



TEMPTING AMANDA

by Angela Knight
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There was something in the room with me.

I couldn't see it, but somehow, in a way I can't explain, I could feel it. Could sense its intelligence, its age. Its hunger.

Hunger for me.

I should have been terrified, but I wasn't. A little frightened, yes, a tingling sort of fear that danced along my nerves. But even as I quivered, my nipples hardened. There was something so erotic about the presence, about the way I could feel it looking at me as I lay in the tangled sheets of my bed. I knew, knew it was staring at my breasts through the lace of my cream teddy, at the dark shadow of my pussy between my spread legs.

I wanted to see it, see who it was, watch it watching me, so I tried to sit up--and found I couldn't. My body wouldn't respond at all, just lay frozen on the cool sheets. I couldn't even lift my head. Growing frantic, I rolled my eyes toward the foot of the bed, sensing...

There. A shadowed triangular head with pointed ears and a long muzzle, rearing just over the foot of my bed. It pulled its lips back, and long teeth shone. The mattress gave with its weight as it leaped between my spread legs. And I saw what it was.

A wolf.

I tried to scream as its furry head lowered toward my belly, but I couldn't make a sound, couldn't move at all. Breath gusted against my crotch, a tongue swiping a single sampling lick.

As I watched in helpless panic, the wolf hunkered down and began to lick at the silk covering my cunt. Long, slow licks. Something gleamed at me--ice white wolf eyes watching me watch him, watching as if he knew my fear ... and enjoyed it.

"Those aren't an animal's eyes." I don't know where the thought came from, but it was true. There was something almost human in the expression of the wolf's eyes, something intelligent and aware; not the flat stare of an animal at all.

Then his outline blurred. At first I thought my fear was making me see things, but a moment later I realized the wolf's silhouette really was wavering, beginning to change. Forelegs turning into long, muscled arms, muzzle shrinking into a human nose above a human mouth. And he was a man.

But the eyes were no different.

The muscled blond continued to lick my pussy through my teddy, though the silk was soaked now from his mouth. The sensation of his tongue tracing the line of my lips through the slick material began to make my nerves burn. The terror I'd felt when I'd first seen the wolf receded into lust with each long swipe of that glorious tongue.

Abruptly he pulled away to drop to his knees on the floor, and I felt him wrap his fingers into the crotch of my teddy. A powerful twist of his wrist ripped it as his free hand seized me by the thigh and dragged me to the edge of the bed.

Then, brutally, he drove one finger up my cunt, spearing me with heated pleasure and a hint of pain. I came halfway off the bed with a gasp. His hand pumped, reaming me, as he reached with the other one to seized a breast, rolling its nipple with the perfect pressure to send delight flaming into my cunt. He kept on and on, and the pain went away and it was nothing but pleasure, pleasure to kill for. Pleasure to die for.

Gradually I realized that he was no longer eating me, just finger-fucking me as he watched me writhe. His eyes excited me as much as his hands. His eyes, looking at my long, curving legs, looking at my breasts, pretty breasts, round and big, nipples pointed in lust, his eyes looking at me like that, I was going to come as he watched, I was going to...

He looked into my eyes and smiled, long fangs shining as he pulled his lips back. A wolf's fangs...

I snapped upright on the bed with a strangled scream, but he was gone. My hair whipped my cheeks as I jerked my head wildly, looking for him, but I couldn't see anything at all in the darkness. I groped across the width of my bed for the lamp on the night stand and clawed at it until I managed to flip on the light. With the burst of illumination, I could see the familiar bulk of pine colonial furniture, the rose bedspread bunched at me feet. And the cream lace teddy, tenting over my hard nipples. Its crotch still covered my cunt. Nobody had ripped it open.

It had all been a dream...

A damn lucky dream. The solution to my problem.

I rolled out of bed and headed for my office, stumbling across the apartment's narrow hallway to the tiny room that held my computer. The room where I was supposed to write the sequel to my vampire bestseller, SHADOWMASTER. The room where I hadn't been able to do a damn thing in weeks. Writer's block, they call it. But now the block was gone, because I knew what was missing, what it would take to make the story work.

I flipped on the computer and sat down, my fingers itching to start pounding those keys. My vampire villain didn't just overpower his victims.

He seduced them.

He was back.

My eyes snapped open. He loomed over me, moonlight from the window falling across the edged planes of his face, glinting almost white on the blond hair curling down across his eyes. He was holding my wrists pinned over my head. I knew the game; I started to struggle. His mouth

took on a playfully sadistic curve, and he bent his head to bite a bare nipple.

I'd been dressed when I went to bed, but I was naked now.

He licked me, very slowly, until my nipples burned and I felt cream start trickling through my cunt. His nostrils twitched, smelling my heat, and he ran his free hand down the length of my arching body to part my pussy and finger my clit.

Lifting his head, he smiled. "You like this."

Well, yeah, but it was my dream. I could enjoy my own...

Then his fingers began sliding in and out, and I groaned.

Through a pleasure haze, I felt him shift, moving over me, spreading my legs to form a cradle for his hips. Yessss, I thought, and heard my mouth say it too as he rose to all fours.

Looking down, I saw his cock, a thick silhouette pointing at my pussy. I watched hungrily as he thrust forward, finding the wet opening and sliding through its clamping muscles. It had been months since I'd felt a man's prick, and his was huge, stretching me open deliciously. I arched, drawing breath to scream in pleasure.

But as I threw my head back, I saw him bare his teeth in a parody of a grin. His incisors were white, sharp -- and fully an inch long.

Oh no. No way. I forgot all about thick pumping shafts and started worrying about dying.

Shoving up against his chest, I tried to force him off. He held on easily, not even exerting any force, but I still couldn't break his grip, couldn't free my hands from his fist. And the sonofabitch was grinning--savoring his strength and my helplessness.

Then, taking his time about it, he lowered his head. I shrank back into the pillow, fighting even harder to jerk my wrists out of his hands, but I still couldn't get loose. As, with exquisite slowness, he sank his teeth into my throat.

I screamed.

Lost control completely, in fact, shrieking and bucking.

That's why it took me so long to realize that I didn't feel any pain from the bite, just a sense of pressure, of pulling. While his cock slid in and out of my pussy as he fucked me with long, hard strokes. He growled in delight against my jaw.

I can't explain it, but I started sharing his pleasure. The delicate tugging sensation at my throat began sending hot messages along my nerves just as his driving thrusts rammed ecstasy into my pussy. It couldn't be, but it was, and I was coming, I was coming...

Until I woke up. "Why do I always have to miss the good part?" I groaned at the lace canopy over my bed. If this kept on, I was going to lose my mind.

"Bottoms Up" was crowded, smoky from a hundred cigarettes and loud with rock from the bar's amplifiers. The clientele was a college bunch, blue jeaned and t-shirted and rowdy.

And horny, I hoped. God knew I was. I'd been dreaming of my vampire every night this week, and I was so randy I'd considered buying a vibrator. Instead I'd come here.

There hadn't been much choice, really. I was getting close to my deadline, and I still didn't have the damn novel finished. I'd made a lot of headway that first few days, yeah, but the last two all I'd been able to think about were cocks and hands and mouths.

And teeth.

I'd finally decided that I had to find a real lover tonight, or I was never going to get anything done.

So I'd gone out and bought the trashiest red dress I could find--thin silk, neckline cut to an

inch of my nipples and hemline an inch from my ass. And I was not wearing anything under it.

I swiveled on my bar stool to look over the crowd. There was a promising blond a few feet away, sitting alone at a table no bigger than a diner plate. Broad shoulders and long legs and big hands that looked like they'd know how to put out a fire.

Thing was, I wasn't really sure how to go about picking him up. I'd never done anything like that before--guys usually picked me up. I was starting to remember why I hated bars. "Maybe," I thought dryly, "I should just stand over him until the scent of wet pussy gets his attention..."

"That would do it," a voice agreed, as if reading my mind.

I grinned at the coincidence, then turned. To look directly into the vampire's eyes.

He was dressed in black, but not in the standard vampire tuxedo. No, he wore black blue jeans and a black cotton shirt, a black stetson down low over his eyes. He smiled just enough to show the tips of his fangs. "I do love that dress, Amanda."

"Mother always said I was crazy," I muttered.

"You're not crazy. Hot, wet and tempting, yes, but not crazy." He smiled again, a little more broadly, and as I watched, his fangs lengthened like cocks coming erect.

"No," I said, more to myself than the man I believed wasn't even there.

"Had any good wet dreams lately, Amanda? I certainly hope so--I put a lot of effort into them. The one with the wolf, though--that was inspired, if I do say so myself. And you loved it." There were those fangs again. "Foreplay is the best part. Well, maybe not the best part..."

"Foreplay my ass," I said, snapping out of my moment of fear. "That was my subconscious, dreaming up a way out of a case of writer's block. You aren't real." Dreaming again. That was it, I was dreaming again.

"Let's go back to your apartment and I'll show you real."

I was starting to have a horrible thought. I threw a quick glimpse over my shoulder at the long mirror behind the bar. But I could see his reflection. "You're pulling my leg."

"Oh, come on -- you don't really buy all those old vampire myths? Look, no matter what Bram Stoker said, I do cast a reflection and I don't sleep in coffins." His smile was seductive. "Beds are so much nicer."

"Somebody put you up to this," I said, ignoring the smile, "and I don't think it's very funny."

"Ah. Somebody who knows about your kinky dreams found somebody who looks just like your kinky vampire, and talked this perfect stranger into..."

I moaned. Because he was right. Because I hadn't told anybody. Because I didn't really think I was crazy, and I knew I wasn't dreaming again. Because I was starting to believe I was sitting in a bar talking to a vampire.

While I slumped there feeling numb, he said, "I read your book. SHADOWMASTER. What a name." He shook his head. "And that vampire of yours. What an idiot. Of course a trail of drained corpses would tip everybody off, and of course somebody would hunt him down and pop him while he was sleeping. No real vampire would be that stupid..."

He's so chatty, I thought in distant amazement. Who would have guessed a vampire would be chatty...

But then I noticed something. His eyes didn't match what was coming out of that sensuous mouth. The eyes were flicking, glancing over my breasts, the sweep of my legs under the short skirt, the pulse I could feel pumping in my throat. And I realized suddenly that the words were all protective coloration for his hunger. Like a wolf in a lambswool suit.

"Taking a woman by force is too easy," he was saying, the eyes on my breasts again. "Telling

her exactly what you're going to do to her, then tempting her into surrendering anyway--now, that's a challenge." He leaned in close, his ice white eyes inches from mine. I slid back. "I'm going to teach you all about temptation..."

That woke me up. "No!" I exploded. "Get AWAY from me, you bastard, I'm going to the cops..."

"To tell them what?"

My mouth closed with a snap. I started to edge off the bar stool, slanting a glance toward the exit. Maybe I could make a run for it before he...

"Don't worry, you're safe. I've decided I'm going to fuck you in the comfort of your own apartment. And there's one vampire myth that is true -- we can't go where we're not invited."

"I'm not inviting you anywhere," I snapped. "If you think I'm some horny little twit who'd take a toothy Mr. Goodbar to bed..." Being angry is so much better than being scared.

"Ah, you've got the idea I'm going to drain you like a shot glass. That's another one of those myths, sweetheart, it just doesn't work that way. Too messy for one thing, draws too much attention. It's so much better to swap six or seven orgasms for a pint or two. How about it, Amanda? Does that sound like a fair trade?" He put out a hand and brushed his palm across the bust of my red silk dress. I felt my nipples pop to attention.

I looked down at them, then up into his eyes. There was a lot of arrogance in there, as if he knew he had me and was simply waiting for me to admit it.

There was really no point in fighting him...

"No!" I ran. Lunged off the bar stool and just ran, forcing my way through the startled, drunken crowd, hardly hearing all the curses and objections. I never once looked back.

I was too afraid of what I might see. I was too afraid I might go back.

I went kind of crazy for a while there; I don't even remember driving back to my apartment. I do recall wondering if this was the time of year when the sun never sets in parts of Russia. Sounded like a great spot to hide out from a vampire.

I was planning to book plane tickets when I fell asleep on the couch...

Somebody picked me up and dropped me. I woke up with a jolt, yelping as the padded arm of the couch drove into my belly. I grabbed at it automatically. Big hands reached around and caught my wrists and jerked them behind me.

"Hello, Amanda," the vampire said into my ear as he wrapped a fist in the back of my dress.

I felt a tug, heard the sound of ripping silk, and winced. "I thought you couldn't go where you aren't invited," I gasped.

"I lied." He reached up under my body and caught one bare breast in his hand. Began to knead it, to pinch and roll its nipple until I shivered. His touch, he knew just the way to...

"You know why I find you so tempting, Amanda? Other than the centerfold tits, I mean." He squeezed and kneaded, and I closed my eyes. "You're so obsessed with your writing career that you've isolated yourself. No friends. No lovers. Nobody to keep me away." He let go of my tit and slid a hand back to press into the bulge of my pussy. His fingers slid in easily. "So you can't resist me."

"No! Let me go, you sonofabitch." But my voice sounded awfully weak.

He pumped the fingers in and out a few times as I sprawled there. I tried not to, I really did, but finally I couldn't keep from thrusting my hips back at those delicious fingers. He locked a hand

in my long hair, pulled me to my feet, and spun me around. I started to snarl something appropriate, then forgot about it as I realized he was naked, gorgeous and hard.

His fangs, like his cock, were fully extended. He bent to press a kiss into my mouth. His teeth nicked my lips. I flinched.

He lifted his head again. I knew he was looking at the blood I could feel beading on my lips; his eyes were raw hunger. He quickly leaned down to suck my mouth, his tongue licking the thin cuts. When he pulled away, he was breathing hard.

Then he shoved me back down on the couch again, forcing me to bend over.

"Bastard!" I screamed as I felt him kneel behind me.

He grabbed my hips and speared my cunt in a rush of stiff cock. I called him a motherfucker, but it still felt good. He began to pound his long shaft into me until I felt totally stuffed and fucked.

"Your hair. Move it." He'd gotten me so hot and crazy I obeyed without even thinking, sweeping my hair off to one side, baring my neck to him. A little voice started telling me I was stupid. I didn't care. He was pounding against my hips, in and out, long wet strokes. I'd been so hot for so long, and it felt so good!

But...but not as good as before, in the dream. Something was missing. The sharp pleasure of his bite, the pull, the pound of my blood as he drank. And I needed that. Hell, I had to have it, I didn't care about the cost.

But he wasn't giving it to me.

He just kept fucking me, ramming his hips into mine, his shaft rushing in and out with a pleasure that should have been enough--but wasn't. I found myself twisting my head back in invitation. But still he didn't thrust into that final place.

"Vampire..." I moaned.

"Hungry, Amanda?" he growled in my ear.

"Hmmm." God, his cock sliding, bringing me so close, I just needed one more thing. "Please..."

He licked my throat, tracing his tongue along the curve, but still he held back.

"Damnit, don't tease me." Another agonizing minute went by as he licked and fucked me. Finally I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Please. Bite m..."

Without lifting his head, he bit deep.

I heard myself scream, a long cry of overwhelming lust and ecstasy.

He was fucking me so hard now that my belly kept slapping into the couch. I felt a climax building...

And woke up.

I sat up on the couch and shook, my mouth dry, my nipples hard, my cunt richly wet. Wanting to scream.

Goddamnit, Amanda, I thought, trying to kill my passion, trying for some sense. He's a vampire. He could kill you. Yeah, he says he won't, but why should you believe that? He just wants...He just wants...

The thought trailed off in my mind as I thought about what he wanted. About what I wanted. About how my hunger and his hunger had somehow gotten too strong for me. Then I got up off the couch to walk to the door, and I opened it.

He was standing there, just as I'd known he would be, smiling that charming smile under his

old and hungry eyes.

And I said, "Come in."

NIGHT BITES By Angela Knight

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Beau Gabriel introduced me to the vampire hunter. Which was damned inconsiderate of him, since I am a vampire. Then again, so's Beau; he's the one who made me a vamp in the first place.

