

# ESCAPE



**Sex On The  
Beach?**

**Willa Okati**

**Changeling Press**

# **Sex on the Beach?**

## **Willa Okati**

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2007 Willa Okati

**Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.**

ISBN: 978-1-59596-727-5  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)

Editor: Crystal Esau  
Cover Artist: Karen Fox

**This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

## **Sex on the Beach?**

### **Willa Okati**

*"You really have gone loony. Completely insane."*

Warren might be a vampire, sure, but he's getting the knack of it. He's cool -- he can handle the wicked urge for hot blood right from a vein and has these bitchin' fangs. He does miss the sunlight, though. No problem -- he also has a lover, Dusty, the biggest-hearted, goofiest but also kinkiest vampire you'll ever meet. When Warren gets the urge to get away, Dusty comes up with the perfect way to make unlife a beach.

Sort of.

## Sex on the Beach?

"You've got to be kidding me."

Okay, he should have suspected this would be trouble. Warren loved Dusty like the air he'd once breathed, the sun in the sky he'd waved bye-bye to a few years back, even better than strawberry cheesecake.

Loved to fuck him even more.

But God's honest truth, Warren knew better than to go along with Dusty on a lot of things.

Especially when Dusty said, "I've got a surprise for you. Come on. You'll love this."

He knew better. He really, really did. Dusty's last surprise had involved a flight to New Orleans -- red-eye, of course -- and then a day's stay in a motel whose holey avocado-green carpet, harvest-gold curtains, and ink-blot wallpaper had made his head hurt (immortal or not, some things were just too much).

When the sun went down, he'd dragged Warren out to announce to everyone that they were Vampires, capital "V", and if anyone wanted to Interview them, capital "I", they'd talk about the Glory Days of Old, capital etcetera, etcetera.

Form a line, please. Kiss you? But of course. Bite you? Well, maybe just a nibble...

They'd ended up draining an overenthusiastic reporter whose deliberate, enhanced resemblance to Christian Slater had finally gotten on even Dusty's nerves. He'd tasted like newsprint. Yecch.

The idea before that involved planting fanged yellow Easter Peeps on the White House lawn.

And the idea before that...

So, yeah, Warren knew way better.

Damn it, though. He loved the schmuck. Probably too much. Enough, at least, that when Dusty grabbed Warren's hand to tug him along and used the Big Puppy Eyes (which should have looked stupid on a vampire, but didn't), he was a goner.

"Please?" Dusty begged, his way-too-damn-sexy voice all wrapped up in another gob of Sex, with a shiny Sexy cherry on top.

Warren heaved a sigh, folded his newspaper with the sports section open so he wouldn't lose his place (the Mets sucked this season), and let Dusty drag him off to see his latest and greatest.

When he got there and found himself standing in what had once been their guest bedroom, he couldn't stop his mouth from flying open. He blinked several times to make sure he wasn't imagining things.

"See?" Dusty grinned wide enough to flash his fangs. How the fuck he managed to make fangs lust-worthy (well, maybe being a vampire gave a guy some special kinks), Warren knew he'd never figure out. "Isn't this the best?"

Warren rubbed the bridge of his nose, right above his glasses (you'd think immortality would have perks like 20/20 vision, but ohhh, nooo). "This time I'm positive you've lost what little mind you had, pea-brain."

Dusty pouted. Should have looked completely idiotic on a six-foot-something man with ripped muscles, but Dusty pulled off the look and still came across like something out of a wet dream. "You don't like this? I went to so much trouble."

"Like it? I don't even know what the hell you're trying to do here." Warren took a few shuffling steps forward. When nothing jumped up to bite his bare toes, he looked around the room. It had been pretty ordinary with white walls, a neatly made bed, a dresser, and fuck-all else.

Now, the furniture had vanished, the ceiling was jam-packed with floodlights, and Dusty had seen fit to dump mounds of something dun-colored all over the floor.

Warren knew he got wrapped up in the evening news, but damn. How had he not noticed Dusty getting all this together?

"Oh!" Dusty jumped over the piles of whatever-this-was to scrape off a small CD player. He pressed a button and the rushing sounds of waves crashing into shores gushed out. "Much better. So, what do you think?"

"I think you look so fucking cute I want to pat you on the head and feed you a doggie treat."

"I am not cute."

"Cute," Warren repeated stubbornly. "You got me this far. I have not yet blown up at the utter and total destruction of our guest room. The way I figure it, you owe me a kiss. At least."

