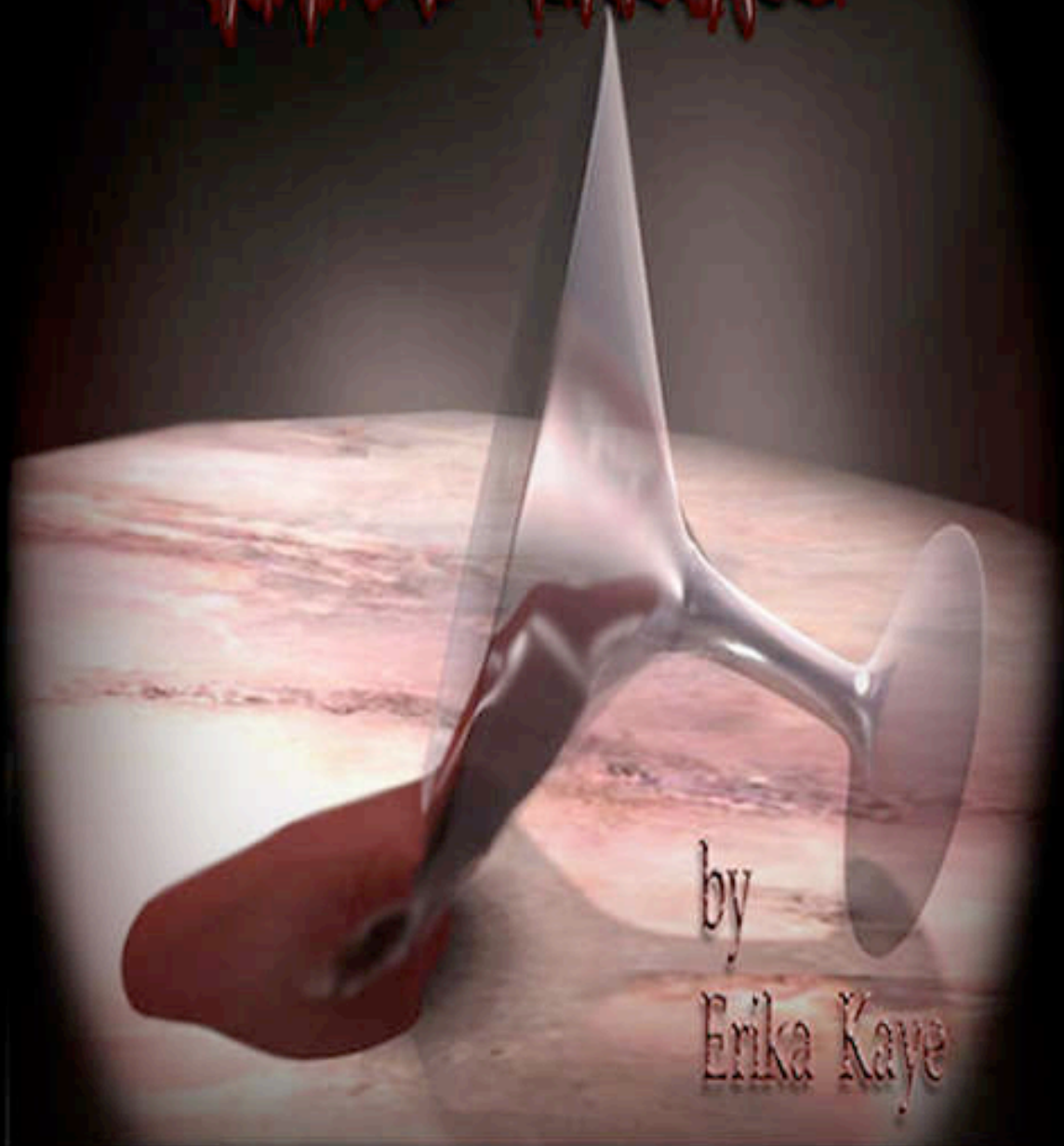


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Love Sucks



by
Erika Kaye



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LOVE SUCKS

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Love Sucks

Miranda hit the snooze button for the second time and rolled back over, pulling the covers up over her head. When her alarm went off for the third time, she realized she had better get up. It was already quarter after nine, and if she planned to meet Cici at ten, she had better hustle.

