

Bell Book & Vampyre

*Bell, Book & Vampyre*

Beyond Blonde

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## Chapter 1

He had long ago quit killing his prey. It really took very little blood to sustain him. It was the sheer pleasure of the taste of the blood, that caused many of his kind to continue drinking until the victim was dead. He took his pleasure now in controlled feedings that left his victims unharmed. He tapped into their secret fantasies and desires, so their minds experienced nothing but the utmost of pleasure as he fed.

Then healed the marks his fangs left, as soon as he finished feeding. The next morning, his prey thought they had experienced nothing more than a very intense and realistic wet dream. When he found a particularly delicious piece of prey, he would sometimes feed on them several times. He spaced his feedings out though, so that the prey was never seriously harmed. Normally, he never fed on even the most delicious piece of prey, more than once every two or three months. Tonight he was about to feed for the first time, on someone he thought would prove very palatable indeed.

He had long ago discovered that interesting intelligent people, tasted much better than dull idiots did. People that piqued his interest, pleased his palate much more, than randomly taken prey. While he waited for this particular piece of prey to appear, he went over in his mind all that he had learned about her. This woman had first aroused his interest, because of her fantasy stories. He had stumbled across one of her short stories in an adult fantasy horror anthology paperback he had been leafing through after feeding on the owner of a bookstore.

The main character in that story had been a pagan witch. Reading between the lines had told him that the author of this story, was well versed in the ways of what has become known to some now as Wicca, or The Craft. Something about the way this woman who wrote under the

pen name of Cassandra B. Badbh drew his attention, and kept it. Using the name of a Celtic War Goddess, who was known for being slightly promiscuous, and very mean, as part of her pen name, showed some originality. After reading more of her work, and a couple of interviews she had granted, he began to think she would be very pleasing to his discerning palate. But he felt she should be savored slowly. He would feed on someone else first. Save her as a delicious after dinner delicacy. He would have an early supper that night, so that he could really linger over dessert. He might even have Kassie a la cart. Take her back to his lair, and have breakfast in bed. He could return her unharmed and conveniently absent minded the next night. Then take a few sips from her as an appetizer, before he departed to find the main course.

Right now, he didn't want to make a full course meal out of her, and risk harming her. She looked a bit too pale and wan in her pictures to hold up to that. But, he also thought to himself, with a little help from him, she could build herself up. Healthier eating habits, some vitamins, especially the kind with iron, and a few dinners of steak tartar should do the trick. He would make a full course meal out her of yet. And still do her no serious harm. In fact, she would be healthier after he was through with her, than she had been before. He grinned to himself and thought, "The Dark Lord, truly does work in mysterious ways. Before he fed on her though, he wanted to talk her. He had a feeling having an interview with this witch, could prove to be an entertaining and enlightening experience. If nothing else, she was one of the few people, who's humor was at times, even more biting than his.

He had discovered she was a prolific writer of fantasy horror stories. Many of her stories featured a pagan witch as one of the characters. She was a self proclaimed pagan witch and writer, who in her work, often poked fun at all religions, including her own. She took nothing too seriously, including herself. She threw satire and wit into her stories, with a precocious and generous hand. Her razor sharp wit cut right to the bone. She had a most peculiar way with puns. Sometimes she was as subtle as

an oncoming freight train. Other times, her tongue in cheek puns were so sly, it was only after you read something the second time, that you got it. The titles of her stories were sometimes puns of popular books or movies about the creature or creatures she was writing about. She sometimes hid a least one subtle pun as an obscure reference to the title itself, in the story. Usually in the first chapter.

One blurb about her, had referred to her sex scenes, as one handed reading material. Though, her erotica was as generously spiced with humor, as it was with the heat of passion. In a light bondage scene, she was as likely to slap you with a pun, as a whip. For the human fans that responded to her literary lasciviousness, it must have been rather like being in a sexual fun house at times. Though normally unresponsive to literary erotica, the way she had a victim suck the vampyre's fang in one story, had made his own fangs twitch for a second. And made him wish that she really was a true witch. But he hadn't had a really hot time with a true witch, since before the burning times.

Though she wrote for the adult fantasy horror genre, it was impossible to easily categorize her style of writing. She switched back and forth between styles so often and so suddenly, it made the words "multiple personalities" spring to mind. Her characters seemed even more off-center than she was. Eccentric elves and frivolous faeries, magickally appeared in her stories, in the oddest places. Her shamans were singular indeed. Her witches wickedly wacky. Her werewolves really weird. She even managed to breathe new life, into the undead.

He had thought it might be amusing to appear to her during her next full moon ritual. Perhaps as she invoked the God and Goddess. Let her think she had conjured up the great God Pan himself. That should give her a thrill. Since only the true pagan witches of old knew how to seduce a vampyre, he didn't figure on really getting laid when he visited her. But, he thought the experience of feeding on her under those circumstances, might help break the monotony of his existence. If nothing else, he was sure her blood would be quite delectable. He might even get her to suck

his fangs, before he sunk them in her neck, just to see how it would really feel.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of her footfalls as she approached the grove. She wore a red hooded robe. And carried a large picnic basket. He chuckled quietly as the thought of Little Red Riding Hood sprang into his mind. Debated appearing to her as a werewolf just for the hell of it. She threw the hood back from her head, pulled the golden cord around her waist, and let the robe fall to the ground.

He was glad now he had saved her for dessert, so he could really savor her. She reached inside the picnic basket, and brought out a small compact disc player. Then two small speakers. And a hand rolled cigarette. She removed a book of matches from the basket, and lit the cigarette. Which from the smell of things, contained a sacred herb that had been a favorite of some of the pagan witches of old. Especially those who had been adept enough to know the ritual for seducing a vampyre. Feeding at some of the all night parties, sometimes turned orgies during the 1970's, had at times, given him flashbacks to those wonderful pagan rituals of old. When she plugged the speakers in, and pushed the play button, he was startled when instead of hearing waterfall sounds or some new age band, Jimi Hendrix's voice issued forth from the speakers.

He studied with interest and amusement this self proclaimed witch. This writer of off beat adult fantasy/horror stories. Who came into the woods dressed like Red Riding Hood, and performed her rituals sky clad to Jimi Hendrix tunes. This was certainly something he didn't see every night. He decided Kassie would definitely be worth a return visit to.

She tossed the matches back in the basket, and brought the basket into the center of the grove, then sat it down. After she had removed the items she needed, she closed the lid, folded the handles back, and began placing some of the items on it. She placed an athame, a crystal wand, incense and candles on her wicker basket altar. Then a small bell, a book of shadows, and a goblet. Then she picked up a wine bottle, uncorked it and began to carefully pour some of its contents into the goblet. He was

startled when he realized the liquid she was pouring into the goblet, was her own blood. She finished setting up her altar, then began to cast a circle. A rather large circle at that, for a solitary ritual. He wondered just what she thought she was going to conjure up here. He felt the hunger rise within him as he watched her cast that sacred circle, and smelled the blood in the goblet. But as he watched her invoke the four watch towers, he felt something else stir. Something he hadn't felt stir for centuries, was now rising. He knew that only a very powerful witch, could arouse this kind of desire in one such as him. As he watched her, he realized that the soul within that beautiful pale body, was very old. Perhaps as old as his own immortal body. This woman was a true witch. And a very powerful one. Who knew at least two of the ingredients in the ritual necessary to safely seduce a vampyre.

The dainty flaxen haired beauty standing before him, was arousing emotions in him, that he had thought were lost to him forever. Desire, something he hadn't felt even a twinge of for centuries, was now washing over him in pleasurable little rippling waves. Then she began chanting the words to an ancient ritual, he had thought long forgotten. Raising her athame, she called his true name. The sound of it stunned him. It had been many many centuries since any mortal human had uttered that name. Though he had become known by other names during the last few hundred centuries, he thought no mortal who now walked this earth, knew his true name. Twice more she called his name. Then she looked in his direction and said, "Thrice now I have called your name. Why do you hesitate? Has it been so long since anyone called your name, you have forgotten it yourself?"

Stepping from behind the trees he replied, "No I have not forgotten my true name. But it has been so long since I heard a mortal woman speak it, I thought it a name long forgotten, by even one such as you ." The vampyre stepped into the circle, reached down, and picked up the goblet sitting upon the altar. He gently swirled the blood for a moment, then lifted the goblet to his nose and inhaled it's aroma. The bouquet was rich

and heady. And lightly spiced with aroma of the other body juices she had mixed in with the blood.

He put the goblet to lips and took a small sip. Held the blood on his tongue to savor it's flavor. The taste of her blood was even more delicious than he had dreamed. Wonderfully rich and full bodied. Sweet, but with more than a hint of tartness in it. As that first sip of her blood washed over his tongue, he also tasted the other body fluid she had mixed in with it. As it flowed down his throat, desire rose within him. He took another sip from the goblet, held a small part of the liquid on his tongue, and swallowed the rest. He closed his eyes in ecstasy as it flowed down his throat. As the taste of pleasure and desire saturated his tongue and filled his mouth, he tilted his head back, and let the rest of her blood flow down his throat. It had been a very very long time, since he had felt anything but hunger.

Mingled now with a desire to fill himself with her blood, was a desire to fill her with himself. He wanted to plunge his now hardening member into her warm soft womanhood, just as badly as he wanted to plunge his fangs into her lovely neck. Mixed with a desire to lick the final drops of her blood from his lips, was a desire to plunge his tongue inside her, and taste full strength, the essence she had mixed with her blood. Once more he tilted the goblet to his mouth. But instead of drinking from it, he plunged his tongue in it, and gently swirled that tongue in small circles. Then he withdrew his tongue slowly from the goblet, and back into his mouth. He tilted his head back again and closed his eyes. And let the droplets of blood that had remained on his tongue, slowly flow down his throat.

Again he brought the goblet to his lips. This time he tilted his head back with the goblet still at his mouth, and let the rest of the liquid in it fill his mouth and flow down his throat. When the last of her blood flowed from the goblet into his mouth, he flung the goblet down, and closed his eyes. He was letting the last of her blood trickle down his throat when he heard her begin to softly chant words that he never thought he would hear

again. Words that soothed his blood lust, and further aroused his desire. When she had finished chanting the words to that ancient ritual, he reached for her. She came into his arms willingly. He sensed no revulsion as he pulled her to him. The touch of his icy hands sent shivers of delight, not revulsion through her. The feel of his fangs against her lips as he kissed her, did not cause her to draw back from him. Nor did the taste of her blood on his tongue, as he plunged it into her mouth. He felt warm arms returning his icy embrace. Felt the beat of her heart against his cold silent chest. A low growling moan came from him as she tightened her embrace, and pressed her warm body against his.

Because he had drunk from the goblet, he now felt her desire mingle with his own. He was feeling not only his own response to her, but he was also feeling her response to him, in a way no mortal man could. She was now a part of him in a way she could never be a part of a mortal man. He knew exactly how to arouse her, just as she new exactly how to arouse him. No two mortal beings could ever truly know each other the way they now knew one other. His knowledge of her came from what was in the goblet. Her knowledge of him came from a source that even he did not fully understand. She was a true witch. Her body was that of a mortal human being. But her soul, and the ancient knowledge contained within that soul, was eternal. With that ancient knowledge, she had aroused a desire in him that he had not felt in centuries.

As that desire swept through him, he gathered her up in his arms and gently lowered her to the ground. He lowered himself on top of her and once more a low growling moan escaped his lips, as he gently pressed himself against her. Raising himself on one elbow, he took his other hand and placed it against the side of her face. He stared down into her amber eyes and asked, "You do this thing knowing what I am? Of your own accord and free will?" She rubbed her cheek into his cold hand, as a cat rubs against the warmth of a mortal's leg, then turned her face into it and gently kissed his icy palm. Then she turned her head back to him, stared

into his eyes steadily and replied, "I do this thing knowing full well what you are. I do it of my own accord and free will."

The ritual was now complete. For a short magickal time, passion would override blood lust. The icy hand that had been against her cheek slowly moved down her throat. As his fingers brushed her chin and began to gently slide down her throat, he heard her moan softly, and felt her body arch towards his. The pleasure his touch brought her, echoed within him. Slowly his hand continued down. As his cold hand enveloped the warmth of a breast, he heard the sharp intake of her breath, and felt her body tremble slightly. He lowered his head to her exposed throat and for a moment rested his fangs against her jugular vein. He slid his mouth slowly down, and gently licked the hollow of her throat. Heard and felt the gentle murmuring moan of pleasure she made as his tongue traced tiny circles in that hollow. Felt the nipple of the breast he had cupped in his hand become hard. He gave the hollow of her pale throat one last lick, and slid his mouth down to her other breast. As he cupped one breast with his hand, and softly rubbed the nipple of that breast between his thumb and forefinger, his tongue was drawing gentle circles around the nipple of her other breast. Then he began to softly suck her breast, and tease her nipple with his tongue. As he felt her body arch towards him again, he released her nipple and slid his head further down her body. When he reached her stomach, he slid the tip of his tongue into her belly button. Heard the sharp intake of breath again, and felt the tremor of pleasure that ran through her body. He released her other breast from his hand, and let that hand slowly slide down the side of her body. When it reached her thigh, her legs parted, and he moved his hand across her pelvis, and gently stoked her clitoris with his finger. Then as his tongue gently probed her belly button, he slid one finger into her. And moaned when he felt her wetness.

The need to taste her was overwhelming now. He withdrew his tongue from her belly button and began to slide his mouth down. He gave her clitoris only few gentle licks before he moved his head down further and

plunged his tongue deep inside her. When a mortal tastes a woman in this way, he can only taste her juices. When a vampyre tastes a woman in this way, he can savor her soul. And the soul of this witch was sweet indeed.

This soul had experienced love and passion in many ways and forms. Some of the the ways and forms she had experienced passion in this lifetime alone, was raising a hell of a lot more than his eyebrows. As he continued to savor her, the vampyre had a feeling that the witch's soul he was currently sipping from in such a pleasant manner, had an even more checkered sexual history, than he did. Which, when you are the very thing that the whole erotic myth and legend of vampyres is built upon, isn't something you come across every night.

The knowledge that the soul of the witch he was currently licking up, was as well versed in the carnal arts, as she was in the ways of The Craft, was certainly no turn off to a vampyre as old and experienced as he was. A vampyre who hadn't been laid by a true witch, in several hundred centuries. After all those years of celibacy, he wasn't exactly in the mood to gently break in a virgin right now.

Kassie groaned as he probed her with his tongue. As he began to massage her love button with his thumb, she spread those long pale legs of hers wider, and made a moaning sound, that tickled the fancy of his ear. He growled softly, plunged his tongue in deeper, and massaged her love button harder. As he felt her Pandora's box begin to contract around his tongue in orgasmic ecstasy, he pressed his mouth against her, worked his tongue back and forth, rotated his thumb faster, and sucked the juices that were now freely flowing, down his throat. Kassie made a delightful gasping noise, and the juices flowed even more freely.

As he felt the final contractions of that orgasm around his tongue, he also felt her fingers tug on his ears. The vampyre with his head currently between the legs of a certain very wickedly wanton witch, had never had a witch pull his ears before. No matter how damned wickedly wanton they might be. He couldn't help but wonder right then, if the wench had a habit

of tugging on Superman's cape as well. Then she pulled his ears harder, and he heard her say in a demanding breathless moaning voice, that a porn director would have killed for to have on audio tape, "Oh baby, let me feel your dick in me." As he rose up to oblige that breathless demand, he couldn't help but think, that if he were the Lone Ranger, he would gladly let her unmask him right now.

As he felt the tip of his penis begin to glide into her, she wrapped her long legs around him. Her heels were resting on either side of his spine. As he began to push himself into her, he felt those tiny heels digging into his back. Then he felt her warm hands grasping his buttocks. Pulling him deeper into her. Growling, he began to move within her. With each downward stroke, he felt his own pleasure, and hers. He buried his face against the side of her neck, and had he been able to, would have wept with pleasure as she met his every thrust. Each time he thrust himself into her, he could feel her heels digging into his back. Could feel her nails digging into his buttocks, as she pulled him deeper into her. She let go of his buttocks, and brought her hands up to his head. She pulled his head gently from her neck and towards her face. As waves of pleasure consumed him, she placed her mouth over his. He plunged his tongue inside her mouth. His body trembled with pleasure as she began to gently suck his tongue. He felt as if his very soul were being sucked from him. But instead of drawing back, he plunged his tongue and penis deeper into her. Her own tongue began to explore his mouth. Then very gently, she licked one of his fangs. The vampyre bared his fangs, and let her have her way with his sensitive incisors.

The pleasure he felt was exquisite. Just when he thought it impossible to feel any greater pleasure than he was feeling right now, she reached down, and gently cupped his cold testicles, with one warm hand. The feel of her hand on his testicles, made him jerk his head back from hers and moan with pleasure. Warm living fingers gently stroked and grasped him, as he began to thrust himself into her harder and faster. As she cupped and stroked his testicles with one hand, her other hand pulled his face

back down to hers. Kassie began to gently lick, then suck first one fang, then the other, as she continued to stroke his icy testicles. Never had he felt such pleasure. No other witch had ever made him feel like this. Not even Arial, queen of the early pagan witches had loved him in such a manner.

Suddenly she pulled her head back, paused her gentle stroking of his testicles, then giggled and said, "Maybe her arms weren't long enough, and she didn't think about your fangs being erogenous zones." Then she began her gentle stroking of his balls again, and once more sensuously licked, then sucked his left fang.

He didn't know if it was the giggle, a sound he had never heard a witch make before, or the fact that she had read his thoughts so well, that surprised him the most. The sound of that giggle, had stopped his thrusting in mid stride. Her words had amazed him beyond belief. No witch had ever read his thoughts so quickly, or so accurately. Though he had been unable to stop himself resuming his frantic thrusting when she had started stroking his fangs and balls again, he paused now, drew his head back from her face and exclaimed, "By the eye patch of Odin woman, what manner of witch are you?"

She calmly looked up at him, then smiled the most mischievous smile he had ever seen, giggled again in a way that made his fangs and balls twitch with pleasure, and said, "I believe the modern day term for what I am, in the context of what we are doing right now, would be total fucking slut puppy." Then she pulled his head back down to her face, gave both his fangs a long sensuous lick, and started once more stroking his balls with her warm fingers.

Passion he had experienced before. But the sense of adventure she was starting to bring with her to this frantic coupling, was something he had never experienced before. He paused again in his thrusting, and drew his head back from the exquisite feel of her tongue on his fangs. She had been alternately licking one and then the other, in a way that was driving him crazy, and said, "I have walked this earth longer than any vampyre

ever has. I have shared passion with the first queen of the pagan witches, but never have I heard a witch giggle while I have held her in my arms. By the crescent moon of the great Goddess, it is a wonderful sound!" Then he smiled, lowered his face to her ear and whispered, "Speaking of puppies?"

She giggled as he drew his head back to wait for her answer, then said with another one of those mischievous grins, "Well, that's what you get for fucking brunettes all this time. As you can plainly see now, blondes really are more fun. Oh, and we love doing it doggie style!" Then she grinned at him, and said, "Especially those of us who are real bitches at heart."

Her reply left him slightly dazed and confused for a few seconds. He had a feeling trying to have a conversation with her, even when you weren't screwing her brains out, could be an interesting experience. He had been around for a long time though, and was no slouch at word play himself. He gazed down into her amber eyes, smiled and said, "They were not all brunettes. But I'll concede, that if all blondes were like you, they truly would be more fun. Some brunettes, and one redhead I know of, liked to do it doggie style. Though I prefer to think of it as the wolf way. Come to think of it though, they were bitches at heart."

His response seem to delight her. She giggled hysterically for a few seconds, took one of her fingers, and very slowly ran the tip of her nail from the crack of his ass all the way down to the base of his balls. As he bared his fangs and shuddered with pleasure, she raised up, and very deliberately ran her tongue down his left fang. Then she laid her head back down, closed her eyes, and with a contented happy grin on her face said, "Ooooooh baby, you are going to be SO much fun! I simply adore a vampyre that can keep his dick, and his end of the conversation up. So far you seem to be doing very well in both departments. Keep this up, and I may give you a gold pentacle."

The vampyre grinned down at the witch and replied, "Keeping my dick up around you isn't going to be a problem. But keeping up my end of the

conversation, and my fangs out of your flesh, is another story." Then he reluctantly withdrew from her. And in as stern a voice as could be mastered, he said, "Now, on your knees woman!" To his immense amazement and relief, she obeyed him instantly. As he looked at the two rounded cheeks now in front of him, he placed his hands on them, looked up to the sky, and said, "Merciful heavens! There is a God after all!" He spread those pale gleaming cheeks, and guided the tip of his icy penis into her. After the tip of his penis was in place, he wrapped one hand under her waist. As he did so, she braced her arms, lifted her feet off the ground and hooked them around his legs. Then he lifted her up slightly, until her knees were no longer touching the ground, and pulled her backwards. Once he had her firmly impaled, he entwined the fingers of his other hand in the flaxen field of hair flowing down her back.

She looked back over her shoulder at him, smiled that mischievous smile of hers, and said in a soft purring southern drawl, "Well now cowboy, think you got a good handle on things?"

Up until that moment, he thought he had. But there was something in that smile of hers, that told him he may not have after all. Sighing he said, "Well I thought I did, but now I'm not so sure. But little lady, I'll do my best to hang on until the whistle blows." Then, just for the hell of it, he flicked her hair as if it were reins, lifted her up again slightly, yanked her back as he thrust himself forward, and yelled, "Yee Haa! Giddy Up!" As she bucked against him and met his thrust, he thought he had never had a night quite like this.

Grinding her pelvis into his she looked back over her shoulder again, and said, "Stick it to me cowboy, and I may not make you famous, but I'll damn sure take you places you ain't never been before."

He tightened his grip on her waist and hair, and began to ram himself into her as hard as he could without splitting her in half. He noticed very quickly, that even though her body was at this moment in time, completely mortal, something he was already deciding needed changing, he still

found himself able to fuck her harder than he had ever been able to fuck a completely mortal witch before. How this dainty little creature could withstand this kind of punishment, was a pleasant puzzle to him. Those pale thin arms of hers she was bracing herself with seemed to be made of steel. The feet she had hooked around his legs, never seem to lose their grip. He didn't even have to worry about grinding her knees to bloody stubs, because as long as he kept her lifted up slightly as he yanked her back and thrust himself forward, her knees weren't even touching the ground.

He was thinking he could keep this up forever, when she took one of the hands she had been bracing herself with, scrunched her torso up in a way he would not have thought even inhumanly possible, slid her arm down between their legs, and blew that plan all to hell and back, by squeezing his balls. If he had breathed like a mortal man, the feeling would have taken his breath away. Instead of gasping as a mortal man would have, he involuntarily howled when she began to gently and rhythmically squeeze his balls. He tightened his grip on her waist and hair to help compensate for the fact she was now only bracing herself with one hand, and continued thrusting against her, until he was a hair's breath from climaxing. Then he stopped and said, as sternly as he could, "Woman, put both hands back down on the ground!"

She laughed and said with mock disappointment, "Killjoy!" But once again, to his surprise, she obeyed him. He waited for her to get both hands firmly back on the ground, then resumed lifting and thrusting. When he felt her climax again he stopped his rhythmic pumping and gently lowered her until her knees were once more on terra firma. She looked over her shoulder and asked, "What's a matter cowboy, losing your grip?"

He grinned at her and replied, "No, not as long as I can keep your hands off my balls. I just think it's time for a change." He unwound his fingers from her hair, let go of her waist, and gently withdrew from her. Then stood up.

She also stood up, turned around, put her hands on her hips, and said, "So what's next? Oh wait, let me guess!" And imitating his voice perfectly said, "Woman, on your back!" Before he could reply, she gracefully crumpled to the ground, then flung herself on her back and spread her legs wide open.

Any thoughts he had previously been entertaining about trying it standing up, flew out of his mind as quickly as bats will fly from a belfry when the moon rises. She lay there in the moonlight with legs spread and throat upturned. He wanted very badly to simply take a running dive at her, but he couldn't decide whether to go for her throat, or her snatch. Then he heard her calmly say, "You go for the throat, I'm going to put a stake through your heart big boy." He thought that as resourceful as she seemed to be, she just might have a stake in that basket of goodies she was now using as an altar, so he dived for her nether regions instead.

He was happily lapping at her clit like a cat at a bowl of milk, thinking smugly that he was in total control of the situation now, and enjoying the mewling sounds she was making, when she slid her left leg under his arm, stuck her foot under him, and began tickling the tip of his dick with her toes. Then she slid her toes down his dick, and began tickling his balls with them.

He was just getting ready to plunge his tongue into her as she climaxed again, when he felt her hands tugging on his ears. She put her left leg back over his arm, crossed her heels behind his back, and gently pulled his head upwards. As he came up, so did her legs. When he was once more looking down directly into her eyes, her ankles were crossed behind his neck. He reached down and guided himself into her. Then he captured both her hands in his, pinned them above her head, and began to slowly pump. He was deliberately keeping his mouth out of reach of hers as well. He figured as long as he could keep her hands and feet away from his balls, and her tongue and mouth off of his fangs, he had it made.

He was really enjoying how helpless she was in this position when she started to climb him. She hooked her heels together firmly, arched her

back, and began to push her pelvis in, and up, at the same time forcing him to rear backwards and arch his back to stay inside her. Letting go of her hands, he reached up and grabbed her ankles. Uncrossing them he held her legs apart, pinned her down, and began to drive himself into her faster and harder. Before he had taken three full strokes he felt her hand cup his balls. Then her fingers were stroking them again.

He was learning fast that you could only control certain parts of this amazing witch at any given time. Pin her hands down to try to keep them off your balls, and she would wrap her heels around your neck and climb all over your cock with her pussy, in the most amazing way. Unwrap those heels and pin her pussy down, and her hands would go to work on your balls. He was looking down at her in wonderment when she grinned and said, "Sort of like fucking one of those little green rubber dolls, isn't it?"

He stopped his hard and fast thrusting for a moment, and said, "Damnation woman, just how well do you read my thoughts? And yes, I suppose that is as good a way to describe it as any. You are most certainly better than a blow up doll! Those things don't last worth a damn around me."

She dissolved into giggles, and said, "Bet your fangs I'm better than a blow up doll! And it takes a hell of a lot to deflate me." Then she looked him straight in the eye, smiled slyly and said, "Oh, and I read your thoughts just about as well as I need to." Then that sly smile turned wicked. She took the hand she wasn't using to stroke his balls with, brought it up in front of her face, and started beckoning him closer with her finger.

He shook his head frantically and said, "No! Absolutely not! Your mouth is not getting anywhere near my fangs!" She reached up and grabbed the back of his head and tried to pull his head down towards hers. She was using her hand and ankles to try and force his head down. But he was after all, a full grown vampyre with inhuman strength.

He knew her mouth wasn't getting anywhere near his fangs. Then she opened her mouth and very deliberately began to lick her incisors. And not so gently squeeze his balls. He tried closing his eyes, but he could still feel her squeezing his balls harder and harder. Then, even with his eyes firmly closed, he could see her running her tongue over her own incisor. Which of course made him think about how good that tongue felt on his fangs. It didn't help matters, when she started digging her nails into the base of his balls every so slightly. Then she took the hand she had been using to try and pull his head down with, and tapped on his forehead with a fingernail. He opened his eyes and looked down at her. "Hey baby." She said with an evil grin. "What's it going to be? Pleasure?" As she slowly drawled the word "pleasure" out, she gently cupped his balls in her hand and stroked the base of them with a soft finger, licked her own incisor sensuously, and ran her index finger down his fang. She quit licking her incisor, squeezed his balls none to gently, dug her fingernail into the base of them, and said, "Or pain?" She stopped squeezing his balls and started gently cupping them, and softly stroking the base of them with her fingertips, licked her incisor, ran her finger down his fang, and again said "Pleasure?" Began to squeeze his balls and dig her nails in again, and said "Or pain?" Then repeated the process again.

He let go of her ankles, brought his faced close to hers, and moaned, "How about a little of both?"

She gave another one of those self satisfied giggles and said, "I can do that!" Kassie wrapped her legs around him, dug her heels in, and as she pulled his head down to hers, thrust her pelvis upwards. Then she began slowly licking and sucking first one bared fang, then the other. Meanwhile, she was also squeezing his balls and gently digging her fingernails into the base of them. Then she really got her groove going. On the downward strokes he took, she would lick and suck one fang, squeeze his balls and dig her nails in. Upward strokes, she sucked the other fang, and gently cupped and stroked his balls.

Up. Down. Pleasure. Pain. The sensations were overwhelming. Controlling himself was becoming increasingly more difficult. Then he realized that the closer he came to losing control, the more excited she became. And he started feeling that excitement himself. Not in the usual way because he had drunk her blood. But in an even deeper way. She was deliberately willing him to feel her pleasure. His dick, his mind, his very bones, were feeling not only his own pleasure, but hers as well. And mixed in with all that pleasure, was just enough pain to make him savor the pleasure more. Finally it all became too much. He felt himself losing control. Heard the low keening moaning sound she was making. Then heard the howl that issued from his throat. Heard her growl, and felt her nails dig into the base of his balls. And lost it completely. Pleasure washed through him in waves as he drove himself into her. As he reached the peak of his climax she was squeezing his balls gently, and licking his left fang hard. Then she took the hand she had been holding his head with, and as she licked his right fang hard, and squeezed his balls gently, she raked her nails down his back. The howl that issued from his throat, was heard for miles around. It had been so long since he had experienced any sexual pleasure, much less this much sexual pleasure, he was left speechless after that final howl.

He had lost control so badly, slammed himself into her so hard as he climaxed, he was afraid he had done her serious harm. But then he heard her giggle and say, "Well! That was certainly intense!" He still hadn't regained the ability to speak, and just looked down at her in complete amazement. She had her eyes closed, a very contented look on her face, and didn't seem to require a reply to her observation. She casually unwrapped her legs from around his back and lowered them. Then she lay perfectly still again.

He didn't withdraw from her, but simply stretched his legs out between hers, and propped himself on one elbow over her. He was trying to read her thoughts, but he wasn't getting anywhere. Her mind appeared to be completely blank. He ran into a wall of silence when he tried to tune his

inner ear into her thoughts. He seemed to hear what appeared to be faint static behind that wall. But he could not catch one solitary coherent thought. And he realized she wasn't reading his thoughts right now. She couldn't be. She wasn't around to be reading them apparently. It was as if her entire mind had stepped out on a coffee break. For some reason, the term spaced out, suddenly popped into his mind. He tapped her gently on her forehead with one finger. While he was tapping it, he looked up and said, "Scotty, can you beam her back down please?"

This caused her eyes to fly open in delighted amazement. "A Trekkie vamp? Will wonders and miracles never cease? Next you'll be telling me you can walk on water, and you have an e-mail address."

He laughed and said, "No, I cannot walk on water." Then he smiled smugly and replied, "But, I have every episode of that show on tape. I own, and know how to operate, a television, and a VCR." Smiling even more smugly he said, "I also own and know how to operate a computer. I have a couple of e-mail addresses in fact. But frankly my dear, sometimes Windows sucks worse than I do." As he began to feel the first twinges of the hunger, he bent down and kissed her deeply, then reluctantly withdrew from her and began to raise himself off of her.

She watched him as he stood up and said, "That's the problem with you guys, you never hang around for pillow talk."

He helped her to her feet, drew her against him, and gently brushing her hair back said, "Woman, there is nothing in the world I would rather do than indulge in some pillow talk with you." He kissed her on the tip of her nose and continued, "But the hunger begins to grow. And after this, I will soon become ravenous. I'm not sure I could leave anyone I fed on, especially you, alive and well when it peaks. I would rather have both my fangs pulled than bring harm to you. So I am going to leave and feed quickly, before I become a raging beast. You know perfectly well that after tonight, all you need do is call my name thrice, and I'll be there."

She smiled sadly at him and said, "I know the power I have over you right now. But I will never use that power. If ever again you come to me, it must be of your own accord and free will. I will bind neither man nor vampyre to me, with bonds of magick."

Her words struck him like the blow of a stake. He clasped her to him as tightly as he could without hurting her and said, "If I ever come to you again? Woman, right now I want nothing more than to never let you from my embrace. When I come to you tomorrow night, it will be of my own accord and free will. Though your magick is among the most powerful I have ever encountered, it is not what binds me to you." The hunger was growing stronger now. He could hear the sound of her blood coursing through her veins. Smell the sweet scent of it. And the need to bury his fangs in her neck grew. Almost roughly he pushed her away. "I must go now. I dare not tarry any longer."

She watched him stride out of the circle, and disappear into the trees. When she was sure he was gone, she crumpled to the ground, put her face in her hands and wept. Knowing if he ever learned the true secret of who and what she was, he would tear her throat out in blind hatred. As he had done once before, on another moonlit night many many centuries before.

