

Advance Readers Copy

VIXEN OF THE NIGHT

By

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Chapter 1

“Okay,” she whispered, “I’m a vampire. Now what? Are you going to drive a stake through my heart, or burn me at the stake? If you do, it’s gonna make a real mess on my beautiful Persian rug.”

“I don’t know what I’m going to do. I should tell someone, but whom? If I tell the police, they may lock me up. Besides, I kinda...like you. In fact, I really like you. So, what are you going to do now, bite my neck?”

“What would you like for me to do? I was saving you for a special occasion. Besides, I don’t do that much any more.”

Travis, scratching his head asked, “So how do you eat?”

“I buy blood from the blood banks, through a research organization, stuff they can’t use. I also like my steaks very rare plus when the mood hits me; I get it from a live donor.”

“Is it true you have to sleep in a casket, full of dirt, from Transylvania?”

“That’s so cliché. The dirt has to be from my home and I’m from Peoria. I do sleep in a box of dirt though, and I have to stay out of the sun. It does very bad things to my skin, like burn it off.”

“What a let down. I thought maybe, we could do it in a casket. Never done it in one before.”

“It’s way over rated. A nice soft bed is much better. As a matter of fact, I have a king size bed I use just for sex.” Sandra said as she ran a long fingernail along Travis’ jaw line and down his chin. Moving closer she lightly kissed his neck, nibbling on it.

He jerked back looking at her quizzically. She smiled, “Don’t worry, it’s only foreplay.” Moving closer again, she traced his jugular with her lips. He relaxed realizing if she really wanted him she would have put him under her spell then taken him. At least, it is what the movies showed them doing.

Sandra went on, “If I was going to suck your neck, I would just do it. I would have taken you by now. You know how the movies show vampires having superhuman strength, well it is true, and we do.”

“What about putting me in a trance,” he asked.

“If I wanted to I could, but I don’t do it much anymore either. We’re a little more sophisticated now, and that is so eighteenth century,” Sandra purred as she dragged her long nails down the front of his shirt, the buttons falling to the floor one after the other.

Closing his eyes as her mouth followed her hand, he thought, *this is going to feel so good.*

Unzipping his fly, she pushed his pants to his knees. She took him into her mouth, loving the feel of the soft skin of the blood-engorged shaft. He moaned as his knees wanted to buckle until, the sharp pain penetrated his conscience, and he screamed. The pain subsided, replaced by pleasure. At the peak of her feeding, he climaxed filling her mouth with his seed.

She had him she knew, as she pulled away and stood up. Her long tongue darted out licking the love juice on her chin, savoring the taste, not wanting to lose any of either precious fluid. She pulled his pants up as she stood up. Kissing him on the lips, he tasted himself. Fangs exposed, she smiled.

How erotic. He thought. *She’s got me. I can’t wait to have it again. Damn!*

Seeing the submission in his eyes she said, “Will you come back tomorrow night, and bring a friend? Meet me at the club?”

Walking away, he relived the encounter becoming excited again, but his cock was too drained to react. Already planning the next night, his list of friends ran through his head. He was trying to decide on which one to bring with him.

Sandra smiled as she walked back to the club. She loved San Francisco. There was an endless supply of virile young men for her to feed her desires on. Looking over the room, she searched for someone who might be able to satisfy her sexually. She knew given time Travis would be able to do it for her, but it being his first time, he had been finished as soon as she got him off. She needed more. She wanted to feel his body on her, skin touching skin, his large cock pushed into her. She liked him. Usually she had no feelings either way with the men she used.

She and Travis had talked even flirted for a few nights before she had made her move. It got complicated when he found the box of dirt she kept hidden in a large closet in what she liked to call her fucking apartment.

Her long legs and the slinky dress made a powerful weapon. All she had to do was troll through the room. Over the centuries, she had gotten good at catch and release. Biting on the neck was so old fashioned. She found she got more satisfaction, just as much blood, her way. It was funny, Travis was like all the rest, as soon as she had him, he was ready, and willing to come to her at her will.

Slinking back into the club eyeing the room, a tall strong stud insisted she have a drink with him. Leaning on the bar his hand found its way down the front of her dress and up the leg slit. Finding no panties in his way he buried his big middle finger in her. Her hands moved from his arms up to his neck and the back of his head. Pulling his face close to hers, his mouth found hers with his tongue forcing its way inside. Leaving the drinks unfinished, she led him out of the club down the street to the apartment. He was all over her as they walked. By the time they reached the apartment, he was ready to burst out of his Dockers™.

As soon as the door closed, he roughly picked her up, carried her to the bedroom, throwing her onto the bed. She smiled liking it rough. Grabbing the front of her dress, he ripped it to her waist.

“Easy there stud I like this dress.”

“Shut up bitch,” he growled, his pants coming off in one quick, practiced move. Climbing on top of her, he shoved his stiff cock into her mouth trying to gag her. She went with the flow and when he yelled, “Suck it,” she had had enough gave him as he had demanded. *You had better be careful what you ask for*, she thought, *you just might get it*. She sucked it...hard...with teeth.

His scream rattled the windows, but no one paid any attention. The pain subsided turning to pleasure. He began to moan. His climax filled her mouth as she drank greedily. Moving slowly up his body, she reached his neck. Not liking the way he had treated her, she positioned her mouth on it and bit down hard. This time she was serious. When she pulled away, he fell onto the bed-dead.

Getting up, she got one of the heavy-duty trash bags from the kitchen. Picking him up, as easily as a child would pick up a doll; she folded him at the waist and stuffed him into the bag. Before putting his clothes in with him, she pulled his wallet out and stuffed it into her handbag. Her woman’s intuition told her it would come in handy. Going to the closet, she took out another dress and slipped into it. Checking herself in the mirror, she

picked up the stud to carry him down the street to a dumpster. Throwing him in, she brushed her hands together in a finished manner.

She headed home to her casket filled with earth from Peoria. If her fuck sessions ran long with her not having time to get home before sun up, she would sleep in the apartment. Slipping into her box, she fell fast asleep as the sun broke over the horizon.

Chapter Two

Travis was barely able to work the next day. The euphoria he felt since the night before still lingered as he drove home from work. At lunch, he called his best friend Larry to ask if he wanted to get laid tonight. Larry being twenty-five and always ready at the drop of a hat readily agreed. "Meet me at the club at nine," Travis instructed and hung up.

The sunset in the ocean as Sandra pushed the lid of the casket up to get out. The room she was in was supposed to be a closet, but even the large casket looked small in it. The old Victorian was perfect for her life style. It sat atop a hill; she liked the old world look of it, jokingly referring to it as, Little Transylvania. Walking naked to the bathroom, she looked at herself in the mirror. The mirror had saved her on more than one occasion. Supposedly, a vampire could not see herself in a mirror. *Mortals, what do they know?*

"Well old girl, from the look of your face you had a hell of a time last night," she said to the reflection. Running water into the sink she washed the dried blood and cum off. Looking into the mirror again she said, "Not bad for a hundred plus year old broad."

Larry and Travis met at the club at nine o'clock and ordered a drink. "I'm telling you man, it was the best, most intense blow job I've ever had. I think I'm in love," Travis smiled dreamily.

"Dude, I can hardly wait!" Larry smiled. "Hey, look at the one over there. I bet those legs go all the way to her ass. Damn I'd like to fuck her. She may be a little older, but she is hot!"

Travis looked to where he pointed, "It's her."

Sandy slunk over to Travis, rubbing her body against him. Her hand went up around to the back of his head tracing a path down and around. Lifting his chin, she brushed her lips lightly across his. The tingle went all the way to his toes.

“Ahhh...,” Travis stuttered, “this is Larry, my best friend. You asked me to bring someone. Can we get out of here?”

“Whoa there big boy, the evening is still young plus I could use a good stiff drink.”

Travis ordered her the same drink she had been drinking the night before. Taking it, she slugged a big gulp then sat it down. “So, Larry, you up for some fun tonight?”

“You’re fucking A I am. Once you’ve had me you won’t want anyone else, you’ll throw rocks at Travis.”

Four drinks later, they were in her apartment, with clothes piling up. Travis was standing behind her his naked body pressed hard against her back. Larry was in front, his chest pressing against her small proud breasts.

Sandra smiled at Larry’s clumsiness. He sure talked the big talk, but it was obvious he could not walk the big walk. She slipped down to her knees in front of him taking him into her mouth. He blew as soon as her mouth touched him. Wiping her chin, she smiled as she turned around to Travis. He was large and hard. He managed to keep it that way for as long as she wanted it. Looking up at him, she smiled around his shaft, her fangs found the vein. She fed as he climaxed, more than the night before.

Standing up, she turned to Larry. Seeing her fangs dripping he started to back away, but she grabbed him with more strength than he thought possible. When he looked into her eyes, all his willpower evaporated. He willingly gave his neck to her. She moaned as his blood fed her.

With her dark hunger satisfied, she was ready for Travis. She released Larry. He dropped like a rag doll.

“Is he...” Travis was at a loss for words.

“He’s fine. When he awakens, he will have the memory of having serviced me for hours. It is you who will have the true memory of our hours of lovemaking.”

Travis’ drained cock sprung to life. Lust consumed him. He wanted her as he had never wanted a woman before. Pulling him down, onto the bed, she opened her legs as his stiff rod hovered over the opening to her love hole. Moving his body, the tip of his cock traced circles around her clit sending shivers of excitement through her.

“Oh Baby, Oh Baby,” she moaned, “Oh Travis, Now!”

His rock hard tool plunged into her, filling her, making her want more. Pulling out until only, the head was inside, he began slow, short movements. It surprised her he knew exactly where her G-spot was. He massaged it with the head.

How the Hell could someone so young have learned how to please a woman in such a short life, she thought. Feeling her orgasm building, her hands grasped his tight ass squeezing harder. Suddenly, she pulled him into her as she thrust upwards to meet him. This time it was her turn to scream. Starting as a low rumbling in her chest, it worked its way up and out her mouth; her fangs were exposed primeval and raw. “Ahrrr...Yesss.” She moaned. Her body tensed in ways she had never felt. Finally, the release came in a wave, washing over her.

Collapsing in on herself, her arms, and legs went limp. In a small, far away part of her brain, she realized it was he, who had her. She would come at his beckon call. For the first time, since she had become a vampire, she fell asleep in the middle of the night.

She slept for a short time as Travis lay on top of her, looking at her face, marveling at what he had just experienced. When she awoke, with him still inside her, she was not the sultry, worldly, hungry, vampire of an hour before; she was a soft and cuddly kitten in his hands. Part of her resisted the feelings, but the biggest part screamed, “Go with it!”

As he dressed to leave there was a knock on the door, “Police...open up,” a disembodied voice called.

“Quick, get Larry up plus spill a little tequila on him.”

Larry was so goofy. He could pass for drunk. Travis did as he was told then finished getting his clothes on.

“Just a minute” she called to the officer.

Opening the door she asked, “May I help you?”

Holding up a picture the detective asked, “Did you see this man last night?”

“Yes I did”

“Did you spend time with him?”

“I met him in the club even gave him a blowjob in his car, why?”

“His wife reported him missing and you were seen leaving the club with him.”

“As I told you, I gave him a quick blowjob, and I do mean quick. He was a ten-second wonder. I pity his wife. I came home and Travis,” she pointed, “came by to spend the night with me. “

“Is that true?” he asked looking at Travis.

“Yes, we were together all night.”

“Who are you?” the cop, asked Larry.

He just smiled and babbled. The smell of alcohol so strong the cop shook his head and took Larry’s name. Handing each of them a card he continued, “If you think of anything else, give me a call. Oh, by the way, I need a phone number where I can reach you.”

She gave him the number at the apartment. “I check my messages every evening.”

When the cop left, Sandra looked at her new lover. “Well, thank you Travis, I needed an alibi.”

“I’ve seen the asshole in the picture. I’ve seen the way he treats women. I hope you sucked him dry, and I don’t mean his dick.”

“Let’s just say he won’t be abusing any other women.”

Travis nodding, “good.”

Laying her hand on Travis’ cheek she said, “I like you, Travis.”

He smiled. “I like yo...,” she put her finger on his lips stopping him.

“No, let me finish. I really like you; I would like it if you came to live with me. I will take care of you financially and you can take care of me sexually. I think we would be good together. You won’t have to work, as I have a lot of money. The only draw back is you will have to sleep during most of the day and be up to service and serve me all night.”

“Will I become like you?”

“Only if you want to, as long as I regulate how often I feed from you, you can go indefinitely and stay mortal or become like me.”

“I’d like to think about it for a while before making a decision. It’s a very big step.” He left her, going home to think about all he had been offered.

Sandra walking outside caught a cab to within a few blocks of her home. She never let anyone know where she lived. She paid the cabby with some time left before

sunrise; she did not feel like going straight home. Fog had settled in over the city by the bay, and she wrapped it around herself like a cloak. The fog was her domain. Walking down by the shore, she sat down on a bench where, if the fog should lift, she would be looking at the Golden Gate Bridge.

One thing about vampires is they have an incredible sense of hearing. It is almost as keen as their sense of smell and hers was incredibly sensitive. She smelled him on the fog before she heard his cautious footfalls. Sitting with her back to the approaching stranger, seeing him in her mind's eye, she waited. *Please go on, don't fuck with me, I am too close to home*, she thought.

He saw her get out of the cab, waited, because he knew the only way out of the park was the way she had gone in. *Easy mark* went through his mind. With great stealth, he snuck down the path, shrouded by the fog. He loved the fog, less chance of someone seeing what he did.

The knife in his hand had drawn blood more times, than he could remember. He thought of it as an old friend. Women were his usual mark. He loved to make them bleed from small incisions, on the neck, and then he would drink the blood. Considering himself a Vampire, he felt he had to have blood to survive.

Cautiously he crept to stand behind her, his soft-soled shoes making practically no sound. Staring into the fog, she was relaxed, as she waited. He had sounded like a horse walking up. As he stopped directly behind her, knife poised, he jumped when she spoke, "Is tonight a good night to die, friend? I smelled the blood on you and now the fear. We are kindred spirits you and I, but if you don't move on, I will release your spirit and then I will have to deal with the body. I don't want that, not here, not now. So move on and find easier prey."

Her voice was level and calm as a chill went through him, all the way into his soul. Giggling nervously, gripping the knife more tightly, he reached out thinking to slice her throat, but the knife and his arm moved to his own throat instead. In his panic, he screamed. "No, no this can't be happening." However, it was and he could not stop himself. Fighting his own arm, with everything he had, the knife crept closer to his own throat. Just as the edge of the blade broke the skin, it stopped.

She spoke, "I told you to move along. Do you want me to finish what I've started?"

Blood began dripping from the wound. Just the skin was broken so far, only capillaries no veins or arteries--not yet. "No," he croaked, "please don't hurt me. I'm leaving, I'm leaving. NOW!" He backed away from her.

"Wait," she commanded with him obediently stopping. "Come here," she ordered. He obeyed. "Take this." She handed him the wallet, she had taken from the jerk the night before. His free hand reached for it and she growled, "Now leave."

The knife stayed where it was until he was back out on the street. When he was finally able to move his arm, he let the weapon drop to the ground and ran for his life. His taste for blood had somehow...gone away. A few blocks down the street he stopped and opened the wallet, a big smile crossed his face when he saw the money and credit cards inside. However, it disappeared as his small drug-clouded mind questioned why she had given it to him.

The fog made tendrils around her as she stood up walking slowly toward her home. "Fucking amateur," she mused as she stooped to pick up the knife, "if I didn't live so close, I would have had you for a nightcap." Suddenly consumed by a white-hot rage, she took control of his legs. He screamed, as they walked him out into the middle of the street, in front of an oncoming express bus.

Chapter Three

Travis opened a beer and sat down heavily on his couch, flipping on the television. The news was on; they were talking about a man hit by a bus. It went unheard as he relived the evening. There was a lot to think about. What he was being offered was a once in a lifetime opportunity. He could live his life as a mortal, grow old, and die or he could become a vampire and be immortal with her by his side. He could not really explain what it was about her, but she captivated him. Perhaps it was just that...not one thing had done so; it was a multitude of nuances. Beautiful, sensual, fun, sparkly, mischievous, child-like, rotten, irresistible, frightening, long-legged, slight, graceful, liquid, unbelievable, right, wrong, righteous, evil, exasperating, creative, bottomless, it took all to cover what he saw in her.

