

# **One Night In Vegas**

**Marilyn Lee**

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**ISBN 1-59596-001-5**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF, Mobi-Pocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1561**

**Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

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**Cover Artist: Bryan Keller**



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## Chapter One

The woman lying under vampire Sean Patrick gasped and shuddered. Her pussy quivered and convulsed around his cock. She wrapped her slender arms and legs around him, and clung to him like a damned leech. Bored with this woman and sex with her, he thrust hard and fast into her. It was time to end this encounter and find a more interesting partner. His body tightened, rushing him toward his own release. He pulled away from her so that his extended arms supported his weight. With that leverage, he rotated his hips and drove his cock deep within her climaxing pussy with a feverish intensity until he came.

His climax did not engage his other senses and the moment he had pumped the last of his seed into her, he pulled out of her and rose from the bed. Aware that they were no longer alone, he looked around the dark room until he noted a pair of glowing eyes in a corner.

A tall vampire with bronzed skin, long, silky dreadlocks, and blue eyes emerged from the shadows. He was naked. A huge, golden bronze cock protruded from between his thighs. "I've come for my share," said Vladimir Madison.

Sean glanced at the bed. The woman lay moaning, thrusting the fingers of one hand into her soaked pussy, while the other hand squeezed her breasts. Although he'd had her twice, she appeared to be ready for another go round. He had no further interest in her.

He picked up his clothes and moved to the door. "Help yourself."

Vladimir flashed over to the bed and pulled the woman's fingers from her pussy. In a blur of movement, he climbed onto the bed, and thrust his huge shaft balls-deep into her with one greedy plunge.

The woman cried out in a combination of pain and pleasure. Her eyes flew open, and her legs and arms shot around Vladimir's body. As Sean left the room, the two were groaning and thrusting at each other like two wild dogs in heat.

The woman didn't know what awaited her. By the time Vladimir finished with her, she would not be able to walk for a week. If she were lucky, he wouldn't bruise her too badly with his thoughtless and consuming lust. If Sean were lucky, the woman would keep Vladimir occupied so that Sean could enjoy his next encounter without an unwelcome visit from the other vamp.

In his own suite in the hotel, Sean showered. After changing his clothes, he went down to the lobby in search of a new lover.

An hour later, he was still there, disgusted. After a long week bedding attractive but mediocre lovers, he decided that Sin City had not been worth the trip. More exciting lovers awaited him at home.

Still, he was loathed to return home dissatisfied. He would give it another night or two. If he did not discover anyone interesting, he would pack his bags and head home. Home. Where the women were attractive, wanton, and wild about his cock. With reason, too. Not only was his cock thick and above average length, but also he knew how to use it. He allowed a small smile to touch his lips. He fucked a mean pussy. And why not? He had acquired his bedroom skills over hundreds of years.

The Defense League of the Brotherhood was known for two things: Tracking down and dispatching vampire hunters, and dispensing incredible sexual pleasure. Because he excelled at pleasing his partners, he had earned a reputation as an exquisite lover. As a result, the wantons came from far-flung places in hopes of experiencing the joys of his sugar dick.

He usually obliged. Nevertheless, sex was no longer the challenge and delight it had once been. Lately, it had become very routine, almost boring. He had come to Las Vegas in hopes of finding new lovers as eager as he to discover novel delights and fresh sins. So far, he had been sorely disappointed.

Sitting in a Queen Ann chair with his legs crossed, waiting for dusk, he spotted a woman — a stunning redhead with green eyes, long, slender legs, and a firm bottom. His gaze narrowed as he watched her glide across the lobby. She was well dressed and had the slightly wide-legged walk of a woman used to being fucked regularly.

Although she didn't create any particular excitement in him, she would help kill the hour or so until the sun went down. Although the sunlight posed no particular risk to him, he liked the mystique involved in having his enemies think he could not venture out during the daylight hours. As a consequence, he rarely went out before the sunset.

He rose and followed her across the lobby, trying to convince his cock to stir.

\* \* \*

Sue Hamilton watched the proverbial tall, dark, handsome man with the brilliant blue eyes rise from his chair in the lobby. He was nicely proportioned without being unpleasantly beefy. More important, he walked like a man packing a quite respectable cock. After watching him for the last few days, she sensed an aura of barely leashed power in him.

Excitement skipped along her spine. Was it possible she had finally read the crystal right? Was he the one she had waited so long to encounter? Was he destined to satisfy her suppressed desires and awaken the sexual talents for which the females of Telmira were renowned?

She sank her teeth into her bottom lip and gave an absent twirl to the dark strands of hair that always managed to come loose no matter how severely she attempted to bind them into an unassuming bun. Speculation was all well and good, but there was only one way to find out if she and this man shared a destiny.

She frowned. A short-termed destiny. It would not do to lose sight of the fact that she had obligations at home, which could not be denied.

She rose from her chair in the lobby, gave a yank to the long, flowing dress with the high collar, and discreetly trailed the man trailing the redhead. She smiled. Little did he know what pleasures awaited him. And, if she were lucky, her as well.

\* \* \*

Sue's heart beat rapidly and her pussy pulsed as she listened to the sounds of lust reaching her highly sensitive ears from the suite adjoining hers. The sounds of the cock sliding in and out of the woman's pussy at a furious rate created a sexual havoc in her. What pleasure the two lovers must be experiencing! The woman keened as if in the grip of the most powerful climax of her life. The man uttered a single grunt then only the silence of deep regular breathing could be heard.