## Chapter 2

She was sitting in front of her computer, working on her latest novel, when he appeared behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders. Without batting an eye she saved her work and said, "Well, I guess that shoots that theory about having to invite you into the house before you can enter, all to hell."

Slightly taken aback by her lack of surprise at his sudden appearance, he spun the chair around and said, "Damnation woman! Does nothing surprise you? And you know as well as I do, that theory was already full of holes."

She looked up at him calmly and replied, "Lots of things surprise me. But I have like, vampyre radar. I am a witch after all, so sneaking up on me isn't going to be easy."

He looked down at her and said, "Vampyre radar?"

She grinned wickedly and said, "Yeah, my panties get damp anytime a vampyre gets near me."

That remark made his tongue positively tingle and the bulge in pants more noticeable. She lowered her head as if ashamed and said, "It's my cross in life." Then she looked at the bulge in his pants and said, "I see you have a cross to bear too."

He laughed and said, "Yes, my dick gets hard whenever witches get near me. Especially a certain blonde witch."

She laughed and said, "Well I guess we will both have to bear our crosses with as much grace as possible." Then she suddenly dissolved into giggles.

He looked over at the hand rolled cigarette in the ashtray by her computer, sniffed the air, and putting on a stern face said, "Woman, are you indulging in illicit herbs again?"

She looked up in mock wide eyed innocence and said, "Ooooh no! I would NEVER do that! I was laughing at the concept of a vampyre bearing a cross. Really I was!" Then she dissolved into another fit of giggles.

After she got the giggles under control she looked up at him again and said, "I would be and good hostess and offer you drink, but it would just give you the munchies." And dissolved into giggles again.

He wondered how on earth she managed to write at all, much less as well as she did, while flying at the altitudes she did, without the aid of a broom.

She caught that stray thought handily, grinned up at him and said, "Yeah I kind of shoot the "That shit will fry your brain and turn your mind to mush" theory all to hell, don't I?"

Started laughing and said, "Yes, you certainly do. And I noticed you gave me a terrible case of the munchies last night." Because he enjoyed the sound of her laughter so much, he added, "You know, for moment there, the thought of Twinkies started to make my fangs itch." That remark reduced her to another fit of uncontrollable giggles.

He stood there letting the sound of her laughter fill his ears. Then reached down and pulled her up into his arms. And drew her warm body against his. She returned his embrace, and laid her head against his cold silent chest. He stoked her hair, and held her tighter. Suddenly he heard a muffled giggled. He loosened his grip on her slightly, and looking down at her said, "What is amusing you so now my beloved?"

She looked up at him with a twinkle in those amber eyes of hers and said, "Your cross is getting bigger to bear."

He laughed and replied, "It certainly is. But before I let you do something about that, I want to talk to you." He swept her up in arms and carried her to the couch and sat down. She scooted off his lap and turned sideways so that her legs were now across his lap. He reached over and picked up the pile of papers laying on the coffee table in front of them, then leaned back, put one arm around her shoulder, and started reading them. "Is this your latest story?"

"Yes, the rough draft of chapter 12." Then laughed and said, "Why? Are you fan?"

He finished reading the pages, grinned at her and said, "Actually, I am. That's what I was doing waiting for you in the woods last night. Your work

had intrigued and amused me. He gave a quick flick of his wrist, and the papers landed in a neat pile back on the coffee table.

She looked at him, raised an eyebrow and said, "Wanted my autograph did you? Or were you going to offer me an eternal book deal?"

He grinned down at her rather guiltily and said, "Not exactly." Then quickly said, "But I was not going to harm you! I quit killing my prey, I mean people, a long time ago! You were supposed to be a nice little dessert I was going to sip a little of, and savor you slowly. I had planned to eventually leave you in better shape than I found you. Really I was. Cross my heart." Drake took his right hand, and did indeed make the sign of the cross over his chest."

Then he grinned and said, "I can do that, because I was crossing the Rio Grande, long before Jesus was walking on water. Anyway, things didn't quite work out the way I had planned."

She just laughed and said, "Yeah, ain't it a bitch when a plan falls to pieces. And isn't that sweet, a vampyre who is concerned with my health. How refreshing to find a quality like that, in a bloodsucker like you. And are you telling me you have God's autograph from before he got famous?"

He grinned happily and said, "Oh, I'm not complaining about the way things worked out! And I am full of the quality of inhuman kindness. But no, I never have got around to getting His signature."

But then his face turned serious and he asked her, "How is that you know the ritual to seduce a vampyre? I thought that knowledge had been lost forever. What book of shadows did you find that ritual in? And why am I having to ask you this? Why can't I read your thoughts fully? No mortal, even a witch, has ever been able to shut me out of parts of their mind like you do."

"I did not find it in another's book of shadows," She replied. "I dreamed it for three nights running, starting the night of my thirteenth birthday. As to the mind reading thing. Well I am a true blonde, as well as a true witch, so reading my thoughts isn't something that even a vampyre can easily do. Even if you get through the barriers I have up, what you may find in there, is likely to leave you more dazed and confused, than informed."

He laughed and said, "I can believe that! Just being around you leaves me a bit dazed and confused sometimes." Then he turned serious again and asked, "How much of what you know comes from books and the works of others. And how much from your own dreams?"

She thought for a second and replied, "Probably half of what I know comes from the teaching of others, and half comes from my own dreams. I've noticed the stuff that comes from dreams, can't be found in books and the teachings of others."

He sat there in deep thought for a moment, then suddenly asked, "How well do you really read my mind?"

She grinned at him and said, "Like I told you last night, about as well as I need to."

He glared at her and said, "Is that the only answer you are going to give me to that question?"

She didn't seem a bit troubled by the vampyre's piercing glare, and cheerfully replied, "Yes, that's the only answer you are getting. A girl's got to have some secrets you know."

He shook his head in frustration, then suddenly asked, "How did you know my true name?"

She replied with a grin, "Same way I knew the ritual. I guess you could say, I just dreamed you up."

He wasn't happy with all her answers, some of them led to more questions. But he decided to let it slide for right now.

He put his feet up on the coffee table, and studied the room. There were magickal artifacts from a variety of cultures hanging from the walls and sitting on end tables. As he had walked towards the couch, he had noticed an African totem pole standing in one corner of the room. A Native American one in another. Now he saw a didgeridoo from Australia in another corner. In the other corner was a straw broom.

He looked back over at the didgeridoo and said, "Yes, I remember reading in the bio on the back cover of one of your books, that as a teenager, you had spent some time in Australia."

"Yes. I have a great deal of respect for those people. The culture is one of the most fascinating I have ever studied. They are the oldest living

culture on earth. Their magick is some of the strongest I have ever seen. An elder of one of the tribes, gave me that didgeridoo."

"Yes I saw in that same bio where you apprenticed under an aborigine elder for a couple of years. But the bio didn't say how you came to be accepted as an apprentice. The elder people of that culture do not usually share their knowledge of magick with white people. Especially white teenage girls. How did you come to be accepted as an apprentice by such a powerful elder?"

She grinned and said, "Well, I was helping his grandson with his homework. We were in the same class at school."

He suddenly caught a glimpse of tiny pale heels wrapped around a black neck. And felt a twinge jealousy go through him. A fleeting thought of how nice it would feel to snap that dark neck like a twig, flew through his mind as he looked down at her and said, "I don't think your school teachers would have approved of the subject matter you pair were studying!"

She giggled and said, "We looked at it as sex education in action. And you can't be doing that to all my ex boyfriends. You would leave a trail of bodies behind you, that would make some serial killers weep with envy."

He frowned and said, "That many?"

She giggled again and replied, "Well, I did come of age during the swinging seventies you know. I did my part, and was a good little soldier in the great sexual revolution that was going on then!"

As she was talking, she undid a button his on his silk shirt, slid her hand into the gap, and rested it his chest. The feel of her warm hand on his cold chest, sent a shiver of delight through him. And made his cross bigger to bear. The hand that had been casually resting on one of her knees, began to slide up her leg. He could feel the warmth of her skin through the blue jeans she was wearing. His hand stopped when his thumb brushed seam of her blues jeans below the zipper.

His lips drew back in a slight snarl as he looked at her and said, "Well the revolution is over for you!"

Then he leaned over and kissed her. As he was kissing her, she unbuttoned another button and slid her hand further down. His moved his

hand until it was over her crotch. She licked his left fang gently, and his hand gripped her crotch. Another button came undone and she slid her hand further down. She licked his right fang, as she slid her hand out of his shirt, and began to unbutton his pants. His was likewise engaged in unbuttoning her jeans. Both their zippers went down in perfect unison. She drew her head back, giggled and said, "Cool. Two part harmony. And no underwear!" Then went back to licking his fangs, and wrapped her hand around his icy cock.

His hand slid under her laced trimmed thong panties. As her warm hand was wrapping itself around his cold cock, his fingers began to gently rub her clitoris. Her hand wrapped itself around his cock tighter, and began to slowly move up and down. He rubbed her clit harder. He growled just as she moaned. Then she began licking his fangs harder. He moved his hand down a little, and rubbed her clit with his thumb as he slid finger into her. She was right, having a vampyre around her really did make her panties damp. And his cross was getting harder and harder to bear. But the blood lust was coming upon him as well.

She stopped licking his fangs, giggled and said, "Oh oh, better do something quick, or necking is all I'm going to wind up doing with you." Then she began to chant the words to the ritual that would soothe the blood lust. As she was chanting the words, her hand was continuing it's gentle up and down movement. He rested his fangs against the side of her lovely neck, and let the ancient words soothe the blood lust.

When he was sure he could control the blood lust, he very gently pierced the side of her neck with the tips of his fangs. Her hand tightened on his cold cock, and the up and down motion of that hand became faster and harder. As she continued to chant the words that would allow him to control the blood lust he gently licked the drops of blood from her neck. The sweet taste of her blood made him want to bury his fangs deep within her neck. But the desire to bury other parts of himself in various parts of her agile little body, became stronger. His thumb rubbed her clitoris harder, and his finger moved in and out of her wet pussy harder and faster. She moaned the last few words of the chant she repeating.

Though her blood was the sweetest he had ever tasted, it did not give him the ability to enter her mind as the blood of others did. He could catch glimpses of her thoughts and feelings. But could not fully penetrate her mind. There was barrier there he could not broach. There were other parts of her he could fully penetrate though. He stopped licking her neck, closed the wounds his fangs had left, and withdrew his hand from beneath her lace panties. He removed her hand from inside his pants, and carefully pulled the zipper up. Vampyres do not like to be caught with their pants down around their ankles when they stand up. Then he gathered her up in his arms, stood up, and said, "Which way to the bedroom?"

She giggled and said, "A male that will ask directions! I think I'm in love!" Then pointed towards the hall and said, "Down the hall. First red door on the left."

He thought she was joking. But damned if the first door on the left wasn't painted red. He laughed, turned the knob on the red door, and kicked it open. And stopped undead in his tracks. The walls of the room were painted light pink. The light bulbs in the pink shaded lamps were red. In the middle of the room stood a queen sized four poster brass bed. A red silk bedspread covered the bed. The headboard of the bed was thickly padded. Above the padding was a rail. A pair of love cuffs hung from one of the ornately carved bed knobs. A leather riding crop hung from the another. On the wall behind the bed, centered between the two bed knobs, were a pair of crossed straw brooms. In between the crossed broom handles, hung a small statue of the God Pan and a beautiful woman. Pan and the woman were engaged in some enthusiastic fornication. He roared with laughter and said, "Even for a witch, that is a really wicked thing to do to the title of a children's movie!"

She gave an evil laugh and said, "Isn't it though?" But you ought to see what I can do with a spoonful of sugar, and a little bad medicine. And you can already see what a few of my favorite things are!" Then buried her warm face in his cold chest, and dissolved into giggles.

Laughing he strode over to the foot of bed and tossed her onto the bed. She landed within inches of the headboard. He looked down and her and said, "You are truly a wicked little witch!"

She grinned up at him and said, "Damn straight I am! And you best tap your heels together three times honey, because you sure as hell aren't in Transylvania, anymore."

He grinned wickedly and said, "No, but I'm about to be in you." Then he leaned over and started pulling her jeans down over her hips. She reached up grabbed the rail above her head, and lifted her ass off the bed. Which made pulling those skin tight jeans she had on a little easier. As he peeled them over her hips he said, "What do you do, get up in the morning, and pour yourself into these damn things with your first cup of coffee?"

She laughed and said, "Not exactly. And I don't drink coffee. You'll just have to learn to live, I mean deal with it. I'm a blue jean baby through and through honey. A rock and roll rebel, who was really born to be wild."

He was succeeding in removing her from those tight blue jeans as she was saying that. As he pulled the waist of her jeans over her ankles, she sat up and pulled the t-shirt she had been wearing over her head, and tossed it over the side of the bed. Then scooted down towards him, and began pushing his shirt back off his shoulders. As his shirt dropped to the floor she was pulling his zipper down. He pushed her hand from his zipper, and grabbed one of the knobs on the post at the foot of the bed. Bent one leg up and pulled his boot off. Put that foot back on the floor, bent his other leg up and began to pull the other boot off. She was watching him intently and licking her lips as he pulled the boot off.

"Ooooooh I'm a Texas girl originally you know. And I just get weak at the knees at the sight of a man, I mean vamp, pulling his boots off!"

He dropped the other boot and said, "Yes, I read where you said in an interview that the sight of a cowboy in tight fitting jeans, pulling his boots off in front of you, made you want to swoon. Why do think I wore the damn things? But I drew the line at the tight jeans. You'll have to settle for snugly fitting black silk trousers. No underwear. And no hat."

"She giggled and said, "Wow, you really did your homework on me! I just adore a dedicated fan! And that's all right. The underwear and hat are optional. Although you sure would good in a black hat baby."

Especially one with cock's feather tucked dashingly into the snake skin band."

Then she began pushing those black silk trouser down over his hips. Giggled and said, "Yeah, you do come out of your pants a bit easier than I do."

Then his pants slid down to his ankles. He stepped out them and kicked them to the side with his foot. Reaching for the bed knob again he noticed that the ornate carving consisted of tiny naked figures fornicating in a variety of ways. He shook his head as he pulled his socks off, grinned and said, "Woman, you are bad to the bone."

She grinned at him wickedly, took him gently in hand and said, "And when I'm really bad, I'm very good." The way she drawled out the words, really bad, and very good, made his fangs twitch. Then she leaned over and placed the tip of her tongue on the tip of his cock. Pulled her tongue back off, and remarked, "Good thing I like licking and sucking popcicles." Put her tongue back on the tip of his cold cock, and began moving her tongue in little circles around the tip it. The circles got bigger. He clutched the bed knob he was holding tighter. She pulled his cock up slightly and began to slowly lick it. Then she slowly enveloped the tip of his frigid member in her warm wet mouth. She sucked gently, and took him further into her mouth. He reached out and grabbed the other bed knob.

She withdrew her mouth from around his cock, looked up at him holding on to the bed knobs, grinned and said, "Damn! I love to see a male spread eagled like that!" He would have cheerfully lashed himself to the bed knobs for her right then. Then she enveloped him again in her warm mouth. She sucked harder and drew him all the way into her mouth. If she had had tonsils, his dick would have been tickling them. As she continued to suck him, she began to caress his balls with her hand. He moaned and gripped the bed knobs tighter. Then she began running her tongue up and down the underside of his cock as she sucked it. She stopped squeezing his balls for a second. Then she started softly drumming her fingers against the base of his balls. Took her other hand, and gently raked her nails down his chest. If the brass bed knobs he was

gripping had not been solid, his fingers would have been putting dents in them right then.

She began sucking his dick so hard, he started to wonder if she really did practice for oral sex, by sucking the chrome off of trailer hitches, as she had laughingly claimed she did in one interview she had done for a popular men's magazine. He felt her grin around his dick. Then she answered his thought by flashing him one that showed him a picture of a pile of chrome less trailer hitches by the side of a barn. Then sucked harder. He began chuckling and moaning at the same time. She raked her nails down his chest again. The moan became a growl, and he nearly snapped the bed knobs off the posts.

He let go of the bed knobs and grasped her head between his hands. And pushed her head back from his dick. Then knelt down between her legs. Chuckling as he heard her say, "Damn! The only thing I like better than seeing a male spread eagled in front of me, is seeing one on his knees in front of me." He brought one arm up, placed a hand on her chest and gently pushed her back down onto the bed. He grasped her buttocks and pulled her snatch to the edge of the bed. And slowly inserted his tongue in it. He was gratified to hear her moaning for a change. Then she raised her legs, and put one foot mid way up each of the brass bed posts, as easily as some women uncross their legs. He made a grunting moaning sound and plunged his tongue in deeper. He feel her juices flowing over his tongue. He scrunched his body down, and pulled her into his face so that they flowed down his throat. Whether they are sucking them, or fucking them, vampires like their women, and their witches, wet. She was a water wonderland as far he was concerned. He could feel her pleasure flowing through him, the same way he felt the thoughts and feelings of others flow into him, as he drank their blood.

Because she was shaved snatch type of woman, he could feel his fangs pressing against the bare flesh of her pussy as he pulled her harder into his face. The sensation made him work his tongue in and out faster, and pull her harder into his face. She braced her feet against the bed posts harder and pushed herself into his face harder. The tip of his fangs broke her skin. He retracted his tongue out her in a flash, licked the drops of

blood, and thrust his tongue back inside her. The blood mingled with her juices, and he closed his eyes in ecstasy and two the flowed down his throat. And plunged his tongue deeper into her. He felt the first spasms of her climax, reached his hand up, and rubbed her clitoris with his thumb. She made a low keening moaning sound that made him want to howl, as her juices ran down his throat.

He withdrew his tongue, and stood up. Took her feet off the bed posts, and wrapped her them around his waist. As he did, she raised her upper body up. He leaned over and wrapped his arms around her waist, and pulled her towards him. He slid his arms down, cupped his hands under her buttocks, and lifted her up. She wrapped her arms around him, leaned her head forward, and started licking the hollow of his throat. He began to purr. A deep growling purr like that of a tiger. He took a couple of steps back, turned and walked around the foot of the bed. He strode to the middle of the side the bed. Braced his legs against the side of the bed and bent his knees. As her buttocks and his knees touched the bed he crawled forward on his knees until he was nearly in the center of the bed. Then turned so that he was facing the padded headboard. He crawled towards the headboard. She was gently licking and sucking the hollow of his throat and it was beginning to sound like she had a roomful of happy tigers by the tail. He sat her buttocks down, flung the pillows out of the way, picked her back up, and crawled closer to the headboard. When her back, and his knees were firmly against the headboard he stopped. Then he took his hand and guided his cock into her. She moaned as she continued to lick and gently suck the hollow of his throat. The purr turned to a growl. He grabbed her cheeks tighter, and pushed himself up into her further.

She reached down grabbed his buttocks, and began to move herself up and down. He let go of one of her buttocks, raised his arm up, grasped her hair, and gently pulled her head back. Then he leaned down, and kissed the side of her neck. He trailed his tongue up her neck, and along the side of her cheek. When it touched the end of her earlobe, she began to squirm try and to pull away from him. He heard her mind screaming,

"No! No! Not my little shell like ear!", and grinned wickedly. She felt that grin, knew he had caught that mind scream, and began to whimper.

He held her head tighter, and gently kissed her ear. She squirmed and whimpered again. The grin on his face as she did, would have made any canary eating cat proud. He gently licked her ear. She whimpered louder and squirmed harder. He grinned from ear to ear, then placed his lips over her ear, and gently touched the inside of her ear with his tongue. She shuddered as she squirmed. He delicately pierced her ear lobe with his fang, licked the blood from it and swallowed. Then placed his tongue back in her ear and probed it gently. She whimpered again and dug her nails into his back. He felt a shudder run through her whole body. He flicked his tongue out of her ear, scooped up the droplets of blood from her lobe, and drew his tongue into his mouth. He let the blood flow under his tongue and to the back of his throat. Then plunged his tongue back in her ear. When she began to shudder he felt it through his body, and through his mind. The shudder ran down her body, and he began to feel her climax. He purred against her ear and let his tongue dance in and out of it. He knew the nails she was digging into his back were close to drawing blood. She was whimpering and moaning at the same. He could feel the muscles inside her warm wet pussy contracting as she squirmed and shuddered. He tongued her ear harder. Her nails pierced his skin. His purr became a growl. He heard her mind softly whisper his true name once. He heard her gritting her teeth in an effort not scream it out loud.

He grasped her hair tighter, grinned against her ear and whispered. "Cat your tongue my beloved? Surely you don't believe that old legend about a man owning a witch's soul, if she screams his name thrice in one night of passion?"

She shuddered from head to foot again as she reached the peak of her climax and gritted her teeth harder. When the shuddering stopped she gasped for breath and said, "Damn you! You know perfectly well it is not just a legend, in the case of a vampyre!"

He growled and pulled her head against his chest. Claspng her tightly against him he whispered, "I will one day hear you scream my name thrice as I hold you in my arms. Then for all eternity, you will be mine." He

pulled her head back and kissed her deeply. Then let go of her hair and picked up her buttocks again. Without withdrawing from her, he carefully crawled backwards. When he was far enough away from the headboard, he lowered her buttocks, wrapped one arm around her waist, braced himself with the other, and gently lowered them both down onto the bed.

As her head touched the silk comforter he began to thrust himself into her. She reached up grabbed the bed rail with both hands. The legs that had been wrapped around his waist opened, and she began raising them up. When she folded herself in half, then hooked her toes under the bed rail, he shook his head in wonder, and started thrusting harder.

"Damnation woman, which one of your parents was the contortionist?"

She giggled and said, "Neither. But I'm double jointed in both my hips. Comes in real handy and times like this."

The way she emphasized the word comes, made him thrust harder and grit his fangs against his teeth. She let go of the bed rails with her hands. One of those hands gently cupped his balls. The other hand was dragging his face towards her. She began licking his fangs. No matter how hard he pounded her, those toes she had hooked under the bed rail, remained firmly in place. He made a mental note to check the bottom of her feet later, to see he she had suction cups on them, and kept pounding her pussy.

He felt the pressure building and gritted his fangs harder. She had the same hold on the back of his head and hair, that he had earlier on hers, and was busily licking his fangs for all she worth. Her other hand was gently squeezing his balls. As the pressure became unbearable, she let go of his head and balls, grasp the bed rail again with both hands, and began to meet him thrust for thrust. As he began to climax, a howl issued from his throat. He heard another howl and thought for a moment it was her, and looked down at her in surprise.

"No honey, I very seldom howl. That was Precious. He must be home from the hunt." Then she thrust herself against him again and he let out another howl. Which was answered by whatever or whoever the hell Precious was.

When his orgasm was over and he could speak again, he looked down at her and said, "Who or what the hell is Precious?"

She giggled and said, "Precious is my pet. After I get dressed you can meet him. I don't dare let him until then, because he is worse at clawing me, than you are at nipping me."

He finally raised up off her, and rolled onto his back. He couldn't wait to meet this witch's familiar. She let go of the bed rail, lowered her legs and stretched them out. He heard a whining howl, and a scratching sound. She stretched her legs and body, then sat up and swung her legs off the bed. She walked to the end of bed, reached down, grabbed her jeans from beneath the foot of the bed, and pulled them on. Then continued around the bed and picked up her t-shirt from the floor. She pulled her t-shirt over her head. Then said "Okay, Precious, you can come in." Walked to the foot of the bed again and sat down. Then whistled once.

The vampyre sat up and leaned against the headboard. Heard a sound between a whump and a thump. Then heard nails clicking against tile a floor. A few seconds later, a huge timber wolf came bounding into the room. The animal stopped as he came through the door, looked at him, and gave one low menacing growl, then bounded over to the end of the bed and leapt at Kassie's chest.

She laughed and fell backwards, and the wolf stood over her, licking her face. She started giggling and trying to push him away but he braced his paws on either side of her body and continued licking her face. She reached up, grabbed him, and rolled him off of her. The wolf lay there in her arms still happily licking her face. Finally she managed to stop giggling long enough to say, "No! Stop that!", in a fairly serious voice and the wolf stopped licking her face. The huge animal rolled onto his stomach and lay there contentedly while she stroked his back. He looked over at the vampyre sitting in her bed and growled again. She giggled and said, "Now now Precious, be nice. Mustn't treat company like that."

Precious glared at the vampyre, growled once more deep in his throat to make it very plain how he would like to treat this guest, then rested his nose on his paws. He stared at the vampyre steadily, in a very unfriendly way, while she stroked his fur.

"That's Precious? You mean you actually named that animal Precious? Damnation woman, you do have a warped sense of humor."

She giggled as she stroked the wolf's back and said, "Don't I though? But really, he is my little Precious." Hugged the wolf and said, "Aren't you sweet?"

Precious grinned happily, showing a pair of huge gleaming white fangs, that were even bigger than his own, and licked her face again. She hugged him again, then sat up. Clapped her hands once, and said, "Okay time for you to go back outside." Then said, "Out Precious!" The wolf reluctantly stood up, glared at the vampyre leaning against the headboard again, snarled once to show the vampyre who really had the biggest fangs around here, then turned and leapt from the bed. He heard the animal's nails clicking on tile again, then that whumping thumping sound that he now realized was a pet door.

While Precious was making his exit, she had walked back around the bed and climbed in beside him. He draped an arm around her shoulder, grinned and said, "How strange. Wolves usually like me fine. I've never seen one show such an unfriendly attitude towards me before. It must have done something to that poor creature's mind, when you named him Precious."

She giggled and said, "Jealously is a terrible thing to behold. Be it in men, vampyres or wolves. He sort of feels the same way about you, as you feel about my old boyfriends."

The vampyre opened his eyes wide in mock shock, looked down at her and said, "Don't tell me you are fucking him too? The humane society isn't going to like that. I know his fangs are bigger than mine. But really! "

She dissolved into giggles and said, "No. I'm not fucking him too. Even if his fangs are bigger than yours. But he still considers me his property. I raised him from a puppy, and I'm his pack."

The mentioned of puppies took his mind back to last night. Had the hunger not been coming upon him, he would have enjoyed coming mounted on her again. But the hunger was growing. He leaned over and kissed her deeply, straightened back up, removed his arm from around her shoulders, turned, and reluctantly swung his legs over the side of the bed.

He walked to the foot of the bed, picked up his trousers and pulled them on. Then sat down on the foot of the bed and began putting his socks and boots on.

She watched with enjoyment, the play of light across the muscles of his back as he pulled his boots on. He was concentrating so hard on fighting the hunger growing within him, he did not read the thought she had, as she noticed one drop of blood on his back where her nails had dug into his cold flesh. The wounds themselves had healed even as she had withdrawn her nails from them. But one lone droplet of dried blood still clung to his broad back. He was silent as he reached down and picked up his shirt. He stood up, put the shirt on, buttoned it, then tucked it in his pants.

He was fighting a growing need to feed. He strode around the bed, gathered her up in his arms and carried her back to the living room. He felt her head resting against his chest. Felt the blood flowing in her veins through the arms he cradled her in so tenderly. And had to fight to keep from sinking his fangs in her throat. When he was in front of the computer she had been working at when he had suddenly appeared behind her, he gently put her down on her feet. And clasped her once more in his embrace. Held her tightly for a moment. Then as the hunger nearly overpowered him pushed her gently away. Turned away from her before he could do her any harm, strode from the room, and disappeared.

After he disappeared, she shut the computer down. Then went into the bedroom and carefully cleaned his blood from under her nails. She let the dried blood fall onto a piece of parchment paper as she scrapped it out. Then carefully poured the scrapings into a small dark blue glass vial. She pricked her finger with a needle, and added a few drops of her own blood to the vial. She corked the tube tightly. Wrapped it carefully in a piece of red silk. And placed it under her pillow. As she drifted off to sleep that night, she slid her hand under the pillow, and wrapped her fingers gently around the silk wrapped vial.

In her dreams she saw him feeding on a young black man, who from the insignia on his jacket, belonged to a gang. She felt him fighting the blood lust. But also felt the young man becoming weaker and weaker.

She began to whisper an ancient incantation. Saw her dark lover gain control over the blood lust, and fling the young black man to the ground. Then she fell in a deep dreamless slumber.

Shortly before dawn, she began to dream again. In her dream, she heard her named called three times. Then felt the touch of a cold hand against her cheek. The red silk comforter slid from the bed and she felt herself enveloped in a gentle cold embrace. Felt cool lips and fangs against her ear. And softly moaned in her sleep. Heard the whisper of his voice.

"You are my beloved. My cold heart's one true desire."

She felt the gentle brush of lips against hers. Then she fell once more into a dreamless sleep, as the red silk comforter slid back over her body.

## Chapter 3

She awoke shortly before noon. Padded to the walk in closet, and reached for a small box on the shelf above the clothes rack. From the box, she took out a red silk ribbon. From another box, she withdrew a small black padded bag. She went back to the bed, and removed from under her pillow, the vial that contained her dark lover's blood and her own. She dropped the silk wrapped vial into the padded bag. Tied it closed with one end of the ribbon. Formed a noose at the other end of the ribbon. Then she reached up and unscrewed one of the brass knobs at the head of the bed. She placed the loop on the red ribbon over a small hook that was built into the bed post. Let the bag drop down into the bed post. And screwed the bed knob back onto the bed post.

After she had screwed the bed knob back in place, she put on a pair of jeans and a shirt, went outside, and fed Wind Dancer a late breakfast of oats. Then filled Precious's food bowl with his favorite dry dog food. He was once more hunting, and she knew he might not return until this evening.

She was ravenous herself this morning, so she went back in the house and fixed herself a western omelette with toast and hash browns. Then made a mental note to pick up some vitamins from the health food store when she went into town. The kind with extra iron. She figured when you are spending a part of your nights making it with a vampyre, taking a morning vitamin wasn't a bad idea.

She cleaned up the kitchen. Then decided to go into town and get the shopping over with. That would give her some time to work on her latest book, before her long toothed lover showed up tonight.

After she had picked up some vitamins from the health food store, she went to the grocery store and bought a couple of big T-Bone steaks, two nice baking potatoes, and salad fixings.

When she returned from town, she did a few house chores, then took Wind Dancer out for a late afternoon ride. After she had fed Wind Dancer his evening meal of oats, and checked Precious's feed bowl, which was still full, she went inside the house and prepared her own dinner.

She put one of the potatoes in the microwave to bake, and prepared a small salad while the potato cooked. After the salad was prepared, she took a large cast iron skillet, placed it on the stove, and turned the fire to high underneath it. As the skillet heated up, she poked holes in one of the steaks with a fork, and rubbed Worcestershire sauce into the holes. Then she placed the steak in the hot skillet, seared one side quickly, then the other, turned the burner off, and put the steak on her plate.

Her father had taught her how to best cook a good steak. He believed the steak should only kiss the bottom of the skillet on each side, then be thrown on a plate. Like him, she enjoyed her steaks very rare. When asked in a restaurant how rare she wanted her steak, she often replied, "I want it where a good vet could get it back on its feet in 10 minutes. And if it doesn't bleed when I cut it, I'm sending it back."

She ate her steak without relish. She saved that for hot dogs. But she did consume her meal with gusto. Which goes excellent with rare steak. After she finished her meal, she popped a couple of the vitamins she had bought earlier into her mouth, cleaned up the kitchen, then took a shower. After her shower she put on a sleeveless pink blouse, white laced trimmed thong panties, and a pair of white denim shorts. She never wore bras. Then she went into the living room and sat down in front of her computer, and turned the it on. While she waited for her trusty Macintosh to boot up, she took a hand rolled cigarette from a small wooden box, lit it, inhaled deeply, and begin thinking about how she was going to get one of the faeries in her story out of the predicament she had gotten her into.

She had managed to get the faerie rescued by an errant elf, and was busily wrapping that chapter up, when she felt him enter the room. He rested one hand on her right shoulder and spun the chair slowly around.

She grinned with delight when she looked up and saw him standing there in a black Stetson, with a red cock's feather tucked dashingly into the snake skin hat band.

She stood up, wrapped her arms around him and said, "Oh baby. You look even better than I imagined you would in that hat!" Then she tilted the hat back slightly, and pressing herself against him, stood on her tip toes, pulled his head down, and kissed him hard. Then she gave each of his fangs a gentle lick.

He was enormously glad he had found the hat. Though that red rooster hadn't been too thrilled earlier this evening, when he had plucked one of it's tail feathers. Gathering her up in his arms, he headed for the couch. Like last night, she scooted off his lap, then draped her legs over his. He put an arm around her, and cupped her shoulder gently. With his other hand he took the hat off, looked at one of totem poles in the corner, watched it as it slid out from the corner just a little, and flicked his wrist. The Stetson sailed across the room, and landed on the top of the totem pole. Then he propped his feet up on the coffee table. She looked at the silver boot tips on his black leather boots, licked her lips, unbuttoned one of the buttons on his red silk shirt, slid her hand across his stomach, and kissed him harder. And gave each of his fangs a hard lick, and a gentle suck.