Me? I'm Amanda Carlton. Used to write a mildly popular series of vampire horror novels -- until I got a visit from the real thing. Who, as it happens, had thought my portrayal of the undead a bit bigoted and decided to give me a taste of reality.

Beau? Okay, picture a vampire. Got it? Well, he doesn't look anything like that.

Now, look in the mental cliché file that reads "cowboy." That's Beau. He's got an open, thoroughly American face, handsome in a weather-beaten kind of way, with wheat-blond hair and honest eyes that are very, very blue. He's the only man I know who can wear cowboy boots and a black Stetson without looking self-conscious. That's because it's no costume to him. He is a cowboy. Or was, from 1870 to 1881.

But on July 8, 1881, he ran into this dance hall girl who was a little long in the tooth...

Which is why, when I met him a hundred years later, I mistook him for a timber wolf. It was an easy enough mistake to make. He was rearing at the foot of my bed at the time, narrow forepaws on the mattress, gray ears pricked and jaws gaped so that every fang in his head gleamed white in the moonlight.

Now, that was a hell of a sight to wake up to at two in the morning.

But you know the one that goes, "his bark is worse than his bite"? It's certainly true in Beau's case. His bite is wonderful.

As a result, I soon found myself haunting bars with him, searching for somebody for us both to bite. Which is what we were doing in Bottoms Up the night the vampire hunter walked in.

Bottoms Up was one of our favorite hunting grounds that year. The clientele was decent and clean and mostly composed of lonely yuppies on the make, and the decor was heavy on the mahogany and brass. The rock that boomed out of the bar's big amps leaned more toward mellow than metal, which suited us just fine. Vampires have very sensitive hearing, and a good obnoxious head-banging band will run us off quicker than garlic any day. (For one thing, I like garlic, all my vampire novels notwithstanding. Which just goes to prove: don't believe everything you read.)

At that moment, I was carrying on a silent flirtation with a cute yuppie couple, trying to tempt them into a game of sexual doubles. They were sitting two tables away, with the husband eyeing me and the wife eyeing Beau, both with some idea of enlivening their love lives. I was eyeing the pulse in hubby's throat with some idea of enlivening it a lot more than they had in mind.

By way of baiting the hook, I leaned back in my chair and stretched out my long legs, black silk stockings whispering. The move made the hem of my clinging red dress creep another inch upward -- and hubby's eyes slowly glaze.

I was thinking about reeling in my fish when Beau said, "Shye-eee-it." I jerked around. When he starts pronouncing "shit" as a three-syllable word, it's a sure sign he's disturbed about something. His southern accent only comes out under stress.

"What?" I demanded.

"It's Jim Decker. How in the hell did that psycho track me here?" His blue eyes, narrowed to irritated slits, were directed toward a man leaning against the long brass-and-mahogany bar.

Interested, I turned to study the object of Beau's wrath. Decker was a big man, 6'4" at least. The height alone made him look formidable, but adding to the menace was the sheer muscle you could see bulking under his leather jacket and tight blue jeans. It's hard for a man that tall to build up so big, and I knew he must have spent a lot of time at the gym to do it.

"Who unlocked the booby hatch and let him out?" Beau growled. "He should drooling in a padded cell somewhere. Damn, too bad I wasn't able to show up for day court. If I'd testified at the bastard's trial..."

"Trial? For what?"

"Trying to shove nine inches of seasoned pine through my heart."

I turned to eye him with astonishment. "He tried to kill you?" I was surprised Decker had survived to get to trial.

I shook my head. "I don't get it. Big as he is, you're at least twenty times stronger."

"Sure. At night. Thing is, Decker doesn't come around at night. He waits until daylight and sneaks up on you."

I shuddered. Talk about your basic vampire nightmare. "What happened?"

"I woke up one morning to see ol' Deck standing over me with a hammer and stake. It was all I could do to get out of there without getting a two-by-four shoved somewhere painful. If the hotel manager hadn't seen us going at it and called the cops..." Beau shrugged. "Decker made the mistake of telling them I was a vampire, which pretty well convinced everybody he was crazy. The court-ordered psychiatrist swore he'd be locked up for good, so I didn't go after him later. Guess that was a mistake."

I stared hard at him. "What got him ticked off to begin with? No, don't tell me, let me guess. You screwed his wife, right?"

Beau cut his eyes toward me. "Actually no."

"Oh." If I could have, I would have blushed.

"It was his sister. He noticed the bites and came hunting. He's convinced he saved her from eternal damnation."

"Must be a Southern Baptist."

"I think so, yeah. Anyway, he thinks he's on a holy quest to rid the world of a satanic scourge. Namely me. And you too, once he figures out you're one of the 'accursed undead'."

I looked over at Decker's long, muscled body. He'd turned around to order a drink, and I eyed his butt, admiring the way the faded denim hugged those taut male contours. "Well, if he's got any doubts about that, I'll just stroll over and show him my fangs. He looks like my type of guy." I dropped into a phony French accent. "A nice '66 type O, ze very good year for ze hemoglobin."

"Do that and you might be surprised at who winds up with the blood loss. Not all the bulges

under that jacket are muscle. See the one under his arm?"

"What, you mean the shoulder-holster? Since when do guns worry us?"

"That one damn well better worry you, because it doesn't fire lead. It's a dart gun adapted for eight-inch wooden spikes. And he's reeal good with it. Fast, too."

"Well, what are we going to do about him, then?" Decker was watching us again, a narrow, blue-eyed stare cold enough to give me a chill. Even so, he was a handsome devil, with the kind of sharp, clean face you see on the cover of GQ, - except his was just battered enough to keep from being too pretty. His hair was a dark, rich chestnut, scraped hard back and tied into a pony tail that curled against the rich brown leather of his jacket.

At the moment, he was leaning on the bar, calling attention to the width of his shoulders and the powerful, corded column of his throat. My fangs ached just looking at it. God, I'd love to nibble on that strong masculine neck.

Among other things.

"I'm killing the sonofabitch," Beau growled. "I played it legal the last time, but I'm not taking chances with that psycho again. He's toast."

I looked at him, surprised at that cold-blooded announcement. It was one thing to kill an attacker in a fight to the death, but murder wasn't Beau's style. Hell, he actively went out of his way not to hurt anybody. With his strength, he didn't need to.

As for his "victims," he never took more than a pint or so. And they were usually moaning too loudly to notice.

"I know this is a radical idea," I suggested after a pause, "but how about just talking to him? I realize that may not be macho enough for you, but..."

"Talk?" Beau looked incredulous. "Amanda, you can't reason with a homicidal fanatic. The only way I'm going to get Jim Decker off my ass is to drain him like a six-pack."

I glanced back over at all that luscious, smoldering vampire hunter and saw his point. Which didn't mean I liked the idea. There had to be a way to avoid this.

"How about just beating the living daylights out of him? That might convince him to give you a wide berth."

Beau was staring murderously at Decker, who stared right back with eyes that were just as homicidal. "Anybody else, maybe, but not him. One thing I'll give the son of a bitch, he's not a coward."

I cut another glance toward the subject of our discussion. He'd shifted his full attention to me, staring with a fixed and unpleasant gleam. I had the feeling that he'd made me for a vamp. "Well," I said, "how about seduction?"

"He's not my type," Beau said dryly.

"I wasn't talking about you."

"You really do have a yen for that beefy bastard, don't you? Well, forget it. He'd be happy to screw you, but then you'd wake up in the morning to find him impaling you with something that would leave splinters."

I shuddered. "You've got a way with charming imagery, you know that? Anyway, I'll bet I could mellow him out a little -- especially if I used psi."

"Yeaaaah," he said slowly, studying me with calculation, "you probably could, at that." Beau considered the idea a moment, then reluctantly shook his head.

"No, it'd never work. You'd have to put the bite on him to make a psilink, and he's too paranoid to let you get close enough for that."

"Well," I said slowly, eying the way Decker's jeans snugged his lean hips. That denim cupped a really interesting bulge I wouldn't mind investigating. "I could always just jump him."

"No way," Beau snapped. Was that a note of jealousy in his voice? "That bastard is dangerous, Amanda. If he got the drop on you, you could end up staked. And I'm not talking about the stake you're staring at. No, I'm going to have to do this the hard way..."

"Whoops. Here he comes," I said, watching Decker start toward us. Flicking a glance toward Beau, I noticed his fangs peeking under his upper lip, a sure sign that he was definitely ticked off.

When Decker got close enough to loom over us, Beau grinned, giving him a good look at those teeth. "What are you doing here, Deck? The sun isn't up yet. You don't usually show your cowardly face before dawn."

Decker may have lacked the fang, but his smile was just as lethal in its own way. "I wanted to meet your pretty little friend here. What's your name, sweetheart?" He turned the menace in my direction, but I managed not to flinch.

Instead, I breathed in once through my nose, deeply enough to pick up his scent, then gave him a smile of my own, putting as much seductive taunt into it as possible. Lips still parted, I let my fangs slowly extend into my mouth. "You can call me Draculette," I said, and licked my teeth.

Okay, it was a cheap thing to do, but he unnerved me.

It was mutual. Decker's head rocked back and the smile faded.

"Wishing you'd brought along your garlic, Deck?" Beau sneered. "Or have you finally stopped doing your research at horror flicks?"

To me he added, "First time he came around, he smelled of so much garlic I thought he was delivering pizza. I found out I was wrong the hard way. So when I got a whiff of Italian outside my door the next night, I barreled out meaning to beat the hell out of him. It was a Dominos delivery man. Kid almost had a seizure..."

I was still snickering when Decker leaned over and braced his powerful arms on the table. His eyes cold, flat and level, he looked at Beau and said, "Maybe you'd like to step outside."

I quit giggling and stared. He might be cute, but he was dumb.

Beau, being better at hiding his feelings, didn't even blink. "Why not?" he said easily, and got to his feet. I followed them as they pushed through the crowd, heading for the door.

Without even looking back, Decker led us out and around into the alley that ran beside the bar. Watching his tight behind and long, striding legs, I thought it was a damn shame to waste anything that looked that good.

It must have been pitch black in the alley to human eyes, though Beau and I could see pretty well. We just weren't paying attention; Beau was getting ready to kill Decker, and I was trying to think of a way to talk him out of it. I barely even noticed the tall, rickety tripod standing in the middle of the alley.

Then the sun went off in my face.

Actually, the blast of illumination seemed even brighter than sunlight, and it blinded me instantly. I threw both arms over my face just as a hand grabbed my shoulder and shoved me into the wall. There was a loud crack, then the clack of wood bouncing off brick. It took me a second to realize that Decker had shot his spike gun at us, but luckily missed.

Beau - it was Beau that had me, I could tell by his scent -- jerked me, stumbling, back in the direction we came. "Let's get the hell out of here before he reloads!"

As he was dragging me around the corner, I heard the sputtering roar of a motorcycle started up back in the alley. A moment later, the bike screamed by. Decker, making good his getaway

before our eyes recovered.

"What the hell was that?" I cried, rubbing at my eyelids and trying to blink away the purple explosions that blocked my vision.

"Some kind of camera flash. Didn't you see the tripod? He must have rigged it for an extended burst somehow ... Goddamn it, why couldn't he have stuck with the garlic and crosses?"

"Apparently he wised up," I said, still blinking. "A lot wiser than us, evidently. I should have known this was a trap..."

"Yeah, I kind of figured it was, I just thought I could handle it. How's your eyes? Mine are starting to clear."

But by the time our respective eyesight had recovered, ten minutes had passed, and Decker was long gone. We loaded into Beau's black Ferrari and searched for him for a while, but I was getting a headache and finally called it a night.

Beau dropped me off at my apartment complex and roared off to hunt Decker again. I staggered up to my apartment and reeled into my bedroom. Peeling out of the tight red dress, I dropped it on the floor and fell on the bed. Just before I drifted off, I reflected that Decker would probably be surprised I didn't sleep in a coffin.

Imagine the worst hangover you've ever had. Now cube it. Now cube that. Your head bongs like the Liberty Bell -- and feels just as cracked. Your stomach is making violent attempts to turn itself inside out and dump its contents into your abdominal cavity, and your mouth feels like Death Valley ...complete with the buzzard droppings.

That's pretty much the way I feel when somebody wakes me up at three o'clock in the afternoon by letting the daylight blast into my face.

It's not true that the sun kills vampires. It just feels like it.

"Close the curtains, dammit!" I yelled, trying to throw both hands over my face. Something clicked on the brass headboard, and my arms jerked to a stop. Eyes squeezed shut to protect them from the burning light, I tugged and heard that clicking again. There was something tight and cold on my wrists.

"Okay," I said, really irritated now, "who handcuffed me to the bed?" Normally, I'd have snapped the cuffs like strands of wet pasta, but daylight had rendered me pretty close to helpless.

"You're not a morning person, are you?" It took me a minute to identify that cold, deep voice, but once I had, I wished I hadn't.

"Decker?"

"Right on the money, Amanda. Or should I say 'Draculette'?"

Amanda? How had he found out my real name? I never use it when I'm hunting.

"I recognized you from the picture on the dust jacket of your book," he explained, reading my puzzlement. He sounded as if he were enjoying himself. "I really liked Shadowmaster, by the way. It gave me a lot of ideas..."

Great, just great. That damn book keeps coming back to haunt me -- Beau found me the same way. Suddenly I realized something. "The bit with the flash. You got that from the camera scene in the book, didn't you?" The heroine had triggered her instamatic off in the vampire's face, and he'd beat a quick retreat.

"As a matter of fact, I did," he said. His voice was moving closer, and I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck. "But at the moment, I'm more interested in the location of your master..."

"My master?" I choked, and began to hoot with laughter. It made my head hurt, so I quit.

Big hands grabbed my shoulders. "Where is he? He's not at his townhouse, and he's not in any of the hotels..."

Jesus. He knew about the townhouse? Beau wouldn't like that at all.

"Where?" He shook me. It felt as though my skull were about to fall off.

"I...I don't know." That was true, as far as it went, but I did have some idea. Beau, paranoid after our run-in with Decker, was probably sleeping in one of the nondescript vans he kept parked around the city. I wished I'd had the sense to join him last night, instead of pleading a headache and coming home. Now I really had a headache.

And if the headache didn't quit shaking me, I was going to bite him on his over-muscled forearms. He must have noticed my lips peeling back, because he let go hastily.

"You're going to tell me where Beau Gabriel is," Decker said, his voice low and threatening, "or I'm going to leave you in the sun to cook."

And I'd do just that, damn it. In half an hour at most, I'd have second-degree burns.

"All right, all right, just don't hurt me. First," I rasped. "go to the door and down the stairs. Got that?"

"Yeah." He sounded a little surprised that I was giving in so easily.

"There's a big elm tree by the door outside. Dig there. It'll take a while, but keep digging. Eventually you'll fall right through in this real hot place inhabited by lots of red guys with horns. When you see the brimstone start freezing over, come back and I'll tell you where Beau is."

For a minute there was dead silence, and I wondered if I was about to get belted. Normally, of course, a mere human fist couldn't have hurt me, but the sun was up now, and all bets were off.

Suddenly I felt cold metal press between my breasts. I realized with a chill that it must be Decker's spike gun. "Tell me where he is," he gritted.

"Go to hell," I told him, and grimaced in expectation of taking a spike. Instead he started cursing with amazing creativity. I heard something that sounded like the gun slamming into the wall across the room. Decker had a temper.

After awhile he ran out of expletives, so he began firing questions and threats instead. Though my skin was beginning to sting in the hot sun, I set my jaw and said nothing, much to his rising fury.

Finally he gave up on the questioning and shut up, breathing heavily from sheer rage. He stewed in ominous silence until I started getting nervous. What was going through that thick, handsome head of his? I licked lips that were beginning to crack in the furnace heat of the sunlight.

And knew that if I didn't do something fast, he wouldn't have to do anything to me. The sun would do it for him.

Desperately, I forced myself to calm, and...well, REACHED.