Sue waited until quiet, furtive movements sounded through the walls. Then she hurried across the room and opened the door a crack. After a moment, she saw the redhead slip out of the man's room and walk down the hall toward the elevators. Once there, the redhead turned. Their gazes met. The neatly combed auburn head inclined slightly. Sue nodded, fighting to control her rising excitement.

It was time to put the knowledge she had acquired in "night school" to work. She slipped a long, dark coat over her coming-of-age outfit, tossed her "equipment" bag over her shoulder, and left her room.

She was pleasantly surprised to find his suite door unlocked. She slipped inside, locking the door behind her. She quietly moved across the unoccupied living room and into the adjoining bedroom. She paused in the doorway, the breath catching in her throat. The sight before her stirred her passions like nothing else she had ever seen. Looking at the dark-haired man sprawled on his stomach on the big bed, naked, strengthened her awakening doubts about what awaited her on Telmira.

The man's breathing assured her he slept deeply. She took a moment to look her fill. His body was lean, yet muscular. His long legs were parted, providing a tantalizing glimpse of his cock. But his ass commanded her full attention. What a delicious-looking ass — buff, firm, and waiting to bestow her first real taste of carnal delight.

Clearly, the Goddess had formed his ass for one purpose: to be fucked by a female who knew the true virtue of a fine piece of male ass.

Feeling the blood pound in her head, she tossed the coat off her shoulders, exposing her coming-of-age outfit -- her nude body. Working quickly, she opened her equipment

bag and prepared for her first coupling. She drew out several items: a black leather harness, a thick, two-headed dildo, a tube of lubricant, and a riding whip.

She stepped into the harness, making sure the opening centered on her pussy. Then she picked up the long, double-headed dildo. On one end was a regular shaft. The other end sported, a thick, four-inch flesh-colored cock studded with ticklers. Although it looked like a regular dildo one might pick up at any adult shop, this one had been made on Telmira and was far from ordinary.

Trembling with excitement, she lubed herself and slowly fed the tickler end into her pussy. By the Goddess, it felt much better than the penetration given by the short, slender Earth dildo she'd used to pleasure herself in the confines of her room at night – after school. She thought of the redhead, Rechazes. Thank the Goddess her mentor and instructor had never learned of her illegal activity.

Smiling with remembered pleasure, she secured the other end of the dildo so that the longer shaft protruded from the harness like a thick erect cock. As she moved across the room, the tickler end of the dildo moved inside her pussy, sending tiny shivers of pleasure through her.

She paused at the bed and gazed down at the man's perfect ass. Even the Goddess herself could not have had a nicer ass when she'd coupled with her first male. Unable to stop herself, Sue reached out and fondled his buns. A wave of joy washed over her. She had read the crystal right. This man with the spectacular rear end was her destiny.

Overcome with desire, she gently parted his beautiful cheeks and inserted the slender lubricant tube tip into his rectum. Squeezing steadily, she filled his ass. Removing the tip, she inserted a finger into his rectum and encountered warm tissue and lots of lube.

At the intrusion, the man moaned in his sleep and tightened his ass muscles around her finger. She smiled and licked her lips. He would offer her a great coupling. She withdrew her finger and, kneeling beside the bed, she peppered his buns with kisses.

Soft sighs greeted her attention to his buttocks. She parted his cheeks and planted a quick kiss against the small, puckered hole she was about to spear. She teased the opening with the tip of her tongue. *Scrumptious.*

A shudder ran through the man's body. He moaned and parted his legs, hard and ready for their coupling. She climbed onto the bed and straddled his thighs, allowing the head of the soft, pliable dildo to rest between his cheeks, at the entrance to his anus.

She squeezed a generous amount of lube over the shaft and rubbed the head against his hole. The man moaned again. He awoke, pushing onto his forearms and turned to look at her over his shoulder, his blue eyes wide and startled. "Who the hell are you and what the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded in a deep voice that commanded attention.

"I am Susoma of Telmira. It is the time of my first coupling. I am going to fuck you."

"Fuck me? Do you know who I am? What I am?"

"Yes. You are the man I am going to fuck."

The man's blue eyes glowed and he snarled softly, baring his teeth. Exposed were a pair of sharpened incisors. Fangs, they were called. Her pussy pulsed and moistened. By the Goddess, this was too delicious. This man must be one of the fabled vampires of Earth. Oh, that her first coupling would be with such a fabulous creature!

Overcome with lust, she gripped his hips and thrust forward. As the head of the shaft pierced his virgin hole, the man gasped and shuddered. Holding him despite his powerful struggles, Susoma pushed forward. As the dildo plied into the man's ass, the shaft in her pussy broke through her virgin's barrier, coming to rest against her never-before-touched interior clit.

A bolt of joy shot through her. *Delicious.* Eager for more pleasure, she rolled them onto their sides and thrust deep into the man's warm bowels, driving the tickler end of the dildo deep into her pleasure-greedy pussy.

The man held in her clasp moaned as she slowly but repeatedly made love to his delectable ass. The quivers shaking his ass tissues radiated through the dildo and into



her sensitive pussy. Releasing one hip, she reached around his body to close her fingers around his cock. To her delight, his shaft pulsed and swelled under her fingers.

