

# **The Beast: Taking Back Control**

## **Reneé George**

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## Chapter One

The rubber between the swinging doors sighed as Dr. Nathan Greer stepped into the corridor, his lab jacket swishing with the rhythm of his footsteps. He'd seen only one patient in the last three hours, a minor head injury from a drunken misunderstanding. His focus was the break room, his intent, a smoke. Fumbling through his pockets for his Marlboros, he pulled out a cigarette and palmed his lighter.

A static tingle ran down his spine.

Nathan had always been one of those people who attracted electricity from the air. He hated getting out of his car after driving, detested shaking hands with people, avoided touching clothes and such, because the little shocks were a pain in the ass. But since the change, static electricity running through him had been a warning.

It meant sex. And that sex meant bad things might happen to good or at least the not-so-bad people.

A warm flush fell over him and heat from the walls caressed his skin. It was definitely sex. Unbidden, he reached for the source. His smooth fingers dragged along the wall until they touched the supply closet door. His palm was on fire. A fever spread up Nathan's arm.

*Oh God! It was happening again.*

His body trembled and the driving need roared in his ears. He reached up and ran his hand through his coarse, brown hair. Exhaling tentatively, he listened to hushed noises coming from the closet. Slowly, he reached for the knob, opening the door just wide enough to peer into the dimly lit room.

Jeanine Antrose, one of the operating room nurses, lay naked on the supply table. She arched her back, full round breasts with erect nipples pointing skyward. Nathan shifted his stance to accommodate his semi-erection.

As he watched Jeanine, a stinging pain made him close his eyes when they slipped from human to less than human. He bit his lip hard enough to break the soft skin and slid his tongue over the split flesh. The dark blood was not satisfying. His eyelids rolled to a close.

*Shit. What am I doing here?* he questioned, but he couldn't force his body to leave. Unable to resist, he opened his eyes to watch.

A man rested on his knees in front of Jeanine. Bulky muscles made it obvious that he worked out with weights to an obsession. Blond curls danced against his back while his mouth rained kisses up her leg, leaving a glistening trail on her smooth skin. His hands caressed the inside of her thighs as he languidly ran his tongue over her flesh.

A small gasp of pleasure escaped her barely parted lips and sweat shimmered on her flat stomach. Jeanine's hands untangled from her long, dark mane and moved down her chest. Her fingers tweaked her tightly drawn nipples before rubbing down her abdomen until she touched the curly ends of her pubic hair.

Nathan's muscles tightened and his hard erection pressed outward on his Dockers. He knew it was dangerous to stay. He could feel the pounding of their hearts beating in unison. The heated blood rapidly coursing through their veins brought a flush to their bared flesh and warmed his body even more.

*I need to stop watching.*

His eyes refused to turn away.

The blond man lapped her dripping sex. His tongue moved enthusiastically in and out of her pussy. A shuddering breath escaped her mouth and she grabbed her lover's hair, pulling him up. His lips fell hard against hers. The outside of her mouth shone wet over mauve remnants of wasted lipstick. Her lover's strong hands pulled her to a standing position. Those same hands lingered over her large, soft breasts, his thumbs circling her nipples. Moving closer, she kissed his neck and down his chest, biting him playfully, tugging on his nipples with her teeth.

His gasp was followed with a sucking breath. Jeanine licked the line of hair that ran down his abdomen, squeezing his hard shaft with her agile hands. Her tongue licked over the tip, then slipped it into her mouth. She worked her mouth over him back and forth, slowly at first. He flung his head back and moaned.

The slight tingling Nathan had felt earlier now felt like thousands of needles pricking his skin. "Oh fuck," he whispered.

Nathan's world became cloudy for a moment. His eyes dilated to accommodate the darkness. Retractable fangs slid forward over human incisors. It was nearly too late to stop watching.

His Beast laughed from within. The Beast knew it was already far too late.

Nathan watched the muscular man lift Jeanine. Grabbing a handful of her thick hair, he forced her forward onto the table. A smile played on her lips while his free hand steadied his body to slide into her with practiced ease.

Jeanine panted loudly with every thrust. Her lover grabbed her thighs, lifting her legs off the ground, using them like handles to pull her against his rigid shaft in assertive, rhythmic movements.

Nathan dug his fingernails into the palm of his hand. Hunger and lust surged through him until he felt he would pass out.

"This feels so good. Faster. Faster," Jeanine said breathlessly.

The man obliged her, attacking her body with an onslaught of aggressive thrusts.

"I'm going to explode," she told him, her voice two octaves lower than normal.

Nathan's inner demon forced its dark thoughts into his mind. It was so close to completely taking over his entire body. *He wants this! The Beast can't have this!* Nathan's mind screamed. He couldn't allow his demon to win this battle, but Nathan's will could not match the hunger of the Beast.

"Nathan?" a quiet voice asked from behind him.

His body stiffened and he pulled the door closed. The voice belonged to Sandra Jackson, an attending physician and friend. He kept his back to her. She reached out

and touched his shoulder. It was all he could do to keep his Beast from turning around and ripping out her throat.

His shoes barely made a sound as he fled down the corridor.

"Nathan!" she called out.

Explaining would come later. He would tell her he suddenly felt sick and had to vomit, a flu bug of some kind. For now, getting the hell out of there before he killed somebody was the most important thing on the agenda.

He found his way to the roof of the hospital. Normalizing his body was a challenge. His lungs expanded as he tried to inhale maximum amounts of cool air. It was so hard to change back to human form. He beat his fists against his forehead, trying to force the mutation out, and finally curled up into a ball next to a heating pipe.

"Doctor Greer?" a soft voice asked.

Sandra had found him.

"Leave me alone," he growled.

"Nathan," she said with a mixture of concern and uncertainty.

The warmth of her body drawing closer to him made his eyes slip again. He wanted to scream at her to go away but was afraid if he moved his demon would take over. It was taking every ounce of his energy to hold it in check.

He felt her touch his back.

He roared as if in pain and reared away from her. Startled, she fell back onto the graveled rooftop. It had been a long time since he had felt this much out of control. Her fear was like an exotic perfume, arousing him even more. Glowing green eyes turned to face her. Sandra screamed, scrambling backwards on all fours, trying to put distance between them. With lightning speed, he closed the gap in one giant leap.

He used one hand to hold her down.

She screamed again.

He shoved her hard against the small pebbles and pinned her beneath him.

"I want to taste you," he snarled. Those five little words evoked the response he most wanted from her. *Fear*. Her blue eyes flared wide with terror.

His monster chuckled.

With nothing human left, claws that had once been hands ripped at her soft-peach lab coat and tore at the turtleneck sweater until her throat was completely visible. The Beast barely noticed her small, firm breasts. She struggled against him.

Nathan watched the blood that flowed through her veins pump faster and faster. He reached down, grabbed the back of her head and wrenched her trembling body up to him. The fullness of her neck captivated him. The rush of her pulse pounded in his head until he could no longer hear her screams. This was what his monster wanted, what he had denied himself for three years.

He flung his head backwards, ready to strike with fangs protracted to their full length.

A solitary voice wormed its way into the darkness that filled his mind. He hesitated, slowly becoming aware of his body. Frantic fists beat against his chest and shoulders. The voice reverberated in screams and sobs until it penetrated the cloud of his demon. It reached down into the depths of his being.

*"Nathan, no! No, Nathan... no, please... Nathan. Stop!"*

Her voice reached that hidden place in his mind -- the place Nathan retreated to when the Beast came out to play. Instantly, Nathan released her. Sandra's body dropped hard to the ground. Eyes still less than human looked into her desperate, terrified face. She fled backwards, trying to pull the torn remnants of her clothing over her bared flesh.

"I'm sorry," he groaned, anguish pouring through his body. He pounded his fists against his head, all the while hating his monster, hating himself.

The look of horror in Sandra's eyes was mixed with pity. The fact that he still wanted to drink, nay, bathe in her warm red blood sickened him. The sight of her, scared and helpless, with him wanting her because of it, was more than Nathan could stand. He turned and ran to the edge of the building. He looked back at her once before he jumped, landing with a solid thud on both feet, three stories down.