That's the best way I can explain psi in human terms. You REACH, straining outward without moving, until you sense something, a thin membrane like a balloon, and then you push, push until you're in.

In another mind.

It was hard linking with Decker. The connection was weak and mostly one-way, partly because of the sun, partly because it's easier when you do it during the bite. But I managed; I was that damn scared.

Linking with somebody is always strange -- a mind is never what you expect based on the surface the person projects -- but it was particularly weird in Decker's case. I'd expected a grim,

single-minded man, self-righteous and supremely sure of himself. What I found was something else again.

Guilt.

The same upbringing that had sent him on a religious crusade against vampires was giving him a hard time about abusing a woman. Never mind that the woman was a vampire, and at night ten times stronger than he was. Decker knew the sunlight was burning me, and he had a nagging impulse to close the heavy black curtains he'd opened to the sun.

So far, though, he'd managed to hold out against his conscience by reminding himself I was an "undead killer." Which, of course, I'm not.

What I am is a ruthless opportunist. I needed the physical and emotional contact of a bite to influence his thinking directly, but I could, by God, intensify whatever emotions he was already feeling.

So I bought Jim Decker tickets for a guilt trip and sent him on his way. He was bloody well going to close those curtains before I got through with him.

Luckily, he'd been well on the road to doing it anyway, having rationalized that I was too stubborn to tell him anything. It took me only about five minutes to get him to the window. As I watched through slitted lids, he pulled the shade down and closed the thick curtains, shutting off the blinding assault.

My body is tough; the headache and nausea began to fade almost instantly as the room fell into shadow, and my stinging skin began to cool as it started to heal in seconds.

"Thank you," I said. A little manners might make him think about what he was doing.

"I just didn't want you bursting into flames until I'm done with you," he said gruffly.

Unfortunately, I was still weak as a wine cooler, so I knew I wouldn't be breaking my handcuffs anytime soon. So, for lack of anything better to do, I went back to probing him as he hovered by the window. And almost wished I hadn't.

Decker was regretting the impulse to close the curtains and wondering what the hell he was going to do with me now, especially considering how late it was.

Worse, he was thinking about a videotape of Dracula he'd rented recently. Specifically, the scene where Dr. Van Helsing and Jonathan Harker gave Lucy the vampire a two-by-four surprise.

Ugh.

Now, why it was okay to drive a stake through my heart but not torture me with sunlight, I don't know. In any case, he was also harboring another emotion I found almost as chilling.

He wanted to screw me.

Not make love to me, or even have sex with me, but screw me.

When I'd gone to bed this morning, I'd peeled off everything but my camisole and a pair of lacy bikini panties, and Decker definitely approved of the view. Usually when I link with somebody, I'm dominant; it was disconcerting to feel the predatory cast to his thought when I was so helpless.

My breasts, Decker was thinking, had the kind of full shape that had always turned him on, and he could see the little peaks of my nipples tenting the silk of the camisole. My legs looked impossibly long and white to him, and he liked the curving muscle that came from all the running I'd done. He remembered standing over me earlier when he'd cuffed me, remembered seeing my dark delta through the panties. The sight had made his mouth go dry.

Decker liked my hair too -- he'd always loved women who wore it long, and mine was a thick mane in a shade of black he thought exotic. And though the vulnerable, worried look in my brown

eyes made him feel guilty, it also aroused him. He'd never had a woman in his power like this -- his other sexual relationships had been with girls he'd cared about -- and he was a little shocked at how much it excited him.

As that last part came through, I relaxed a little, realizing that Decker wasn't going to rape me after all. He might think about it, but, like an all-American Boy Scout in an unattended candy store, he'd never do it.

Now, whether he'd shoot me was a different story.

Looking deeper, I could see he felt a little queasy at the idea of killing a woman - but he was trying to convince himself that since I was an undead creature of the night, it didn't count. God knew how many men I'd killed...

Of course, that number was exactly zero, but I knew Decker would hardly believe me if I told him so. If I wanted to avoid that spike, I'd better come up with something more convincing.

After I got over my knee-jerk panic at the threat of rape, I started thinking about Decker's yen for me. It sounded like something I could use to get out of this mess.

A glance over at the clock beside my bed told me it was 3:45. p.m. Nightfall was two hours away. If I could get him into bed, distract him, I could make him forget how close sunset was.

Until it was too late.

I looked through the darkness at him and met those steel blue eyes. And began to send him images.

Me. Helpless and lovely and naked. Squirming under him while he spread me and slid into my heat. Breathless struggles and moaning little pleas for mercy. My bare breasts and hard nipples peaking as he licked and sucked and bit. Tight, creamy heat when he mounted me and drove in deep. How it would feel to make me love it. Make me want him despite my fear of what he could do to handcuffed and defenseless little me.

Oh, he liked that idea. And the fact that he saw me as a vampire femme fatale made him like it even more. After all, didn't I deserve whatever he wanted to do to me?

That attitude made my teeth grind, but I encouraged it anyway. I expected him to jump me in ten minutes, tops, particularly considering how fast I'd gotten him to close those curtains.

Thing was, I'd underestimated him. It was easy to get Decker to quit torturing me because he thought it was wrong, but he knew raping me was equally wrong. He might find the idea darkly tempting, but he had no intention of doing it. And his will was incredibly strong.

So though I sent him images that soon had him so hard his balls were aching, he did nothing. He just started pacing the floor, faster and faster, with his cock straining the chaffing fabric of his jeans. I kept working on him, but no matter how mercilessly I stoked his lust, he continued to resist.

"If you know what's good for you," he spat at last, wheeling to stand at the foot of the bed, "you'll damn well tell me where Beau Gabriel is."

I knew he was afraid he was going to lose it. Since that was exactly what I wanted him to do, I smiled at him, taunting. "No."

He bunched his big fists and fairly quivered with frustrated rage and lust, his eyes tracking down my bound body. "You're not in any position to tell me no, vampire."

"Aren't I?" I smirked, and sent him an image of making me beg. He cursed me viciously and began to pace again.

Then my ploy began to backfire. I started getting aroused myself as I experienced the feedback of the desire I was working to build. I watched that big, powerful body pace as he

fought his lust, and a heated trickling began low in my sex.

He'd taken off his jacket, exposing a black T-shirt that hugged broad shoulders and his flat, muscled belly. I could see his erection plainly, bulging against the fabric of his jeans as a thick, long shape, and I couldn't help imagining how it would feel shuttling in and out of me.

Without really intending to, I spread my legs.

He saw that tempting motion just as he was pivoting to pace toward me. And that was the straw that broke him.

Decker crossed to me in one long pace and snatched me up off the bed, making the cuffs ring on the brass headboard. "Where is he?" he bellowed.

"Go to hell," I hissed into his enraged, handsome face, excited because I knew what he'd do.

"That's it!" he exploded. Flinging me back down, he fell on me like an eagle on a mouse, his hot weight driving me down into the mattress as he mantled me in ravenous masculinity.

I gasped in arousal. Instead of fighting, instead of screaming as he'd expected, I flung my legs around his waist and ground up against his erection. For a moment we stared at each other, panting and hot-eyed with rage and passion.

"What now, big man?" I sneered.

"Whatever the fuck I want." Growling, Decker started to kiss me, thought better of it, and lowered his head to my breasts, simultaneously wrapping a big hand in my hair in case I got the idea to bite him. His wet mouth sealed over my sensitive flesh, sucking so hard I could feel it even through the silk camisole. His tongue flicked as his teeth nibbled until I couldn't help but squirm. He rumbled a threatening sound and wrapped his muscled legs around mine to hold me still.

With his free hand, he dragged my panties down and drove a finger into me. We both gasped this time, me at the lush sensation of that long finger, him at the thick cream and tight grip of my sex.

Decker went a little nuts then, roughly jerking up the hem of the camisole to bare my breasts. He pulled back to stare at them, nostrils flaring. I could only watch breathlessly, waiting for his pleasure.

He glanced up and met my gaze. And smiled slowly, tauntingly. "Nice," he purred. "Very nice. I'm going to enjoy this."

Then he attacked, sucking, biting, devouring my nipples, hands greedy as he explored me like conquered territory, his powerful thighs holding me clamped and ruthlessly still.

It was incredibly arousing - and incredibly frustrating, not being able to get my own hands on that big, virile body. Suddenly I couldn't wait for sunset. And not just so I could turn the tables on him.

Finally Decker jerked off me and began to strip, shucking the T-shirt from his beautifully muscled torso and tossing it across the room. His blue eyes glittered, hot as a laser with his excitement. I watched, dry-mouthed, taking in his wide chest and taut, rippling brawn, watching his biceps work as he jerked down his fly and shoved the jeans down his narrow hips.

His shaft sprang free, long, flushed, beautifully erect, bobbing as he dragged the clinging denim down his powerful legs.

And he was on me, in me in one driving thrust, and I screamed from the sheer erotic pleasure of it.

Ruthless, delirious with lust, we began pumped at one another, hips grinding together, neither giving the other any mercy.

I loved it, the thickness, the penetration, the maddening hunger of it. And adding to my

excitement, I could feel in his mind how I felt to him, tight around him, but wet, so wet. The double stimulation made me come within just a few strokes, and without meaning to, I fed my pleasure to him so that he climaxed too, bellowing.

We rocked together through the last of it, shuddering and sweating. But as the final quivers of delight died and sanity crept back in, it occurred to me that I'd made a mistake. We'd been too quick. If I was going to hold him off until sunset, I had to get him going again.

Fortunately, he'd been so excited by the long buildup that his erection hadn't completely wilted. Decker was already eager for another round, and I was more than happy to accommodate him.

The handcuffs that secured me to the headboard were pretty close together, so he was able to flip me over without too much trouble. Then, as I watched hungrily over my shoulder, he slipped one of the pillows under my belly and mounted me from behind.

"Yes!" I cried out, feeling his hips slam into my butt as he drove home. The different angle put more pressure on my clit, and I twisted, whimpering, as he ground into me.

It was just as good the second time. His shaft felt even thicker because of the angle, and we pounded at each other, me shoving up, him shoving down. I could see in his mind that his eyes were fixed on my hands, twisted in the cuffs, and the sight of them excited him unbearably.

I looked at them myself, and, much to my astonishment, I began to share his delight in the situation, in my helplessness.

And soon, you handsome bastard, I thought, I'll have you just as helpless.

Even as excited as we were, it took us much longer to come, and when we did, it was long and glorious.

Luckily, he was tired after that. I, of course, fed his exhaustion as much as I could, until he shot a look at the bedside clock and decided he could afford to close his eyes for fifteen minutes; it was still more than an hour to sunset.

I guess I don't even need to tell you I made sure he overslept. When he woke up, there were bits of broken handcuff on the floor, and I was the one on top.

Decker's blue eyes, still a little vague with sleep, got very wide as he saw me straddling his hips, both his thick wrists held in my now-supernatural hands. His cock, erect again with a little telepathic encouragement, was buried deep.

"Nice," I purred. "Very nice. I'm going to enjoy this."

His eyes narrowed as he recognized his own mocking words. "Bitch."

I grinned. "Oh, yeah."

He thought about fighting, but before he could follow up on the impulse, I began riding him slowly, grinding against him as hard as he'd ground against me earlier.

And he lost interest in resistance.

Stroking up and down, loving the feeling of that wonderful thick shaft pulsing between my tight slick walls. Loving the fact that I was taking him now. Making sure with my psi that he shared my excitement, that he felt it and the pleasure he was giving me, felt them too strongly to be afraid.

Just as he reached the edge of orgasm, I let him see my fangs.

I was never a Boy Scout.

He snarled at me as I lowered my head. I laughed and licked his throat, savoring the intoxicating flavor of salt and male skin. Then I bit deep.

As his blood flooded my mouth, I came.

And so did he.

That was the end of the trouble with Decker. My psi had reached its full strength when the rest of my abilities kicked in, and as I took his blood I let him see my mind as clearly as I saw his. Sharing my mind, he realized we aren't the soulless damned after all.

But I have to admit, I did take a certain evil glee in his surprise when he discovered what fun it was to be a vampire's victim.

"It certainly puts a whole new spin on sex," he later told me between puffs on a cigarette as we lay tangled in the sheets, enjoying the laziness of aftermath.

Decker got quite a few chances to enjoy my variation on sex in the months to come. Eventually, I shared my own blood with him, and he became one of us.

Of course, he and Beau still hate each other's guts, but I'm working on that. I've got this fantasy about a menage a trois...

The End

FIRST NIGHT
By Angela Knight
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Jim Decker woke with an aching head, a throbbing erection, and wisps of erotic, bloody dreams...Amanda, her fangs a white curve in the dim light, nicking one nipple with a long, sharp fingernail. Blood beading in a piercing shade of scarlet against the cool white of her breast. The hot copper tang of it in his mouth as he sucked, feeling her nipple going hard against his teeth...

Decker shook his head sharply, trying to clear away the taunting memory of the dream. Then he realized it was no dream. Amanda had Changed him. Drinking her blood had infected him with the virus that had made her a vampire.

She'd finally asked the question Decker been waiting for since he'd come hunting her, only to be caught himself: "Do you want to become one of us?" And, hopelessly in love with the woman who'd touched his mind and taken his blood, Decker the vampire hunter had said "Yes." Knowing that Amanda was in love with Beau Gabriel, the vampire he'd spent months hunting. Hoping that somehow, the Change would make a difference in the way she felt, promote Decker from the status of victim to equal.

In the hours that had followed, he'd paid a high price for that "yes." The virus wasn't a killer, but it certainly felt like one. Curled on the bathroom floor between bouts of vomiting, he soon began to long for the coma that was the crisis stage of the disease.

"Hang in there," Amanda told him, kneeling to stroke his hair. "Shouldn't be much more than a few hours before you go under. While you're unconscious, the Change will begin, and when you wake up, you'll be one of us."

Now, five days later, Decker had to admit he felt rather inhuman--but not in the way he'd expected. His mouth tasted like the bottom of the monkey cage at the San Diego zoo, and his eyes were stinging and gritty. But that was about it. He wondered if the Change had taken after all.

He scratched his hairy chest and lifted his head from the pillow to peer blearily toward the alarm beside his bed. 10:15 p.m. But that had to be wrong; the room was flooded with the bluing light of early twilight. Stretching out a long arm, Decker scooped up the wristwatch on the nightstand, then held it to his face with a yawn.

10:15 p.m.

"What the hell?" Decker growled, and rolled out of bed to head for the window. Shoving the heavy blue curtain aside, he peered out. The sun hung burning in the sky, but a crescent shadow lay across it, obscuring a full two-thirds of its disc.

That's weird, Decker thought. I didn't hear anything about a solar eclipse...

Then he saw the stars. Blazing brighter than he had ever seen them, piercing like lasers even through Atlanta's ambient city light. Decker jerked his eyes back to the blinding white crescent in the clouds. My God, he thought, squinting against its brilliance. It's the moon...

He HAD Changed.

Warily, Decker probed his teeth with his tongue, but none of them seemed any sharper. "Amanda?" Nothing. He knew, he sensed, that he was alone in his apartment. Where had she gone? She'd promised she'd stay with him through this, help him through the difficult first hours of his new life. Why had she abandoned him?

Realizing he still held his watch, Decker started to toss it on the bed, then paused, staring at it. Amanda had told him he'd recover consciousness on Thursday, but the watch's date read Wednesday. He'd awakened a day earlier than expected. Decker cursed, loudly, monotonously. Amanda was probably out hunting.

All he could do was wait for her return.

He had a terrible feeling he'd made a mistake.

Should have thought of that four days ago, asshole, Decker thought. It's sure as shit too late now.

Well, to hell with it. He was damned if he just going to wait around bouncing off the walls while Amanda was off screwing someplace--he was going to go out. He'd let her call the shots too much as it was. Past time he regained control of his life.

Fifteen minutes later Decker was waiting for the elevator in the hallway, wearing a white linen suit that emphasized his tan and the width of his shoulders. He'd absolutely refused to wear anything black.