Ah, he was enjoying their coupling or “fucking” as her coworkers called it. Yes! She massaged his cock, which had swelled to wondrous portions. He grunted with obvious satisfaction. Moments later, he was pushing his sweet cheeks back at her, eagerly taking the entire length of the dildo deep in his warm, tight rectum. By the Goddess, his ass felt too good.

“Ah...yes...yes...harder...drive it in deeper,” he commanded. “Aaaah.”

Retaining her grip on his hard cock, she closed her eyes and proceeded to wildly fuck into his receptive ass. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, igniting furious fires in her pussy.

She could no longer think. Could only react to a level of bliss she had not dared hope to experience during her first coupling. Joy of this magnitude was usually only experienced well after a female had reached her full maturity and if she were lucky, had acquired the much-desired Telmiran woman dick. That she should experience it now was incredible, but undeniable. The pressure building in her pussy cried out for release, but no Telmiran female worthy of the name would seek her own satisfaction before giving her partner comparable joy.

She resisted the bliss threatening to explode out from her pussy and devastate all her senses. She had to see to his pleasure before she could surrender to her own so she pumped his thick, hot cock as she rutted into his lovely behind.

Tremors shook and seized his body. He was near his release, but he needed a catalyst to push him over the edge. She drew her hips back, pulling half the dildo out of his ass.

He turned to look at her, his eyes glowing, his fangs bared. “Put it back in,” he commanded, his voice deep and compelling. “Fuck me.”

The urge to obey was difficult to resist. “Patience, my gorgeous one.” Still massaging his cock, she retrieved the small black whip from the bedside table. Sinking

leisurely into his tight anus provided her incredible pleasure. She felt every inch of the shaft sliding into his succulent ass.

He made animal sounds and tossed his head against her shoulder. He rammed his hips against her groin with a fury that forced the tickler end of the dildo deep into her pussy – against her clit. Unimaginable jolts of pure lust shot through her, making her nipples harden against his back. By the Goddess, this feels so unbelievably good. She cried out, squeezed her hand on his cock and settled into a hard, unrelenting fuck rhythm.

His cock pulsed and jumped in her hand. She'd held on for as long as she could manage. He had to come soon or she would disgrace herself by seeking her own pleasure without regard for his. To push him over the edge, she brought the whip down against the side of his thigh.

He shuddered and groaned. "You like that, don't you?" she asked. Without interrupting her fuck stride, she partially withdrew from his anus and brought the whip down across his right ass cheek.

He snarled and reached back to clutch at her buns.

Encouraged, she slapped his ass again.

His cock jumped and his cheeks shook, pushing her to the edge of bliss. With her pussy about to implode, she fucked and beat his ass until it was covered with a crosspatch of red welts.

"More. Harder!" he groaned, his whole body tensing.

With release for them both just moments away, she brought the whip down onto his cheeks, again and again. All the while she increased the force with which she drove the shaft into his tight ass and thus into her own pussy.

"Aaaah!" He cried out and shoved his buttocks against her groin. The tickler was driven hard against her clit. The world around her ignited into a white-hot blaze of heat, lust, and unbelievable satisfaction.

Moaning and sobbing with pleasure, she collapsed against his back, forcing the dildo deep into his rear. She was only vaguely aware of the endless shivers that shook his body seconds before warm, sticky seed shot over her hand.

*By the Goddess what an amazing first coupling.* Still clinging to his dick, she pressed her cheek against his shoulder and whispered to him, "You have given me a precious gift. Thank you. Sleep now. When you awake, you will remember nothing about what happened here."

## Chapter Two

Sean woke feeling almost as if he had been drugged. Although he knew that he lay in the bedroom of his darkened hotel suite, he was not sure why he felt so strange. He rolled over from his stomach onto his back and grimaced in pain as his ass made contact with the bed. He rolled onto his stomach again and reached a hand back to touch his buttocks. The flesh was sore and covered with welts.

What the hell! He had been beaten. But by whom? The last thing he recalled was feeling incredibly tired and drowsy after fucking the redhead he'd followed from the lobby. Her pussy had been located very high on her groin. Although it looked weird, she had turned out to be the wildest fuck he'd had in years. She had ridden his cock until he went limp, something that hadn't happened since his days as a human. After that — what? He frowned, trying to grasp a hint of memory that teased him.

He glanced at his bedside clock. It was nearly midnight. He'd been asleep for several hours. What the hell had happened to him? He could not fully recall what had transpired after the redhead left. He was used to total control. How had someone managed to enter his room and attack him without waking him? What creature roamed the Earth more powerful than a vampire?

Maybe after he'd found someone to fuck and feed on, his memory would return. Then the man who had dared attack him would learn the folly of challenging a five-hundred-year-old vampire.

He rose and started across the room to the bathroom. As he did, he noticed that his ass felt...strange...loose...as if something had been...thrust up...in it. By all the saints! Some doomed bastard had fucked him in the ass.

The realization stunned him. He staggered across the room and lay on his stomach. He used his fingers to explore his tender buttocks and winced. He, who had been controlling others for so many centuries, had been controlled and brutally violated.

The whisper of a memory of a thick cock piercing his ass danced along his thoughts. Along with the partial remembrance came a flash of astonishing ecstasy as his no longer virginal ass was mercilessly drilled by a ruthless penis, intent on driving him to a mind-shattering climax like none he'd ever experienced.