\* \* \*

Doctor Nathan Greer ran, leaving his car, his job and his life behind.

He had once been a “normal” person with “normal” feelings. That is, until he was murdered by a bloodsucking vamp during a one-night stand. Just thinking about that night still made him shudder, remembering the piercing pain he felt when she tore into his throat at the point of orgasm. One incredible night of sex with all that it promised and this was what he was reduced to, a damn Vampire. At first, Nathan thought he could handle his lifestyle change. Hell, he was a doctor. He had plenty of access to blood, both fresh and frozen. He would never have to hunt victims to feed on, right?

*Right.*

Three months after becoming a Vampire, he had ended a great date, so to speak, with a beautiful woman named Beth, by transforming during sex and killing her. When she rose the next night as a new citizen of the living dead, he’d apologized profusely, but she really didn’t seem to care as she took two victims the same evening without the slightest bit of remorse.

That night, Nathan chose celibacy as a way of life. Hell, he might as well be a priest, it had been so long since he’d fucked anyone. That didn’t stop him from feeling the change every time he was even slightly aroused. A stiff breeze against his pants could cause his eyes to shift.

He made good time getting to his apartment building down on the Plaza. Christmas lights covered the streets in colored visions. Although it was mid December, the air was unseasonably warm. Nathan reached the entrance to the building and slowed. His breathing stayed even, barely labored after running four miles. He collected himself and unlocked the front doors.

Checking to make sure no one was around, he ran up the five flights to his apartment. Inside, he didn’t need to turn on lights. Instead, he grabbed a duffel bag from his closet and shoved in some clothes. Sandra would call the police. Even if they didn’t believe her, his public life in Kansas City was over.



There was only one hour of night remaining. He raced to get out of the apartment. Staying home was not an option. During the daytime, he was just another corpse. He couldn't risk cops coming in and seeing him dead.

The bathroom mirror grabbed his attention. His face looked near human again, except for the metallic glow from his normally green eyes.

So much of Vampiric lore was myth. A Vampire could see his reflection. Crosses didn't bother him in the least and silver made nice decoration, but that was it. On the other hand, a wooden stake through the heart really was an effective way of elimination, though removing the heart and head worked much better. Of course, a Vampire that was only decapitated could be re-animated, but you had to find someone who would care enough to do it.

He glanced at his watch. It was almost daylight and he had forty-five minutes to get to *Corazon de la Muerte*, Death of the Heart, a nightclub on Eighteenth and Oak Street.

## Chapter Two

The club was an old auto glass shop converted to a Goth joint. The owner, Guillermo Perez, a solid businessman and a five-hundred-year-old Master Vampire, owned several properties around the downtown Kansas City area. Guillermo had decided to buy this one when he discovered there was a homeless shelter right around the corner. It was easy to keep a low profile when you fed upon people nobody missed. If anyone could help Nathan, it would be Guillermo.

But *would* he help?

He'd met Guillermo nearly four years ago. A friend had taken him to the club to show him a wilder side of life. The whole scene had entranced Nathan. It was like something straight out of a BDSM magazine. Nathan fascinated Guillermo Perez instantly, to the point where it made Nathan uncomfortable. He'd never had a man look at him like he was candy. It was only after he turned human leech he discovered Gui himself was a Vampire. Back then, Guillermo had offered to help Nathan *adjust* to his new life, but Nathan declined angrily. He would *adjust* without any help from another bloodsucking bastard.

The memory of Guillermo lying on the floor after he punched him in the mouth to emphasize "No" and Gui wiping the blood from his lower lip, then smiling as he licked his fingers afterwards, sent a shiver through Nathan. Truth be told, most of his discomfort was due to the strange allure of Guillermo -- there was something hypnotic about the Master Vampire. Nathan was afraid if he spent too much time with Guillermo, he'd lose himself. Crawling back for help was almost more than he could stand, but what were his options now? Tonight's attack was enough to prove he could not control the Beast on his own.

He arrived at the club just as burnt-orange hues threatened to breach the horizon. The club closed one hour before sunrise every day and the front door was already locked. Nathan rested his forehead on the door, weary this close to death.

He pounded on the door. When no answer came, he started kicking it. When the door opened, he practically fell into the club. As he braced himself on the reception desk near the entrance, a tinkle of laughter erupted behind him.

He didn't have to look up. He was intimately aware of her. "Hello, Nadine."

"So, my pet has come home at last." Her voice sent a jolt through him, not of arousal, but of instantaneous anger.

"Don't bet on it, bitch."

Her backhand sent him crashing to the floor. Attired in black vinyl spiked knee boots over thigh-high, black silk hose attached to a leather garter belt and no panties, she stood over him. A black leather corset rode just above her hips and ended below her breasts, cinched so tightly it made her waist look like an hourglass. Her long red hair cascaded down her chest, framing her pert breasts. Nipple clamps attached to a chain running between her breasts and fastened around her neck.

Nathan knew that a normal woman would not have been able to wear them for more than a few minutes, let alone smile down at him as if they didn't exist. However, Nadine was not normal. She liked pain from her nipple clamps right down to the gold ring that pierced her clit. Nadine was the bitch Vampire that had turned him and she was enjoying the show.

She laughed again. Nathan was too damn tired to fight. Forcing the change had taken all of his strength. Nadine kicked him in the back. The metal spike from her boot sank an inch into his muscle. A small groan escaped his lips.

"Let him alone, *chica!*" a male voice barked.

Nathan barely heard the sharp command before his last breath escaped his lungs and death gripped him for the day.

## Chapter Three

Candles lit darkness. Burgundy silk sheets cocooned body. He took a few minutes to adjust, as always when he first awoke to the night. The raw silk moved against his skin like a whisper as he stretched.

"Shit. I'm naked."

The previous night's happenings rushed back to him all at once as he sat up. His back was sore, but he knew the puncture wound had already closed over. Quick healing was one of the benefits of being a creature of the night. His head snapped up when he realized someone was watching him.

A smooth voice with the hint of a Hispanic accent flowed across the air. "I am most glad to see you awake." Nathan squinted until his eyes adjusted enough to see the tall, slender man standing in the corner of the room.

*Guillermo.*

He wore black leather pants with a silver silk shirt. It was short sleeved and fit snugly across the chest. His arms were folded as he leaned against the rich tapestry that hung on the wall.

Guillermo reached up and ran a hand through thick, black hair that was just long enough to fall into his eyes. His eyes were so dark they looked almost black. He stared intensely at Nathan, making him unsettled enough to pull the sheets a little tighter around himself.

"Why so uneasy? You are amongst friends," Guillermo said, holding out his hand in welcome.

"Where are my clothes?"

"They were damaged, *mi amigo*. I have taken the liberty of discarding them." His lip curled in a half smile.

"I had some packed in a bag. Where are they?"

"Tsk, tsk. I'm afraid Nadine... misplaced it."

Frustration edged Nathan's voice. "What am I supposed to wear?"

Guillermo pointed to the nightstand. Tan leather pants and a gold silk shirt similar to Gui's lay across the top.

"What are we, the fucking Bobbsey twins?"

"Wear them or go naked. What is it to me? It is you who have come to my home, Nathaniel. I have been hospitable, perhaps more than you deserve. Perhaps I should be the one asking questions and not you."

His tone was pleasant, almost amused. Nathan's ire turned to embarrassment. He was acutely aware that Guillermo wanted him in a way that Nathan would not reciprocate, but...

"I need your help," Nathan said quietly.

The way Guillermo looked at him made him nervous. The Hispanic man seemed to glide to the bed. Nathan was struck by the grace and beauty of the Master Vampire. Everything about this man oozed sex.

"*Perdon*, I did not hear what you said, *mi amigo*."

Nathan quickly found his anger again. A Vampire could hear a Tic-Tac fall to the floor across a crowded room. Guillermo was playing with him. Nathan sucked his fury down inside. He needed Guillermo's help, but at what price?

"I said, I need your help." He looked down to avoid those intense dark eyes.

"Ah, *you* need *my* help."

"Yes."

Guillermo stretched his hand out to Nathan as if to stroke his face. Nathan flinched. Guillermo withdrew without touching him. "You look so very *guapo*, so very handsome tonight."