"Hello, Jim." The voice of the woman walking up behind him was brightly feminine and instantly familiar. Crystal Jordon, his next door neighbor, a sweet kid who was something of an artist. Decker turned to greet her. And caught his breath.

Crystal hesitated a few feet away, tall and slender and beautiful, her blonde hair knotted loosely on top of her regally held head. She wore a strapless red satin dress that bared neck and shoulders and most of her breasts with equal abandon. The brief skirt showcased long, muscular legs delicately veiled in shimmering red stockings.

How could I have missed noticing how beautiful she is, Decker thought, staring hungrily. Must have been really hung up on Amanda to have missed that... Suddenly a phrase floated

through his mind: "Hair of the dog that bit you." If there was an antidote for Amanda, Crystal might well be it.

Decker smiled, his sensuous mouth broadening over white teeth, his brown eyes warming like melting caramel. Crystal swallowed and wondered where the dark woman was, the one he was always with.

She shifted on her uncomfortable red spike heels and checked to make sure the bodice of her dress hadn't crept too low. Her mother had always told her she was too well-endowed for a dress like this. Crystal certainly hoped not. She'd bought the dress because she desperately wanted to attract male attention--but not by having her nipples peek out at the public. She might be lonely, but she wasn't a flasher.

"That's a beautiful dress," Decker said.

"Uh...Thanks." God, he was gorgeous. He had the kind of face she loved to draw; all sharp, clean angles and deepset eyes. And his body was every bit as fine; she'd often seen him in nothing but nylon running shorts, headed out for his evening five-mile jog. And every time she saw it, that muscle-knit torso made her itch for a sketchpad.

"He must be something," Decker said. His eyes had warmed from caramel to amber.

"Who?" she asked, thinking, Brilliant conversation, Crystal. Maybe I can try for complete sentences next. With verbs and everything.

"The man you bought that dress for. I envy him."

Crystal managed to keep her jaw from dropping. Decker had never even seemed to notice her before. "I'm just going out. Alone."

"Really?" There was that 100 watt smile again. "So am I. Maybe we should go together. Carpool. Save gas.."

"I don't..."

"Come on, Crystal, think of the environment."

She giggled. "Well, when you put it that way..."

Well, she WAS looking for somebody. She'd been desperate enough to have been content with a nebbish, but she certainly wasn't going to turn down Prince Charming.

Decker first caught the scent in the elevator. It was rich, musky, deliciously erotic. "That's a lovely perfume."

Crystal turned to look at him, hazel eyes widening. "I'm not wearing perfume. I'm allergic to almost everything."

Decker decided the taunting aroma must be another product of his enhanced senses; earlier, mint toothpaste had tasted like salsa. He took a deep breath, unable to resist savoring her scent. Smells like sex, he thought, feeling himself harden. He looked down at Crystal's curving, satin-clad hips and imagined pulling her skirt up, reaching between those long thighs. Finding her wet. Decker swallowed.

To distract himself, he asked, "Where do you want to go?"

She considered it. He eyed the tantalizing pale skin of her shoulders, the intriguing lines of bone and tendon. "Well," Crystal said, "I was planning on going to that little place up the block. Frank's. They've got a dance floor..."

"Sounds good." The elevator slid open, and he guided her through its double doors with a hand on the small of her back.

The satin felt warm and slick. Decker looked down at the bulge of her breasts swelling over

the strapless bodice. Pictured tugging the fabric downward. Freeing her nipples. With her coloring, they'd be pale, a virginal pink...

Licking suddenly dry lips, Decker guided her through the lobby.

Half an hour later, they were swaying on the dance floor, and Decker's self control was fraying by the second. He was glad he was wearing a suit jacket; it helped camouflage his erection. Though he suspected Crystal was well aware of it anyway. His shaft had rubbed against her flat belly each time they'd danced close.

And to make matters worse, he'd developed one hell of a toothache.

Crystal fought the urge to grind her hips against the intriguing hardness under Decker's coat. God, she was hot. She couldn't remember the last time a man had affected her this way. He kept touching her, his fingers brushing her shoulders, the tops of her breasts, her arms. And looking at her, his eyes promising all sorts of things, things she would have slapped another man for even thinking. Crystal didn't know how much longer she could take it.

"I'm really pretty tired," she heard herself say. "Think we could go back to the building?"

She had an instant to be mortified at her own boldness before he said, "Why not?" The smile on his sensuous mouth made her wobble on her high heels.

The painting was one of those abstract affairs, swirls of red paint studded with toothpicks.

"Nice," said Decker dutifully, as Crystal handed him a drink. He sipped it carefully, cautious of its chill; his teeth were killing him.

"Thanks. It's just something I was fooling around with." Crystal leaned into him, and the side of her breast rubbed gently against his arm. After an evening of torment, that was the straw that broke him.

Decker sat his glass down on the nearby table with a clink.

She was opening her lovely red mouth to say something else when he turned and swooped in for a kiss, lips fusing over hers, tongue penetrating between her teeth. Crystal gasped. Gasped again as he roughly pulled down the bodice of her dress. Her hands came up to push at him, but Decker ignored them, wrapping an arm around her waist, lifting her, bending her back, arching her full, white breasts for his mouth. His lips fastened on a nipple. It was as pale and pink as he'd imagined. Hungrily, he began to suck.

"Jim..." It was less protest than moan. Crystal arched her hips into his, began slowly rocking against him. He brought up a hand to capture the delicious breast he sucked. His long blunt fingers squeezed, traced its curve, weighed its sweet fullness. Found her nipple and pulled it with delicate ferocity. She whimpered. The scent of her, that strange, hot, sexual smell, washed over him with such power that he moaned in lust. Decker switched his attention to her other nipple and began to feast on it.

Suddenly, as he sucked at her, he felt something shift in his mouth. He ignored it and sucked harder. But suddenly his mouth was full of pebbles, and he choked. Off balance, embarrassed, he coughed and released her.

"You all right?" she asked, staggering a little as she watched him cough again.

Unable to reply, he nodded and turned abruptly toward the bathroom, meaning to get rid of whatever it was. He stalked to the small sink, dragged out a kleenex from the box beside it, and spat into it. Looked down into the wad of tissue distastefully.

And saw four teeth.

"Shit!" Decker jerked his eyes toward the bathroom mirror and opened his mouth. His lost

canines had been replaced by four fangs, a long set in his upper jaw and a shorter pair on the bottom. Sharp and white and damning.

Until that moment, he hadn't really believed he was a vampire.

"Jesus," he whispered, stunned. Then came a second realization, even more damning: What the hell am I doing here?

In an instant, what had seemed a delightful evening of pleasure became something much darker. He wasn't making love to Crystal, he was preying on her. And it was wrong.

And he knew that to stay in this apartment meant endangering an innocent who had no idea of the risk she was running. Decker slipped out of the bathroom and headed for the door just short of a run.

"Jim?" Crystal sounded bewildered.

Decker, like Lot's wife, looked over his shoulder.

While he'd been having his moral crisis, Crystal had been changing into a black silk teddy. Now she stood in the apartment's short hall, her beautiful legs bare and curving, her nipples clearly visible through the teddy's lace bodice.

Decker froze.

"Where are you going?" She moved toward him, her breasts swaying gently.

"I..." Decker began, scrambling hopelessly for an explanation.

That scent came to him again as she drew closer. Distilled sex, making him harden. Musky and salty and...something else.

An undertone he hadn't noticed before, familiar, but also strange. Metallic, like copper... Copper. Or iron.

Blood.

The thought horrified him, and yet at the same time there was a wild hunger rising under it. Suddenly he remembered the things Amanda had done to him. Things he'd loved. Things he could do to Crystal.

"Don't leave," she said, coming against him, sliding one arm up around his neck. Her eyes were dark, glazed just slightly with passion, and her pulse was beating hard in her throat, a tempting flutter under her silken white skin. At the sight of that delicate, hypnotic beat, his lips parted.

A thin frown line appeared between Crystal's brows. She drew back slightly. Decker lowered his head toward the taunting vein, but she stepped away before he could put his mouth to it.

"Jim, is there something..."

"Come here." He reached for her, blind with the hunger that had come out of nowhere, singeing his self-control to ash.

Crystal backed up, feeling something icy creep along her spine. He'd gone very strange suddenly, the look in his eyes almost feral. And she'd thought, when his lips had parted, she'd seen... "I think you'd better go home now."

He looked amazed for a moment, then his dark eyes narrowed. Suddenly she became nervously aware of his height, his thickly muscled body.

"No," Decker growled, stepping closer. "I was going. You're the one who called me back. You made your choice."

"If you don't leave, I'm going to call the police."

"Call them." He bared his teeth, and she saw the fangs.

Crystal turned and ran, but she didn't get more than a pace before he scooped her right off the ground. Without breaking stride, he started toward the bedroom. Crystal began to scream.

He tossed her on the bed and straightened. "Stop it!"

It seemed something reached out, caught her, closed tight. She gasped and stopped. "What...?" A force, something almost physical, radiating from him as he stood looking at her.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said.

"Get the hell out." But it was a whisper.

"You didn't want me to leave a minute ago." He sat down on the bed beside her. Crystal wanted to scramble away, but she couldn't move. Without touching her, he held her.

"What are you?"

"Can't you guess?" He smiled, and she flinched at the white evidence of just how inhuman he was.

"Don't hurt me!"

"I won't. Relax." Decker reached out a long brown hand, smoothed it against her face. A strange kind of warmth seemed to emanate from him, as if the field that held her was changing.

Becoming soothing. As if she was safe. She knew she wasn't, knew it, and yet...

She relaxed.

Decker could feel her terror fading, and wondered how the hell he was doing it. Somehow, when Crystal had started to scream, he'd...touched her. Felt her fear. Wrapped his will around her until she began to quiet. Amanda had done the same thing to him at other times, stoking his desire or guilt or pleasure, but he'd always thought it took some psychic technique she'd learned from Beau Gabriel. Yet apparently the whole thing was instinct, as much a part of a vampire as his fangs.

Her scent was calling him again. For a moment he tried to fight it, but the hunger was too strong. Decker reached out, caught a hand in the bodice of her teddy, and ripped it down the front with delicate brutality. Eagerly, he rose over her, moved between her thighs. Lowered his head to seek the soft blonde curls at the delta of her thighs. The scent of her arousal, still present after the long evening of temptation, rolled over him and drowned him in pure lust.

Decker nuzzled her as he spread her legs even farther apart. Flicked out his tongue to sample her wetness. Salt. Musk. Sex. With a groan, he tightened his grip on her hips and dragged her hard against his mouth. His tongue drove deeply between her slick soft petals, and he felt her legs jerk convulsively in pleasure. Hungrily licking, Decker reached up along her sides to capture her breasts. He found her nipples and began to tug them as he delved for the tiny nubbin that centered her pleasure. Savoring its taut wetness between his lips, he raked it gently with his teeth. Crystal's back arched, and she groaned.

Releasing his hold on one breast, Decker moved to stab a finger into her wetness. Tight, so tight. His manhood throbbed with hunger, and his teeth ached in sympathy. Decker jerked upright, and startled fumbling at the buttons on his shirt.

Crystal watched him, as she sprawled across the bed, her eyes glazed, her long hair tumbling halfway to the floor.

Despite the passion in her eyes, there was a certain resignation in them, too. As if she knew that what she wanted didn't matter; her pleasure or pain was incidental to him. And somehow, despite his hunger, that resignation reached him with a stab of guilt.

Decker stopped, his hands frozen on his shirt. "Do you want me to leave?"

Crystal stared at him, at the fangs visible through his parted lips. To her amazement, she saw

guilt in his eyes.

"Would you?"

"Yes. I'd try, anyway." He took a deep breath. "I shouldn't have jumped you. I'm...new at this." Decker smiled wryly, the expression sorting oddly with his lethal teeth.

Somehow, looking at him, Crystal believed he would leave. But she was wet, so wet, and his hands and tongue had been so tender, not like a rapist's at all. And for a reason she didn't really understand, she believed he wouldn't hurt her.

Suddenly, looking at his muscular body, the guilt and hunger mixed on his face, his sharp fangs...she felt a wild excitement. A desire for the danger he represented. She'd always been such a good girl before, never taking chances, never risking anything.

Safe. And boring.

"Stay," Crystal said.

Just for a moment he didn't move, as if he couldn't believe that she hadn't thrown him out. Then he was ripping off his own shirt, eager to come to her, to bury himself in her heat and scent and sweet, warm skin. Crystal rose onto her knees and reached for his fly, unzipping it, grabbing his pants to pull them down. In a moment, they had him naked, and he was coming down on top of her.

The strength of his entry made her gasp. She wrapped her legs around his taut waist. Decker's arms corded as he braced on his palms and began to stroke. His shaft felt thick and long and hot, as if it filled her halfway to her heart. Crystal twisted with the unspeakable pleasure of it, whimpering as he thrust and thrust and thrust, each quick advance and retreat driving pleasure further and further into her. Straight to her head.

Decker watched her writhe under him as he breathed in the rich smell of sex and woman and blood. The pulse in her throat was banging away, hypnotizing him even as he gasped at her grip on his organ. He lowered his head, touching his lips to her neck, feeling the flutter. A bead of her sweat rolled into his mouth, flavored with the blood scent of the vein.

Goaded, he struck like a snake.

Biting into her soft skin, feeling the electrifying well of blood. His spine arched with the pleasure of it, driving him to her depths. Crystal screamed as her first orgasm began. Decker shuddered and began to drink, throat working as he pumped against her, lunging hard. The raw pleasure of taking her hit his mind, splintered him.

Suddenly it was as if a wall crashed down, and he was one with her. He could feel Crystal's jolting orgasm, just as she tasted her own blood flooding her mouth, her tightness around him. They peaked in a mutual climax deeper and more violent than either had ever felt before.

A long time passed before they could move again.

"Beau, I think Jim's first time ought to be with somebody who knows the ropes," said Amanda as they stepped out of the elevator.

Beau Gabriel eyed her under the rim of his Stetson, smiling slightly. "And you think I ought to lend him one of my girls."

Beau maintained a large circle of female friends who were more than happy to cater to his rather exotic needs.

"Well, it WOULD minimize the trauma all the way around..."

"You're absolutely right, Amanda. I'd be happy to--on one condition."

Amanda paused in the act of unlocking Decker's door. "I might have known. What?"

"I get to watch when he takes her. I wanna see the sanctimonious bastard deal with real hunger for the first time in his life. Bet he wouldn't be so holier-than-thou THEN."

"Beau..." Amanda began, exasperated, as she swung open the door.

And heard a giggle.

Startled, the two vampires looked through the living room and into the kitchen of Decker's apartment. There, at the dinner table, sat a lush blonde wearing a filmy negligee. In front of her sat a plate holding a very large steak. Behind her stood Decker, who was bending to nuzzle her neck. His eyes snapped up at the sound of the opening door.

Decker bared his fangs. "Do you MIND?"

Hastily, Amanda backed out, reaching to drag Beau after her; he seemed inclined to stay and stare at the blonde. She slammed the door.

Beau stared at it, then turned to meet Amanda's wide eyes.

He tilted the brim of his Stetson up with a thumb. "Man sure works fast, don't he?"

END

THAT TIME OF THE MONTH

By Angela Knight

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The hunting had been bad for two nights now, and hunger was a relentless pit in his belly. The smell of blood filled the bar and his hypersensitive nose, and he had to keep his mouth closed because he knew his aching fangs were visibly extended, like ivory erections.

It was Jim Decker's third night as a vampire.

Hands wrapped around a warm beer--in his present frantic state of hunger he had no taste for alcohol--Decker remembered that first night. And Crystal. God, it had been good. God, he wanted her again. But it was too soon; he'd hurt her if he took her blood so soon. It would be two solid weeks before she was recovered enough to take his passion.

Now he understood why Beau Gabriel kept a "harem"--thirty or so women happy to submit to a vampire's teeth in exchange for his very skilled, if exotic, love making. All Gabriel had to do was give one of them a phone call, and she'd present herself at his door.