He finally pulled his head back, cupped her chin gently in his cold hand, looked down at her and said, "You are looking even more beautiful than you did in my day dreams today. That blush of color on your cheeks is very becoming."

She rested her head against his arm, grinned at him said, "Yeah, I picked up some vitamins today, the kind with extra iron. I figured since you had decided our little affair was going to be more than a one night stand, a few vitamins wouldn't hurt. Then I ate a nice rare steak for dinner. Took two of the vitamins after the steak. Which should ensure I don't

swoon and fall at your feet when next you nip me." Then she leaned over and gently kissed the hollow of his throat.

She heard the moan he made when her lips touched the hollow of his throat, but did not see the grin that spread across his face. And he was careful to keep the thought he had from reaching her. He patted the shoulder that he had one hand cupped around, and said, "This "little affair" as you call it, is going to last a hell of a lot longer than one night. And I'm glad to see you taking care of yourself. Good thinking on the vitamins with extra iron. And they say blondes are dumb. You need to keep your strength up my beloved, I'm not sure I could control myself were you to swoon and fall at my feet. Especially if you fell face down."

She kissed the hollow of his throat once more. Looked up at him and said with a grin, "Yeah, I got to be careful about getting light headed and dizzy around you. Otherwise, I'm liable to wake up your eternal bride one morning. And not even remember having said the words I do, the night before. At least it wouldn't be a Vegas wedding though."

Though in his heart he yearned for nothing more than to make her his for all eternity, he carefully hid his thoughts from her, and said with a grin that did not seem forced, "No dear, I promise not to take you Vegas for our wedding. I was thinking though, that Paris is certainly lovely in the Spring."

She laughed and replied, "Yeah well baby I got a news flash for you. You have to get with my pet attorney, and sign a prenuptial agreement before we take that night flight to Paris."

He laughed, and looked down at her in surprise. "You have a pet attorney? Now that is impressive! I would think that would be even more dangerous than having me for a lover. What does one have to do to make a pet out of an attorney?"

Then he suddenly shook his head back and forth, placed his hands over his ears, blocked her thoughts from his completely and said, "No! Wait. I think I would rather not know what you did to make him into one of your pets."

She giggled and said, "Yeah, best you don't know, or even think about that. Joseph is far too valuable to me to have you trying to snap his neck. Besides, I really do adore having you around as a pet too, and no offense, but snapping his neck might not be as easy as you would think. In some ways, he can be far more dangerous than any vampyre."

He laughed and said, "No offense taken. To be truthful, even vampyres don't like to fuck with attorneys. They are worse bloodsuckers than some of us ever thought about being. And not even a rabid werewolf would be stupid enough to want to fuck with one, that enjoys being your pet attorney."

She giggled and said, "Yeah, and some of them make sharks look down right sweet tempered. The best way I know of to describe my dear friend and pet attorney, is to say that Joseph, is not the type of man one wants to fuck with, unless one absolutely has too. He is devious beyond description. And enjoys a cold dish of revenge, even more than a warm one. When someone threatens to sue me, which sometimes happens in my business, I just hand them his business card or give them his telephone number, and tell them go ahead, make his day. I keep him entertained in a variety of ways, no don't EVEN think about some of those ways, and he keeps my little apple ass out of legal trouble."

He tried not to think about some of those ways, forced a grin and said, "Well it is good that you have someone who keeps you out of legal trouble so well. But he and I do need to have a discussion very soon, about the ways you are going to be allowed to keep him entertained in the future. You are just not strong enough to stand up to keeping two of us bloodsuckers fully entertained."

She giggled again and said, "Well watch it trying to sneak up on him. He is Nam Vet, as well as a collector of guns, swords, knives, stakes and other miscellaneous implements of destruction. The bastard knows more ways to cap a human's ass, than most professional assassins. He is a lover of fantasy and horror as well, so he probably knows every way there is to cap a vampyre's as well. Don't send your werewolf friends after him, because I know for a fact he keeps silver bullets around his office, and in his house. And I think at least one of the three guns he always carries on him, may have one or two in the chamber as well. Oh, and I am so impressed by your concern over my health."

He grinned, one that wasn't quite so forced now that he thinking about a visit he was going to pay to a certain attorney soon, silver bullets or no silver bullets, and said, "I'll announce myself first. I'm sure the two of us can handle this situation like gentlemen."

She laughed and said, "Well I don't know about that. I don't think I would exactly call either of you a gentleman, but I expect you should be able to sort it out with him, without either of you winding up seriously hurt."

While they had been talking, she had been busily undoing the buttons on his shirt. She untucked the shirt from his black silk trousers, and ran one arm around his back. She was gently trailing the nails of her other hand and down his chest. Kassie gave new meaning to the words, keep your shirt on.

Knowing that idle hands are the devil's workshop, he had been keeping his busy by sliding one hand up along her bare leg, and under her denim shorts. His thumb was gently rubbing her clitoris. He was keeping his other hand from becoming a tool in the devil's workshop, by undoing the top button on her blouse, and gently massaging her nipples.

He had fed shortly before he come to her, but the sweet smell of her blood, and the close proximity he was keeping to it, was causing the

hunger to return. When he buried his head against the side of her neck and inhaled, she knew he wasn't sniffing her perfume, and he heard her begin to chant the ritual that would help to keep her safe from harm.

As she continued to chant the words he picked her up and carried her towards the bedroom. He reached down, turned the knob, and kicked the door open with his boot. He could have had the door open by itself before he even reached it, but he knew that doing it this way, turned her on more.

She caught that thought, grinned and said, "Yeah baby. There is nothing like having a handsome vamp sweep me off my feet, carry me in his big strong arms to the bedroom, and kick the red door open, to really rev my engine. Especially if he is wearing silver tipped black boots, when he kicks that red door."

As he strode into the bedroom with her in his big strong arms, he said, "Woman, you have a definite boot fetish."

She giggled and said, "Yeah I know. But its only one, in a long line of other fetishes. Oh, and I loved that hat trick you did earlier darlin. It plumb set this little yellow rose's heart to fluttering."

He made a mental note to learn more hat tricks, carried her to the foot of the bed, and sat her down facing him in the center of it. Grabbed the ornately carved pornographic bed post, looked at the crossed brooms, grinned, and slowly began to pull his left boot off. She was watching him with a look of pure lasciviousness on her lovely face. He let that boot fall to the floor. She licked her lips. He let go of that bed post, grabbed the other one with his other hand, and began to slowly pull the other boot off. She licked her lips again and sighed happily. As soon as that boot hit the floor, she started to undo his pants. She must have been cowboy's dream date. His pants slid down over his hips, then fell to his ankles. He stepped out of them and kicked them aside with one sock clad foot. Warm wet lips enveloped him. Soft warm fingers tickled his balls. He grabbed both ornately carved bed posts, closed his eyes, raised his face towards

the heavens, and happily spread eagled himself. A willing sacrifice to another of her fetishes.

As she was sucking him harder and harder, in a part of his mind that was closed to her, he was thinking he pitied the first few victims she would feed on after he had turned her. With the suction power she already possessed as a human, and the increase to that suction power that would come with her becoming, as she had so snidely put it, his eternal bride, she would have her first victims sucked dry faster than you can say, "Bite me. He also made a note in that part of his mind, to check and see if there really was a pile of chrome less trailer hitched out by her barn before he left tonight.

Then a truly evil grin that exposed both his fangs ran across his face, as he pondered in that dark part of his mind, throwing her a few of her ex lovers, and maybe a pet attorney, for her first few feedings.

Then she de-railed the train of thoughts running through that dark part of his mind entirely, when she reached up with the hand that wasn't busily squeezing his balls, and slowly ran her finger down his left fang. His eyes shot open, and he looked down at her. She was looking up at him with her eyes narrowed. She had obviously seen the grin spread across his face, and had not mistaken it, for one of happy bliss.

She stopped sucking him, withdrew her mouth, grinned at him and said, "I don't know what you were thinking just then, but I have feeling that whatever it was, it sure as hell isn't going to win you the Nobel Peace Prize honey. Joseph gets a grin just like that, right before he fucks somebody over royally. So does the devil, and a few other men I know. I hope you weren't thinking about fucking sweet little me over. Even a vamp, can get into to trouble with that kind of thinking."

Then warm wet lips enveloped him again. And she began to squeeze his balls hard and drag a long fingernail none to gently down the base of them. He moaned, let go of the bed post, patted her on the head,

grabbed the bed post again and said earnestly, "I would never, even in my darkest dreams, think of fucking you over." Paused for a moment, and added, "Maybe fucking you bent over. Possibly even fucking you bent over various interesting objects, but never just fucking you over." Drake let go of one bed post, patted her gently on the head again, grabbed the bed post again, and said piously, "Perish that terrible thought from your precocious little mind my pretty one. And what would dear a sweet angel like you, know about what kind of grin the devil would get on his face, at that kind of thought?"

She grinned around his dick, and sent him a mind flash that said, "The same way I know why Joseph and those other men get that kind of grin, at that sort of thought. I've been around to see, sometimes even aid and abet in, the aftermath of those grins." And raked her nails down his chest with the same fair hand, that had so gently stroked his fang a moment ago.

He winced and said, "You aided and abetted the devil in one or more of his schemes? Oh my precious, but more than slightly precocious little angel, how could you?"

She sucked him harder, gave his balls a hard squeeze and dug her nails into the base of those sweetly aching balls, and raked her nails down his chest. Then sent a mind flash that said, "Can the precious precocious angel shit, it ain't flying with me. And no, I said I aided and abetted in some of those schemes. The devil though, is best left to own devices at moments such as that. And I used to work for Joseph as a paralegal, aiding and abetting him in the aftermath of those kind of grins, was sometimes part of my job description."

The whole time she was answering his thoughts with her own, she was steadily sucking his dick, squeezing and digging her nails into his balls, and raking the nails of her other hand down his chest. She must have been a wonder at chewing bubble and walking at the same time.

"Fucking funny! Ha ha!" Flashed across her mind, then his, and she gave his balls a really hard squeeze. And nearly drew blood with the nails she raked down his chest.

He winced again, looked down at her adoringly, and said, "Oh Kassie my dearest, loving you is such sweet agony." Let go of the bed posts, grasp her head, pushed it off his dick, enjoying the scraping sensation her teeth were making as he did, then pulled her up into arms. He held her tightly for a moment. Then sat her back down on the bed, and dropped to his knees in front of her. He took his shirt off, placed one hand on her chest, and pushed her upper body down onto the bed. Then grasped her under her buttocks, lowered his head, and pulled her buttocks to the edge of the bed. Then his plunged his tongue into her warm wet pussy.

She sucked her breath in hard, but did not pull back from the first touch of his cold tongue. Then she moaned and pushed herself into his face harder. He was careful not to let his fangs pierce her skin. He was not ready to taste her blood yet. He gently ran his tongue in and out of her and let her juices flow into his mouth. She raised those lovely long legs of hers, and planted a foot on each of the bed posts. She gave a whole new meaning to the words, legs wide open, in that position.

He continued to run his tongue gently in and out of her warm wet pussy. Savoring the sensation of her juices filling his mouth, then his mind. He let his own mind envelope hers as he continued slowly working his tongue in and out of her. Rode the wave of pleasure with her, as he removed one hand from under her buttock, and began to gently rub her clitoris with his thumb, and brought her to a slow sweet moaning climax. And he heard his true name whispered once in that sweet moaning sound she made.

When her body stopped shuddering he withdrew his tongue, kissed her lightly on the inside of her thigh, then stood up. Looking down at her he grinned and said, "Remember that name darling, you are going to be screaming it thrice before we are finished."

Then he gathered up in his big strong arms. Walked around to the side of the bed, whispering in her highly sensitive little shell like ear, some of the things that he was going to do to her. When they reached the side of the bed, her sensitive little shell like ears were burning, and his cross was getting really hard to bear.

He tossed her gently onto the bed, then climbed in the bed himself. He placed his knees on either side of her body, reached down, and took both of her dainty hands in his. He kissed tenderly the palm of each hand. Then before she knew what was happening, reached over, snatched the love cuffs from the bed post they were hanging on, slipped her dainty hands into them, and drew them snug. He quickly tied the cords dangling from them loosely around the bed rail. Then sat back with a grin.

She gave him a wide eyed startled look. Rather like the one you see on a doe's face when she is caught in the headlights of an oncoming truck. Then she giggled and said, "Hey! Wait a minute! We haven't even discussed what the safe word is going to be! And I have a form my pet attorney whipped up for me, just for special occasions like this, that you have to fill out and sign before we go any further."

He grinned down at her evilly and said, "Kassie my darling, there is no safe word for you tonight. And screw Rover's form. I'm not signing my name on any dotted line. Besides, I'm really only trying to keep your delicate little mitts off my balls. But if the pleasure gets too intense for you, you can always try screaming my name thrice, and see if that works."

Then he rubbed his hands together with glee and said, "This is going to be so much fun. I would say I'm going to do things to your body and mind you've never had done before, but frankly my dear, in your case, I'm not sure that is even inhumanly possible. But, I am going to fuck you until your body and mind are numb with pleasure."

She giggled again and replied, "Hey! I resemble that one remark! And numbing my body this way may work. But honey, don't you think

numbing my mind with pleasure, or anything else for that matter, is a bit redundant?"

He roared with laughter and said, "You have an excellent point there my dear. But I'll just have to work hard at it anyway." Then he went to work. Hard.

As he started, she looked down at his cock that was standing at full attention, and with a breathless giggle said, "Well baby, parts of you certainly seem up to the task you have set for yourself."

He reached down, grabbed an ankle in each hand, and as he gently slid his cock into her warm wet pussy grinned and said, "Trust me. I'm more than up to it." Then as he held her ankles and kept her pinned to the bed, began slowly and rhythmically driving his cock in and out of her.

That's when the pink faerie appeared over the bed rail. The tiny creature was dressed in a gold Versache vest, red velvet hot pants, and a pair of blue suede knee high lace up boots.

He had caught a glimpse of a blue muse late one night, centuries ago, but this was the first time he had ever seen a pink faerie. Especially one dressed like this. The sight of it made him pause momentarily in surprise.

The creature fluttered it's rather badly tattered golden gossamer wings, and landed on the bed rail. It crossed it's tiny pink legs, starting swinging one booted foot up and down, and said, "Well Kassie, this is another fine mess you've gotten yourself into! Shall I untie your hands so you can make him fill out and sign the form before you pair continue any further? You know Joseph hates it when you don't get that form signed first."

Kassie glanced up nonchalantly and said, "No, that's okay. Knowing this guy, if we did get him to sign on the dotted line, he would probably do so in disappearing ink."

The faerie nodded its little pink head wisely and said, "You have a point there."

Then the creature tapped the tip of one of Kassie's nails and said, "Well holler if you need me." Fluttered back up off the top of the rail on its tattered wings, and with a tiny popping sound, disappeared.

He resumed his slow steady stroking, looked down at her, shook his head and said, "That one had me worried for a moment. Thought you pair wanted a threesome, and I'm just not into faeries. Even pink ones."

He began stroking just a little harder, liking the sound she made when he did, and said, "By the way darling, what happened to that poor creature's wings?"

Kassie giggled, met his thrust, and said breathlessly, "Well, those aren't actually her wings." Moaned when he lifted her slightly by the ankles and thrust himself in harder, and said even more breathlessly, "We stole them off a flying pig to replace the ones that stupid elf accidentally set on fire. Its a long story. Let's discuss it later."

He grunted as he thrust himself into her harder, said, "Yes, let's save that story for later. Right now I have more of an endless night tale on my mind." Then wrapped her ankles around his neck, and hoped no more faeries, or anything else would turn up on her bed rail.

He increased the momentum of his steady stroking, and Kassie began mixing little breathless oooh and ahh sounds into with her moaning. He cupped her chin in one of his hands, turned her head to the side, and very slowly lowered his mouth to her ear. She struggled to turn her head and avoid the mouth descending on her super sensitive little shell like ear. But he held her head firmly in place, then very gently brushed her ear with his lips. And she began to whimper.

He softly laid his lips on her ear and grinned. She felt that grin, whimpered again and began to buck wildly against him as he gently

flicked his tongue in and out of her ear. He continued softly flicking his tongue in and out of her ear for a few very pleasant seconds, then grinned against her ear and said, "I wonder if she really will follow me anywhere, if I blow in her ear?"

Kassie whimpered again as he flicked his tongue in her ear after he said that, then said she smugly, "You can't blow in my ear! You are a vampyre! No breathe to blow with!"

He grinned again, placed his mouth directly over and slightly above her ear, then said "Bet me?" And very deliberately blew in her ear.

Kassie gasped, bucked against him wildly again and cried out, "That's not fair! If you don't breathe, you shouldn't be able to blow!"

He chuckled evilly and said, "All's fair in love and war my pretty one." Then he raised his head ever so slightly, and ran his tongue along the edge of her ear. Flicked it once inside her ear very gently. And softly blew in her ear once more.

Kassie whimpered and bucked wildly again. He kept her head firmly in place though, and repeated the process. She unhooked her heels from around his neck, and starting pounding them on his back. He blew in her ear again, flicked his tongue inside it, and made little circles inside her ear with the tip of his tongue. Which made her gasp right before she whimpered and bucked against him. He had a sudden thought, and before she could even catch that thought, the tongue in her ear became forked. The moaning and whimpering almost became a scream. Her little heels were pounding his broad back furiously. And he could feel her start to climax. He began thrusting his dick in and out of her pussy harder and harder. He probed her ear harder with his now forked tongue, and the whimper became a scream. A scream that contained his true name.

He tongued her ear harder, thrust his cock into her as hard as he could, and heard his true name screamed once more. Then she closed her

mouth so hard, he could hear the snap of her teeth against each other. Could hear her gritting those teeth together now in determination. Strange keening moaning sounds came from her throat. But her mouth remained firmly closed, no matter how hard he tongued her ear and pounded her pussy. As the last spasms of her orgasm went through her, he grinned against her ear again, then raised his head slightly, ran his tongue around the outside of ear, blew in it softly again, and said, "Two down, one to go."

He raised himself up, and looked down at her. She made a very charming picture lying there glaring up at him. Panting, with her hands tied to the bed rail like that. Then her face suddenly brightened and she said with a grin, "Hey honey, wouldn't you like to see me in ball and gag mask? I think I happen to have one lying around somewhere. Uncuff my hands, and I'll look for it."

He chuckled and said, "My dear, I have no doubt you would look most fetching in a ball and gag mask. But I am not about to gag you right now. Nor am I going to uncuff those lovely wrists of yours."

Then he leaned over, kissed the tip of her nose, and said, "I do have a plan though my pretty."

He began to implement his plan by withdrawing from her, and getting off of her. Then kneeling beside her he said, "Okay woman, on your knees."

She looked up at him and said, "I can't do that tied to bed rail like this! You'll have to at least untie the cuffs from that rail honey."

He grinned down at her and said, "No dice darling. I noticed when I cuffed those dainty little mitts of yours, and tied you to that bed rail, that whoever made those hand braided cuffs, knew what they were doing. Something I know you are also perfectly well aware of. Now be good little pretty, and roll over."

She sighed, then grinned and "Well it was worth a shot. And I'll tell Rover you admire his craftsmanship."

He glared down at her and said, "Your pet attorney made those cuffs for you?"

She grinned at him and said, "Yes. Isn't he a sweetie? He didn't even charge me for them!" Then she the grasped the slack in the ends of the cuffs tied to the rail, rolled over on her stomach, then got to her knees.

He looked at her ass. Looked at the whip hung on the other bed knob. Thought about who made those cuffs he had her tied to the bed rail with. Looked at the whip again, then her ass, and said, "And did Rover make that fucking braided riding crop as well my pretty?"

She turned her head towards him, looked up at him, shook her head and said, "Tsk tsk, my love, what a wicked, evil, mean and nasty thought. Especially after you complimented him on his workmanship with the love cuffs. Hope you were planning use analease when you did that."

Then she grinned and said, "No, he didn't make the whip. I bought it at the tack store. Along with some spurs. The spurs are in the barn though. I never wear them in the the bedroom, because they tear up the bedspread too bad. Untie me though, and we can go to the barn!"

"Not a chance darling. We can do the barn thing another night. I've already told you, uncuffing your dainty little mitts, or even untying you from that bed rail, is not part of tonight's plan."

He eyed the whip longingly for a moment, then said, "And as much as you need it, spanking you is not part of tonight's plan. Unfortunately, you are not masochistic enough for that to work. I told you earlier, the main reason I cuffed your dainty little mitts and tied them to that rail, was to keep them off my balls."

She looked over her shoulder at him, grinned and said, "Well gee whiz honey, if you feel that strongly about it, all you had do was tell me you didn't like me having you by the balls. In fact, since I know how you feel about that now, you can uncuff me and I promise I won't lay so much as a finger, on your precious gonads."

He grinned back down at her and said, "I didn't say I didn't like you having me by the balls. In fact, you know damn well I like it, a lot, an awful lot, but tonight is about you. You have already brought me more pleasure in the past two nights, than I have experienced in all the centuries I have been walking this earth. I intend to return to you tonight, a small part of that pleasure."

Kassie laughed at at him at said, "You speak with forked tongue."

He had forgotten about that! And quickly unforked his tongue. Then said, "Well yes, for a moment there, my tongue was forked. But that doesn't mean I wasn't telling you the truth! I just want to show you tonight how much I adore you."

"And little pigs without wings fly, if you kick them in ass hard enough. You are trying to get me to scream your name one more time tonight. Apparently, I'm the best piece of ass you've had in a LONG time. And you've got your cold cruel heart set on making me one of your eternal brides. I know I've got killer pussy, but you need to get a grip."

A look of mock hurt and astonishment crossed his face. He raised one hand to his heart, and said, "Kassie, my beloved darling, you wound my cold heart. I would never dream of doing such a thing to you. I'm just trying to show my love for you."

Then he grinned wickedly and said, "But you are most certainly, and without a doubt, the best piece of ass I have had in a VERY LONG time."

She shook her head in mock sadness and said, "Don't tell me. Your other eternal brides just don't understand you. They don't do the things

with you I do. Make you feel the way I do. And by the way, just how many of those eternal brides have you accumulated over the centuries?"

If a vampyre could have blushed, he would have been blood red in the face. A look of sadness and guilt crossed his face for a moment, then he said, "Actually, they don't. And I have a lot less, eternal brides, as you so snidely call them, than you have ex lovers."

He couldn't stay sad for long though. Looking at her on her knees. Her round pale cheeks shining in the red lamplight. Flaxen hair falling over her shoulders and back. Dainty mitts cuffed handily to the bed rail. Besides, the time he could safely spend with her, was growing short. He must allow himself enough time after he left her, to feed the blood lust this time spent with her would arouse in him. So he began to implement the rest of his plan. He moved around her, then knelt behind those pleasantly shining rounded cheeks, lowered his head and ran his now unforked tongue under her pussy and up to her clitoris.

Kassie crossed her hands, turned them, and clutched the bed rail. And in that dark part of her mind she kept hidden from him thought, "Well, at least the son of a bitch ain't seriously tongue fucking my ear and blowing in it? And how did he do that?" Then her train of thought got badly derailed, when he began seriously tongue fucking her clitoris with that incredibly luscious long tongue of his.

He knew he had her undivided attention now, and continued to run his tongue up and down her lovely little love button. Hoping in the dark part of his mind he kept hidden from her, that if he pushed it hard enough, she would cry out his name one more time. Her body was already awash with pleasure. Her mind was slowly eroding. He intended to further erode it with an intense series of multiple orgasms. And hope it would crumble completely His plan seemed to be working.

Well it appeared to be anyway. Even he could never be completely sure what the hell was really going on in that marvelous monstrous maze of a

mind of hers. Though he longed with all his cold cruel heart and coal black soul for the connection to that mind turning her would bring, there was a part of him that wondered just how safe it would be for even a vampyre, to dig too deeply into that mind. Some of the parts he had already seen of it, had left him a bit dazed and confused at times.

What he wasn't confused about right now though, was the effect his tongue play on her love button, was having on her. She was clenching the rails with her handily cuffed dainty little mitts, and making wonderful mmmmmm sounds on and off, that tickled the fancy of his ears, all the way down to his balls. His tongue played harder on her love button, and the mmmmmm sound changed to a little oooooooh oooooooh sound, that pleased his ear even more. His tongue played even harder, and that oooooooh oooooooh sound started coming between gasps. His tongue played harder, and she started coming while she was gasping, and making those delightful oooooooh oooooooh sounds.

While she was still in the throes of that orgasm he removed his tongue from her love button, and plunged it into her, now quivering like a bowl of jelly, Pandora's box. That changed the pitch of the oooooooh oooooooh sounds to oh oh sounds. And caused her to start seriously fucking his tongue with that quivering little Pandora's box. He thrust his tongue in deeper, and she started humping it with enthusiasm, while still making those oh oh sounds.

He had to something about changing the tone of those again. So he reached around her waist, and began fine tuning her love button with his fingers. That seemed to do the trick wonderfully. She humped his tongue even more enthusiastically, and the oh oh sounds changed to ah oh sounds. He fine tuned her some more, and the ah oh sounds became lovely low moans. He fine tuned her love button a little harder and faster with his fingers, she humped his tongue even more enthusiastically, the moans changed to an even lovelier low pitched tone, and her little Pandora's box began to quiver like a bowl of jelly again.

She was still in the throes of that orgasm, when he raised up, and replaced his tongue with his dick. She still wasn't so addle witted though she didn't notice the difference. She could still tell a tongue from a dick. And no doubt a bed knob from a broom stick. He fined tuned her some more, and she began to hump his dick even more enthusiastically than she had his tongue.

He leaned over her, brushed her flaxen hair off her pale shoulder with the hand he wasn't still further fine tuning her with, and began nibbling on that shoulder. Then wrapped that hand around her, and gently cupped her breast. While he was still fine tuning her love button with one hand, he began to gently rub the nipple of the breast he had cupped in the other hand. He nibbled her shoulder a little harder, licking it in between nibbles, fined tuned her at a faster harder pace, and thrust himself into her harder. She was clenching the rails, and her teeth now, and her little Pandora's box was once more pleasantly quivering like a bowl of jelly.

In that dark part of his mind he kept hidden from her, he thought that by now she should be the one getting more than a bit dazed and confused. The walls of her mind should be nicely eroded by now. A few more waves of endless pleasure, and they would crumble beautifully. Though he made a note to watch for thick falling bricks when they did.

He stopped nibbling her shoulder, and began to move his mouth up towards her neck. He kept fine tuning her love button at a fast and hard pace, but more gently thrusting himself in and out of her, while his lips traveled up the side of her neck, and towards her cheek, then her ear. She was whimpering pitifully by the time his lips brushed ear lobe. She turned her head from him though. So he had to let go of her breast, and grab a handful of hair to keep her head steady. But he kept a firm hold on her love button. He figured that was his ticket to eternal bliss and he wasn't letting go of it, until he heard that third scream. Which according to his plan, should be very soon.

He forked his tongue again, turned her head back around, and began to enthusiastically fuck her shell like little ear with that now forked again tongue. That set her little Pandora's box to quivering again, She was now clenching her teeth so hard, he feared they might crumble before the walls of her mind did. Oh well, she could grow a new set, complete with fangs, after she called his name again. He raised his head for a moment, moved his hand through her hair a little, turned her head around the other way, and began to slowly trail his forked again tongue up her neck, and towards that other shell like little ear. She began making wonderfully weird noises deep in her throat, so he blew in her ear just for the hell of it. She opened her mouth and started making incoherent sounds that he was sure he could change into his name, so he fined tuned her love button faster and harder with his fingers, tongue fucked her ear furiously, and thrust his dick deeply into her.

It was on the backstroke of that thrust, the one he thought would become his victory dance, that his plan fell to pieces. The little minx braced her head against the padded headboard, slipped one love cuff, threw that hand down, and helped further brace herself. Then before he could finish the upstroke, untangle his hand from her hair and grab it, her other dainty mitt slipped its loving bonds. She reached down between her legs with that hand, past his hand, and to his balls. She took a firm grip on his gonads, began squeezing them gently. Then she turned her head as far around as she could, bared her neck to his fangs, squeezed his balls hard, and dug her nails into the base of them, and said "Bite me!" And thrust her quivering little Pandora's box as far up his dick as she could. Before he could stop himself, he did just that. He began to climax he second he felt her blood rushing through his fangs.

He took three deep draughts of her blood. Less than a pint. A little orange juice, a few vitamins, another rare steak, and by tomorrow night, she would be fine as wine again. Pulled his fangs out of the side of her neck, drove himself into her, threw his head back, and howled. Precious

promptly answered him. And he could have sworn he heard a chuckle in that howl. Then he heard a giggle.

"Nice try darlin! That was a five star fuck if I ever had one. We will have to do this more often. It does wonders for the circulation."

That did it. He threw himself off of her, rolled on his back, grabbed her, pulled her on top of him, then rolled them both over. He propped himself on one elbow, grabbed her head with his other hand, leaned his head close to ear and said, "You never needed that fucking little pink faerie's help to begin with!"

She giggled again and replied, "Hush! Don't tell her that! She thinks she rescued me from a fate worse than death once when some knife wielding psycho stalker managed to get me handcuffed me to a tree limb out back. I slip handcuffs as easily as love cuffs. But Fanny Mae doesn't even know I can slip love cuffs, and she and that stupid elf that accidentally set her wings on fire shortly before that, came charging in and rescued me. With a little help from Precious."

The thought of her being handcuffed to anything, by anyone else but him, did not make him a happy vampyre. The thought her being handcuffed to a tree limb in her own backyard by some knife wielding psycho stalker, would have chilled his heart, if it hadn't already been stone cold. He leaned his head down and kissed her deeply. Then raised himself back up and said, "Which prison is that psycho stalker now in, and what's his number. I think I'll pay him a visit, before I pay your pet attorney one."

She blushed and got a rather guilty look on her lovely face and said, "Well, he isn't actually in prison."

He thought of Precious helping rescue her with those big fangs and teeth of his, and said with a grin, "Remind me bring to bring Precious a bone tomorrow night."

She shook her back and forth quickly and said, "No. No. Precious didn't kill him. Only hamstrung him a little to keep him under control."

He looked confused for a moment and said, "Well where is that psycho stalker now if he isn't dead or in prison."

She grinned guiltily and said, "Gone, gone."

"Gone, gone? Where?" He inquired.

"Er, well I'm not exactly sure where he is at this moment. See, Fanny Mae phoned one of her E.T. buddies. And they came and picked him up in their space ship. It is my understanding they are now conducting extensive research on him. You know, probing him in places a psycho stalker would rather not be probed in by a bunch of little wide eyed dudes. Let's just say that bad old knife wielding psycho stalker, is now receiving a heavy dose of cosmic justice, and leave it at that."

He would have preferred extracting his own brand of justice on the knife wielding psycho stalker who had handcuffed his beloved to a tree. But having met and chatted with a couple of aliens himself over the centuries, he knew that psycho stalker wasn't receiving even a spoonful of sugar to help the dose of cosmic justice he was now receiving, go down. He contented himself with the thought of some of the probes those little wide eyed creatures would be performing on him in the interest of cosmic justice. And those little guys never used analease.

He grinned down at her, kissed the tip of her nose, and said, "Well remind me to thank Fanny Mae when I see her again. I may even see about getting her another pair of wings. Ones that aren't quite so tattered."

She grinned back up at him and replied, "Oh she would love that! We had a hell of time removing the ones she has now from that pig that doesn't fly anymore. That's how come they are so tattered."

He laughed and said, "Yes pigs like that are very reluctant to part with their wings." Then he felt the first hard twinge of the hunger go through him. He leaned down again, kissed her deeply, then said, "I am more reluctant to part from you, than that pig was to part with his little golden wings, but the hunger grows, and I must leave. Unless of course, you would like to consent to being my eternal bride right now."

She grinned and said, "No, not right now. I like long engagements." Then she shook her head and continued, "Though why you keep insisting on me consenting to your proposal puzzles me. I know damn well you don't need me to consent to your proposal in order to make me one of your eternal brides. Nor do you need to hear me scream your name thrice in the same night while in the throes of passion, to make me one of your kind."

He looked down at her lovingly and said, "Because I vowed long ago that I would never again turn a mortal unless I had their full consent. More than I have ever wanted anything else, I want to have you with me for all eternity. But I will not turn you unless you willingly consent to it. Or until you scream my name thrice in one night. Which ever comes first." Then he leaned over, kissed her again quickly, rolled off of her, and stood up.