He looked around his small apartment, taking inventory. Most of it was nothing, but junk. It was just stuff he did not give a crap about. Taking a drink of beer, he sat the can down. "Well," he said to the room, "I was thinking I wanted a change. I just wasn't thinking about one this big." *I guess I'll call Larry and see what he wants of my stuff*, he thought. "No fucking way, am I gonna sleep tonight. Might as well pack what I want to take."

In the mansion on the hill, Sandra was content for the first time in many years. She had found someone who wanted her, in spite of the fact she was...different. She was happy. It was a strange feeling. Happiness had eluded her since she had been...changed. That day came to mind or rather the night. She had been so innocent. She was a bad girl most of her short life or at least she had thought she was, but in the overall scheme of things she had been a baby.

Peoria nightlife in 1890 had been tame, so when he offered her some excitement she had jumped at the chance. He was so suave and debonair. His clothes were very expensive and he was throwing money around as if it meant nothing. Women were hanging all over him. When she walked in, his eyes locked on hers. She had no

willpower of her own. She went to him, she and three other women left with him. The other women were prostitutes. No one missed them. For some reason he had wanted more than her blood. He would take his time with her, but would never give her a chance to accept or refuse. He wanted her. He would take her, slow and easy. He had transformed her. She was under his spell, where the prostitutes were under the spell of big money, and lots of it.

It was all a dream, it had to be. He instructed the other three to take off their clothes. He told her to sit down and wait, because she would be last. Part of her mind reeled at what she saw while part of it was numb, accepting every thing. The other women undressed him. She remembered thinking about how pale he was. His skin was the shade of alabaster. His actions were rough, but the girls seemed to like it. His penis was huge and hard. They took turns kneeling in front of him and taking it into their mouths.

At one point, all three were licking and sucking his cock and balls. Suddenly he tensed as he shot a load onto their faces. With superhuman strength, he picked the redhead up, her arms going around his neck and her legs around his body. He lowered her onto his waiting shaft. Not slow and easy, but hard, ramming all the way inside her quivering love hole. She screamed, whether from pleasure or pain Sandra did not know which. Soon the woman was helping him, jumping up and down on his hard cock.

The other women were all around him. Their hands were reaching in between them to stroke his member and his balls, as the other girls pussy lubed it up with her juices. Sandra, although in a trance felt the stirrings of lust in her groin as she moved her hand down to rub her swollen lips. "Uhuu..." the girl who was in his arms moaned, as he pulled her closer, without missing a stroke, bit into her neck draining her pitiful life out of her body.

As her limbs lost all strength she dropped to her side, he lifted her off, throwing her onto the couch. Grabbing another girl by the hair, he picked her up; following the same pattern rammed her down hard on his cock. She was older, but seemed to be a bit looser than the first one. His large tool slipped in easily, pushing to the back of her tunnel rubbing against her uterus. His strong arms hammered her onto him until she screamed in climax falling forward onto his shoulder. His fangs found her jugular sinking into it. When he was done, he threw her onto the couch with the first one. As he

grabbed for the last one, she found a spark of life and tried to resist. Grabbing her hair, he pulled her over to the couch falling backwards, pulling her with him.

Lifting her up, he sat her on his flagpole. As soon as he made contact, her struggle was all over. She gave herself to him, riding him as if he was a wild stallion. His hands found her ass squeezed her cheeks, kneading the soft flesh. Lifting her off him, he slammed her back down. His partner built to a climax, even with the dead bodies lying on the same divan, she screamed as the spasms over took her. She collapsed onto him. His fangs found their target, and he fed.

Sandra had sat with her hand between her legs, her dress pulled up past her waist. Her pussy was on fire. She wanted him. Wanted him, even if he drained all the blood from her body. Wanted him even if it meant death. Suddenly, as if he were another man, he gently lay the dead prostitute aside and stood up. "It's your turn my sweet little rose. I have searched the centuries for you. You will be my mate. I will turn you." He stood in front of her, his cock level with her face pointing straight at her mouth. "Kiss it," he commanded. She did as she was told.

The thought of refusing never crossed her mind, her soft lips touching the tip as her tongue playing with the pee hole. Tasting the three other women as well as him, she savored the exotic flavor. Slowly, sensuously, she lowered her mouth onto it, the farther she took it in, the less control he exerted on her. Soon she had it all in her mouth. The tip slid down her throat. She realized she was doing it because she wanted to not because he was forcing her. Looking up she really saw him for the first time. He was exceedingly handsome, his body lean, and rock hard. Her hands working around as well as behind him, held his ass squeezing, enjoying the feel of his smooth skin.

Building to a release, he stopped her, pulling out of her mouth, bending down kissing her on her lips. "I must have you. It is part of the ritual. I will plant my seed in you, as I bite you for the first time.

She lay back spreading her legs, waiting for him to mount her. Grabbing the front of her dress, he ripped it open as if it were made of tissue, exposing her hard pointing breasts. His mouth, finding first one hard nipple, and then the other, working magic making her feel the juices flow in earnest. The couch would be soaked. Positioning himself on top, he bit into her neck as he plunged into her sopping wetness. She felt complete.

No man had filled her as he did and she opened like a rose. *Oh God*, she thought and she moaned, “Oh yes, oh yes, fuck me, make me yours.” Climaxing, she lost consciousness. When she awoke, she was back at her home, sitting on the front porch, satiated completely.

She had gone to him every night afterwards. Finally, she could feel the transformation taking effect. Slowly she started sleeping during the day and staying awake at night. Her craving for extremely rare steaks grew. Garlic became offensive even the site of crosses repulsed her. Her family rarely saw her. Finally, she told them she was going to live with him and would not be back. He had another casket shipped in filled with earth from the local graveyard. It was a shock for her, the first time he took her into his sleeping room, seeing two caskets. It was the final conformation of her life, as she had known it, was gone.

Sandra shook her head. It had all happened so long ago, but it was as if it were yesterday. Going to the liquor cabinet, she poured a tall scotch, sat back down looking out the window at the fog-shrouded night. Another foghorn farther down the coast answered the foghorn from the point.

He taught her what she needed to know about how to survive, and more. He had wanted a mate for two hundred years, but had not found one until he had come to, of all places, Peoria. He owned a railroad, lived in a fancy Pullman car, pulled by his own engine with its own crew. The crew had their quarters, in a similar car, behind the coal car. They were parked on a sidetrack. He had no direct dealings with his employees. He had a man, a mortal, who acted as a go between.

It took a couple of months, but the men of the town began to question the absence of prostitutes. What had happened to them? Putting two and two together, they came up with him. They were last seen going with him and never seen again. The mob had come just before he had awakened. She had been up for a few minutes when she saw them coming. Her attempts to awaken him failed, but she managed to hide. They hammered the door open and seeing the coffins, gasped. Some crossed themselves while others turned tail and ran. There were a few brave men there, until he awoke raising the lid to sit up. The bravest broke and ran. He knew that they would have a few shots of whiskey to get their courage up again. His crew had been asleep in the other car but upon hearing the racket, had fired up the engine. As soon as they had a head of steam, the

short train chugged out of town. Standing on the back platform of the Pullman car, they saw the torches.

He had chosen his place to park well. The escape route crossed a trestle, which spanned a deep wide river. It was the only bridge across the river for miles and once they were across it, they would be safe. His crew was feeding the firebox like mad men. As they flew across the trestle like a bat out of hell, the whistle broke into a scream of defiance. The men following could not bring a horse or horseless carriage across the bridge. They were safe.

It was not long afterward, he was killed. Someone came up with the bright idea of driving a stake through his heart and it had indeed worked. Before they got him, he had given her access to his wealth. She left the Midwest to head to San Francisco where it was wide open. If she played it wisely, she could stay there indefinitely.

Once again, she was in love, but this time with a mortal. If he chose not to accept immortality, he would grow old and die. She would stay the same as the night he had met her. If he chose to do so, he could stay in the limbo of neither mortal nor immortal. He would age more slowly, but he would age. It did not matter she would not force him. He had given his whole essence to her in their lovemaking and she had given herself to him. It was all quite unexpected.

Routine came easily for Travis. She would awaken to find him waiting with a special Bloody Mary on the table and a hot bath drawn. The candles were a wonderful touch-adding ambiance to an already pleasurable experience. She would raise from her casket take his hand step down to the floor, wrapping her arms around him. He would pick her up, carry her to the hot bath, and set her into it. Dropping the robe he was wearing, he would stand for her inspection. His thoughts had been on her all day, and it showed. His penis stood up proudly, wanting.

Her hand reached out to push the foreskin back exposing the head. Wrapping her fingers around the hard shaft, she would gently pull him into the large tub, push a button, and turn on the jets. The hot water would pound them and as he lay back, she would straddle him slipping his cock into her hot slick pussy. As the head moved past her G-spot, she moaned, wanting more. Each day it was the same yet different. Each day the bath and their session in it, was just the warm up.

Travis was sure after a couple of weeks he would be tired of her or she of him, but each day he wanted more. He would sleep a few hours each morning, but awaken on his own. The grounds around the mansion were maintained by a contractor, so there was nothing to do outside, but inside became his domain. To pass the time until his love awoke, he would clean and sometimes cook. As he worked, he thought about her offer.

The thought of becoming immortal was staggering. Barring being killed by a stake through the heart, or having his head cut off, there was not much that would harm him. Each day he would remotely check the phone messages at the apartment, about two weeks after moving in he heard, "This is Detective Smith, I wanted to let you know we found the missing man. He was murdered. We also got his killer; he had his wallet on him when a bus hit him. If you have any questions give me a call."

When she awoke Travis was waiting, as usual his throbbing penis wanting her more than ever. Instead of getting into the tub, he told her to take her bath, as he would be ready when she got out, "Oh by the way, the detective called and they got the killer of the jerk. It was the guy who got hit by the bus. He even had the man's wallet on him, imagine that." Smiling, he left the room.

Sandra lounged in the tub taking her time washing, wanting to be squeaky clean for her lover. Something was different; she could feel it, but did not know what it was. Washing down her body across her pert breasts and flat belly to her nether lips, she lingered. Parting them with her fingers her middle one stroked her clit. Her libido had shot to the moon since Travis had become her lover. Before, she could take it or leave it, but lately she wanted to take it, over and over.

"You know Travis, we need to get out a little," she said toweling off as she walked from the bath to the bedroom. He was lying on the King-sized bed, propped up by an array of pillows and cushions. His hand was wrapped around his cock, and it glistened with oil. His flushed face showed he had been busy.

"Come here." He patted the space beside him. She finished drying her short-cropped flaming red hair and dropped the towel on the floor. Her red bush stood out stark against her pale skin, and the freckles were bright. He loved the country girl, fresh off the farm look.

As she climbed into bed beside him, his mouth found hers and his tongue explored her lips, her teeth and her tongue. Her kisses were like food to a starving man or water

to one dying of thirst. They were...sweet, soft, and sensual. His hands explored her body wanting to burn the feel into his brain. She lay on her back as he moved over on top of her, his mouth still on hers.

Breaking contact, his lips traced a line down her chin and neck while his teeth nibbled as they went. Her hard nipples were begging for his hot breath. Circling one then the other, he finally took one into his mouth, stroking it with his tongue. His hand rubbing the soft creamy skin found her inner thighs. She parted her legs even more. Her pussy was on fire and needed to be touched. His fingers found their mark, but instead of plunging them into her, he gently stroked her lips both inside and out eliciting a moan. She pushed up against them. Her hands tangled in his long hair feeling the coarseness of each hair, wanted to pull him into her, not just his penis, but also his whole being. She was blind with lust as he worked his way down her belly with his mouth, leaving a moist glistening trail.

His tongue burned her skin making her moan louder. Knowing where it was headed, she pushed her pelvis up toward him, ready to scream if he delayed much longer. "Now. Do it now. Lick it. Put your mouth on my pussy NOW!" she screamed, unable to contain herself any longer. She grabbed hands full of hair, shoved his face into her, and writhed under him. His arms moved around the backside of her thighs, encircled them and his tongue, first circling her clit, then tracing her lips found the magical spot between pussy and asshole and back up. It kept up its trek until he worked farther down lightly brushing the tip across her beautiful brown rosebud.

Sandra bucked uncontrollably. He realized he found a sensitive spot working back down to it and lingered. Her bucking became so violent; he was almost thrown out of the saddle. Super human strength was something to be reckoned with in their lovemaking.

Moaning and rolling her head from side to side her fangs bared, she screamed as her body reacted to his tonguing. Her legs going around his head pulled him into her, smothering him, leaving him struggling for air. He was stuck. He could not call out. All he could do was try to get her attention so she would release him.

Suddenly her whole body relaxed, with only an occasional spasm. Travis gasped in a large breath, thankful to be breathing. When she became coherent again, he said, "We have to do something about your strength or you are going to be looking for a place to dump my body, and looking for a new boyfriend."

“Oh Honey, I’m so sorry. I wouldn’t hurt you for the world. You’re right we have to figure something out. When you make me feel like that, I have no control.”

Looking back down at her wet lips, he gently caressed them with the tip of his magical tongue. She shivered, but did not stop him as he dipped into her love hole, lapping the honey he found there. Slowly moving back up her body, his rigid cock found its mark as it slid all the way in. His body pressed hard against hers. He began a sliding movement side to side, backwards, and forwards, brushing her clit as he moved the tip of his cock across the mouth of her womb.

The pungent smell of very good, hot sex, hung heavily in the room, with their breathing ragged as he worked both her and himself to a climax. Just as he was ready to explode she begged, “Come on my asshole, please!” His cock had started to spurt, but he pulled out to shoot the remainder of his seed, onto her rosebud, rubbing it in with the tip.

Still hard, he began to work the head into her ass. She pushed up to meet him, trying to shove it in and relax at the same time. Slowly, gently he worked the cum-wet head past the tight spot, and slipped the rest of the way in. “Oh God,” he moaned, “I’m in your beautiful ass, I’ve wanted to do this since the first time I saw you naked.”

“It’s yours baby, you are the only one I want in there. It’s special for you.”

Their passion built again. When she knew he could not hold it any more, she panted, “cum in my ass Baby, do it now.”

His breath caught in his throat as his ass cheeks clinched. His cock shot his load, filling her with his essence. Finally, exhausted, he slumped onto her, unable to move and falling instantly asleep. She held him as she stroked his long hair, luxuriating in the feel of his softening cock in her ass. He had splattered her insides -- coating them with his cum. Satisfied, she dozed off.

How long they lay like that, Travis did not know. As long as the sun was still down, he did not care. Rising up on his elbows, looking down at the beauty, which was his, he knew he wanted her to transform him. He could not stand the thought of her always being the same and him growing old, ugly, and dying. He wanted her more than he wanted mortal life. He wanted her for an eternity.

Stirring beneath him, she opened her eyes, smiled and tried to speak but could not get the words out. "Water." She managed to squeak. After taking a sip, she was able. "That was the most incredible thing I have ever experienced."

"It was pretty amazing,"

"I think you could say that."

"I've been thinking and have come to a decision. I will do anything necessary to be with you for eternity."

"It's a big step, I'm glad you have chosen it."

"Will it change my being able to perform sexually?"

"Well, it may increase your desire." Smiling, she stroked his hair.

"We can get started anytime you want."

"There are some preparations, but we should be able to start in about a week. I'll make a list so you can get the things we need."

Looking down into her face, he said it. That word -- the one that has ruined many a good sexual relationship.

Thinking she misunderstood him, she asked, "What did you say?"

"I said, I love you, and I want to be with you no matter what it entails."

Chapter Four

Travis awoke feeling reborn. Sandra had given him a list of things to do and get. He began to see how she had lived so long undetected. She had a network of small warehouses set up so nothing came directly to the mansion. She had boxes of Peoria scattered around the area in case she got stuck out at sunrise. Feeling a little strange, he went to a funeral home to buy a casket. She told him, "A box will do, but a casket is the classy way to do it." Therefore, he picked out a steel one thinking it would last a long time.

"When will the deceased be coming to us," asked the Parlor worker.

"I want it delivered to this address tomorrow." He handed him a card with an address printed on it. Paying in cash, he turned heading off to his next stop, a Chinese herb store, where the wizened old man, looked at him with a knowing smile, and nodded. He had been furnishing the underground with herbs for many things for many years. When Travis reached for his change, the old man grabbed his hand looking him in the eye, studying his iris. "I see much change coming. Be sure what you seek is worth the price you pay."

Travis smiled, "It is what I want more than life itself." He picked up his purchase and left.

While he was out picking up supplies his friend Larry called, "Hey man I haven't heard from you since you gave me your stuff and disappeared. What the fuck have you been doing? You hanging around with the chick we fucked?"

