

ENERGY THIEF



• ALTERNATE POV FROM THE OFFER •

FIRST MEETING WITH KELLEN

ENERGY THIEF

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NOTE TO READER

SPOILER WARNING

While this is a Kellen POV of his first meeting with Adie, it contains spoiler information not revealed until Succubus Harem 25.

Read at your own risk!



ENERGY THIEF

The bass rumbles like thunder, pounding in my blood and shaking my bones. Inside me, the ever-present storm surges in response, a demand to be freed, to shake the city and flood the streets. Strobe lights flash over the rolling dance floor below, mirroring the lightning that skates along my skin and dances in my hair. Static sticks my clothes to my body, a constant crackle and snap that makes me long for the storm that hovers outside my city. It calls to me, the mistress of my heart that I long to join with each time our paths cross.

I close my eyes on a shaky sigh, the urge to give in stronger with every day that passes. My body aches with the effort to stay grounded, to resist calling the storm closer, to build it into a

tsunami capable of destroying the city. It doesn't matter that this is my home, that my friends live and work here, that I have a vested interest in the city remaining intact.

All that matters is the storm.

The metal grate of the catwalk shakes as someone joins me, and irritation snaps sparklers from my fingertips for the intrusion.

"Boss! You have a call!" Slater, my club manager and sometimes DJ yells over the music. "It's important!"

"I told you I'm busy," I growl, my voice having no problem traveling the short distance between us. "Take a message."

"You've been up here for hours. No one's tripped the wards yet."

At last, I open my eyes and turn to stare at him. "If the wards are still active, then I'm still busy, aren't I?"

He scrubs a hand over his short, spiky hair. "Maybe the person you're waiting for isn't coming."

"They'll come." Confidence fills me, the same way I know the storm will pass by my city tonight. I feel it on the air, like a shift in seasons.

She's coming; I just have to be patient.

“Go away.” I close my eyes again. “You’re ruining my mood.”

His sigh drifts over like the first wisp of a hurricane. “What do I tell Mr. MacAteer?”

Thunder shakes my bones. “Tell him to fuck off. I’m not selling Fulcrum.”

“Yeah, I’m not ready to get murdered.” Slater backs toward the stairs. “I’ll tell him you’ll call him back.”

“I’m not calling him back!” I yell after him.

Slater cups a hand behind his ear and shakes his head like he can’t hear me. I don’t know why I keep the human around, except that he’s one of the few who knows what I am, and the contract I hold ensures his complete silence. Too bad it doesn’t ensure his undying respect and fear.

I should have left him and his roommates on the street and saved myself the headache of being responsible for four mouthy humans. I need them for my plans, though. Not that I’ll ever let them know the value I place in them. They’d just get cockier, and I don’t want to start over again from scratch.

Static snaps against my back, and for a moment, I think it’s the storm coming closer. Then, my skin tingles as my sigil flares to life. I

dampen it before it alerts the demon who just entered my club. Can't let her run away before I introduce myself.

My gaze sweeps the floor below, zeroing in on the white-haired woman with the swiftness of a lightning strike. The storm inside her barely registers, a tiny spring rain almost masked by the larger storm miles away from here.

I frown and reach for my cell phone, dialing the house number.

Tobias, my roommate and long-time friend, answers on the first ring and skips straight past the niceties. "Did you meet her?"

"She just arrived." I track the small succubus as she weaves into the center of the throbbing mass of dancers. "She feels new. Too new to be on the human plane."

"She does," Tobias agrees.

"We should find someone with more experience who can properly handle our power." But even as I say the words, I want to meet her.

Such a small storm needs someone to nurture it. It's been a long time since I had free rein to feed a storm without damaging something. If the succubus destroyed something down the line, that wouldn't be my fault, right?

“You’re curious,” Tobias purrs.

“Shut up with your temptation,” I snap. “I’m not Emil and weak to your tricks.”

“But you’ll meet her, regardless.”

“Damn straight I am.” I hang up before I have to hear his self-satisfaction. I’m curious, and Tobias has nothing to do with it.

Despite the desire to go down to the dance floor right away, I force myself to wait and watch.

Did she come here to hunt? It would be stupid of her to do so in my territory, but if she’s new to the human plane, she might not be aware I own the place, as I own much of the city.

An hour passes, and she stays entrenched with the humans, making no effort to stick to a single partner and lure them away to feed on. Maybe she really came here just to dance.