She watched as he walked to the end of the bed and began putting his clothes back on. And thought in the dark part of her mind she kept hidden from him, that vampyres put their pants on one leg at a time, just like mortal men.

It took him a little less time to dress tonight since he had never got around to taking his socks off. Which left him a couple more precious seconds he could spend with Kassie. He took advantage of that time by striding back around the bed, gathering her in his arms, and holding her to him. Then he strode into the living room. Sat her down on her feet in front of her desk, clasped her to him tightly once more, kissed her deeply again, then pushed her away. Then he turned, strode out of the living room, and disappeared.

After he left, she shut down the computer and returned to the bedroom. Kassie unscrewed the ornately carved bed knob, carefully removed the vial, then screwed the bed knob back on. Once more she slept with it under her pillow.

## Chapter 4

He had fed early that evening so that he would have as much time as possible to implement Plan B. The sun had not been fully set more than ninety minutes when he appeared.

She was at her computer already. Did she never leave the thing? Just before he spun her chair around, he noticed she was surfing online instead of working on her latest book. She grinned up at him and said, "You left your hat here last night cowboy. Is that a hint you are also wanting to park those silver tipped boots under my bed too?"

He laughed and said, "Yes, and if you would just quit gritting your teeth so, and scream what you mean, I would have them parked under there for eternity."

Then he lifted her to her feet, and wrapped his arms around her. Held her against his body for a moment, then unwrapped one of his arms from around her. Tilted her chin up with his hand, and kissed her. He let her lick and suck both his fangs for a moment, then gathered her up in his arms and headed for the couch.

When they were comfortably settled in their usual positions he noticed a new pile of papers on the coffee table. But this wasn't a manuscript. He reached for the papers but she pushed him back and said, "Wait, you can see those later, but first I better tell why are our little nightly romps are about to be interrupted."

He leaned back, looked down at her with a frown and said, "What do mean interrupted?"

"Well, I'm about to have to go out of town for a few days. Maybe even longer. There is something I have to take care of. Those papers on the coffee table are some research I've been doing on some unsolved murders."

His frown turned to a scowl and he said, "Wait a minute! You are not fucking playing journalist and getting yourself involved in any murders. Or were you intending to put poor sweet Nancy out of job? That's how you got yourself handcuffed to that tree by that knife wielding psycho, wasn't it? Were you playing journalist, or detective? And you are not, I repeat not, leaving here to go traipsing off to go chase murderers."

She arched one eyebrow and said, "Listen sport, the days when vamps like you could boss witches like me around, are like, long dead and gone. And I guess you could say I was "playing" detective. See, what I didn't mention when I told you about that little episode, is that the knife wielding stalker wasn't quite human. He was stalking me because I had discovered what he really was. But I don't have time to go over that story with you in full right now. Joseph and Mikey will be here soon, I need to brief you on this mission before they get here."

Before he stop himself he grinned wickedly and said, "Isn't that supposed to be "debrief" my little angel agent?"

She just grinned back up at him and said, "No James, you don't wear briefs. Remember. Besides, that's what I do after the mission is over."

Then she said, "But seriously, I am going to be leaving here for at least a few days. Now cut the macho vamp shit, and let me explain why I have to go."

She took a deep breath and said, "There is a series of murders along one stretch on an interstate highway, that is not being committed by a mortal murderer. I fear they are the work of one of your kind. The victims are decapitated, or have their throats cut very messily, in order to destroy

any evidence of fang marks, and to explain the loss of blood when the bodies are found. They are also being mutilated in other ways to hide fang marks are not on the victim's neck."

He scowled down at her and said, "Yes, I've seen some of my kind do similar things before. They are not just feeding. They are enjoying the kill. They either have not learned to control their feeding habits yet. Or worse, they don't want to control it."

She nodded her head, and continued, "The authorities in this case think that the women are being killed somewhere else, and dumped in the woods along that highway. But that's not what is really happening. Those women are being killed very close to where they are being found. By one of the worst of your kind. I'm going to track him down. Then he, we are pretty sure it is a he, will either be rehabilitated, or destroyed."

He scowled down at her, and snarled, "To hell you are!" Then in a voice that dripped sarcasm he said, "What are you going to do my pretty witch, wander the woods, and wait for your vampyre radar to go off, and your panties to get damp? "

Then he snarled, "And just what the fucking hell do you mean rehabilitate him? Do fucking tell me just exactly how you were going to go about rehabilitating him? And am I another one of your rehabilitation programs?"

She scowled back up at him and said, "No I wasn't going to wander around in the woods and wait for my vampyre radar to go off. It doesn't work anyway on creeps like this. And I don't do the rehab thing. I'm just the tracker. Or a part of the tracker team really."

She leaned over, kissed him deeply, then said, "No darling you are not being rehabilitated. You are strictly pleasure, not business."

Then Kassie leaned back and said, "Look time is running short, let me finish what I have to say. As you know I am a true witch. I am one of the few

people on this earth who has the resources to track a vampyre. I have tracked a variety of creatures over the years, centuries if you count my past lives, including vampyres such as this one. It is my job so to speak. Part of what I am here on this earth for."

Then she leaned over, kissed him gently on his scowling forehead and continued, "With any luck, I'll track this one to his lair fairly easily, let the other part of the team step in and take over, and catch the next flight back."

"Now, two of the members of the other part of the team, and yes Joseph is one, are coming over tonight so we can synchronize our watches and all that shit." Grinned and said, "Mainly just to bullshit for a bit to be honest. We will be leaving tomorrow morning. I will be returning as soon as I can though."

Then she leaned over and kissed him, licked his fangs, and said, "Believe me honey, I'm going to be trying to get this wrapped up as fast as I can, so we can continue our little midnight rendezvous."

He scowled down at her and said, "Well you better start thinking of me as a part of the fucking team my pretty one, because I'm going with you."

She frowned and said, "You can't. First of all I'm leaving in the morning. Not a good time for you. And secondly, I can't allow that. I can't take even the slightest chance of you having to wind up killing, be killed by, one of your own kind."

He raised an eyebrow and said, "Can't allow? Now who is being bossy! And I have no qualms about killing my own kind when it is a vampyre like the one you think is responsible for those killings. Especially if you are at all in harm's way because of the vampyre in question."

Then he scowled again and said, "I am, as far as I know, the oldest vampyre to be walking this earth. I did not get to be this old, without being able to take care of myself. If you are determined to go around

acting like a vampyre slayer, you bet your apple ass I am going to be around to take care of you."

She actually giggled, which deepened his scowl, and said, "I told you honey, I just track them. I leave the slaying to others. You can wind up, like, breaking a nail or something trying to do the slaying."

Then she grinned wickedly and said, "I only like to get close enough to like, break a nail on a vampyre, if I'm fucking him."

He continued scowling down at her though, and said, "Well I intend to be around to insure that you don't get near enough to this one, to break a nail, or anything else."

She sighed and said, "Well if you are determined to play nocturnal bodyguard, I guess there is nothing I can do about it."

She looked at the clock on the wall and said, "Joseph and Mikey will be here in a few minutes. They know about you, but I have not told them your true name. They know you by the name you currently use, when you conduct business with mortals."

Then she grinned and said, "Let's get in a little quick necking time before they show up!" Pulled his head to her own, and began kissing and licking his fangs. Her other hand was busily unbuttoning his shirt.

He moaned when she started sucking his left fang and drawing her nails gently back and forth across his abdomen. The hand that had been resting on her shoulder began to travel over that shoulder, and down into the top of the red cotton sleeveless shirt she was wearing. His other hand had been resting on her knee, it began slowly traveling up her leg.

The hand that had been slipping down her shirt began gently massaging her right breast. His other hand was just starting to undo her jeans when he heard a car pulling into the driveway that led to her house.

And heard Precious begin to bark. He raised his head from kissing her and said, "Company is coming dear."

Kassie leaned back against his arm, grinned and said, "Yep. Let me go shut Precious up, and let them in. Button your shirt back up, and errr, try to do something about hiding that cross you are currently bearing babe."

Then she swung her legs off of him, and got up from the couch. She went to the front door, opened it and yelled, "Precious, shut the fuck up! That is Joseph and Mikey."

The vampyre heard her, shook his head and thought, "And she kisses her mother with that same mouth." Then he thought of some other things she did with that mouth, and grinned.

Just then a candy apple red Porsche came screaming into the driveway. It skid to a halt directly in front of the door, and both of it's two doors opened. A tall black headed man stepped out of the driver's side. He was dressed in black silk trousers, a black silk shirt, and fine tooled black boots. Adorning the collars of his shirt were white embroidered skulls. He wore his long black hair tied back in a pony tail. His features were finely chiseled. Some Spanish blood obviously flowed through his veins.

The big blonde man that stepped out from the passenger side was also dressed in black. Though he wore a black business suit. White shirt. Skinny black tie. Well polished black shoes. And a pair of black framed dark tinted sunglasses.

As she looked at them walking towards her, she thought that the creature sitting on her couch, was going to fit in with the team really well. As the two men made it to the door she grinned and said, "Well if it ain't two of my favorite boys in black." She opened the door wide, stood aside and waved them in. "Ya'll come on in. I got somebody on the couch I want you to meet."

The driver of the car laughed and said, "On the couch Kassie? Have you been analyzing that poor creature?"

Kassie grinned, hugged him as he came through the door, and said, "Well, yeah, You could call it that Joseph. Especially if you are a shrink or an attorney!"

Then the blonde man in black tapped his friend on the shoulder and said, "Out of the way long hair. You get to see her all the time. I haven't seen her since that little incident with the werewolves in Washington.

Joseph let go of her, and stepped on into the room. The huge blonde man in black picked Kassie up in a bear hug, spun around with her, and said, "How's my favorite blonde doing?"

Kassie giggled, hugged him back, and said, "I'm wonderful Mikey. How's my favorite M.I.B.?"

The blonde man put her back down on her feet and said, "I'm doing dandy as candy honey." Kassie grinned, stepped in front of them, crooked her finger, and said, "Come with me boys."

Both men happily followed her into the living room. As they entered the room the vampyre sitting on the couch stood up. As always, he wore snug fitting black silk trousers. And as he had been doing since his second meeting with Kassie, was wearing black boots with silver tips. His shirt was blood red though. And no skulls adorned it's collar.

He nodded his head at the the man in black silk trousers similar to his own, grinned and said, "You must be the pet attorney. Kassie's told me about you."

Then the vampyre's grinned widened, showing his fangs fully, and he said, "Nice work on those love cuffs. But did you know she slips them when she gets too excited?"

Kassie blushed. Mikey roared with laughter. Joseph looked at the vampyre, grinned, and said, "Yeah I found that out one night. But I'm working on a pair right now she shouldn't be able to slip. I'll let you know when I'm finished with them."

Then Joseph gave an evil grin that made even the vampyre raise an eyebrow in a salute to the nastiness behind it, and said, "And if they work."

Kassie looked at her pet attorney, grinned and said, "You didn't tell me you were working on another pair of love cuffs for me!"

Then she looked at her long toothed lover, saw the snarly fang bared face he was wearing, back at her pet attorney, and said quickly, "But I better pay you for those."

"And I'll tell you if they work, Rover." The vampyre said with a snarl.

Mikey roared with laughter again. Kassie giggled. And the attorney and vampyre studied each other.

Then Mikey crept up behind Kassie, and whispered just loud enough for all to hear, "Hey blondie, while they are settling this, let's say me and you go through the red door, and debrief each other like we did after that werewolf case."

Kassie blushed furiously, and giggled again. The attorney and vampyre turned and scowled at the big blonde man in black. Then Kassie grinned and said, "I've got a better idea. Let's all get comfortable in here, and debrief, I mean brief Drake on this mission."

"Mikey and Joseph, you pair pull up a chair round that coffee table. I'll go get you a cold beer and me a cola, then we'll see about getting this mission accomplished."

When she returned to the living room she handed the two men in the chairs a beer. Then sat her cola down on the coffee table. She walked over to the computer and picked up a wooden box. She returned to the couch, sat down beside the vampyre, and sat the wooden box on the table.

The vampyre looked at the box, raised an eyebrow, and said, "Kassie! Surely you are not going to that while you are planning a mission. In front of an attorney and a M.I.B agent?"

The attorney and M.I.B. agent both reached for the box at the same time. The attorney was just a hair quicker, and he flipped open the lid on the box, grabbed three hand rolled cigarettes, and said, "No, she is going to do it with us, Vlad."

The vampyre scowled and said, "As you well know Rover, I currently go by the name of Drake Stone. None but Kassie knows my true name. But I have been known by many other names throughout the centuries. My legends are many. And far older than the legions of hell. I had already walked this earth for centuries, when the Aborigines of Australia were at the dawn of their culture, and I became the legend of Yara-Ma-Yha-Who. The Greeks called me Vrykolakas. The Japanese sometimes called me Kappa. Never Godzilla or Mothra."

"Vlad Tepes, the man who many say Stoker's Dracula is based on, was not even a gleam in his father's eye, when I was taking my second gourmet tour through that part of Europe. I watched the beginning of the building of Stonehenge. And danced with the witches the eve of its completion. I was in the Egypt five thousand years before the first pyramids were built."

Then he grinned at Joseph and said, "And I am far far older than the demon who sired you. In fact, I think I fucked his grandmother one night when she was still a young succubus."

Mikey looked back at the vampyre and said, "Wow dude! I hope Kassie don't kill your ancient ass in that red room of hers. You need any Viagra, you let me know."

The vampyre grinned at Mikey and said, "Thanks anyway, but I'm holding up just fine buddy. Especially when I can keep her delicate little mitts off my balls."

Kassie suddenly dissolved into a fit of giggles. She doubled over and began giggling so hard she was gasping for breath. Then vampyre looked at her in concerned alarm, and patted her on the back.

Joseph started laughing and said, "Don't worry Drac, I mean Drake, she does that sometimes. She'll get her breath back in a second, and tell us what she was thinking that bent her over like that."

Kassie finally regained her breath, raised up still laughing, and said, "A Vampyre on Viagra! That's better than those fucking Panda's being on it, and watching Panda porn together!"

They all started laughing. When the laughter died down, Mikey looked at the vampyre and said, "And I didn't know you guys did succubuses. I thought you only did witches and vampyres."

"I was drunk on the blood of an intoxicated mortal I had fed on at the orgy. In the dark, I didn't notice the difference"

The vampyre grinned wider, shrugged his ancient shoulders and said, "Shit happens."

Mikey doubled over laughing. Joseph grinned and said, "I hear that! You should see some of the things I've woke up to the next morning after a bottle or two of tequila. Make you want to gnaw your fucking arm rather than move it, and take the chance on waking them up."

Kassie, who had been partaking of the sacred herb again with her usual irreverent enthusiasm, dissolved into giggles, and starting choking on the smoke she had been holding in her lungs. The vampyre reached over, patted her on the back, and said, "Damn, I'm going to have a bad case of the fucking munchies later."

Then Drake grinned at both the men sitting in front of him and said, "After a night with my sweet Kassie, sometimes my fangs twitch at the sight of a Twinkie." Kassie giggled and choked harder. And the attorney and blonde man in black both laughed.

Then the vampyre said, "But enough of this idle chatter concerning my name, age and sexual escapades with Joseph's kinfolk. Kassie seems determined to track down one of my kind who she has taken an exception to because of his abominable feeding habits. Which I will agree are most unsavory and unnecessary. His kind give all of us a bad name. She assures me she will only be tracking the creature, and not trying to slay it."

He paused for a moment, glared at Joseph and Mikey, and continued, "However, I also know that she somehow wound up handcuffed to a tree limb in the backyard by some not quite human knife wielding psycho stalker. I intend to accompany her on this little jaunt of hers, to insure that she does not wind up food for that loathsome creature she insists on tracking down."

Mikey grinned and said, "Hey, don't blame us on the stalker thing. I was tracking down a fucking illegal alien in New York. She did that one on her own. Well almost on her own. She had Fanny Mae and that stupid fucking elf. Oh, and Precious. But she should have at least told Joe what she was up to!"

Kassie looked guilty then said, "Hey, I was about to tell Joseph what I had found out, when that son of bitch turned up and handcuffed me to that tree."

Then she shook her head sadly and said, "Besides, compared to what we are going to be up against on this mission, that psycho is a piece of cake."

Mikey nodded his head and said, "Yeah, the profile on this one makes Hannibal look like a real nice guy."

Joseph nodded in agreement and said, "We better make damn sure we go in loaded for bear when we take that blood sucking son of a bitch out."

Then he looked at the vampyre sitting next to Kassie, grinned and said, "No offense."

The vampyre grinned back at him, fangs clearly showing, and said, "None taken."

Mikey said, "But first we have to find him. That's where Kassie comes in. We are flying to near where we think his lair might be tomorrow. Kassie will go in, with us as back up of course, and try to track him to his lair. Once she has pin pointed his lair, we will take over. Send her back to base camp, and go have a little chat with that dude about his table manners."

Joseph nodded his head and said, "If he comes along peacefully, we will take him to some friends of ours, and get him in a rehab program. If he doesn't want to come along peacefully, we will cap his fucking ass. And donate the body to some alien friends of ours, who love doing cadaver research on different species."

The vampyre nodded, turned to Kassie and said, "Now my pretty one, would you like to explain to me just exactly how you are going to track this creature down without the aid of your incredible," and the vampyre leaned over and whispered in her ear, "not to mention edible," raised back up and said "vampyre radar."

Kassie blushed, exhaled, giggled and said, "I'm going to enlist the aid of a few friends in the forest. Oh and Fanny Mae, and that stupid elf, are also going to be along to help me."

Mikey shook his head, groaned, and said, "Oh no! Not that stupid fucking elf. I don't mind Fanny Mae. Yeah she is a bimbo even for a pink faerie. But Bo Bo makes her look like a damned genius. Why does she still hang with him after he burned her little wings off? And whatever happened to that pig that you stole those wings off of?"

Kassie giggled and said, "Well it was an accident. And Fanny Mae keeps him around because he is apparently a stud in bed when it comes to pleasing blonde bimbo faeries in blue suede boots. Fanny says as long as he stays away from fire from now on, they're cool. And last I saw, that pig was on the tube wearing sunglasses and hawking an online coupon site."

Joseph exhaled, and said, "And the little porker is making more money wearing those cheap sunglasses, than he ever did wearing the wings."

Mikey grinned and said, "Cool! I didn't realize that was the same pig."

Then Kassie said, "But back to current business." Looked up at the vampyre sitting next to her, and said, "Joseph, Mikey and me, already know what we need to do. And Fanny Mae and that stupid fucking elf, are scouting the mission location right now. They will have a report for us in the morning when we arrive."

Then she looked at Mikey and said, "Since Drake insists on playing nocturnal bodyguard, we will have to make arrangement for him now."

The vampyre draped one arm around Kassie's shoulder looked down at her with a grin and said, "I'll make my own travel arrangements my pretty. Simply make sure I have a hotel room that I can draw the shades closed in."

Then he looked at Joseph and said, "If Kassie cannot track the creature the first day she is there, I will track him that night."

Mikey grinned and said, "Cool. We could call this mission, To catch a Vampyre."

Then Mikey leaned over, picked up one of the pages lying on the coffee table, handed it to the vampyre and said, "Here Drake, this is a map of mission location. We will be in the Hilton. Kassie will be in room 666."

Then he grinned at Kassie and said, "I'll move, and give him the other room adjoining yours."

Mikey looked at the vampyre and said, "That will make your room 668."

The vampyre glanced at the page, tossed it back down on the coffee table, looked at Mikey and said, "Be sure the staff knows that room is not to be cleaned, nor am I to be disturbed, during daylight hours."

Mikey nodded his head and said, "Will do."

Joseph looked at the vampyre, grinned wickedly and said, "You know Drac, me and Mikey usually sandwich Kassie between us on dangerous missions to keep her safe. Guess you'll be the bottom half from now on when we are all on a mission together."

The vampyre scowled, and said, "Well don't break out the fucking mayo for this mission, or any other, Rover. The only thing Kassie is going to be sandwiched between from here on out, is me and mattress on the bed."

Mikey grinned wickedly and said, "Well fuck, there goes the midnight snack bar."

Joseph looked at Mikey, shook his head and said, "God dammit, Mikey, you really will eat anything." And all of them started laughing.

Then the vampyre looked at Mikey, then Joseph, and with a very cold grin said, "When it comes to snacking on Kassie, you pair can consider the snack bar, permanently, one might even say, eternally, closed."

Mikey looked at Joseph grinned and said, "Good thing we lined those twins up for us tonight."

Joseph laughed and said, "Damn sure is."

Kassie started laughing and said, "Is that the pair where one is a fire eater, and the other is sword swallower?"

Joseph and Mikey grinned, and nodded their heads happily up and down.

Then Joseph said, "They can't suck the chrome off a trailer hitch like Kassie can, but that sword swallower does give new meaning to the words, deep throat".

Mikey laughed and said, "And her sister gives new meaning to the words, fire down below."

Kassie laughed and said, "You pair are incorrigible."

The vampyre laughed and said, "A fire eater and sword swallower. I think you pair are in for a very interesting evening."

Mikey grinned, looked at Kassie and said, "Yeah, ain't we though."

Looked at the vampyre and said, "Real interesting!"

Then Mikey grinned wickedly and said, "We could bring the twins back here and have an orgy. Be just like old times for you Drac, I mean Drake."

The vampyre grinned wickedly and said, "No, I think I'll pass on the orgy tonight. But you are welcome to bring your pretties round for a late

night snack when they have worn you to frazzle. Kassie does give me a bad case of the munchies."

Mikey laughed and said, "No way dude. We are keeping our pretties away from you when you've been boffing Kassie."

Joseph grinned wickedly and said, "Speaking of boffing Kassie." Paused for a moment as the vampyre scowled at him, then continued, "Why don't we call this bullshit, I mean briefing session over. So Drac, I mean Drake, can do that before the sun rises, makes him go limp, and burst into flame."

The vampyre grinned and said, "Sun light does not make me go limp, or burst into flames. Direct sunlight is very painful to my eyes, even with the darkest tinted sunglasses. It does tend to weaken my powers the longer I am in it. But under the right conditions, I could survive even a full day in the sun. Though it would take me several weeks to regain the full use of my powers after such a long exposure."

Mikey looked at the vampyre and said, "I've heard rumors that older vampyres were not affected by sunlight as much as younger ones. Is that true?"

The vampyre nodded his head and said, "Yes, that is true. I can stand direct sunlight for longer periods than any other vampyre I know of. But these young ones born in the last five centuries or so, do tend to get limp and go up in smoke, when exposed to sunlight for even very short periods of time."

Mikey asked, what about crosses and stuff? Do they affect all vampyres the same?"

The vampyre grinned and said, "No, they do not. You could put a Christian cross up in front of me, and I could take it from your hand, then shove it down your throat, without even warming my hand. As Kassie can attest, I can even cross my heart in earnest truthfulness."

Kassie giggled and said, "Well, he can cross his heart. But I dunno about the earnest truthfulness part."

The vampyre got a look of mock hurt on his face and said, "Kassie, how could you say that? You know I meant ever word I said."

Then he looked back at Mikey and added, "Holy water blessed by a Christian ritual doesn't even sting me. Though water blessed by a true witch is a different story. As for garlic, my sense of smell is so acute, that I do find the odor of garlic very offensive. Though if I were hungry enough, it would do nothing more than make me wrinkle my nose, if I wanted to feed on someone who was covered on it."

Mikey grinned and said, "But a stake through the heart would do the trick."

The vampyre grinned back and said, "Yes. A stake driven through my heart would do the trick. As would decapitation."

Then he asked, "Do you have any idea how old the vampyre you think is doing these killing is?"

Mikey shook his head, "No we don't. Kassie says she thinks he is a very young one though."

The vampyre looked down at Kassie and asked, "What makes you think he is?"

Kassie looked up and replied, "I don't know. It is just a gut feeling. They have just found a body, and I hope to be able to glean some information from that body."

The vampyre opened his eyes wide in mock horror and said, "Oh angel, don't tell me you're a necromancer as well?"

Kassie laughed and said, "No honey. But sometimes, if I can touch the body, or an article of clothing or jewelry from the body, I will get flashes of the last moments of the person's life that night when I dream."

The vampyre thought a moment then said, "Could you tell from such flashes the age of the vampyre?"

Kassie said, "I'm hoping I can get some sort of feeling for his age that way."

Then Mikey looked at the vampyre who's arm was draped casually around Kassie's shoulder, and who's fingers were stroking that bare shoulder, and said, "Hey Joe, let's you and I go get a feel of those twins. And let Drac, I mean Drake, get a feel of something more than Kassie's shoulder."

Joseph laughed and said, "Sounds like a plan to me!"

The men rose, nodded at the vampyre, then Joseph said, "You don't need to show us to the door Kassie. We know the way. But watch it necking with that dude tonight darlin."

Kassie laughed and said, "And don't let the door hit you on your smart ass on the way out."

The two men strode toward the front door happily arguing over who was going to get which twin. In what position.

The vampyre stood up and gathered Kassie into his arms. She began to chant the ritual that would help keep her safe, and started unbuttoning his shirt. As he carried her through the red door, after he kicked it open with his boot, Mikey closed the front door behind him.

## Chapter 5

The vampyre went through the red door, kicked it closed with his booted heel, then walked to the foot of the bed and sat Kassie down on the foot of the bed. He reached for the ornately carved pornographic bed knob with one hand, bent his knee and grabbed the heel of his boot with the other. As he watched Kassie licking her lips he grinned, shook his head and said, "Woman, I'm surprised I don't have to bite my way through a fucking line of cowboys every night, just to get to the red door of this room."

Kassie giggled, watched him slowly pull his boot off with a look pure salacious pleasure on her face, and said, "I can't help it. There is just something about the sight of a man, oops I mean vamp, holding on to my bed knob with one hand, and pulling his boot off with the other, that makes me really hot."

He grinned, let that boot drop to the floor, then switched bed knobs and boots. He slowly pulled his other boot off, and let it drop. Then reached down, gathered Kassie up in his arms before she could go for the button and zipper on his pants, and tossed her onto the center of the bed. Then he dived on top of her. She giggled and wrapped her arms around him. He propped himself up slightly on one elbow, cupped her chin in one of his cold strong hands, looked down into her amber eyes, and said, "Kassie, you may as well know right now, that before I leave you tonight, you will drink from me."

Kassie tried to shake her head no, but his hand held her chin firmly in place. She started to open her mouth and tell him she thought of his latest idea, but he took his other hand and put it firmly over her mouth. Then grinned and shook his head as she sent some mind flashes about what she thought of this latest idea.

"No Kassie, you cannot actually do that with an idea."

Then his face became serious and he said, "Hush my beloved, and listen to me. You will not become a vampyre simply from drinking some of my blood. You know that as well as I do. Nor will it allow me to control your mind. Not completely anyway. But I will be able to find you no matter where you are. And I will be able to come to you in the blink of eye, no matter where you are. You know I can already heal the wounds I leave on you instantly. But after tonight, I will be able to heal the wounds left by another vampyre. Or by a mortal for that matter. Drinking my blood tonight will not make you immortal. But it will make your body able to withstand punishment that it normally would not be able to."

Then he grinned, turned her head to the side, removing his other hand from over her lovely mouth as he did so, lowered his mouth to her ear, kissed it, then whispered, "And you'll experience the ultimate orgasm. Pleasure beyond description."

He gently blew in ear, felt her squirm against his body and make that whimpering sound she so often did, when he had her super sensitive little shell like ear at his mercy, and continued, "You will experience pleasure you never dreamed of." He blew in, then licked the inside of her ear again, enjoying the feel of her squirming against him, and the sound of that whimper.

Then he turned her head back around, leaned down and kissed her. When he raised his head to look down at her she was looking at him with a narrowed eyed scowl that made him grin and say, "If looks could kill, and I wasn't already one of the undead, I might be seriously hurt by the one you are giving me right now. I can see you are still not feeling very cooperative about this."

Then his face turned serious again and he said, "Either you will do as I ask, or you will not be going with Joseph and Mikey in the morning. I don't give a bat's butt how fucking a modern woman you are."

Kassie scowled up at him and replied, "Listen, I know you are probably older than fucking Methuselah, but you are not my father! You can't order me around like that! I'm NOT, I repeat NOT, drinking your damned blood! I'm the witch, you are the vampyre. Let's not get those roles confused if you want to continue this little game."

The vampyre glared down at the witch and said, "I'm not getting those roles confused. I told you, doing what I ask tonight, will NOT, and I repeat NOT, make you a fucking vampyre."

Then his scowl deepened and he said, "Kassie, you know that. You also know that I meant what I said about not turning you unless it was something you wanted with all your heart."

He shook his head in frustration and said, "Why are you so adamant about not doing what I ask. You know any effects from doing as I ask tonight, will only be temporary. Within days, they will have worn off completely."

He grasped her chin more firmly, almost to point of hurting her, looked down into her eyes and said, "What is locked away in that mind of yours that you are so fearful of me finding out? What dark secret could you possibly have hidden in there, that you would not take advantage of the protection I am offering you?"

Then he leaned down and kissed her hard. Raised his head back up, looked down into her amber eyes again and said, "Kassie, I swear, on the love I have for you, I will not take advantage of the added power it will give me to explore your mind."

He leaned down, kissed her hard again, and said, "Whatever secret it is you have locked so firmly in that hidden part of you mind, will stay undisturbed."

Then he scowled again and said, "But on my word, if you do not do as I ask tonight, so that I can use all my powers to keep you safe, you will not be leaving this house tomorrow."

Kassie scowled back up and said, "And what are you going to do? Tie me to the fucking bed or something."

The vampyre grinned and said, "You wish."

Then his face grew more serious and he said, "No. Tying or cuffing you to the bed, or a tree limb for that matter, is a losing fucking proposition. But I will take you back to one of my many lairs. And there you will stay until you see the light of reason."

Then he scowled and said, "If you think Joseph, Mikey, Fanny Mae or a stupid fucking elf could find you, you are very sadly mistaken my dear. "

He kissed her again, he couldn't help it, she looked quite fetching when she was angry, then said, "Kassie, I love you more than you can possibly imagine. I have never, in all the centuries I have walked this earth as the creature I now am, loved anyone as much I do you. You think of my love as a threat to you. What you do not understand, is it is your strongest protection."

He kissed her again, more gently this time, and continued, "If I did not love you as much as I do, I would have already turned you. You know in your heart this is true. You know that if I decided to, I could turn you into what you snidely refer to as one of my eternal brides, right now. With or without your consent."

Then he looked deeply into her eyes and said, "Either agree to what I have asked of you tonight. Or tell me the real reason why you won't."

She lay thinking about it for a moment. He swore to himself as he watched her contemplating what he had said, he could hear the fucking gears of her amazing mind whirling overtime.

Finally she scowled up at him and said, "You are really fucking serious about this aren't you?"

He grinned down at her, kissed her on the tip of her nose, and said, "As serious as a fucking attack on my heart with a stake, dear. Now either agree to my wishes tonight, or by the eye patch of Odin, I will whisk you off to one of my many lairs, and there I will extract from that maze of a mind of yours, whatever deep dark secret you are trying to hide. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but I can do that if I really want to. It might take some time. But darling, time, is one thing I have plenty of.

Then he kissed the tip of her nose again, and said, "Fuck with me too much my little pretty, and I can see to it that it is also one thing you have plenty of."

She scowled back up at him and said, "Oh, and what about your word not to turn me unless it was something I wanted with all my heart? I see that promise goes a long fucking way."

The vampyre simply grinned back down at her, turned her head to the side, lowered his mouth to her ear, blew in it, licked the inside of it gently and as she began to squirm and grit her teeth to keep from even whimpering, he whispered, "Believe me my beloved, after a couple of weeks locked in a lair with me, you'll want it with all your heart."

Then he began to gently kiss, blow, and lick her ear while he was unbuttoning her shirt with his other hand. As he cupped her breast in his hand and gently rubbed her nipple, he continued making out with her ear. Then, just so the other one wouldn't get jealous, he raised his head up, turned her head the other way, and started making out with that ear. And moved his hand to her other breast so it wouldn't feel left out. Then he whispered softly into the ear he making out with, "Remember, like I told your pet attorney, sunlight doesn't make me go limp."

Then he grinned against her ear and said, "In fact my beloved, given the right conditions, and I have lairs that have such conditions, I can survive with very little sleep. I would have to feed often. But I can make arrangements for that."

Then he blew in her ear, licked it and said, "Imagine my beloved, endless nights, and days, of pure pleasure. And I think I may even have a way to keep those busy hands of yours off my balls."

He grinned against her ear again and said, "Ever slipped a good old fashion pair of wrist shackles my dear? And think of it my darling Kassie. Days and nights of my body against yours. My finger on your love button. My dick in your precocious Pandora's box. My tongue in your ear."

