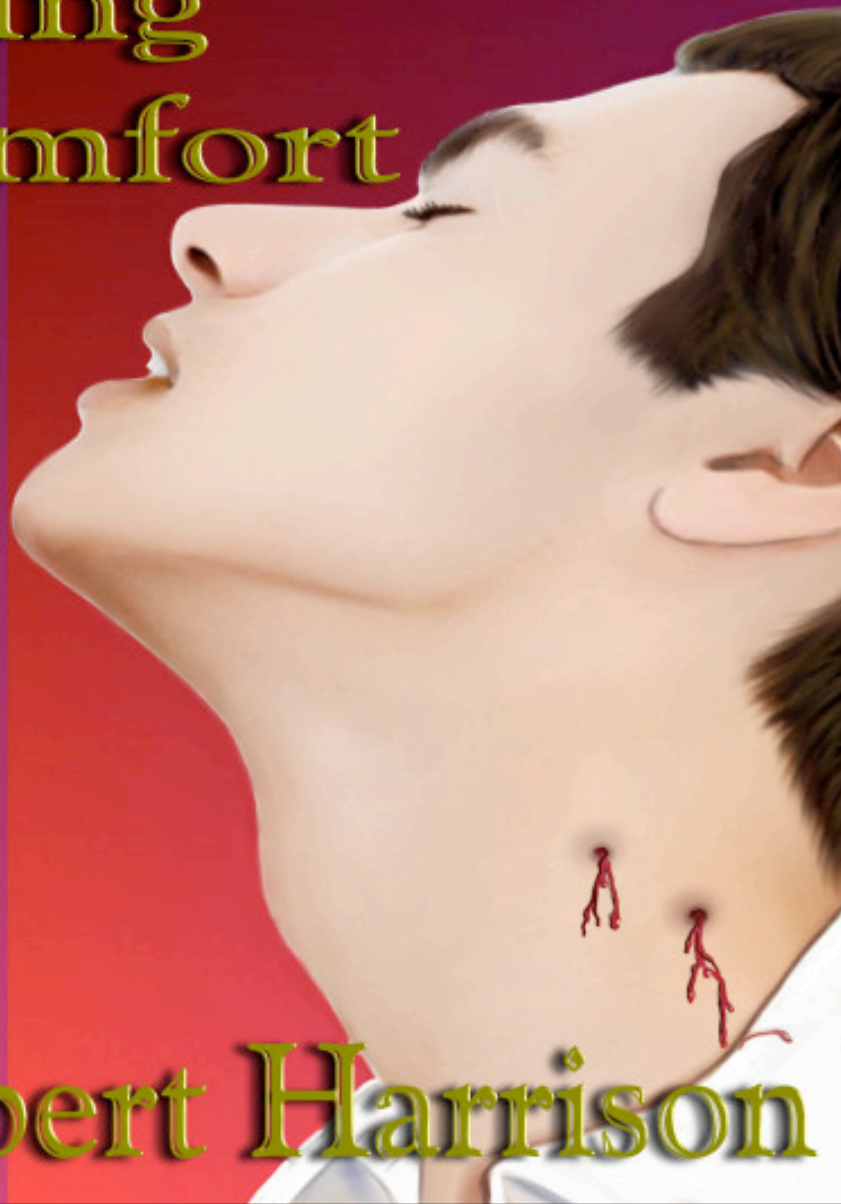


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Biting Comfort



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Biting Comfort

by

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Biting Comfort

Standing in the dim light of their master bedroom, Andrew Street flinched at the touch of the vampire's hands as they came to rest lightly on his shoulders. Morning had arrived over an hour ago, but Andrew had been reluctant to retire, reluctant to examine, even subconsciously, the dangerous turn his life had taken since being forced by circumstances to become a vampire's companion and ally. In a subtle, unobtrusive gesture to dislodge from the casual embrace, Andrew shrugged one shoulder and made to step away.

Centuries old and very possessive of his reluctant human companion, the vampire Braddock Devoe's gentle touch suddenly became a firm grip holding Andrew solidly in place.

Feeling the heat of embarrassment rise as Braddock pressed his body against the length of his back, Andrew closed his eyes. He pushed away his first impulse to escape the physical comfort Braddock so easily and frequently offered, but it was hard for him. Even the most casual of Braddock's touches made Andrew squirm and flush with embarrassment.

