

Because you've been such good and patient SPs, here's the completed version of BABY, YOU'VE CHANGED. Hope it gives you warm, happy feelings this Valentine's Day!

"Baby, You've Changed"

By Angela Knight

I'm told everybody squirms a little on seeing somebody they made love to as a teenager. Maybe you gained weight. Maybe he picked up a few scars. Maybe, like me, you said something stupidly thoughtless when you broke it off that makes you wince as an adult.

But I suspect my reunion with Captain Gage Deauxville hit new depths of Godawful unplumbed in the history of romance.

To begin with, our little meeting didn't exactly take place at a Star Academy reunion. Nope, I and the rest of the crew of the Xe'vit had just been captured by Deauxville's Intrepid after a running four-hour space battle during the conquest of Arcana.

Not that we made it easy. After the Xe'vit was disabled by several really well-placed Intrepid antimatter volleys, we fought like hell to repel the enemy's boarding parties, with me and my Arcanan Marines in the lead.

Didn't do much good. Deauxville's mercs were just too damned battle-hardened for a shipload of human draftees, no matter how desperate. Most of my mates were grass-green fresh recruits, no match for Deauxville's troops, fully half of whom were either vamp or genetically engineered anyway. I knew when the boarding started we were fucked, and I was right.

After the obligatory ass-kicking – and the post ass-kicking trip to the ship's medtechs for treatment of some ugly beamer burns – all us Marines were ordered to report to the Xe'Vit's quarterdeck. My boys and girls didn't like the sound of that much, and to tell the truth, neither did I. My old lover had built himself a very dark reputation, so dark I was still wondering whether it really was him.

Until they lined us up on the quarterdeck, us unarmed in our shipsuits, them in boarding armor. Deauxville came out to review us all, and my heart sank. It was him, all right.

Of course, he was a hell of a lot bigger than the half-grown 17-year-old I'd seduced as a bitchy little teenaged Fem. Hard to tell how much of it was him and how much was that matte black boarding armor, but he towered over every Marine in the line. Except maybe Tiny, who wasn't really human to begin with.

But that face – that face I knew. He'd been such a pretty kid all those years ago, with that beautifully sculptured bone structure that looked like something Michelangelo had chiseled, with big blue eyes and a sweet, kissable mouth. A young archangel I had thoroughly enjoyed corrupting with all the wicked experience that comes from being a whole year older.

The beauty was still there, but it was darker now, harder. A scar slashed from his forehead, across one eye, and down an elegant cheek, but it somehow set his looks off instead of ruining them. I imagined what the original wound must have been like and winced. It was a miracle he hadn't lost that eye.

I also wondered why he hadn't had the scar surgically removed. What kind of statement was he trying to make with that?

As he walked down the line of my Marines, I saw him study each of them in turn, meeting their eyes with an icy crystalline stare. If any of them had any thoughts of giving the Intrepid's crew a hard time, they didn't by the time he went past.

Watching him terrorize my unit, I remembered the time I used my Fem strength to hold him down and suck his beautiful young cock into a gushing orgasm. I remembered the adoration in those blue eyes when he told me he loved me.

And I remembered telling him I could never fall for a mere human like him.

With the sort of thoughtless cruelty only a teenage girl can manage, I'd told him I was a Fem, genetically engineered for battle. I wanted a man of my own kind who could match me strength for strength, and more. Dominate me, even. Not a guy I could hold down and suck off without working up a sweat. I wanted a Warlord.

God, what a fucking idiot I'd been.

I don't know whether Deauxville read the wince of apology in my eyes when he reached me in that line. I do know he stared down into my face for a long, long time while I tried to decide what, if anything, I should say. Then, slowly, chillingly, he smiled, revealing half-inch fangs.

My beautiful Gage Deauxville wasn't a "mere" human any more. He was a vampire. And one of the nastiest military commanders in this part of the galaxy.

Without saying a word, he pivoted on his heel and aimed an offhand command at the Intrepid trooper behind him. "That one."

"Aye, sir." The trooper lifted his stun rifle and pointed into my face.

Shit.

Before I could react, the lights went out.

I came to lying in a puddle of drool on cold deck plate. Eeeeww. I lifted my head – which promptly began to pound so hard I dropped it again. Making a supreme effort, I managed to roll over and blink at the ceiling a long, long way over my head. It wasn't a familiar ceiling. It wasn't on board the Xe'Vit anymore.

No sooner had the thought registered that I must be on the Intrepid than I realized something else. My back, pressed against that cold deck, was completely bare. Lifting my head, I discovered that so was the rest of me.

I was naked.