She moaned and said, "Oh all right! I'll drink a little of your blood tonight! And has anybody ever told you that you are real son of a bitch?"

He laughed and said, "Several people have. But what do they know?"

Then he turned her head, looked into her eyes and said, "Give me your word that you will do as I ask. I have already given you mine that I will only use the power it will give me over your body and mind, to protect you from harm. But Kassie, keep your word. For if you hesitate to do what I say later tonight, I will take you then and there, to one of my palaces of endless pleasure."

Kassie sighed, glared at him again, then said, "You have my word I will do as you ask, when you ask it of me. But I don't have to like it!"

He grinned down wickedly at her and said, "Oh but you will. I can promise you that."

As Kassie looked up into his eyes, she had nice nasty feeling in the dark part of her mind she kept hidden from him, that the son of a bitch was going to keep that promise. But what the hell, she didn't have time right now for the endless pleasure palace tour. Maybe later. After this mission

was complete. She hadn't answered his question about the shackles. He didn't know she could slip those almost as easily as handcuffs or love cuffs.

While those thoughts had been busy whirling round in that dark hidden part of her mind, he had been busy slipping her blouse off. She decided there was no reason to ruin a perfectly good fuck over this, and started sliding his shirt over his shoulders. Then she started putting her busy little hands to good use undoing his pants.

Once they had each other undressed, the vampyre laid Kassie so that her head was resting on one the pillows at the head of the bed. He took the other pillow and tucked it under Kassie's ass. Then he lowered his head, and began to play a long slow tune a on her love button with his tongue. As he did, she wrapped her long lovely legs loosely around his back and began to run her right heel slowly up and down his backbone. She rubbed the toes of her other foot up and down his buttocks. First one cheek was gently stroked by those tiny toes. Then the other.

Then he placed his palms on her thighs, and began to slide his hands up her legs. Gently lifting and pushing her legs up and back with his hands. She grasped the middle of the bed rail with her dainty little mitts, and began making lovely little oooooh oooooh sounds. When his fingertips reached the back of her knees, she reached for the bed rail with her toes. And hooked them firmly on either side of her dainty little mitts. Then began making lovely little ah ah sounds. As he watched her hook those toes onto the bed rail, in the dark part of his mind he kept hidden from her, he wondered if she could slip her feet out of love cuffs, as easily as she did her dainty little mitts. And how long you could safely keep a witch folded in half like that, without doing her any serious harm.

He began playing a faster beat on her love button with his tongue, she clenched the bed rail harder with her hands and toes, and began making a lovely humming sound. When her precocious little Pandora's box started quivering like a bowl of jelly, he plunged his tongue into it, and she started

making a very delicious moaning sound. His right hand slid down her leg, across her pubic area. He started to let his fingers do the walking through the petals of her love button. She clenched the bed rail harder with her fingers and toes, and started mixing some delectable growling sounds in with her moans. He began to seriously tongue fuck her, while gently increasing the speed of the tune his finger was now playing on her love button. A luscious gasping sound was added to the growling and moaning symphony she making. He increased the speed of the tune a little faster. Tongued a little harder. And enjoyed the feel of her quivering once again like a bowl of jelly Pandora's box against his tongue. While she was deep in throes of that orgasm, he raised up over her, and plunged his cold hard cock into that quivering little box of joy.

Placing one hand on either side the toes grasping the bed rail, he took a firm hold, and began to drive himself in and out of her. He had intended to do so slowly, but firmly. But she began thrusting herself against him harder and faster. He had no choice but to hang onto the bed rail for all he was worth, and go along for the ride. When he felt himself getting close to climaxing, he let go of bed rail, grasp her ankles and gently wrapped her legs around his waist. Then he unclasped her hands from the bed rail, wrapped his arms under her, rolled over, and raised his upper body up. He scooted them closer to the head of the bed. Then stopped and wrapped his arms around her and drew her close to him.

She wrapped her legs around him tighter, braced her hands on the bed, and began to slowly raise and lower her hips. He unwrapped his arms from around her, leaned back, reached back with his arms, and grabbed the bed rail. He could tell from the growling sound she made, and the speed with which she increased the rate she was raising and lowering herself up and down his cock, the sight of him reared back in such a primal throat exposed position, had pushed the button somewhere in her mind he had intended to. He decided, in that part of his mind he kept hidden from her, to see just how much of the wolf there was, in this pretty giggling bitch he was currently hooked up with. He arched his back, threw

his head back to expose his jugular even more, and moaned. And thought in that hidden part of his mind, "I will not whimper. Unless I absolutely have to."

She began grind herself onto him on the down strokes she took. But didn't even come close to drawing blood when she took her hand from the bed, and ran her nails down his chest. Kassie was far too amiable right now. He was going have to do something about that. So he began to grind himself into her on the downstrokes as well. Moaning as he did so. A low, almost, pitiful moan. She ground herself onto him harder. And the nails running down his chest dug just a little deeper this time. So he moaned again, and deliberately threw his head back and banged the back of it on the bed rail. The nails stopped for a second, and dug themselves firmly into his chest as she clenched her hand, and ground herself into him. When the back of his head hit the rail a second time, it was not deliberate on his part. But rather an involuntary reaction to those nails digging so deliciously into his skin. And the pleasure filled moan that issued from his exposed throat, contained just the faintest trace of a whimper in it.

In the part of her mind she kept hidden from him, she snickered and thought, "I'll show the son of a bitch pleasure beyond description." Ground herself onto him as hard as she could, and deliberately dug her nails into his chest just a little deeper. Then growled. His head hit the bed rail again with a lovely resounding thud, and the moaning sound he was making, was starting to sound suspiciously like it could turn into a full blown whimper any moment now. So she crossed her ankles, dug her heels into either side of his sorry spine, and increased the speed at which she was raising and lowering herself.

Years of riding horses, had given her an agility that was extremely handy at times like this. She figured, in that hidden part of her mind, if she could bulge the eyes of a World Champion Bronc Rider with this agility as she had one night, she ought to be able to widen a fucking vampyre's eyes in amazement. She raised herself up and down faster and harder,

thinking in that hidden part of her mind, it was rather like posting to the trot when riding in an English saddle, but your legs and arms were just in different positions. Then she bounced a tiny bit just before she ground herself into him on the downstrokes. And dug her nails into his chest until they almost broke the skin on it. His head jerked back. It banged the bed rail with another resounding thud. And he moaned pitifully. Then, just to see what kind of effect it would have on him, she threw her head back, dug her nails in hard enough to just barely break the skin, came down none to gently on the downstroke, and made a growling moaning sound, that had a hint of a howl in it.

The effect was stunning to say the least. In fact, the back of his head hit the bed rail so hard, she was sure had he not been a vampyre, he would have been out cold. The whole bed shook from the impact. The moan became a decided howling whimper. And he began to shudder from head to foot. Amiable agile little bitch that she was, she thought, what the fuck, give him what he wants, and began to rake her nails down his chest. Leaving four little bloody furrows as she did. Then ground herself onto him as hard as she could. Then threw her head back and did the growling moan, with just the hint of a howl thing again.

This time he let go of the bed rail, and threw himself forward. Grabbing her as he did. Then leaned back against the padded headboard. She never saw it coming because she had her head thrown back and was making that moaning growling sound that contained just a hint of a howl in it. He pulled her mouth down to the bloody furrows her nails had made. Reached down, grabbed the hand she had been bracing herself on the bed with, turned it over, and sank his fangs into her wrist. And thought in the hidden part of his mind as he felt his fangs sink into her wrist, and her tongue lap against his chest, "Someday my pretty little bitch, that sound will be a full fledged howl.

The last totally coherent thought Kassie had in the hidden part of her mind, as her tongue tasted his blood was, "The son of a bitch is going to keep that fucking promise."

She tried to pull her head back, but his hand held it firmly to his chest. And she heard his mind say to hers, "Want to go visit my palaces of pleasure after all my pretty?" Then all ability to think shut down. She heard somewhere deep in her mind, the sound of an explosion, and waves of pleasure washed over her tongue, down her throat, and throughout her whole body. She felt him envelope her mind and heard him command, "Drink Kassie. Drink long and deep my beloved." She fought the urge to obey that command and simply lap a little of the blood, but she felt the furrow open wider, and the blood flowed down her throat.

She took the first swallow of that flowing river of blood, and felt as if she had fallen into some deep dark ocean of pleasure. It surrounded her. Washed through her. Flooded every corridor of her mind. She felt it in every fiber of her body. In every atom of her being. A red rich wave of pure sensual pleasure was engulfing her. She could not fight the power of it. She just let her mind and body drift and become one with it.

When he began to fear he could not keep his promise to her concerning turning her without her full consent another second, he closed the furrows on his chest, then gently pulled her head back. He had not meant for the first feeding to last that long. And felt something that almost resembled a twinge of guilt in the hidden part of his mind. But figured, in that hidden part, what the hell, it shouldn't do her mind any serious harm. He chased the twinge that felt almost like guilt away, by thinking that if she did sustain any wounds while on her wild vampyre chase, he could heal them within seconds. He withdrew his fangs from her wrist, held her head back, and brought his mouth down on hers. He kissed her long and hard. Raising his head, he pulled her head back to his chest and wrapped both his arms around her. He gently rocked them back and forth, whispering her name over and over as he did so.

He was waiting to hear the sound of her sobbing. He had yet to meet a mortal, even a witch, that didn't dissolve into a fit sobs after the first taste of his blood. Kassie however was not collapsed against his chest in helpless sobs. Instead, much to his amazement, she began giggling

hysterically. He thought, "Fuck, I gave her too much for her first time, and short circuited her mind completely."

Kassie giggled harder, and he realized she had caught that thought. Which relieved him, since it meant he hadn't short circuited her mind completely after all. She gasped out, "Really, I'm okay. Well sort of kind of." Buried her head back in his chest, and collapsed into giggles again.

At first he had been relieved to finally, after all these centuries, find a woman that didn't burst into sobs after the first taste of his blood. But he had never, not in his wildest dreams, ever considered the possibility of those sobs, one day being replaced by gasping giggles. Gentle gasps of pleasure, yes. A gentle throaty chuckle of pleasure, maybe. But these gasping giggles were unnerving.

He pulled her head back, looked down at her and said, "What is so damn funny!"

Kassie continued giggling, looked up at him with a wide eyed adoring gaze, and said, "Wow baby, you give the words, let the good times flow, a WHOLE new meaning!"

The vampyre roared with laughter, and clasped his pretty giggling little bitch of a witch to his chest again. Thoroughly enjoying the sound of her giggling now. As he continued to hold her against his chest he began to feel the first pangs in his fangs of the hunger that would overwhelm him if he did not sate his growing appetite quickly. He had made arrangements tonight though so that he could stay as long as possible, and still have time to feed the hunger.

He had intended to take his time and work on fine tuning her love button and various other parts of anatomy in an effort to get her to scream his name thrice while in the throes of overwhelming passion. But as the best laid plans of vamps and men had a way of doing around Kassie, his plan had fallen to pieces once more. As the hunger began to grow he

gently unwrapped his arms from around her. Then he unwrapped her arms, then legs, from around him. She braced one knee on the bed and swung her other leg over him. When was she sitting cross legged beside him, he rolled off the bed, stood up, and walked around to the foot of the bed and began to put his clothes on.

He could have just as easily thought about it, and he would have been instantly dressed, but he knew Kassie enjoyed watching pull his boots on, nearly as much as she seemed to enjoy seeing him pull his boots off. He would gladly fight the growing hunger, to give her that last little bit of pleasure before he left her.

As had become his habit, he gathered her in his arms, and gently placed her from of her computer. He stood holding her in his arms as long he safely could. Kissed the top of her head, stepped back and said, "Shut that computer down and get to bed. You've had a late night, and you have early morning flight to catch. I'll see you and the rest of the team tonight." Then he turned, and even though he had to grit his fangs to control the hunger, he looked at his hat, which then sailed across the room, and landed cocked at the perfect angle on his head. Hearing her soft giggle behind him, was well worth the effort it was taking him to control his growing hunger. Then he disappeared from the room.

Kassie shut the computer down. And went to bed. She did not have to even think about the vial hidden in one bed post to feel her connection with him tonight. As she drifted off to sleep, she saw him in a room with several other people. The people seemed to be having some of party that looked like it was thinking about becoming an orgy. She knew he had arranged this little party at one of his many lairs. And the people in that room would go home thinking they had just participated in the greatest orgy of all time. Never knowing they had only experienced the ultimate wet dream from the feeding that would take place in that room.

## Chapter 6

Kassie was pleasantly dreaming of a tall dark vampyre in a black hat that had a feather tucked dashingly into a snake skin band, kicking open red doors with his silver tipped black boots, on what seemed a endless tour of palaces of pleasure, when the alarm went off. If she had not been such a dedicated team mate, she would have thrown one of her own black riding boots at the clock, and promptly returned to that dream.

She reluctantly rose from her dream and padded into the bathroom. After a quick shower, she dressed in her usual attire of tight jeans and shirt. Her jeans were coal black. Embroidered on the left pocket of the jeans, in gold thread, was the word Wild. On the right pocket in gold thread was the word Thing. The jeans fit her so tightly, it looked like it might take an engineer to remove them from her. Her cotton long sleeve shirt was also black. Embroidered on the collars of it were a pair of red crossed brooms. The buttons of the shirt were gold pentacles. Today she added a pair of comfortable mid calf red walking boots to that ensemble.

After she was dressed, she threw some things into a suitcase, and added her little magick travel bag of tricks. She was closing the suitcase when she heard the sound of a vehicle pulling into the long drive that led to her house. She was waiting outside her front door when the red Porsche came screeching to a halt in front of her. The trunk of the car opened. She walked over to it , and threw her suitcase in on top of the other two in there. The passenger door opened, she walked around and slid into the car. She grinned at Joseph and said, "Hey Joe, you ready to lock and load, and do a little vampyre hunting? Joseph grinned, nodded his head and said, "Hell yeah! I was born ready for that!"

She laughed, looked over the seat, grinned at Mikey and said, "Hiya Mikey. And I know, you born ready for this too."

She grinned leaned back in the seat and said, "So, how did the date with the twins go?" And let them tell her about it in disgusting detail, while they sped towards the airport. Those disgusting details could come in handy when she was writing her next book.

They arrived at the airport and drove directly to the runway where their plane awaited them. Joseph piloted them to their destination with his usual speed and efficiency. When they landed at that destination, another red Porsche sat waiting on the runway. They drove to the morgue first so Kassie could see if she could glean anything from the body that had just been discovered, or from the pitiful pile of clothing found near the body.

But after touching the pitiful pile of clothing and holding the girl's hand, she knew that all that would come to her in her dreams that night, would be images of stark terror. Then an image of a pair ugly trolls doing unspeakable things to the girl whose cold hand she was holding, flashed through her mind. She jerked her hand back from the girl's, and was grateful when Joseph pulled her away from the body and held her for a moment. She buried her head in his chest and said, "Oh fuck Joseph, he's got a couple of trolls helping him, and they are entertaining themselves during the day with these girls."

Joseph held her tight for a moment then as she regained her composure he let her step out of his arms. He looked at her in concern and said, "You flashed on that Kassie? You've never done that before."

She nodded her head and said, "Yeah I did, and unfortunately the picture came in clear as a bell. I've also never felt such terror still clinging to a body before. These poor girls are experiencing nothing but one unending bout of stark raving terror, from the moment he takes them, until they are finally killed."

Mikey's face darkened and said, "That son a bitch! And he's using trolls to help him. We've got to nail this bastard fast Kassie."

Joseph nodded his head in agreement and said, "Yeah, and fuck the rehab program. Let's just cap that son of a bitch's ass the moment we see him, and be done with."

Kassie said, "Headquarters isn't going to like that."

Mikey replied, "Fuck Headquarters."

And Joseph nodded his head in agreement.

They left the morgue, then drove to the hotel. They checked in, and made sure the staff understood that the occupant in room 668, was not to be disturbed for any reason during the daytime. They deposited their bags in their rooms, and met in Joseph's room. Fanny Mae and Bo Bo arrived shortly after she walked into the room.

When everyone was sitting comfortably on or around the table, Fanny Mae, who was sitting crossed legged on the table next to Bo Bo said, "Well I'm afraid all I've got is bad news, and more bad news. This blood sucker doesn't have one lair, he has a bunch of them. They are scattered over a huge territory, and he never uses the same one twice in a row."

Kassie frowned and said, "Damn! That is going to make tracking him difficult."

Fanny Mae nodded her tiny pink head and said, "Yeah this vampyre is going to be a real bitch to deal with. He is one mean motherfucker of a blood sucker. Forest gossip is he killed the one who created him. He is young, but very adept in vampyre magick. He should be able to control his blood lust easily because of that, but he is obviously enjoying letting it run wild."

Bo Bo chimed in and said, "The bastard kills his victims. But not right away. Another elf was telling me he sometimes keeps them alive for several days. He moves them though from lair one lair to another before the dawn of each day. He also has a couple of trolls that are helping him. You don't even want to know what they are getting out of the deal."

Kassie paled again at the thought of what she had seen earlier at the morgue and said, "I have seen it Bo Bo. I flashed on the pair of them entertaining themselves with that poor girl while their master slept, while I was visiting the body at the morgue."

Bo Bo shook his head and said, "Oh Kassie honey, I hate to hear that. You shouldn't have to see that kind of shit. And when did you start getting instant flashes from a body?"

"This is the first time that's happened Bo Bo."

Fanny Mae shook her little pink head back and forth and said, "Fuck, that is a rotten thing to receive for your first instant flash Kassie. And your dreams are going to be nightmares for sure tonight!"

Then Bo Bo said, "One more piece of bad news. That pair of trolls keep him very well informed. Those little bastards know everything going on, in and out of the forest, and he may know we are tracking him."

Joseph said, "Fuck a God damn duck. This is worse than a Greek tragedy. Bad enough we have to deal with a fucking bloodsucker, no offense to your new pal Kassie, but on top of that, the bastard is using trolls as helpers. Which means after we take out that bloodsucker, we have to get those fucking trolls in a rehab program."

Fanny Mae said, "What do you mean take out? You ain't even going to try to get him to surrender and join rehab?"

Joseph grinned nastily and said, "I'm going to say 'Freeze, and throw up your fangs' once to that motherfucker. If he don't do just that, instantly, like in the blink of an eye, me and Mikey are going to cap that bastard without another word."

Bo Bo nodded his head, grinned nastily as well and said, "Good for you Joe! This bastard ain't rehab material. Trust me. And you and Mikey don't fuck around with those trolls either. They so much as blink, cap their sorry little asses too!"

Then Bo Bo grinned at Kassie and said, "Oh yeah! Fanny Mae was telling me that last time she saw you, a vampyre had you cuffed to the bed rail of your bed with that pair of love cuffs Joe made you! How did that turn out? Is this going to be a regular thing? Or did he just stick you for the drinks, and leave?"

Joseph frowned and said, "No. This one ain't go to be no one night stand thing Bo Bo. That blood sucker really has the hots for our fair Kassie."

Mikey nodded his head up and down, grinned and said, "Yeah Bo Bo, that vampyre is in lust with Kassie BIG TIME. I know that for a fact, cause I saw the size of the bulge the bastard had in his pants last night when we were at Kassie's."

Fanny Mae giggled and said, "Oh you lucky bitch! There is nothing more fun than a blood sucker in love, or lust. Especially if he is a well hung blood sucker. No wonder you didn't want me to uncuff you!"

Mikey grinned and said, "He is going to be here tonight. He is like REAL protective of Kassie. Not to mention he get's a touch green sometimes around her too. I got a feeling he's going to be a regular member of the team for as long as this thing they got going lasts."

Bo Bo and said sarcastically, "Ain't that sweet. A vampyre with heart of gold, and an occasional green tinge." Then started laughing.

Mikey said, "Yeah, it warms your heart seeing him with her. He calls her his little pretty. And treats her like a treasured jewel."

Joseph gagged and said, "More like, makes you want to puke."

Kassie looked at Joseph, stuck her tongue out at him, laughed, and said, "You're just mad because he doesn't do the time share thing. And because he has a great sense of style, and can be even more utterly charming than you at times."

Joseph grinned back wickedly and said, "Well I would probably be that charming too, if I was as old as that ancient son of a bitch is. And Kassie, I know you like mature men, but fuck, isn't that taking it to the extreme?" Then started laughing.

Kassie giggled and said, "Well he damn sure ain't showing his age, so I'm not worried about it." Then gave she gave Joseph the finger.

Mikey said, "As Kassie's new long toothed lover would say, enough of this idle chatter. Let's get down to business."

Joseph and Kassie nodded their heads, and Kassie said, "Yeah Fanny, you and Bo Bo finish filling us in on what you've learned."

Fanny Mae said, "Well to sum it up. He is one very adept, very cunning, very mean natured motherfucker of bloodsucker. He's going to be hell to track, and real bad news to take out. He's got at least two trolls that we know of helping him. And may already know we are trying to run him to ground. The faeries, elves, gnomes, and most of the other creatures of the forest hate his guts, and would like to see him gone. They will help all they can, but he hides the location of his lairs so well, even they don't know where all of them are. Plus, he also uses houses in different cities around here for lairs as well."

Bo Bo chimed in again and said, "And he knows his territory like the back of his hand. Every square inch of it. Now the really bad news. That territory currently extends over a five hundred square mile radius. It is really going to be like looking for a needle in haystack."

Mikey said, "Well the good news is, if Kassie can't track it down in the daytime, maybe her new friend can track him down at night."

Kassie frowned and said, "Maybe. But I've heard rumors that some vampyres can cloak themselves from their own kind. We'll ask Drake about that tonight."

Then she stood up and said, "Meanwhile, let's go see what I can do to track this bastard down."

Joseph and Mikey stood, and said, "Okay, let's go find vampyre tracks."

Fanny Mae said, "Bo Bo and I will meet you at that rendezvous point near the woods." And she and Bo Bo disappeared with a pop and a belching sound from the room. Kassie, Joseph and Mikey headed out of the room and to the red Porsche parked in the hotel parking lot.

The rendezvous point they had chosen was at the center point of what they had thought was his territory. Although they had only thought at first, it extended a couple of hundred miles. Now though, they knew it extended for over five hundred square miles. Joseph pulled the car off the main highway, and down a small wooded lane. Kassie stepped out of the car and went into the woods with Joseph and Mikey not far behind her. As she walked, she began to whistle a strange lilting tune. Fanny Mae and Bo Bo suddenly appeared sitting in a tree ahead of them. Kassie waved to them and kept whistling. When she was directly under the tree where Fanny Mae and Bo Bo were sitting, she dropped gracefully to the ground. She crossed her legs into the lotus position, and continued to whistle her eerie haunting tune.

After a few moments a small elf who looked like he might be Bo Bo's retarded brother, or closely bred cousin, stepped out of the trees and sat down cross legged in front of Kassie. She stopped whistling and said, "Greetings friend elf."

The elf replied, "Greetings friend witch. What brings you to this neck of the woods?"

Kassie smiled and said, "Odd you say that friend elf. I come to your lovely woods in search of a vampyre who has made these woods part of his territory."

The elf replied. "So you are the witch cousin Bo Bo tells me is tracking the vampyre, who has made our woods his killing ground."

Kassie nodded, and the elf continued, "The elves and faeries of these woods would like nothing better than to have that bloodsucker gone from here. But this vampyre, though very young, is a very adept and wily creature. We have been searching all morning for his current lair. But alas, even with the deer and other animals of the forest helping us, we have not found it."

Kassie said, "I feared it would not be easy to track this creature. Tell me, do you know if he has a victim currently stashed in any of his lairs?"

The elf said, "No, he does not right now. Unfortunately another body will soon be found, and tonight, he will be out hunting for a new victim."

Kassie bowed her head and said, "We cannot help his latest victim then. But maybe we can track him down before he kills again. Perhaps, if the Gods and Goddesses be willing, before he has time to snare his next victim."

The elf nodded his head and said, "Would be a wonderful thing indeed for some poor girl, if we could do that before he can snare her."

Kassie nodded and said, "Indeed it would. Now tell me please friend elf, can you lead me to even one of his lairs?"

The elf nodded and said, "That I can do. It is not far from here in fact. But I warn you fair witch woman, scrying from that lair will not be a pleasant experience."

Kassie bowed her again and said, "I know that too well friend elf. I visited the body of the last victim they found today. We will be removing those two trolls from your woods as well by the way."

This time the elf bowed his head and said, "We would be very grateful for that fair witch. Those pair of trolls, brothers they be, have been a problem to us for a long time. Even before the vampyre made this woods part of his killing ground, those trolls were nothing but trouble for us."

Then the elf stood up and said, "Follow me fair witch, and to the lair of the beast I will lead thee."

Kassie said, "Thank you friend elf. My two friends in the tree above, one of which is your cousin of course, and the two men standing off in the woods behind me, will be accompanying us."

The elf nodded and said, "Then let us all go to the lair of the beast. Or at least, to what is one of his lairs."

Deeper in the forest, a pair of ugly red eyed trolls watched as the team went to one the lairs of their master. Keeping their distance, they followed them to that lair.

The lair that the elf had led them to, was a well hidden cave deep within the woods. Thick brambles covered the entrance to the cave. The long wicked thorns of those bramble bushes would discourage any stray hikers from trying to enter, unless they happen to have a machete handy. Kassie softly the chanted the words to an ancient ritual, and the bushes parted before her. Mikey, Fanny Mae, and the two elves stayed outside the lair. Kassie and Joseph walked through the parted bushes, into the lair of the beast they were tracking.

The pain, terror and agony of the victim who met who her fate in this lair permeated the damp stones walls of the cave. Kassie paused, and bowed her head as the psychic vibrations from those walls surrounded, then enveloped her. Then images began to flash through mind. She was suddenly hit with a kaleidoscope of horror. She saw the vampyre drinking from the throat, breast, thighs and wrist of a beautiful young red haired woman. She saw that instead of taking the fantasies and desires of his

victims, and feeding them back to them as Drake did, this vampyre locked into, intensified tenfold, then fed back to the mind of his victim, her deepest fears and most horrible nightmares. Then the kaleidoscope changed, and images of the trolls making those fears and nightmares a reality, began to flash into her mind.

Joseph was watching Kassie closely, she was trembling from head to foot. She had her hands in front of her face as if she were trying to block the site of the cave wall in front of her. Then her body jerked, she cried out, "Merciful Goddess of light and love, no!" Then she turned and ran from the cave. Nearly knocking Joseph over in her haste to leave that den of terror. Joseph, Mikey, Fanny Mae, and the two elves were right behind her.

She ran until she was well away from the cave, then sank to the ground, put her head in her hands and wept for a moment.

When she had regained her composure she looked up at Joseph and said, "Don't even hesitate to cap that motherfucker's ass if you get the chance. Or those two disgusting evil little trolls for that matter of fact. I don't give a flying fuck what Headquarter's says. Those three deserve killing, more than any other creatures I have ever run across."

Joseph nodded his head and said with an evil grin, "Kassie me darlin, coming from a southern girl like you, those words are music to my ears. Consider those three bastards capped."

Mikey nodded his head and said, "Your wish is our command fair witch. As Joseph said, consider their asses capped."

Then Joseph looked at her and said, "You instant flashed again, and saw even more than you did in the morgue earlier today, didn't you?"

Kassie nodded her head and said, "Yes, and right now Joseph, I cannot describe the things I saw. Not since the burning times, have I seen such evil. He connects to, intensifies tenfold, then feeds back the fears and

nightmares of his victims as he drains their blood each night. Then, during the day, while their master sleeps, those loathsome little fucking trolls, make those fears and nightmares a reality for the victim."

Mikey shook his head and said, "Fuck! We've got to take this bastard, and those two fucking trolls out, fast."

Kassie bowed her head and said, "Mikey, death is a sweet release for those poor girls when it finally comes to them. He makes damned sure that those girls stay coherent enough in their minds to suffer fully, every agony and indignation he and those loathsome little fucking trolls can inflict on them, up to the very last second of their life."

Then she bowed her head further and said with despair, "I can't begin to try and backtrack him from the lair. It is too filled with the energy of the days and nights that poor beautiful red haired girl spent in that den of horror. It overwhelms anything else."

Joseph patted her shoulder and said, "It's okay Kassie, we'll find that son of bitch somehow."

Kassie looked at Joseph and said, "Take me back to the hotel please. Let me see if from a distance, I can connect and backtrack."

Then she looked at Mikey and said, "Mikey can you go back to the cave and get me a rock or something from it? See if Fanny Mae and the elves can get you some moss or something to wrap it in. Put it in the trunk of the car though! I don't want it near me, until I get back to my room."

Mikey stood up, nodded his head and said, "Consider it done babe." Then he strode off towards the cave. Fanny Mae and the elves went in search of moss to use as wrapping."

Joseph helped Kassie to her feet, and they walked back towards the cave. When she saw Mikey come back out of the cave carrying a rock in

his hand, she went to the front of the cave, softly chanted another ancient ritual, and the part that had been in the bushes, closed.

Kassie and Joseph head back to the car. Mikey wrapped the stone in the moss that Fanny Mae and the elves had gathered, waved good bye to them, and headed to the car as well.

When he got to the car, Kassie and Joseph were standing by the red Porsche. Joseph got into the car, pushed a button, and the trunk opened. Mikey put the moss wrapped stone into the trunk. The he went around to the passenger side of the car, pulled the seat forward, and climbed into the back. Kassie pushed the seat back into place and slid into the car. As the car sped back to the hotel, she leaned her head back onto the seat, and tried to think of a way to track down the vampyre, who's lair she had just visited.

When they reached the hotel, Joseph parked the car in the hotel's parking lot. Pushed a button and the trunk of the car opened. Kassie opened the door on the passenger side and slid out of the car. Mikey leaned forward, pushed the seat forward, and climbed out of the car. Kassie glanced at Mikey as he went around to the trunk, closed her eyes for a second, opened them again, then began walking to the elevator. Mikey and Joseph trailed along behind her. Grinning at each other, and admiring the view as they did.

When they got into the elevator Mikey was careful to stand as far away from Kassie as he could. He held the moss wrapped stone in his hand, and thought of what Kassie had said she had seen. The grin on his face became a very cold mean smile, as he thought of how much pleasure it was going to be to cap a certain vampyre's sorry ass.

They reached their adjoining rooms, and went into Kassie's room. Mikey went to place the moss wrapped stone on the floor just under the foot of Kassie's bed, but she said, "No Mikey. Please don't put it near the bed. Put it on that dressing table for right now. I think once I've prepared

myself, I'll take it and do the actual scrying in Drake's room. My dreams for the next few nights are going to be bad enough as it is."

Mikey nodded, stood up and said, "Yeah, I wasn't thinking hon. Sorry."

Then he brightened as he got an idea and said, "I'll go ahead and just put it on the dresser in Drake's room right now." Walked to the door that joined the two rooms, opened it, strode into Drake's empty room. After he placed the moss wrapped stone on the dresser, he returned to Kassie's room, and closed the adjoining door behind him.

The door that joined Kassie's room to Joseph's was open, and as Mikey came back into the room, Joseph was walking through that door with a couple of cans of beer. He tossed one to Mikey. Mikey caught it, grinned at Joseph and said, "Thanks. I need this after that trek in the woods."

Kassie was sitting cross legged on the bed. There was a can of cola sitting on the night table beside her. She was smoking a hand rolled cigarette. Kassie had taken her traveling bag of magick tricks out of the suitcase, and in between puffs, was sorting through it for the items she needed.

She placed a glass pipe with a golden spider on the bed. Took out a small plastic bag of green finely chopped very dark leaves. Mikey looked at the tiny bag of leaves and said, "It that some of that 5X Salvia shit you brew up? Do you think that's a good idea, considering what you are about to do?"

Kassie looked at Mikey and said, "Yeah, it's 5X. And good idea, or bad, I am going to do it anyway. I've got to connect to that lair from that rock. Then try to backtrack from it, and pick a trail that may lead us to the vampyre."

She placed a small amethyst stone next the pipe. Then she took a small packet of sea salt out the bag, and placed it on the bed. Looked at

Joseph and said, "Would you call room service and have them bring you up a bowl? And ask them for a glass of distilled water as well, please?"

Joseph nodded his head, went into his room and called room service. Kassie suddenly slapped her forehead and said, "Shit! I can't do the scrying in Drake's room with the circle I'm going to caste today."

Mikey said, "You mean because you are going to caste it with witch's holy water?"

Kassie nodded her head and said, "Yes. If he steps on the circle, even after I was through scrying, it burn would the piss out of his feet. Even through his boots. If he entered the circle itself, it would be agony for him."

Mikey said, "Hell, do the scrying in my room! I'll go move the rock into there right now."

Then he grinned, finished his beer, tossed the empty into the trash, and said, "But before I do, would you answer a question for me?"