It wasn't just Braddock who made Andrew respond this way. It was anyone who attempted to use physical affection with Andrew. A hand on his arm, an arm across the shoulders, an impulsive hug from a grateful patient or family member, or even when someone chose to sit or stand too close; all made Andrew uncomfortable and edgy.

Andrew had long ago accepted this fact about himself, but Braddock refused. Braddock took advantage of every possible opportunity to touch Andrew in an effort to accustom the other man to the feel of his hands, the pleasure of another person's affection, to make Andrew *want* to be touched. Andrew continued to withdraw from even the most casual overtures Braddock had made thus far.

Frustrated but challenged by the doctor's attitude, Braddock had declared an all-out war to change Andrew's lifetime of conditioned responses. There was a growing physical attraction between the two of them and Braddock was determined that Andrew's reluctance to be touched would not leave him with an interested but unresponsive partner. Braddock was positive that if he could tap into the passion and creativity Andrew had shown for his work, he would find locked within him the kind of lover his own passions demanded.

Since they had joined forces, Andrew's interest in expanding their relationship had been subtle and hesitant, but very much in evidence over the last few months. There were little moments at first—a stare that lasted too long, a tone of voice that implied more than the words spoken, a lingering look when Braddock had been undressing for the night. Braddock had once even heard Andrew sigh his name in his sleep.

Suspecting that intimate relationships, male or female, had been few for Andrew, Braddock allowed some special consideration for the annoying, but strangely alluring, nervousness on the young doctor's part. Braddock had been slowly breaking down Andrew's wall of resistance to his touch and tonight was the night Braddock intended to bring more than just his de-sensitization project to a climax.

Nightmares had begun to plague Andrew. These events combined to leave Andrew exhausted, edgy, and emotionally devastated. If ever he needed a comforting embrace from a friend or lover it was now, but Braddock suspected Andrew didn't even know how to ask. He had decided tonight would be the end of Andrew's self-induced isolation.

Pressing his body more firmly against Andrew's back, Braddock increased the force of his grip and gently drew Andrew back until his lips were resting against Andrew's dark curls. Keeping his voice low and soothing, he whispered into the soft, silky strands, "You're tense. You'll never sleep well tonight with your neck and shoulders so rigid. Let me loosen them for you. My hands have been said to be very soothing."

Braddock kneaded the taut flesh beneath his palms in time to the soft rhythm of his words. He could feel the tension lessen as Andrew relaxed his neck and allowed his head to fall back slightly. Taking the advantage opened to him, Braddock turned his head to one side and allowed his cheek to rest against Andrew's. The rough texture of Andrew's unshaven face prickled teasingly against Braddock's sensitive skin and sent a flash of desire to his groin.

Braddock turned enough to see Andrew's eyes were tightly closed. He lightly scraped his cheek along the stubble again to reproduce the electric rush of pleasure. Dropping his gaze, Braddock took in the sight of Andrew's moist, full lips held partially open—his mouth seemingly relaxed despite his eyes clenched tight—and listened to the sudden heaviness in the doctor's breathing.

Using one hand to continue massaging Andrew's neck, Braddock slipped the other up the back of the man's shirt. Making sure his touch was strong and therapeutic and not overtly seductive or threatening, Braddock purposefully moved his other hand to join the one under the shirt. Smooth, warm skin slid enticingly under his cool palms, the silky flesh of Andrew's body warming and relaxing with each new pass.

Braddock's breath puffed against Andrew's cheek and neck, warming his skin and breathing life into the embers of desire he had tried vainly to extinguish over the last few weeks. The weight of Braddock's body against his spine made him want to push back and bury himself in the shelter the other man offered.

With each passing week, Andrew had come to depend on the vampire a little more. Lately, he found himself wanting more than friendship and protection from their partnership. He wanted affection and emotional shelter from the stress and pressure of their life. He wanted love, but he realized he would have to settle for possessive lust instead. Anything more permanent from a vampire lover didn't seem feasible.

The touch of warm skin against his bare back startled Andrew. He suddenly realized his shirt had been removed and Braddock's smooth skin was now pressed to his back. A shudder of need rolled through his body, making him gasp at the power and depth of it. Surprisingly, he literally ached to feel another's touch. It had been too long and his life had been far too distressing for him to continue handling the stress in complete isolation any more.