A flash of pleasure battered his senses. His cock had erupted like a volcano, spewing forth load after load of hot seed. Why? *Because my ass was beaten and fucked raw.*

He shuddered with revulsion. He had done a lot in the name of sexual pleasure. He had even enjoyed the occasional piece of male ass. Although not attracted to men, there was something about sinking his thick length deep into a man's ass that he enjoyed on rare occasions. Needless to say, his male lovers enjoyed his sugar dick as much as his female partners did. Still, he had never allowed anyone to pierce his rear. Until tonight. He reached back and gingerly inserted a finger into his anus, expecting to find it filled with a man's sperm. Instead, lube oozed out.

He had been ass-fucked against his will. No matter that his violator had not come inside him. No matter that the fuck had been wickedly wonderful and sinfully liberating. Thinking about it now, his balls tightened. Even so, the culprit would be hunted down like a dog and made to pay for daring to treat his ass like a personal pussy. No man fucked Sean Patrick and lived to savor the memory.

\* \* \*

Sue studied her reflection in the full-length mirror in her hotel room. She hardly recognized the woman staring back at her. Since her arrival on Earth five years earlier, she had dressed as befitted an uncoupled woman-child. Now, in place of the shapeless, colorless calf-length skirt and high-collared blouse she had worn before her coming-of-age coupling, she wore a blue sheer silk blouse with a plunging neckline. Her skirt was tight and short, barely covering her round and, if she said so herself, shapely ass. The long dark tresses she had kept ruthlessly pulled into a tight bun for so long, now

joyously fell around her bare shoulders. Her breasts, barely covered by a frilly lace bra, strained against her blouse.

She looked like what her friends at work called a “woman on the prowl.” Like such a creature, she intended to spend the rest of her time on Earth with a tickler stuffed in her pussy and her trusty dildo buried to the hilt in some fine hunk’s tender ass. For a moment, she wondered what it would be like to feel a real cock, instead of an Earth dildo in her pussy. She shook her head. No. She mustn’t dwell on such forbidden delights.

What a shame Telmiran law prohibited her from further coupling with the handsome vampire she’d ravished earlier that night. She recalled how his tight buns had shaken as she had plunged the dildo into his anus. What a lovely, lovely ass. Her pussy flooded with moisture. By the Goddess! She bit her lip, wondering if she could somehow manage to fuck him a few more time before she returned home to begin indiscriminate breeding.

The thought of the life that awaited her at home -- as an adult female with no prospects outside of the breeding mills -- caused a rebellious urge to surface. To have her entire life ahead of her and to be free...free to do as she liked. Free to endlessly fuck and couple with the handsome vampire she’d stalked for nearly a week. Why shouldn’t she have him again? Who would know? Especially if she refused to return home and do what was expected of her. Who could stop her? Like her mother before her, she had been born much stronger and more agile than most Telmiran women.

She knew she had the physical strength necessary to defend herself against any Compliance Agent sent to retrieve and punish her. But there was another whose welfare would be jeopardized should she decide to defy Telmiran law. Kyla, still at home, and surely suffering at the hands of their mother’s only surviving male sibling, would pay a bigger price for Susoma’s defiance. She thought of her shy, sweet sibling trying to bear up under a burden that was not rightly hers, and shook her head. Kyla already suffered for their mother’s transgressions. Sue could not allow her sister to suffer for her sins as well. It was said that Earth vampires lived long lives. Perhaps once

Kyla was safely off Telmira, Susoma would escape and return to Earth and find this handsome, vibrant male. Perhaps he would wait for her.

She took a measure of comfort in what she knew in her soul to be wishful thinking. By the time Kyla was ready to depart Telmira for her woman journey, Susoma would have bred children of her own. Children she would not be able to take with her if she fled. And leaving a child behind, especially a female child, would be more than she could bear. No. The course of her life had been set. She would do her duty as befitted an adult female with no important family connections or prospects. She hoped that somehow a kinder destiny awaited Kyla. If that were so, Sue's life as a breeder would be more tolerable.

Sighing with regret, she decided she could not risk coupling with the vampire again. He was not an ordinary Earthman. If she took him again, he might remember. Besides, she could not chance him recalling their experience and realizing that an alien woman had taken him.

A pity he was now off-limits. Still, this place the crystal had led her to called Sin City must be filled with men with wonderful asses. Such uninitiated men would surely welcome the opportunity to be introduced to the joys of anal delight. She ran her tongue along her bottom lip. She had a little time remaining to discover some of them. Starting now.

She tucked the two-headed dildo and lube into her purse, but had to leave the whip. She walked across the room, opened her hotel room door, and stepped into the corridor. Steel-like fingers closed around her neck and she found herself staring up into the handsome face of the vampire whose anal virginity she had so enjoyed taking earlier that evening. "Bitch! Did you really think you could wipe my memory? I know what you did and you will dearly pay for it!"

The power and fury she felt in him excited her; moisture rushed to her pussy. Here was a man the Goddess herself would dare all to couple with on a regular basis.

She clamped her hands on his wrists. A scuffle ensued and she forced his hands away from her neck.

Struggle as he might, Sean was dismayed to find himself unable to stop his slender attacker from removing his hands from her neck. She shoved him and he stumbled away from her. They stood several feet apart, sizing up each other.