The words slithered down Nathan's skin. "Cut the shit, Gui."

"So vulgar. Tsk tsk," Guillermo responded, shaking his head. "It is becoming to you." He chuckled.

"Forget it!" Nathan grabbed the sheets around him, intent on getting dressed and getting the hell out of there. He needed help controlling his Beast, but he would find another way.

"Now, now." Guillermo extended a hand.

"Keep your fucking hands off me."

"I am sorry, Nathaniel. I am glad that you have come to me. I am gratified that you have come to me. I would like to help you."

The last thing Nathan had expected was an apology from Gui. He wondered what game the man was playing now. Nathan closed his eyes. The picture of Sandra helpless in his hands flashed through his mind. He shook his head, trying to erase the painful memory. If he had known of another Master Vampire, he would not have come to Guillermo Perez.

For the last three years, he had avoided the Vampire scene. He only knew three Vampires other than himself -- Guillermo, Nadine and Beth, and it was his fault that Beth had become a Vampire. Nathan put his hands over his face and grieved for his lost humanity.

He slid his hands behind his neck, digging his fingernails into the flesh until he broke the skin. The pain did little to ease him.

"*Amante*," Guillermo whispered to him. "Do not mistreat yourself so."

"I am not your lover, Gui." He hesitated for a moment. "I am nobody's lover, thanks to Nadine."

For a moment, real compassion crossed the Vampire's dark face. "You are too hard on yourself, Nathaniel."

Guillermo's tongue flicked quickly across his lips and Nathan realized that the Vampire was looking at the blood welling from the fingernail wounds on the back of his neck. Nathan could feel his own hunger building. He needed blood to survive and had lost access to the pints he kept at home.

"Will you help me or not? I am too damn tired to keep playing cat and mouse with you, Gui." *Especially when I am the mouse.*

"Clothe yourself, Nathaniel, and we will talk." Guillermo spun on his heel and left the room.

"Shit," Nathan murmured.

There was a full-length mirror in the bathroom. The leather pants fit like a second skin and were remarkably soft and comfortable. The shirt was one size too small for him and fit very tightly across his well-developed chest. He had to admit that the colors, tan and gold, looked rather good on him.

"What am I doing here?" he asked his reflection.

"That is what I want to know." A high feminine voice pierced his ears. "You bastard, I thought I was well rid of you."

Startled, Nathan looked up to see Nadine. She was dressed as she had been that morning, but had added a white see-through blouse and a short, black leather skirt. Her brown nipples pushed at the white fabric.

"Nadine, I don't know what your problem is or why you hate me, but I wish you would leave me the hell alone."

"You're my problem!" she shrieked and swung her open hand around to slap him.

This time Nathan was ready. He grabbed her hand and pulled it roughly down to her side. She lashed out with her other arm and he gripped it with his free hand. Nadine pushed herself against him, pressing her face to his as if to kiss him, but instead, she bit hard into his lower lip. Eyes watering, he shoved her away, sending her sprawling to the floor. "You crazy bitch!"

"Stay away from him!" she screamed.

"Stay away from who?"

"You know damn well! Stay away from Guillermo!" Nadine screeched as angry tears began to streak her face. Her heavy black eyeliner ran, making her pale face look even more Gothic. "He is mine! He is fucking mine! Do you hear me? Do you?" The last of her words choked off into a sob.

"I don't want him," he told her flatly, unmoved by her display. He couldn't feel sorry for her. He hated her too much.

"He wants you." She spoke as if the words burned when they left her mouth.

"It doesn't matter. I don't want him," he repeated.

"Yes, it does. As long as you're here, you're a constant reminder. He'll screw me, but he craves you. You said you didn't know why I hated you, well -- now you do."

As if on cue, Guillermo walked into the bathroom. "Have I missed something?" he asked nonchalantly, looking at Nadine on the floor and Nathan's bloodied lip.

Using his thumb, Nathan wiped at his lower lip and without thought, licked the sticky substance. It reminded him of his growing hunger.

"I've got to get out of here," he muttered to himself as he brushed past Guillermo and Nadine.

Guillermo put his arm out to stop Nathan and came so close they were almost touching. Nathan tried to turn away from the powerful Vampire but found that his back was pressed against the doorjamb.

Guillermo moved his face closer as if to kiss him. At the last minute, Guillermo simply touched his tongue to the blood that seeped, almost drying, from Nathan's bottom lip.

"Back off." His body was shaky and weak. He knew that even on a good night, he couldn't defeat Guillermo, but he tried to hold his ground.

"You are positively anemic, *amigo*." Guillermo stepped back a little.

"Your concern touches me. Now back the fuck off." The hunger seized him. Spasms in his stomach became cramps and his muscles ached with weakness. He sucked his lower lip into his mouth and tasted the blood. It gave him no comfort. He needed fresh blood soon or he would die.

Once again, Nathan tried to move out of the room. Guillermo placed his hand against the wall to block his path and motioned to Nadine. "Hand me that razor on the counter, *chica*." His tone was casual, but Nadine knew better than to defy him.



Nadine scrambled from the floor, cursing as she picked herself up. She grabbed the straight razor and handed it to Guillermo, shooting him a look that told him she was not pleased. The look she got said he didn't care.

The cramps as his insides withered became more intense, almost doubling Nathan over. He crouched to the floor, no longer caring what the Master Vampire was planning. All he could do was concentrate on the agonizing pain. Guillermo took the straight razor and neatly slit his wrist the long way to effectively open a vein. The bright red blood flowed freely and splattered onto Nathan's arm. He looked up at Guillermo. His body shook with repressed yearning as he tried to resist his overwhelming desire for blood.

"Drink," Guillermo said calmly.

"No," Nathan whispered, barely able to utter his denial.

"You will die."

Nathan squeezed his body closely with his muscular arms and rocked back and forth. "I don't care. I don't care," he mumbled to himself even though his body told him differently.

He gasped in pain and clutched his stomach as a severe cramp gripped his abdomen. Guillermo grabbed him and shoved his lacerated wrist into Nathan's face. The clean wound was already starting to heal as the edges sealed and blood slowed to a trickle.

"You don't care if you die?" he accused Nathan. "That is a lie. A lie!" Guillermo's eyes spoke volumes as to the depth of his anger, but Nathan felt there was something more, something that felt like real concern. "If you wanted to die, you would not have come to me. Now, drink."

Nathan looked at Guillermo almost with gratitude, but not quite. His resolve broke when the pain of deterioration sharpened. He gripped Guillermo's wrist, sucking it tentatively and cautiously at first. The blood flow had slowed and his body demanded more.

Guillermo's blood was fresh with a feeding, and the mixture of the Master's blood with that of his victim filled Nathan with a power that he'd never felt before. He imagined that this was how a heroin addict must feel shooting up for the first time. Instinct took over.

His fangs slid forward, widening the cut. The blood flowed freely once more. He sucked harder on the wound and the energy rushing through his body compelled his organ to grow stiff in his tight leather pants. He glanced at Guillermo and saw a look of pure pleasure on the Vampire's face.

He remained squatting on the floor as Guillermo stood in front of him. He noticed that there was also a significant bulge in the Master Vampire's black leather pants. Without thinking, he let his hand find its way to Guillermo's growing arousal. His finger traced down the zipper stretched so tight it was ready to burst. Even with his lips covering Guillermo's wrist, he couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to take the Master's erection into his mouth. The thought scared him, breaking the spell he was under.

Nathan tore his mouth from Guillermo's arm and stumbled forward into the bedroom and, for the first time since the pain had hit him hard, noticed Nadine. Her face was slack with disbelief. She stared at Guillermo, who appeared to have his feelings hurt, her disbelief turning to pissed off. She pushed her way roughly past the Master Vampire. "You are both so fucking pathetic!" she screamed. "You make me sick!" She spat at Nathan before she stormed out of the bedroom, leaving the two men alone.

Nathan felt strangely drunk with passion and power. He pulled himself up on the bed. "What did you do to me?"

"I have done nothing but save you."

Nathan looked away, afraid to meet Guillermo's gaze. "You did more than that, you bastard."