To make matters worse, GageDeauxville towered over me, his blue eyes locked on my face with a distinctly hostile gleam. And he was just as naked as I was, every last centimeter of tanned, gleaming muscle on breath-stealing display. Including his huge, rock-hard erection. As I watched, completely frozen with astonishment, he deliberately squirted a tube of something into one hand and slicked it over his shaft. He'd always been hung, but....

"Damn, you've grown." I wished I could recall the words the instant they were out of my mouth.

He gave me a slow, nasty smile, still slowly stroking that massive dick. "A lot of it in the last few minutes."

Lying on the deck was beginning to seem like an invitation. I scrambled to my feet, though my head throbbed in protest. Licking dry lips, I eyed the hand stroking that long, thick organ. "Is there a reason you're greasing your cock, Gage?"

"I'm planning to celebrate my conquest." The smile widened, making it uncomfortably obvious just where he intended to do his celebrating.

I swallowed and met his hot, threatening gaze. Even without the armor, he was a full head taller than I. As a merc, I was no stranger to beautifully sculpted male bodies, but Gage was as powerfully built as a Viking class warlord, from corded throat and massive chest all the way down to his big feet. He dwarfed me in every dimension. If he'd still been human, I could have kicked his ass anyway; my Fem strength would have been at least three times greater. But he was a vampire now, and that meant he was significantly stronger than even a Warlord. Which meant I didn't have a prayer.

I lifted my chin anyway. "The Gage I knew wasn't a rapist."

"You dumped the Gage you knew." He stepped closer to loom, a wall of male muscle and hostile sensuality. "At the time, you said you wanted someone who could ... take you. Hand to hand."

"I said a lot of shit I didn't mean." Including the part about not loving you. "I was too young and dumb to know better."

"Don't try to play me, Tamir ." That was genuine anger flaring in his eyes now. "You meant exactly what you said. I've researched Warlord culture – all those elaborate courtship and dominance games. You would never have treated a Warlord the way you treated me."

Because a Warlord would have seen my actions as the sexual challenge they'd been – an invitation to a dominance duel. And if I'd lost that fight, he'd have seen it as his right to indulge in what my people view as the ultimate act of conquest: a hard, deep ass fucking. The kind Gage evidently had in mind now.

Something I'd still never experienced – though I wasn't about to admit that to my vampire captor.

My mouth was completely dry. Involuntarily, my eyes drifted down to his long, thick cock, imagining the way that broad shaft would feel forcing its way into my anus. Deep down, as humiliating as it was, some part of me was getting turned on. God help me, my sweet young lover had turned into the kind of hard, dominant male my darker fantasies had always revolved around.

So why did I feel ... regret?

"I never meant to hurt you." The minute I said the words, I mentally cringed. Not a smart thing to say to a guy you've humiliated.

Sure enough, the nasty glint in his eyes brightened. "Don't worry, darling – I plan to get my revenge." His gaze flicked downward. I followed them automatically. And saw what I should have noticed immediately, had I not been so hypnotized by Gage's gorgeous cock.

On the deck at his feet lay a broadsword, with a lethal point and a visibly sharp edge. It definitely wasn't a practice weapon. I felt something cold coil in my belly.

When I looked up again, I found him watching me, cool and calculating. "Pick it up, Tamir ."

I took a step back. "What?"

"We're going to fight my own variation of a dominance duel." He crouched and picked up the blade himself, giving it a few effortless practice swings. "If I win, you become my bloodslave, and I do my ... celebrating in your tight little ass while I feed." His smile revealed fangs so long, sharp and white, I instantly imagined how they'd feel sinking into my throat. With an offhand gesture, he tossed me the sword. I caught it automatically. "If you win, you avoid a permanent spot on my personal menu. Know how to kill a vampire?"

Of course I knew – I was a space marine. I'd even done it, when I'd had to. But the idea of beheading Gage Deauxville made my gut twist in such horror I almost dropped the sword. "Gage, I am not going to fight you."

"Good." He bared his fangs. "Bend over wide, Tamir."

I stared at him as he began to stalk me. He was fucking huge, in every sense of the word. It hit me again that this wasn't the Gage I'd known – this was a vampire. I didn't know what he was capable of, what had happened to him over the past fifteen years, what – or whom – he'd done. Though part of me found him deliciously arousing, and part remembered the Gage of my girlhood, I was too much a hardened mercenary to turn myself over to a vampire without a fight.

I lifted the sword. "Kiss my ass."

"Actually, I'd rather fuck it." And he came for me.

I jumped back barely ahead of his lunge, my heart bounding in my chest. Automatically, I swung my sword at him, pulling it at the last minute. Not that the strike would have landed anyway, judging from the cat-quick way he twisted aside. Damn, the man was fast.