The storm outside rolls closer, skirting the edge of the city, then moves past, the more miles it travels away making it easier to tear myself free of its siren call.

At last, it passes out of my range, and my attention snaps back to the dance floor, where the tiny spring rain inside the succubus grows stronger.

Did I miss her feeding while distracted by the storm? Was she brazen enough to take a human on the dance floor?

But no, she'd be more powerful if she indulged just now.

The energy that curls around the crowd fluctuates, a small eddy that centers on the succubus, and I smile. Tricky, tricky little succubus, stealing the power from the very air.

Not on my watch. The humans who enter my club belong to me.

Focused on the succubus, I stride for the stairs and down to the ground floor. Even when I lose sight of her, her growing storm calls to me like a heartbeat, and my course stays true. I can track any storm, and she makes it easy by staying in place.

I weave through the dancers, the tug of the storm pulling me forward until I come up behind her. For now, she dances alone, head thrown back and arms over her head as she moves with the music, lost in the song's pulse. White hair curls down her back, the tips pale blue like freshly fallen rain. It ripples and moves counter to her swaying, soft and inviting.

Humans dance close to her as if drawn the

same way I am, their bodies brushing against hers as they bump and grind against each other in a primal way that disregards the bonds of unfamiliarity with their neighbors. They're all there for the same thing; to give in to passion and lust, to find release through movement, to be mindless and let their instincts carry them. It's what I love about dance clubs; the raw abandonment; the bonds formed by strangers who share a similar drive.

They don't know that every time they brush against the succubus's bare skin that she takes a token of their energy, that contact becomes an agreement and they lose a bit of themselves in the exchange.

But these humans are under my protection while here, and not open game for even the tiny amount the succubus draws to her.

A man fixes on the succubus, face flushed with one too many trips to the bar and sweat-slicked from dancing all night. His t-shirt flutters from his waistband, where he shoved it to cool down. Bare-chested, he'll give the succubus more than just a sip of his energy if he succeeds in his obvious determination to claim her.

Smooth as a spring breeze, I cut in front of him and slide my hands over the succubus's waist.

She moves under my touch, unconcerned, and leans back to rest her weight against me, her pert ass an enticing wiggle against me. But she doesn't lift her hands or try to force a skin-to-skin contact to draw energy from me, and the storm that rolls in her core stays quiet and lazy, not interested in the power I can offer.

I frown at the top of her head, confused by her lack of interest in feeding. I've never met a succubus who passed up so many willing opportunities to fill themselves on other people's energy. But she seems content to dance among the humans, passively accepting the energy humans throw off all on their own.

The slender waist I cup makes her seem fragile, which is a lie. A succubus full of power can toss me across the room. But she doesn't feel powerful, despite being here for hours now.

I lean down, inhaling deeply, and the barest wisp of sugar and spice rises from her skin, with a faint curl of ozone beneath. If I couldn't sense the small storm inside her, I wouldn't even register her as a demon.

Tobias is crazy to think she's a good fit for us, but I can't help but want this tiny storm. She calls to me in ways the other succubi haven't. The ones who come to us are old and powerful in their own right, greedy for energy and money, demanding and giving nothing of themselves in return.

If Tobias, Emil, and I weren't as strong as we are, they'd eat us alive without care. It's the nature of storms, to destroy without remorse, and the nature of succubi to take everything before moving on.

But she doesn't seem greedy, and that confuses me, which in turn intrigues me. I slide my hands up to her rib cage, enjoying the strength of bone and the pounding of her heart as I spread my fingers, testing how far I can reach. The generous undersides of her breasts sway against my fingers, inviting me to move higher, to cup their luscious swell and see how far they overflow my hands.

I bend lower, my voice a low rumble of thunder. "I've been watching you for a while."

Instead of interest, she smiles in amusement as she continues to dance. "I'm not interested."

Despite the words, the storm in her stirs, a

slow roll of clouds in answer to my thunder. My hand drops to splay over her stomach in encouragement. Finally, a reaction I expected. “No? You seem interested enough to me.”

She stiffens in my arms, her smile dipping into a scowl as she twists, and the storm inside her rumbles a warning, wild and angry. Beautiful blue eyes narrow on me, a rejection on her lips before her nostrils flare, and panic widens her eyes.

Did she *just* realize I wasn't human like the others around her? How defenseless is this succubus, not to recognize another demon right away?