Nathan was unsure as to why he was so angry, especially now, when trying to deny his desire for Guillermo. He wanted to touch Guillermo, caress his hair, suck his

cock and fuck the Master Vampire as if he were the only person that could make him feel alive. Worse than that, he wanted Guillermo to touch him -- to have those pale lithe hands of his over every part of his body. That alone was enough to make him think that Guillermo's blood was tainting his mind and changing him even more.

The Master Vampire sat beside him. Placing his hand under Nathan's chin, he tipped Nathan's puzzled face up. "I have given freely to you and you took from me while you were still in control of your impulses. You have not done this before?"

"Yes, I have. I am in control every time I feed..." he managed to say. The problem was that even though the change had not taken place, he definitely had not felt in control.

"I am not talking about bottled blood, *amigo*. I am talking rich, vibrant blood coursing through the vein of a living being who gives it to you of his own free will to save you, to feed your hunger on my emotion with the very thing that keeps me alive, to keep you alive. Do you not understand the difference?"

"I understand." Nathan pulled his face away from Guillermo's hand.

Guillermo shook his head sadly. "I will see you out in the club, Nathaniel. Don't keep me waiting long." He bowed gracefully before leaving the room.

Nathan wanted to scream as he pounded his head with the ball of his hand. Physically, he felt good. Well, "good" was an understatement. He felt great, charged with an energy not felt before, not even when he was "alive." Nathan Greer hated himself for feeling aroused with the power he'd received in that one feeding, but on the other hand, he was relieved to feel it without turning into a monster. To know it was possible gave him hope, but even that hope scared him. He gathered his wits and made his way to the club area.

## Chapter Four

Strobe lights flashed across the dimly lit dance floor. It was a macabre scene. Men and women writhed against each other vertically in movements that were normally reserved for horizontal. Nathan's skin tingled with the sensation of millions of needles endlessly pricking him. The sexual energy in the room was almost too much to bear, but somehow he remained in control. The feeding received from Guillermo was the only reason he wasn't turning primal and ripping out the throats of everyone around him.

The hair on his forearms stood up as static charges emitted from his fingertips. He spotted Nadine easily. She was attending to a small, balding man who was dressed in full body latex. There are people who like to give pain and those who like to receive it, and from what Nathan could tell, Nadine and this little bald fellow were perfect for each other.

Nathan walked to the center bar and sat down, avoiding the bar areas that housed caged erotic acts. He just wasn't up to dealing with it. His head was still slightly buzzed from his feeding.

An attractive blonde slid onto the stool next to him. "Hello." She greeted him with a smile.

Nathan nodded to the woman before turning to face the front of the bar. He wasn't up to casual banter, either. The blonde shrugged her shoulders and reached into her purse, pulling out a pack of filtered cigarettes. She placed one in her mouth and lit it, taking a long drag before finally exhaling. The smoke wafted to the left, right into Nathan's face. He had not had a smoke since waking. The smell brought him back to reality somewhat.

"Excuse me. Could I get a cigarette from you?"

"Oh, I'm good enough to talk to now, huh?" She smiled to let him know she was kidding and in spite of himself, he smiled back.

"Sorry 'bout that," Nathan apologized. "I have had a rough couple of days."

"I understand about rough."

Nathan looked at the woman properly for the first time. She was petite with very pretty features, a sharp nose, high cheekbones, green eyes, short blond hair and small, firm breasts. In a way, she reminded him of Sandra. *Sandra*. He hadn't given her much thought since he had awakened to the nightmare of *Corazon de la Muerte*. The police had probably already scavenged his apartment. He hoped she would recover from the emotional scars he'd inflicted on her. Personally, he was just grateful only her emotions needed to recover.

"Hey... are ya with me, partner?" the young lady asked Nathan, tapping his hand to get his attention.

"What?" He forced himself back into the present.

"I lost you for a moment. Welcome back." She grinned.

Nathan smiled again. This was a nice woman. Someone he could really like. Still, it would be better if he left her alone. "I have to go," he told her abruptly, remembering his last night with a woman he really liked and not wanting another Beth incident.

"Wait." The blonde grabbed him lightly by the arm. He turned to her quickly with a speed that startled her and she let go.

"Didn't you want a cigarette?" she asked hesitantly, holding one out to him.

Nathan stood perfectly still for a moment, holding his breath. He really did want a cigarette, more because of habit than nicotine addiction. Since becoming a creature of the night, his only "addiction" was for blood. He cautiously reached for the cigarette. His fingers brushed her hand as he took it from her. A jolt of excitement rushed through him and he felt how strongly she lusted for him. Amazingly, the touch stirred his groin but left his inner demon alone.

"Thanks." He smiled at her again as he put the cigarette to his mouth.

She held up a Zippo lighter with pearl inlays. He cupped his hands around hers and leaned into the flame, drawing breath slowly, causing the tip to fire up brightly. Nathan inhaled deeply before allowing the smoke to drift from his mouth. *God, she's so fucking sexy.* The music stopped for a moment and then a slow song that spoke of sex and longing began to play.

"Would you like to dance?" she asked sweetly.

Nathan debated for about half a second between smoking the cigarette and holding a beautiful woman for the first time in a long time while his inner demon was behaving itself.

"Sure." He grinned, putting out the cigarette in the ashtray on the bar.

She grasped his hand and the surge of sexual energy nearly threw him to the floor. Seeing the look in his eyes, the woman began to giggle as she led him to the center of the dance area. Her short, tan suede skirt accented her firm thighs and a chocolate brown sweater contoured her enticing breasts.

Nathan trembled. *This is a bad idea.* He worried about his control of the Beast as she slid into his arms. A small breath escaped his lips.

Smiling seductively, the woman rubbed her stomach against his groin. His cock twitched in response. He kneaded his hands down the curve of her back. The way her body tightened with pleasure thrilled him. Her want matched his need as she pushed her breasts against his abdomen and slid them down over his crotch then back up.

His cock grew hard instantly.

Someone was watching him. It was Guillermo, looking at him with gratification.

"Fuck him," Nathan murmured aloud.

"What?" The blonde stared deep into his green eyes. "Fuck who?"

"No one." He turned his attention back to the seductive vixen in his arms.

"Too bad." She allowed a half smile to play on her face.

It was Nathan's turn to be confused.

"What?"

"I said it was too bad."

"What is too bad?"

"That you don't want to fuck anyone."

"What?"

She had lost him somewhere in the conversation.

"You are thick, but I like my men big and dumb." She laughed. "You said 'fuck him,' I said 'fuck who,' and you said 'no one.' I just think it's a shame that you don't want to fuck anyone. That's all." She reached down and squeezed his now aching cock. "Nice package." She started massaging the thick shaft. "I can't wait to see what it's like outside this tight leather."

His last experience with a woman had turned out disastrous and last night's little happenings didn't make him feel very confident. He glanced again at Guillermo who was still watching him. The tall Latino smiled encouragingly.

Nathan leaned over a little so that she could lay her head on his shoulder. He felt something warm and wet on his neck. It was her lips and then her tongue. The tongue traced the inward curve leading to his collarbone, resting with a soft kiss over his carotid artery. It pulsed rapidly in response. He closed his eyes, unsure of what to do next. She slid her hand up, then down into the front of his pants and ran her fingers, flesh to flesh, over his rock-hard cock. His body quaked with excitement.

He risked a kiss, placing his hot, moist mouth over hers. Slowly, he licked her lower lip and then slipped his tongue into her mouth. The tip slid over her teeth, exploring every inch of her mouth. He sucked her tongue slowly and rhythmically into his mouth. She tasted of sweet liqueur and cigarettes. His hands clutched at her firm breasts and taut nipples. The entire club surrounding seemed to fade. The only thing he allowed himself to feel and see was her.

He slid his palms down her waist and over her hips to the bottom of her skirt. She casually pulled it up, exposing white silk panties. His hand found its way around the front of her thigh and a finger probed between her legs.