"You might say that. I love her. I am going to marry her, if she will have me."

"What the fuck, Man, you just met her. And we both fucked her."

"I know, but there is something special about her, she's different."

"Yes, but marrying her? You have to be kidding."

"No, I'm living with her and we are in love."

"Come on, she's just some rich bitch and you are just a plaything. She will get tired of you and dump your ass."

Travis was beginning to get upset, but how could he tell him what was really going on. "Look Man, I'm with her and that's where I'm going to stay. I'll be seeing you." With that hung up.

Larry did not like what was happening. He talked to another guy they both knew, and he was accused of being jealous. Larry said, "You're fucking A I'm jealous, but it is more. It's almost as if he is under a spell or something. I'm going to try to talk some sense into him."

"Suit yourself, but there is no way I want to get between a man and a woman. I've seen many friendships go by the way, because of that. It's up to you, but I'm staying the hell out it."

Larry took another drink of his beer. "I'm going to find out what's going on."

"Okay, it's your funeral," his friend Eddy prophesied.

Larry kept calling him, but Travis had quit taking his calls. Sandra had begun the process. He already had to wear heavy sunscreen, hats, and dark glasses. He was approaching the point of no return. Although he was totally in love with her, he was having some second thoughts. It was not her. The physiological changes were bothering him. His eyes were sensitive to light and he was sunburned if he did not wear sunscreen. He had begun to need to sleep longer during the day. It was all so new to him since he had always been a day person.

Larry called several times one day and without thinking, Travis answered the last call. He was insistent Travis meet him for a beer. "Okay," Travis finally gave in, "I'll meet you at our usual spot at six this evening."

Travis was not looking forward to the meeting, but Larry had been so insistent. He steeled himself for the coming fight. He knew beyond a shadow of a doubt, Larry was going to give him a hard time. Sitting at a table, he watched Larry walk in. Travis could tell he had a chip on his shoulder. It was going to be a tough meeting.

"Hey Bud," Larry said sitting down looking around for a waitress, "How's it hanging?"

"It's hanging better than it ever has. How about you?"

"Can't complain. What's with the Goth look?"

"What do you mean?"

“Look at yourself, man. You're white as a sheet, and look at the clothes you're wearing. Hell you're beginning to look like a fucking vampire. I don't like it. I want my old buddy back.”

“Well your old buddy is changing. I'm not the person I use to be. I am in love. You want me to go back as I was. I won't. If you want me to give up what I have, you're crazy.”

Larry shook his head, he was not going to get anywhere like this. “Well at least meet me for a beer once in a while, what do you say.”

“Sure, look I have to go,” *the sun's going down*, he thought, but could not say.

Larry watched his friend leave and on a whim followed him at a distance. He thought he would be going to the apartment, but instead he caught a cab to the more affluent part of town. Sitting in his own cab a discreet distance away, he watched Travis get out walking down through the park toward the water. Paying his fare, he followed.

Travis was in the habit of never taking a direct route home. Instead, he walked down to the water along the seawall to the far end. Stepping through hedges, he stopped and checked his back trail. “Damn,” escaped his lips, when he saw Larry headed towards him. He had not thought his friend would be following, but he was.

Staying where he was, until Larry passed, he backtracked taking another route home. Larry, realizing he had lost him, wandered around for a while, but decided to go back to the club and try to get laid.

Travis managed to make it home just as the sun dipped into the ocean. It had been almost twelve hours since he had seen her. There was an ache of loneliness in him. It was all so strange to him. He had girlfriends in the past. Hell, he even had a lot of girlfriends, but he kept his heart closely watched. If he began to really feel something, he would break it off. Now his whole world revolved around the long legged beauty that would soon be waking up.

Turning off the alarm, letting himself in, he reset it, locking away the rest of the world. Heading to the kitchen, he pulled an iced tea and a Bloody Mary from the fridge heading upstairs to her. She had just awakened, a little sleepy eyed. Smiling broadly, when he walked into the room, she asked, “What did you do to me last night? I'm sore in muscles I haven't used in years.”

The smile on his face showed his pleasure at her question. Her arms went out. He wrapped her in his, his mouth finding hers. "Well what do you expect when you climax the way you did?" Lifting his love, he carried her to the bed and lay down beside her. "I just want to cuddle, before you get into the shower."

In each other's arms, he had no doubts whatsoever. "How much longer, until I have really crossed over?"

"Depends, do you want to complete the process as soon as possible or would you rather stay...for lack of a better phrase...between the two worlds. If you cross over you will sleep as I do, but if you want to stay between, you can still go out during the day. You should be noticing some changes taking place in your body, too. Your aging has been slowed to a crawl. You aren't immortal yet, you will eventually start to show some aging, but nothing like you would if you stayed completely mortal. Your senses are a lot more sensitive, and you are as strong as Governor Schwarzenegger."

"I like the way I feel, except for the sensitivity to the sun. At least I can use sunscreen and cover up. I saw Larry this evening. He wanted to know what was up with the Goth look. He said I look like a vampire. I started to thank him, but changed my mind. He isn't too happy with me right now, and thinks I'm under a spell or something. I got a little pissed at some of the things he said about you, but he just doesn't understand. I guess you could say I am under a spell, but no more so than any other man who is head over heels in love. Granted I may be a little pussy whipped, but keep on whipping me, Baby."

Holding each other, talking long into the night, he told her about Larry following him, and how he had ditched him. Finally, they made love slowly and sensually and then stepped into the shower together. It was the largest personal shower he had ever seen. There were showerheads at different heights. There were a lot of them, all directed to the center. "You know," he said lathering her up, washing her back, "we could have a real party in here."

"I know. Whoever had this place before me probably did have parties in it."

"I love this life of leisure. I don't have to hurry about anything. On the construction job, Larry and I always had to hustle. It seemed we were always taking up the slack for people who didn't give a crap."

Changing subjects he said, "I have a wonderful meal planned for tonight. I pulled out a couple of bottles of 1997 vintage wine. It was a very good year for grapes in California. I've noticed my tolerance for alcohol has increased. It takes quite a bit just to get me buzzed. Larry use to be able to drink me under the table, but not anymore. What do you say to me calling him and inviting him out this Saturday night? The three of us can go dancing and have some drinks. It might get him off my back."

"It sounds good to me. Maybe I can show him I'm not the monster he seems to think I am."

"Oh he doesn't think you are a monster, he just thinks you are a rich bitch whore, and you are fucking me to death and then you will dump me."

"Do you think I'm a whore?"

"No more than I am. I've always loved a good fuck. I got it when I could and thought about it when I wasn't getting it. The really funny thing is...the memory you implanted in him is what he is basing his opinion on. He thinks he fucked you like a fuck machine. I just smiled when he mentioned it. Most of Larry's experience has been with Mary Palm and her five daughters while watching porno movies."

"Well I could give him a real fuck, if you want me to."

Travis had to think about it for a moment before answering, "Maybe, but I think you would kill him. I know he's never had anyone even close to being as good as you are. Maybe we should invite him to the apartment. I think you could use some fresh blood anyway."

"We'll see," she said and forgot about it. Dinner with her lover was all she wanted to think about.

Sandra lay awake in her casket thinking about the danger Larry posed. He could bring her house of cards down around both her and Travis. The thought of Travis and his unconditional love brought a smile to her face as well as a warm tingling between her legs. He was obviously in love with her. She had never in her, one hundred plus years felt anything closely resembling what she felt for him. He was the very breath she breathed. If she could not have him, she would step out into the heat of the midday sun and burn into nothing.

They had talked about sex with others, as it was one way she chose to feed. He knew she loved only him. "If you want, we can have a woman for you to feed off of. I could care less about the sex with others, but their energy is so high when the endorphins are flowing. You have given me more pure sex than I know what to do with, and yet I want you more every day."

Damn the man is incredible. Thinking of her lover caused reactions making her wish it were night so she could have him. Her hand caressed her naked body moving to hover between her legs. Her fingers parted her lips with the middle one stroking her clit into orgasm. As the spasms subsided, she drifted off into peaceful sleep.

Travis lay awake long after the sun had risen. Knowing Larry could bring Sandra down, he vowed not to let happen, even if it meant ending his friend's life. He could not even think the word *kill*, when it came to Larry.

Chapter Five

Larry was not about to roll over and play dead when his friend was throwing away his life. He did not know what the hell was going on with Travis, but damn it, something was. Work was hell without his bud. Drinking was hell without his bud, and damn it, chasing pussy was not the same. “Damn, damn, damn. I gotta do something about the mess he has gotten himself into.” He was grasping at straws. Other than looking like a fucking Vampire, Travis seemed to be happy. “Fuck Man, maybe I am a little jealous. The son of a bitch gets a broad who fucks like a God damned demon. She is supporting him, also. The motherfucker does not have to bust his balls to make ends meet. Damn it, maybe I am just a little jealous.”

Larry was surprised when Travis called, “Hey dude. What’s up with you this Saturday night?”

“Hey Travis, I was just going to the club pussy hunting. Why do you ask?”

“Sandra suggested I give you a call. The three of us go out, dancing and drinking. So what do you say?”

“Sounds good to me. I’ve really missed hanging with you.”

“Awesome. We’ll meet you at the club around nine, okay?”

“Nine it is, my friend. See you there.”

Larry had to find out what was happening to his friend. He called his other friend, the one he had been talking to about Travis, to tell him he was meeting them at nine Saturday night. “Look, damn it, something strange is going on and I need your help to find out what it is.”

“What do you want me to do,” Eddy asked, “I still think she is just fucking his brains out. If she is as hot as you say she is, I just might see if she will dump Travis and take me.”

“Wait until you see him, something's wrong. Will you help me or not?”

“Sure, sure. What do you want me to do?”

“Just stay back out of sight and keep an eye on them. When they go home, follow them, to see where they are living. Travis lost me the last time I followed him.”

“Okay, it’ll be kinda cool to act like a P.I. Should I wear a trench coat and fedora?”

“I don’t care if you’re naked, as long as you follow them.”

It was Saturday night. Sandra had just awakened. They were in the shower with the water hot, damned hot and she loved it. “What do you say to us riding the Harley tonight,” she asked as they dried off.

“What Harley,” he asked, his eyebrows raised.

“My Hog. The one in the last bay of the garage. Haven’t you discovered it yet?”

He just shook his head, no.

“It’s an antique I bought new back in fifty eight. She’s a beauty, let’s get dressed, and go check her out. I just assumed you would have found my bike by now,” she said heading to the closet. As she pulled her leathers from hangers, she was smiling.

He loved riding, but had not been able to afford a Harley® so he had always rented one if he wanted to ride. Going to his closet, he dug out his black leather jacket and slipped it on. As Sandra walked in dressed, all in black with her chaps on, his knees wanted to give out. “Seeing you in those chaps opens up a whole other realm of possibilities. I want to see you wearing nothing, but those chaps and a smile.”

Walking past him her hand came up rubbing his chest. She stopped to kiss him lightly on the lips. “Later Baby when we come home, I’ll strip and put them back on. I think you need to get yourself a pair. I would enjoy making love with both of us wearing nothing, but leather. Come on let’s ride.”

Larry and Eddy were sitting inside, drinking a beer when the big black Harley with elusive pearl flames painted on the gas tank, pulled up. The two people on it had full helmets and face shields. Eddy noticed right away. “Oh my God look at the legs on that bitch. She’s perfect, watch her pull her helmet off and be a real dog.”

Larry whistled. “Damn she is hot!”

As they walked towards the door, Sandra pulled her helmet off. Eddy said, “She’s gorgeous, damn I’d give my right nut to fuck her.”

“That’s her, the guy must be Travis.”

Travis pulled his helmet off and smoothed his hair back. Looking around he opened the door and they walked in.

Larry whispered, "Get out of here before he sees you."

"No Fucking way Man, I want to meet her."

Larry, shaking his head, saw his plans go right out the window. Eddy whistled and waved to them. As they walked up he asked, "Hey Trav, who is this beautiful babe?"

"Eddy this is Sandy and Sandy this is Eddy." Looking around, he saw Larry. "Hey Larry, good to see you."

Eddy was four beers ahead of everyone else and horny. He was eying her with obvious lust. Larry had told him what a wonderful fuck she was. He wanted to find out for himself. Taking her hand he said, "Sandy, I am very glad to meet you, and if you want to ditch these two, I have a place not far from here."

"Excuse me." She extracted her hand from his, feeling dirty. She was glad she still had her riding gloves on.

Travis appreciating the way she was handling the situation so far said, "Eddy the lady is with me."

Eddy was not very good at holding his alcohol. For him four beers were a lot. He was well on his way to being drunk and obnoxious. "That may be, but from what I hear, she could show me a good time, too."

Sandra, not liking Eddy from the beginning had had enough. "You keep running that mouth of yours, and you may get a whole lot more than you bargained for."

The look in Sandra's face told Travis all he needed to know. "Look Eddy, you're being rude and obnoxious, why don't you go home and sleep it off."

"Fuck you Man, the evening is just getting started and I'm getting laid tonight."

Sandra said, "If you weren't such an asshole I might have laid both you and Larry, but you've pissed me off with your rudeness and now you and Larry can go fuck each other for all I care."

Eddy was not thinking very clearly and when he grabbed her wrist, she twisted it and reversed the grab. Squeezing with only a small part of her incredible strength, she put him to his knees. "Now, Asshole, you owe me an apology."

From his knees, Eddy was quick with, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

Releasing him Sandra continued, "I'm leaving. You can stay if you want Travis and I'll catch up with you at home."

Travis, shaking his head at the way his so-called friend had acted, replied, "I don't want to stay around here, I'm right behind you." He slipped his helmet on climbing onto the back of the big Bike.

Sandra turned the key and putting her weight on the foot crank, shoved down. The big engine caught. She revved it a couple of times to warm it up. The straight pipes sent thunder reverberating through the streets of San Francisco. Kicking up the stand popping it into first, she eased into the line of traffic.

Travis slipped his arms around her resting his hands in her crotch. He felt her heat even through her heavy denim jeans. Bringing his head close to her helmet he yelled, "I'm sorry. I've never cared much for Eddy, and I'm surprised Larry brought him. He can't hold his booze and he has no respect for women."

She did not say anything she just drove. It was not long until they were headed across the Golden Gate Bridge. Finding a lane open, she hammered it, sending the bike through the tunnel, on the Marin side, like a rocket. The wind tore at them and the sound of the straight pipes was deafening. As they shot out the other side, she let the incident at the bar go and rode.

Travis was happy, truly happy, and head over heels with all his heart in love. Behind the face shield, he was smiling from ear to ear. He did not want to think, so he leaned back on the bitch bar, relaxed and let her drive. It was an hour before she pulled off the freeway to stop at a gas station. There was an In and Out Burger® place next door, so they got a burger and a cup of coffee.

She had not said a word since they had left the bar, except to order her food. Sitting down at an outside table, they ate in silence. When she had finished her food and was sipping her coffee, she looked up at him and smiled. "I love you Travis." Reaching out she put her free hand on his. He only smiled and nodded. She continued, "I have some friends I want you to meet. I hope you like them, they are part of my...uh...support group. I know I want them to meet you. They are about another hour up the coast. We can spend the day at their place."

"Good I want to meet your friends. I'm beginning to think I don't have any of my own anymore."

Climbing onto the big bike, she maneuvered it back onto the freeway. Travis spent the time thinking. Larry must have invited Eddy and if he did, it was for some reason other than just having a beer and chasing women. *Come on Man*, he thought, *don't do this. Keep fucking with us and you will be found in a landfill*. The thought of his friend in a plastic bag in a dump was a hard one to take, but Larry needed to back off.

The change in the sound of the bike as they exited the freeway brought him back to the present. Ten minutes of town traffic then they were on the road to the seashore and it was almost deserted. The coastal hills seemed to magnify the sound of the bike, and the curvy stretch of rural road kept him awake. She drove like she had been doing it all her life, he reminded himself she had bought the bike, brand new. It was almost fifty years old. She had been riding it the whole time. Coming out on Highway One, she turned left and accelerated going through the gears.

Ten minutes brought them to a little town, or rather, a burg not big enough to be called a town. Another five minutes, she slowed to turn right onto a long tree shrouded driveway, with no house in sight. The one lane drive, wound through the redwoods finally ending in front of a modest two-story house. It was dark so he could not see much of what lay beyond it.

Stopping, and switching off the ignition and the lights, gave the place a whole new feel. The gnomes in the yard made it homey. The ocean breakers on the rocks below were loud. He knew, instantly, he was going to like the people who lived there. A single light was on in the house. A door opened with a middle-aged woman and man who came out to greet them.