Kassie grinned back and him and said, "Maybe. What's the question?"

Mikey's grin widened and said, "No wonder lawyers adore you. And the question is, what did you use to cast your full moon circle with the other night? I know Drake had a hot time in there. But I don't think it was because of what you cast the circle with."

Kassie laughed and said, "Oh, well I simply used my athame and own power to cast that circle. Wouldn't do to cast a circle for a ceremony to seduce a vampyre, with witch's holy water. Even I'm not blonde enough to do that!"

Mikey laughed and headed back into Drake's room. He picked up the moss wrapped stone, walked through the door that joined Drake's room to his, and placed the stone on his dressing table.

As he came back into Kassie's room Joseph was walking into her room with a ceramic cereal bowl and a glass of water.

Mikey grinned at Joseph, walked over to him and said, "Here let me have those, and I'll take them into my room."

Joseph raised an eyebrow questioningly and said, "Your room? I thought she was going to use Drake's room to scry in."

Mikey grinned wider, shook his head, and said, "No she remembered she can't do that, because she is casting the circle with witch's holy water. Said it would burn the piss out of Drac's, I mean Drake's feet, even through his boots, if he stepped on it. And he would be in real agony if he entered the circle."

Joseph grinned at Mikey, and said sarcastically, "Oh now, that would be a real fucking shame if that were to happen."

Kassie grinned at Joseph, and gave him the finger. Then she went back to sorting through the items in her traveling magick bag of tricks.

Mikey grinned, took the bowl and glass of water from Joseph and said, "Yeah, I'm sure it would hurt you worse than it did him, if that were to happen." Then Mikey turned and walked out of the room laughing.

When Kassie had all the items she needed, she wrapped them in a black silk handkerchief she had pulled from the bag, and closed the bag. She lit another hand rolled cigarette from the box beside the bed, leaned back against the headboard of the bed, and closed her eyes as she smoked it.

Mikey came back into the room, looked at her, then looked at Joseph and said, "That's what, the second one since we got back?"

Then he shook his head and continued, "Kassie can smoke more of that shit, with less effect, than anybody I have ever seen. I dunno if she

has an incredibly high, no pun intended, tolerance for the stuff. Of if her mind is all ready so fucked up, the damn thing doesn't even know when it's stoned."

Kassie, without opening her eyes, reached over, put the hand rolled cigarette in the ashtray, held up both hands, with the middle finger of each hand extended, swayed back and forth, grinned and said, "That's "Fuck You Mikey" in stereo, for the hearing impaired." Then reached over, took the joint out of the ashtray, and took a long slow hit. Then with her eyes still closed, extended it towards Mikey.

Mikey grinned, said, "At least she is sharing this one." Then took the joint from her. Joseph went back in his room, grabbed a couple more beers, and handed one to Mikey as he took the joint from him.

Joseph sat on the bed beside her. Mikey came over the other side of the bed, sat down on the edge, and said, "Scoot your cute ass over darlin Kassie."

Kassie giggled, opened her eyes, scooted over, and said, "Okay, but remember you pair, no breaking out the mayo." And then giggled harder.

Mikey laughed, then grinned wickedly at Joseph and said, "The thought never entered our minds. I swear!" Then broke up laughing.

Joseph laughed and said, "Speak for your fucking self Mikey. It damned sure entered mine!"

Kassie giggled and said, "You pair really are incorrigible." Then she leaned back against the headboard, and closed her eyes again.

Mikey and Joseph leaned back against the headboard as well. Mikey and Joseph drank their beers, and passed the joint between themselves and Kassie in companionable silence for the next few minutes while they waited as Kassie readied herself for the unpleasant task ahead.

Finally she opened her eyes and said, "Well, I may as well get this over with."

Mikey swung his legs off the bed, stood up, reached out his hand and helped Kassie off the bed. Kassie picked up the items wrapped in the black silk handkerchief from the end table, and walked through Drake's room, into Mikey's. Joseph and Mikey followed her as far as Drake's room. The door leading into Mikey's room was left open. Joseph pulled up the chair from in front of the writing desk that was in the room, and placed it in front of the open doorway into Mikey's room. Then sat down in the chair. Mikey leaned his huge body against the left side of the doorframe. They would not disturb Kassie, but they would be there if she needed them.

Joseph watched as Kassie placed the items wrapped in the black silk handkerchief in front of the foot of the bed. Then went to the dressing table, picked up the moss wrapped rock, and placed it beside the items in the handkerchief. She went back to the dressing table poured the water into the bowl, took a pinch of the sea salt out of the plastic bag, and sprinkled the sea salt into the water. As she sprinkled the salt into the water, she chanted the blessing ritual. Then she took the bowl of witch's holy water and began to cast a circle, sprinkling the water as she did. As she finished casting the circle she said, "Nothing but good shall come into this circle. And nothing but good shall leave this circle." Made the sign of the pentacle with her hand. Then said, "As I will, so mote it be." Then dropped gracefully to the floor and crossed her legs in the lotus position.

She carefully unwrapped the items in the handkerchief. She placed the amethyst stone directly in front of her. She unwrapped the moss from around the rock, then placed the rock in her lap. Put a couple of pinches of the 5X incense into the pipe, and inhaled deeply. Then placed the pipe down next to the amethyst stone, and picked up the rock.

As she picked up the rock, she felt herself disconnecting from the reality of the room she was in. When the rock was resting in the palm of

her hands, everything outside the sacred circle disappeared. Darkness surrounded her.

She concentrated on the rock in her hands, and a small tunnel of light appeared in the darkness. She looked through the tunnel, and saw the inside of the lair she had been in earlier that day. Saw the vampyre bent over the body of the red haired girl. He had his fangs sunk not into her neck, but into the wrist he was holding in one of his hands. He was watching the girl's face intently as he fed. The girl's face was a study in terror. Her eyes were opened and locked into those of the vampyre's. Her mouth was open, but she was so terrified she could not even scream. Her throat muscles worked up and down frantically. But no sound issued from her wide open mouth. Tears rolled down the side of her face. Kassie tore her gaze away from the poor girl she could not help, and concentrated on the face of vampyre. His face would have been beautiful, had it not been for the evil so obvious in it. He had finely chiseled features. A long aquiline nose. And green eyes. Long blonde hair framed that face.

Kassie looked into those cold green eyes, and into the heart of evil itself. She found no mercy at all in this vampyre. Only perversity and madness. An evil so dark and dank it chilled her soul, consumed this creature. There was cunning too in this beast. A quick and deadly cunning that had served him well. And power. A dark foreboding power, that caused the adrenaline to rush through her veins at the knowledge of it. Every instinct she had, screamed for her to leave the tunnel now. But Kassie was not without her own power. She surrounded herself in a dark purple aura, and continued gazing into the eyes of the vampyre. She tried gazing past the present act of horror he was committing, and into his mind enough to get a glimpse of another lair perhaps. Or better still to connect with his mind in the present, and perhaps see his current lair.

Suddenly the girl screamed as the vampyre pulled his fangs from her wrist and laughed. He stroked the face of the girl in mock concern and said, "Oh no bitch, you're not leaving us so soon. And deliberately stilled the girl's mind to keep her from slipping into incoherent insanity.

The link with the vampyre had been broken. The darkness faded. Kassie was once more back in the hotel room. She shook her head in frustration and said, "Damn!" She sat the rock in her lap. Took another hit from the pipe, sat it down, and picked the rock back up. And waited as everything outside the sacred circle turned to blackness again. But she could not bring the tunnel back. No matter how hard she concentrated. Finally, she gave up and waited for the hotel room to reappear. When she was once more sitting in the hotel room. She put the rock down and bowed her head, and started cursing in a way that would have made a sailor blush.

Joseph shook his head and said, "Well that's tells me a lot about how successful that little trip was."

Kassie looked over at him sitting in the doorway and said, "I had a good connection going, he was feeding on the girl. While he busy doing that, I was trying to see into what he was presently doing. Where he was at right now. But the girl came close to losing her mind completely, and the bastard backed off, and stilled her mind so she would stay sane enough to know exactly what was happening."

Then she shook her head in frustration and said, "I can't make the connection again though."

Joseph looked at Kassie, who was so pale she seemed nearly translucent, and saw the pain and weariness on her face.

"Okay Kassie, that's enough for right now. Maybe Drake can track him better tonight."

Kassie nodded her head in reluctant agreement. Wrapped the items back in the black silk handkerchief and tied the handkerchief closed. She stood up, walked widdershins around the inside of the edge of circle, repeating the closing ritual as she did so. Then she picked up the rock,

returned it to the dressing table, then picked up the black handkerchief and walked towards Joseph.

Joseph stood up, moved the chair to the side of the doorway and stood aside as Kassie walked into Drake's room, then into her own.

Mikey and Joseph watched her. And though they were concerned for her, they still couldn't help grinning at each other, and admiring the view as they followed her into her room. When they were all in her room, Joseph said, "Kassie no offense, but you look like hell. Lie down for a bit and maybe take a nap. Fanny Mae and that stupid fucking elf should be here soon. Maybe they will have good news this time."

Kassie grinned weakly and said, "Screw you and the horse you rode in on. You would look like shit too if you had been where I had. But I may lay down for a bit. I am zapped. Between the morgue this morning, then that cave, and now this, I'm beat mentally. Wake me if the news is good."

Mikey closed the door to Drake's room, and he and Joseph headed for Joseph's room. Mikey didn't close the door between Joseph and Kassie's room, so they could keep an eye on her while she napped.

But when Fanny Mae and Bo Bo appeared, the news was not good. The vampyre's current lair still hadn't been found.

Kassie woke shortly before sunset. She got up went into the and bathroom closed the door. When she came out of the bathroom, she had washed the sleep from her eyes, and regained some color in her face. Then she headed into Joseph's room.

## Chapter 7

Kassie, Joseph and Mikey were sitting around the small table in Joseph's room discussing the day's events, when Kassie said, "Drake's here." Seconds later, he was suddenly standing behind Kassie, with his hands resting on her shoulders.

Joseph was sitting directly in front of Kassie. He looked up, nodded his head in greeting at the vampyre and said, "Evening Drac, I mean Drake. You do make a sudden appearance don't you? None of that wimpy fading in and out of the room in a swirl of smoke, or with a swish of the cape, for you."

The vampyre grinned down at Joseph and said, "No I don't smoke. Or swish."

Mikey, who was sitting at one end of the table looked at Kassie and said, "How did you know he was here. You said "Drake's here" a few seconds before he appeared. Was it telepathy?"

Kassie blushed furiously and said, "Not exactly."

Drake looked at Mikey, nodded his head in greeting. Then patted the top of Kassie's head, grinned wickedly at Mikey and said, "My pretty has something even better than telepathy to tell her when I'm near."

Then Drake looked over at the empty chair at the other end of the table. It rose off the floor and floated around the end of the table, then towards him. As it did, he removed his hands from Kassie's shoulders. Her chair scooted over to the right. The empty chair came to rest to the left of and slightly in back off Kassie's chair. The vampyre stepped in front of the chair and sat down. Then chair slid under the table. Drake leaned back in the chair, stretched his legs out under the table, and draped his arm casually around Kassie's shoulders.

Mikey laughed and said, "Damn dude, you give new meaning to the words, take a seat."

Drake lifted his hand from Kassie's shoulder slightly, waved it in a dismissive gesture and said, "A parlor trick even the youngest of my kind can learn."

Joseph said, "Kassie says even the youngest vampyres can also appear at will anywhere they wish as well. So even if this is a young vampyre we are tracking, we will have to watch out for that, if he wind up having to track him at night. She also says the young ones can shape shift at will. So that's another thing we need to consider."

Drake thought for a moment and said, "With the right training, a young vampyre can learn to appear where he wishes, in any form he chooses. But the distances he can cover are limited. Young vampyre's are usually territorial the first few centuries. They can move freely about, in that territory though."

Joseph asked, "What about you?"

"Anytime I wish, I can appear any place on this earth I choose to. Kassie has always, both in this life, and her others, tracked vampyres in their own territory. Usually young ones. She did not know that some of the older ones, can move about freely outside of their own territory."

Joseph looked at Drake and said, "What about you? Where is your territory? Or would you rather not say? I understand if you don't want to reveal that."

Drake looked back at Joseph, shook his head, smiled sadly and said, "I have become a nomad. I have no territory. For the last few hundred centuries I have been moving about mainly in this country."

Then Drake grinned and said, "I had been thinking about taking another gourmet tour of Europe. But then I picked up a book one night, and read

one of Kassie's stories. After reading more of her work, and doing a little research on her, I became a devoted fan. I decided to put the plans for the European tour on indefinite hold, and pay her a personal visit. Get to know her better."

Kassie grinned and said, "Translated, that means he was planning on making me a continuing tasty treat." Then giggled and said, "He didn't know I was a true witch though. So he got more of a surprise than he bargained for when he turned up at my full moon ritual the other night."

Drake nodded his head up and down happily and said, "Yes. Kassie is, quite literally, the most pleasant fucking surprise, I've had in many many centuries."

Mikey laughed and said, "Damn dude how long has it been for you?"

Drake replied with a sad smile, "Until Kassie, I have not seen a true witch since the last part of the Spanish Inquisition. I thought they and their magick were gone forever from this earth."

Mikey's eyes widened and he said, "Fuck! No wonder you are so possessive of her!"

Drake grinned and said, "Yes Mikey. When haven't been laid in that long, you tend you get very smitten with the one and only true witch that can effectively ball a blood sucker's brains out."

Mikey grinned and said, "Yeah, I'd be smitten too under those circumstances."

Joseph grinned at the vampyre and said, "Well I guess it will be a long time before you are in the mood to share."

The vampyre grinned back at Joseph coldly and said, "A very long time."

Then said, "But enough idle chatter." Looked down at Kassie he asked, "And what has my pretty been able to glean from the body of the last victim of this other vampyre?"

Kassie looked up at him and said, "Well, I couldn't find out much at all from the body. Or from the clothing and jewelry they found near it. I do think this vampyre is young though. Less than three or four centuries old probably. Fanny Mae says he has many lairs throughout the territory he has staked, no pun intended, for himself. And he apparently never uses the same lair twice in a row. She also tells me he killed his creator."

Drake scowled and said, "That will making tracking him difficult even for me. I cannot connect to his thoughts since I did not personally turn him. Though I suspect one that I turned long ago may be responsible for this creature's existence. But since this vampyre has killed the one that created him, I cannot link to him through his creator, as I normally could."

He stopped, thought for a moment, and said, "I will be able to feel his presence if I get near enough to him. How near I will have to be to him depends on how well he has developed the art of cloaking himself in the presence of other vampyres. And that will depend in part, on who turned him to begin with. But as long as he is in his own territory, I cannot track his movements by reaching out and touching his mind with mine."

Joseph looked at Drake and said, "Will he be able to feel your presence?"

"I can be in the same room with even those that I have turned, and they will not know I am there, unless I wish them to. I mastered fully the art of cloaking myself while in the presence of others of my kind, long long ago."

Then the vampyre grinned coldly and added, "It is one trick that has enabled me to survive for so long. Contrary to popular belief, some of us really have no qualms about killing each other. It is well known among my kind, that I am the oldest and most powerful of them. I have had to learn

to deal with several other vampyres over the centuries who have wanted to destroy me, in an effort to absorb my power as they did."

Mikey grinned at Drake and said, "So you are a legend even in the minds of your own kind."

Drake looked at Mikey, nodded his head once and said. "There are those of my kind who believe I am the first vampyre ever created. I suspect, but do not know for sure, that this is correct. All I do know for certain, is that even though I have not turned a mortal in many many centuries, I have yet to meet another vampyre, who's bloodline does not eventually trace back to me."

Joseph looked at Drake thoughtfully and said, "Well what about the vampyre that created you?"

A look of pain, anger and sadness crossed the vampyre's face. He suddenly glanced down at Kassie's bowed head for a moment with a very peculiar narrowed eyed look, then looked back at him and coldly said, "It was not another vampyre that created me."

There was something about the look on the vampyre's face that stopped Joseph from inquiring further about the creation process that resulted in the creature sitting in front of him.

Then Drake looked back down at Kassie's still bowed head, and studied it thoughtfully. He was seeing flashes of the day's events flickering her mind. Seeing and feeling what she had seen and felt when those events were transpiring. He finished scanning her mind then looked at Joseph, and said with a scowl said, "It is worse than I thought. You have a young vampyre here who was taught from the day of his rebirth as a vampyre, by an old master. A very adept old master."

Drake's scowled deepened and he said, "I should know, I taught him all he knew after I turned him ten centuries ago. Fortunately, I didn't teach him all I know. The vampyre you are tracking, is far more dangerous than I

had anticipated. That he could kill the master who made him, while he is still so young, surprises even me. And if he knows Kassie is tracking him, you had better be damned glad I am here. No offense to either of you, but quite frankly, you don't stand a snowball's chance in hell without me."

He paused for a moment, grinned a very cold hard grin and said, "But for all his power, and all his knowledge, he is still young. And there are things that even he does not know. Ignorance however, will not be bliss for him."

Kassie looked up at Drake and said, "With a little luck, it will be the death of him." Then pushed her chair back, stood up and said, "I'm going to grab a coke. Be back in a flash." And headed to the small refrigerator in her room.

She was reaching out to open the small refrigerator, when the other vampyre appeared behind her as a gargoyle. The gargoyle wrapped his arms around her, and leaped towards the window.

Suddenly Drake stood up, cried out, "Kassie!", and disappeared from the room. At the sound of the window breaking, Joseph and Mikey rushed into the bedroom. Both men began cursing as they saw Kassie gone, and the curtains blowing through the broken window. Joseph was sprouting a pair of coal black wings on his half demon half human body, as he ran towards it. He leaped towards the broken window, and disappeared out the window.

Mikey pressed his hand against the pocket of his jacket, and yelled into the pocket, "Beam me the fuck to wherever they land Sally." And disappeared from the room.

The moment the other vampyre had grabbed her, Kassie's mind was screaming Drake's true name three times. The vampyre who had grabbed Kassie, also heard that scream. He knew now without a doubt, that the witch he was clutching to him was a true witch. And that she had called

the name of another vampyre. But he had never before heard the name she had thrice screamed.

They were over a small clearing in the woods, when the one she called to, suddenly appeared in front of him as much larger, and infinitely darker and more terrible version of the gargoyle shape he had taken. In that split second, the other vampyre knew who the vampyre that had suddenly appeared in front of him was. This was the one that many said was the first vampyre. The one that ultimately bore responsibility for his own creation. The one he held responsible in his own mind, for the creature he himself had become. And he suddenly knew that the witch he now held in his arms, was beloved above all others, by that vampyre.

The vampyre holding Kassie snarled, veered up and to left, sank his teeth in Kassie's throat, jerked his head up, and dropped her.

Even as she began to fall, Drake began to do a rolling dive. He caught her before she had fallen more than a few feet. The terrible gaping wound in her neck began to heal the moment his arms closed around her. As they hurtled towards earth he slowed his descent slightly. He still landed hard and fast on his side. He shielded Kassie's body from harm by taking the force of the fall on that side. He grunted, changed to his usual form, rolled over and placed Kassie gently on the ground. And began to turn, and rise from the ground.

Mikey suddenly appeared at the back of Kassie's still body. He knelt down, placed his fingers on Kassie's bloody throat. He felt a faint pulse, and tried to find where the blood covering her throat and chest was coming from. He could find no wounds on her though.

Joseph and the other vampyre both hurtled towards the three figures on the ground. They landed several feet in front of them. The other vampyre had shifted into the shape of a huge black panther as soon as he had landed. The panther leapt towards Drake. Joseph leapt after the panther.

Joseph saw Drake change into a huge grizzly as he rose. And veered to left. He had no intentions of getting caught in the middle of those two.

As Joseph looked on, the panther leapt straight into the arms and teeth of a fifteen foot grizzly bear with a real bad attitude. Before the other vampyre could shape shift into another form, the huge grizzly sunk his teeth into the throat of the panther it now held in the ultimate bear hug. One huge paw was wrapped around the back of the panther, and the other was grasping the panther by the head. Holding that head back so the the bear could more easily get to the panther's throat. The grizzly jerked its huge head up, and blood spurted from the throat of the panther. The grizzly lowered its huge head again, sank its teeth once more into the already healing throat of the panther, and jerked it's head up again.

As the bear was lowering its head for a third bite, its other paw was ripping into the back of the panther. As the grizzly was jerking its head back the third time, his paw was burrowing into the blood soaked back of the panther. Joseph saw the panther's body begin to change into human form. Saw the blood soaked paw of the grizzly withdraw itself from the back of the other vampyre. In that blood soaked paw was the other vampyre's heart. The grizzly threw the now human form down. Threw its huge head back and roared. Then it ate the heart the heart of the other vampyre. While it was still chewing and swallowing that heart, it leaned over, and ripped the head from the body of the other vampyre. Joseph noted with satisfaction it didn't take much to separate the head from the body, since that last bite the bear had taken, had pretty much decapitated the other vampyre anyway.

Then suddenly, the grizzly was gone. And Drake appeared where the grizzly had been. As always, he was elegantly, and much to Joseph's surprise, spotlessly, attired in snug fitting black pants, silver toed black boots, and blood red shirt. In his fist was clenched the head of the other vampyre. Drake strode off a few feet, stopped, then threw his head back, and howled once.

Joseph strode over and knelt down beside Mikey. He looked down at Kassie, and paled at the sight of her blood soaked chest. Then saw the terrible gaping wound he had caught one glimpse of as she had hurtled towards Drake's open arms, was gone. He said in surprise, "Is she alive Mikey?"

Mikey nodded his head and said, "Yeah, she's alive. I don't know where the blood came from. There isn't a mark on her."

Joseph scowled and said, "That mother fucker tore her throat out before he dropped her. I thought for sure the bastard had killed her. Drake must have healed her somehow, as they were diving. "

Mikey's face had darkened when Joseph had told him what the other vampyre had done. Then a cold mean grin came to his face. He looked at Drake standing there holding the other vampyre's head, nodded towards that bleeding head, and said, "Then I am damn glad that is one mother fucking vampyre that ain't going to be starting the rehab program.

Looked at Drake and said, "And I'm even more glad that bastard still standing, came along on this mission."

Then looked at Joseph and said, "From what you say, Kassie would be dead now if he hadn't. I know you don't like the blood sucking son of a bitch, but without him, this mission, could have been Kassie's last."

Just then a huge black wolf came running out of the trees to the left of Drake. He ran straight towards Drake. When he was still several feet away, Drake threw the head towards the wolf. The wolf leaped, caught the head in mid air, landed, then ran into the trees with it. Drake howled once more, then began to turn back towards them.

Joseph watched the wolf run towards the trees, grinned and said, "No that vampyre ain't going to be making it through the rehab program." Then nodded his head towards Drake who was striding towards them, casually picking a piece of the other vampyre's heart out from between his

fangs and teeth with neatly trimmed fingernail, and said, "But you know something Mikey, I just might could get to like that blood sucking son of a bitch."

Mikey grinned, nodded his head in agreement and said, "Yeah, you got to admit, the dude really knows how to take a fucking bite out of vampyre crime!"

Drake closed the distance between them, knelt down, gathered Kassie into his arms, and said, "I caught her, and healed the wounds as quickly as I could. But she has still lost quite a bit of blood. She will need that blood replaced."

Then he opened his shirt, drew one of his nails across his chest, and when the blood was flowing, started to bring Kassie's head towards his chest.

Joseph laid his hand on the vampyre's arm and said, "Wait! You don't have to replace it that way."

The vampyre scowled at Joseph and said, "We do not have time to fuck with hospitals and their infernal paperwork. Nor do I think you wish to answer a bunch of questions from the authorities concerning how she came to be in this shape. This will not harm her. Nor will it turn her into a vampyre. It will insure she lives though."

Then he looked at Joseph coldly and said, "Try to stop me again, and it will be your heart I next snack on." And continued to draw Kassie's head towards his chest.

Mikey said, "Before you go trying to rip my pard's heart out for another snack, listen to me for a moment."

The vampyre looked at Mikey as coldly as he had Joseph, and said, "You have 10 seconds. Speak your peace. Make it good though. It may be the last words you ever speak."

Mikey said quickly, "Get her back to the hotel. Take her back to your room. Look, we have a full first aid kit at the hotel, including three pints of the right type of blood for each of us. We can give her a nice sans paperwork, no questions asked transfusion in the privacy of your room."

Drake raised an eyebrow, the cut he had made on his chest closed. The blood that had been flowing from it, seemed to soak back into his own body. Then Drake shape shifted into a dark gargoyle again, and rose into the sky with Kassie in his arms. Mikey pressed his suit pocket and said, "Beam me to my room Sally." And Joseph spread his black wings, and flew after Drake.

When Mikey arrived in his room, he went to the small refrigerator, grabbed three bags of type B blood, snatched up a white box with an red Ankh emblazoned on the top of it, then ran towards Drake's room. The adjoining door flew open as Mikey ran towards it. Kassie was lying on the bed. Drake was sitting on the edge of the bed stroking her hair. Joseph was standing on the other side of the bed.

As Mikey came towards the bed, Drake rose from the bed, and took a couple of steps towards the head of the bed. Turned, then stood and watched as Mikey tossed two of the bags of blood on the bed beside Kassie. He handed one towards Drake and said, "Here hold this up as high as you can." Opened the white box and withdrew a long clear tube with one end clamped shut. He ripped it from its sterilized package, and hooked the tube to the bag of blood. Then reached in the box, withdrew another shorter rubber tube and wrapped it tightly around Kassie's arm just above the elbow. He grabbed a needle out of the box, ripped it from its sterilized package and inserted it into the vein on Kassie's arm, then hooked the tube connected to the bag onto the needle. And removed the clamp.

As the blood began to flow into Kassie's arm, Mikey heard a dark chuckle from Joseph. He looked at Joseph and said, "What's so amusing pard?"

Joseph looked at Mikey, then looked at Drake glaring at him, nodded his head towards Drake and said with a grin, "Well sorry, but the irony of seeing Drake standing there holding that bag of blood up, got to me."

Mikey laughed, and even Drake couldn't suppress the wry grin that came to his face as he thought about what Joseph had said. He looked at Joseph with the wry grin still on his face and said, "Oh you don't know the half of it." Nodded towards the bag of blood he was holding and said, "I noticed when Mikey handed it to me, I own half interest in the blood bank it came from."

Mikey and Joseph laughed. And Joseph said, "Well, I guess that is nice practical little business investment for a vampyre."

When the first bag of blood was empty Mikey, reached for a full bag, took the empty one from Drake's hand, hooked another one to the tube, then handed it to Drake. Drake took that bag, held it up, looked at it for a moment, then let go of the bag. The bag remained suspended in mid air. Then suddenly he was sitting on the bed beside Kassie. As the second bag of blood emptied into her arm, a little color began to slowly return to her ashen face.

When Mikey reached for the third bag of blood it floated past his hand, rose in the air, and hung suspended in mid air by the nearly empty bag of blood. Mikey grinned, unhooked the empty bag, and attached the tube to the full one. By the time the third bag of blood was empty, Kassie was still very pale, but she no longer looked as if she were a lifeless alabaster statue. Mikey removed the needle and tube from her arm, unhooked the longer tube from the empty bag of blood still suspended in mid air. Then watched as the bag dropped to the floor. He placed the rubber tube that had been wrapped around Kassie's arm back into the box, and snapped the lid closed.

Joseph looked at Drake sitting on the edge of the bed tenderly stroking the top of Kassie's head and said, "I saw that son of a bitch rip her throat out just before he dropped her. You healed her somehow, didn't you?"

Drake looked over at Joseph and said, "Yes."

Joseph waited for a further explanation, but Drake was once more watching Kassie's face intently, and stroking the top of her head. Suddenly the sound of fluttering wings could be heard, and Fanny Mae appeared in the room directly above Kassie's head. Drake looked up nodded, and went back to studying Kassie's face.

"Is she going to be okay?" Fanny Mae asked anxiously

The vampyre looked up again said, "Yes." Then went back to studying Kassie's face.

Fanny Mae breathed a sigh of relief, looked at Mikey, then at Joseph and said, "The woods are buzzing with the news of what happened. Though no one is really rejoicing, because the owl who saw it all, said he thought Kassie must dead. He said he saw that other vampyre tear her throat out, then drop her. He said Drake caught her and dived to the ground with her. Then there was a terrible fight between Drake and that other vampyre. The owl said Drake killed the other vampyre, then picked up Kassie and flew towards town with her. Bo Bo and I were on the other side of the woods trying to find the son of a bitch's lair when it happened. I came as soon as I heard."

Joseph said, "Go spread the news that they can truly begin rejoicing." Then he grinned and said, "Tell them the wicked vampyre is one dead mother fucker. And the good witch is alive."

Fanny Mae laughed and said, "Will do! And the woods will truly rejoice over that news!" Then snapped her fingers and said with a frown, "Oh yeah, those two loathsome fucking trolls have disappeared. Bo Bo and some of the elves are looking for them right now."

Drake glanced up at Fanny Mae and said, "I know exactly where those trolls are. I'll deal with those pair very shortly."

Fanny Mae nodded her head at Drake, fluttered her badly tattered wings, and disappeared with a small popping sound.

Mikey grinned and said, "Oh oh, I don't think Headquarters is going to like to how Drake deals with those pair of trolls."

Suddenly the vampyre was standing directly in front of Mikey. Mikey started to step back in surprise but Drake rested his hand on his shoulder, and said in a very cold commanding voice, "Look into my eyes Mikey. Look deeply."

Mikey locked gazes with the vampyre, and Drake said, "Now tell me Mikey, do you see anyone at all in there, who gives a flying fuck, what Headquarters thinks?"

Mikey relaxed, stared into the vampyre's eyes deeply for a few seconds grinned and said, "Well, no I don't." Then started laughing.

The vampyre grinned back at Mikey coldly and said, "I didn't think so."

Joseph chuckled looked down at Drake, who was suddenly sitting on the bed beside Kassie again and thought, "Yep, I might could just get to like this son of bitch."

Mikey stared the at empty space in front of him and blinked in surprise. He looked down and saw Drake once more sitting on the bed beside Kassie, grinned and thought, "I like this son of a bitch. But keeping an eye on him like The Boss wants, sure as hell isn't going to be easy."

Suddenly Drake stopped stroking Kassie's head, nodded his dark head in a way that indicated he was satisfied with something, and suddenly appeared standing at the foot of the bed, looked at Joseph, then Mikey and said, "Kassie will rest peacefully now for the next couple of hours."

She will awaken when I return. Meanwhile, I will use that time to feed and deal with a couple of trolls." Then disappeared from the room.

Mikey and Joseph looked at the empty space at the foot of the bed, looked at each other, and grinned. Mikey shook his head and said, "That elegant son of bitch is a fast moving critter, isn't he?"

Joseph grinned and said, "Yeah, he sure as hell is. But for all his elegance and gentleness with Kassie, that is one mean natured son of a bitch when he is pissed."

Mikey grinned back at Joseph and said, "No shit! I'm glad I ain't them fucking trolls."

Joseph grinned and said, "Yeah I was going to insist he at least let us take care of the trolls. But I decided justice might best be served, if I left their fate in his hands."

Mikey laughed and said, "Yeah I got a feeling he's going to be serving their hearts to himself, if not on a silver platter, then from the palm of his own hand, any moment now."

Joseph laughed, nodded his head in agreement and said, "But, Mikey, do yourself a favor, if the son of bitch ever tells you he is going to rip your head off, and eat your fucking heart, run like hell!"

Mikey laughed harder and said, "Bro, that son of a bitch ever tells me that, you won't see nothing but the back of me, running for all I'm worth."

Then Mikey turned serious and said, "And Joe, that ain't entirely a joke. Staking that son of bitch through the heart may very well kill him. But I fear putting that stake in his heart, is not something even we would find easy my friend."

Joseph nodded in agreement and said, "Yeah Mikey, I'm afraid you are right. I'll tell you something else, I'm not one hundred percent sure, simply

staking him would kill him. Oh I know he told us it would. And I don't say he was exactly lying, but Joe, I just got a gut feeling he wasn't telling us everything."

Mikey said, "Yeah, I know what you mean. I got a funny feeling too when he said it. Like there was something left unsaid there as well."

Mikey shook his head and continued, "Joe, that elegant son of a bitch is one powerful critter. I think he really is the oldest vampyre on this planet. I'm not even sure if he knows exactly how old he is. And you know something else, I think he is the first true vampyre. I also think he has powers that we can't even begin to fathom."

Joseph nodded his head and said, "Yeah Mikey I'm afraid you are right. We haven't even seen a fraction of what he can do. I'm just damn glad he was on our side tonight. We underestimated that bastard we were tracking too, and it nearly cost Kassie her life."