Decker was almost hungry enough to ask to "borrow" one of Gabriel's oh-so-willing victims. Almost, but not quite. Somehow he just couldn't bring himself to admit that he was having trouble finding a lover on his own. He'd rather starve a couple of more days.

Actually, he'd rather find a woman.

Like the pretty brunette at the end of the bar, the one with the big brown eyes. She wore a flirty blue silk dress that draped over her high breasts and long thighs, swirling from a tight, small waist. He concentrated on the curve of her lovely calves, trying to avoid looking at her neckline, which plunged seductively, revealing more throat than was safe for him to see in his present mood. He considered his approach.

Decker had never been one for bar-hopping in his human days. He'd had women, yes, that had never been a problem for him, but he'd always met them at work or some party or through someone they both knew. Women liked him, liked his handsome face and big muscular body and

the charm he could exude when he wanted to. Or they had when he was mortal, anyway. Right now, that old Decker magic just didn't seem to be there--perhaps because they could sense his hunger, the razor sting of his desperation.

Or maybe they sensed he wasn't really human any more.

He was so sunk in that dark line of thought that he started when the brunette said, "Hi. You look lonely."

Decker snapped his eyes up to meet hers. She had gotten up from her bar stool and was standing beside him now, close enough for him to scent the sweet drift of her perfume. And her blood.

He smiled, ducking his head in a gesture he hoped looked boyishly shy, but which in fact kept his fangs from showing when he spoke. "I WAS feeling a little lonesome, now that you mention it. Things are looking up now, though." At that, he lifted his head and gave her a deliberately heated stare.

She licked full crimson lips, and he was caught suddenly by her beauty, by her huge brown eyes surrounded in long feathery lashes. Her cheekbones were as high and arrogant as a fashion model's, her jaw delicately square, nose straight, with tiny flared nostrils. She shook back her cloud of dark curls, and they danced, shining like honey, around her shoulders.

"I'm Lynn Campbell," she said, extending a slender hand to him.

He took it, enjoying its tender warm weight. "Jim Decker," he said, tilting his chin again before going on to make a moment's small talk--to be polite, and to distract himself from his own hunger.

But she wasn't listening. Instead she kept looking toward the bar's door, anxious, as though dreading the appearance of something she wanted to avoid. Decker started imagining jealous husbands.

"What time is it?" she asked suddenly.

"8:15," Decker said, wondering how he could get her out of the bar and home. Wondering if she wasn't about to call it quits on him in a fit of guilt and fear. His fangs twinged desperately at the thought, just as his balls ached in longing for the rest of her.

"Look, it's getting late. Would you like to go somewhere more private?" Lynn said, shifting uneasily on her high heeled shoes. "My apartment's just up the block."

The sudden invitation so surprised Decker that his suspicions were aroused. That was awfully quick. What was her hurry?

But then the scent of her blood came to him again, twining around the smell of jasmine perfume and femininity, and the wave of lust that washed over him drowned any other thought. "Whatever you want," he said hoarsely, and hoped he could resist the urge to jump her as soon as they reached a concealing darkness.

He stood, and Lynn reached out a long narrow hand and caught his upper arm, as though afraid he meant to escape. As they headed for the bar's double doors, she walked quickly, leading by a few steps. Sensing a strange combination of eagerness and fear in her, Decker wondered again what was going on.

He hoped it wasn't a jealous husband, he really did. Because in his present mood, Lynn's spouse was in more danger from Decker than the other way around.

She was chattering now, babbling really, something about her apartment and the Farmer's Almanac. Her dark eyes kept flashing toward the east.

"Is something the matter?" Decker asked, finally unable to ignore his instincts.

Lynn gave him a smile that was a little too broad and bright. "Why, no. Everything's fine. My apartment's just around the corner, I hope you like it, I just redid everything, the furniture, the drapes, the car..pets..." Her step faltered, then she stopped altogether, staring again at the eastern horizon. "Oh, damn," she said softly.

"What's wrong?" Decker snapped his head in the direction, expecting to see an irate husband bearing down on him.

"The moon is coming up," she said in a tense voice.

"How can you tell?" he asked idly. "The buildings hide it."

"I can tell. I can always tell..." She gasped, once, as if feeling a sudden sharp pain.

Decker wheeled in time to see her double over, arms wrapped around her middle as though she was seized by stomach cramps. "Hey, are you all..."

Lynn screamed in raw agony.

Automatically, Decker jumped toward her, grabbing for her arms. She arched in his grip, head thrown back, face contorted with some unimaginable pain. "Jesus!" He looked over his shoulder, frantically scanning for some bystander. "Somebody call 911! Get an ambulance!" he roared, trying to make himself heard over her screams, knowing even as he shouted that there was no one nearby to hear him.

Lynn began to convulse between his big hands, only his supporting strength keeping her from falling. Decker held on desperately as her body twisted and snapped, his eyes fixed helplessly on her face. The pain was contorting it to inhuman proportions; she was no longer even recognizable as the same woman. Her mouth was a gaping square hole, stretched wide with agony, her teeth lengthening to long, razor-sharp points...

...Long razor-sharp points?

For a second Decker thought the stress of the moment was making him see things--but then he saw it was true. Her teeth had become fangs. And that wasn't all. Like her teeth, her hair was actually growing at he watched, reaching down her back, fluffing into a thick mane.

Come to think of it, there was suddenly a whole lot of hair in other places it hadn't been before. The thin smooth arms he held had gone softly furry under his hands, and a full ruff was growing at her throat to extend down between her breasts. Her pale face rapidly acquired a coat of fine white down even as she screamed, hoarse and hopeless with pain.

Cloth began to rip with a sound as sharp as the screams. As Decker watched in dumbfounded astonishment, her dress began to shred right off her body. Then he saw why; she was growing, her bones lengthening and stretching until she was almost as tall as he was.

The unearthly screams had become howls, high and wailing, piercing his vampire eardrums with their power.

Suddenly they stopped. She stood between his hands, erect, breathing in pants. She opened her eyes. They glowed at him like yellow caution lights. Fur covered her entire body --which was just as well, because her dress had gone by the wayside. Not that the fur covered much; it thinned over her breasts despite the thick white ruff between them, and her nipples were prominent and nakedly pink against the fine white fur, just as the lips of her labia looked full and lewdly swollen.

"This is ridiculous," he told her, feeling a little stupid in his shock. "There's no such thing as werewolves."

Lynn looked at him and rumbled, cocking her dark maned head on one side. Her lips parted, exposing a mouthful of teeth even sharper than his own. Suddenly her hand snapped out and she grabbed him, furred fingers digging into his arm. Her claws were an inch and a half long.

He stared at them. "Then again, I've been wrong before."

Rumbling, she dragged him closer. Decker, eyeing her mouth with its compliment of razored teeth, instantly decided he didn't want to GET any closer. He set his booted feet against the asphalt. She pulled. He didn't budge, though it took every ounce of his vampire strength to resist her.

"Look, Lynn," Decker began, on the off-chance there might be a human intellect behind those fangs, "I think we should..."

She reached out another long hand and wrapped it in the thick fabric of his jeans waistband. And lifted him right off his feet, all 200-odd pounds of him.

"To hell with this shit," Decker said, and popped her smartly on the nose.

The werewolf dropped him with a roar that sounded more startled than hurt. He danced back like a street fighter just as she swiped at him...

Then it was Decker's turn to scream as her claws dug inch-deep furrows in his arm.

His first impulse was to slug the shit out of her, but just as he drew back his fist, his eyes fell on those pink nipples. And Decker discovered, to his chagrin, that he couldn't bring himself to hit anything with breasts like that.

Instead, he turned and ran like hell.

A roar sounded behind him. Throwing a look over his shoulder, Decker saw her coming, running in a long low lope that was astonishingly fast. She was going to catch him...

So he poured on the speed.

Decker had no idea what his new abilities were, now that he was a vampire; he'd had no reason to test them, and Amanda had never said. He certainly had no idea how those abilities ranked against a werewolf's--but he hoped like hell he was faster.

As it turned out, he was pretty damn fast. So fast that buildings and sidewalks and street lamps blurred around him, so fast that the wind whipped tears from his eyes. So fast, in fact, that when he rounded a corner and realized he was about two paces away from a major Atlanta intersection, there was no way in hell he could stop.

Seeing that he was about to slam into the side of a Nissan waiting for the light to change, Decker did the only thing he could think of. He jumped. To his complete surprise, he cleared the roof of the car--then smashed down on the pavement on the opposite side so hard he almost fell.

About six inches from an oncoming Mack truck.

Decker yelped and leaped in a long, flying dive that carried him completely across the intersection.

And into the side of a building. His head hit the brick wall, he bounced back three feet, and his ass slammed into the sidewalk. For a raw, throbbing moment, Decker just sat there on his aching behind, blinking the blood out of his eyes. If he'd still been human, he knew he'd have been dead.

He staggered to his feet and looked around. The traffic hadn't even slowed. For a moment Decker thought that was damn callous of somebody, but then he realize the whole thing had happened so fast nobody had really seen what happened.

"Where's that fucking werewolf?" he growled, looking back the way he'd come. He didn't see anything. And God knew, a six-foot-tall white werewolf with great tits shouldn't be that hard to spot. Evidently he'd lost her. Or maybe she was just too smart to run through Atlanta, slamming into buildings at 30 miles an hour.

Looking toward the corner, he saw a street sign. Peachtree Street. Not that far from his

apartment building either; he'd gone a hell of a long way in those few seconds. He revised his speed estimate upward.

Oh hell. He'd walk home. His car, still parked back at the bar, could wait to be picked up until the next night.

Sighing, Decker started wearily up the sidewalk, noticing in an absent way that the gashes on his arm were closing nicely. At least he healed fast. If he kept running into buildings, he'd need to.

An hour later, he was standing on his apartment balcony, showered and dressed in a long black robe, sipping brandy from a balloon glass and trying to nerve himself into calling Beau Gabriel. Sort of like ordering a pizza delivery, he thought darkly. "One blonde, type AB negative, hold the anchovies."

Yeah. Right. Gabriel would laugh his ass off, the bastard. He could almost hear that mocking Texas drawl, "What'sa matter, Deck--can't get any on your own?"

The thought held so much sting that he was almost relieved when he saw a clawed white hand reach over the side of his balcony. A moment later, the werewolf's dark maned head appeared.

"At least I'm popular with SOMEBODY," Decker muttered, retreating a step as she pulled herself onto the balcony with supernatural ease. "Jesus, you had to climb four stories to get up here..."

She must have tracked him by his scent, he decided, as she stalked toward him. And now that she knew where he lived, she could come after him again and again, even if he managed to fight her off this time.

"You know," Decker said, dropping into a crouch as he backed through the open glass doors of his apartment, "I really did try to be a gentleman about this, but you just had to push it. Now you're lunch." If he could take enough of her blood to weaken her, she might decide to back off and stay the hell away from him.

Besides, he was hungry.

She growled; so, evidently, was she.

Then the werewolf leaped.

Her weight slammed him back into the carpet with an impact that made every breakable in the apartment rattle. As he gasped from the sudden attack, cursing himself for being caught off-balance, she swiped at his chest with a handful of claws. Luckily she only tagged his robe; it shredded as she pulled back her fist.

Decker hit her in the jaw with all his considerable strength.

It was a beautiful punch that lifted her right off him and smashed her into the back wall with a bang. He heard something break somewhere, and winced, then jumped to his feet and pounced on her.

Decker had an instant's impression of terror on her furred face, then he jerked her head back, meaning to bite her and end the fight right there. But there was a thick ruff of fur covering her throat, and it stymied him for a moment. He decided to go for the thin skin on the underside of the jaw and pulled her head back further. She pushed at him, stunned and disoriented from his punch and her own collision with the wall, but Decker was in no mood for mercy. He started to dive for a blue throbbing vein...

DON'T HURT ME!

The psychic cry hit him like a club, and he jerked back instinctively.

Her great yellow eyes stared at him. *You heard me!*

Shaking his head against the wall of thought that had hit him, Decker growled, "Hell, they heard you in Doraville."

None of the others could hear me, the werewolf babbled mentally. *And I tried to make them hear, I really did. I can't talk...*

"They were probably too busy running like hell to listen," he said, irked. "Where do you get off, anyhow, clawing me like that? I ought to bite you anyway."

I didn't mean to claw you, she thought earnestly, straightening against the wall. *I was just trying to grab you so you wouldn't run.*

"Well, what the hell do you want?" Decker said irritably. His fangs were killing him.

An expression that looked a lot like shame crossed her face. *Well, ummm, I'm under a curse, see, and...*

Decker stared. "A curse?" he said incredulously. "There's no such thing as...Never mind. What kind of curse? No, let me guess. There was this gypsy, right, and she turned you into a werewolf..."

Actually, the werewolf thought glumly, *he said he was a wizard. I didn't believe him, of course, because...*

"...There's no such thing as wizards. Right. How'd you meet this guy?"

It was a computer dating service. They hooked me up with him...

"I'd sue," Decker interrupted.

I've been thinking about it, but who'd believe me? 'Judge, this man turned me into a werewolf.' Riiight. Anyway, he was a little bit of a nerd, you know, but I went out with him anyhow. He was a medieval history professor, and I have a thing for intelligent men. Besides, the computer's never wrong, right?

The werewolf shook her mane back.

But on the first date--the first date, mind you--he told me he wanted me to go to bed with him, she continued. *So I told him to kiss off. Well, he grabbed me, and I slapped him, and then he turned all red and said something funny in what sounded like Latin. After that he said he was a wizard and that he'd cursed me, and when the next full moon came up, I was gonna turn into a werewolf. And the only way to break the curse was to get somebody to...sleep with me when I was in werewolf form.* She ducked her head, and Decker got the feeling she was blushing somewhere under all that fur. *And he said I'd be back in a month begging him to..ah...well, I slapped him again and left. I didn't BELIEVE any of that stuff, of course.*

"I know what you mean," Decker said, remembering his first encounter with Beau Gabriel, the vampire.

That reminds me, I've been meaning to ask--are you under a curse too? I saw the fangs, and well, you're awfully strong, and I thought...

"No. I'm not under a curse."

Oh. She shrugged as though it was none of her business. *Anyway, I've been trying to find somebody to help me break this sucker, but I haven't had much luck. None of my ex-boyfriends believe me. I finally got one of them over to my apartment, but when I made the change he ran like hell. The next day, I discovered he'd packed up and moved out of state.*

"Some guys just aren't very understanding," Decker observed, managing to keep a straight face.

Really, thought the werewolf. *So next I tried picking somebody up in a bar...*

"And that's where I come in," Decker said. He was eyeing her pink nipples and thinking this whole thing might prove a lot more interesting than he'd thought.

Well, not exactly, the werewolf said. *There was another guy first, last month. I figured he was going to run off on me like Bill did, so I jumped him as soon as I changed and held him down. He wasn't nearly as strong as you, so I didn't have any trouble. But he wasn't...Well, hard. I thought maybe a blow job would help, but when I pulled down his pants and bent toward his cock, he passed out cold.*

"Poor bastard probably thought you were going to bite it off," Decker observed, unable to stop a grin.

I figured that out, the werewolf thought indignantly. *But really, that's so GROSS. Like I'd do something like that.* She shook her head, then went on, *But you know how guys sometimes get hard when they're asleep, so I started to suck him anyway. But my mouth...my teeth are just too LONG...*

Decker cringed, both hands sliding to cover his cock of their own accord. "You DIDN'T bite it off..?!"

No, of course not. But I...nicked him a little. So then I got upset and left. Tonight I decided to try again...

Suddenly the light dawned, and he stared at her. "Wait a minute. You were planning to rape me!"

I wouldn't have hurt you! the werewolf protested. *I just need a little of your come. Here and...there.*

Decker started to get indignant, then remembered his plans for Lynn earlier that evening. Considering his own glass house, he probably shouldn't throw stones. He sighed. "All right, Lynn. What do we have to do to break the curse?"

She brightened, smiling broadly. It was an unfortunate thing to do, considering her dental work. *You'll help me?*

"Sure, if you'll just close your mouth."