"What are you?" he asked, confused. He had never met anyone with such strength and power.

"I am Susoma of Telmira."

"Telmira?" He had heard whispered tales of a planet parallel to Earth where women of great sexual prowess resided. Never having met such a creature in his many travels and long life, he had dismissed such tales as lustful thinking borne of a human man's inability to achieve his sexual potential. Apparently, the tales were true.

"What do you want of me?" he demanded.

Her gaze softened and she approached, pressing her slender, but well-endowed body close against his. Her full, firm breasts pressed against his chest, her thighs molded to his. Shit, she had a nice body.

She boldly cupped his ass. "I want to couple with you again," she whispered, her voice sultry and nearly irresistible. "Let me fuck your sweet ass again." She squeezed his buttocks. "It will bring us both immense pleasure."

"Hell no! I intend to kill you for what you've done."

She stroked his butt. Passion flamed in him, hardening his cock. To his dismay, instead of longing to plug her pussy with his cock, he wanted her to plug his ass. Trying to fight his desire, he bared his incisors. "I will kill you," he promised.

"Kill me if you must, but first, let me have your delectable ass again. I would die happy while plunging into that tight anus." She cupped his face between her palms and stared into his eyes. "The Goddess formed your ass for fucking. It is sweet, tight, and hot and brings much pleasure to my cock."

"You don't have a cock! It's a damned dildo."

But one day, the Goddess willing, she would develop the prized woman dick and become a highly favored *Johnnie*. She did not dwell on what she would be required to



do as a *Johnnie*. Although unpleasant, the alternative — endless breeding — was more distressing. “It’s not a normal dildo. When you compress your ass around it, I feel it in my pussy and against my clit. We both get joy from it. I was born to fuck you. Please.”

“Insolent bitch!”

“Let me couple with you, my gorgeous one.” She unzipped his pants and slipped her hand inside to fondle his shaft and balls. “Your cock is hard. You want me to fuck you again. Admit it.”

“Never!” he snarled and whirled away from her.

Smiling, she rushed across the distance separating them and pinned him to the wall. To his dismay his cock, grasped in her soft hands, pulsed like a living being. A surge of anticipation flashed through him.

“By the Goddess I cannot deny either of us the joy we bring each other.” She caressed his face. “I will fuck you again.”

He gave a violent shake of his head and flung her away.

Nevertheless, ten minutes later, he kneeled, naked on his bed. She kneeled behind him, parting his buns with eager hands. He felt the tip of the dildo at the entrance of his ass. His cock jumped and his balls tightened. He shoved his hips back, she pushed forward, and he felt the delicious, well-lubricated cock slip between his cheeks and into his anus.

*Oh, damn, this feels fantastic.* Now he understood why a man would welcome a cock up his ass. There were nerve endings back there of which he’d never been aware. And she made every single nerve feel incredible as she entered him. His ass felt as if it had been made to be fucked. He reached back and grabbed her right hip. She thrust hard. He gasped and breathed deeply through his mouth as she fucked him slow and steady. *Oh, hell yeah.* This was why he’d come to Sin City. This was what had been missing in his sex life for so long.

“Good,” he groaned. “So good. Drill my ass.”

“I thought you were going to kill me,” she teased, biting and scraping at the back of his neck.

He shivered and grunted with delight. "I am." He would, too, as soon as he tired of having this alien female ass-fuck him.

Were there any more delicious ass-fuckers on her home planet? The thought of being the center of a threesome with her and another of her kind, made his cock ache and his balls tense. To have her pounding his ass while he thrust his cock deep into the pussy of another like her, would surely be the most incredible experience of his sexual life. Come hell or high water, he was going to know that delight...no matter what it took.

She rammed against him. *Ah, yeah.* A few hundred more trysts like this and being ass-fucked would become boring as the vanilla sex he'd been engaging in lately. Then he would kill the alien bitch. Until then, he would spend a lot of time on his knees or his stomach with an ass full of dildo.

Jolts of pleasure radiated out through his stuffed ass and down to his ramrod hard cock. By the blood of all the saints, these sensations felt phenomenal. His climax was but a few wonderful strokes away. "Fuck me harder," he ordered, feeling the tension and passion spiral out of control.

Biting into his neck, she propelled her slender but powerful hips forward, immersing him in endless waves of pleasure. As his cock spewed a lava load of seed, he realized the trip to Sin City had been well worth it after all.

When he woke later and found her sleeping on the bed beside him, he turned on the light and looked down at her. He was dismayed to find that, like the redhead, her pussy was higher up on her body than a human woman's. Looking closer, he noticed what appeared to be a tiny hole several inches beneath her pussy. What the hell was that for? The redhead had possessed a similar tiny hole. The redhead. His eyes glowed as he realized he'd been set up. This Susoma and the redhead had conspired to...what? He frowned. Give him a level of pleasure he had not experienced in many years? For that he would...what? He smiled suddenly, his plan for revenge forming and solidifying in his mind.

He turned off the light and lay on the bed beside her. He wasn't sure what he planned to do with this newly acquired and somewhat disturbing knowledge. But in the meantime, he had a need that sex alone couldn't satisfy — the need for blood. He rose above her, pinned her arms to her side, thrust his cock deep into the surprisingly hot, tight, clingy pussy, and bit into her neck.