"Sandra," the woman exclaimed, "I thought it was you. Your bike has a sound all its own." Sandra had pulled off her helmet. Her red hair glistened in the moonlight. "Who is this?" she asked, as Travis pulled his helmet off.

"This is Travis and," she hesitated, "he's on his way."

"Well, good to meet you. Any friend of Sandra's is a friend of ours." Travis extended his hand. She brushed it aside and stepped in close hugging him.

She was a little overweight, short, and a bit...frumpy. Travis liked her. She introduced herself, "I'm Linda. Come on in you two and have something to drink." Leading the way in, she took them to a room in the back of the house. There stretched out below, was the Pacific Ocean, in the moonlight.

Travis, taken aback by the view, stood at the window marveling. Lights from ships winked in the distance. Turning to Ron and extending his hand he said, "Ron it's good to meet you."

Ron, turning from the view responded, "It's good to meet you too. I'm glad Sandra has someone in her life. Welcome to my home and to the...*life*. Take care of her, she's a special lady," he said indicating Sandra.

"That she is," Travis agreed, smiling.

Turning back to the view Ron continued, "I've lived here for over a hundred years and I still marvel at it. I consider myself damned lucky to be here."

"I can see why," Travis replied, as Sandra slipped her arms around him from the back.

Sandra said, "I've been coming here for a long time and I feel the same way. Tomorrow if you're up during daylight, take the steps down to the waters edge and walk the beach. It is so beautiful."

Linda brought in coffee asking, "So what brings you out here tonight?"

"Well, Travis is changing and I want him to see and meet some of the rest of us. Is it okay if we stay with you tonight?"

Linda nodding assured her, "Sure. You know you're welcome anytime."

"I know, but I like to reaffirm it, sometimes. By the way, could we call some of the others to have them come over? I want them to meet Travis."

"We are always up for a party. I'll go make some calls right now. Oh, by the way, as always there is plenty of Bloody Mary's in the fridge under the bar, help yourself."

Chapter Six

Travis shook hands with the steady stream of guests he was introduced to. When the last ones had gotten refreshments he settled into one of the many comfortable chairs in the large room, Sandra tinged her glass with a spoon. "Thank you all for coming on such short notice. I consider each of you as a friend. And I want you to meet my mate, my lover, my....," she hesitated, "well the one I want by my side as long as I can hold onto this life. I love this man and he loves me in spite of what I am. He is willingly in the *process*. I believe he will be an asset to our culture and community. So please show him the same friendship you have shown me, since I discovered you so many years ago."

Watching the room Travis was amazed at the diversity of people. Liquor flowed, as did conversation until the early hours just before dawn. People slipped away to go to their homes and boxes of earth. Linda said, "You know where your room is, it's ready when you are."

Sandra poured more scotch. Taking Travis' hand, she led him down a flight of stairs to a study lined with bookshelves. Pushing one of the books in, the wall slid backwards and sideways, allowing them to enter a long hallway. Travis was amazed he could see in pitch black. All outside light was gone. She led him into a room near the end of the hallway. Passing through the door, she opened an inner door with low red lights coming on. There was a king sized bed, already turned down waiting for them.

"Where's the dirt and box," Travis asked.

"I've been meaning to tell you we don't have to have the dirt everyday. In fact we can go weeks without it if we have to."

"You don't?"

"No, but we sleep on it because our bodies, drawing energy from it, heal quicker if we should be injured in addition it helps keep us rejuvenated. If we go for long periods without it, we become sluggish and tend to slow way down. Today we get to sleep together on the bed. I have another surprise. As long as there is absolutely no sunlight

entering, I can stay awake at least part of the day. This room was constructed to keep the sunlight out. Sooo," she said, drawing the word out, but not finishing.

Pulling off the chaps and laying them aside, she continued to undress. When she was naked except for her black lace crotch less panties, she turned her back to him, buckled the chaps around her waist bending over to zip the legs on.

Travis was beside himself. His cock was ready to burst through the zipper of his jeans. When she had completed zipping the legs of the chaps, she turned to face him. Her breath coming in short raspy gasps. He could see the glistening wetness of her pussy lips as his breath escaped him. It was hard for him to breathe. Never had he seen anything as erotic as his lover standing in front of him dressed the way she was dressed. Her breasts stood out with the nipples erect and proud. He had to touch them, but first he had to get his clothes off. His hunger gnawed at him. He wanted her. He had to have her. His clothes were dumped unceremoniously in a pile and she was in his arms.

His hands, finding her small ass cheeks worked their way down, around until his fingers were brushing her wetness. One worked its way between her lips slipping into her. Another found her clit, and still another found her rosebud asshole. Lying back on the bed, with him on top, his mouth locked onto hers and her tongue filled his. Sucking lightly on it, he ran the tip of his own down the side to the root of it. He touched places no man had ever even tried to get to. His hands seemed to have a life of their own as his touch scorched her skin.

Somehow, he managed to break contact with her lovely mouth as he went quickly to her waiting pussy. He had to bury his face in it feeling the chaps on his cheeks, the smell of the leather, exciting him more. His tongue working magic was only part of what she was experiencing. His hands were working their magic as well. One had found her nipples while the other the velvety wet softness of her love tunnel. His finger found her G-spot and lingered. His thumb somehow found her rosebud and was busy spreading the juices running down her crack, in copious amounts.

His tongue, she decided was mystical in its knowledge of the female body. Knowing he would keep it up for hours if she let him heighten the excitement. It would dip down, replacing his finger, lapping her wetness, drinking her love offering, then moved back up.

Travis had passed beyond conscience thought, running on sheer animal lust. He was lost in the moment. Her nipples were hard and her breasts gave in to his gentle squeezes. Moans escaped her lips and her hands were full of his hair. The first waves built until, unable to hold back, they crested and broke. Her whole body began to jerk, convulsing in wave after wave of pure and complete climax. Spasms ripped through her pussy causing it to squeeze so hard, it cut off circulation to his finger. Pulling it out, not wanting to be smothered again, he grabbed her thighs pulling slightly, spreading them. His strength had increased. He was just able to keep from being suffocated. He started to pull his mouth away, but she slammed it back onto her, grinding her pussy against it. "Don't stop," was all she managed to gasp.

Travis loved her pussy. He loved to look at it, touch, lick, and, smell it, so he happily complied with her demands. Hers was such a treat. It tasted wonderful, smelled pure and the shape was incredible. He had lain for hours, just looking. Slipping his fingers in and then licking them. He had cum inside just as she had cum, and then licked it clean. There was nothing at all, about her pussy he did not like. Hers was the cream of the crop. He allowed her to grind against his mouth, before he pulled back enough to run his tongue up and down between the outer and inner lips. Taking the inner lips between his teeth, he gently pulled back stroking them with the tip of his tongue.

He was far from being done. As her spasms subsided, he carefully touched her, avoiding her clit, luxuriating in her hot sex. Slowly, taking his time, until her clit was touchable again, he played. The second climax, although milder than the first, left her breathless and exhausted. Travis gave her time to get her breath under control before moving up, on top of her.

Sandra reaching down took his cock in her hand, stroking a few times before she guided it into her waiting body. Her lips parting, her hungry vagina devouring his offering, she whimpered again. Most men in her past would have hammered her until they came, but not him. It was slow and easy. She knew he would not have been happy to work solely on his own climax.

Travis slowly stroked her pussy enjoying the firm pressure she was exerting on his cock. Looking down into her face he whispered, "Thank you Baby."

"For...what?" she managed to ask.

“For everything, I feel as if I was asleep until I met you. You have given me life. I Love you.” Travis fell silent listening to the sweet sounds of their mating. It all proved to be too much for him and he felt his climax building. Picking up speed, he began to slam into her and she met him thrust for thrust. Vampires, being stronger and tougher than mortals, tend to take their fucking to the extreme at times. This was one of those times. A mere mortal would have been injured by either one of them, but they were lost in the moment, consumed by lust. The bed shook, they almost bounced off it so intense was their lovemaking. Both were climbing to a peak and they reached the top at the same time.

Sandra sank her nails into his back squeezing; drawing blood as he shot his load into her, more than he would have thought he had in him. It was several moments before the spasms subsided and they relaxed. His eyes closed. He was in a dead sleep. Sandra managed to stay awake a few moments longer, again to marvel at the man who was obviously an old soul. He had to be. How else could she explain his knowledge of lovemaking?

In their own bedroom in another part of the house, Linda and Ron had just finished their own lovemaking. Looking at his wife, Ron once again thought about his own luck at finding such a wonderful and beautiful woman. She did not possess the same kind of physical beauty Sandra had, but in his eyes, she was the beauty he had married in nineteen thirty five. He still enjoyed and looked forward to sex with her. They lay with her head on his shoulder and her leg thrown across his, her pussy lips open. His hand slowly moved down her body to ever so lightly stroke her engorged lips. It was his way of bonding after the act.

Linda in her dreamy state asked, “Do you sense the same thing I do about Travis?”

As he drifted off to sleep he whispered, “Yes, but I thought I was imagining it.”

Travis awoke not knowing what time it was, but his body told him it was time for him to get up. Sandra was in her dead sleep. Her breathing was only once every few minutes and her heartbeat was faint. Getting out of bed and dressing, he was very careful to completely close one door before opening another. Going up stairs and

pulling back the heavy drapes, he was greeted with a spectacular sun drenched ocean. The waves pounding the beach below called to him.

Heading to the kitchen, he found the coffee pot already set up with instructions on turning it on and finding food. Armed with a large mug of hot coffee and a muffin, he slid the glass door aside to step out onto the deck. The wind had the ocean in a white capped frenzy. The deck was built out over the bluff. He could look straight down at the beach. Hurriedly drinking his coffee and eating his muffin, he descended the stairs to the wind swept beach below. Each step downward took him deeper into another realm. As his feet touched the sand and with his back to the stairs, he was in a primeval land making it seem as if he was the only human alive. The wind and ocean currents brought in flotsam from distant shores and shipwrecks. The only person on the beach was he and the only moment was the one he was experiencing. The only thing missing was Sandra.

Hours passed as he walked. Hunger finally drove him to turn around to head back to the house. His mind was clear and his thoughts in order as he sat on the deck looking at the pieces of driftwood he had found and carried back. A half-eaten sandwich sat on the table beside him and he was at peace.

Larry had taken the night before hard. He wrote Eddy off as a friend or an ally. Something was going on and he was going to find out what the hell it was. Travis was under a spell or something. He was going to get his friend back. Getting on the internet, he punched in San Francisco Goth. Several pages of hits came up. He patiently opened each one searching for answers, but was disappointed in the lack of anything real.

Skipping around he opened one listed at page twenty-five. It was a site dedicated to Goth, which had several pages on Vampires. Reading page after page he came to the conclusion his friend thought he was a vampire and the bitch thought she was one. Moving on down the links, he found something promising, it was a page for fighting vampires. *Well maybe if I get involved in it I can get him the hell out*, he thought.

Making a phone call, he got a male voice who invited him to a meeting.

Sandra awoke with a ravenous hunger. It was always like that when she visited Ron and Linda. Travis was sitting on the edge of the bed. He had placed a large glass of

dark red liquid on the nightstand. As her eyes cleared, he was the first thing she saw making a smile break across her face. The smell of the windblown seashore was an aura surrounding him. "So you have spent the day walking the shoreline." It was a statement not a question.

"How did you know?"

"I smell it. It's one reason I love coming here so much. Will you hand me the glass?"

Scooting up in bed to lean against the padded headboard, she took it from him. Sipping her drink as she stared into his eyes, she said, "We have a lot to talk about and I want to spend some time down on the beach, with you. Let me get my shower then we can take a long walk. The moon should be near full and to me it is like walking on a sunny day. Your eyesight has improved, but it isn't half of what it will be if you cross over. That's why I don't really miss the sun. Now," she said draining her glass, "let's get a shower and go up and be cordial to our hosts."

Ron and Linda were on the back deck, each with a cup of steaming coffee. Sensing there guests' approach they turned. Linda announced, "There's coffee and pastries on the counter. Grab some and come out and enjoy the night."

Sandra and Travis got the refreshments joining their hosts. The Plexiglas wall across the part where they were sitting blocked the wind, but allowed the view. Work lights on fishing boats, bobbed and winked in the distance. Sitting in a line with their feet up on the rail, no one spoke for some time. Finally, Ron broke the silence, "Have you told him yet?"

Sandra answered, "Tonight we are going for a long walk," pointing, "down there." Ron nodded and remained silent.

Travis wanted to ask what they were going to discuss, but sensing it was better to allow her to tell him, he too remained quiet. Linda and Ron looked at each other, impressed he did not ask. Linda spoke, "I think you've found an exceptional man."

Sandra smiled, nodded and once again, each looked out at the lights on the ocean, immersed in their own thoughts. It was all Travis could do not to ask questions. *All in good time*, he thought and relaxed.

After two cups of coffee and a bagel Sandra asked, "Are you ready to go for a walk?"

“Sure,” he said, standing up. Following her, he stopped; picking up a blanket from a chair then descended the stairs. Alone on the beach she turned going into his arms. “I love you, Baby. I think Linda is right. I have found an exceptional man.” Her lips found his and her hands caressed his back. The kiss, deep and passionate lasted a long time. When they pulled away, they were both flushed. Even Vampires can get flushed with the right stimuli.

Taking his hand, they walked as she talked. “We, or should I say our kind have been around since the dawn of time. We have walked this earth, adapted, and stayed alive. Most of us are not cold-blooded killers. In fact, usually we feed once or twice from a donor then move on to another. That way we don't over populate. We prefer to keep our numbers small. In doing so, we remain largely undetected.

Usually when I meet another, Long Lived One, we recognize each other right away. The first time I met you I sensed something, but it was obvious you were mortal. I still don't understand it. Anyway, we have united in loose bands or,” she paused, collecting her thoughts, “families. There are some families who have unsafe practices and are truly evil. Some look upon humans only as feeding stock, as cattle are to humans. They truly are, The Dark Ones.” Stopping and bending down she picked up a short tree branch and walked on using it as a walking stick.

“You have chosen to enter a world most people never even imagine. There truly are things that go bump in the night. Most mortals would crap their pants over them, if they found out what all is out there.”

“You mean things, other than Vampires?”

“Werewolves, Witches, and Magicians, just to mention a few.”

He said, “I've seen magic shows, like David Copperfield and I know about Wiccans, most people do.”

Turning she looked him in the eye. “Let's stop and spread the blanket. I want to sit a while and look at you when we talk.” Dropping the stick, spreading the blanket she sat down facing into the wind, Travis sat facing her.

“Forget everything you ever heard or saw. I know some Wiccans; however, they aren't what I am talking about. There are true witches who use real magic. Most are good, but there are exceptions. The magicians I'm talking about don't use slight of hand,

they study and practice magic. There is black magic and there is plain magic. You will meet some true Witches and Warlocks and Magicians.”

Travis was speechless. He sat looking at her, his mouth hanging open in disbelief. “Huh,” he let out a breath. “I know you are real and I can feel what’s happening to my own body but, this is a lot to take in.”

“Mostly we all keep a low profile, try get along with each other and the rest of humanity. Still, some have never truly fit in and are unwilling to go with the flow. On occasion, we have had to band together to eliminate others who are a threat to stability and peace. It’s never easy and it’s never done with malice. We just do what we have to do to ensure the survival of the greater number.” Changing the subject and looking around she said, “I love it here. When I awoke and you were sitting there, I could smell the sea on you, even before I was fully awake. It is a heady perfume.”

The wind shifting from a sea breeze to a land breeze let the waves lay down and the wavelets, that made it through, only lapped at the sand. The stars shown brightly, the Milky Way was white in the sky. The moon, low in the west, cast shadows from the washed up trees lying scattered down the beach. Travis lay down beside her. She leaned in touching her lips to his. His arms came around her and with gentle pressure; she lay down on top of him.

Pulling back, she hovered above him like an apparition. Her hair was gray in the moonlight and her freckles stood out in stark relief on her pale skin. His rapidly beating heart, gave away his excitement at the situation he found himself in. She could hear each thud as it pumped more blood to his groin. The bulge in his pants grew, she moved off him, lying on the blanket, and unbuttoning his jeans. Pulling his fly open slipping her hand down the waistband of his underwear, her hand encountered the soft skin of his blood-engorged cock. She pulled it free of the fabric.