Wetness and heat surrounded his index finger as he felt her slit, soaked with excitement. Her hands came up to his face, pulled him from her mouth down to her

neck. He kissed down the curve, his right hand going around her buttocks, lifting her with ease. She tightened her legs around his waist. His left hand slid across her chest and pulled her sweater down at the neck. The fabric gave with incredible ease to reveal the white upper flesh of her breast. He kissed the soft fragrant skin.

She moaned and pulled his head further down. His tongue licked the soft textured surface of her nipple; his hand gravitating back down between her legs to thrust a finger in and out of her wet pussy. He drew his hand back slightly so that his fingers were free to massage and manipulate her swelling clit. She thrust her cunt forward, but he had other things in mind. Removing his hand from beneath her skirt, he slid the wet finger over her nipple then licked the fruit of his labor from her pert bosom. In most places, a scene like this would have been awkward, but at *Corazon de la Muerte*, it just became another erotic act.

“Oh God, I am so turned on,” she moaned in his ear. “I want to fuck you.”

“Right here?” he asked in a low throaty voice.

“Maybe someplace a little more discreet,” she laughed quietly.

He took her hand and virtually dragged her across the club, up to the room he’d slept in earlier. The sheets had been changed from a burgundy to a very dark hunter green. Candles lit the room, providing a dreamlike quality to the ambience. They walked to the bed. Nathan felt like he was floating. The night did not feel real.

Impatient fingers reached for the buttons on his pants with skillful ease. The gold silk shirt was pulled from his trousers and lifted over his head, exposing his muscular chest. Her hands rubbed over his nipples, giving them a slight tug before moving to his zipper. She kissed down his chest, pulling his pants down at the same time. His anxious cock snapped against his abdomen. A soft mouth licked the head, then the long shaft when the pants were down to his knees. She sucked his right testicle into her mouth when his pants hit the floor.

Nathan closed his eyes. Even now, with this beautiful woman licking and sucking him, he could not erase a vision of Guillermo placing his hot Latin mouth over



the head of his erection. Nathan moaned in pleasure. Static electricity moved through his body and he could feel a spark pop her lips.

The woman jumped a little, her mouth sliding off his shaft. "Yikes, lover. You're, like, electric." She wiggled her eyebrows, smiled, then went back to work licking and sucking his rigid and apparently electrically charged erection.

He could feel his eyes slipping the norm.

*No. Not now!*

His demon had decided to put in an appearance. Pushing the girl away, Nathan fell to his knees and buried his head into the bed, trying to hold back his inner self, his Beast.

"It's going to be all right," the woman said in a soothing voice.

"No, it isn't," Nathan growled, his voice already taking on an inhuman quality.

"Yes, it is."

Nathan turned to her, fighting the overpowering urge to attack. His fangs threatened to slide down at any moment. He expected her to run from the room, screaming at the sight of his luminescent eyes glowing in the candlelit darkness. He wanted to scream out, "*Run!*" But she just sat there, looking at him as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"You must leave," he rasped while his humanity fought to remain intact.

Unexpectedly, she pulled her sweater up over her head. She removed the white silk bra that matched her panties, displaying two mounds of white flesh crested with pink nipples. From her leather skirt, she produced a neatly wrapped razor.

She sliced a clean, but deep laceration over her right breast.

Nathan watched her, transfixed with a mixture of horror and longing.

"Drink, lover." The words sang true from her lips.

He leaned over without hesitation and placed his eager lips over the self-inflicted gash. He suckled the sweet curse of her blood, feeling a rush similar to the one from Guillermo but finding the strong taint of power was absent from this feeding. His fangs slid forward and opened the incision a little wider. He drank the delicious elixir of life

until her capillaries refused to give up any more. Unable to stop, he then lapped every drop of blood from the wound. She pulled his mouth to meet hers and licked the blood from his lips.

His demon, now satisfied, slipped back into the recesses of his mind. She grasped his still hard cock. "You have a beautiful piece of work here, lover." Leaning down, she greedily sucked his rigid shaft into her mouth.

He felt her blond hair brushing up and down his stomach. He seized a handful of it and pushed her head down until his cock met the softness of the back of her throat. She held it there for a short moment before pulling back and extending her tongue to lick his balls, running it up and down the length of his erection and over the tip's opening until he felt it would explode.

He wasn't ready for this to be over. He put his hand under her chin and stared into her eyes. She looked at him questioningly.

"It's been over three years since I have had sex. I want it my way."

Smiling at him, she gripped his throbbing cock and they stood together in the quiet candlelit room, looking deep into each other's eyes. The pulsating rhythm of the disco found its way into the room. He stroked her hair, moving from the back of her head down to her neck. He cupped her neck in one hand while placing the other on the smooth curve of her buttocks. He lifted her into an embrace. The kiss was lingering and heated. He carried her to the wall, never stopping his constant caressing. His lips were slippery with her saliva and blood. The copper taste of her own blood seemed to excite her.

Now, with her back against the wall, she ground her wet cunt against his rippled abdomen. His fingers teased her clit. Moaning, she pushed herself frantically into him. He slid her down onto his steely erection and dropped to his knees. She arched her back and pumped herself against him with abandon. Her energetic body moved up and down in a frenetic, driving motion. The demon was there, but in the back of his mind. Her body began to tremor, then quake in multiple orgasms as screams escaped her throat in tormented pleasure. He felt himself growing to the verge of ecstasy, but

managed to hold off his climax. Her small body was slick with sweat and she panted heavily. He held her for a moment before picking her up and laying her on the bed. She smiled a wicked grin of triumph.

"That was brilliant," she rasped. Her cries of pleasure had taken their toll.

"It's not over."

He spread her legs wide. She was dripping in her own cum. His hand slid up her thigh and thrust a finger into the creamy depths. He could feel the vibrations from her orgasm still reverberating in her swollen clit. She reached down and took hold of his hand, bringing his fingers to her mouth to lick them clean.

"Mmm," she hummed.

Kneeling in front of her, he licked the stickiness from her thighs, working his tongue up to her pleasure center. His mouth was hot, but felt cool against the heat of her throbbing, aroused clit. A low rumble escaped her lips and her fingers grabbed a handful of his thick, brown hair. The musky scent of her cunt fuelled his desire. His tongue flashed quickly over her clit then darted into her. She pulled his face closer, grinding herself against him as another orgasm built deep inside her.

"Your tongue feels fantastic," she gasped.

He raised his head and licked his way up her abdomen before he rammed into her. He wanted to feel her pussy explode around his thick and ready cock. Cries of pleasure resounded throughout the room. Her body shuddered with the ecstasy of multiple orgasms, his body building to a final release. Pumping vigorously between her legs, he cried out until there was nothing left to give. Nathan collapsed on top of her. She held him tightly, panting with exhaustion.

"Bravo," a voice said from a corner of the room. A slow clap followed.

## Chapter Five

Nathan looked up to see Guillermo watching him, a smug expression of victory apparent on his face.

"What the fuck?" Nathan scrambled to pull a sheet around his naked body.

"Please don't cover yourself on my account." The Master Vampire was amused.

He would not play the Vampire's game. "What do you want, Gui?"

"*Amante*, you wound me. I just wanted to congratulate you. You wanted my help in feeling... shall we say... more human. I have done just that." He waved toward the naked woman lying on the bed.

Nathan noticed that she had not bothered to cover herself in Guillermo's presence.

Guillermo laughed once more. "Did you not find my little Gina most... enlightening?"

Nathan looked at the small blond woman. "Get out."

She looked mildly surprised. "Why?"

Nathan scooped up her clothes and threw them at her. "Get the fuck out!"

The young woman grabbed her clothes and fled for the door. Slamming the door shut, Nathan focused his anger back to Guillermo. "You are a fucking prick. You know that, though."

"*Amante*, I just wanted you to know you could enjoy pleasure without torture. I have done you a great favor, no?"

"How long did you watch?"

"Hmmm. I think Gina had just started to suck one of your testicles, if I remember correctly."

A vision of being on his knees in front of Guillermo was too much for Nathan to take. His body smashed into the Master Vampire, pinning him to the floor. "You bastard. I should just fucking kill you."

He was now eye to eye with Guillermo. The Master Vampire did not seem concerned. "We are so much alike, *amante*," he smirked.