Her muscles tense, energy humming through her. Succubi are fast when given the chance, so I tuck her closer to my body to keep her in place. Not wanting to attract attention, I keep us dancing. “None of that, now. If you run, I'll want to chase you.”

Her heart hammers like the crash of thunder trapped in her body as her panic rises. “What do you want?”

Not the response I expect. Shouldn't she be trying to seduce me? To bargain her way out of this?

I stare down at her, searching her frightened expression. If I tell her what I want at this moment, she'll run. I sense it in the fine tremors of her body, in the energy she hasn't released, yet, as she waits for her moment to escape.

My tone turns serious. There's more than one thing I want from her tonight, and the other one is well within my rights as a demon. "Payment for using my club to feed on."

"I—" Her eyes dart around the club, searching for something. "I didn't know."

"That's a poor excuse." The sweet scent that rises from her skin strengthens, and I dip down to breathe her in. She smells familiar, and I realize where I've run into this scent before. "You're the little succubus who moved here two months ago, aren't you?"

I own quite a few apartment complexes, and many of my tenants are demons. I must have smelled her while inspecting one of my properties.

"I filed my transfer paperwork." Her eyes narrow with suspicion. "Your club's not on the neighborhood registry."

Amusement rolls through me. While she did her homework, she wasn't thorough. "I'm on the

city registry, since this building crosses the territory lines.” I swing us around and point at the balcony that overlooks the dance floor. “That’s my mark, there.”

She squints at the black swirls that form my glyph. With the lights faced toward the dance floor, it’s nearly invisible, which shouldn’t be a problem. Any demon who enters here should sense it without seeing it.

She turns her narrowed eyes back on me. “That hardly counts.”

I restrain a laugh. “And yet it does.”

The song changes, and the humans around us bounce in time to the new tune.

I turn her toward the service hall that leads back to my office, wanting to get away from the crowd. “Come, let’s take this discussion to somewhere more private.”

She digs her heels in. “I don’t—”

“—want to leave with all that energy?” I interrupt. “I agree.” I release her long enough to transfer my grip to her arm, and static jumps between us where bare skin meets bare skin.

Her lips part on a gasp as tiny lightning bolts burrow under her flesh, her expression glazing

over with hunger as she stumbles forward a step, suddenly willing to follow.

Has she never tasted another demon before? The power we can give is far more than what humans offer.

As I lead her away from the dance floor, I rub my thumb in circles over the sensitive bend of her elbow, more of my power slipping into her. I follow the lightning along her bones and into her core, finding the small ball of energy she gleaned from my humans.

“Look at all this energy.” I catch her eyes, and they glaze over, drunk on the power I offer. She shouldn’t fall this fast or be so enthralled by such tiny sparks of power, but she watches me as if she can’t help herself. And that’s a heady feeling to possess, being the center of her attention. I feed her a little more, just to see the flush rise to her pale cheeks. “What do you need it all for?”

She blinks slowly, her steps turning fluid and sensual as she lets me lead her off the dance floor. “My meeting tomorrow.”

We reach the hall, dimly lit to discourage people from finding it, and the music fades, making it easier to talk.

“What kind of meeting?” I ask, though I’m sure she means the one Julian arranged for her to have with Emil and Tobias for her formal interview.

Without her resistance, I shift my hold back to her waist, trailing static in my wake, and nearly groan as she shivers in response. The reason for bringing her back here blurs, replaced by hungers of my own.

“With the bank.” She licks her lips, drawing my eyes to the plump, pink mouth that waits for mine. “For my cupcakes.”

The words kick me out of my lust fog, and I stare at her in bemusement. “Cupcakes?”

She nods, eyes still fixed on me, their depths a swirling blue sky that demands my attention. “I have a bouquet.”

“A bouquet of cupcakes?” I frown. This is the oddest conversation I’ve ever had with a succubus. “That you’re taking to the bank.”

She blinks again, and annoyance ripples across her face. The power inside her flexes, freezing the lightning inside her, and her eyes clear. “Yeah, a bouquet of cupcakes. You have a problem with that?”

“It’s a little unusual.” Wanting to see the

desire back in her gaze, I reach up to cup her face, static jumping along her skin. “But let’s talk about this stolen energy.”

“Stop that.” She ducks away from my touch, no longer easily swayed, and when I reach for her again, she snaps her teeth at me in warning. “Fuck off!”

I grin, liking this more than her drunk on my power. “Oh, feisty. I like that.”