Standing tall and proud in the moonlight, she pulled the foreskin back exposing the head. “Tonight is all about you, my love, so lay back and enjoy. I want you to cum in my mouth.” She lowered her mouth onto his waiting shaft, relishing the manly smell and taste, as her lips teased the head. The tip of her tongue finding the opening in the tip gently raked across it. Her lips tightened as she slowly descended over the shaft until her nose was buried in his hair. Pulling back up, her tongue wrapping around the head, nearly made him go over the edge.

“Not yet, not yet,” he panted, grabbing her head, holding her still for a moment. Releasing her, she continued to savor his taste and the feel of his skin moving under her lips. Her hands were working their own magic as one caressed his balls as the other moved across his body sending tingles wherever it touched. Each time he would get close, she would change what she was doing or stop all movement to let him calm down. It went on for almost an hour, until he knew even if she stopped, the next time he would fill her mouth. “I’m almost there,” he gasped. She wrapped the thumb and forefinger of one hand around the base of his shaft squeezing as she increased the movement of her head and lips.

Clinching his butt muscles also pushing his pelvis up to meet her, he filled her mouth. Wave after wave rippled through his body until he slumped onto the blanket and dozed. Sandra licked him clean, put his now soft cock, back into his pants, and buttoned them. Sitting beside him, she thought about the world he was willingly entering. “You aren’t in Kansas anymore, Toto,” she crooned softly.

“I don’t want to be.” Sitting up slipping his arm around her back, he pulled her close. “I finally feel as if I’m where I should be. I’ve had a yearning deep in my soul for as long as I can remember. It is finally being fulfilled. I don’t care where this life takes me. I never want to go back to my old one. To you, witches and magicians may be common place, but to me it’s all new and exciting.”

She said, “When we get back to the city I want to invite some people over for a get together, maybe for one of your incredible dinners. I want them to meet you and in the mean time, I have some books I want you to study. They are the history of the occult, the true occult. As I said, another faction has no reverence for humans except as food. They are brash causing the rest of us, most of our problems. They are the young ones, the new souls. Unfortunately, they are the cause of the rise in vampire hunters.”

Travis turned back to look at her asking, “You mean there are really people out there who hunt you to kill you?”

“I’m afraid so, they usually go after the bold brash ones who bring it on themselves. Sometimes they stumble onto one of us and we have to defend ourselves. So,” She paused, “do you still want to go through with it?”

His answer was quick and strong, “Hell, I could step in front of a bus or die in an earthquake. There are no sure things. I love you and want you more than I’ve ever

wanted anything. I have turned onto the path I feel is the one I have been searching for through many life times. I am sure. I am curious about one thing though. This passion we feel for each other, will it last or wane with time?”

“From what I have seen and experienced, you might as well get comfortable because, we are in for a very long, wonderful ride.”

Looking out at the moon lit horizon, at peace with themselves, and each other, the night passed slowly but, much too fast. It was time to go back to the room. Hand in hand they walked. There was no need for conversation.

Chapter Seven

Travis awoke heading upstairs for coffee and food. All it took was the push of a button; soon the smell of coffee filled the house. Taking a cup, he walked out onto the balcony, overlooking the ocean. He sat down thinking about everything that had happened to him in the past few weeks. His thoughts turned to the future and what was in store for him. Meeting real werewolves and witches appealed to him. For some reason his thoughts turned to his friend Larry, reaching for the phone he called him. Larry answered groggily, "Yea, hello."

"Hey Buddy. Did I wake you?"

"Yes, but its okay. I'm a little surprised to hear from you. I'm sorry about the way Eddy acted. If I had known he would be such a fucking asshole, I would never have invited him along."

"Don't worry about it, I'm not. Listen, we're out of town for a few days, but when I get back I'd like to have a beer with you."

"Okay, give me a call when you get back. I'll see you then."

"Great," Travis said and hung up. He sat for a long time watching the waves coming in as he tried to figure out how to handle Larry. He got up to wander around the house. He was bored. He wanted to be with Sandra, awake. Making his way back downstairs he stood looking at her near dead form under the sheets. These were the worst times for him, when he wanted her company, but she was out of it. Reluctantly he stepped into the shower alone.

Dressed in jeans and tee shirt he slipped into his leather jacket and helmet, going to open the garage door. Cranking the big engine of the motorcycle, he was rewarded with the deep roar of the bike coming to life. Moving it outside, he closed the door resetting the alarm. Pulling out onto Highway 1, he headed south down the coast. The sun was out as only a light breeze blew in from the ocean. What a glorious day to be alive.

A big black SUV was the only traffic in Travis' rear view mirrors. It hung back keeping its distance. He did not pay much attention to it, until he stopped at a small

coffee shop to order some food and drink. Sitting down at an outside table, enjoying the sunshine, he saw it parked in a driveway about a block away. The windows were tinted and he could not see anyone inside. Not giving it much thought he looked down on the beach watching the waves roll in.

Finishing his coffee, he slipped his helmet back on cranking the bike's engine and headed on down the coast. It was a good thirty minutes later when he looked up to see the SUV in his rear view mirror, hanging back where he only caught glimpses of it. Slowing down he turned onto a road, which ran towards the beach. At the first house with a driveway running beside it to the back of the house, he pulled in. Going all the way back to be out of site from the road, he sat watching. The SUV passed him, speeding to catch up.

As they passed, he had a cold feeling settle on him, chilling him to the bone. Turning the bike around, he headed back. This time there was purpose in his ride, he opened up the powerful engine leaning heavily into the curves. He had to get home and fast. The SUV had been following him. He knew they meant him and the others harm. He passed the driveway to the estate, going on up the highway and around a curve before stopping. He pulled the bike off the road behind a store. He pulled off his gear and went back around heading towards the estate driveway. Finding a comfortable spot on the side of the hill, over the roadway, he sat down to wait, concealed from view.

It was not long before the black vehicle came into view. It slowed as it passed the drive, found a turn off, and turned around. The turn off had a good view of the entrance to the estate. Travis took the license plate number, moving around and back to where the bike was sitting. Putting his gear on, he sat on the bike wondering how he was going to get back without being seen. As he looked around the corner of the building, a black car pulled up two men got out getting into the back seat of the SUV. A few moments later, they got out getting back into their car, and both vehicles left. Travis took down the license number of the car. Making sure no one else was watching he rode back to the estate.

Pulling into the garage, he was sure to close the door and reset the alarm. The first thing he did was to go to the basement to check on his sleeping lady. She was as he had left her so he went back upstairs. Sitting on the back deck, he pondered what it all

meant. Who were the people who had followed him and what did they want? It was obvious they were being watched.

The afternoon seemed to drag on forever. He wandered around the house exploring. Going back to the basement into the hidden hallway, he tried a door he had passed, but not been through. It opened easily. He stepped into a state of the art command center. "Well I'll be damned," he said as he looked around the room. Monitor screens mounted in a bank on the wall in front of the control panel, showed each room in the house as well as all the grounds and the front of the property including the highway and driveway. On a computer screen was displayed the plate number of the SUV along with BMV information about it. The name of the owner was displayed along with information that could not have come from the DMV.

As Travis read the police background check, he realized they were dealing with some very bad characters. The arrest record was long including him as a suspect in a murder, as well as breaking and entering and a long list of other crimes. Some he had been convicted of and served time for. On another computer screen, there were pictures of the two men who had gotten out of the car and into the SUV, as well as their names and related info.

Scanning all the screens, everything seemed to be calm. He went back upstairs to search through the kitchen and pantry to see what he could come up with for dinner. Opening the freezer, he chose shrimp, lobster, and steaks. In the refrigerator, he discovered fresh asparagus, spinach, and an assortment of veggies for a salad. Looking at the clock, he set everything aside to go back out onto the deck. He wanted to walk on the beach, but after being followed, he decided to stay close in the event of trouble. Going back to the kitchen, he dug through the drawers to find a long slim fillet knife in a leather sheath sticking it into the waistband of his jeans. If trouble started, he wanted to have a weapon.

As the evening faded, he finally went back to the kitchen to begin preparing food. Cooking was relaxing to him. He opened a bottle of red wine to let it breathe, and put a bottle of chardonnay in a chiller. Pouring himself a glass of the red, he sipped it as he cooked. Turning on the small television, which was set into the wall of the kitchen, he flipped through the channels looking for the news. Hitting a button by mistake, the screen broke into four sections and each one had a view from a different camera. The

view changed as it skipped from one camera to another. When the camera panning the highway came on line, it showed the SUV was back, sitting in the same place it had been earlier.

Watching the sun sink into the ocean, he smiled. He took a glass of O positive from the fridge warming it in the microwave. Wanting to keep track of what was happening outside he decided to wait for her to come up to the kitchen. Feeling her rather than hearing her, he turned around and dropped the spatula he had been holding. She was dressed all in black and her freckles standing out on her pale skin with her short-cropped red hair was more than he could take.

“You’re drooling Baby.” Walking straight up to him she wiped his chin with her thumb.

“Damn,” he exclaimed trying to get control of his thumping heart, “sorry, but I can’t help it. Wow, you look...,” he stopped talking, at a loss for words.

Her arms moved around him as she gently pushed herself into him. His lips found hers. For a moment, they were the only two in the world. Hearing a polite cough, they slowly disentangled. Travis turned to face their hosts. “Good evening,” he said and then went on, telling them about his day and the two vehicles.

What happened next amazed Travis. The smoothness of the operation was incredible. The three of them each seemed to have a job and did it. Ron went straight to the control room while Linda and Sandra got on the phones to start making calls. One call each was all it took as the person they called would spread the news. Soon others were coming up the stairs from the beach. Travis tensed ready to do battle until he recognized the other vampires. The beach steps gave them access without being seen by the watchers.

Travis recognized a lot of them as ones he had met at the party. More streamed in plus he saw many strangers, too. Linda, Ron, and Sandra seemed to know them all. Travis kept busy hosting, getting drinks for those who wanted them. Finally, it seemed everyone was there. Sandra stood up walking to the middle of the large room. “The fact that you all came, on such short notice, is a good indication of the seriousness of the situation. It seems they have found this safe house or at least suspect they have. There are enough of us to take care of anything they throw at us, but we don’t want a scene or

to have the cops called in. If push comes to shove use your guns, but only if it is absolutely necessary.”

Looking around the room at the gathering, Travis noticed for the first time, bulges under their jackets and in some handbags. Sandra spoke again, “As you all know we want to lure them away from our homes and take care of them. If possible, we get them to follow us to Oakland to the warehouse, near the docks, less people to see what happens. Travis and I will leave tonight. I hope they follow. Does anyone need a weapon?”

“I do,” someone said and then a, “me too,” was heard.

Ron stood up to take the ones needing guns downstairs to his secret quarters. When they reentered the room, they each had a bulge under their jacket. Sandra said, “Okay, that about does it and we need to get going. Thank you all for coming. I wish I could stay for the rest of the meeting, but our job is to draw them away.”

Travis followed Sandra down the stairs into the secret chambers. She led him to the control room opening what turned out to be a gun closet. Looking around the small room, he saw any type of gun he could want.

“Pick out what you like, and get extra clips from the shelves,” Sandra instructed as she pulled a nine millimeter from the spot on the wall where it was displayed. Taking a shoulder holster from a peg, she strapped it on checking the load of the pistol slipped it under her left arm.

He followed suit. Soon they were ready, even more dangerous than they had been before. Back upstairs slipping into their leathers and helmets, they said their farewells. Soon the people inside heard the big bike start up and ease out of the garage. Several people headed out to the garage area getting into vehicles Ron and Linda had parked there, starting the engines, and pulling out onto the driveway. The others were glued to the television screens as they watched the motorcycle pull out onto the highway to head south. The black SUV pulled out a moment later. They saw there was a smaller car sitting behind the larger vehicle but it did not move.

“Okay, it's party time,” Linda said as she headed out the door to the waiting cars along with several others. Linda was in the last car in line. Two others took off to try to draw off the other watcher. From the living room, the others watched as the two cars pulled out onto the highway heading south, and the watcher followed. The other cars

waited a few moments before following. They all knew what the destination was and a quicker way to get there.

It was a pleasant ride with Sandra and Travis acting as if they did not have a care in the world. Stopping at a coffee shop, they took the time to have a cup lingering at one of the outside tables. Soon they were back on the move. Sandra could see the lights of the SUV in her rearview mirrors. Before long, they were paying the toll on the San Francisco side of the Golden Gate heading for the Bay Bridge. Driving slowly, she allowed her pursuers to catch up. Once across the bridge they headed deep into the dock area to a secluded spot. The others who had drawn off the watchers in the car had gone by when they stopped for coffee. Calls had gone out; the vampire reinforcements had arrived at the old warehouse well in advance. The Vampires had owned the waterfront warehouse for decades even had it prepared for just such a confrontation. Things were set in motion that could not be stopped.

On the watchers side, reinforcements had been called in, heading to the dock. They had been waiting on the call to tell them where to meet. They were armed with wooden stakes and other assorted vampire killing weapons. They all reeked of garlic, had crosses on strings around their necks. This was to be an easy kill as they were eager to get on with it. None had ever gone up against a real vampire. All their victims had been wannabes, although in their eyes they had been the real thing. They were in for a very rude awakening.

Sandra pulled into an open doorway into a maze of walls and driveways. Maneuvering through them with practiced ease, she pulled the large bike through a smaller doorway and parked it. Travis stepped off with Sandra following him.

Turning to him she said, "Follow my lead and stay close. It's going to get messy and there is no way to avoid it. It happens like this every few years. Someone, maybe one of the rogue Vamps takes someone for food or pleasure, and a relative or lover decides to track down all of us and usually they recruit others to help. Some are thrill seekers, while some have legitimate reasons to want to kill a vampire. It doesn't matter, we have to protect ourselves. We don't like it but we do what we have to do. As I said, it's going to get messy around here. Just don't get too freaked out by what you see."

Travis nodded as he began pulling off his leathers, laid them across the bike. Pulling the pistol from its holster, he checked it over then jacked a shell into the

chamber. Sandra did the same. Moving to a rear wall she pressed and the wall moved aside. Travis followed and it silently slid back into place. Apparently, there was a network of passages and tunnels. Moving through the maze, they ended up in a control room and vantage site. Cameras were stationed to keep an eye on all entrances even an overview of the maze.

Sandra explained, "We have created a cell phone dead spot for several blocks surrounding this building. Once they see where we are they can't call to let anyone else know. After they enter this building they will never leave."

"Isn't that a little harsh," Travis asked, "Couldn't you just hypnotize them or put a spell over them?"

"We tried it once, but it backfired in our face, and we lost some of our own because of it. We decided the only way to face a threat like this is to eliminate it, completely. If you don't want to stay, you can leave and I will pick you up when it's over."

"If someone wants to hurt you, then they want to hurt me. I will do whatever I have to. Although I have not crossed over yet, I am one of you and you are my mate. I will defend you to the death. No matter what happens tonight, I love you Sandra. I always will." Travis pulled her closer not wanting to let go. Over the past few weeks, his love for her had become all-consuming.

Her lips found his and their souls melded as one. Having waited all her life for someone like him, she wanted more than anything to protect him. He had not been tested under fire, she was anxious to see how he would hold up. Killing someone was not an easy thing to do, even for survival, but sometimes it had to be done. She knew some of the hunters were just honest people who had been led to believe they could not coexist with the undead. Some were brutal sadistic animals who found Vamp hunting to their liking. It gave them an excuse to kill.

Chapter Eight

The warehouse had been set up in mazes with dead ends and other interesting surprises. However, the plan was to lure them into what they would think was the casket room. There were coffins in it, but none were ever inhabited, they were booby-trapped decoys. To make it work right, timing was everything. They had to be lured into the building, before sunup, and once there, made to believe the sun had risen. Feeling secure in the knowledge the Vamps were asleep, they would attack, attempting to drive stakes through their hearts.

The Vampires had had centuries to perfect their Killing Field, as one trick was to make a false sunrise. After that, they had about fifteen minutes until they had to be on their earth. Timing was everything. The walls of the coffin room contained several well-hidden doors as did the ceiling and floor. The Vamps had practiced what to do dozens of times and they all knew their jobs. Travis's job was to stay out of the way unless he was needed.

Sandra was the bait and she headed outside. Hurrying by the black SUV acting scared looking around, she was the perfect victim. The hunters poured out of their vehicles, following her into the building. As she led them through the maze into the coffin room, the sun came up flooding the warehouse with false sunlight. Ducking through a small door behind a casket, she disappeared. The hunters feeling they had hit the jackpot smiled at each other as they opened caskets poised to drive their stakes into the hearts of the fake vamps. Each dummy had a gas container imbedded in the chest which when punctured the room would be flooded with lethal gas. The Vampires waited, concealed behind the walls as the hunters, laughing and yelling, slammed their mallets down on the stakes.