His chilly blue gaze flicked from my blade to my eyes. Slowly, he smiled in dark satisfaction. I knew he'd realized I had tried to avoid hitting him at the last second. And I knew he interpreted that to mean I wasn't nearly as opposed to being fangbanged as I should have been. I snarled at him, my pride stung. Dammit, I would not be easy prey for him.

When he came at me again, I put my back into my swing – but I aimed at his leg. I still didn't want him

dead, just stopped.

Not that it did me any good. He leaped over my swing and lunged for me. I barely eluded those big hands. I'd fought vampires before, but he was even faster and more powerful than my previous opponents.

Warily, I retreated as he stalked me, forcing me to dance aside to avoid his long, powerful reach. I knew if he got his hands on me, it was over.

I also knew I could finish it just as fast. I'm good with a sword – all my people are. If Gage had been any other vamp bent on anal rape and stupid enough to face me unarmed, I'd have taken his head in a blink. But every time I looked in those hot blue eyes, I couldn't bring myself to use any of the openings I saw.

But he did.

Curling his lip back from those razored fangs, he lunged at me, straight on and fearless, forcing me to shift my blade aside to avoid skewering him through the chest. As I gasped at the close call, one big hand engulfed my wrist as a foot swept my ankles. He slammed into me, and we both hit the ground. I managed to hold onto the blade, but before I could roll away, he was wrapped around me, a hot, muscled blanket, one hand holding my sword wrist pinned, his feet hooking my calves. I writhed, trying to jerk free, but he only laughed, a dark, masculine chuckle that reverberated in my ear.

"Dinner time," he purred.

"Fuck you!" I heaved and struggled, desperately trying to work free of his hold. I got nowhere. Despite my resistance, he coiled around me like a human python until he had me stretched out and immobilized in a wrestling hold.

"Oh, baby," he whispered in my ear, his deep voice wicked and amused. "Looks like I'll be having my favorite dish – Fem kabob." I felt his cock jerk against my butt, long and hard and eager.

"Son of a bitch!" I gasped, straining against his powerful body -- with absolutely no effect. He had me in a hammer lock, one massive arm curled around my shoulders, holding my left arm raised and trapped

over my head even as he reached past my head to grip my sword wrist. No matter how I fought, I couldn't free myself. I was completely helpless against his overwhelming vampire strength.

And I'd never been so hot in my life.

"Speaking of someone who's grown," he said, reaching his free hand around to toy delicately with the peaks of my arched, heaving breasts. He palmed one quivering globe, weighing it in his hand. "These have definitely improved with age." Gently, he squeezed, then caught my nipple between his fingers and pinched with such wicked skill that a moan escaped before I could suppress it. I could feel my cunt flooding. "Sensitive, too." For several long moments, there was no sound but my rapid breathing as my captor milked pleasure from my desperately hard tips, first one, then the other. It was all I could do not to rub my ass against the forged steel length of him. Until he said, his voice rough with lust, "You do realize I've got you exactly where I want you?" Delicately, he licked the taut cord in my neck and slid his feet higher up my calves, prying my thighs apart, forcing my butt back against him until his shaft pressed hard against the cleavage of my cheeks. "In this position, I can slide my cock right up your tight little asshole while I sink my fangs into your throat." He licked the thin skin again, then opened his mouth wider until he could scrape the points of his teeth across my pulse. Just hard enough to make me shiver. "Give you a deep, grinding fuck while I feed. Possess you more thoroughly than any of your precious Warlords ever could. And you'll love it, even when you feel like I'm splitting you wide. That's why every horny vamp dreams of capturing a Warfem. You've all got this delicious masochistic streak."

"Go to hell!" Not the most clever response in the world, but with my cunt going so wet, I was finding it hard to think. I jerked and writhed, but he held me easily.

"Oh, yeah!" he purred. "Rub that round little ass against my cock. God, I love this position." I quivered helplessly as he brushed his long, strong hand over my belly on the way to my pussy. When he got to it, he slid a big finger boldly between my lips. And laughed, darkly triumphant. "I think you like it too, judging by all this slick cream. Too bad, babe." He rolled his hips, rubbing that long, thick shaft against my butt. "I'm afraid I've got another orifice in mind for this particular fuck. Speaking of which...." He pulled his finger from my hot cunt as I bit back a moan, reached deeper between my thighs with that long, muscled arm....

And found my anus.

I sucked in a hard breath as he slowly forced his forefinger into the tightly crimped little opening. The sensation of being penetrated there was so hot and wicked and just slightly painful that I gasped, jolting against him. "You a virgin, Tamir?" he rumbled into my ear.

I licked my lips, trying to decide whether to admit it. "Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not. What do you think?"