"We are nothing alike, you blood-sucking bastard!" Nathan fairly choked on his own words.

Guillermo pulled his arm free of Nathan and stroked his hair. The words that flowed from his mouth came unbidden, almost like a chant or mantra. "Shadows cast darkness across your face, Nathaniel. How do I look to you, you that have been made in my image?"

"You're not God." Nathan's voice softened. He wanted to be repulsed, but he couldn't ignore his swelling cock against the Master Vampire's silk shirt.

Guillermo noticed. He stroked Nathan's pulsating shaft. "Light is the real deception. Darkness shows only the truth. You and I are shades of gray hidden under the illusion the light creates. Without light, Nathaniel, all falseness slips away, leaving us shells of our former truth. Look at your reflection in my eyes. You think your soul is better than mine. Well, that is your problem." He moved his mouth toward Nathan's. "You still think you have a soul."

Nathan could not bring himself to look away. When his voice found its way to his lips, the words were forced. "Fuck you."

"Yes." Guillermo's lips brushed against Nathan's.

Passion and desire filled Guillermo's dark eyes. Nathan's stomach fluttered, his breath caught. He could feel the raw need in Guillermo, but more than that, he felt his own lust and hunger for the Master Vampire. Nathan hesitated for only a brief moment. His resolve broke and he gave in to the craving. His mouth met Guillermo's full on. His tongue darted in between the perfect white teeth and danced and twirled with Gui's.

The Master's lips felt cool and soft against his own. He slid the lower half of his body down to Guillermo's thighs. With one hand, he unbuttoned the tight leather

pants. The Master Vampire's hard and uncut erection speared the air from his washboard abdomen.

Guillermo let go of Nathan's pulsating cock just long enough to grab his own and hold the two together, stroking them as one. Nathan groaned with utter despair. His mind screamed for him to stop. If he gave in to the Master, he feared he would be lost to him forever.

His body had other ideas.

As if sensing hesitation, Guillermo stopped stroking. "I want this. More than you can ever know, Nathaniel." He licked a line across the younger Vampire's lower lip and pushed his head to the side to nibble on his earlobe. Nathan's inflamed cock jerked in reply. "But only if it is what *you* want."

Nathan hadn't expected such words from Guillermo. He hadn't expected Gui to care what he wanted. Of course, neither had he expected a man's body to evoke such sexual desire within him. But Gui wasn't just a man; he was a supernatural, sexy, five-hundred-year-old Master Vampire who made his dick hard.

Nathan wanted to blame the Beast. The Beast was drawn to sexual energy like lightning to a metal rod. However, the Beast was nowhere in sight: no fangs dropping, no eyes changing, no ridge bulging on his forehead.

Yet... he still had a raging hard-on. "I... I... need this."

"Need is one thing. Want is another."

"I want this."

"This," Guillermo gestured toward his impressive erection, "or me?" The Master's voice was soft, vulnerable.

"You," Nathan admitted. "I want you."

Guillermo smiled. "Then you shall have me."

The Master Vampire rolled Nathan onto his back and straddled him. He kissed his mouth then licked his throat. His tongue traced the curve of Nathan's collarbone to the indentation in the skin at the base of his neck. He lapped at the small pool of perspiration that had formed.

Nathan's hand smoothed and caressed Guillermo's hair. He was surprised at how soft the coarse hair felt against his fingertips; even more surprising was the gentleness of Guillermo. Gui sat up and began to unbutton his shirt. The slow, languid movements were agonizing for Nathan. The good doctor could stand it no more.

He sat up and ripped the silk shirt off Guillermo's firm torso. Gui's mouth found his and worked his lips and tongue with an unrivaled fire and passion. Nathan reached for Gui's cock and pushed at the skin, amazed at how easily it slipped down the large, pulsating staff. He broke from the kiss, nuzzled the side of his face, moved down Guillermo's chest and chiseled abdomen, until his mouth hovered over the thick erection.

*How will he taste?*

Nathan couldn't wait to find out.

He grasped Gui's balls with one hand and sucked the massive, gleaming cock into his mouth.

He'd barely had time to enjoy the smooth texture across his tongue when Guillermo pulled his head up and kissed him. "It is close to dawn and I want to see your pleasure first." The Master Vampire stood up and slid his pants off.

Nathan was caught off-guard by how well formed and lean-muscled Gui's legs were. The Master turned slightly and his ass looked as though Michelangelo himself had sculpted the cheeks from alabaster. Guillermo reached a hand out to Nathan. He took it. They stumbled forward, entangled in an embrace, their tongues darting in and out, twirling and mixing, exploring each other's mouths. Guillermo pushed Nathan onto the bed. His practiced fingers fondled Nathan's tight balls as his full lips slid over the engorged head.

A deep groan poured from Nathan in anticipation, but he was unprepared for the sensation of Guillermo's mouth taking him all the way in. The Master gave his balls a squeeze as he licked down Nathan's veined shaft. He pulled one of Nathan's legs over his shoulder and lifted his ass slightly off the bed. His tongue and mouth worked their way around the balls toward the midline.

Nathan's butt clenched.

"Relax, *amante*. Trust me."

Nathan relaxed his buttocks. His cock convulsed when Gui's tongue wound itself in a circular motion around his anus. The probing tongue forced its way through the tense muscles of the unexplored cavity. Nathan's balls pulled tight to his body. His words were thick. "Oh fuck. Jesus Christ."

Encouraged, Guillermo pushed his long tongue further in, moving it side to side within Nathan's tight depths. Nathan's cock throbbed as the spherical muscle opened up to Guillermo's mouth, urging the Master to keep fucking him with his tongue. The pressure was exquisite, so much so that Nathan wanted to scream when Gui pulled his tongue out. Immediately, the Master Vampire replaced the tongue with a penetrating finger into his wet and open ass. Guillermo took Nathan's erection back into his mouth, working his head up and down, using light teeth on the head, then forcing it down to the back of his throat in a quick bobbing movement.

Nathan inhaled sharply, and with the uncontrollable vibration of his body, he urged Guillermo to continue. A mouth moved up and down Nathan's cock, while a finger thrust persistently in and out of his anus.

Nathan joined in, pushing his pelvis up to Gui's mouth, then back onto his finger. He could feel the throbbing in his shaft and his sphincter muscles spasm around Gui's finger. His breathing became rapid and shallow as his body jerked, threatening to explode with the ecstasy.

"Oh, fuck," he gasped. "Fuck!" His orgasm hit him with violent rapture. His body quivered and a long, feral growl came from deep within his throat as he spurted his warm seed into the back of Guillermo's throat.

When the shockwave of the shattering release finally subsided, Guillermo slid his finger out and kissed his way up Nathan's abdomen to his mouth. The salty taste of Nathan's own semen danced across his tongue. Nathan could feel the Master Vampire's power consuming him, calling to his cock to rise again.



A dark smile played across the Master's lips. His eyes were heavy with desire. "I want to have you, Nathaniel."

It took Nathan a moment to realize what Guillermo was asking. He couldn't think of a good reason to refuse. Guillermo's finger in his ass had been a masterful tease, a succulent promise of things to come. He wondered how Guillermo's cock would feel filling his opening in comparison to the slender digit. Nathan's brain might have been trying to repudiate his want, but his tumescent organ was not to be denied.

"Yes," Nathan managed to whisper.

The Master reached for something on the nightstand. He spread Nathan's legs and lowered his body between them. Nathan stopped him.

"Will it hurt?"

"Only for a moment, *amante*." Guillermo's voice was heavy with longing. "I will be gentle," he said and kissed Nathan's barely parted lips. The Master squeezed the contents of the tube out and smeared some onto his imposing magnificence and a liberal amount to Nathan's tight crevice.

He slid a finger in to prepare him for what was coming, rotating it slowly.

Then a second finger.

Nathan gasped with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

Guillermo kissed him passionately to take the edge off the third finger as it slipped its way in to join the first two. He pushed them in and out... in and out, loosening and relaxing the muscles around the orifice with skill. With his free arm, Guillermo pulled Nathan's body up his thighs until his shaft reached the crack of his ass.

Gui removed his fingers.