"Kisses. I can do kisses." Dusty cat-prowled back to Warren.

"Whoa, wait. Were you dressed like this the whole time?"

"What if I said no?"

"Balls."

"Right here." Dusty cupped the pouch of the obscenely tight, amazingly tacky gold glitter G-string he wore.

Mmm. Daddy liked. "What was I saying?"

"Kisses." Dusty got up close nice and personal, rubbing his chest against Warren's and grinding their groins together. Hmm. Whatever this was, it had gotten him all hot and bothered.

Not a total loss, then.

Warren opened his mouth as Dusty pressed their lips together. They took turns topping, but when Dusty had A Plan the man went all Alpha Dominant and hey, might as well enjoy the ride, huh?

Dusty kissed like he lived (okay, fine, un-lived), like Warren was better than chocolate-topped-chocolate, like he'd just gotten his first conjugal visit after five years in the pen, like he was still young and All That (and knew it) and like Warren was exactly, perfectly, one-hundred-percent what he'd been dying for (ha-ha) in a man.

I damn well better be, Warren thought right before Dusty thrust his tongue in Warren's mouth and Warren pretty much quit thinking altogether.

Oooh.

Yeahhhh.

Warren moaned into the kiss, grasping Dusty's forearms. Dusty definitely knew his way around tongue-fucking, and when he wasn't using them to flap on and on about something or another (like Frosted Mini-Wheats being on sale -- since when the fuck did vampires care about glazed cereal?) his lips were good for deep, wet, raunchy kisses that never, ever, damn him, failed to get Warren's cock on the rise.

When they parted, they weren't gasping for breath (not even Dusty was that dumb) but Warren figured he had the same dazed expression as Dusty did. "Wow." It didn't seem like enough praise, so he repeated himself. "Wow."

"Want another?" Dusty gave Warren the very nice favor of another full-body shimmy. "I could do another kiss."

Tempting, but Warren knew Dusty would kiss him later anyway. After he'd found out what the holy hell Dusty had done with their spare room. He pushed Dusty away, kind of slickly.

He looked down at his shirt. "What the... oil? I smell coconuts. Dusty, you slathered yourself with suntan lotion?"

Dusty preened, showing off all his extremely nice rippling muscles and his double-plus-sexy six-pack. "I look good, don't I? Makes me think about when I was young and I used to hang out in Malibu for weeks without going inside once."

"Dusty." Warren thwapped his lover upside the head. "You've never even gotten within spitting range of Malibu." Suspicion rose. "Have you?"

"Well, I imagined I did, plenty of times. By the pool. And God, Warren, we have preternatural senses. Did you forget again? You should have noticed the oil and the coconut smell the second I got near you."

He really did have to start paying better attention. Now, when he went out on the hunt, he remembered to use all those bonuses that did come with being a vampire. The sound of a terrified human's heartbeat as they ran away screaming for Momma -- now there was a sweet, sweet racket.



Seemed like when he was in the apartment (a nice section of a brownstone, thank you, no crypts or coffins for them) he forgot he happened to be one of the things that went bump in the night. He relaxed into Warren Gray, the plain old Warren he'd been before he and Dusty decided a threesome with Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome (also fanged, although they'd thought the things were prosthetics at first -- hey, they were stupid twenty-somethings, what had they known?) would be fun.

He went back to being Just Warren, an average schmoe who'd somehow gotten lucky enough to have Dusty-the-Gorgeous in his life.

Not that he wasn't a catch himself, or so Dusty told him. Dusty swore Warren had melting-cocoa brown eyes, lust-worthy midnight bed-head hair, and a body Dusty could weep over.

He'd figured making Dusty weep equaled pretty darn good.

Warren shook his head. Back to the point. "Fine. I'm using my preternatural senses now."

"Oh, goody!"

"Shaddup." Warren sniffed the air. Coconut, yep, the hum of the lights, waves CD, and -- "Sugar?" He gave the stuff a prod with one toe. "Dusty. You covered the whole fucking floor of this room with sugar?"

"Well, I couldn't find enough actual sand at the all-night hardware store. Mega-Mart was open, though, and they had tons of this stuff. And it's not just sugar, it's brown sugar." Dusty stood there expectantly. "Put everything together, and what have you got?"

The beginnings of a headache. Also, an answer. "You put together a make-believe beach, didn't you?"