After shaking off the covers, Miranda stumbled into the bathroom for her daily primping ritual. Since there was now no time to blow-dry her hair, she showered without washing it. A few minutes later, she stepped out of the shower and into a pink miniskirt and tight black tank. She finger-combed her long, raven-colored hair into messy waves, and then applied lipstick the exact shade of her skirt. She smacked her lips together then planted a big smooch on the bathroom mirror for good luck.

Exiting the bathroom, Miranda slinked over to her dresser, removed a pair of gold chandelier earrings from her jewelry box, and inserted them into in her lobes. Next, she replaced her jeweled nose stud with a tiny gold one and put tiny gold hoops through the series of holes going up the side of her left ear. After sliding into a pair of black sling backs, she checked her slim black wrist bag for lipstick, breath strips, and a condom. She flung a pink boa around her neck and checked herself over in the mirror before leaving her apartment. *Perfect.*

Cici was already in the diner sipping her third cup of coffee when Miranda arrived. While Miranda was tall and lithe, Cici was short and curvy. Sitting in the booth, Miranda could see she had dyed her short bob a dark blue that complemented her white shirt with its navy blue sailor collar. When Cici saw Miranda, she stood up exposing a short, navy, pleated skirt and matching fuck-me boots. Miranda did a double take before hugging her best friend.

Cici spun around and asked, "You like?"

Miranda was unsure how to respond, so she asked abruptly, "Where are we going?"

"I thought we would try this new club on 24th that is opening tonight. New territory—no one should know us there," Cici replied as she sat down and signaled the waitress to bring Miranda some coffee.

"What's it called?"

"Full Moon."

That might explain Cici's outfit, Miranda thought. Probing into her friend's mindset further, she scoffed, "Is it a themed place?"

"I don't think so."

"Are they having a special party for the opening?"

"No. Anyone can get in."

"Do you get a discount if you come in costume?"

Cici looked up from her coffee. "Huh?"

"Your outfit," Miranda goaded.

"So you don't like it, huh?"

"Why are you wearing it?"

Cici responded with "I got it off eBay," as if that explained everything.

"Cici, we do *not* want to stand out! You know that. How can we get what we need if people are going to remember us? A bartender or a bouncer, or even a patron, is bound to tell the police the guy left with a girl in a Sailor Mercury costume!"

"We've seen weirder. Anyway, Japanese culture is popular right now. If I stand out too much, I just won't take a guy home," Cici brushed off her overly paranoid friend.

"You may not need any right now, but I do!" Miranda exploded irritably due to lack of nourishment.

"Calm down, girl. Everyone in here is going to remember us now with you screaming like that. If it means that much to you, I'll take off the sailor collar."

With Miranda finally appeased, and their coffee drunk and paid for, the two women hailed a cab for 24th Street.

While no one else in the immensely crowded Full Moon sported a sailor outfit, Miranda did catch sight of a gaggle of girls, with neon-dyed hair crowned with cat ears and long cattails pinned to their asses. Cici flashed Miranda an I-told-you-so look as she led the way to the bar.

Drinks in hand, the two friends slunk through the crowd to a small table in the corner. As Miranda sipped her Cosmo, trying to remain inconspicuous, Cici chugged her Woodchuck and scoped the place for likely targets.

Cici tapped Miranda on the shoulder. "What about the two at four o'clock?"

“Cici, what is with you tonight? You are forgetting all the rules. We never go after guys who are together. Two missing friends are more suspicious than two missing strangers.” The more Miranda needed to eat, the shorter her tolerance became with Cici’s antics.

“Oh, come on, Miranda! They are not American, and I don’t think they are businessmen. They look like German backpackers, and I would not mind trying the guy on the right’s Wiener schnitzel.”

“Do you even know what that is? Anyway, how would two backpackers get in here—the cover was outrageous.”

“Fine, just spoil all my fun.”

“Fine. Go after them if you want; just be careful, OK?”

“You know I always am.”

“What about that banker last year? That almost ended it for us.” Miranda’s hard-set eyes told Cici that she had yet to forgive her for almost getting them killed—again.

“How was I supposed to know his ex-wife would decide to come in to take back some of her stuff?” Cici reddened.

“Luckily she did not want his *stuff*—you were pretty busy with it.”

“OK, you can shut up now, or maybe I will just have to walk in some night when you are riding a guy.”