Mikey looked at Joseph and said, "I feel as bad you do about that. But fuck Joe, we didn't underestimate him, so much as we just didn't know what the fuck we were dealing with. The truth is, we ain't never gone up against a vampyre as powerful and adept that bastard was."

Joseph nodded his head in agreement. Then said thoughtfully, "But think about ho fast and easy Drake took him out."

Mikey looked Joseph in the eye and said, "I have." Then grinned and said, "That is why I don't plan on annoying the son of a bitch anymore than I have too."

Joseph laughed and said, "Good thinking on your part for a change Mikey!"

Mikey grinned and said, "As Kassie would say, I may be blonde, but I ain't that fucking blonde."

Then he looked down at Kassie and said, "Speaking of Kassie, let's let sleeping beauty lay there and rest until her prince of darkness gets back, and me and you grab a beer. And decide how the fuck we are going to handle the son of bitch."

Joseph grinned, nodded his head and said, "Sounds like a plan to me. But I suggest for a start, we handle him very fucking carefully."

Then he laughed and said, "I'll grab us some beers and be back in a flash."

When Joseph returned to the room, Mikey had a couple of chairs pulled up near the side of the bed. Joseph pulled two of the beers from the plastic ring of the six pack, tossed one to Mikey, then put the other four in the small refrigerator.

When the both settled comfortably in their chairs Mikey said, "As bad as Drake is going to want her to, Kassie isn't going to quit the team. And after this fiasco, I don't figure he is going to be apt to leave her fate in our hands on any future missions."

Joseph nodded his head in agreement and said, "Yeah, I don't think Drac is too fucking impressed with us."

Mikey nodded his head then said, "Well, I ain't very fucking impressed with us right now either. But that's beside the point. Like it or not, we are going to have learn to deal with him."

Mikey took a sip of his beer, then continued, "Joe, he ain't going anywhere anytime soon. You can call it lust, love, infatuation or whatever the fuck you want, but whatever it is that cold mean natured bastard feels for Kassie, it runs real deep."

He took another sip of his beer then said, "And I'll tell you something else, him and Kassie go way the fuck back somehow. She knows exactly

how far. But for some reason, she is doing her level best to keep it from him."

Joseph looked at Mikey in surprise and said, "You picked up on that too?"

Mikey nodded and said, "Oh yeah. She's covering it real well. But I picked up on it. You and I both know Kassie had said before, that she had some unfinished business to take care of in this life. We also know that business had something to do with somebody she once loved. And still does."

Joseph frowned and said, "Yeah. I know."

Mikey looked at Joseph and said, "Well, I think Drake, is that unfinished business."

Joseph scowled, took a sip of his beer and said, "Yeah, I'm afraid you are right there."

Mikey crushed the empty beer can, tossed it into the trash, stood up and headed for the small refrigerator. He pulled two more beers out, tossed one to Joseph, walked back over to his chair and sat down. Then said, "If I am right, and I'm betting that I am, then we got to figure out how to deal with him on these missions."

Joseph grinned and said, "We could get lucky, and The Boss will talk him into the joining the team."

Mikey grinned back and said, "I wouldn't want to bet on that. Drake don't really strike me as team player. But, maybe Kassie can talk him into it."

Mikey took a sip of his beer then grinned and said, "On the other hand, we may just have to deal with him being a loose cannon on any mission we use Kassie on in the future."

Joseph laughed and said, "Fuck it. I can deal with that. Let's just make sure we keep him pointed in the right direction!"

Mikey laughed, looked at Kassie and said, "Well we need to talk to Kassie about that, and tell her make damn sure the force she is fucking right now, stays with us."

Joseph scowled and said, "I just hope we don't ever see it turn against her."

Mikey nodded his head in agreement, and both men looked at Kassie's sleeping form thoughtfully.

## Chapter 8

Mikey and Joseph were debating who was going to go and get the other six pack of beer from Joseph's room, when Drake suddenly appeared. He was leaning nonchalantly against the doorframe of the door that joined his room to Kassie's. Mikey happened to be looking at the doorway, when the vampyre suddenly appeared. Mikey jerked back in his chair slightly in surprise, then grinned and nodded his head at Drake. Joseph looked towards the doorway, grinned and nodded his head in greeting as well.

Drake nodded at the two men, grinned wickedly, then picked something out from between his fang and tooth with one neatly trimmed fingernail. Then he said, "Trolls do not taste great, they are not very filling, and their evil little hearts, are nearly pure gristle."

Mikey and Joseph grinned back at the vampyre, and Mikey said, "Well, I guess I can tell Headquarters now for sure, that the trolls aren't going to be attending rehab."

Drake grinned and said, "Yes you had better break the news to them now." Paused for a moment, looked over at Kassie's still form, and said, "I do not wish to be impolite to you pair, but I would like some time alone with Kassie now." It was not a request. Nor really an order. Simply a statement of fact.

Joseph frowned, but nodded his head and stood up.

"Mikey and I were just debating on who was going to get that other six pack from my room. We'll just both head there now."

Mikey stood up as well, and both men started walking towards the doorway Drake was still leaning against. When they were halfway across the room, Drake suddenly disappeared from the doorway. Mikey and

Joseph stopped, turned around, and saw the vampyre sitting on the edge of the bed stroking Kassie's forehead.

The men looked at each other, shook their heads, turned back around and headed back towards the doorway. As Mikey turned and closed the door behind him, he caught one more glance of Drake. He was now leaning over Kassie, and gazing down into her face intently as he continued to stroke her hair. Drake glanced up at the other adjoining door that led to Mikey's room, and the door softly closed.

Drake knew that although he had healed the wounds on her neck completely within seconds of catching her, the trauma her mind had suffered in what would have been the last seconds of her life, had he not caught and healed those wounds, would be harder to heal. He also knew that upon awakening, she was going to relive those few seconds. He gathered her gently into his arms, held her close, stroked the back of her head with one hand, and began to softly whisper her name over and over in his mind.

The gargoyle moved one of the arms he was clutching her with, grasped her hair with his hand, and yanked her head back. Kassie saw the gargoyle lower its head towards her throat. Felt him sink his fangs into her either side of jugular. Then felt a terrible ripping pain in her throat, and saw the gargoyle's head jerk back up. Blood flowed from his mouth. She felt blood spurting from her throat. Then she was falling. Terror engulfed her mind. She opened her mouth in a soundless scream. Then felt herself stop falling. Heard her name being whispered over and over. Felt cold arms holding her. And she began to struggle.

Drake held her tighter, and said, "It's all right Kassie. I've got you. You are safe now." Kassie heard his voice, and stopped struggling. Then wrapped her arms tightly around him. She clung to him and buried her head in his cold silent chest. Her body began to tremble. Then shake. Drake held her tighter, and continued stroking the back of her head with one hand. He connected with her mind, and began to soothe it. When her

body had stopped shaking he loosened his arms slightly. Kassie still clung to him, and pressed face harder into his chest.

"Kassie, look at me my beloved."

Kassie finally loosened her arms slightly and looked up him.

Drake looked down at her. Her amber eyes were still filled with terror and confusion. He gazed down into her eyes, and said, "It's over Kassie. You are alive. I caught you. Your throat is healed. Let go of the terror now."

Kassie continued to gaze into Drake's eyes, and gradually the terror and confusion began to fade from her eyes. Kassie loosened her arms from around Drake, and put one hand up to her throat. When her hand touched her throat, she tried to speak, but found she could not. As her throat muscles contracted in that effort at speech, she felt a burning pain engulf her throat.

Suddenly she heard Drake's voice in her mind. "Kassie, don't try to speak right now. Your throat is healed. But you have what I can best explain as a sort of psychic bruising to the tissues that were damaged. You drank enough of my blood last night to allow me to heal you. But unless you drink again, you are going to be unable to speak, and in a lot of pain, for quite some time. Speak to me through your mind my beloved."

Drake grinned in relief when Kassie's sent him a mind flash that said, "Oh that's just fucking great. I get to choose between being mute and in pain for, as you so quaintly put it, quite some time, or drinking your blood again."

Then she sent a flash that said, "I suppose you know, this means necking, and a blow job, are out the question right now."

Drake roared with laughter, and clasped her to his chest again. He held her tightly for a moment, then said in his mind, "Not if you will be a good

little pretty. A few sips, and your throat will be as good as new. You'll be able to speak, The pain and discomfort will be gone as well."

Then he grinned, leaned his head down and whispered against her ear, "And you will literally, cream in your jeans."

Then his voice grew serious as he felt with his mind, the burning pain she was still feeling in her throat, and he whispered, "Please Kassie, let me take the pain away. It will get worse, before it gets better. Believe me my love, if there were some other way I could take your suffering away, I would."

He kissed the top of her head gently, and said, "I would have replaced the blood you lost with my own already, which would have prevented this pain. But Mikey and Joseph would have been troublesome I fear, had I done so when I wanted to. I conceded to their wishes because I knew you it would cause you pain, were I to harm them."

He kissed the top of her head again and said, "I ask now that you concede to mine, and allow me take this pain away."

Kassie narrowed her eyes, and looked up at him. As she looked up, the muscles in her throat stretched slightly. The pain caused tears to come into her eyes, and she quickly lowered her head and buried it back in Drake's chest.

Drake cradled her gently and said, "Kassie, please, you try my patience needlessly here, to the point of breaking. Do not make me regret the choice I made earlier tonight. I wanted you to agree willingly to this, but if you don't, I will do I what I must."

He hugged her tightly, kissed the top of her head and said, "I cannot bear for you to be in this pain. You are wise in many ways, but you do not understand what it does to me."

Kassie felt the burning in her throat grow worse, Hot acid waves of pain engulfed her throat. The waves of pain were rapidly washing all ability to think away. Finally she conceded to his wish. But only on the condition that she drink just enough to take the pain away, and allow her to speak.

Drake kissed the top of her head, raised his hand slightly from the back of her head, and said, "I swear, I'll only allow you drink what is necessary to complete the entire healing process, and not a drop more." Crossed his fingers and thought in the hidden part of his mind. "Right at this particular moment anyway." He knew if he gave her too much right now, he would have to feed again himself right afterwards. He wanted to go for the blow job, and a few other things first.

He uncrossed his fingers, loosened his other arm from around her slightly, and drew back from her just a little. He took the hand he had crossed his fingers with, unbuttoned his shirt, made a very small cut just above his left breast. He wrapped that hand back around the back of her head, and drew her mouth to down to his chest.

As her lips touched the blood, Kassie opened her mouth flicked her tongue out, took one quick lick, and withdrew her tongue back into her mouth. Drake gritted his fangs at her stubbornness, and thought in the hidden part of his mind, "Isis help me. This witch tries my patience as no one ever has before. She resists me in a way no mortal, even a witch, has ever done before."

He bowed his head and brought his lips to the top of her head. As the small amount of blood she had lapped flowed down Kassie's throat, it caused waves of pleasure to start replacing waves of pain. Her lips opened involuntarily. Her tongue returned to the small puddle of pleasure again. As she begin to gently lap the blood he thought, "And brings me more joy, that she will ever understand."

He knew she had had enough when she quit lapping, and started to suck the wound on his chest. Moaning deep in her throat as she did. He

closed the cut, grasped her head, pulled it back, and grinned down at the dazed look of pleasure on her face. He watched her lick every drop of his blood from her lips, then leaned down and kissed her soundly. She moaned he as raised his lips slightly, and still in a happy little haze of pure pleasure, wrapped her arms tightly around him, kissed him back just as soundly. Then she drew her head back, looked up at him with that dazed grin, and said, "Can your tongue climax? Because I think mine just did. I know I did cream in my jeans." Then buried her head in his chest and giggled.

Drake hugged her to him tightly, laughed and said, "Oh Kassie, you have no understanding of how much you humor means to me. No comprehension how dear the sound of your laughter is to my ears."

Kassie giggled again, pulled her head back, looked up at him, and said with a wide grin, "Who the hell was joking? I think my fucking tongue had an orgasm. And my panties are like, way damp."

Drake grinned back down at her wickedly and said, "Say the magick words, and we'll get you out of those wet panties my beloved."

Kassie grinned back up at him, then began softly chanting the magick words as she unwrapped her arms from around his back, and began pushing his shirt over his shoulders.

Drake laughed and said, "Well I was thinking more along the lines of "I do", but for now, those will work.

Kassie jerked the lower half of his shirt from his pants, and tossed the shirt aside. Finished chanting her version of the magick words, then grinned and said, "I told you I like long engagements. But look on the bright side honey. I sure as hell don't believe in abstinence before marriage."

Drake laughed. Then said as he laid her down, and leaned over and began to pull his boots and socks off, "Yes, I've taken that into account.

That's why you haven't awakened one evening totally dazed and confused in Vegas darling."

Once he had his boots off he turned back towards Kassie and began unbuttoning her shirt. When he had the last button undone, she raised up, and he slipped the shirt from her shoulders. He gently pushed her back down on the bed, stood up, undid his pants, and let them fall to his ankles. He stepped back out of them, then kicked them to the side with his foot. Kassie laughed and said, "You vamps got a real fucking hangup about getting caught with your pants down around your ankles."

Drake grinned and said, "I have nothing against being caught with pants my down. However, I've always disliked having them around my ankles intensely. But since you seem to enjoy watching them fall, I will gladly let them fall around my ankles if it pleases you. I will not however, stand with them around my ankles."

In this, his human form, the vampyre standing before her, without his pants around his ankles, stood 6'5" in his bare feet. His skin was the color of ivory. Thick jet black hair framed a broad but finely sculpted face. His cobalt blue eyes gazed from beneath well shaped black brows. The planes of his cheeks were high and sharp. He seemed to be half statue, and half man. The muscles in his broad chest and arms looked chiseled of living stone. As did the muscles on his thick well molded legs. When it came to what was between those legs, even the most obscene statue she had ever seen, was not as well hung as the vampyre standing before her. Kassie gazed at Drake, and said, "I enjoy watching everything you do. And I am especially enjoying watching you right now." Then she grinned and said, "You are, like, really cool eye candy."

Drake laughed and said, "Well, at least I don't feel like piece of cold meat. But you would would look much better, out of those tight jeans my love."

Kassie grinned, slowly unbuttoned the top button of her jeans, unzipped them, raised her butt from the bed, and began to slowly slide her jeans over her hips. She had to prop her elbows on the bed and wiggle quite a bit to get them over her hips. Which wasn't an entirely unpleasing sight to the vampyre watching her. There was something about the sight of her wiggling out of those jeans, that was quite fetching.

Once she managed to get her ass extracted from those tight jeans, she sat up, slid her jeans and panties down her legs, and over her ankles. Then she tossed them over the other side of the bed, and fell back onto the bed in a spread eagle position. She closed her eyes, grinned and said, "Take me, I'm yours. Up to a point. Or two, in your case"

Drake grinned, and dived onto the bed. Gathered her in his arms, and rolled on top of her. He took his hands, placed them on either side of her head, and gently brushed her hair away from her face. He kissed her forehead, then her left eyebrow. She closed her eyes and sighed softly. He slid his lips gently down, being very careful with his fangs, and softly kissed her left eyelid. Raised his head up slightly, moved it to the right, and slowly kissed her right eyebrow. He slid his lips down, and kissed her right eyelid. Then raised his head slightly, moved it to the left again just a little, and kissed her nose. He kissed her left cheek, then her right cheek. Then he kissed her mouth.

She grabbed his head with both her hands and began to lick the back of his fangs. He propped himself up with his elbows, groaned, opened his mouth wide, and bared his fangs. The fangs he bared were thin hollow tubes that came to a sharp point. The inside of the fangs were lined with millions of microscopic taste buds. These taste buds captured not just the flavor of the warm blood they drew into them, they also captured the very life force that flowed in that blood. When he fed, it was as if the heart, mind and soul of the person he was feeding on, flowed through his fangs, into his mind, then into every atom of his body. The feel of her warm mouth and tongue against the sensitive outer walls of his fangs, was a form of delightful torture. Through their thin hollow walls, he could feel

the blood flowing under the skin of that mouth wrapped around his fangs. Could just nearly taste that blood.

Yet that gentle licking and sucking of his fangs, aroused his libido, more than it did his blood lust. Though sometimes, the distances between the two, grew short indeed. Yet Kassie danced within that short distance, with apparent fearlessness. And suddenly in the part of his mind he shared with her, he thought, "You do realize, that what you are doing, is the roughly the equivalent of sticking your head in a lion's mouth, and giving him a hand job at the same time."

Kassie stopped sucking his right fang, drew her head back and laughed. Then she grinned at him and said, "Funny you should say that, because I'm always having the Strength card show up in my Tarot readings. Of course, I don't have a deck that depicts her doing quite that. But maybe if I looked hard enough, I could find one that did!" Laughed again, and gleefully stuck her head back in the lion's mouth. She narrowed the line between passion and blood lust to a dangerously thin width, then began kissing the hollow of his throat. She took the hand she had wrapped around his back, and slowly trailed the nails of that hand down his chest. Ran them through his thick pubic hair, and wrapped them around his dick.

Drake began to purr. Kassie thought in the part of her mind she shared with him, as she continued to kiss, then gently lick the hollow of his throat, "Kiss your throat, grab your dick, and it is like having a big purring tiger by the tail. We should be a circus act."

Drake roared with laughter, and gathered her into his arms. He lay on top of her, a moment. Then he raised himself up over her, kissed her forehead, nose, then mouth. He put his mouth close to ear and whispered "My beloved Kassie, you have no idea how much joy you bring me. I have known passion before. I have known what I thought was love. But never have I experienced the joy you bring to me."

Then he raised his head, gazed into her eyes and said, "You do not treat as me a human, for you never forget what I am. You accept, and in fact deliberately tease the beast within me. Yet at the same time, you keep that beast tamed with your laughter and your humor. You make me laugh in a way I never have before. There are no words that can describe the preciousness of the gift you have given me. Joy is such a part of your nature, you take it for granted. You cannot fathom what it means to one who has gone centuries without it feeling it."

Then he lowered his head, and kissed her deeply. Kassie wrapped her legs around his waist and guided him into her. As his shaft slowly sank into the warmth of her, he raised his head, thrust himself into her, and moaned as she caressed his balls with one hand, and ran the nails of her other hand gently down his chest. Then she wrapped both her arms around his back. Witch and vampyre began to move together in a motion that was even more ancient and timeless, than they themselves were. Slowly at first. Making each movement as languid and long lasting as possible. Drake pulled back slowly, almost to the point of withdrawal, then slowly sank back down into her. Kassie's hips slowly rose to meet his gentle thrusts.

For now, the power struggle that constantly went on between them, was at a truce. Kassie behaved like a perfect little pretty, and kept her hands off his balls, and her mouth off his fangs. She let Drake continue his slow steady thrusting, and kept her hips moving in time to his. Drake behaved like a practically perfect gentleman of a vampyre, and kept his fangs out of Kassie's flesh.

Though he did reach deep into her mind, and push a couple of buttons that would, for right now at least, help insure she continued to behave like a good little pretty. Which considering what he could have done to her mind right then, still constituted pretty much perfect behavior for a vampyre as powerful as he was. He could have, in a wink of one of his dark blue eyes, just as easily have turned her mind into a gibbering gerbil. Or made her beg him to turn her. That he hadn't already done so, was a

testament to the control he had over his own power. And to the love he felt for her.

Drake was experiencing waves of pleasure as he continued to slowly thrust his hard Aron's rod in and out of her warm wonderful Pandora's box. Though he did not feel that pleasure in quite the same way mortal men feel pleasure. His cool hard cock never throbbed with warmth. It did not absorb to any degree, the warmth from the warm wet walls surrounding it. His cold heart did not pump blood in the manner that mortal's hearts did. Warm blood pumping through it, is not what caused his dick to get hard. His erection was generated and controlled by his mind. And by the sensitivity of his skin. He could of course, through his mind, control that sensitivity to a large degree. But that sensitivity is what allowed him to experience physical pleasure.

The millions of highly developed sensitive nerve endings just underneath the skin of his cold hard cock, transmitted everything they felt directly to his brain, in a way mortal nerve endings did not. Those nerve endings picked up and transmitted not only his own pleasure, but hers as well. As he continued his slow thrusting movements, he was literally pumping both his pleasure and hers, through those nerve endings, and directly into his brain.

The feel of the warm wet walls of her womanhood against the surface of his skin as he slowly slid in and out of her, sent surges of nirvana to his brain in slow pleasurable waves of sensation. Once they reached the pleasure center of his brain, they were redirected throughout his whole body. With each stroke he took, he felt the pleasure rush into his brain, then wash through every atom of his being.

The feeling of pleasure he experienced with Kassie was unlike any had felt before. Always before, the pleasure of his mortal lovers had been mingled with at least a slight feeling of revulsion at the feel of his cold hard cock being buried in them. Because he did experience everything his mortal lovers felt, his pleasure had always been tempered with some pain

and sadness because of that revulsion. He knew in his cold heart, that no matter how much the minds of his other mortal lovers desired him, the sad fact was, their mortal bodies were always, at least to some small degree, repulsed by him. Yet Kassie's mortal body seemed to accept the feel of his immortal body in a way that made him wonder, in the part of his mind he kept hidden from her, just what the hell else she really did do with those popsicles, she had once said she enjoyed licking and sucking. Suddenly, visions of Kassie doing some rather unnatural things with a popsicle danced through that part of his mind.

Drake was now propping himself up with his hands, and driving himself in and out of her at a more than slightly increased speed. He had his head thrown back, and his blue eyes were closed in ecstasy. He had a wicked grin plastered on his face. Kassie had been behaving like a perfect little pretty, and letting Drake fuck her at any speed he wanted. But now she opened the amber eyes that she had also had closed in bliss, and looked up him suspiciously. And wondered as she saw that grin, in the part of her mind she kept hidden from him, what the fuck was rocking his boat faster right now. She knew instinctively he had experienced some mental image in the part of his mind that he kept hidden from her, that had set that boat to rocking faster. She didn't know what that mental image had been. Then suddenly the word popsicle, popped into her mind. Into the part that wasn't hidden from him. As soon as that thought transmitted itself to Drake's mind, the visions he was having danced even more intensely through that part of his mind. His grinned widened, and his boat rocked so hard for a second, she thought it might be in danger of capsizing entirely.

Kassie thrust herself against him hard, deliberately contracted the muscles inside her pussy as hard she could, reached up with one hand, tapped the back of his head with one fingernail, and said "Hey! What the fuck are you thinking about in that evil damned mind of yours? And what have popsicles got to do with it?"

Drake said, without a pause in his stroke, or even opening his eyes, "You don't want to know." But the grin on his face widened, and took on an even more wicked glint.

Then she remembered a remark she had made to him once about popsicles, grinned and said, "Were you thinking about switching positions, and getting that blow job right now?"

Drake paused his thrusting for a moment, opened his eyes, looked down at her, and said, "Not exactly." Then started laughing. And resumed his now not so gentle thrusting.

Kassie thought about what else a vampyre could possibly be thinking of in connection with popsicles, that would cause such a salacious smile to cross his face, and rock his boat like that. And suddenly a vision very similar to one he was having right then in the hidden part of his mind, danced through the unhidden part of hers.

Drake paused, and looked down at her in guilty surprise. Kassie looked back up at him, giggled and said, "Fuck! You are a sick puppy! What flavor am I suppose to be using? Ooooooh wait no! Let me guess. Raspberry of course!" Kassie started laughing, wrapped her legs around him tighter, and pulled him down into her. He moaned and resumed his now not so gentle thrusting.

It was the sound of her laughter that had rocked his boat this time. Laughter was not a sound that he had ever heard from a mortal before at moments like this. No other mortal had ever laughed while loving him. And in that moment he realized in the hidden part of his mind, that no other mortal had truly loved him before. They had loved the image of what they thought a vampyre was. But even the wisest of the pagan witches of old, had never understood what he really was. They had never truly loved the creature that they had seduced. They had declared their love for him many times. They had begged him to turn them so they could share

eternity with him. And the few that he had turned, had grown to hate him, for granting them their wish.

Kassie did not love some image that she had conceived in her own mind as to who and what he truly was. She knew exactly who and what he truly was. She knew what he was capable of. And did not try to love him in spite of it. But rather accepted it, and let it become a part of her love for him. This was why as he plunged his cold hard cock into her harder and faster, the waves of nirvana traveling to his brain, then throughout his body, contained only pleasure.

He let those sweet untainted waves of pleasure wash through him. Thrust himself into her harder, and moaned as he pumped that pleasure through his nerve endings, into his brain, and through his entire being. Kassie met his thrusts, raised her legs, and wrapped her heels around the back of his neck. Drake raised himself up more and drove himself into her hard. Kassie met that thrust without flinching. In fact she unwrapped her arms from around his back on the upstroke he took, grabbed his buttocks, and pulled him into her even deeper on the next downstroke. He moaned, and the grin he had previously had on his face was gone. His fangs were bared now in rapture, not amusement. His closed eyes were narrowed in total concentration. He was carefully controlling the waves of pleasure he was experiencing, so they didn't capsize his now frantically rocking boat completely. The ankles wrapped around his neck tightened, fingernails dug into his buttocks, and Kassie moaned on the next downstroke he took. He sensed she was getting ready move one of those hands clutching his buttocks though, and put it to use on his balls.

Drake thought in the hidden part of his mind, "I've got to do something to derail that train of thought before it arrives at the station." And grabbed both of her ankles. Took the upstroke, then he turned his head, and kissed the bottom of her foot. Which he noted did not have suckers attached to the bottom of it. He paused, then ran his tongue gently along the bottom of her foot after he kissed it. The train of thought winding itself into her mind, derailed completely as she gasped and thrust herself against him.

Then he turned his head the other way and kissed, then licked the bottom of her other foot. And took a nice hard downstroke as he did. Kassie moaned louder and thrust herself against him harder. Then he decided to show Kassie what happens when a vampyre really gets his groove going.

As he took his next upstroke, he turned his head and kissed and licked the bottom of her other foot. On the downstroke, he lowered his head and kissed and licked once, the calf of her leg. Just before he took his next upstroke, he turned his head, and kissed, then quickly licked the calf of her other leg. As he took that slow upstroke, he ran his tongue up her leg. He paused for a second, then kissed and licked the bottom of that foot. As he was taking the next downstroke, he turned his head, and kissed and licked the calf of her other leg. Then let his tongue travel up that leg as he took the next upstroke. Kassie's moaning grew louder.

It only took a few more carefully choreographed up and down strokes to get her little Pandora's box quivering like a bowl of jelly. When it did begin to quiver, he nipped the inside of her calf ever so gently. Kassie let go of his buttocks, reached up, and actually grabbed the pillow her head was resting on. She snatched it from beneath her fair flaxen head, and put it over her face to muffle the moaning scream she made. So on the next hard upstroke, he nipped her other calf, and ran his thumbs gently along the bottoms of both her feet. On the next downstroke, he nipped her other calf, and gently rubbed his thumbs along the bottom her feet. He grinned as he heard the sound of his true name in that muffled scream. Though he was glad she had the pillow over her face, so Mikey and Joseph did not hear that sound. He just hoped she didn't wind up smothering herself before he was through.

He slowly took an upstroke, rubbing his thumbs gently along the bottom of her feet, licking her leg as he did. Paused for a second, then took a downstroke. He nipped her other calf, and increased the pressure of his thumbs as he ran them along the bottom of her feet, as he slowly took that downstroke. She was making a muffled screaming sound all the way down. At the end of the downstroke he drove himself into hard,

nipped the other calf not so gently, and ran his thumbs along the bottom of her feet one more time as he did. Once more he was rewarded with the sound of his true name mingled in with that muffled scream.

Kassie sank her teeth into the pillow she was clutching to her face on the next upstroke. She still continued to make a weird muffled screaming sound. But with her biting the pillow like that, he knew was not going to be hearing his name again in that weird muffled sound. He wrapped one of the ankles he holding back around his neck, and reached for the pillow. He would rip that fucking pillow out of her mouth, and be damned if the entire hotel heard her scream his name that third time.

The moment Drake wrapped her ankle around his neck, she knew what he was up to. Before his fingers turned loose of it, deep in the hidden part of her mind, she focused all of her power. Then using that power, she intensified threefold every bit of pleasure she was feeling, then thrust into his mind and cock, every bit of that intensified pleasure. She drove that pleasure into his mind, and the nerve endings under the skin of his cock, just as hard as he was driving his cock into her pussy. His hand never made it to the pillow. Instead it grabbed her ankle again. He was forced to use her ankles to brace himself with when the first shock wave of that whammy hit him. The moment he grabbed her ankle again, and started bracing himself with them, Kassie jerked the pillow off her face so she could see what kind of an effect her infamous mind bending horizontal boogie boomerang, would have on a vampyre.

Drake's head jerked up as the effects of it hit his mind and his cock. He threw his head back, opened his mouth wide, bared his fangs fully, and held onto her ankles for all he was worth. An incredibly loud, and very long howl, issued from that wide opened mouth as he desperately clutched her ankles. She thought, "Hmmmm, I should have stuffed the pillow in his mouth before I did that." Then just for the hell of it, she zapped him again. With a fivefold mind bending horizontal boogie boomerang. And directed most of the power in that boomerang, into the nerve endings running just under the skin of his cock. His mind was

already shot to hell at the moment, so she felt free to direct her power to a part of that was holding up a bit better. Besides, it would travel straight through those nerve endings, and into his brain a half second after it hit those nerve endings. Then it would travel throughout his whole body like a runaway bush fire.

The force of that second boomerang hit him like an onrushing freight train. He felt the nerve endings under the skin of cock nearly short circuit completely from the power of the sensations they were now carrying. Drake heard the sound of an explosion in his mind a half a second later. The last coherent thought he had, was that she understood, with every atom of her being, how the nerve endings under his skin functioned.

As the force of it traveled through those nerve endings, into his brain, then throughout his body, he felt as ever atom of his being was exploding with pleasure. Had he been feeding on her at the time, the pleasure from what she had done, would have overridden the pleasure of that feeding. For the first time in his long as existence as a vampyre, he was experiencing something that felt better than taste of blood did.

He shuddered from the top of his head, to the tips of his toes as the pleasure exploded through his body and mind. It took every ounce of strength he possessed not to collapse on top of her. Or break both her ankles. He suddenly snapped his mouth closed so hard, Kassie feared he was going to break a fang. The muscles in his body bulged as he fought to gain control of them. She decided that at this particular moment, another boomerang zap would be overkill, and let him ride the waves of that one out in relative peace. She wasn't quite ready to make a quivering wreck out of him. Yet. She would save that for the pleasure palace tour he wanted to take her on.

As the shuddering in his body stopped, and he gained control of his muscles and mind, he looked down at her in wonderment and awe. Finally he said, "What the fuck kind of witch whammy was that?"

Kassie grinned smugly and replied, "That my love, was just a little taste my infamous mind bending horizontal boogie boomerang. You'll feel the full force of it no doubt, when we go on that pleasure palace tour you mentioned the other night."

Then she grinned wickedly and said, "You know darling, the one you had me dreaming about this morning when I woke up."

For the first time in many centuries, Drake felt something that nearly resembled a twinge of fear. He looked down at her, and said, "If that is just a taste of what you can do, I'm not so fucking sure I could stand the full force of it. Has anyone, or anything, ever survived the full force of it?"

Kassie grinned and said, "Well, I've never used the full force of it on anybody or anything. So far, the biggest one I've used, has only been a ninefold whammy. But so far, all have survived the experience! Though some have nearly become gibbering idiots. And a few have walked a bit funny for a week or so after large doses of it. Another swears his mind has never been the same since."

Then she grinned at him really wickedly and said, "Normally, I work my boys up to a dose like I gave you, over several days and nights. But you being a vampyre and all, I figured you should be able to withstand a sudden good dose of it. I was real impressed to see how well you stood up to that second one! It gladdened my heart, when you didn't collapse, and turn into a gibbering idiot. I just hope you can walk okay now."

Then she looked him straight in the eye and said innocently, "But, what was it you said to me one evening when you had me cuffed to my bed rail? Oh yeah! All is fair in love and war."

Drake let go of her ankles, and as her legs dropped, grabbed the top of her head with one hand, tilted her head back, and glared down at her. For a moment he considered going for her jugular, and ending this game right then and there. He had promised her she wouldn't have a Vegas wedding.

But they weren't in Vegas. Kassie simply grinned at him, then said, "Reckon you could stand a full force mind bending horizontal boogie boomerang rushing through your fangs right now sweetheart?"

If that had been possible, Drake would have paled at the thought of it. He looked at her and said, "You can do that to me while I'm feeding?"

Kassie grinned and said, "I dunno. But if you go for my jugular like you were thinking about doing, me and you are going to find out."