Travis could not believe his eyes as the hunters fell to the floor, dead. Looking around at the others, no one smiled. They all regretted having to kill them, but it was kill

or be killed. The Vamps had been around a long time. The room was vented they moved in picking up the bodies carrying them to the basement. The sun was just peeking over the hills as the vamps climbed into their boxes of dirt, deep in the tunnels and chambers they had dug years before. Before closing her box, Sandra said, "It's up to you to make sure we got them all. We are counting on you, Baby."

Travis was shaking as he climbed the stairs to step out into the warehouse. With extreme caution, he slipped from blind to blind until he was at a door hidden from the outside. Pushing it open slipping out, keeping low, he circled the building. Coming up from behind the hunters' cars his adrenaline was pumping overtime. He looked into each vehicle. Clearing it and moving onto the next, he almost dropped his weapon, when he saw his friend sitting in the driver's seat of the front one. Easing up to the open window, his 9mm pointed at Larry's head, he laid his hand on his shoulder.

Larry sat where he had been told to sit, waiting for the hunters to return. "What are you going to do if you find them?" he had asked.

"We just want to scope it out to see what they have in there. If we find them we will call in the police to take care of them," one of them had told him. He had wondered what was in the bags they took with them, but he had just been brought into the circle and knew enough not to be too inquisitive.

Larry almost fainted when he felt a hand on his should. Relief flooded him when he saw Travis' face, until he realized he was looking down the barrel of a very large lethal looking pistol. "Travis," he stuttered, "what are you doing?"

"I'm protecting myself and my woman, what the hell are you doing here?"

"I...we...they are vampire hunters, they are trying to find their lair. When they do, they will call the police and let them take care of it."

"Get out of the car Larry."

"Travis, you can put the gun down, I'm unarmed."

Looking into the back seat Travis reached in pulling a bag out, dumping the contents on the seat. A mallet and sharp steak fell out. Larry's face went pale. "I...I...didn't know."

Travis, realizing the situation he was in told him, "Put the bag over your head, you are coming with me."

"Oh come on Trav, it's me. You know me."

“Not any more,” he said flatly, “now get out of the fucking car and put the bag over your head. His pistol never wavered.

Larry recognizing the resolve in his friends’ voice got out and slipped the bag over his head. Travis led him into the building, to the killing room. Pulling the bag off he almost screamed, “Just find them and let the cops handle it, huh.” Opening one after the other of the caskets, he watched his friends face.

Larry stood horrified. Several of the bodies had stakes driven through their hearts the mallets still on the bodies where the hunters had dropped them. Larry opened his mouth, but nothing came out. His knees gave out. He sat down hard on the floor. He had heard the others talking about how to kill a Vamp, but seeing it in front of him was more than he could take.

Speaking up Travis said, “You have put me in a very awkward situation. I can’t let you go.”

“Where are the hunters,” Larry asked.

“The immediate threat has been neutralized.” Larry looked even more uncomfortable. Travis said, “Put the bag over your head.”

Reluctantly he did as he was told to do, and stood. Travis led him through the maze to a holding room. It had a toilet, sink, and bunk.

“Okay, take the bag off.”

Looking around Larry knew he was in deep trouble. “Look Trav, I swear I won’t say anything, just let me go. I didn’t really understand what the hunters were up to.”

Travis still had the gun in his hand, although it was pointing to the floor. “I can’t, it’s no longer up to me. Tonight we will decide what to do with you. Were there any more hunters that didn’t show up this morning?”

Larry shook his head, “No they called in all the members. Damn it, I should have known they planned to kill everyone. Travis I was just worried about you. You have changed so much since you met Sandra. I didn’t really believe she was a Vampire. I just wanted my friend back.”

“Larry, don’t you realize, for the first time in my life I am happy. I don’t have a spell on me. I am head over heels in love with the most beautiful sexy woman I have ever laid eyes on.” With that, he backed out of the room, closed, and locked the heavy door. By the sound of it, Larry knew the only way he would get the door open was with a key.

Besides, the inside of the door was smooth, no lock mechanism. Walking around the room, he tested the walls by tapping on them and got a thud. They were solid concrete.

Travis went to work. His stomach churned at what he had to do with his friend. He was briefed earlier about where to take the vehicles. Two hours later with the chore done, the vehicles on their way overseas, he peeked in on his friend through a viewing mirror. He was sitting on the bed head in hands. Travis thought he heard a sob. "Damn it, Larry," he said although he could not be heard through the soundproof walls, "why couldn't you just leave us alone and let me have the happiness I have found."

Travis' day was spent watching monitors, making trips around the outside of the building. Managing a few brief naps, he got through the day. As the sun went down his spirits lifted. He was tired, but knew he still had a long night ahead of him. The Vamps came up from the tunnels in mass, anxious to find out what had happened while they slept.

Although she had not had her customary shower or evening drink, Sandra looked ravishing. "You look tired," she said as she stepped into his arms.

"I am." Pointing to the monitor that showed Larry in the holding cell he admitted, "I have been busy."

"He is my friend, but he was with them. He was ordered to stay outside while they came in and discovered where you all were. They told him they would find you and call the police. I believe him; I've known him long enough to know when he is lying. Look, I don't know what you intend to do with him, but if you can, spare his life. He got in way over his head."

Sandra standing with an arm around him gently squeezed and then turned around to face the rest of the vamps. "First I want to say I have chosen my life partner well. Travis your first test under fire was met with guts, strength, and loyalty. You have protected the rest and me at the expense of your friend. We have ways to make him forget about last night. I think we should convince him he wants to live in L.A."

Travis asked, "Are you serious? You can put him under a spell or something and make him forget?"

"Yes, remember the false memory I implanted in him? Well, there are those among us who have developed that ability, to an art form. Since he was not a serious hunter,

your friend will not be hurt. He will have the money and the desire to move to L.A. and start a new life there. Now, did you dispose of the cars?”

“They are on their way to South America, even as we speak. I kept watch throughout the day and saw no one else snooping around.”

Some of the other Vamps patted him on the back, showing their approval of the way he had handled himself. Sandra spoke up, “Let’s go home, I need a shower and I’m hungry, and you need some rest.” Choosing a small nondescript black sedan, instead of the bike, she eased into the driver’s seat starting the engine. Travis got in on the passenger’s side.

Taking her time, she drove back across the bay bridge weaving a very indirect trail home, making sure they were not followed. Travis was already asleep, his head back on the headrest with the seat back adjusted as far back as possible. Sandra glancing at his calm face was happy with the way he had handled a very difficult situation. With her right hand, she reached across to gently stroke his jaw.

Pulling into a parking lot, she parked and turned the lights off. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary so she eased out the back way and was a block away before turning on her lights. Pulling into her driveway the garage door opened she drove in. The door was closing before she stopped the car. “Wake up, Baby, we are home.”

Travis stretched getting out of the car. “I need a shower and bed. Sorry, I would like to stay up with you, but I can’t.”

“I know, and it’s okay. I’m drained, too. I may just stretch out beside you and stay in bed all night.”

In the shower, they both felt some of the fatigue leaving them, and when they climbed into bed, they went into each other’s arms. Their lovemaking was slow and gentle with Travis falling sound asleep as soon as he climaxed. Sandra lay beside him thinking about how lucky she was to have found him. He was all man, as in love with her as she was with him. He could handle himself in a situation and most of the others liked him. However, Rene seemed to have a problem with him. *I guess it’s because he and I had a brief fling, so long ago. Damn, that was before Travis was even born, she thought. Oh well, he will just have to get over it. He knows it was purely physical on my part. I never led him on.* Pushing all thoughts, of him, out of her mind she snuggled

closer and Travis put his arm around her, without waking up. She dozed through out the night content to be held by her sleeping lover.

Larry lay in the cell unaware his fate had been decided. Fear permeated the room. It oozed from him like blood. His head pounded, he had pulled his knees up to his chest to fall over onto the bunk, in the fetal position. He had always thought he was a real man, but he was feeling like a little kid with the boggy man under his bed. He did not move when the door opened, as a tall elegant older man walked in to sit down on the edge of the bed. Calmness washed over him and he went into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he was in his own bed and felt the best he had ever felt.

Going over the nights events, he still could hardly believe his good fortune at winning at the Black Jack table. He had decided to go to the reservation casino to gamble a little. A slot machine paid off with a few hundred and feeling lucky, he had wandered to the Black Jack table to sit down. It seemed as if his luck had made a change for the better because when he walked away, hell he had floated away or at least felt like he did, he had fifty thousand dollars in chips.

It had always been his dream to move to L.A. Finally, he had the means to do it. Standing in front of the mirror, he looked at a smiling face looking back at him. Unconsciously he rubbed the two small purple marks on his neck. They had been there since he was kid. He had fallen out of a tree and a limb had punctured his neck. Luckily, it missed anything vital with him only getting a broken arm out of it. "Well Bud, looks like we have hit the big time. Look out, all you beautiful blond ladies in southern Cal, Larry is living large now."

A few days later, Travis got a post card from Larry in LA. It seemed he had hit the jackpot gambling finally having the money to move down there to pursue his acting career. He wished Travis and Sandra the best hoping they would come down to see him sometime.

Travis showed Sandra the letter. After reading it she remarked, "You know, we have friends down there and it is just a short flight. We could go see him sometime if you want to. I even have a box of dirt in a couple of safe houses we maintain there."

Nodding he said, "That would be nice, but later. I still see myself holding my gun on him and him thinking he was going to die."

Chapter Nine

Life settled into a routine again. Both Travis and Sandra were happy. Their love for each other grew with each passing night. One night after their shower he told her, "I've been giving it a lot of thought and I don't want to cross over completely, at least not now. Maybe later, I feel both you and the local Vamp community can use me as a mortal. You need someone, who can be out in the daytime. I know all of you have people you deal with who take care of most things, but after the last incident, I realize someone like me is invaluable. I really like being a partial, for lack of a better word. All my senses are ten times more acute than they were, and my strength...well it is pretty damned astounding."

Smiling she answered, "You have really grown up lately, haven't you?"

Nodding he continued, "I have, and I like it. I look back at the person I was when I first met you, and I have to smile. All I was interested in was drinking with Larry and getting laid. I know you and I are not actually married but in my heart, we are. You are like coming home. I feel safe and secure with you, and not in a physical sense. It's more of a spiritual union, stronger than any marriage I have seen."

Sandra nodded then lightly kissed his lips. "Come on; let's go down to Fishermen's Wharf and Pier Thirty-Nine. We have been cooped up here long enough. I want to walk around with you, holding hands, and being in love. I really like the area, and we can get some clam chowder in a sourdough bowl."

"Sounds good to me, let's go."

The fog was holding out at sea, leaving the air crisp and clear, as they strolled hand in hand. Stopping here and there to watch a street performer, they marveled at what some people would do to make money. Sandra savored all the smells of the food the candies and the people. Pier Thirty-Nine had changed so dramatically over the years and she had watched it happen. It was now touristy. She liked it that way. It was a great place to watch people. Scanning the crowd, she saw Rene in his pinstriped suit, looking

their way. The scowl on his face showed how he felt. He was not at all happy about her union with a partial. Waving, she smiled and Travis, seeing him waved also, but Rene turned walking away without acknowledging them.

“What does he have against me?” Travis asked.

“It is nothing personal. Long ago, we were and item for a very short time. He felt more for me than I for him, and when he became too serious, I broke it off. I guess he never got over it. I didn’t realize he still held resentment until you became my mate. He is a very old Vamp and very powerful, so be careful.”

Travis digested what she had told him and shrugged, “What do you say we take the ferry to Sausalito and back?”

“Let’s go,” she said as she guided him towards the ticket office. On board the boat, they headed out to the fore deck to stand against the railing watching the water pass under the boat. The wheelhouse was lit up, but the deck below it was in shadow. The crew could not see the couple having sex at the bow railing. Another passenger came around the side deck, but the sharp wind sent him back to the warmth of the cabin. Travis had seen him sauntering up to the railing a few feet away, the man had nodded as he leaned over the rail. It was too dark for him to make out exactly what they were doing. The wind and spray had proven too much for him.

Sandra was facing the rail, slightly bent over it, while Travis worked in and out of her. His long black leather coat served as a shield to hide her alabaster ass from prying eyes. Meeting each thrust with her own, she was on the verge, hanging on the edge of her climax. His warmth was in stark contrast to the cold wind and spray. Holding onto the railing she screamed, “Yes, I’m coming!”

He held back until he knew she was close. As she tumbled over the top, he let go coating her insides with his love juice. Slumping over her back, he kissed her neck and whispered in her ear.

Clenching him, she milked him dry. As their breathing slowed to normal he pulled out, helped her get her pants up and then he put himself away. “How about some hot chocolate?” she asked turning to face him. Nodding, they turned, linked arms, and headed below.

Several days later, a letter came by special courier. Holding it in his hand the smell of gardenias wafted throughout the room. The envelope was more greeting card size, with the seal on the back made of wax with an imprint of a ring imbedded in it. It was addressed to Sandra. He took it to their bedroom, setting it on the nightstand. He was sure he had seen the ring design before, but could not remember where. It was obviously very old.

The day seemed to drag on, after going to the warehouse, to pick up the bike he stayed busy shining the old Harley Davidson® motorcycle. Just as the sun dipped into the ocean he was in the coffin room as she raised the lid. "Hi Baby." He dropped the side so she could sit up. Taking her into his arms her lips found his as her arms went around his neck. His strength had increased and she knew he had been using the gym she had installed in the garage.

Heading straight for the shower, the water was already running, it was borderline hot. Instead of setting her down, he sat down in the middle of the shower room floor with all the heads pointing to the center, still holding her in his arms. Water running over their bodies warmed her up. Feeling his erection, she moved around and sat down on it. For several minutes, they sat joined. Unmoving. Relishing the feel of their intimacy as well as the hot water. Slowly she began to squirm since the sensations were exquisite as she felt the head moving against her cervix. He seemed even larger than usual.

Sitting there holding her, his hands slipped down across her cheeks until he was cupping one in each. His finger found their joining as one strayed to her rosebud, gently sending sensations to her breasts and love tunnel. Beginning to rock back and forth his tip sent miniature explosions to her brain. Her mouth found his, her tongue probed until he wrapped his around hers and sucked. Mouths locked, she squealed as her orgasm rocked her body. His was right behind her. She felt him shoot into her womb. It was a new experience for her. Her eyes popped wide open, staring into his very soul and he into hers.

Clenching each other, time passed with them still sitting on the floor. Something strange and exciting had just happened and neither wanted it to end. How long they sat holding each other, they did not know. Time seemed to stand still. For that brief period, they were the only two people in the world.

Slowly she unlocked her legs from around his body and stood up. Taking his hand, she lifted him as if he weighed nothing, their eyes never leaving each other's. Shaking her head to clear it, Sandra asked, "What just happened?"

"I'm not sure, but something definitely did. It was the first time for me."

"Me too," she said. "Whew!"

Travis took the bottle of body wash; squirting some into the palm of his hand as he began slowly washing her. Moaning as his hands explored her body she writhed in the pleasure. Leaving no part untouched, he finished then with a scrunchy, lightly scrubbing, and turned her skin pink. She was so relaxed by the time he was done with her, she sat down on one of the molded seating areas. Taking body wash, she followed suit rubbing his body starting with his magnificent love pole. Looking at it in her hands, she marveled how it could bring her so much pleasure. She had had lovers in the past who were good, but he was so far over them. Shaking her head, she gave up thinking, and when the water had washed him clean, took it into her mouth. *Tonight is going to be a night of lovemaking, all night*, she thought, as he grew.

Letting his self-control go as he watched her beautiful lips taking him in, it was a short few minutes until he shot another load. Savoring the taste, she looked up at him licking her lips.

Later sitting in bed she said, "I smell gardenias, but I don't see any flowers."

Taking the envelope from the nightstand and handing it to her, he told her, "This was delivered special courier, this morning."

"Who is it from?" She took it from him.

"I didn't open it and there is no return address on it."

Looking at the wax seal and imprint, she knew it was from René. "Hum, well I wonder what he has sent us."

"Who?" Travis asked.

"That seal is from René. It has been a long time since he has sent me a letter." Carefully lifting the flap, the smell of gardenias grew stronger. What she pulled out was an invitation to a Formal Ball and dinner at his estate the following evening. RSVP was requested.