Miranda drained her Cosmo and signaled the waitress for another. “Unlike you, I always get down to business. Men are just for sustenance, not fun.”

“That would be why I can go after my Germans and you can’t,” Cici teased. “But don’t worry, I won’t bite.” With that, Cici sauntered over to the two men.

Miranda watched her go. She wished she could have fun with men like Cici, but it felt wrong to do something so intimate with a guy and then kill him. Miranda never even tried to enter a relationship for fear her partner would find out what she was, and turn her in or worse yet, dump her. Maybe she should join Cici and the Germans and find out what she had been missing. Yeah, it was time for her to do that.

Miranda broke out of her thoughts just soon enough to see Cici’s short blue skirt swish out the door between the firm asses of the two Germans. Maybe they were backpackers after all.

As Miranda drowned her sorrows in a Cosmopolitan, she heard a voice say, “You look a little lonely there. Need some company?”

Miranda looked up as a shadow moved across her table. Staring up at the towering figure, she found herself looking into the greenest eyes she had ever seen. Framing the eyes were those super long lashes that only men seem to have naturally. Above his eyes was hair the color of mahogany, arranged in an extensively styled, casual manner. Below, a Roman nose led to luscious lips, and

then a strong, smoothly shaved jaw line. His broad shoulders tapered into a trim waist, and while she could not see his ass yet, she imagined it filled out his khakis nicely. Much to her surprise and chagrin, he slid into the seat Cici had vacated earlier. *Great*, thought Miranda, *how am I supposed to get rid of this guy?* He was everything that Miranda did *not* look for in a man. This guy had good looks, expensive clothes, and a suave demeanor. Miranda and Cici usually went after the shorter, geekier guys who wore what they had probably worn to work that day. The plainer and less confident they were, the easier they were to get, also the less notice they drew from other club patrons. She and Cici preferred to prey on the guys who did not have all the girls and guys in the club staring at them.

The guy obviously did not catch the negative vibes Miranda was sending because he did not go away. Instead, he smoothly asked, “You live nearby?”

Miranda never gave away information about herself, so she just shrugged.

The man did not seem to notice her lack of an answer, since he persisted. “I am staying just around the corner at a friend’s condo.”

Miranda remained silent, thinking the guy would eventually get the message that she was not interested.

The guy continued, “My friend’s in Europe for the year, trying to work on a merger for his work or something. You should see the place—he has all the latest technology and luxuries.”

Why would this guy not give up? By now, Miranda had finally spotted a man across the dance floor that looked like the kind of guy on which she preyed. His shaggy brown hair bobbed along, out-of-sync with the music. His shirt and pants were so out-of-date that he bordered on retro. As she was about to excuse herself to go after her potential meal, her tablemate said something that made her pause.

“Yeah, he told me I could crash at his place if I ever found myself in the city.”

Miranda perked up at hearing this. Out-of-towners were always good—especially when they were visiting absent friends. Since he was talkative, she decided to probe for a little more information. Maybe she would not have to get rid of him after all.

“What brings you here?” she decided to ask, settling back in her seat.

“I just needed to get away.”

Now he was going to be stubborn. Well, he was better looking than Retro Dude over there, so she figured she might as well see if he could be a possible meal.

“Why did you need to get away?”

The guy just shrugged. “It’s been a rough year.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“You want to tell me about it.” Miranda leaned towards him.

He sat back in his chair. “You wouldn’t be interested.”

“Try me.”

“It’s depressing.”

“Tell me; you will feel better.”

“OK, but I warned you.” He took a deep breath then gushed, “My fiancée left me for my brother, and my grandmother, who had raised me since I was a baby, died.”

“Oh, I am so sorry to hear that.”

“Yeah, well, I thought I needed a change, so I decided to take a sabbatical.”

So no one back home would be looking for him anytime soon... This is getting better and better. Miranda looked around the club. All the other guys seemed to be hooking up, including, incredibly, Retro Dude. She needed to feed soon, and this might be the only opportunity she would get. She decided to go in for the kill.

“Sounds like you need to talk some more. How about we blow this noisy joint, and you can show me your friend’s condo.”

“I would love to. I’m David by the way.”

“Miranda.”

“That’s a pretty name; a pretty name for a pretty girl.”

Miranda groaned at the obvious line he fed her, but at the same time, she felt flattered that this handsome gentleman thought she was pretty.