"You figured it out!" Dusty grabbed Warren by the hand and started dragging him into the sugar. "Come on, gorgeous. I always wanted to fuck on the beach at high noon. And since, well, we can't ever do that, I came up with the best possible alternative."

"You really have gone loony. Completely insane."

"Aww. So you don't want to fuck?"

Warren gave Dusty a look he usually reserved for when Dusty had earned himself a spanking.

Hmm. Not a bad idea.

"I said you were bonkers, not me. If you want to fuck, I'm right there."

"No, you're right here. And you're wearing too many clothes." Dusty started taking care of the problem the way he usually did, just using his super-strength to rip off Warren's T-shirt and tear Warren's jeans like wet tissue paper. "Leave the necklace on," he decided. "Pretty. Naked and necklaced is a good look on you."

"This piece of junk?" Warren touched the chunky string of odd-shaped beads he wore like a choker. "You're serious?"

"Mm-hmm. Makes me think about collars. Sexy. Say, you wouldn't mind if I --"

"No!"

"Spoilsport. Okay. Sand, surf, UV lights, naked. Oops, I've still got this thing on." He ripped his G-string off.

Ohhh. Daddy liked better still.

Dusty's cock was a thing of beauty. Eight inches long (even though he told strangers it was nine), thickly veined (oh, yum, veins) and uncut. He'd already gotten aroused enough for his extra bit of skin to draw back around the purpled head of his dick.

Warren stared.

"Umm, Warren? You're staring."

"Uh-huh."

"Really staring. The way you stare at dinner."

"Uh-huh."

"Human dinner. Screaming, running dinner. Remember how much you didn't like it when I bit your cock to see if we'd like it now we were vampires?"

"Uh-huh. Oh, yeah. Ow. Damn." Warren licked his lips. "Okay. No biting your dick. Scout's honor."

"I don't think Scout's honor counts when you've gone all bloodsucker..."

"You want to fuck or you want me to turn around, walk out, and go back to my newspaper, where the most annoying thing I'll come across is the editorial section?"

"Oh, well, in that case," Dusty said happily, flinging himself at Warren. Warren barely had time to squeak like a mouse before Dusty had tackled him and brought them both down with a heavy "thump" on the brown sugar beach.

"Ptui! Ptui! Fuck you! Now I've got a spoonful of -- damn, I will not say it -- you-know-what in my mouth."

"All the better to sweeten you up with," Dusty crooned. "Gimme some --"

"Speak the words I know damn well you were about to, and I swear I will take a bite. Or three."

"Promise?"

"Why, you..." Warren grabbed Dusty and started tussling with him, getting good and oily in the process, not to mention coated with sugar like a cookie fresh out of the oven (damn, he missed cookies; not Frosted Mini-Wheats, though, those were just stupid).

He picked the fight partly because he wanted to teach Dusty a lesson, but, hell, mostly so he could cop a feel or five of Dusty's quarter-popping ass and grind their swollen cocks together.

Dusty didn't seem to mind. In fact, he didn't mind so much that when he got Warren pinned, he kissed him again, good and hard, albeit with sugar on his lips (ha fucking ha). Kissed him until Warren was one with the melting candy coating on the floor. "Do I have you at my mercy, pretty one?"

"Like hell I'm pretty. That shit might work on the twinkies in those bars you like, along with the whole 'mysterious charmer' song-and-dance, but you don't fool me."

"You're no fun."

"I can be." To illustrate his point, Warren rubbed their cocks together again, nice and nasty. "See?"

Dusty purred. (Warren couldn't purr. Apparently some vampires had one gift, some vampires had another, what-the-fuck-ever, anyway.) His eyes glittered with lust before he started kissing Warren all over, wriggling up or down to get to whatever he felt needed some attention, from nipples to navel to the spot behind Warren's right knee Dusty knew was ultra-ticklish, the prick, and even sucking his toes.

He bit too. Cheater. Dusty knew a nibble here and a nibble there got Warren hot enough to give him a decent body temperature.

Hot enough to decide, after he got in a chomp of his own, enough foreplay was e-damn-nough. "You're on top?"

"Yeah." Dusty licked Warren's neck. "Want to fuck you."

"Good. I wish to be vucked."

"And you say my accent is enough to give Bram Stoker nightmares."

"Dusty?"

"Mm-hmm?"

"Shut up and Fuck Me, capital letters."