The werewolf ducked her head and snapped her fanged jaws closed.

"Now," Decker continued, "Just what is it I have to do?"

It's the...umm..cum that breaks the spell, the werewolf explained. *Once we do it, I'll be back to normal.*

Decker grinned slyly, eyeing those furry breasts. "Well, I don't think the cum is going to be a problem." Gently, he reached out and took her hand, careful of the claws, then led her toward his bedroom. She trailed after him.

Decker's bedroom was decorated in heavy cherry wood colonial furniture, the bed a massive king. The werewolf sat down on it primly, and he joined her. Lowering his head to one of the pink nipples that had been taunting him all evening, Decker took it into his mouth and began to suck until it beaded against his tongue. Delicately, he raked the little nub with his teeth. A sound rumbled from her, something between a growl and a purr. Encouraged, he sucked harder, than paused to alternate nibbles and licks.

A big, clawed hand closed over the back of his head.

For a moment, Decker froze. Then the hand moved, stroking his hair. Relieved, he lifted a hand to squeeze her other breast.

Soft. God, she was so soft. Her fur was the silkiest thing he'd ever touched, not coarse and canine at all, but more like a cat's belly fur. His fingerpads delighting in its silken feel, he took her

more fully into his hand, stroking, reveling in the combination of soft female breast and velvet fur.

Aroused, Decker pushed her back into the thick blue comforter covering his bed. Shedding the remains of his robe, he followed her down and covered her. He moaned in delight as her kitten pelt caressed his naked body, groaned as she gently brushed a soft furred hand along his waist. She was careful with her claws, very careful, and the stroking she gave his tautly muscled ass made his head spin in delight.

Rearing over her, he began to touch her everywhere, reveling in the thousand sensations her body offered, enjoying the range of textures found in her fur--raw silk over her breasts, a thick mane down her back, velvet over her tight, small ass, satin on her thighs. She arched under him, rumbling in delight, twisting deliciously with each caress he gave her.

Lynn began to return the favor, as fascinated by his body as he was by hers, stroking his hard muscled belly until he shivered in delight, delicately ranking the very tips of her claws along his thick shoulders and slab biceps. Her long pink tongue flicked out, sampling, tasting the sweat that beaded on his skin.

Unable to take any more, Decker shuddered and dragged himself out of her arms to bury his face between her lovely, muscular thighs. She was creaming, and the scent was like nothing he'd ever smelled. Human woman, and yet not, musky and erotic and dizzying, intoxicating him as he began to lap at her in a sensual delirium.

Now, Decker, Lynn thought, hot urgency pouring from her mind.

He ignored her and kept licking, tonguing her sweet folds, nibbling her labia.

NOW, Decker...

Decker took her clit deeply into his mouth and began to suck, ruthlessly intent on making her come.

She surged up with a growl and grabbed him, jerking him up from between her thighs. Decker gasped in astonishment at her strength. Flinging herself back down, Lynn pulled him up to face her, dragging his considerable weight along her delicious contours. Before he could move, she flung long, furred thighs around his waist. *NOW, DECKER!!*

Unable to stop himself, he thrust, driving deep into her heat and softness and clamping muscles. She engulfed him, wet, searing, stripping him of sanity. Decker began to hunch against her, frantic as an animal, more aroused than he'd ever been in his life. There was nothing in his head but the need to fuck, fuck her, fur and fangs and claws notwithstanding.

Lynn keened, grinding her furry body against his as she surged and rolled and bucked under him. And each move, each thrust, was a feast of sensation, of softness and hardness and wet, searing sex.

She came with an ear splitting howl, convulsing under him, writhing her body against his. Unable to help himself, Decker drove to his full length and froze there, cock pumping squirt after burning squirt of cum, emptying his balls and his brain of everything but the blinding pleasure of it.

His orgasm seemed to touch off a second climax for her; she began to twist again, howling, going wild, her voice getting higher and higher as she screamed in pleasure. Her cunt muscles clamped, and Decker arched like a hooked trout, howling a little himself at the glorious sensation.

He was so caught up in his own pleasure that he didn't realize she was changing until it was almost over. Her body began to contract under his, rapidly assuming more human contours, that wonderful fur disappearing back into her pale skin. Fangs and claws vanished as Lynn's face twisted, muzzle seeming to melt back into the lovely feminine nose and mouth he'd admired earlier

that evening.

Then, before he knew it, there was a human woman under him, naked and smooth, without a hint of fur in any but the usual places.

Decker was surprised to find himself a little regretful.

"Ooooooh, Decker," Lynn said, voice breathy and a little hoarse from growling. "That was wonderful." She lifted her long arms and threw them around his sweaty back in a hug. "How can I ever thank you for breaking the curse?"

Decker, looking down, noticed how slender and delicate her throat was. A vein throbbed temptingly under her soft skin. "I think," he said, "we can work something out."

The End

"Be Careful What You Wish For"

By Angela Knight

When Jim Decker walked into Bottoms Up that night, you could almost taste the testosterone. Or vamposterone. Or whatever.

Decker worked his way through the Saturday night crowd toward our table, attracted either by me or the opportunity to yank Beau Gabriel's chain. The two had hated one another since Deck's vampire slayer days; the fact that I'd since made him one of us hadn't blunted the hostility. In fact, it had probably made it worse, because now they competed over me.

Beau had made me a vampire two memorable years ago. He'd read *Shadowmaster*, one of the string of vamp horror novels I'd written as Amanda Carlton, and decided I needed a bit more ... research. I hadn't minded a bit. He'd seemed the cowboy embodiment of all my demon lover fantasies, like a cross between Dracula and Clint Eastwood, and I'd fallen for him hard.

I also found myself sharing his enemies, particularly Jim Decker, who in those days had been on a mission to avenge the sister he thought Beau had seduced and misused. Knowing Beau's effect on women, it probably hadn't taken much seduction, and no misuse had been involved. But big brothers need their illusions.

One night I'd been caught in the crossfire of one of their battles, and Decker ended up capturing me. To save myself from a staking, I'd tempted him into sex. Making him my blood lover had taught him we weren't the undead murderers he'd believed, but in the process, I'd become a lot more emotionally involved with him than Beau liked.

But really, it was inevitable that I'd be attracted to Decker. He had far more going for him than AB negative, no matter what Beau thought. I enjoyed his intelligence and sense of honor and deep love of everything female, not to mention the fierce sensuality that made him such a glorious lover.

Besides, I've always had a thing for big men, and like Beau, Decker qualified. Six-foot-four and powerfully muscled, he had broad bull shoulders, narrow hips and the rippling musculature of a professional athlete. Even better, his was one of those sensual, hawkish faces that make women think of rough, fast, really good sex. Yet his lips looked like God had designed them for slow

kisses in the moonlight.

Now, watching him saunter toward us on those long legs, I swallowed, remembering what it felt like to fist both hands in the black silk of his hair while he used that mouth to drive me mad.

As long as Deck had been merely human, Beau could tolerate the relationship by pretending the other man was nothing more to me than a blood supply. But when I'd decided to make him a vampire, Beau had been furious. So furious, I'd had no choice except to cool off the relationship with Deck or risk losing my demon lover.

As Decker stopped beside our table, his hot blue eyes swept over me in a hungry stare that spoke of longing and frustration. Today he wore a pair of beige slacks and a cream oxford cloth shirt, tie loosely knotted, with a dark brown trench coat that reminded me of a *film noir* detective. "Amanda," he purred. His gaze flicked to Beau and cooled. "Gabriel."

Of the two men, Decker looked more like a vampire with those dark, European good looks, while Beau was blond and all-American, with broad, high cheekbones, a narrow nose, and a flashing grin. One look at that face, and you pictured him taking his best girl to a square dance. Which wasn't that far off, except that afterward he'd bend her over the trunk of his T-Bird and fuck her to a screaming orgasm, burying his fangs in her throat just as she came.

God knew he'd done it to me often enough.

"Deck," Beau drawled, a chilly smile stretching over that Sundance Kid face. With one forefinger, he pushed up the brim of his black Stetson. "Screw any werewolves lately?"

Ignoring that sally, Decker lifted a brow at him, pointedly scanning his black Levis and western shirt. "The Urban Cowboy thing went out twenty years ago. Or hadn't you noticed?"

"Hell, after the first century or so, all the decades blur together." Beau crossed his cowboy booted ankles and laced his big hands on his flat, muscled belly. "Anyway, urban I ain't."

Ah, no. Beau had actually *been* a cowboy, back 120 years ago. At least until he met a certain vampire dance hall girl who decided he looked tasty.

Decker opened his mouth, but before he could get down to some serious slander, a female voice interrupted.

"Oh, Jim! Thank God!" A pretty brunette shot through the bar's front door and across the length of the room to fling herself into Decker's arms. He caught her, and I felt a wave of jealousy at his utter lack of reluctance to find his hands full of over-enthusiastic bimbo.

Then I made out what she was babbling and felt a little more sympathetic.

"God, Decker, don't let him do it to me again!" she gasped, her voice soggy with threatening tears as she clung to his big body like Spanish moss draping an oak. "I couldn't stand going through that again – and not being able to break the spell...! Oh, please! You've got to help me!"

He stroked a hand through her hair as she quivered. "Calm down, Lynn. What's going on?"

"It's Jeffrey!" Lynn wailed. "He said if I don't go to his house and agree to – he said he's going to turn me back into a werewolf. Permanently!"

Well, *that* stopped conversation for a radius of about thirty feet. In the ensuing dead silence, I eyed the sobbing girl's back. "Maybe we should go somewhere else and discuss this."

"Oh, yeah, let's," murmured Beau. "My curiosity is killing me."

So we all trooped out of the bar and around the corner out into the parking lot. The other customers stared at us avidly as we left. Beau wasn't the only one dying to know what was going on.

I already knew part of the story. Right after Decker had become a vampire, he'd picked Lynn up in a bar, planning to fuck her brains out and sip a pint or so she'd never miss. But she

had an even bigger surprise in store for him; as the full moon rose, she'd turned into a werewolf and pounced on him.

Deck, naturally enough, thought she was trying to kill him, and the result was a nasty little brawl. Eventually she managed to communicate that all she wanted was some of *his* bodily fluids; she'd been cursed by a wizard, and the only way to break the spell was find a man to make love to her while she was in werewolf form. He'd happily cooperated, and Lynn no longer had to dread moon rise.

Only now it seemed the wizard in question wasn't happy. And that could be a problem, because Jeffrey Copperstone wasn't the kind of man a wise woman wanted to piss off. He'd cursed Lynn in the first place because she wouldn't put out after he'd met her through a computer dating service. Now he was evidently at it again.

Some guys just don't know how to take no for an answer.

Out in the parking lot, we listened as she blurted out the new twist on her tale. Copperstone had been furious when he'd discovered Decker had broken the spell, but she'd made herself so scarce he'd been unable to retaliate. She'd even quit her job and moved to another city. But he'd eventually tracked her down anyway and started harassing and stalking her again. Yesterday he'd given her an ultimatum; return to Atlanta and present herself at his house the next evening prepared to give him what he wanted, or become permanently fuzzy. Fearing what the psychotic bastard would do to her one way or another, Lynn had wisely decided to hit all Decker's favorite haunts in hopes he could save her again.

While she quavered her way through her story, I kept an eye on Decker's face. He'd always had a chivalric streak, and I wasn't surprised to see that Copperstone's behavior royally pissed him off. His blue eyes began to spark and burn with vampire fire, and his fangs lengthened, all signs of one of us on a tear.

"Go on home, Lynn," he told her, as she burst into tears at the end of her story. "I'll take care of it."

"But he's a really powerful wizard, Jim! What if he does something to you?" She sniffed. I dragged a tissue out of my purse and handed it to her. She took it with watery thanks and blew her nose. "Maybe ... Maybe I should just give him what he wants. Maybe he'll be satisfied if I just...."

"Guys like that are never satisfied," I told her. "If he's this abusive now, what's he going to be like later?"

"Do what Decker says, Lynn," Beau said. "We'll take care of him."

At first I was a little surprised that he'd offer to help Decker out with anything, but on second thought, I should have expected it. Fangs notwithstanding, Beau had a very old-fashioned sense of the proper treatment of women, so it was only natural that he wanted to give Copperstone a badly needed lesson in manners.

Decker, oddly enough, didn't protest. He just gave us a grin that glittered in the moonlight. "Looks like we're off to see the wizard."

Beau's return grin looked more like a wolf's bared fangs. "To rip out his fucking throat."

Having both of them that ticked off didn't bode well for Copperstone. So why did I feel something icy creep down my spine? "How?" I asked. "Like Lynn said, this guy is pretty powerful. What's to keep him from putting a whammy on us?"

Beau's green eyes narrowed. "Me. I haven't been a vampire for 120 years for nothing. By the time I get through using my psi on that bastard, he won't be able to pull a rabbit out of a hat."

I certainly hoped not, anyway.

Copperstone's house was located in an Atlanta suburb that must have been truly the sticks when the house was built. We parked Beau's T-Bird a mile away and slunk the rest of the way in the dark, vampire quiet. Sometimes I wish I really could turn into a bat.

Eyeing the sprawling two-story Victorian as we approached, I snorted softly. "Being a college professor must pay better than I thought."

"Actually, Lynn said Copperstone told her the house has been in his family since it was built." Decker said, his voice so soft a human couldn't have heard it. "Evidently they're old money."

Beau curled his lip. "Carpetbagger." Catching Decker's questioning look, he shrugged. "With a name like Copperstone, his people must be Yankees."

Yeah, three or four generations ago. Then again, to a man who'd fought in the Civil War, that was yesterday.

We split up to circle the house, using vampire senses to determine how many people were inside and what security arrangements Copperstone had. My attention was caught by the garden in the back – not flowers or vegetables, but neat rows of strange little plants, the majority of which I didn't know the name of. I wondered if he used them to cast spells.

He also had a pen full of goats and a chicken coop. Since Copperstone didn't strike me as the kind of man with an interest in animal husbandry, I started picturing blood sacrifices under a full moon. Which could just be my overactive writer's imagination, but somehow I didn't think so.

I met the boys on the other side of the house in the deep night shadows where no human eye would be able to see us. "He's upstairs in the attic, and he's alone," Decker said.

"Doesn't seem much worried about security." Beau frowned. "He's got no alarm system. Hell, the front door is unlocked."

"For Lynn, probably," I said. "The bastard doesn't expect her to stand him up."

I knew we were all thinking the same thing: *it couldn't be this easy*. This guy was a wizard. Either he was stupidly overconfident, or he had good reason to believe he could handle anything that came at him.

We looked at each other and shared a simultaneous shrug. It really didn't matter. We were committed to this. We were, in fact, probably the only ones who could stop this creep from abusing Lynn or anybody else he wanted. Assuming Beau was right, and his psi was stronger than the bastard's magic.

What the fuck. We had to try.

So together, moving with the speed and utter silence only our kind can manage, we headed up the porch stairs, through that unlocked door, and into the house.

Copperstone's decorating taste ran to Victorian kitsch – here a stool shaped like an elephant, there a lamp with long silk fringe around the shade, over there a tiger skin on the floor. All dark and tacky and ugly as hell. I was just as glad I had no more than a glance around the front room as I climbed the sweeping staircase at the boys' heels, heading for the source of the low chanting.

But when we hit the top of the staircase, we could still hear that voice coming from the ceiling over our heads. Decker glanced at Beau. "Must be another set of stairs somewhere."

I grimaced. "Probably behind a hidden panel."

I was right. It was in Copperstone's bedroom, set in one wall and camouflaged behind ugly flocked velvet cabbage rose wallpaper. Beau found the trigger to open the hidden door by zeroing in on the scent left by Copperstone's fingers.

While he sniffed the wall looking for it, my appalled eyes locked on the huge painting hanging over Copperstone's king-sized bed. It depicted some Roman emperor and a dozen well-hung Praetorian guards doing anatomically unlikely things to three naked female captives.

His attention caught by my revolted stare, Decker looked at the painting and sneered. "Little prick seems to like the idea of rape, doesn't he?"