At the release of a soft sigh of relieved surrender from Andrew, Braddock slid his hands off Andrew's shoulders and down his lean back to slender hips. Rubbing gently at the sensitive skin just above the waistline of Andrew's jeans, Braddock gradually worked his fingers along the

fabric until the snap of Andrew's fly was in his hands. Careful not to linger, Braddock eased the snap open and lowered the zipper, sliding the loose fabric slowly down Andrew's unresisting body.

"Braddock?" The whispered croak was barely audible. Although his voice was taut and laced with uncertainty, Andrew's body remained pliant against Braddock's chest.

"Ssh, Andrew. I'll take care of you." With that whispered promise, Braddock set out to overcome the last of Andrew's resistance. "Don't think, just feel and enjoy."

"It's hard." Desperation and fear made Andrew's voice thick and rough with need. "Hard to let you get close." A shudder of desire raced down Andrew's spine. "But God, I want to."

"And I want you, very much. Let my touch please you, Andrew." Determined to pleasure Andrew, Braddock intensified his sensuous caress.

Andrew reached out to still Braddock's hands. Lacing his smaller fingers with Braddock's, he held them in place and slightly away from his body. "It's not having you touch me that makes me shy away from you, Braddock. It's what your touching me means." Andrew pressed the hands entwined with his own back down to his skin. "If I let you touch my body like this, how long can I hold out before you touch my heart? I don't want to be left in the dust again, Braddock. I don't want to be left behind a week from now, a year, ten years from now, if that happens."

He clenched the muscles of his backside and nudged the hard arousal nestled against him. "I don't want to be the object of just casual lust, either. I don't have that much of 'me' left, Braddock. I can't afford to have what little bit that is left shattered and used. I've lost my family, my career, my reputation, my home and most of my life's accomplishments and friends. I *can't* lose any more of me." Andrew swallowed past the lump in his throat and, in direct contradiction to his next words, tightly clenched the hands locked in his own. "If this is just boredom or lust, please let me go."

Braddock returned the tight grip and whispered clearly into Andrew's ear, his voice a low growl of possessive desire and sincere tenderness. "If you were to shatter, I would mend the broken pieces. This is not boredom or lust. This is desire and want and need. Your home is anywhere we are together. Let me touch every part of you, Andrew. Let me become a part of your soul."

Braddock suddenly felt Andrew's body go weak with relief. The doctor tilted his head back to gently butt Braddock's cheek. He rubbed his pulsing temple over Braddock's sensitive, eager lips, seemingly too excited to vocalize his consent. Strong hands roved over every inch of Andrew's chest and abdomen, then slid down his legs to push the abandoned jeans the rest of the way off.

Braddock slowly dropped to the floor with the pants, making sure his chest made contact with Andrew's body the entire way down. While the fabric pooled around Andrew's ankles, Braddock caressed and stroked over Andrew's sides and outside of his thighs, never breaking contact with skin. He buried his face in the small of Andrew's back and puffed hot breaths into the dip of his spine.

Wrapping his left arm around Andrew's waist, Braddock massaged his way down Andrew's right leg, deftly easing the jeans off while supporting Andrew's trembling body as he lifted each leg. He repeated the slow, sensual process with the left leg, then stroked and rubbed his way back up to finally bring his hands to rest on Andrew's abdomen, just above the waistband of Andrew's briefs.

Braddock effortlessly rose from his knees, keeping a hand on Andrew's belly, fingers combing through the fine, dark hairs growing there. He transferred his other hand to Andrew's

back to trail swirling fingertips over the smooth skin of his shoulder blades. Braddock ran his hand down Andrew's spine a dozen leisurely times before removing it to shrug quickly out of his own remaining garments.

Braddock slipped his arms under Andrew's and pulled him back to be pressed tightly against his own nude body, bringing every inch of his skin possible in contact with Andrew. Settling his erection firmly against Andrew's cheeks, Braddock felt his lover tense within his embrace. He instantly ducked his head to one side and began to rain tiny, chaste kisses up and down the length of the man's neck and shoulder.

Gradually, Andrew relaxed and dropped his head back to lean on Braddock's shoulder, tilting his face to expose more of himself to the gentle ministrations. Reveling in the attention and multitude of sensations, Andrew leaned heavily into the embrace. He automatically brought his hands up to gently stroke along Braddock's forearms and over his hands, returning the vampire's embrace from the outside.

