hand at my waist, he led me to the bed.

My heart was still beating frantically from the wild ideas his play things had unleashed in my head, and I remained passive as he pulled the scarves from my hand to lay them on the bed, then unclasped my bra and dropped it to the floor. My panties came off next. They were so soaked that they left a wet trail down my legs as he pulled them down. My entire body was crying out for him to touch me, take me, hard or gentle, fast or slow, any way he wanted as long as he quenched that thirst he had awakened in me. Instead, he whispered once more in my ear, asking me to lie down in the center of the bed.

I did as he asked, biting down on my lower lip so that I wouldn't plead for more already. He knelt down next to me, legs barely spread, his cock arching upward and glistening at the very tip. I couldn't take my eyes off it, and didn't notice what he was doing until a length of silk obscured my vision.

"That will help you pay attention," he said with a hint of amusement in his voice, and knotted the blindfold on the side of my head.

The silk was so light that I could still see a little, just enough to distinguish Anando and know where he was. He wasn't speaking anymore, and all I could do now was feel. The satin sheet was smooth and cool beneath me, but since I wasn't moving the sensation faded out quickly. That left me to anticipate Anando's movements, and when I felt him move my body started tensing, even arching up to make his touch happen that much sooner. When it came, it was as light as a summer breeze upon my breast. Silk flowed over my skin, back and forth, teasing my nipples into hard nubs that begged for more. Without thinking, I raised a hand to where I thought Anando's would be to bring it down to me. He clucked his tongue reprovably.

"Now, that will never do, Virginia."

The way he said my name was a caress as smooth as the silk he now ran over my right arm and toward my wrist. I knew what he was doing before he pulled my arm up behind my head to

secure it to the headboard. He quickly did the same thing with my left arm, leaving me bound and blind. I barely knew him at all, and to be in this position should have alarmed me, I suppose. But if my heart continued to beat too fast, it was from arousal, not fear. The bonds that held me were loose enough that I was certain I could have freed myself if I had really tried. They were designed to remind me to let him do what he wanted, not to hold me down against my will.

He went back to teasing my nipples; the silk slowly began to chafe, feeling almost coarse on my oversensitive flesh, and still it wasn't enough and I needed more. I tried not to squirm but I did hiss. He stopped moving instantly, leaving the fabric over my chest. I didn't have the time to wonder what would come next. His mouth was suddenly on me, wet suction that soothed but felt so different for the silk between his mouth and my breast. I could feel his tongue pressing against my nipples, his lips brushing over them, his teeth closing, oh so gently, in a painless bite, and it all felt better than I would have imagined—and even more frustrating. It felt as though he had touched me more on the dance floor than he was doing now.

“Anando, please.”

I hate pleading; I hated even more that he chuckled when he answered.

“I thought I *was* pleasing you. I guess I have to try harder.”

Harder was exactly what I wanted, but it wasn't what he gave me—at least, not right away. Instead, he slid down the bed until he was between my legs, and started running two lengths of silk over me, going from calf to hip on one side and hip to calf on the other, the caress of silk as light as ever.

Slowly, so slowly that I didn't notice at first, the trailing ends of the scarves started running on the inside of my thighs and toward the apex of my legs. The first elusive contact with my folds had me gasping and arching up, but I quickly realized that the silk remained away from where I wanted it most if I moved. Resigned, I tried to control myself and stay absolutely still, and the dancing caress, light as a butterfly's wing, returned. It didn't take long before the silk became wet and adhered to my flesh. Anando left it there and cupped his hand over it. I moaned at the feeling, then again when he started rubbing my clit in slow circles. As before, the presence of the silk between his fingers and me changed the sensations, sharpening them, while making me beg for more. I didn't care anymore that I was pleading.

“So very pretty.”

He had leaned over me, and said his praise right against my lips. He was pressing down against my breast, and the wet fabric over my nipples shifted enough that I could finally feel his skin on mine. He slid his cock back up and down over the silk covering my opening a few times. It was maddening. When he finally pulled the scarf away, I breathed out a sigh of relief that immediately turned into a cry. He pushed his cock inside me fast, faster than I had expected, and stole my breath away. After the teasing of the past minutes—was it only minutes? It felt like hours—to finally have him thrusting into me, strong and steady, sent my body crashing into a wave of pleasure I hadn't felt rising.

He stilled for a minute, riding the wave with me as I contracted around his cock, and when my orgasm had subsided he picked up right where he had stopped, his rhythm gradually gaining momentum. I would have thought I'd be sore, but all I felt was pleasure as he ground into me, and the wave started rising again. Legs raised high, I tried to accompany his tempo and accentuate his movements.

I wished I could have held on to him, touched him, watched him just as I knew he was watching me. I must have voiced the thought, because he reached over and untied my wrists, then pulled away the blindfold. The intensity of his gaze was beyond words, and I couldn't tear my eyes away. I clutched at his shoulders, locked my legs behind him, trying in the same instant to prolong the moment and reach that growing pleasure that promised to crash down on me harder than the first time.