I gave him a cheeky grin full of all the fang and bravado I could manage. "Yeah, well, I think it's time he finds out what it's like being on the receiving end. I feel a case of the munchies coming on."

"Uh huh." Deck wasn't fooled. Concern darkened his blue eyes. "Amanda, maybe you should go home. This could get rough."

"Not a chance," I told him, stung. No way was I going to stand by while the boys fought some creep who turned people into werewolves. "Did Dorothy blow off her buds just because of a green bitch and some flying monkeys? I think not."

Beau glared over his shoulder at us. "Could you hold it down? I'd rather the wicked dickhead of the west didn't hear us coming." He thumbed one of the rose petals. The panel slid silently aside, revealing a narrow staircase.

Decker lifted a brow. "Break and enter much, Gabriel?"

Beau smiled tauntingly. "Hey, you pick up all kinds of skills in a century or so."

I barely resisted the impulse to comment on his talent for entering. Probably best not to get into that topic just now.

While I resisted temptation for one of the few times in my life, we slipped into the dark opening one by one and headed upward. The air filled with the sound of chanting. The voice was deep, masculine, and the words sounded vaguely Latinate. A glow that looked like candle light provided just enough illumination for our vampire night vision as we climbed a stairway barely wide enough to accommodate the boys' shoulders. When we reached the top, we all flattened ourselves on the stairs while we checked out the situation.

A tall, thin man in blue silk robes stood with his back to us, both hands raised as he chanted in ringing Latin. He held a knife in one hand. On an altar in front of him lay one of the goats, hogtied and bleating softly. I really hate it when I'm right.

He appeared to be praying to a three-foot statue of a naked horned figure with a truly ridiculous phallus. If the idol had been man-sized, its cock would have been two feet long. It was flanked on either side by black and red candles that burned with a scent like rotting meat. I decided I really didn't want to know how he'd gotten *that* effect.

As we watched, Copperstone drew back the knife, readying it for a downward stroke. The goat bleated.

"We'd better do something," Decker said softly. "I've got a feeling that once that goat dies, Lynn's going to have a serious problem with unsightly hair."

Beau grunted. I saw the boys gather themselves to spring. I grimaced; from where I lay behind them on the stairs, I'd be the last one in.

The next instant, both vampires launched themselves out of the stairway and across the room. I scrambled to join them as Beau grabbed Copperstone and Decker snatched the goat away, snapped the cords, and turned it loose. It shot off toward the stairs, bleating, its little hooves

clicking frantically on the polished wooden floor. I barely had time to sidestep it as it galloped out of sight.

“When a woman tells you no, you sonofabitch,” Beau snarled at the astonished Copperstone, wrapping both big hands in his robe and hauling him onto his toes, “you *drop* it!” I felt his power blast out of his mind in a wave so black and dark it sucked the breath from my lungs.

Baring his impressive fangs, Decker grabbed a fistful of the man’s thinning blond hair and jerked his head back. “You’re about to find out just how it feels to....”

Then the power field Beau had thrown over the room suddenly cracked like an egg. For a moment, it seemed a hot red like spread over us all. “Enough!” the wizard roared, and spat out a series of tongue twisting consonants. Suddenly I simply couldn’t move. What’s worse, the boys froze too.

Oh, hell. We’d underestimated the little prick.

With an affronted huff, Copperstone jerked himself out of Beau’s grip and straightened his robe with a twitch. He twisted his lip as he eyed my lovers’ identical frozen snarls. “Vampires. Huh. I gather one of you is that friend of Lynn’s. Little bitch. I suppose I should have anticipated this.”

He sauntered around the room, eyeing us. I felt as though I’d been dropped in a vat of peanut butter; I realized I could probably move, but only after a long, hard fight. Setting my muscles, I began to strain. I knew the boys were probably doing the same.

That was good. Dickhead might be too strong for us, but we were too strong for him too.

Copperstone jerked, his long, homely face taking on a harried look. He bit his lip. “I’m not going to be able to hold you long, am I? You have powers of some sort ... psychic, I think. It would take a major spell to stop you. But perhaps ... a delaying action....”

He looked at me, and his eyes lit unpleasantly. Turning, he looked at the two men, their big bodies tensing as they fought his magical hold. Copperstone glanced back at me again and grinned. I instantly decided I didn’t like the look in his eyes.

The wizard sauntered back to my lovers. “I know just the thing to keep you busy and teach you a little lesson. And it will work like a charm, because you’ve already got the seeds of lust and anger in you.” Leaning close to Beau and Decker, he said sweetly, “Why don’t you two forget about me for the time being. You’d much rather rape your tasty little friend.” He bared his teeth. “Do everything you’ve secretly dreamed of. Let’s see *you* stop when she says no. ”

You vile little prick! I thought in fury as he strolled toward the door. Stopping beside me, Copperstone leaned down to whisper in my ear. “You know, I rather envy them. I wouldn’t mind feeling those long legs wrapped around my hips either.” Then he turned and hissed a waterfall of Latin, his bony hands describing lines in the air. With a self-satisfied smile, he passed out of my line of sight. I heard the door close and the lock click....

The spell holding me broke. I whirled and shot toward the door in a fury. If the stupid creep thought a hardware store lock would hold three vampires, he had another thing coming. I grabbed the knob, about to jerk the door right off its hinges....

A big hand shot past my head and slapped against the door, holding it closed. I looked at those long, broad fingers spread over the wood, and my mouth went dry. Cautiously, I slowly turned around

Decker and Beau loomed over me, broad shoulder to broad shoulder. Two pairs of eyes glittered, predatory and hot, while two sets of fangs glistened in nasty grins. Glancing down, I saw a pair of bulges that would shame My Friend Flicka.

“Uh,” I said. “I guess this is about that rape thing.”

“Looks that way,” Decker purred.

I swallowed. “Luckily, there’s something Wizard Boy forgot to take into account.”

Beau licked his fangs hungrily, his eyes dropping to my breasts. “And what would that be?”

I grinned. “You can’t rape the willing. In fact, you can’t even seduce the eager.” I slipped both arms around Decker’s neck and pulled myself up so I could wrap my thighs around his waist. “But you’re welcome to try.”

“Oh, we’ll try,” Decker said, with a low rumbling laugh as his powerful arms encircled me and plastered my body so tightly along his I could feel his thick hard-on rubbing my belly through his trousers.

“And we’ll succeed.” Beau stepped in behind me until I could feel every ridge and hollow in his muscular body, his cock a steely ridge against my bottom as one hand slid around to cup my pussy.

And I didn’t mind a bit. A *menage a trois* with the boys had always been my favorite fantasy, but given their unrelenting mutual hostility I’d figured it would never happen. Now the Wicked Dickhead of the West had made my kinky little dream a reality.

Maybe he wasn’t so bad.

Decker’s mouth swooped down on mine, kissing, licking, sucking at my lips, his tongue dancing a wicked dance around mine. I sighed in happy pleasure and kissed him back, savoring the taste. Loving the feel of him against my breasts, my belly, pressing between my thighs. While Beau slowly rocked against my ass, one big hand slipping around my chest to find a tight little nipple through the fabric of my dress.

Hell, maybe I’d send him roses, I decided, as two pairs of strong, skillful hands began to explore and torment. Decker’s long fingers squeezed and rolled the other as Beau reached under my skirt. My silk panties didn’t have a prayer against his greedy rip. He dropped the lacy rags on the floor and started delving between my soft lower lips.

Decker drew back and looked down at me, his eyes so blue and hot. I saw his male delight at having me in his hands again, felt his hunger at the thought of thrusting hard into me. He swooped his head down and captured my gasping mouth in another long, liquid kiss. Beau bent his head to the curve of my neck, the points of his fangs delicately raking the skin, making me whimper against Deck’s lips.

Meanwhile, Beau’s rope-roughened fingers swirled around the creaming opening of my cunt. He slipped one of them in up to the knuckle, and I writhed against Decker’s muscled torso at the sensation. Rumbling a laugh, Deck swirled his tongue inside my mouth and palmed my entire breast, squeezing slowly and rhythmically.

Maybe I’d put Dickhead on my Christmas card list.

Both men were rock hard. Slowly, they rolled their hips against mine, grinding in slow circles as if in the grip of such deep lust they had to satisfy it somehow. The feel of those two thick ridges, one pressing against the notch between my legs, the other nudging between my cheeks ... *Oh, God.*

Beau added a second finger to the one in my cunt, then a third, slipping into my buttery heat easily, twisting his wrist to screw them in. His fingers filled and teased, building the heat between my legs to a blaze. I gasped as he licked the pulse on the side of my throat, not biting, but obviously headed in that direction. Decker left my mouth and began kissing his way under my chin, nudging my head back. I let it fall on Beau’s shoulder as both men licked and suckled my

neck. I suspected I was headed for major blood loss, and didn't really give a damn.

Decker grabbed the low neckline of my dress and jerked it down further, exposing more of my breast. Because of the cut of the neckline I wasn't wearing a bra, so he managed to cup my flesh and push it up until the nipple peeked over the fabric. Hungrily, he attacked it, nibbling and sucking, setting off hot, breath stealing sensations in the delicate pink tip. I squirmed, pressing my bare, wet cunt against the rough fabric of his trousers, even as Beau's long, demanding fingers impaled me mercilessly.

With a growl, Decker ground his hips against mine. "God, I'm as hot and hard as the tailpipe on a Harley," he said, drawing back to look down at me with feral blue eyes. "How the hell are we going to decide who fucks her first?"

Beau lifted his head from my neck and laughed in my ear, sounding more than a little sinister. "We don't have to decide. She's got this really tight, tiny little asshole I've been dying to ream." His fingers slipped out of my cunt. Before I could do more than squirm, he'd slid a long forefinger right up my anus.

"Hey!" I jerked, arching my back at the startling sensation. It was both painful and shockingly erotic.

Decker – my sweet, Boy Scout Decker – gave me a cruel, glittering grin. "Looks like you're gonna get double-stuffed, darlin'."

"Like an Oreo." Beau laughed that Marquis de Sade laugh again. "God, Deck, she's soooo tiiiiight." He slid the finger out of my butt, then entered it again.

"Beau!" I gasped, squirming, instinctively trying to escape, but one of Decker's strong hands clamped over my thigh as Beau pinned me by wrapping an arm from the curve of my waist to my shoulder. "Stop that!"

"But it feels so goood." As I twisted my head to glare at him, Beau gave me a dark, evil grin.

When he withdrew his finger, Decker put a hand down. And as Beau entered me again, I felt a second thick digit joining his, stretching my anus painfully open. Shocked, I snapped my head around to stare into Decker's handsome face, seeing a menacing lust in his eyes I'd never seen before. "Oh, yeah," he purred. He smiled slowly, partially withdrawing his finger as Beau thrust his even deeper. I felt the two digits twisting my delicate inner tissues as they slowly screwed my butt. "I wouldn't mind reaming that tight little ass myself. Is she virgin?"

"Not for long." Beau lowered his head and nipped the side of my throat, not quite drawing blood.

"Now, hold on just a damn minute!" I exploded, enraged. "You can take turns or I can suck one of you off, but we are *not* having anal sex!" Not as well hung as they were, anyway. I'm ambitious, not crazy. "We've talked about this before, Beau."

"And you've always said no." He pressed his finger deep in my ass, then began to slowly withdraw as Decker drove deeper. "But you know, somehow I'm just not in the mood to listen tonight." And he forced the finger in again.

That's when I remembered what Copperstone had said when he'd cast that damn spell. *Do everything you've secretly dreamed of.*

Hoo boy, I was in trouble – *big* trouble. In his right mind, neither man would dream of taking me in a way I didn't want. Yeah, Beau had made jokingly seductive attempts to introduce me to anal sex, but when I'd laughingly objected, he'd backed off. True, I was a little intrigued by the idea, and I'd probably allow myself to be talked into it – eventually.

But allowing Beau to gently initiate me when he was in his right mind was one thing. Being double penetrated by two enchanted vampires under a rape spell was a whole different kettle of KY.

Unfortunately, at the moment I was pinned between them with my feet off the ground, in the worst possible position to defend myself. Yeah, if they'd been human, I'd have had no problem getting away. Hell, with my vampire strength, I could fight off a dozen men without breaking a sweat. But Decker and Beau are supernatural too, and because of their greater size, they're several times stronger than I am.

Plus, Beau has been a vampire for more than a century, so his power is that much greater than mine. What's more, since he'd made me a vampire he had a certain amount of power over me. If he chose, he could make me do any damn thing he wanted. I wasn't sure why he hadn't already tried it, but I decided I'd better get the hell out before he did.

Luckily, the power thing works both ways. After all, I'd made Decker.

I reached for Deck's mind, determined to use my own power over him and force him to turn me lose. Instead I got a nasty shock. The lust he felt was a solid wall of heat and aggression I instantly realized I couldn't penetrate. His thoughts were too filled with burning memories – my breast in his mouth, his cock in my cunt, the hot pleasure of riding me hard. My mind skittered back from his raw, incoherent lust with a purely female panic.

As I jerked my gaze away from his, shaken, I met Beau's narrow green gaze. He smiled slowly, and I knew he'd sensed my attempt to establish control over Decker. He sent me another image – me, my cunt and ass filled full of thick, surging cock, the long shafts grinding deep, my delicate body caught between two massively built males in full rut. "You always wanted us both," he rumbled, his voice deep, menacing. "Now you've got us."

Decker rolled his hard-on into the cradle of my hips. "What's the matter, baby? Afraid your eyes are bigger than your ... stomach?"

"Let's take her to that bed downstairs and find out just how big she is," Beau said.

Yet I didn't struggle while he kicked the door open and they started down the stairs with me. I wasn't scared anymore.

I was pissed.

All of this was thoroughly out of character for the guys. It was the work of that wretched spell, and I was damned if I'd let the wizard get away with it. For one thing, I knew both men would be horrified when the magic wore off and they realized what they'd done. Anything they did to me I'd recover from, but I wasn't sure they'd ever get over the guilt.

However, at the moment I was a lot more concerned about my immediate problem: getting through the next hour without getting my asshole reamed.

They carried me down into Copperstone's bedroom. Listening closely, I could make out no other heartbeats in the house than ours; apparently the wizard had taken off. Smart of him, though I wondered where the hell he went.

As they laid me down on the thick scarlet coverlet, I made no effort to struggle, carefully giving my best imitation of defeated submission. Despite my limp body and lowered eyes, I was busy calculating the distance to the bedroom window. It'd be a two-story drop to the ground, but that was nothing to one of us. The trick would be getting a head start on the guys sufficient for my escape.

And I quickly realized that wasn't going to be easy. Beau knew me too well to let me go; he maintained a hard grip on my shoulder as he crawled onto the bed with me, then swung one long

leg over my hips and straddled me. Despite myself, I was intrigued by the picture he made as he knelt astride me stripping off his black shirt. His cock was a long, hard ridge behind his fly, and the muscles in his powerful torso shifted and rippled as he tossed his shirt aside.

Decker meanwhile let the trench coat fall off his broad shoulders, then jerked his tie off and unbuttoned his shirt with rough, impatient fingers. His body was a little more brawny than Beau's leanly muscled frame, but both men made mouth-watering scenery.

It really was a damn shame this was nothing more than a spell.

They'd freed my hands so they could undress, and I stroked the tough fabric covering Beau's muscled thighs, then cupped him through the fabric, smiling seductively.

His eyes lit with approval. "That's more like it," he murmured, one big hand going to his zipper. He tugged it down, and I reached into the opening to trace a finger down the smooth line of his cock, straining against the plain white fabric of his briefs.

Gloriously naked, Decker crawled onto the mattress with us. Beau slid off me so he could shed his jeans. I curled a long leg up as though reaching for the buckle of my high-heeled sandal – and instead uncoiled it with a snap, meaning to kick Beau right in his muscled chest in a blow designed to slam him into the wall behind him.

Instead, one big hand flashed out and clamped around my ankle with such crushing force I yelped and swung at him. He caught my fist just as Decker came down on top of me, grabbing my shoulders with ruthless strength. I cursed and began to struggle in earnest.