Susoma came awake abruptly to find the blood being drained from her body and her pussy full of forbidden cock. She bit her lip and gasped. The hard, thick shaft sliding in and out of her brought a pleasure that caused the muscles in her pussy to shudder with helpless ripples of joy. By the Goddess, this forbidden coupling was so sweet and hot and overwhelming. Would the Goddess herself be capable of resisting this man? And yet she knew she had to stop him. She would stop him. Soon. She just wanted to experience this delight a little longer...just a little longer.

From the way Sean groaned and rutted into her, she knew he was about to come. She could not allow him to ejaculate inside her. Nearing the end of her woman journey, she was very fertile. She had to stop him before she made the same mistake her mother had made. She wrenched her arms free. Wave after wave of joy buffeted her, stalling her desire to shove him off of her before he reached his fast approaching peak. She moaned. She had to have more.

Sean, unable to stop her from pulling her arms free, prepared himself to battle to keep his grip on her neck and his cock in the slick, alien cunt. To his surprise, her long-fingered hands caressed his back and shoulders. She purred and fucked him as he fed on her.

The blood rushing into his mouth possessed a warm, tangy fragrance. It intoxicated his senses, making him feel lightheaded. Ingesting blood had not affected him this way since he'd had his first taste of blood after becoming a vampire centuries ago. It would take some time to get this female out of his system. When he went home, he would take her with him. He didn't concern himself with whether or not she would want to come.

She would accompany him...willingly or otherwise. If she resisted, so much the better. It had been a long time since he'd met a woman who could stand up to him. In any case, alien or not, she was still female. She was certain to have at least some of the instincts of a human woman. His seed was fertile, and he knew how to use it to exploit her femininity.

He smiled. He was looking forward to what he was certain would be many explosive and satisfying sexual confrontations. With her soft sighs of pleasure brushing against his ear, he shuddered and came. She clutched him tightly as he pumped the last drops of his seed deep into her alien pussy. There. His seed had been planted. She was his. Her pussy shuddered around his cock and he held her as she moaned through her climax.

Susoma, trying to come to grips with the enormity of what she had just allowed to happen, lay under him, stunned. For the sake of a forbidden and transitory pleasure, she had doomed Kyla to an even more difficult life. Her younger sibling would pay the price when Sue did not return home within the expected time. And she could not go home now. She knew what Sean had planned and what he had accomplished. She had been placed in the untenable position of choosing whose life she would make more difficult. She valued Kyla dearly, but there could be no question of her choice.

He kissed her lips as he slipped his cock in and out of her. "Tomorrow, we will leave this place and go home."

Home. Susoma closed her eyes. Home should have been where Kyla lived — and suffered. Instead Sue would go with Sean and condemn Kyla to a miserable life. Poor, sweet Kyla, doomed to be put upon by yet another of her family.

Life on Telmira was difficult for those like Kyla and herself. They had no powerful family connections and they were considered undesirables because their mother, Takira, had defied Telmiran tradition and taken a male lover instead of going into the breeding mills of Fanzine as she had been ordered.

While on Telmira, there had been those who had tried to make Susoma and Kyla pay for what they considered their mother's transgressions. But Susoma, like her mother, was exceptionally strong and powerful. She had refused to allow anyone, including their only male relative, Aerostat, to visit their mother's so-called sins upon her and Kyla.

But now that she could not return home, Kyla would have to face the wrath and rage of Aerostat and the Compliance Agents. Kyla, so sweet and so gentle, would be put upon and abused in the most outrageous ways. Instead of returning to aid her, Susoma would add to her grief.

Bile rush into her throat and bitter tears filled her eyes.

*Kyla. Forgive me.*

## Chapter Three

Sean Patrick did something he had not done since his mortal days — he made an effort to see an argument from someone's point of view other than his own. He turned in the bed and looked at the naked, weeping woman beside him.

Three months had passed since he had returned to the Philadelphia suburbs with Susoma. His harem of lovers had not been happy to find themselves tossed out of his bed, but for the moment, he found Sue more than enough to fulfill all his sexual and feeding needs.

But lately, she was becoming quite a pain in the ass with her constant reminders of him "not playing fair." By the saints, he had always hated crying women. And this particular crying woman annoyed him even more. Any female strong enough to hold her own against a five-hundred-old vampire had no business weeping like some frightened, helpless virgin, forcibly deflowered.

No matter how much she protested, he had not taken her against her will. Granted, he had not asked for permission or even sought to cajole her into sex with him before plunging his raging cock into her nearly virginal pussy. But then neither had she sought permission from him before she had conspired with another female of her kind to rob him of his anal virginity. And *he* hadn't collapsed into a storm of tears afterwards.

He contemplated giving her a good, bone-rattling shake, considered her condition, and decided against it. Although physically a match for him, she somehow managed to seem fragile and in need of protection. Damn the bitch.

Despite his disdain for men who coddled women, he moved his body against hers, and cradled her in his arms. She made a quiet sound of distress and buried her face against his shoulder, clinging to him. An almost forgotten emotion stirred somewhere deep in the soul he had forfeited so long ago.

“Sshh.” He pressed his lips against her hair. It was long, dark, and thick, like he liked his woman’s hair. Hers was so long it reached the back of her knees. Still, it was in the way. He brushed the soft, luxurious strains aside and licked the side of her neck.

Her pulse beat strong and enticing against his tongue. His cock and his desire for blood and sex, never far from the surface, roared to life.