The Master Vampire's cock slowly moved forward into the virgin hole.

Nathan's eyes widened as the thick cock stretched his asshole, the bulbous head pressing its way into his canal.

Within an instant, Nathan's silky walls constricted around the throbbing flesh.

For a moment, he felt shame at having his ass speared by another man's cock. Shame at enjoying it, wanting it and needing more. His mother had been a Bible-thumping Protestant. "Man does not lie with man," she would have said. As Guillermo withdrew halfway with deliberate control, then slowly pressed forward once more, Nathan decided he didn't care about sin, heaven or hell. For this, he would risk turning to salt.

Besides, he was already damned.

The unhurried tease of Guillermo's cock sliding in and out made Nathan's stomach tighten. Blood rushed to his groin, causing intense pressure that needed release.

"Fuck me, Guillermo," he whispered, staring into Gui's eyes. He drew his knees up and slid his back down the bed enough to bury the Master Vampire's lubricious shaft deep within his channel. He moaned. "Fuck me harder, faster."

A low rumbling groan came from both men as Guillermo obliged, pumping his cock in and out, thrusting deeper into Nathan with each successive penetration. Nathan had not known that such pain could feel so wonderful. He jerked his knees up further and pulled Guillermo closer.

Guillermo swept his tongue in his ear. "Take from me, Nathaniel. Take all that I am."

Instinctively, Nathan's fangs slipped down as he bit into Guillermo's neck and tasted his rich blood. The Master's thrusting came harder and faster as Nathan opened himself to everything Guillermo offered. The life-giving fluid heightened Nathan's senses. He could feel Guillermo's urgent cock pulsating with the same rhythm as his own.

Reaching down to grasp it, he was surprised when Gui's hand made it there first. *This is more than fucking*, came the voice in his head. *This is so much more*. Nathan's mouth broke its hold on Guillermo's neck. For the first time in three years, it was about sex, not just feeding. Sex and more, much more. That realization pushed him, gave him hope. He forced his buttocks against Guillermo, taking his lover in deeper. Nathan's

cock tightened as it slid up and down Guillermo's abdomen, then blasted its creamy fluid between them. A wave of electric shocks traveled through Nathan's body into Guillermo's.

The Master Vampire's eyes widened, as if in surprise. His body jerked rapidly as he emptied himself into his lover's tight, hot ass.

Guillermo collapsed on top of Nathan. Nathan, slightly stunned and completely satiated, traced his fingers down the Master Vampire's back. He was brought back to reality by a distant echo that sounded like arteries pumping blood. *Did Guillermo's heart just beat?* Nathan waited a moment to see if he could hear the slight *whoosh-whoosh* again. Nothing. No, Nathan thought. *Vampires' hearts merely take up space in the chest. They don't start beating, just because of fantastic sex.*

The implication of what had just happened hit Nathan. Was he gay? Bi? Or did it just mean that after three years without, he was willing to fuck anyone as long as it didn't require vamping out?

He looked at Gui's beautiful, sculpted body. *Shit, I still want him. Even more than before.* Nathan realized something else. For the first time since the change, the Beast had not even threatened to rear its ugly head. He felt like a man, instead of an animal. Guillermo had helped in a way that Nathan had never even dreamed of, but he couldn't help but wonder what this would mean to him, to his future?

As if reading his mind, Guillermo snuggled between Nathan's arm and body. "Rest for now, Nathaniel, *mi amante*. The day will bring what it brings."

On those last words, dawn broke and Nathan's body died for another day.

\* \* \*

Guillermo Perez watched as Nathan slept the sleep of the undead. Guillermo had already dressed for the night, but Nathan was still too young to wake up so soon before dusk. Unlike Nathan, who had only been a Vampire for four years, Guillermo had the benefit of centuries in this life. He had trained himself to be able to fight death for a few hours both at dawn and dusk.

When the soul left the body after being transformed to a Vampire, it was replaced by another entity that filled the void and gave it life. This entity would flee a new Vampire at dawn as a way of protecting the new host. The basic instinct of a Vampire is the same as all humans, self-preservation. If the body remained immobile during daylight hours, the Vampire was less likely to be exposed to sunlight -- to death.

If Nathan had allowed Guillermo to train him in the beginning, the young Vampire would have had more control over this as well. *But alas*, he thought, *my Nathaniel is terco, stubborn*. He could only hope that Nathan would be more amenable to his ministering now.

He admired the way the green silk sheets molded themselves to Nathan's muscular form like a second skin. He wanted to touch him, to hold him in his arms, but he would not deprive Nathan of being able to reciprocate. He had to make sure that the good doctor knew he was safe with him, always safe.

His hands hovered over Nathan's glorious, muscular back, allowing the electricity to trip lightly over his fingertips. This man in his bed was special, something of an enigma. He had first felt the shock of him four years ago upon their first meeting. At that time, Guillermo had believed it was pure attraction, but now after having him, he knew it was much more. When they climaxed, Guillermo's heart had begun to beat. After five hundred years, he couldn't believe that his decayed muscle that lay so still in his chest could once again beat with life. *But maybe, just maybe...*

He could only hope that his Nathaniel would not wake with regret over making love to another man.

## Chapter Six

Nathan awoke at dusk, naked and alone in the bedroom. He sat up on the bed, propping his back against plush goose-down pillows. The feel of the silk sheets caressing his thighs made his body ache for Guillermo. That alone was enough to scare him. His cock twitched with the memory of Guillermo inside him. The attraction was undeniable, but now, in the darkness of a new night, Nathan wondered if his need and desire was for Guillermo or for the power he gave.

He had taken blood from the Master the night before and had never felt such raw energy from a feeding. Guillermo had been the last person, alive or undead, that Nathan wanted help from, but he'd had nobody else to turn to for guidance. Needing Gui then had been bad enough, but now, wanting him was even worse.

He could feel his stomach begin to shrink. His normal routine would have been to get up, go to his fridge and swallow down a pint of O negative, but since he wasn't home, feeding would have to wait until after a shower. The bed was comfortable, just the right amount of firmness under a luxurious quilt. Sighing, he slid out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

The shower stall was enormous with black marble tiles and frosted glass doors. Nathan relaxed into the warm, pulsating spray of water that massaged his taut muscles. He turned his face into the stream. The heat felt good against his temples. He reached for a bottle of body wash and began to scrub down his arms and chest. It didn't take long for the sensual scent of ylang ylang and sandalwood to reach his nose. Nathan had always been an Ivory soap kind of guy but he had to admit, this was nice. He rubbed the creamy suds over his genitals. The feel of the smooth substance brought back a vision of Guillermo and his organ began to stir. He laughed. "Down, boy."

He heard the shower door slowly slide open and he froze.

"Well, well. Isn't this a pretty sight."

*Nadine.*

Nathan didn't turn around. He detested her for what she had changed him into, an animal -- human on the outside, but pure Beast on the inside. And she hated him.

"Get the fuck out, Nadine."

"But lover, you're mine. Don't you know that? I made you. I can do anything that I want." A nasty smile spread across her lips. "And right now, I want to hurt you."

Nathan turned quickly enough to see that Nadine was wearing a red latex bodysuit, but not quick enough to prevent her from ramming a spike-knuckled glove into his abdomen. Air escaped him with a whoosh. She followed up with a hard kick between his legs and a downward punch to his jaw. "Have I got your attention now? Guillermo is mine."

Anger and pain crept over Nathan's skin like a boa constrictor threatening to squeeze the life out of him. Relentless, Nadine delivered a vicious kick to his kidney. Nathan could feel his Beast close to the surface, ready to emerge and attack. For the first time, he didn't try to stop it. His eyes slipped to a glowing green, his forehead became ridged and his fangs protracted to full length. The Beast was ready -- and set -- to kill.

The Beast sprang up toward Nadine, throwing her against the shower wall, shattering the glass doors. Her latex suit, ripped by the fragmented shards, showed bared and bloodied flesh.

"You want pain?" his Beast asked. "I'll show you pain."

Nadine's eyes widened with surprise. Just before they slipped from lavender to ultraviolet, her bony ridge shifted forward and her fangs dropped. Now they were both ready for battle. Nathan's Beast knew that he would have to dominate her or both of them would die.