I could almost hear the wicked grin in his voice. "I think maybe I'll be merciful." A second finger forced its way deep, sliding alongside the first. I sucked in a breath. "Or maybe I won't." He pressed deeper, scissoring his fingers, forcing me to stretch. I couldn't quite suppress the whimper. "On second thought, forget mercy. Buttfucking Tamir Adair has been my favorite kinky fantasy far too long." He rolled with me, flattening me under his weight as he slowly hunched his powerful hips against my butt. "Virgin or not, darling, you're in for a very rough ride."

I went limp under him, abandoning even the pretense of resistance as excitement burned hot trails along my nerves. "Jesus, Gage," I moaned. "You're making me hot."

"That's it," he crooned. "Submit. Relax that tight little asshole for your new master's cock. God, I'm hard. I'm going to make you scream, Tamir."

I moaned, my face pressed to the deck, staring sightlessly at the sword in my lax hand, totally absorbed in the sensations of his body lifting off mine, his hands catching my cheeks, preparing to spread me.

It was then that I realized my sword arm was free.

In that instinct, my mercenary's fighting instincts told me I had him. All I had to do was twist around, swing that sword and....

I'd win. I'd be free. I wouldn't even have to kill him, just wound him. Otherwise, I'd become his Bloodslave, prey to his fangs and cock, his to spread and fuck whenever he wanted. Mouth. Pussy. Ass. Blood. All his.

I looked at the sword in my hand, feeling my muscles coil, ready to spin around and....

Instead I opened my fingers and watched them slide away from the hilt. Leaving the sword where it lay, I braced my elbows on the floor and lifted my rump, offering myself to Gage Deauxville. The man I'd never stopped loving, despite my stupid teenaged fantasies of dominant Warlords.

Gage laughed in my ear, softly triumphant. "That's my girl. Spread your cheeks for me, Tamir."

Startled, I looked over my shoulder at him, realizing suddenly he'd given me that opening deliberately. "What would you have done if I'd gone for the sword, Gage?"

He bared his teeth. "Slap it out of your hand, ream your ass, and let you go."

I eyed him. "And now?"

The bared teeth became a hot grin. "Well, I won't be letting you go."

I grinned back. "Good."

Then I caught my rear cheeks in both hands and spread myself for my new master's use.

He took that massive cock in hand and set the rounded tip against my sensitive virgin anus. I had to swallow a whimper as he began to force it inside, stretching the delicate tissue mercilessly.

Jesus, he was huge. That big shaft felt as if it was going to rip my ass wide open as he slowly, relentlessly worked more and more of it into the desperately tight opening. "Damn, Tamir," he rumbled, "you're so fucking luscious." I felt his big hands wrap around my hips, drag me closer, impaling me completely.

"God! It's...." I didn't even know a word intense enough for it. Taking Gage Deauxville's dick up my ass was overwhelming, painful – and darkly, powerfully erotic.

Finally, he had all of it inside, as far as he could reach. I was lying there, limp and dazed and skewered, when I felt him suddenly come down over me completely, wrapping his legs and arms around me in that immobilizing wrestler's hold again. He rolled with me so he was half under me, half on his side. Then,

when he had me stretched helplessly over his big body, he slowly began to thrust.

It hurt. And yet – there was a dark, luscious pleasure to it, too, a pleasure that intensified when he reached his free hand down between my thighs to stroke my hard clit. I jolted and quivered as the wicked delight grew with every buggering stroke of his cock. I went bonelessly limp in the face of the pleasure-pain, moaning helplessly. Barely aware when he lowered his head to the arch of my throat.

The sharp prick of his fangs sinking into my skin tore a groan from my mouth. "Jesus, Gage!"

He rumbled something feral against my throat and began to drink in long swallows as he slowly thrust his hips, using my ass, still stroking my clit.

The climax took me by surprise, tearing a scream from my throat as I arched my back to force his cock even deeper up my ravaged anus. Distantly I heard his triumphant growl, and then he was hunching hard, screwing me without mercy as he fed. I screamed in pleasure-pain, and the orgasm intensified, pounding through me in time to his ruthless anal strokes. Until, finally, I felt my master come deep in my ass, shooting me full of hot sperm.

It was a long time before either of us moved. "Now that," he said in my ear, "was worth becoming a vampire for." He gave the small wound in my throat a tender lick.

My eyes widened as I twisted my head to look at him. "You became a vampire for me?"

He shrugged. "You wanted a master." He grinned, flashing his fangs at me. "Now you've got one."

"Yeah," I said. "Seems I do."

I turned in his arms and found his lips with mine. His kiss was hot and skillful, and his mouth tasted of my blood. My asshole burned; I could feel his cum filling it. I didn't care.

Despite my teenage stupidity, despite years of empty loneliness, I had GageDeauxville back. And that

was all I'd ever really wanted.

THE END