The sudden awareness of the firm arousal trapped snugly against his backside startled and thrilled Andrew, making him tense in nervous anticipation. Even though Braddock's soothing kisses calmed him somewhat, Andrew was grateful for the illusion of modesty he felt from Braddock having left his briefs intact for the moment. Braddock seemed to know he needed to build up to having that part of his body and soul touched and shared by another.

Nerve endings tingling from the constant stimulation over every square inch of flesh that Braddock's long, questing fingers could reach, Andrew relaxed the first of his defenses and gave in to his long-neglected need to be held. Turning slightly within the tight restraints of Braddock's embrace, Andrew opened his eyes. He reached up and pulled Braddock's head down, brushing his lips lightly across the vampire's welcoming mouth.

The first soft touch of their lips made Andrew eager for more. He twisted desperately around in Braddock's arms, flattening their bodies chest to chest. Lacing the fingers of both hands through the vampire's thick hair, Andrew sealed their mouths more firmly together, a groan of desire escaping into the hungry, open mouth pressed to his.

Eyes once again tightly closed, this time in pleasure instead of trepidation, Andrew felt his body propelled backwards. So engrossed in the delicious sensations of Braddock's tongue exploring every contour of his mouth, Andrew barely noticed when he was lifted and deposited on the bed. His briefs disappeared without a flicker of concern.

As Braddock's reassuring weight settled over him, Andrew cast off the last of his lingering reservations along with his inhibitions. Returning each of Braddock's caresses stroke for stroke, Andrew explored the hard-muscled body pressing him into the mattress. He was thrilled by the solid, barely restrained energy the vampire radiated in every electric touch.

Andrew broke away from their all-consuming kiss to study Braddock's face. Passion and longing burned in the depths of Braddock's hypnotic eyes and scorched a blazing path of desire straight through Andrew's heart into his groin. Andrew's eyes searched Braddock's face for any sign of triumph or self-satisfaction. Finding nothing but delight and tenderness in the other man's gaze, Andrew darted up to recapture Braddock's mouth in a demanding kiss that transmitted every last ounce of joy and eager anticipation he could unleash. Secure this wasn't a game to his lover, Andrew surrendered himself to Braddock.

After long moments of breathless exploration and teasing, Braddock took control, breaking away to lavish feather-light kisses across Andrew's closed eyelids and flushed face. His gentle ministrations were quickly rewarded with small gasps of pleasure and the involuntary upward thrusting of Andrew's hips. Moving the delicate trail of seduction slowly down to his jaw and

neckline, Braddock added tiny, sharp nibbles and soothing laps of his tongue to the assault on Andrew's senses.

"Braddock. Oh, God." Andrew's whispered words came out as a plea, his thrusts becoming more rhythmic. Braddock felt Andrew grind his full erection against his answering arousal, hands skimming restlessly over the larger man's arms and chest.

Latching onto the pounding pulse in Andrew's offered neck, Braddock sucked and gently bit at the tender flesh until a deep red mark formed across the large artery. Feeling the burst of warmth as broken capillaries filled the surrounding tissue with tiny amounts of blood, Braddock sucked harder until Andrew squirmed at the distracting discomfort. Satisfied a reminder of their first time as lovers would be visible for several days, Braddock relented and continued to work his way down Andrew's body.

Suckling, nipping, lapping, and rubbing at every sensitive area Braddock was aware of that existed on the human body, he gradually worked his way to Andrew's straining erection. Without preamble or encouragement Braddock lapped at the crease between Andrew's groin and one thigh, delicately running a rough tongue over the sensitive fold to pinpoint the large artery. Braddock switched from one femoral artery to the next, bathing the hot spot and savoring the scent of Andrew's body heat.

Picking Andrew's left side where the artery ran closest to the surface of his skin, Braddock once again suckled and lapped until a deep mark bloomed on Andrew's tender skin. Wrapping his arms around Andrew's slender hips, Braddock pulled Andrew closer to him and gently kneaded the taut muscles of Andrew's abdomen.

Braddock reveled in the heady taste of Andrew's warm flesh and the miniscule tang of blood on his tongue. Having now tangibly staked his claim and marked Andrew as his own, both in body and heart, Braddock re-focused his passion on the man lying under him. Braddock knew what Andrew had risked by finally allowing their mutual desire to take physical form and he was determined that Andrew would not regret a decision made in the throes of desperate need.