Handing the invitation to Travis she asked, "Do we go or not, it's up to you. There should be a lot of Vamps there who you know."

“Sure, it should be interesting.”

“Cool, then although I wanted this to be an evening of lovemaking, I want to take you out to buy you a tuxedo. Black I think.”

“Of course,” he said winking.

Driving downtown and parking, they walked the streets to the tuxedo shop. The store was just closing. It was obvious the tailor wanted to get out of there. “We are just closing,” he informed them, looking annoyed someone would come in at ten at night.

“I’m sorry, but would this persuade you to let us be your last customer?” Pulling a roll from her purse, she peeled off two one hundred dollar bills sticking them into his handkerchief pocket. “That is for your time.”

“I would be delighted to assist you in whatever you need.”

“We want something, maybe in black and as formal as we can possibly get. We have a very important function to go to tomorrow night,” Sandra said, looking the man in the eye.

“Yes, yes, let’s see what we have.” Leading them towards the back of the store, they entered a room with some of the most exquisite tuxedos Travis had ever seen.

“Wow,” was all he could manage.

“Very formal, you say. Do you want traditional or something more modern?”

Looking at Travis for his input, but getting a shrug, she answered, “Traditional and even retro, and money is no object.”

“Young man, will you step up here so I can take your measurements?”

Travis stepped up on the platform. The tailor took his pants measurements and asked him to step down. Taking the rest of his measurements, the tailor went into the back coming out with two suits ready to be fitted and stitched, both in black. Helping Travis into the first one, he stepped back to look at him. “Hmm, what do you think, Madame?”

“It looks good but, not formal enough.”

The tailor nodded. “I know you prefer black, but with his build I think I have the perfect one.” Helping Travis out of the first suit, he went to the back room again coming out, with a flourish, hung another one on the rack, a dark gray pinstriped, with tails. Travis managed to get into the pants without sticking himself with a pin. The tailor pulled

out a light pink silk shirt helping him into it. Next, taking the jacket with tails, off the hanger, he slipped it onto him.

Stepping back, he was beaming. Talking to himself, he made a few adjustments to the jacket. "Wallá, this is the one."

Sandra stood looking at the handsome, debonair man standing on the platform. He was gorgeous. "That is the one. What do you think Travis?"

Beaming at what he saw in the mirrors he said, "If I didn't know that was me," pointing, "I would swear it was someone else. This is great!"

"Then I can assume I can finish the fitting?" Both Sandra and Travis nodded, "You say you want it by tomorrow night?"

Breaking out of the trance she answered, "Yes, actually Travis will come by to pick it up tomorrow afternoon. Can you have it done by then?"

"If I stay up all night I can."

Pulling out her money again, peeling off three more hundreds she tucked them into his lapel pocket. "Now, how much for the suit?"

"That will be five thousand."

Handing him her credit card, she waited while he wrote the order up and she signed the receipt. He made the rest of the adjustments helping Travis take it off. "I will have this done by two tomorrow afternoon."

"Good," Sandra said pointing to his pocket, "there will be an envelope with five more of those in it for you when he picks it up, good night."

"Good night," he said, letting them out the door.

Walking the streets, she had one hand in his with her other one holding his upper arm. The sidewalks were always busy at night and they blended right in. "I love you Travis. I have lived a long time and had other lovers but, never a true mate. Now I have one, and I have never been happier, not even in my mortal life. I don't know what it is about you, but there is something very special. I felt it the first time I saw you."

"I know how you feel. I feel the same about you, and the more I get to know you, the better I like you. Sometimes during the day, I want to be with you so badly, I go into the coffin room, lift the lid, and stand there looking at you. I feel as if my heart is too small to hold the love we have."

“I know. I feel the same way. It is almost as if our spirits have melded into one. Earlier in the shower, something happened and I felt we were looking into each others souls.”

Falling silent, they walked for hours. Without realizing it they had wandered into a part of town, most people stayed away from after dark. A sign for a local bar blinked on and off. She asked, “Do you want to go inside and have a drink?”

“Sure.” As they got closer, the bar looked more and more like a dive, but they pushed the door open anyway. The jukebox was playing some punk rock song and the pool tables were all busy. Looking around they found a booth to sit down. A waitress in a very short skirt asked, “What can I get you?” They both ordered scotch with water chaser.

The waitress brought the drinks so Sandra handed her a hundred.

“I’ll be right back with your change.” Trying to hide the smile as she eyed the roll in Sandra’s purse, she hurried to the bar. Her boyfriend was sitting by the waitress station. “Look at what she just gave me,” she flashed the bill, “and she has a wad that would choke a horse. I will put a little something extra in their next drink.”

Some of the other patrons had watched her pay for the drink had their own plans. Travis and Sandra had eyes only for each other, but something nudged Sandra’s instincts making her look up and around the bar. Although it was very dim, her eyes saw as if it were broad daylight. Almost everyone in the bar was looking at them from the corners of their eyes. “I don’t like this place, let’s get out of here.”

“I see what you mean. If any of them follow us, we will lead them into an alley so you can feed. It’s been a while since you have had fresh food.”

Smiling she said, “Sounds good to me. Let’s go.” Standing up, they left their drinks untouched, telling the waitress to keep the change. Out on the street they walked hand in hand, as if they did not have a care in the world. Both of their senses were heightened and they could feel the excitement of the two following them. Turning into a dark alley and stopping in a space between two buildings, they waited.

The two following could hardly believe their luck as they followed them into the alley. What happened next was remembered, as a dream. They were both grabbed by someone with incredible strength and held helpless while someone bit them on the neck. At first it hurt, but then became pleasant, even exciting and the first one gave into

it. As she finished with one, she dropped him. The other wanted to run away but his legs would not move. Dropping him, along side the other, she took Travis' hand. They walked out onto the sidewalk back towards a better part of town.

"Now for a drink," she said, "I know a quiet bar where we won't have to watch our backs."

Sitting at a table in the back of the room, no one even looked at them. They were just a couple having a drink and talking. "Well now, that was exciting. I could almost feel what you were feeling as you fed. Did you leave any kind of memory for them?"

"I implanted a memory of rats chewing at their necks. It will be a cold day in hell before they go into a dark alleyway again."

The hours melted away, soon it was time to go home and sleep. The last thing Sandra saw before closing the lid was Travis standing over her smiling. *I love that man*, she thought just before sleep over took her.

Travis slept until around one in the afternoon. Anxious to see if the suit was done he was at the tailor's shop by two. The older gentleman who had waited on them the night before was there looking tired, but pleased. A large smile appeared when he saw Travis.

"Aah yes sir, it is ready to try on. Please follow me." Leading Travis to the rear of the store, he made a big to do of lifting the plastic covering.

Travis' smile grew when he saw what the man had spent all night doing. No clothes he owned were worth a quarter of what the suit in front of him was. Here was quality he had rarely seen.

The clerk pulled curtains closed. Travis stripped to shorts and t-shirt. As he slipped the trousers on zipping them, he was amazed at how incredibly comfortable they were. Next, he slipped into the shirt he had tried on the night before. Even it had been fitted to his body. The gentleman handed him a pair of shiny shoes waiting until he slipped them on. As the jacket settled onto his shoulders, the tailor buttoned the front and stepped away. A stranger stood looking back at him in the mirrors. A very handsome and debonair stranger.

The tailor, making happy contented sounds, shifted a seam here, a lapel there until he was pleased with it. It looked like a million dollars. Travis felt like a different person, maybe clothes did make the man.

The tailor helped him to undress and hung the suit on wooden hangers. Back in his jeans and denim jacket, he reached into his pocket and took out the envelope of cash. It contained the five hundred promised and a couple more. Handing it to the man he said, "You more than deserve this. I couldn't be happier and my lady is going to be very pleased."

The tailor politely slipped the envelope into his inside breast pocket and gave a slight bow. Travis hurrying home was anxious for the sun to set. Although it was only a few hours, the wait was interminable. Finally, the sun dipped into the pacific and Sandra stirred in her box. He was there as always, but this day he was glowing even more than usual. As her eyes focused on him she said, "Well, don't we look like the cat who swallowed the canary?"

He could only smile as he gave her a hand down from her box. Taking their shower, he was humming to himself. She said, "I can't wait to see you in your suit. Even with it pinned together you looked wonderful in it."

"Just wait," he said as he dried off and dried her back, marveling as he did every day, at the beauty standing in front of him. "What are you wearing?"

"I've been thinking about it. I will wear a gown I bought in the early nineteen hundreds. It is so formal I have kept it for a special occasion. I think you will be pleased." She headed into her dressing room leaving him to dress on his own.

Standing in front of the full-length mirrors, he watched the stranger appear again. He was there but it was as if another's face was superimposed over his. Sitting down to wait for his lady, he was anticipating what she would say. He had never felt so...so handsome or smart looking. Hearing the door to her dressing room open, he stood up to give her the full effect. She breezed in and he almost fell to the floor. His mouth dropped open. He had to lock his knees to keep from falling. She was absolutely, stunning. The dress was low cut in the front and back with the sleeves ending in a loop through which she had slipped her middle fingers. The material glowed. It was the most beautiful shade of emerald green he had ever seen. Reaching almost to the floor, the color

matched her eyes and accentuated her hair. Opening his mouth, nothing came out. Realizing he had been holding his breath, he let it out with a, huh.

Sandra had taken the dress from the plastic holding it against her to see what it would look like on her. It really brought out the color of her eyes. Slipping into it, she was anticipating what he would say when she walked into the room. Rarely wearing make up, she had only a little on hand. A little eyeliner, light shading on her lids and she was done. Her hair fell into its natural shape as she lightly brushed it. Looking in the mirrors, she thought he would like the way she looked. As she stepped out into the bedroom, she got more than she had expected. She had to look twice at the man standing in front of her. It was Travis but, wow!

“Do you want to drive or me,” she finally asked.

“Neither, there is a limo sitting out front waiting on us, he called a little before you woke up.”

“Too, cool. Looks like you thought of everything.”

Hand in hand, they walked out the front door setting the alarm as they left. Arriving at the estate, the limo was allowed onto the grounds after the guard at the gate was handed the invitation. The drive was at least an eighth mile long, filled with a steady stream of long black limos, their headlights glaring. When their car stopped in front of the mansion, a valet opened the door. They stepped out, onto plush red carpet. Sandra had seen it before, but she was seeing it for the first time through his eyes.

She loved the wonder he tried to hide, but which came out loud and strong. Slipping her arm through his, she led him up the steps to the large ornately carved double doors. The wood was obviously very old, but it shined from the oils that had been hand rubbed into it, at least once a week for years.

Talking in a low voice, she brought Travis up to speed on the life of René. “He enjoys the finer things in life. The house itself is more a castle than house. Built of stone in the early eighteen hundreds, he hired only master craftsmen. The stones fit so tightly together no mortar was necessary to fill cracks. He bought the land shortly after moving to San Francisco, immediately set about to have the house built. Wealthy when he arrived, he soon bought into the railroads and steel factories, his wealth only increased as the decades passed. In the nineteen nineties, he bought into the dot com boom and

sold out at the height. Truth be known, he is probably one of the richest men in the world. Not wanting notoriety he keeps his assets hidden through dummy corporations.”

Feeling like Alice in wonderland, Travis could only follow Sandra through the line of servants and down the stairs to the main ballroom. A live stringed orchestra was playing classical music. As they reached the bottom of the stairs, Travis gasped at the enormity of the room. It was straight out of Vienna. Every one was congregating at the end where the large bar was. Drinks were flowing, as there were both vampires and mortals. The talking stopped when Travis and Sandra stepped onto the floor. By far, they were the most stunning couple in attendance. Travis in his Prince Albert tuxedo and she in her silk dress caused everyone to turn and look.

Suddenly Rene was at her elbow touching her arm, smiling. “It is so good of you to grace us with your presence. Moving around to face them and taking her hand, he lifted it. Bowing at the same time he placed his lips on the back, lingering. Straightening up turning to Travis, he extended his hand. “The suit is very becoming. It shows you can make a purse from the ear of a swine.”

Before Travis could respond, he had turned greeting other guests. Sandra nudged Travis towards the bar ordering two scotch and waters. He leaned in close to asked, “Is he always this congenial to his guests?”

Smiling she said, “Only to my lovers and life partners. Don’t let him get to you. He may be very wealthy but, he has always needed a lesson in charm.”

A few drinks later, the orchestra started the Vienna waltz, putting his mouth close to her ear he asked, “Will you give me the honor of this dance?”

Raising an eyebrow she stepped away from the bar, lifting her hand. Travis stepping into her arms led her off in a classic waltz.

“Where did you learn to dance like this,” she asked as they floated around the large room.

“I don’t know, I just seem to know how to do it, and I seem to be very good.”

“Incredible,” she said falling silent, enjoying the smoothness of his movements, the tails of his coat swirling out as they spun. It had been a dream for Travis since he was twelve years old to dance as he was dancing. In his fantasies, it had always been in a room like the one they were in. The piece ended, but the couple hearing the music in their hearts kept on dancing.

People laughed until the stringed orchestra, seeing someone actually enjoying their efforts, began the piece again with renewed vigor. Other people inspired by the handsome couple on the floor, joined in. Soon the floor was crowded with dancers.

Dancing up to the bar, Travis and Sandra stopped, laughing as they fanned themselves. It was at that moment the butler, standing at the head of the stairs rang the dinner bell.

Rene, in his element, was the picture of an elegant host. Sitting at the head of the table in a large ornate Kings chair, he was magnificent. His clothing was impeccable with his manners unimpeachable. Watching, Travis realized there were hundreds of different conversations going on down the long table. The service was excellent, everyone soon had food, and the conversations ceased. When the only sounds heard, were those of eating, René stood up tapping on his elegant long stemmed crystal wine glass and said, "May I have your attention please? A toast to Sandra, and her new companion, although he is from a different background and social class," a long pause proceeded, "may you yet find happiness," and raising the glass to his lips he drank. Most of the guests did the same, except for Sandra and Travis.

Sandra stood up picking up her glass made a toast, "To you René, may you always be such a gracious host and thank you for your good wishes. Now with your leave, we will depart. We have pressing matters to attend to."

Travis, standing up, gave a slight bow. "Thank you for your impeccable hospitality," turning to Sandra he took her by the arm and they strolled out of the house.

In the limo, turning to face her he asked, "Did you just put him in his place?"

She smiled. "He is such a pompous asshole, pardon my French, but I went out with him for about a month and that was all I could take. I told him, other than socially, I didn't want to see him again. I guess he never got over it. He is used to getting anything and anyone he wants, and it galls him he can't have me. It really pisses him off I would fall in love with a mortal who is, in his words, beneath me and my station. Hell, he was a peasant when he was turned and didn't even own the mud and thatch hut he lived in. He stole at first and accumulated gold and art.

Finally, he fell into society after selling some of it and buying an estate in France. Even then, it took him another hundred years before he had status. All the mortals who had known he was not of their class, had died off."

She said, "You are much too handsome to just go home, we have to go out, I want other women to drool over you."

"You pick the place."

"How about the Hyatt Regency® Hotel, downtown?"

"Let's go, I enjoy listening to piano music."

René sat back watching them leave. Seldom did he get angry, but he felt the heat rising in his face. Rarely would anyone dare to talk back to him in such a manor. She was an upstart barely over a hundred years old, while he had been around to see the Mayflower off. How dare she? As for her pup, well she had better keep him on a short leash.

"René," one of his guests addressed him so he let his thoughts drop.

"Yes Marie?" he asked focusing on the beautiful young socialite sitting next to him.

"Who was that? They were certainly rude to leave so abruptly."

"Just an old friend and her boy...friend. Don't worry yourself about them; I will put them in their place."

The Hyatt piano bar was crowded and every head turned as the couple walked in. The men practically drooling watched every move Sandra made, while the women and some of the men did the same with Travis.

Travis feeling a bit self-conscious said, "I feel like I am under a microscope."

Sandra looked at him. "No, you are just the most handsome man in here. Relax and enjoy the attention. Make eye contact with some of the women and you will make their day."

Seeing a vacant table towards the middle of the room, they headed for it. The waitress hurrying over to them did not take her eyes off Travis. Never looking at Sandra, she took their drink order. Travis looking around the room purposely made eye contact with a few of the women. He was getting blushes and come have your way with me looks. "Standing up and excusing himself to go to the men's room, he worked his way through the crowd.