Nadine surged forward and managed to shove Nathan back against the tiles. She latched onto his arm with her razor-sharp teeth, tearing a chunk from his bicep. The Beast turned her around so that her ass was pressed against him. He held her arms

down with one of his and used his free hand to jerk her head to the side. With her neck bare, he sank his fangs into her jugular vein.

Nadine screeched with pain as he greedily fed from her. "Stop, Nathan. Stop!"

The last time a woman had said those words to the Beast, his host had managed to pull him back. But not this time. "Nathan doesn't live here anymore." The words came out in a feral growl, no longer human.

The Beast sucked harder on the wound, wanting to taste her until the last drop, wanting to feel the life slowly dry up and shrivel her body. Steam filled the stall as the spray from the shower heated his skin and her hot blood filled his empty organs. He could feel her fear and wanted more.

"*Detente!* Stop! You are killing her!" A blur of a man blazed into the shower, knocking Nathan off Nadine. She slumped to the floor. When he could focus, the Beast noticed that the man was Guillermo and suddenly went submissive, as if he knew that the lead dog had arrived.

Guillermo dragged Nadine from the shower and carried her out of the bathroom. The Beast could feel the anger ebb. "No!" it screamed against the change. It was being put back into its box, tidily packed away.

Nathan was coming back. He sagged down onto the shards of glass and marble floor, more from shock than weakness. The water continued to pour down on him as he watched the blood -- his and Nadine's -- swirl down the drain. He found it hard to believe he had been fighting with a woman, and to top it off, fighting with a woman over a man. "God help me."

Guillermo appeared before him, turned off the shower and gently lifted Nathan in his arms. "God may or may not, but *I* will, *amante*. I will."

Guillermo was only slightly taller than Nathan and much leaner, but he carried him easily as if he were a small child. Gently, he laid Nathan down on the bed.

"Where's Nadine?" Nathan looked around, feeling much stronger since feeding on her. "I hate the bitch. But I'm not sure she deserved what just happened."

"She is being attended to and will heal." Guillermo moved closer to Nathan. "*Con su permiso*, I'd like to look over your wounds."

When Nathan had fled to the *Corazon de la Muerte* the night before, he had not expected the Master Vampire to treat him as much more than an amusement. He saw now how he'd been wrong. Guillermo cared and was treating him with more respect than Nathan had ever given him.

Nathan reached out and took Guillermo's hand in his. "You have my permission."

Guillermo looked over the cuts on Nathan's face, stomach and arms. The worst wound was the arm where Nadine had taken a chunk of flesh. The rest of the injuries were already beginning to heal. "I think you will live as well." Guillermo rubbed his hands together. "About Nadine. I am sorry. It is my fault that she..."

"She's jealous, because she thinks you..." Nathan couldn't believe what he was about to say. "...you want me, more than you want her."

Guillermo paused. "What do you think?"

Nathan, his wounds on his stomach and face nearly closed, saw heat and desire rise in Guillermo's eyes. "I think that you do want me more than you want her."

"What do you want, Nathaniel?"

Nathan considered what he should say. "Well, I know I don't want to be out of control. I'm not a killer. I can't let this thing that I've become make me one." He knew that wasn't the question Guillermo had asked. But it had been the truth, at least part of it.

The Hispanic Vampire closed his eyes. "You have the power within you to control this, Nathaniel. The conflict lies in your inability to recognize you are *Vampiro*. It battles not to control you, but to just merge with you. You treat it as if it is a separate animal, but on the contrary, it is you. Like your hair, your eyes and your mouth -- like the legs you walk on. It is a part of you."

The Beast was separate from him, wasn't it? "I don't know if I can accept that."

"If you cannot, you will become the thing you most despise."



"How did you learn to control the bloodlust?"

"Don't you know, *amante*? The bloodlust only lasts a short while, but unlike you, I learned to exalt in being *Vampiro*. Unlike you, I was made, not changed."

"What do you mean?"

"I asked for this life. It was not forced upon me." Guillermo ran his fingers through Nathan's hair. "I can help you, but only if you are willing to acknowledge that you are a Vampire... a creature of the night. That means never being what you were. But if you do this, I can promise that it will be so much more than you ever imagined."

"Is that it? All I have to do is give up everything that made me who I am and I can be the great and powerful Oz?"

"It does not change who you are deep down, Nathaniel. You are so concerned with what you must give up that you fail to see what you gain."

"I'm a doctor, damn it, and a good one."

"You can still be a doctor."

"How? For whom? The undead? The way we heal, they certainly don't need my help."

"No. You have a shift tomorrow night at the Truman Medical Center Emergency Room."

Nathan shook his head. "After I almost killed Sandra, there is no way I can go back now. Hell, I should be thinking about getting out of the state."

"I was coming to tell you, before I stopped the fight between Nadine and yourself, that I'd had word from Sandra."

"What?" Fear crept its way into the pit of Nathan's stomach. Had Guillermo done something to Sandra to silence her? "What did you do?"

The Master Vampire smiled indulgently. "It is not what you think, *amante*. Doctor Jackson knows of our kind. Apparently, she has even had one as a lover." Guillermo laughed at the shocked look on Nathan's face. "She told the administrator that you came down with the influenza and that you were taking several days off work to recover."

Nathan laughed. It came more from relief than mirth. "So, I can go back to work tomorrow?"

"Si."

"And I can go home if I want to?"

Guillermo lowered his eyes. "Si. Yes."

Nathan grinned. "Well, maybe not tonight, but eventually."

"You are my guest for as long as you want." Guillermo knelt on the floor by the bed, eye-level with Nathan's naked body. "I ask again. What do you want, *amante*?"

Nathan wished he could say "nothing" but his cock was already starting to swell, thickening into an erect position. "I think you know."

"Is telling me so hard?" Guillermo looked down at the floor.

Nathan raised an eyebrow. "Not as hard as my dick."

Guillermo smiled, but it was a sad smile that didn't reach his eyes.

That vulnerability made Nathan's desire for the Master Vampire even stronger. "I want you, Guillermo." Nathan placed both his hands on the sides of Guillermo's face, tilting it up to meet his gaze. "I don't know what that means, but right now, I do want you."

Nathan leaned in to give a kiss that was meant to be reassuring, but turned to liquid heat as their tongues mingled in a passionate dance. Guillermo's arms slipped around Nathan's neck as he pulled himself onto the bed. Guillermo kissed his way down Nathan's neck, onto his shoulder and across his wounded arm. The blood had coagulated and flesh was already beginning to fill in. Guillermo licked over the new delicate skin. Nathan moaned as a tingle ran from his arm straight to his erection.

The teasing tongue moved to his chest as Guillermo played his nipples with gentle tugs and light teeth. The licking moved down to his lower regions.

On impulse, Nathan pulled Guillermo up into a fiery kiss. "I want to taste you, Guillermo. The night is young and I want to see to your pleasure first."

Guillermo's brown eyes swirled like molten liquid. He swiftly stripped, standing naked, pale and beautiful. His straining erection stood out like a divining rod, seeking

Nathan's moist lips. "As you wish, *amante*." He entwined his hands in Nathan's hair and guided the young Vampire's enthusiastic mouth over the long length of his shaft. "I am yours to command."

**The End**

*Or is it just the beginning...*

## **Reneé George**

Reneé George was born and raised in California. She's lived in Hawaii and Texas before settling in the Midwest. Happily married for fifteen years, Reneé lives a hectic, but fulfilling life with her husband and her sweet baby boy. (Okay, so he's ten now, but he's still her baby!)

Recently, her special interests have turned to Paranormal Erotica, with an emphasis on the erotic. As a self-proclaimed voyeur, Reneé thinks there's something distinctly voyeuristic in most people. Watching the lives, loves and self-discovery of unique characters unfold in the written word can be extremely satisfying. It's like knowing a great secret.

Fantasy, paranormal and science fiction have always been a big part of her life, allowing her to escape the mundane. She became hooked on alternative worlds and realities after reading J. R. R. Tolkein's books when she was nine years old. She enjoys writing strong characters with even stronger desires.