With her still sobbing, he eased her onto her back, rose over her, and plunged his cock into her. She gasped, shuddered, and blindly sought the comfort of his mouth.

Instead of kissing her, he bared his incisors and sank them into her neck. Holding her slender hips in his hands, he forced himself to fuck her slowly rather than pound her pussy as he longed to do. He could feel that she wasn’t fully lubricated and contrary to his normal behavior, he did not wish to hurt her — at least no more than he usually hurt any woman he bedded.

He sighed with a sense of deep satisfaction. Even after three months of endlessly fucking, he still found her pussy fit around his dick like a tight, hot vice. Being inside her invoked feelings that were surprising and somewhat unnerving. Women had stopped being important to him hundreds of years earlier. A woman was nothing more than a source of nourishment and sex.

But this woman, this alien woman was different. Not only did she possess incredible strength, but also she was fertile. Back on her home world of Telmira, she would be what was known as a breeder. If not for his intervention, a life of ceaseless procreation and birthing children she could not keep had been her destiny. Instead of endless weeping, she should thank him for rescuing her from that fate.

But no. She insisted on sobbing non-stop like some damned annoying leaking faucet — going on and on about a sister she had abandoned. As if he should give a damn about anyone or anything except what he wanted. Why the hell did he put up with her shit? Why didn’t he beat her into submission or just wash his hands of her and go in search of new pleasures and women?

Her pussy contracted around his cock. She ground her hips against his and her soft hands clutched at his ass. He shuddered, his climax rapidly approaching. Although he

loved to suck the blood out of a lover's vein as he came, he knew she preferred something different.

Cursing himself for becoming a soft fool, he removed his incisors from her neck, sought her mouth, and kissed her pliant, warm lips.

She made a small sound of pleasure against his mouth and he felt aptly rewarded. Her cunt, hot and tight, contracted wildly around his cock and unable to hold on, he exploded inside her, making sure he kept the head of his dick against her delicious interior clit.

She moaned and shuddered against him. With their lips crushing together, they wrapped arms and legs around each other and fought to hold onto their shared ecstasy for as long as possible. When it overwhelmed them, they moaned and collapsed against the bed in a tangle of arms and legs.

As he gasped for breath, Sean became aware that his full weight lay on her slender body. A sound of dismay escaped him and he quickly rolled over so that he lay on his back with her on top of him.

He stroked a hand through her luxuriant hair. "Are you...did I...hurt you?" The clear concern in his voice surprised and shamed him. What the hell was happening to him?

"No." She sniffed.

He growled low in his throat. The saints save him from another flood of tears. Why the hell did she insist in playing the role of injured innocent? He decided he'd had enough of her shit. He pushed her off him and sprang out of the bed and stood over her, his eyes glowing, his incisors bared. "Shut the fuck up!"

She caught her breath in mid-sniffle and looked up at him with a tortured look in her dark eyes. "Sean?"

The helpless tone of her voice left him longing to grab her around her neck and put her out of her damned, incessant misery. Why the hell shouldn't he? No one should be required to put up with her endless whining. A vampire could only take so much punishment before he had to strike back.



He reached down and closed his fingers around her throat. Her eyes widened and her body stiffened, but she made no move to rip his fingers away from her neck, as he knew she was fully capable of doing. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she lay there, allowing him to strangle her.

Why didn't the silly bitch fight back? Why didn't she struggle for her life? *Why are you hurting her?* The question reverberated in his mind. *Why? Why? Why?*

He tore his fingers from her neck. She gasped and gulped in lungs full of air. Filled with what could only be remorse, he flung himself on the floor near the bed and buried his face in the strands of her long hair. He wanted to say that he was sorry and that he hadn't meant to hurt her. The words wouldn't come and he hated the struggle to force them out.

Her soft hands stroked his hair. He felt forgiveness in her touch, sensed it in the tender way she cradled her palm against his head.

Knowing he was forgiven, he rose and slid into bed beside her. She pressed against him. He slipped his arms around her and held her as she sobbed. He gritted his teeth, the sound of her misery slicing through him. By all the saints, how was he supposed to survive the coming six months with his sanity intact?

Her hands slid down from his back to his ass. Her warm, sweet lips sought his and his desire for sex and blood blazed to full attention again. He lifted slightly, preparing to slide his already hard cock into her pussy.

She suddenly flipped him off of her and onto his back.

"Hey!" he said in surprise, as she rose over him and pressed her hands down on his shoulders.

Although her eyes glistened with tears, he saw unmistakable lust in her eyes. Lust for him. Or more correctly, lust for his ass. His cock leaked pre-cum as he realized what she wanted. He wanted it, too.

Still, not ready to admit how much he enjoyed it, he shook his head and shoved her off of him. "No!" He sprang to his feet and stood by the bed looking at her with glowing eyes and bared incisors.

Undaunted, she jumped off the bed and opened the nightstand drawer.

He watched as she took out a two-headed strap-on dildo harness. She stepped into it and fitted the smaller, studded end into her cunt. The other end protruded out from her body like a big, thick, ass-greedy cock. She lubed up that end then looked at him, a glint of hunger in her dark eyes. "Get lubed."

"I said no," he told her, trying to keep the evidence of yearning and excitement out of his voice.

"I care not what you said," she told him and calmly walked toward him. "I will couple with you."