Andrew moaned and his hands wandered restlessly through Braddock's hair, stroking his face and rubbing at his scalp as he tried not to thrust up or pull away from Braddock's tantalizing attention. The vampire had discovered and attacked every erogenous zone Andrew's body possessed and had forged new ones along the way. Andrew had never thought the act of making a hickey was attractive or enticing until now. Having Braddock claim his body, mark him in such an intimate fashion, was seductive and thrilling. Even the tingle of the slight, burning pain had been arousing, knowing it was Braddock's way of tasting him without harming him. The knowledge Braddock had claimed him as his lover fed Andrew's deeply rooted need to belong to another and the thrill of it happening raced through his body like wildfire. The flush of pleasure blazed along his nerve endings and ignited into fire in his groin. Just as he felt himself ready to explode, a strong touch encircled the root of his cock and a firm pressure dampened the fire to the dull ache of glowing embers.

"Not yet, Andrew. Not just yet. I'm not done showing you how good my touch can be, lover, not done at all." While keeping a firm grip in place to quell Andrew's pending climax, Braddock kissed the darkening mark on Andrew's flesh and transferred his lips to the prize in his hand. Lapping and licking his way around the velvety head, Braddock bathed the sensitive tip in saliva then suckled it dry again. Turning his grip into a slow massage up and down the hard shaft, Braddock began to stroke lovingly over the sac beneath it as Andrew's hips began to answer the rhythm of Braddock's strokes.

"That's it, Drew. Feel the rhythm. Feel the pleasure." Feeling the engorgement returning to Andrew's member, Braddock smoothed the small traces of combined saliva and pre-come over Andrew's cock. Aligning their bodies, Braddock lowered himself to rest his weight fully on Andrew until their arousals slid against each other, sending waves of electric pulses through both of them.

A moan of delight from Andrew brought a smile to Braddock's lips. Ducking down to capture the sound with his mouth, Braddock delivered a deep kiss that stole both the moan and Andrew's breath away.

Strong arms embraced his neck and Andrew broke away to pant seductively in Braddock's ear. "Braddock. More. I want more." A sharp, insistent bite to Braddock's skin just behind his ear punctuated the request.

The sting of the bite inflamed Braddock's already soaring passion. Propping himself up on his elbows on either side of Andrew's chest, Braddock began to grind and thrust into Andrew in a breathtaking dance of pure lustful need. Andrew responded to the explosive rhythm and matched it, adding the sound of wet, rough kisses and appreciative, labored grunts to the music of their lovemaking.

Sensing both of their building climaxes, Braddock nuzzled Andrew's head to one side and found his earlier mark, now dark with newly formed bruising and stark against the paleness of Andrew's skin. He teased the abused flesh to tingle and burn once again with several rough passes of his tongue, taking delight in the new squirming the action added to Andrew's thrusts. Braddock felt the rod against his turn heavy with need and he bit down on his mark on Andrew's neck.

Over time, Braddock wanted Andrew to associate his bite with the electric storm of overwhelming pleasure.

Braddock delighted in his partner's response as Andrew choked out a scream of pain mixed with the blinding pleasure of intense climax. He clutched convulsively at Braddock, riding out the multiple waves of mind-numbing electric sensations that pulsed through his entire body.

Braddock continued to thrust against him as Andrew's arousal faded to a half-hard state, their bodies now coated with the slippery, warm evidence of Andrew's explosive climax.

"Oh, God. Again." Andrew locked eyes with Braddock. The vampire let his gaze turn tender and was rewarded by Andrew's cock springing back to life. Braddock lightly kissed his lover's lips and nibbled delicately at the corner of his mouth.

"Whatever you need, Andrew. Whatever you want." Braddock shifted slightly and brought the heads of their cocks together. Several rapid, hard thrusts brought his own climax to its peak and he rode out the explosion in a torrent of satisfying pleasure. The small little grunts and moans coming from beneath him reminded him of his needy lover and Braddock gracefully shifted off Andrew's body to settle between his legs. Without hesitation Braddock captured Andrew's pleasure-glazed stare in his own and watched the expression of wide-eyed surprise on Andrew's face turn to mind-blowing ecstasy as he swallowed Andrew's erection to the base. Braddock sucked and swallowed, using one hand to hold Andrew's writhing hips to the mattress and the other to caress the soft skin around Andrew's exposed ass. Running a finger over the skin between Andrew's scrotum and the opening to his body, Braddock teased the sensitive flesh.