They exited the club together, Miranda feeling only slightly guilty that she was about to deprive this fine specimen of his lifeblood. Then again, it was his fault for hitting on her.

David unlocked the door and escorted Miranda into the most luxurious condo she had ever seen. A giant tropical fish tank separated the foyer from the living room, which contained plush, white leather furniture, and a large plasma TV. Miranda looked around in awe, and her eyes settled on an odd picture—framed CDs—but Miranda could not see anything special about them. David picked up a remote, and the CDs began moving, filling the room with soft music. Miranda could not help but give a little squeal of delight.

David came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her in a bear hug. “You like that, huh?”

“I’ve never seen anything like it,” she responded.

“I could show you some more things you have never seen anything like,” he whispered into her ear then kissed it gently. His hands slid up her tank top.

Miranda could not believe how easy this was going to be. At this rate, she could have his pants off and be drinking within five minutes. Men were so eager at

the prospect of oral sex, especially horny men. Practically salivating from the thought of tasting his blood, Miranda fumbled behind her for his zipper.

David reached down to stop her. "What's your hurry, baby. We have all night. Let's not rush things."

OK, so it was not going to be that easy, Miranda thought. Well, if he wanted to take it slow... She decided to play along.

Miranda turned around and brushed David's lips lightly with her own. He pulled her in closer for more while leading her to the couch. Laying her down on it, he tried to remove her boa. Miranda quickly stopped him.

"But you must be hot with that thing wrapped around your neck," David protested.

Miranda gave him a sly smile. "Feathers can be fun."

"Oh, really." David went in for another kiss along with a little fondling.

With his hands up her shirt, Miranda had no problem removing his. However, he did not want to be the only one half-naked. Resigned to the fact that she would have to remove the boa covering the telltale bite marks on her neck, she pleaded with David, "Do you think you could turn off the lights? Things are always more sensual in the dark."

"Whatever you want, baby." David flicked a few switches and the lights dimmed out. Much to Miranda's amazement, panels slid closed across the sliding glass balcony door and windows, completely blocking out the glow from the streetlights. The only glow that remained emanated from the fish tank.

"Wow, it's dark," Miranda uttered, then immediately felt very unsophisticated.

"Isn't it awesome? My friend is a movie buff, so he turned his living room into the perfect home theater—including blocking out all outside light, so there would be no glare on the screen."

In the safety of the almost complete darkness, Miranda removed her boa and let David remove her shirt. Not relinquishing the boa, she lassoed it around David's neck.

"That tickles." He let out a girlish giggle.

"I told you feathers could be fun. You know where I am told they feel even better?"

She went for his zipper once again. This time he let her slip off his pants, but he was intent on leaving his boxers in place.

"Let me have some fun with you first," he whispered. He kissed the top of her ear, her earlobe, her jaw...

She had to stop him before he reached her neck and felt the two small puncture wounds—whether he guessed what they were or not, they were bound to turn a guy off. Quickly, she wriggled out of his grasp and her miniskirt. Luckily, David took the bait and removed her panties. Laying her back down on the couch,

David softly flicked his tongue in and out of her pussy. Miranda had to admit it felt good and relaxed a little for the first time all night.

Soon, though, she came to her senses and went on with her mission. “How about I give you some, now?”

David looked up. Miranda mentally kicked herself for causing him to stop pleasuring her with his gentle tongue.

“But I am not done with you yet,” he replied.

As much as Miranda wanted him to continue, she knew she had to feed, and soon. The clock on the wall showed it was already three-thirty in the morning. Sunrise would be at ten after six, and she needed to be home and safely under the covers in her bedroom with its multiple layers of room-darkening shades well before then.

David had stopped licking her and was slowly kissing his way up her body. As he neared her neck, she slipped beneath him and managed to slide off his boxers. The cock that awaited her was the most perfect specimen she had ever seen. Once again, she felt a slight pang of guilt for what she was about to do.

However, before she could do anything, David pulled her back up to his mouth. His soft lips met hers, causing her to lose all control. She melted into his arms, feeling the heat of his smooth, naked body against hers. He took her to a place she had never been—a place where she felt her heart soar, weightless with happiness.

Catching his breath, he told her, “I prefer giving head to getting head.”

She could not help but retort with, “That is the first time I have ever heard a guy say that. If you are worried about where my mouth has been, I have a condom in my purse.”