All it took, in the end, was to see Anando's features as his own orgasm swept him. He was... radiant. I don't think there's another word. Radiant and beautiful. He was pulsing inside me, pressing on that elusive spot that can make me see stars. I blacked out.

I slept there, in his arms, and woke up in the morning to the feel of him slowly, so very slowly taking me from behind, his hands playing over my body without the restraint he had shown earlier in the night. This time, I came when he bit my shoulder and took a little blood from me. The feeling was everything I had expected, yet it paled in comparison to what Anando had shown me earlier.

He offered me breakfast, later, and we made small talk that was surprisingly not uncomfortable. When it was time for me to leave, he called a cab, and wove around my neck one of the scarves that had held my arms. He kissed me, smiled at me, and as I left he asked me what I would pick from the box next time.

I didn't answer then, mostly because I didn't think there would be a next time. As fantastic as last night was, as fascinated by vampires as I am, that was never what I wanted. I went to the club to find a vamp and satisfy my curiosity on what it would be like. I never intended for it to be anything more than a night and a bite, but if I went back it'd be a lot more than that, eventually, I'm sure of it.

But now that I have recalled all of this, now that I have relived it, I...

How could I not go back?

**The End**

### **Excerpt from Out of the Box 2**

I arrived at On The Edge early, barely after sunset, and although there were already people on the dance floor, the crowd was nothing compared to what I had seen the previous week. I ordered a cocktail at the bar on the ground level and went down one staircase to stand on one of the suspended bridges. I sipped on the drink slowly, my eyes on the dancers beneath me but I wasn't really seeing them.

Instead, I was remembering, yet again, what had happened on that night a week earlier, how Anando had reached toward me, what it had been like to dance with him, what his hands had felt like on me, first on the dance floor, then when he had taken me home and undressed me. The white chest. The toys. The scarves. His cock. His fangs.

Slow sips turned into larger gulps, and it wasn't long before I returned to the bar to get another drink. A different bartender took my order, tall and dark-haired, his eyes so dark they seemed completely black. He didn't say a word, but I could practically feel his gaze caressing my neck where Anando had bitten me.

I made a decision at that moment. Whatever happened, it couldn't go that far again, I had to stay in control. And I finally knew what toy I would choose for that. I paid for the drink and left to return to my observation point. This time when I scanned the dance floor and its growing

crowd, I could actually see the people down there, and I started looking for darker skin and fluid movements.

I wanted to see Anando first. I was certain that having a few moments to compose myself before I went to him would help me hold on to my resolve to remain in control.

The feel of a light hand brushing against my exposed shoulders startled me enough that I spilled some of my drink over my hand when I whirled back.

“It took you long enough to come back,” Anando said, a small smile playing on his lips. “I was beginning to think I scared you.”

### **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 over 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 free short stories and sample chapters, visit <http://original.kallysten.net>

### **Other stories available:**

#### [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...

#### [Out of the Box 6](#)

Despite her fears and reservations, through all their encounters, Virginia has never said no to Anando. This time, though, when she arrives early and is approached by Lisa and Brett, then when Anando makes her dance with Brett while he dances with Lisa, she guesses that he wants them, or one of them, to join them in bed.

This, she tells him, she won't do – she won't sleep with someone she feels nothing for.

As it turns out, however, it's someone else Anando has in mind, someone that Virginia is attracted to...

#### [Out of the Box 7](#)

Her last encounter with Anando left Virginia with questions she barely knows how to voice. She enjoyed being the focus of two men's attentions, but Leo's need to obtain permission from his lover to be with her puzzles her.

Why would anyone choose to place themselves so completely in someone else's power, she asks Anando. His hands-on demonstration answers her question – along with a few more she did not dare ask.

### [Out of the Box 8](#)

For Halloween, Anando suggests a new game to Virginia – for a night, they will trade roles and he will play at being human while she will embody a vampire on the hunt.

Another game, another night of passion... but Virginia's curiosity might end things abruptly...

### [Out of the Box 9](#)

Anando's abrupt disappearance after their last game left Virginia desperate for a last word from him, a last kiss, a last encounter.

A forgotten cell phone provides her with the first, but it's an unexpected ally that gives her the chance to see Anando one last time. The fire between them burns as hot as ever, and when morning comes, saying goodbye is difficult.

But then, is it really goodbye?

### [Out of the Box 10](#)

Anando thought he had said his goodbyes, but the meddling of his Sire and the confession of a woman from his past change everything.

He returns to Haventown, not to fall in bed with Virginia again, but to ask her a question. When she stands in front of him, however, he finds himself unable to ask her that simple but so important question.

Will he leave while he still can, or will he risk his heart and stay a little longer?