Snarling in rage, Beau tightened his grip on my ankle, bearing down. Pain shot up my leg in a wave of heat and agony, and I knew that despite my dense bones, he could easily crush it. I drew back the other leg, prepared to batter at him to get free.

"Amanda, don't!" Decker gave me a little shake. Wild-eyed, I snarled up at him.

Only to see such naked desperation in his eyes that I stopped in mid-kick. "When you fight, it makes the spell worse!" he said hoarsely. "Please! I'm afraid we'll hurt you."

My gaze snapped to Beau's. For just an instant, the rage on his face lifted, and I saw the agony behind it. "Please," he said, his voice rasping, begging. "Let us make love to you."

I stopped dead. On some level, my lovers were still aware, still present. Which meant if I surrendered, I could trust them to retain control. But if I fought, they could lose it altogether, and all bets were off. Besides, I really didn't have much choice. The only way I could escape was by injuring one of them badly, and I had no desire to do that.

Too, our hurting each other was what the wizard wanted. If we turned this into steamy passion, Dickhead lost. And I really, really wanted to beat Copperstone at his own game.

Even if it meant exploring variations I'd never tried before.

My eyes tracked from Decker's brawny, naked body to Beau's, clad only in jeans. Their eyes burned with heat and fraying restraint.

"What the fuck," I said with a choked laugh. "Call Nabisco – I guess I'm an Oreo."

Beau grinned in sheer relief before his instant of sanity was lost behind another wave of lechery. "And I want to lick your creamy center." With a mock growl, he released my ankle and pounced, diving head first between my legs. He fisted his hands in my shirt and pushed it up, then gave my cunt a long, slow stroke with his tongue. I caught my breath as pleasure stabbed right into my skull. He looked up at me over my pelvis, then wrapped both strong arms around my thighs and dragged me to his mouth. Hungrily, he thrust his tongue straight into my cunt.

"God, Beau!" My back arched at the incredible sensation as he started licking my folds, obviously determined to get me as hot as he could as fast as possible.

Decker sat back on his heels, his thick cock jutting between his muscled thighs as he watched my face with predatory satisfaction. His gaze slid to my breasts. My nipples hardened under his start into taut points of arousal under the thin fabric of my dress.

Decker reached down a big hand and wrapped it in the material, preparing to rip it from my body with one savage jerk.

“Deck!” I objected. “I’d rather not have to walk out of here naked.”

He gave me a slow, dark smile. “But you look so good naked.” Still, he slowly released his grip and caught the hem of my skirt instead. That hint that he was still more or less in control comforted me.

But that control was growing shakier by the second, I saw, as he tugged my dress up, his eyes locked on my naked body as it was revealed inch by inch. I rolled my hips upward to let him pull the fabric of my skirt out from under me. The movement raked Beau’s tongue over my clit, and my knees weakened at the wet heat shock. He rumbled at me and circled the little pink bud with his tongue, shooting delight straight up my spine.

Even as Beau tormented my creaming cunt, my eyes were caught in Decker’s shimmering blue gaze. When the dress slid up over my breasts, the shimmer leaped into a blaze. He tugged the dress the rest of the way off and tossed the wadded red fabric across the room without breaking his ravenous stare at my body. I watched his dark head descend toward my hard, pointed nipples and moaned in anticipation.

The only thing hotter than the feeling of a male mouth feasting on your cunt is the sensation of a second male mouth simultaneously devouring your breasts. I damn near catapulted into orbit as the boys’ tongues flicked and stabbed and circled. Teeth raked my most delicate flesh in almost bites, while big hands stroked my skin, squeezing my breasts, twisting whatever nipple wasn’t being sucked. I wrapped the fingers of one hand in Decker’s dark hair and reached down to grab a fistful of Beau’s blond silk, writhing in the grip of real magic.

Something slid into my juicy cunt as Beau began finger fucking me while his mouth worked wicked spells on my clit. A second finger slipped up my ass, the sensation dark and erotic, a delicious counterpoint to the mind-blowing pleasure of what they were doing to me. Slowly, deliberately, he screwed the fingers in and out, rotating his wrist to tease and stretch both my channels.

Adding to the heat of the moment, Beau telepathically sent me an image of what he saw: my dark pussy, slicked with juice as he explored and plundered it. Below it, my small, puckered asshole sucked at his finger as he gently reamed it. I pulled in a breath as that image changed in his mind, and the fingers became two huge cocks, one withdrawing while the other thrust deep.

The full psychic force of his lust slammed into my mind; his hunger to drive deep into my tight ass, to hear my whimpers and moans as he took me in long, relentless strokes. Decker built that telepathic fire by adding his own need to feel my creamy cunt clasp his cock, my nipples brushing his chest as he rode me, grinding deep.

I writhed, breathless, Beau’s hot tongue dancing across my clit as Decker feasted on my nipples. Driving me insane. I could feel myself shooting toward my peak, about to come. I gathered my breath for a scream...

And they stopped.

“Not yet,” Beau whispered. I felt his lips moving against my labia as he spoke. “I’m not going to let you come until my cock is in your ass.”

“No!” I gasped, as frustration washed over me. “For God’s sake, don’t stop!”

“Oh, we won’t stop.” Decker leaned over to give my nipple a long lick. “Not even when you beg us.”

And both of them hit me with another blast of psychic male heat that burned right through me. Catching me on fire.

I wanted them to fuck me, cunt, mouth, ass – hard and deep and NOW. I didn’t care if it hurt, I didn’t care about anything but being fucked. “Please!” I whimpered, writhing.

Beau laughed, a deep, triumphant rumble. He rose from the bed with an easy male flex, leaving me with my legs spread and aching, my wet cunt chill.

But it didn’t stay cool for long. Decker rolled off me onto the mattress, simultaneously grabbing my hips and pulling me over on top of him.

“Yes!” Eagerly, I spread my legs and rose until I straddled his brawny thighs. He grabbed his thick, hard cock and pointed it skyward as he caught a handful of my black hair with the other hand, gently guiding me toward it. I rose to my knees and positioned myself, then sank downward, spearing my cunt on his massive erection. The sensation of his width sliding into my creamy, desperate pussy made me wowl in pleasure. He bared his teeth and slammed upward, ramming to my depths.

I threw back my head at the deliciously brutal invasion.

Decker let go of my hair to capture one breast, twisting and thumbing my nipple with a roughness that might have hurt at any other time. Just then it spurred me on. I rose up his shaft and took it deep again as he ground up to meet me. Growling in animal desperation, we fucked each other.

I looked over to see that Beau had stripped off his jeans and briefs and was delving in a drawer in Copperstone’s night stand. I barely had time to wonder what the hell he was doing when he pulled out a small white jar and turned around. He unscrewed the lid and scooped out a handful of thick, white cream, then began slathering it over his jutting erection.

His back arched. “Damn, that’s cold,” Beau growled, looking over at me as I rode Decker, fucking him in hard, fast strokes.

Beau scooped up another handful of cream and smoothed it over his shaft, his green eyes fixed on mine, hard, menacing lust glittering in them. I looked at that big cock as I rode the one stuffing me, and wondered how the hell I’d ever take them both. I knew it would hurt like a bitch – but I wanted it. Wanted them deep, reaming me, needed it....

Slowly, Beau smiled. And I knew he’d read my thoughts.

He moved toward the bed, stalking me. Decker’s strong fingers curled into my hip, dragging my desperate thrusts to a stop. Reaching up, he fisted the other hand in my hair again and tugged me down over him. Giving Beau access to my ass.

My eyes flew to Deck’s hot blue ones and widened. He grinned, showing every inch of his fangs. “Brace yourself darlin’,” he purred. “Here it comes.”

With a moan of helpless lust, I bent lower, reached back with both hands, and spread my cheeks for Beau’s cock.

“Ohhhh, yeaah,” he growled, as the bed shifted under his weight as he crawled up behind me. “I always wanted to see you do that.”

Quivering in a maddening combination of arousal and fear, I waited, stuffed with Decker’s shaft. I felt Beau’s fingers brush my tight little anus, which twitched. Slowly, carefully, he inserted one slick finger, easing it inside, joining Deck’s dick in my body. The sensation of fullness it gave me sent a helpless shudder up my spine. He slipped it out, then in again, this time

two fingers, stretching and readying me.

“Oh, God,” I whimpered, trying to writhe on Decker’s impaling cock. But his hand tightened on my hip, holding me still.

A third finger, working its way deep, sliding against the thick prick in my cunt, stuffing me so impossibly full. I’d never be able to take Beau’s shaft, I thought wildly. Too big, too much

“Too bad,” Beau rumbled. “You are going to take me. Every last inch.” He withdrew his fingers.

I moaned, knowing what was coming. But I didn’t let go of my cheeks.

He sent me an image just then – my little pink virgin asshole, tight and puckered over my cunt, which strained so wide around Decker’s cock. The broad, flushed head of Beau’s shaft approached my tiny opening, looking much, much bigger. I felt the first brush of its slick, greased tip and jerked, closing my eyes.

Decker caught my breast in one hand and began to play with my nipple again, sending a welcome flood of pleasure to give me something else to think about. The other big fist was still buried in my hair, silently telling me I wasn’t going anywhere.

Then Beau began to enter. An enormous burning pressure, forcing my delicate tissues to spread, making way for him. He sent me another image – the sight of my asshole flowering open around the rapacious head of his prick. Wider and wider, straining to take him. I arched my back at the pain of his entry – and felt how it felt to him, deliciously tight, clamping over the sensitive tip, yielding slowly as he forced his cock inside, inch by slow, torturous inch. I writhed, overwhelmed by the mix of sensations, his and my own and Decker’s.

The two men could feel their cocks sliding past each other through the thin membrane separating my cunt and my ass, the stimulation hot and wicked and alien, a dark, nasty pleasure. I released my cheeks and grabbed desperately for Decker’s muscled torso, holding on, a whine forcing its way past my teeth. Stuffed, utterly stuffed with cock, overwhelmed and helpless. I made a pleading sound.

Decker reached a big hand down between our bodies and found my clit with his thumb, caressing it gently as Beau completed my impalement.

Finally both men were in to the balls. I threw back my head and keened.

“Shhhhh,” Decker whispered, and started squeezing and rolling my nipples with one hand as he stroked my clit with the other. At the same time, Beau eased out almost to the head. I braced myself over Decker, leaning forward just enough to give him room to move. He pulled out gently just as Beau pushed inside.

Then, slowly, ruthlessly, they began to fuck me.

I had never felt anything like it. It seemed my entire being was focused between my legs, on my cunt and asshole being conquered by those two huge cocks. And Decker’s hands, coaxing pleasure from my overloaded nervous system, strumming and stroking nipple and clit. I could feel Beau’s body covering mine with his hard muscled strength, his powerful arms brushing mine as he rolled his hips, his shaft tormenting my anal tube with every stroke, even as Decker’s cock massaged my cream-filled cunt.

By slow, hot degrees, pleasure began to grow through the pain of their possession. I could feel their hot male enjoyment of me, of my tight, slick body, of my soft skin and full tits. So small, so helpless between them, so lush and female as they plundered my flesh.

Their lust stoked mine, until I began to move under them, feeling one nipple brushing Decker’s chest while he squeezed the other. Teeth clamped in my lip, I made short little thrusts

back and forth between them. The pleasure grew, in my cunt, in my clit, in my ravaged asshole, spurring me on. Until I felt ravenous for the next delicious double stroke, the next twist of my flesh between those two big shafts. The men picked up the pace, stroking harder, Decker's thumb rubbing my clit, spiking the pleasure higher.

Finally I found myself grinding hard against Beau's hips, taking his cock all the way up my ass, then jolting forward to feel Deck drive to my depths. Growling as they growled, lust burning me until I felt mad with it, wanting more, wanting it all, back and forth and in and out and....

I screamed as the orgasm shot through me in a river of fire, scalding every synapse. "Oh, GOD!"

"Yeah!" Beau rammed all the way in, up to the balls, jolting me forward onto Decker's cock. Doubly impaled, I shook, only dimly aware of Beau's roar of triumph, of Decker's hot, gasping groan as my orgasm triggered theirs in a psychic cascade of pleasure. I felt both hard cocks jolting, shooting my ass and cunt full of come. My climax surged higher and higher until it seemed my senses couldn't take any more of the overwhelming explosion.

Until it all went black.

I woke sandwiched between them. "Beau?" I groaned, wiggling. He lay over me like a hot, heavy blanket. "Decker?"

Neither answered. Looking into Deck's face, I saw his eyes were closed, his breathing deep. Twisting my head around, I saw Beau's face. His head rested on my shoulder, eyes closed.

"Hey, guys?" Damn. Both of them were out cold. I stirred, my body's aches making themselves known with a vengeance. Groaning, I rolled Beau's heavy body off mine, wincing as his cock slipped free of my ass. He collapsed bonelessly beside Decker.

Sitting back on my heels, I gazed at the deliciously naked men and frowned. Something was wrong here. They should not be sleeping like this.

Oh, hell. Copperstone's spell. It must have been designed to put them out after they were through with me. Leaving them helpless.

Damn. The little shit had something in mind. I rolled off the bed and looked for my dress. Finding it in a corner, I scooped it off the floor and shrugged into it, suspecting I did not have much time. He'd be back any moment.

I was lucky he hadn't bothered to include me in his sleep spell; apparently he didn't consider me a threat. Just another piece of ass, like Lynn. Something to be tormented.

He was about to find out how wrong he was.

I took a moment to clean up in Copperstone's bathroom. Just as I threw down the washcloth, I heard the rumble of an approaching car engine. I flew to the window and looked out.

As I watched, Copperstone got out of his Honda Accord. He'd changed out of his robe into black trousers and a shirt. And in his hands was a crossbow. A quiver filled with wooden bolts rode across his shoulders. I knew he meant to stake all three of us as the boys slept.

"Oh no you don't, you little fuck!" I snarled. Whirling, I made for the stairs.

I was waiting when he opened the door. It was dark in the house, and Copperstone's merely human eyes didn't see me as I crouched beside the door.

With a soundless growl, I pounced, wrapping one hand around his mouth, my fingers digging hard into his jaw so hard he grunted in pain.

After watching him in action, I knew the way to keep him from using his magic was to keep

him from talking.

“You even try to say a spell, and I’ll rip your fucking head off,” I snarled in his ear, jerking him to his knees. He tried to kick back at me, so I straddled his back and gripped his hips between my thighs, bearing down until he yelped. “Thought you said you wouldn’t mind being between my legs.” I squeezed again. He groaned. “It’s like I learned today – you really should be careful what you wish for: you may get it.”

I pulled his head to one side, arching his throat. He stiffened, knowing what I intended. “Now, listen up, schmuck, while I tell you what we’re going to do. First...” I ran my tongue over the banging pulse in his throat. “...I’m going to have a little bite. Then we’re going to discuss how you will never, ever hurt anybody again. You’ll never stalk anybody, you’ll never rape anybody, and you sure as hell will never turn anybody into werewolves.” I paused to rake him with my fangs, just barely drawing blood. The taste was delicious. “Then we’ll go upstairs and break that sleep spell you put on the boys. If you’re very, very good, I’ll even convince them not to kill you. Got that?”

He gave a defeated whimper and went limp in my arms. I pulled him up into a more comfortable position – for me – and sank my fangs right into his pulse.

The bite allowed me to establish a mindlink with him, which I used to make sure he’d be a good little wizard from now on. Then we woke the guys, who definitely were not happy with him. Both felt incredibly guilty about how close they came to raping me, and they held Coppersone responsible. It took some fancy verbal footwork on my part to talk them out of killing him.

It helped that, guilt notwithstanding, the sex had been pretty damn outstanding.

I’d love to try it again, only this time without the guys being under the influence. I’ve been trying to talk them into it. Both of them have rejected the idea every time I’ve brought it up, loudly and with great enthusiasm. After all, they still hate each other’s guts.

But, you know – I think they’re tempted.

And temptation is one of my best things.

THE END