“A lady, especially one as sweet as you, should not have to taste something as vile as a condom.”

Miranda wished she could taste how sweet he was. Desperate now for blood, she decided she would have to go for his neck instead of his inner thigh. The neck was more noticeable, but if she crashed his head into the giant fish tank, the medical examiner would probably chalk the punctures up to cuts from the broken glass or maybe a bite from a fish.

With a plan in mind, Miranda leaned in to kiss David firmly on the lips. Slowly, she worked her way down to his neck and bit. Preparing to suck, she was surprised when nothing came out. Pulling away from his neck to face him, Miranda stared at David in surprise. What surprised her even more was he appeared to have the same look on his face as she did on hers.

Eventually, he broke the silence. “Well, since we can now stop trying to feed on each other, what do you say we continue?”

Miranda could not find any words. Dumbstruck, Miranda glared at him, not certain if she should laugh or knock the hell out of him.

David went on. "If you need any blood, there is some in the fridge. I kind of lied to you earlier—this condo actually belonged to my last victim. I'll get you a little sustenance, and then I would like to finish you off. You are quite tasty, even if you are dead."

All Miranda could manage was, "What?"

"What are you afraid of?"

Seeing the look of panic in Miranda's eyes, David sat down next to her. Putting his arm around her, he asked, "Do you not want to? Were you only after me for food?"

"At first, yes, I was looking for a meal, but now..."

"Am I not attractive enough for you?"

"Oh, you are the best looking man I have ever attempted to kill, it's just that..."

Pulling her closer, David encouraged, "What? You can tell me. If you do not want to sleep with me, I understand. I will leave you alone and let you get home before sunrise."

"I want to...I just never have before."

"But you were all prepared—you said you had a condom."

"The condom is just so the guy thinks he will definitely get a fuck. I have never made it farther than sucking cocks—that is when I kill them."

"Then I would say you have a lot to learn, and I would like to be the one to teach you."

This is rather exciting. Anyway, I did decide it was time for me to have a little fun. She slithered down and inserted the tip of his cock in her mouth, lightly teasing it with the tip of her tongue.

David let a soft moan escape his lips before saying, "I can see your victims never put up much of a struggle. Why don't you bring that tongue of yours up to mine so I can show you what you've been missing?"

Miranda kissed her way up to David's mouth as he rolled her over and gently entered her. Miranda grimaced as his large staff entered her tight pussy. She let out a quiet squeal of discomfort. David paused.

"Are you alright?" he cooed in concern.

Miranda took a deep breath. She wanted this, but she had no clue how much sex could hurt. "I'm fine."

"I'll go slowly."

He did just that. Once he was fully inside her, the pain subsided. Miranda opened her eyes and found his deep green eyes right above her. Suddenly, she was aware of the smell that was under his cologne, the wonderful, spicy smell of him. He leaned down and gave her a soft, fluttery kiss, which sent butterflies straight down to that forbidden paradise between her legs. As she felt a warm wetness

release from inside of her, she thrust her hips up to feel her pelvic bone grind against his.

Clinging to him, she felt his cool skin slide against her, which was good because her temperature was quickly rising. He smiled at her. Feeling a little bolder, she strained her neck up so that her lips met his. Parting his lips, she could taste the alcohol he drank at the club—something sweet and minty. This awakened something inside her that she never knew existed. She reached down, firmly grabbing his tight buttocks, and slammed him against her. His cock jabbed so far inside her that she thought she would pass out from pleasure.

“David, David,” she chanted, forming his name into a mantra of her unvoiced demands.

He gasped as his hot liquid filled her, causing her to spiral into her own private nirvana.

Breathing heavily, David rolled off her and held her tight, running his soft lips over her neck. She let out a breathless moan and the feeling tingled through her thoroughly spent nervous system.

Miranda felt David’s lip cross her bite, but she did not pull away. For once, she did not mind a guy discovering who she really was. In fact, she enjoyed being able to be herself. Feeling content, she snuggled against David, and the two fell into a blissful sleep, secure in the darkened home theater even though daylight was just moments away.

About the Author

Erika Kaye

Erika Kaye has always thought it would be fun to be an author, but she never imagined she would be writing vampire erotica! She hopes you have as much fun reading her works as she had writing them.

Erika's next book, *The Vamp Killer*, will be coming soon from Chippewa Publishing!

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

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