I press her against the wall, one thigh slipping between hers to keep her from trying to hyper-speed away again.

She wiggles against me, her already short dress riding higher, and her heat rubs against my thigh. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“That’s my energy you’re filled with.” I cup her jaw, tipping her face up. With my lightning inside her, and my power over storms, there’s really no way she can stop me from reclaiming what’s mine. “I want it back.”

Anger flushes her cheeks and sparks in her eyes. “The fuck it’s—”

I cover her mouth with mine, cutting off the words. Her teeth clamp shut, refusing me entry as she glares at me with defiance. The challenge she offers excites me, and instead of forcing my

way in, I suck on her plump bottom lip, letting more of my power slip into her.

She shivers and wiggles against my thigh, but her glare stays firm. I smile against her mouth and trace my fingers down the sides of her throat, then over her delicate collarbone as I direct the lightning in her belly to spread lower. Her thighs clench around mine, and I press closer, rubbing against her core.

She gasps, mouth opening under mine, and my tongue slips in to rub against hers. She tastes like sugar and lightning and potential that I want to feed. But first, I have to reclaim what's mine.

I call back the lightning inside her, dragging out the energy she stole from my humans in the process. Tobias's fire is there, too, and I hesitate before taking that, too. The theft of energy must be returned with interest.

She moans as I pull the power from her, and I cup the back of her head, tipping her back to drink deeper, feeding the storm inside my own body.

She comes alive in my arms, her thighs clamping around mine as pleasure rolls through her body. I doubt she's ever had energy taken

from her before, not like this, and she lets out a desperate, needy little noise that has my hands moving to her ass, yanking her closer so she knows I'm hard and willing to give her what she needs.

She gives as good as she gets, her nails sinking into my ass as she undulates against my hard cock. Her tongue thrusts against mine, slipping into my mouth as she yanks me closer.

Heat throbs between us, her core hot and ready against me, and the desire to give her what she wants distracts me from the hooks she sinks into my energy before she yanks it back out.

Triumph glints in her eyes, and I try to release her, to stop her from stealing from me yet again. Small hands fist in my hair, far stronger than a human, and she holds me in place, giving in to her succubus nature to truly feed for the first time since entering my club.

I shudder with pleasure, tingles rushing to my balls a moment before I cum inside my pants. As my legs give out, she rides me to the floor, then straddles my chest as she continues to feast.

The stolen energy from the humans leaves me, along with the uncomfortable burn of

Tobias's power, but she doesn't stop there. No, she latches onto the storm that lives inside me, stealing that, too. The ever-present need to take to the skies and destroy slips from me, followed by sweet relief for the reprieve she unknowingly gifts to me.

When she pulls away, her glassy eyes struggle to focus, and she licks her lips. "Thanks for the meal."

I give her a rueful smile. "It's not quite what I planned."

Lazy with satisfaction, she reaches back to cup my still semi-erect cock. "You got more than you deserved."

I arch a brow. "You stole from my club."

"Be careful." Her hand tightens around me just hard enough to cause discomfort. "I'll file a claim against you for improper display of ownership."

I *really* like this feisty side of her. Unconcerned with her threat to my manhood, I slide my hands up her bare thighs to push her dress higher. Full of power now, a wonderful scent comes from her that makes my mouth water. "My glyph is up to code."

She cocks her head to the side, her white

hair slipping over one bare shoulder. “Are you willing to bet on that?”

I cup her bare ass, grateful for her lack of underwear. “Are you willing to move a little higher so I can taste you?”

“And give you another chance to take my energy? Fuck, no.” She leans over me, her nostrils flaring as she breathes me in. “What kind of demon are you?”

“The kind that desperately wants to fuck you,” I say as my cock surges back to life.

With a wicked smile, she stands, her legs spread wide over my chest. “Take a nice look. This is the closest you’re ever getting.”

I get one mouth-watering look at her glistening pink folds, my cock aching to be there, before the air ruffles and she vanishes, hyper-speeding out of my club and taking my energy with her.

Which I really can’t let go. There are rules among demons, and youth is no excuse.

Body languid, I roll to my feet and pull the cell phone from my pocket, speed dialing Tobias.

Despite the hour, he answers on the first ring. “Did you meet her?”

“Yes, and I agree with contracting her.” I roll my head, neck popping at the release of tension from giving up my power. “But first, I need to file a claim against one Adeline Boo Pond for energy theft.”