So he brought his mouth down on her lips brutally instead. He kissed her until her lips were bruised, and the first pangs of the hunger began. He knew that what he had just experienced, would arouse a terrible hunger in him. Drake pulled his head up, looked down at her, and said, "No getting to watch me pull my boots back on right now darling. You have aroused a hunger in me, that will be dangerous to behold, should I not satisfy it before it peaks."

He leaned down, and once more soundly kissed her. Then he jerked his head back up and said, "I'll be back soon. Stay right where you are." Then suddenly he was gone.

Mikey, Joseph and most of the guests on the same floor of the hotel they were on, heard the howls that issued from the vampyre's throat as Kassie zapped him with a couple of her infamous mind bending horizontal boogie boomerangs. The good news was, only Mikey and Joseph knew exactly where the howls were coming from. The rest of the hotel guests thought a wolf was at the outside of the hotel door. Shortly after they heard that howl though, some of those guest would experience the wildest wet dream they every had.

As Mikey and Joseph listened to those long loud howls, the first of which contained more than a hint surprise, and a small measure of desperation and defeat, they looked at each other, shook their heads, and grinned.

Mikey said, "Well, looks like Kassie is fully recovered. And Drake has just had a taste of her infamous mind bending horizontal boogie boomerang."

Joseph grinned back at him and said, "Yeah, and from that hint of surprise in that first howl, it was his first good dose of it."

Mikey grinned back at him and replied, "Yeah and from that little measure of desperation and defeat that was in it, whatever plan he had in mind for her right before she zapped him, just got shot plumb to hell."

Joseph reached into his pants pocket, pulled out a ten dollar bill and said, "I bet that plan somehow involved hearing his name screamed thrice."

Mikey laughed and said, "No way am I taking that bet! I spent seven days and six nights with her once trying to get her to scream my name three times. I knew I wouldn't own her soul. But I wanted to hear it for the third fucking time just the same. I was nearly a gibbering idiot by the time the end of the sixth night. I couldn't walk right for a fucking week. And the bitch never did scream it that third time."

Then he grinned and said, "But I tell you Joe, that was, without a fucking doubt, the most wonderful seven days and six nights I'll ever have. I'll go to my fucking grave remembering them."

Joseph grinned and said, "Yeah been there and done that with her as well. I held up for eight days and seven nights. But my fucking mind has never been the same since that seventh night!"

Then Mikey grinned wickedly and said, "Speaking of fucking," then pressed his shirt pocket and said, "Beam the twins to room 669 Sally. Kassie is fully recovered, and me and Joe need a little R & R."

Joseph and Mikey stood up, and headed to the room across the hall, where Rachel and Rosemary would be waiting for them. They were once

more happily arguing over who got which twin in what position, as they closed the door to Joseph's room, and headed for room number 669.

## Chapter 9

Kassie sat up and leaned back against the headboard of the hotel bed after Drake's sudden departure, and grinned. She knew she was now indirectly responsible for some hotel guests who were going to have what they would think, were some really hot and wild wet dreams tonight. But she also knew that Drake would not do any of those guests, any serious harm. To a vampyre, a hotel packed full of guests, was like a huge banquet table. Drake would be dining well tonight. But would he be taking only small amounts of blood from each guest he fed on. Kassie accepted the fact that her lover fed on humans, much the same way she accepted the fact that vampire bats, mosquitoes, ticks and several other insects and other creatures, fed upon the blood of humans and animals alike. Unlike some of those creatures and insects however, Drake was incapable of carrying diseases. And since he had learned to control his feeding habits to the point he had, he did less harm to his prey, than did some of the other above mentioned creatures and insects. Drake had even learned to heal the wounds his fangs left on his prey. Which put him one up above the vampire bats, mosquitoes, ticks and other bloodsucking creatures as far as she was concerned. She was less revolted by him in fact, than she was by ticks. The way Kassie looked at it, she would rather have Drake sucking on her neck, than a tick, any day of the week. At least he wasn't apt to give her Lyme disease.

True, he had killed his prey when he was a young vampyre. This was not because of malice though, but because of ignorance. He had not been reborn into a vampyre, with the knowledge that he did not need to kill his prey. Kassie was not even sure if that was so much a case of ignorance, or evolution. Had he just not known at first he did not have to kill his prey? Or had some form of evolution in action, allowed him to gain control of his own animal instincts, and leave his prey alive at the end of a feeding? To kill the prey it hunts, is an instinct born into all large predators.

Drake was the ultimate large predator on this planet. Yet this ultimate predator had developed a method of feeding, which left his prey alive and well after he had fed on them. Kassie did not look upon Drake as the ultimate horror in life. But rather as a highly evolved, not to mention well hung and handsome, ultimate large predator.

It was also true that his skin was perpetually cold to the touch. And his heart was never going to beat faster at the sight of her. But there were lots of creatures on this planet, and other planets, whose anatomy was vastly different than hers. She didn't think you ought hold that kind of thing against a creature. It was sort of being bigoted in way as far as she was concerned. Besides, there was a part of Drake that had once been human. That was his dilemma. He was really neither man, nor beast. He and his kind were a unique combination of the two.

Drake was the most unique of his kind though, for he was not born of the blood of another vampyre. Magick had conceived, and given birth to him. A terrible dark magick that had been handed down from the earliest Gods and Goddesses. Drake had been born in a time when Gods and Goddesses still walked the earth frequently. A time when those Gods and Goddesses sometimes mingled with, occasionally mingled very intimately with, the humans who worshipped them. These unions between deities and mortals, sometimes resulted in the birth of creatures who were a unique blend of human and deity. These beings were powerful creatures, who possessed the strongest magick ever known. It was a magick born of earth, wind, fire and water. A magick of darkness, and of light. It was nature's magick at her most powerful. The creature who had just left her bed so suddenly, was a product of that magick. Like all creatures born of the old magick, or any big predator for that matter, he was to be treated with respect. She felt no contempt, hatred, or revulsion for him because of what he was. He simply was, what he was. No more. No less.

She didn't even hold his desire to turn her into one of his kind against him. The need for companionship is a very strong need. The instinct to insure the survival of your species, is even stronger. Vampyres do not

propagate by giving birth to baby vampyres. They propagate by creating with their own blood and power, another vampyre. In fact, even though vampyre's do experience a physical as well as mental form of orgasm during intercourse with a true witch, another vampyre, or the odd succubus, they do not produce semen. They were the ultimate, really neat fuck. Drake wasn't going to be leaving tell tale stains on any of her dresses, that was for sure.

Kassie would simply have to hope that she had finally evolved through the long process of reincarnation enough, to use the ancient magick that had created him, as a means of controlling that need for companionship, and instinct for survival of the species. It was that, or resign herself to becoming his eternal bride. Which at this point she was not ready to do. She was however, completely in favor of a long hot courtship.

Besides, he was going to be a really good addition to the team. Whether he actually joined the team or not. She wasn't quitting the team. And she knew he wasn't going to be letting her very far out of the reach of his fangs anytime soon. One way or another, the team now have the services of the most powerful vampyre to ever walk this earth, at it's disposal. Kassie thought to herself, "The Powers That Be, truly do work in mysterious ways."

Kassie smiled when Drake suddenly appeared beside her, grinned and said, "They most certainly do my beloved." He was stretched out beside her with one arm draped around her shoulders. He was fully clothed, and even had on his black Stetson with the red cock's feather tucked dashingly into the snake skin band. He turned his head, leaned over, and kissed her. Kassie was busily undoing the button on his shirt when she heard the flutter of Fanny Mae's tattered wings above her head.

"Did you tell her Drake?"

Drake raised his head, grinned at Fanny Mae and said, "No. I haven't had a chance yet."

Fanny Mae giggled and said, "Well hurry up and tell her, before the little slut puppy gets you undressed!"

Kassie looked at Drake and said, "Tell me what?"

Drake laughed and said, "The woods are alive with celebration tonight. And we are invited to that celebration. Fanny Mae says they are actually holding this celebration, partly in our honor."

Fanny Mae said, "Oh Kassie, you and Drake have to come! Please! The elves and faeries want so to show their appreciation for you and Drake ridding their woods of that other vampyre."

Kassie said, "But I don't have anything to wear!"

Drake laughed again and said, "Where have I heard that before?" Then he grinned and said, "We don't have time for a shopping expedition, so I'll have to whip up something for you."

He swung his legs off the bed and stood up. Stretched out his arm, and offered Kassie his hand. When Kassie was standing in front of him, he kissed her hand, released it, then he put his hand to his mouth and gently pricked his thumb with one fang. Then he said with a grin, "By the pricking of my thumb, something for my pretty, this way comes."

He took his thumb and ran it down the center of Kassie's chest. He stepped back, and looked at the thin line of blood running down her chest. Kassie felt the blood tingle, then suddenly she was clothed in a beautiful red gown. Drake looked at her, then placed his thumb on her forehead. The small smear of blood on her forehead tingled, and a beautiful tiara appeared on her head. The tiara had six golden points on either side of an ivory crescent moon. At the base of each golden tip was a small ruby. Embedded in the top of each of the twelve tips, was a small diamond.

Fanny Mae fluttered around to the front of Kassie and said, "Oooooh Kassie, you look beautiful!" Then Fanny giggled and said, "And having

Drake around, is better than having a unlimited credit card. Or a fairy godmother!"

Kassie grinned and said, "No kidding!" Then she giggled, looked at Drake and said, "Do you do windows too?" Then she looked down at her bare feet and said, "What, no glass or ruby slippers?"

Drake laughed and replied, "No. I do not do windows."

He glanced down at Kassie's bare feet, grinned and said, "Witches should dance barefoot at a celebration such as we will be attending tonight."

Then he nodded at Fanny Mae and said, "We will meet you at the celebration in a few moments."

Kassie laughed and said, "Well don't be stepping on my bare little toes in those sexy black boots of yours babe!"

The vampyre swept Kassie up in his big strong arms, and with mock indignation said, "I never step on the toes of my dancing partners." Then walked towards the door leading to her room. The door opened, and Drake strode through it with Kassie giggling in his arms.

Kassie looked at Drake with a grin and said, "Hey wait a minute, you forgot something!"

Drake grinned down at her wickedly and said, "No fair witch I did not forget them. But witches should also not be wearing panties at the kind of celebration we are going to."

Kassie laughed and said, "Well that's the first time I've heard of that rule being in the witches dress code!"

Drake grinned, and said, "Even you can learn something new everyday." Then he walked to the broken window, and leaped through it. As he leapt, he shape shifted once more into a dark gargoyle.

The celebration was being held where Drake had killed the other vampyre. The other vampyre's body was gone, and the small clearing was alive with faeries, elves, gnomes, and leprechauns. As Drake landed, he shape shifted once more, and gently placed Kassie on her feet. He could hear Bo Bo and Fanny Mae saying, "They're here! They're here!"

Suddenly they were surrounded by ecstatic elves, gnarly gnomes, and leaping leprechauns. Faeries of all colors swarmed in the air around them. Drake looked at Fanny Mae fluttering about on her badly tattered wings, snapped his fingers as if he had just remembered something, and said, "Fanny Mae! Come here for a moment. I have something for you."

As Fanny Mae fluttered towards him on those badly tattered wings, he once more brought thumb to his mouth, and gently pricked it. He rubbed his thumb and index finger together, passing his other hand over them while he did. Then he opened the fingers that he had been rubbing together. In the palm of his cold white hand, lay a beautiful pair of gold trimmed gossamer wings. He extended his hand towards Fanny Mae and said, "Here, it is about time you had a decent pair of wings." Then he grinned down at Bo Bo who was standing at his feet and said, "And these are fire proof."

Fanny Mae looked at the wings laying in the vampyre's palm in awe. Never had she seen such a beautiful set of wings. She landed lightly on Drake's extended fingers, reached out and gently touched the wings. Then she looked up at the vampyre with adoration and said, "These are for me? Really?"

Drake smiled at her and said, "Yes Fanny. They are for you. I hardly think I would look good in them. Now turn around, and I'll put them on for you."

Fanny Mae turned around, and Drake removed the tattered wings from her back. Then he picked up the beautiful golden wings from his palm, and gently placed the new wings on Fanny Mae's back.

Fanny Mae fluttered her new wings for a second, then flew from Drake's fingers. She zipped about in the air giggling and laughing in delight. The other faeries swarmed around her and ooooooh and ahhed over those beautiful gold trimmed gossamer wings. Even the brightest and most beautiful faerie there, did not have a set of wings as gorgeous as Fanny Mae's new wings were. Fanny Mae zipped over to Drake, hovered close to his cheek, and began planting faerie kisses on that cheek. Suddenly Fairies were swarming all around Drakes head. His cold white cheeks were being dusted with a multitude of faerie kisses by Fanny Mae and her friends. Kassie looked at him and smiled as he stood there with a very embarrassed look on his face. Had he been able to, he would have been brightly blushing at that moment.

The elves, gnomes and leprechauns danced and leaped about in glee around his booted feet. Drake ducked his head in embarrassment and said, "Really, this is much ado about nothing."

The elves, gnomes and leprechauns continued to dance around his booted feet. Fanny Mae hovered close to his face, once more planted another faerie kiss soundly on his cheek, and exclaimed, "Nothing? Why no faerie in these woods or any other, has such a fine set of wings!"

Finally, the oldest and most gnarly of the gnomes stepped back, and clapped his hands together three times. When he had everyone's attention he looked up at Drake and said, "Friend vampyre, we hold this celebration tonight to show our joy at you having rid our beautiful woods of that other vampyre. We invited you and the fair witch here, because we also wish to honor and show our appreciation to you, for destroying that other vampyre."

The gnome then looked at Fanny Mae, pointed to her and said, "But now you give us yet another reason to celebrate. You have given Fanny Mae a wondrous pair of wings. For that act of kindness, which you consider so small, but which we consider very large, we would all like to thank you."

Drake gracefully knelt down to one knee, looked at the gnome, then said, "I was glad to be of service to you and the rest of the woodland creatures, by ridding these beautiful woods of him. The wings I gave to Fanny Mae, are but a simple gift for me give. But perhaps they will serve to remind all the creatures of this forest, that not all vampyres are monsters."

Then Drake looked at all the elves, gnomes, leprechauns and faeries gathered in front of him and said with a grin, "I truly appreciate you asking us to this celebration tonight. It has many a century since I danced to a good tune played on a elf's fiddle. I thank you for the opportunity to do so once again."

The gnome grinned up at the vampyre and said, "Friend vampyre, we have some of the best fiddlers in any woods! Tonight your feet will truly be a tapping."

Then the gnome looked over at Kassie and said, "Fair witch, we are most glad to see you here tonight. It has been many long centuries since a true witch trod these woods. Your mere presence in our woods now, is helping them to heal from some of the wounds this creature called civilization has left upon them. The leaves whisper your name, and bid thee glad tidings. The grass upon which you walk, revels in the blessing of your feet upon it."

Kassie knelt down beside Drake and said, "Friend gnome, I am very glad to be here tonight to join in your celebration. I return your kind greetings, and may none but the brightest of blessings now fall upon these

woods from this time forth. I am more than glad if my presence helps these woods heal from the wounds of the beast that is civilization."

The gnome nodded his head solemnly, then suddenly grinned, turned to group of creatures beside and behind him, and said, "Let's party!"

Elves, gnomes, leprechauns and faeries scattered. Suddenly the sound of fiddles could be heard. Drake looked over at Kassie, grinned, rose to his feet, then offered Kassie his hand.

"Come fair witch, let us dance to the tune of elves fiddle, and join in this happy celebration."

Kassie took his hand rose to her feet, grinned and said, "Well I'm fonder of a rock and roll tune played on a steel guitar, than I am the tune of a fiddle. But tonight I shall gladly dance to the tune of fiddles."

Drake led Kassie to the center of the clearing, and witch and vampyre began to dance to tune of elves fiddles. As they whirled and danced among the elves, gnomes and leprechauns; swarms of faeries dusted the dancing couple with faerie dust. Drake's black hat was aglow with golden faerie dust, and Kassie's fair flaxen hair sparkled with that golden dust. The elves who were playing their fiddles, smiled with glee at the sight of the striking couple dancing so gracefully to their tune. They nodded their heads in admiration as they increased the tempo of their tune, and watched Drake's silver boot tips flashing in the moonlight. Drake never stepped on Kassie's bare toes once that night, as they danced and whirled in that magickal clearing in the woods.

As he danced and whirled Kassie in his arms among the group of happy little reveler's gathered around them, Drake thought that not even the glorious gala after the completion of Stonehenge, could compete with tonight's celebration. He knew that he would rather dance once in these woods with Kassie in his arms, than attend a thousand Stonehenge celebrations without her.

That the tall handsome vampyre in the black hat and silver tipped boots, was most smitten by the fair witch he held in arms, was clear to all who gazed upon them while they whirled and danced. Even the deer and other woodland animals peeking at the celebration through the trees could see how bewitched was the tall handsome vampyre, by the magickal lady in red he whirled and danced with.

Suddenly the sound of a flute joined in with the sound fiddles. From the trees in front of Kassie and Drake, stepped forth a cloven foot creature. The creature appeared to be half man, and half stag. The creature continued to play his flute, then began to dance nimbly around the whirling couple. Thrice he danced round Kassie and Drake. Then he gazed into Drake's eyes, took his flute from his mouth for a moment, grinned wickedly at Drake, and nodded his head once. He slapped Kassie on the ass once playfully, then he put the flute back to his lips, and danced back into the woods. The sound of his flute gradually fading away.

The elves, gnomes, leprechauns and faeries rejoiced in delight to see, after so many centuries, the great God Pan himself, personally bless a couple in their beautiful woods. The elves, gnomes, leprechauns and faeries looked at Drake and grinned, knowing that to be given the nod by Pan, insured him nights of carnal delights beyond his wildest dreams. Drake listened to the last notes of the flute, then leaned over and whispered in Kassie's ear, "Pan himself has just blessed this union. You may as well give up, and set the date for our wedding my pretty."

Kassie laughed and looked up into Drake's eyes, and said, "The only thing that Pan's nod to you insures, is it that the tour of endless palaces of pleasure you are wanting to take me on, is going to be more fun now, than you even first imagined."

Drake grinned back down at her wickedly and said, "Yes I know. But that also means you may as well set the date, because not even your infamous mind bending horizontal boogie boomerang, can stand up to a man, or vampyre, who has received a nod from Pan."

Kassie laughed and said, "Don't bet your coffin on it darling. Pan did survive a ninefold dose of my horizontal boogie boomerang. Of course he, like you, did get hit with it rather suddenly. His mind held up very well, but he walked quite oddly on those cloven feet of his, for about a week afterwards."

Fanny Mae, who had been hovering about Drake's head, laughed and said, "Yes and twas Kassie's name that rang through the woods thrice that night, and not Pan's."

Drake looked down at Kassie in astonishment and said, "You've done Pan too?"

Kassie laughed and said, "Well yeah. All the really good true witches do Pan darling." Then she grinned wickedly and said, "I guess even an old vampyre like you, can learn something new everyday as well."

Drake laughed and said, "My beloved, after this, nothing about you surprises me!"

Kassie grinned back up at him wickedly and said, "Don't bet your coffin on that one either darling. I just might have a few more tricks up my sleeves, that may surprise you."

Drake grinned down at her and said, "You a VERY wicked little witch!" Then he gathered up her in arms, and began kissing her. As he kissed her, he rose up off the ground a few inches, and his body began to whirl. He kept kissing and whirling her until she quite dizzy. Just before he stopped whirling, he raised his mouth from hers, and whispered in her ear, "I can do this just as fast and easy horizontally, as vertically, my pretty." Then kissed and gently licked that sensitive little shell like ear. Kassie moaned, and Drake thought in the hidden part of his mind, "Well my beloved, I have a few tricks left up my sleeve as well. Tricks that I intended to spring on you when we begin our little tour of some of my palaces of endless pleasure

tomorrow night. But for now, I shall take you on a little thrill ride. The likes of which, I would venture to say, even you have not experienced before."

Drake paused for moment grabbed the back of Kassie's head with one hand, and wrapped his other firmly around her waist. Drake rose even higher in the air, then suddenly he and Kassie were horizontal. The vampyre's back was parallel to the ground. Kassie was lying on top of him. He put his mouth to her sensitive little shell like ear, and began to softly kiss, lick and blow in it. Then he started to slowly spin. Kassie gasped and wrapped her legs around his. Then she began trying to rescue her little shell like ear from his evil mouth. But Drake had a firm hold of her head. He tongued her ear, then blew in it. Kassie moaned and her body arched towards his. Drake blew in her ear tongued it, and spun them faster. Which caused Kassie to moan louder, and wrap her arms and legs around him more tightly. He began to spin faster, and tongued her ear harder.

"You know darling, this would feel much better, if we didn't have all this clothing between us."

Kassie moaned louder, then gasped out, "By the horns of Cernunnos, we are not making out here right now! Don't you even think about making our clothes vanish right now!"

He chuckled darkly, then continued, "Why not? Cernunnos himself would like the idea!"

Kassie gasped and said, "Yeah, he would. He is as bad a lech as Pan. But we are NOT going to do that!"

Drake just grinned against her ear. The thought of doing that right now, didn't strike him as a bad thought, and said, "Why not? Those elves, faeries, gnomes and leprechauns are so drunk from the ale that has been steady flowing all evening, I doubt they would be able to tell what I was up

to. And into. Besides, if you'll look closely, you will see the celebration is seriously thinking about becoming a good old fashioned forest orgy!"

Drake paused spinning and Kassie looked over his shoulder at the celebration going on underneath them. Drake was right, the celebration did indeed look like it was seriously thinking about becoming an orgy.

"Dammit Drake, that makes it worse! That means a bunch of the little wee folk down there, will soon be on their backs, looking up. In fact, a few of them already are!"

Drake roared with laughter and said, "Yes, well you do have a point there. But Kassie me darlin, think of the joy it will give the wee folk who are on their backs, to look up to such sight!"

Drake spun them a few times, and Kassie gasped out, "Damn you! I am not going to be the featured fucking entertainment for that bunch of little pervs down there. They are already getting a hell of a view as it is!"

Drake grinned against her ear and said, "Okay, we'll go someplace where we can be alone." Drake began spinning them very fast, and suddenly the vampyre and witch disappeared.

Several of the wee folk who had been lying on their backs looking up, sighed in sorrow to see them disappear from their wide eyed view. The skirt of the fair witch's pretty red dress, had been billowing out below her most becoming, as she as the vampyre were doing that horizontal spin. They could not help but notice, that like the good true witch she was, she had honored them by attending their celebration, sans shoes, and panties. One of the gnarly gnomes who had been laying on his back with a faerie bouncing on top of him, was particularly sorry to see them vanish. He had been thinking to himself, as he had watched the spinning vampyre and witch, that this was much better than standing under one of the air vents at Grand Central Station.

Drake and Kassie appeared again, deep in the thick woods. They were now only a few feet from the forest floor, and were spinning slowly. But their clothes had not reappeared with them. Kassie's arms and legs were firmly wrapped around him. And Drake was up to his balls in Kassie's warm little Pandora's box.

Drake began to undulate his body. This sensuous snake like undulation of his body, caused his trouser snake to slide back and forth inside Kassie's warm wet Pandora's box, in a very wonderful way. Kassie moaned, and wrapped her legs and arms around him tighter. Drake had one hand firmly entwined in her hair and was holding her head steady while he tongued her sensitive little shell like ear. His other arm was wrapped around her waist, and he was gently tickling her side with the fingers of that hand. For Kassie, it was like being on a spinning carnival ride, while being thoroughly fucked by some half snake, half man creature with broad shoulders, strong arms, busy hands, an even busier tongue, and a very big dick. She began making a wonderful screaming moaning sound, that really tickled the vampyre's fancy.

Drake spun them slightly faster. Kassie wrapped her arms and legs around Drake even tighter, and hung on for dear life. She was clinging to him so conveniently, Drake felt free to remove his arm from around her waist. He placed his broad hand across her little apple ass, and pulled that little apple ass into him as hard as could, as he continued to undulate against her. The moaning screams got louder and had a more frantic tone to them, that really tickled the fancy of his ear.

Drake jerked her little apple ass against him harder, undulated his body harder against hers, and synchronized the speed of the spin, with the undulating movement of his body. Then he forked his tongue, and began seriously tongue fucking her ear with that forked tongue. One branch of that forked tongue, gently probed the inside of her little shell like ear. The other branch of that forked tongue ran lightly over the outer edges of her ear. Then he hissed in her ear, as he jerked her ass against him and undulated his body against her harder. Kassie moaned, shuddered, clung

to him more tightly, then screamed his true name twice before she could stop herself. Drake heard his name screamed twice. Then heard of the snap of Kassie's teeth as she closed her mouth. Damnation this woman was a stubborn little wench. But by Pan's flute, he would soon hear his name screamed a third time.

Drake gradually slowed the speed that they were spinning at. When they stopped spinning, Drake's back was once more parallel to the ground. Kassie was on top of him with her arms and legs wrapped around him tightly. Her head was buried against his chest. She lay on top of him panting and giggling. Before now, Kassie would have thought she could have safely said she had done it every which way it could be done. But even she had to admit, this was a new one on her. Even the sexual experience she had one night on the world's biggest roller coaster ride, couldn't compare to this. Finally she raised her head slightly, looked at him and said, "Just what the fuck kind of weird vampyre play do you call that?"

Drake grinned and said, "Well, that my pretty, was a little taste of my infamous mid air horizontal monster mash. You'll do doubt feel the full force it, when we take that tour of my palaces of endless pleasure. Which will begin by the way, tomorrow night. But we still have a few things to do this night before the sun rises." Then he did a half spin, and Kassie came to rest gently on her back on the forest floor.

Drake began kissing Kassie's face, then throat. As his fangs brushed her jugular, he realized that he did feel even the slightest twinge of the hunger. Kassie caught that thought, grasped his head in her hands, pulled it up, looked into his eyes and said, "For this one magickal night my love, you have gained a temporary reprieve from the hunger. The hunger will return again at sunset tomorrow. But for now, you are free of it."

Drake gazed down at her in puzzled amazement. "Are you sure? And how do you know this?"

Kassie smiled at him and said, "Yes. I'm sure. And I don't really understand fully how I know this. Or even the complete how and why of how this short reprieve has come to be. But in my heart and soul, I know that somehow, perhaps because earlier tonight you rid these woods of one who was truly evil, and I also suspect because of your gift to Fanny Mae, the power that created you, has given you a temporary reprieve from the hunger."

Drake looked down at her thoughtfully and said, "I will not feel the hunger again until sunset tomorrow?" Then he grinned wickedly and said, "No matter what we do?"

Kassie nodded her head and said, "Yes my love, until the sun sets tomorrow, you are free from the hunger." Then she grinned back up at him wickedly and said, "No matter what we do."

Her face turned serious again though and she said, "But you need to know, that at sunset tomorrow, the hunger will return will with a vengeance."

Drake grinned and said, "Well like Scarlet, I'll worry about that tomorrow. Right now though, I've got other things on my mind. And I think that all things considered, we will begin that tour right now. I don't want to waste a moment of my reprieve."

The vampyre gathered Kassie back up in arms, raised them both a few feet from the forest floor, and began a very fast spin. Then suddenly vampyre and witch disappeared from the forest.

When they reappeared, they were in the bedroom of one of his many palaces of endless pleasure.

"Hey wait a minute! I can't just disappear like this! Mikey and Joseph will be frantic. And I am supposed to go into Headquarters tomorrow, for a debriefing session with The Boss!"

Drake grinned down at her and said, "I'll let Mike and Joseph know you are okay. And you can forget being debriefed by The Boss, or anybody else in the future! From here on out, I'm going to be the one in charge of you being debriefed my beloved."

Kassie giggled and said, "Well The Boss and I don't have those kind of debriefing sessions. Not anymore anyway. But I am suppose to be at Headquarters tomorrow. The Boss isn't going to like it, if I don't show up."

Drake grinned down at her and said, "As I told Mikey earlier this evening, look into my eyes, look very deeply into them. Then tell me if you see anybody at all in there, who gives a flying fuck what The Boss likes."

Kassie giggled, looked deeply into his eyes, and said, "Well, no I don't see anybody that appears to be overly concerned about what The Boss might like. But you know something, it does occur to me, that you certainly give the term, flying fuck, a whole new meaning!"

Drake laughed and said, "Darling, you have no idea what kind of spin I can give to that term. As I told you earlier, you just go a little taste of what I can do with that term."

He kissed her soundly, then suddenly he was sitting on the edge of the bed. He reached for the phone that was on the nightstand by the bed, pressed a button on the phone, then said, "Hello Ingrid. Kassie and I have started our little tour tonight, instead of tomorrow. Our itinerary will be the same. But since we are starting early, I do need you to take care of a couple of things for me dear. First of all, make sure the staff here knows that I have arrived early. And that my bedroom will be off limits to tourist until I leave. But don't cancel the group tours. In fact, add an evening tour for later today. Have it begin shortly before sunset. Then call the hotel where we were at earlier, and tell Joseph that Kassie is fine. If Joseph is not in his room, have them ring him in 669. Tell him that she will be very busy for the next few days. Maybe even a few weeks."

Drake listened for a moment, shook his head and said, "No dear, you will not need to make arrangements for me tonight for that. But do have that sunset tour set up for later today please. And see to it that it is a large group taking that tour. Have them in the dining room just before sunset."

Then he grinned and said, "Oh, and as a special treat for them, as the sun sets, see to it that they all drink a toast to the Count, with my special wine."

Kassie giggled and said, "Don't EVER say anything to me again, about my fucking sick sense of humor! And are we Transylvania?"

Drake laughed and said, "At least I do not do the perverted things to the titles of children's movies, that you do! And no, we are not in Transylvania."

Kassie just laughed and said, "That's only because they don't make many children's movies about vampyres!" Then she got a serious look on her face and said, "You have to give Joseph a number where we can be reached in case of an emergency! I can square things with The Boss later about missing the debriefing session tomorrow, but Joseph has to be able to reach me in case of a real emergency!"

Drake frowned, but said, "Give Joseph your number Ingrid. Tell him you will contact me, if he absolutely has to get in touch with Kassie. But tell that hybrid bastard, that if he does disturb us, it had better be one hell of an emergency!"

Kassie giggled and said, "Hybrid bastard. Well, that's the pot calling the fucking kettle black! "

Joseph grinned, listened for a moment to something Ingrid said, the he said, "Yes dear, and oddly enough, it is a sound I've grown quite fond of. And yes, you will be meeting her in person soon."

Drake laughed, looked at Kassie, and said into the phone, "You two are going to get along just fine. She shows me even less respect than you do!"

Then he grinned and said, "Oh yes, and tell Joseph, he can inform The Boss, that from here on out, I will be taking care of debriefing Kassie."

Drake hung the phone up. Suddenly he was beside Kassie on the bed. He gathered her up in his arms, and rolled on top of her. He propped himself up on one elbow, brushed her hair back, and said, "Kassie, it has always been, since the first time I took in my arms, only a matter of time, until your heart and soul were mine. It is also true, that the only way I can guarantee you will be with me for all eternity, is to make you as I am. These things you already knew and understood. But what you must now know and understand, is that whether or not I hear my true name screamed in love and passion once more before the hunger returns, I promise you now, that I will not make you as I am, until you are ready to become one of my kind."

Kassie looked into his eyes, and into his soul, and saw that he was speaking the truth. Though she did sense an unspoken stipulation to the promise he had just made.

"You are speaking the truth my love. This I can tell. But I can also tell, that you are leaving another truth, unspoken."

"I will give you all the time you need, before I make you one of my kind. That I promise you I can do. But yes, depending upon how much time you need, and upon whether or not you choose to keep placing yourself in danger on these ridiculous missions, there may wind up being a stipulation on that promise."

Drake leaned down, kissed her tenderly and said, "Kassie, I can never free you from the love I have for you. You knew you risked that happening, when you first called my true name thrice, and invited me into your circle

of life. From the moment I stepped into that circle and took you in my arms, you knew that I would never let illness or death, take you from me. But I will wait until you are ready to accept the gift of eternal life you knew I would bring to you, when I stepped into that circle."

He kissed her again then said, "I have said all that I will say on this subject now. I will waste no more time on conversation, or debate. I have but a few precious hours left before the hunger returns."

Then he grinned down at her wickedly and said, "I think we should use those few precious hours, in a manner that would make Pan proud."

As Drake began kissing her again, the lights in the room went out. Then the wicks on the candles in the candelabras that Kassie had noticed earlier ignited. The room became bathed in gentle flickering candle light.

Pan was proud indeed, at the manner in which the vampyre and witch put those few precious hours to use. And before the vampyre's reprieve was over, and the hunger returned, he knew that the heart and soul of the witch he was holding in his arms, was truly his. Before their tour was cut short by a real emergency, Kassie would come face to face with a very painful part of her past. But that's another story. Perhaps another book.