"I can do that." Dusty dug around in the piles of sugar, humming and grunting to himself until he uncovered a tube of high-quality slick. "I buried a bunch of these here and there," he explained. "I didn't know where we'd end up when we got down to -- mmmf."

Warren held onto the kiss until Dusty started wriggling against his cock and making little mewling noises. "Lube land mines. Nice trick. Better than the Peeps. Now get to work and use the stuff."

Dusty grinned, and for the first time he looked like the Deadly Creature he was. Daddy liked best of all. Goofy Dusty was fun, sure, but the whole Vampire Thing was a hell of a turn-on for other vampires. "Spread your legs. No, wait, get on your stomach."

Warren wiggled over until he was belly-down, ass in the air. "Don't you dare get sugar where the sun doesn't shine."

"Hasn't shone on you in three, four years, not anywhere."

"Dusty?"

"I know, I know, shut up." Dusty clicked his tongue as he spread Warren's ass cheeks wide and dolloped on enough lube for a harem of porn stars. Felt like he'd gotten caught in a Lube Storm. Warren heard Dusty squish the bottle again, then his lover humming as he rubbed more slick into his cock.

His hard, swollen, thick cock...

"Dusty!" Warren thrust his ass up. "Would you go ahead already and... ahhhhhh!"

Dusty had thrust himself in all at once, every single one of his eight inches gliding in nice and sweet. If he'd been mortal, this would have hurt like hell, but hey, immortal, so the zing of pain was just a nice garnish. "Gonna fuck you till you scream. And I'm shutting up now."

Good thing too. Warren didn't think even Dusty would be able to stop babbling while he was plunging in and out like a piston, stuffing him full and then leaving him empty, sometimes teasing until Warren swore blood-thirsty revenge, then getting back to the action.

Ooh. Oh. Oh, yeah. Fuck yeah. Warren loved having his ass reamed when Dusty was in this kind of mood. It was like being fucked by a train (ugh, bad metaphor; who'd want Amtrak up their ass?) jerking back and forth in a tunnel. Fortunately for Warren, his own personal tunnel.

He gave back as good as he got, squeezing Dusty anaconda-hard. Payback was a bitch, huh?

Dusty groaned, tugging Warren higher up. What the... oh. Yeahhhh. He grabbed Warren's cock with a slippery hand and started jacking him (again, way too rough for a human, but with a vampire, no worries).

Warren went nucking futs, bucking and yelling fit to bring down the wrath of God (or their neighbors). Dusty lost it too, his thrusts losing rhythm and just going for broke. They were as one, a solitary sex machine, and damn, it made him lose his mind (up in here, up in here).

Until they came. Warren was the first, hollering as he spewed jets of jism on the brown sugar beneath him. Dusty whooped in victory, thrust a few more times just to prove he could, and let loose.

The lovers collapsed on their sweet-beach and groaned, good and sore until their bodies neatly repaired all over-worked muscles and, bonus, re-tightened Warren's asshole until it was virgin-tight.

Warren wriggled. "Oh, gah. Brown sugar gets all gooey when it's been spunked. Move over."

Dusty was in a good enough mood to shift so Warren could get out of the porno-bakery glop, and ended up with Warren on top of his oily chest.

Neither felt like complaining.

"Still think this was a stupid idea?"

"Nah. There's some flaws in the execution, but overall you done good." Warren let Dusty have one of his own punishing kisses, teasing him with the promise of his turn coming up next.

Warren fucking loved the nil refractory time of vampires.

"We're going again. This time I get to top. And you, you, you... just lie back and enjoy."

"Like I said, I always wanted to fuck on a beach at high noon," Dusty said cheerfully before nestling in and definitely not thinking of England.

Warren couldn't hold back a laugh. Life (fine, fine, un-life) couldn't get any better.

Not even when he knew he'd have to clean up all this sugar after they were done.

But with luck, that wouldn't be for a long, long time...

## **Willa Okati**

Willa Okati is one hundred percent in love with all things vampire and supernatural. However, she's an even bigger fan of stories that feature beautiful men exploring their desires for one another. Casually known as the "blue-haired, tattooed wench" among Changeling folks, she lives for the fun of acting just as young as she feels. She'd love for you to visit her website at <http://www.willaokati.com>, join her reader's loop for fun and chatter at [willa\\_okati@yahoogroups.com](mailto:willa_okati@yahoogroups.com), or look for Willa at <http://blog.myspace.com/willaokati>. Happy reading!