Swallowing rapidly to work the muscles of his throat tightly, Braddock quickly brought Andrew to the edge of a second climax. Working one long finger roughly into Andrew's opening, Braddock released his cock. He began to lick and nip as he worked two more fingers quickly into Andrew. Braddock angled every hard thrust of his hand to rub over Andrew's prostate,

making the younger man buck and shudder with pain-tinged pleasure. Braddock massaged Andrew's sac as he worked his fingers in and out, establishing a brutal rhythm of stroking and thrusts Andrew's own body couldn't match.

"Jesus, Braddock, please, please. Do it, do it, just do it!" Andrew literally vibrated with tension, his body screaming with the need to release the growing fireball of sensuous overload the vampire had created.

Andrew's hands latched onto Braddock's head as he lapped coarsely over the earlier mark on the left groin. Andrew felt his erection grow fuller and his vision begin to gray. As the sharp bite of teeth dug into his abused and inflamed flesh once again, Andrew was rocked by his climax, the pain of the bite a sharp and thrilling contrast to the wild burst of blinding pleasure rippling through his body. Andrew screamed out Braddock's name, the harsh cry of wanton completion echoing off the bedroom walls.

Soothing one last kiss over the healing bite, Braddock moved up to peck little kisses over Andrew's flushed face, occasionally dropping down to land a moist lick over the tingling mark at Andrew's neck as well. Braddock petted the wildly disarrayed curls back from his lover's forehead and stroked a hand through the strands. Andrew's eyes opened and their gazes melted together much as their bodies had done.

"You are mine now, Drew. And I am yours." Braddock watched the flick of doubt cloud Andrew's expression and he hastened to dispel it before it took root and grew. "Believe me, Andrew. This is real and this is for as long as you wish it to be." Braddock tenderly kissed the corner of Andrew's mouth he had voraciously nibbled on earlier.

"Braddock, are you sure? Will I be enough over time?" Andrew longed to hear Braddock reassure and calm his uncertainty, but only if it were the truth. Another lie, another betrayal in his life would break him.

Braddock cupped Andrew's face and rubbed his thumbs tenderly over Andrew's throbbing temples, luxuriating in the pounding evidence of Andrew's spent desire through the rhythm of his bounding pulse. "You are everything, for all time, Andrew."

Shifting his weight to one side, Braddock pulled an unresisting and heavy-limbed Andrew on top of him and settled the smaller body into the crook of his side. Arms entwined around each other, Braddock snagged a blanket and pulled it up to cover Andrew's rapidly chilling body. Running a hand through Andrew's hair, Braddock nudged Andrew's head until it was nestled comfortably on his chest and listened to the change in Andrew's breathing as the exhausted man faded off to sleep. Braddock's sensitive fingertips ghosted over Andrew's neck until they detected the added heat of bruising flesh. Braddock slowly traced the outline of his bite mark as a small smile of relieved satisfaction tugged at his lips.

Each and every climax Braddock brought to Andrew from this day on would be accompanied by a deep bite to a pulse point somewhere on Andrew's body. Eventually Andrew would come to relish the feeling of Braddock's mark and what it meant. The bond between them would be one step closer to forever. Braddock would drive away Andrew's fear of the vampire's bite and teach him to burn with desire at the thought of it.

Braddock had no intention of ever letting this man go. This love, this lover would last through the ages. Braddock would not let time steal away his heart now that he had given it to a new love. For the first time in all his centuries, his lover knew what he really was and still had willingly climbed into his bed.

One day soon, Andrew would come to desire being with Braddock more than he would desire to remain mortal. The lure of a love that would last forever was a seduction few could resist.

THE END

About the Author

Robert Harrison

Robert Harrison has been writing sci-fi and westerns for ten years, but after an unusual brush with a dark stranger on a subway one night, decided to try his hand at vampire erotica.

That experience gave birth to a series, "First, Do No Harm", about a young veterinarian, Dr. Andrew Street, in 1910 rural New England. Andrew stumbles upon a wounded man, Braddock Devoe, during his investigation into a strange new animal illness. Nursing the dark stranger back to health in his own isolated home, Andrew finds he has been harboring a vampire and that he is now the object of the powerful and seductive creature's sexual desire.

Robert is exploring his sensual side with this series and enjoys combining the sexual components with the horror elements of the vampire myth. Visit him online at www.arkwolf.com/RobertHarrison/.

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

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