Sandra smiled at the way some of the women were acting. By the time he got back, four of them had slipped him their phone numbers. Sitting back down he lay them on the table asking, "Now what the hell am I suppose to do with these?"

"Keep them. Maybe we will want a threesome some time. They were all beautiful women."

Feeling a little uncomfortable with the subject yet intrigued at the same time, he asked, "Have you ever been with a woman?"

"A couple of times, it was ok, but I like men."

"But you wouldn't be jealous if we had another woman in our bed?"

"Not in the least. The one thing I am sure of in this life is you love me, one hundred percent, and I you. I'm just talking about sex and having fun, nothing serious."

Thinking about what she had said. He asked, "Just when would I have the strength for a threesome? You keep me so satisfied, I can barely walk?"

"You know, of course, I would have to hold back with you, so you would have strength to satisfy her."

Beginning to think seriously about it he said, "We will see," and dropped the subject.

After a few drinks, they were both beginning to feel the effects of the liquor. Excusing herself to, "powder her nose," Sandra headed to the powder room. She was feeling good and just the vixen. One of the women who had given Travis her number followed her.

"I hope you don't mind my saying so, but your husband has to be the most handsome man I have ever seen."

"I know, he is the most incredible lover I have ever had, and I've had a few."

"Well you are very lucky."

"Would you like to get lucky tonight?" Sandra asked.

"What do you mean?" the woman asked hopefully.

"I mean, the two of us giving him the time of his life. I promise you, you will not be disappointed."

The woman, wanting to believe, but not believing what she was hearing asked, "Are you serious?"

Sandra stuck out her hand. "My name is Sandra, his name is Travis, and we could get a room here to spend a few hours pleasing, not only him but, ourselves."

The woman accepted her hand. "My name is Barbie, and if you are serious I would love to join you. I just have to dump the guy I came here with. It was our first date and I was bored to tears until you two showed up."

Sandra seemed to float through the room. Sitting back down at their table, she looked at his watch. It was still well before midnight. She said, "I invited the woman who followed me to the powder room, to help me service you tonight. I want to get a room here and give you some fun."

Travis feeling a rise in his pants asked, "Are you sure?"

"Of course. She seems to be nice plus she is very pretty, and I want to please you. So what do you say?"

Not believing his luck, he managed to say, "Yes." Glancing over at the woman, he watched her get up, shake hands with her date, and come their way. As she approached, he stood up; being a gentleman, he pulled a chair out for her. As she sat down, she was a little flushed. Sticking out his hand, he introduced himself, "Hi, I'm Travis and I assume you've already met Sandra."

With a nervous giggle she said, "Hi Travis, I'm Barbie."

They ordered another round when Sandra asked, "What did you tell your date?"

"I told him I didn't think it would work out between us, and some friends had asked me to join them. I think he was relieved, he is a CPA, and I am a little out of his league. It was a blind date. I hate blind dates, but a friend asked if I would go out with her brother, sooo." Shrugging her shoulders, she let it drop.

Sandra said, "Well his loss is our gain, after we finish our drinks we can get that room. One with a king sized bed."

Travis smiled. "You are the impulsive one, aren't you?"

"Well you shared me with Larry so it's only fitting I return the favor."

Under the table, Barbie put a hand on Travis' thigh rubbing lightly. Sandra saw what she was doing. Smiling, she laid her hand on Barbie's leg. Squeezing gently she could tell she was athletic and firm with a delectable layer of padding. The drinks went down easy with the temperature rising as the pheromones flowed from all three.

With key in hand, Sandra, Barbie, and Travis stepped into the elevator bound for the twenty-third floor. They were the only ones in the elevator with Barbie finding herself deliciously sandwiched between them. Her mouth found Travis' as Sandra's hands

found her ample breasts, slipping one hand down inside her dress and tweaking a nipple. Barbie's breath was coming in shorter gasps. She felt she would explode if they did not get to the room soon. Travis let his hands slip from Sandra's ass to Barbie's, gently kneading her cheeks through the thin material of her dress. With deft ease, he worked the material up soon having the palms of his hands on her bare cheeks.

Her moans, through lips firmly locked on Travis', became higher pitched as her excitement intensified. The feel of his skin on hers was incredible. When Travis slipped his fingers under her thong to work it down, she jumped as he touched her rosebud and went on to find her dripping lips. As his fingers found her clit, she could no longer contain it. She fell over the edge into one of the most intense orgasms she had ever experienced. Just as she stopped twitching, the door opened onto their floor and an older couple stood waiting to board. The look of surprise at what they saw, evident on their faces.

Sandra being the relatively calm one said, "I think this is our floor," and the three of them began to untangle arms. Barbie was almost too weak to walk; Travis supported most of her weight.

The couple stepped into the elevator, immediately recognizing the smell of sex. The three lovers looked for their room. Luckily, it was only three doors down. Sliding the key card, they heard the click of the lock. Sandra pushed the door open locking it behind them.

The drapes were drawn. After depositing Barbie onto the bed, Travis opened them wide. The view was dazzling with the city laid out below them. The ocean was in the distance and he could see the lights of ships coming into San Francisco Bay. Turning around he was greeted with a marvelous sight; both women were naked, lying on the bed with come fuck me now looks on their faces. Sandra's body was ivory where Barbie's was dark, evenly tanned. Her hair had been taken down with it laying around her head like a dark halo. One of Sandra's legs was draped over one of Barbie's and Sandra's left hand lay in the triangle with a finger stroking Barbie's love button.

Practically ripping his cloths off, he climbed onto the bed, his large erection standing at attention in front of him. Moving up so he was straddling their crossed legs, he let the hairs on his family jewels tickle their skin. As if with the same thought, both women put a

hand out to touch his velvety sword. Barbie, marveling at how silky smooth it was, sighed.

Travis reaching out with both hands, put one on each woman's triangle, slipping a finger between soaking wet lips. This time it was Sandra's turn to moan. Having always dreamed of having two beautiful women in bed at the same time, his secret fantasy was being fulfilled before his hungry eyes. With his increased strength, stamina as well as his heightened senses he was in heaven. Looking over at his love, she was wide eyed as she motioned him to Barbie.

He moved over between Barbie's legs. She opened her eyes smiling. He lowered himself down onto her, letting the tip slip between her lips. Dripping wet, she was ready and he slowly slipped all the way inside. Her moaning became a pant. All she managed was a, "Yes, yes, yes," putting her hands on his hips pulling him deeper.

Slowly he pulled out and moving his mouth sensuously down her body, ran his tongue to her nipples, first one, and then the other. Taking his time, he crossed her belly to find her wet pussy lips. Settling comfortably between her legs his tongue explored her body. Savoring the taste of her, he slipped it deep inside, pulling out, parting the lips, to find the love button. His tongue moving gently, but firmly around it brought her to the brink again. Just as she was ready to go over the edge, he stopped and moving back up on her, slipped inside.

Grabbing his hips again, she slammed into him pumping furiously. His balls slapping against her ass was too much for her. Throwing her legs around his hips, she bucked into another shattering orgasm. Clutching his sword with her pussy, she managed to get just a little farther over the top.

Reading her body, he stopped, holding his weight off her, as she worked through spasm after spasm. Just when he thought she was done, another would go through her. He looked over at Sandra and she smiled and winked at him. "It's good to see you satisfy another. Now I want to see you satisfy yourself inside her."

Barbie dropped her arms and legs lying helpless. Giving her time to recuperate, he slowly, teasingly moved in gentle easy motions. His cock pressed to the hilt, touched the mouth of the womb. She began to respond with slow movements of her own. Sandra sat up watching her incredible lover begin to work toward his own release.

With her right hand reaching between his legs, she found his nut sack, cupping it in her hand. Slowly she worked down to wrap her fingers around the base of his cock; her hand bumping against Barbie's swollen pussy lips. The heat between their bodies was nothing compared to what was growing in her own pussy. The longer she held him, feeling the juices from Barbie, the more she herself needed release.

With her free hand, she slipped a finger into herself beginning to rub her clit. Her own climax was building to a release as she could read the signs Travis was putting off. He was close and she was determined to reach hers at the same time he reached his.

Travis was so hot, and full of cum. It was building in him like a volcano, ready to erupt. The feel of his belly bumping and slightly sticking to Barbie's sticky belly, was more than he could take. The heady aroma of sex hung in the room like a heavy perfume. His senses were in a heightened mode, taking in all of his surroundings.

Hearing Sandra catch her breath, he looked over at her seeing Barbie had decided to help her by slipping a finger between her lovely red haired pussy lips. Their moans blended together with the slapping sound of his belly on hers. Suddenly the three of them let go. Travis pumped his seed deep into Barbie, filling her pussy and coating the walls, while she spasmed through her third orgasm.

Managing to look over at his wonderful lady, Barbie's hand was buried deep in her pussy, while Sandra's hand was still wrapped around his tool, soaked from both of their juices.

Travis rolled off Barbie, his cock going soft. The three of them lay still as the women experienced after shocks. No one moved for an hour as they recuperated. Finally, Sandra wanting to feel him inside of her moved around taking his cock into her mouth, savoring the taste of both him and Barbie. Soon it stirred standing tall again. "Would you like some more of this," she asked the woman lying exhausted beside him.

"I couldn't, I think I would die if I had another orgasm this soon."

Sandra moving around turned her back to them straddling him. They both watched as she guided his cock into her pussy. They had an unobstructed view of the union. As she slipped up and down on him her rosebud, asshole puckered and released. They were both intrigued at the beauty of the act. How perfectly he fit into her. As she rose up her lips would drag on his shaft and when she pushed down, they would be pushed up.

Travis, wetting his fingers in Barbie's pussy, touched Sandra's brown rosebud gently slipped his finger up and down working it just inside.

Sandra, feeling the wonderful sensations radiating from her lover's finger responded by riding him harder, building to her own release. Travis, not believing it possible, felt another one building for himself. Barbie, not wanting to be left out, took hold of his cock and stroked Sandra's clit at the same time with her fingertip. She had never touched a woman as she was, but it felt like the thing to do. It did not take long with all the stimulation she was receiving, until Sandra came like the space shuttle taking off, slowly at first, and building to fireworks.

Travis right behind her had his own fireworks passing out cold. As he slowly retuned he saw Sandra was already up and dressed. "It is only about an hour until sunrise and we have to go.

Nodding, he got up and redressed. Barbie was awake but groggy from all the sex. Dropping a card on the table Sandra said, "Call us sometime, maybe we can hookup again. We have to go, but I for one, had a wonderful time. I hope you did, too. Oh and by the way enjoy the room the rest of the day, order anything you want from the menu."

Barbie only nodded as she fell back asleep. On their way out, they instructed the desk to give Barbie anything she wanted and not to disturb her. The limo was still outside waiting for them. It got them home well before daylight. Travis tipping the driver heavily followed Sandra into the house.

After getting her tucked into her box of earth and the secret door secured, he fell into bed exhausted still reeking of sex. Sleeping the sleep of the dead he did not hear the phone ring or the garage door being opened. He did not awaken until the masked men had him face down with his hands tied behind his back. "Where is she?"

Groggily he asked, "Who?"

"Your Bitch Girl friend, you know who I mean."

"She...she isn't here. I don't know where she is."

One of the men hit him hard and it hurt. Not as much, it would have a few months before. It was more of an annoyance than anything. How dare these thugs violate the sanctity of their home? Something came over him as the men started searching for secret doors. Obviously, they knew what to look for, but she had taken great pains to conceal hers. Testing the bonds that held him, he strained with super human strength

and snapped them as if they were made of ribbon. Hearing the pop of the rope the two men looked around just in time to see Travis flying through the air at them. Trying to get away, they ran into each other and he, grabbing them slammed their heads together. Going down hard they lay unconscious.

Travis picked them up by their collars dragging them to the basement to a secure room. When Sandra awakened, they would deal with them. Checking the house for their entry and looking at the alarm, he realized he had failed to reset it when he came in earlier.

Awakening, Sandra was surprised, not to find Travis waiting on her. Fearing something was wrong, she cautiously let herself out of the room into the bedroom. He was still asleep. She could tell he was sleeping by the sound of his breath and the rhythm. Sitting down on the bed beside him, she watched him sleep. *Poor Baby, last night must have really worn him out. Damn it was good. I haven't had a night like that in decades*, she thought.

Sensing her presence, he stirred and said, "Oh I'm sorry Baby, but there was a bit of a ruckus here this morning and I was up for a while. You two wore me out last night or I would have stayed up."

"What do you mean by, a ruckus?"

"It seems I failed to reset the alarm two men broke in catching me hard asleep. I didn't know they were in here until they already had me tied up. They were looking for you and began looking for your secret room. They knew what to look for, but not where. They never got close to the closet. I got so upset or should I say pissed, I broke the ropes and well, they are in the secure room in the basement. I figured you would know what to do with them."

"First I want to take a shower and from the smell of you, which is delicious, you need one, too."

After their shower and getting dressed, she said, "Let's go talk to them, and since I haven't had my evening glass, I will just have to have some fresh." Following her down the stairs, she opened the door. The men inside tried to attack her. Throwing both of them against the far wall, their breath was knocked out of them. She sat down in a chair. "We can make this easy or hard, and to tell you the truth, I hope you decide to

make it hard. You were both at the dinner last night. I believe you work for René. Now, what did he tell you to do to me?”

“Fuck you bitch. You ain’t gettin nothing from me.”

“Well that is where you are wrong, dead wrong.” She stood up reaching down; she pulled the man up by the front of his shirt. Her fangs came out, seeing them he screamed. Biting into his neck, she fed hard then dropped his lifeless body onto the floor.

Turning to the other one she asked, “Now are you going to tell me what I want to know?”

“I’ll tell you anything you want to know. Just don’t do that to me please, we were just following orders. René said to find you. He said you would be in a hidden room. He didn’t know where it was, but thought it was probably off the bedroom. He said you would be in a box of earth or a casket. Said you are some kind of freaky bitch who thinks she is a vampire. Said to pull the box into the sunlight and open it. He said it wouldn’t really do anything to you physically, but it would scare you. He said to bring your boyfriend to him. He has something special in store for him, something about becoming his servant. Look lady we was just doing our job, there was nothing personal.”

“Well I take it personal when someone tries to kill me and kidnap my man, and with that she grabbed him and fed. Not wanting to kill him, she fed lightly clouding his mind, giving him false memories. He would not go back to Rene. In fact, he would move to another state.

Picking up the dead one, and leading the one still alive to the car she stuffed the dead one into the trunk putting the other one in the back seat. Once in the Castro district, she stopped to let him out of the car at a bus stop. He sat down in a daze with them driving off.

Stopping at the gate, the guard called into the house. Rene admitted them. They drove around to the garage. With the push of a button, he opened a door for them. From his desk, he watched, on closed circuit television. The door closed as Sandra pulled the body from the trunk to deposit it in front of a door marked furnace room.

She had been to the house a few times easily finding her way to his study. “Come in,” he said with a cold smile, “I see my men failed. Too bad, it is so hard to get good help. Not like it was in the old days, is it Sandra?”

“Rene, if you ever pull something like this again I will not take it up with the council, I will take care of you myself, permanently. Do I make myself clear?”

“Perfectly. No need for threats, I only wanted them to scare you. I don’t like having children embarrass me in front of my guests. You might remember that in the future. I am a patient man but I have a very long memory. I make you this promise, if you ever cross me again, I will see to you and your pup myself. I am a strong and influential man in town, I could ruin you with a phone call, but I would not do that. If I feel the need to, punish you, I will do it personally. Now take your lap dog and leave, before my patience wears thin.”

She turned to Travis and they walked out together. In the car away from the estate, she said, “He was not bluffing, and he is very old and very powerful. We had best stay away from him, but if he fucks with us, I have a few tricks he doesn’t know about.”

Dialing a number, she called Linda and Ron and told them about what had happened. “He has gone over the top and none of us is safe, if he was willing to have me killed.”

She listened to Linda then said, “No I don’t want to do anything right now. Warn the others and remember, some of them are loyal to him. You know who I mean.” Heading back home her thoughts were in turmoil, knowing it was not over yet.

Rene sitting at his desk pondered what course of action to take. What she did not know was...he knew she was with child. There had not been a birth to a Vampire in recorded history. There was apparently more to her pup than met the eye. True he had felt a presence within him when she had first introduced him to the group. They all had felt it. It was as if he were an even older soul than he, Rene’ was. *For the moment he would bide his time and after the child was born, he would take it and raise it as his prodigy.*

Just wait Rene; he told himself, you have all the time in the world. The child will be yours and the woman, too.

The End