Although she was a match for him physically, she lacked his supernatural speed. If he did not wish to be caught, there was no way she could possibly catch him. He waited until she was less than a foot away, before he danced away from her.

She dashed after him and he ran around the big room. She chased him with the big tube of lube in her hand. They made several circuits around the room, until longing for the ultimate delight with her, he pretended to stumble and allowed himself to sprawl spread-eagle on his stomach.

With a cry of triumphant delight, she sprang upon him. He feigned a struggle. She held him down with one hand while she pushed the tip of the lubricant in his rectum and squeezed. Then the tip was withdrawn and holding him by his hips, she slid her body down his.

Her lips, warm and eager, touched his ass. *Nice. Oh, very nice.* He relaxed, abandoning all pretenses. She released his hips and parted his cheeks. He sucked in a breath as she kissed and licked his puckered hole. By the saints, the bitch knew how to excite him. His cock hardened and jerked.

The tip of her tongue pierced his rear and he moaned. "Oh, yeah, bitch! Just like that!"

She planted a final kiss against his ass and lifted him into her arms. Damn, but there was something heady about being carried to bed by a woman with no vampire blood in her veins. She was the sweetest bitch he'd met in hundreds of years.

She locked her lips over his and kissed him roughly and hungrily before she tossed him onto his stomach in the middle of the bed.

He eagerly parted his legs. She lay on top of him, separated his cheeks, and pushed against his hole. He breathed slowly and deeply as he felt the dildo penetrate his rectum and slide into his hungry ass. Oh, yeah! Damn it had been too long since she'd fucked his ass.

He lay with his face pressed against the bed, his hands clenched into fists. She slid the dildo in and out of his rear with slow, steady movements. She leaned over him. Her hair fell forward, covering his face. He breathed in the scent of her thick, dark hair, immersing himself in her and the gentle fuck she was giving his ass.

"Good," he told her. "Give it all to me, bitch! Ream me! Ream me good!"

She sped up the pace and bit the back of his neck.

He groaned and shuddered. By the saints he loved when her teeth scraped his neck. Passion flared in his balls, thundered down the length of his cock, and shot out the head.

She transferred her mouth from his nape to bury her lips against the hair near his ear. She blew softly into it as she continued to fuck him. Each exhalation into his ear sent an icy hot blast of desire through him. Her nipples harden against his back and his cock pulsed. He came just as she moaned and collapsed on top of him, her climax sending her slender body into a series of convulsions.

He laid under her, content and satisfied, his ass still full of dildo. Finally, she eased out of him, removed the dildo harness and curled on her side with her back to him.

He hesitated before moving behind her. He put an arm around her. She turned and looked up at him with sad eyes that tore at something inside him he had thought long dead.

"What was so important about your going back to that dreary planet of yours?" he demanded, curling his fingers in her hair.

"I have repeatedly told you, Sean, of Kyla, my younger sibling. Her life was never easy because our mother, Takira, had an unnatural desire for male companionship.

When I do not return from my woman journey, her life will be that much harder and she does not deserve to suffer for my sins."

"Sins? Why should your staying here with me be considered a sin?"

"When I do not return, they will come for me."

"Who will come for you?"

"The Compliance Agents. It is their job to retrieve me and return me to Telmira to face justice."

"How can anyone take you against your will?"

"I am not at my full strength, Sean. I may not be able to resist them. They will take me back."

He released her and slid off the bed, feeling agitated. "You have a strength that rivals my own and maybe these Compliance Agents are strong too, but they will not take you."

"You have no idea how strong they are."

He leveled a finger at her. "And you have no idea of the power of which I am capable of bringing to bear against my enemies. Your enemies. My power does not rest in my physical strength and supernatural speed alone. I have other means and powerful allies at my disposal. I do not care who they send. No one will take you from me. No one."

She rose to her knees. "You will protect me, Sean?"

"Damn straight!" No one took anything from him, especially his woman. He questioned his motive in not speaking his last thought aloud. By the saints he was growing softer by the minute.

Her eyes filled with tears and he sighed. Oh, damn, another round of tears was on the way. Trying to hide his agitation, he crawled onto the bed beside her, pulled her into his arms, and held her as she sobbed. He held her until she fell asleep.

It was going to be an extremely long, trying six months. But the saints help anyone who tried to take her from him.

About to drift asleep, he realized he and Sue were no longer alone in the room. He lay Sue on her side and rose, his eyes glowing, his incisors bared. "Get the fuck out of here!" he ordered, staring into one corner of the large room.

A soft laugh filled the room and Vladimir emerged from the shadows, naked and aroused. He centered his gaze on the bed where Sue lay. "I want her."

"Hell no!" Sean stepped in front of him, blocking his view. "She's mine and you're not bruising her with that oversized cock of yours!"

Vladimir stepped around him. "I'll be gentle."

Sean stepped in front of him again. "Get the fuck out of here! You are not going to touch her, Vladimir...now or ever."

Vladimir frowned. "Why this display of selfishness?"

Why indeed. True, he'd never particularly like the idea of sharing his lovers, but members of the Brotherhood often did. Although Vladimir was not an official member of the Brotherhood, Vitali Bourcaro, leader of the Brotherhood had been actively recruiting Vladimir for some twenty years.

"What makes this particular bitch so special you can't share?"

"Bitch?" He grabbed Vladimir by his arms and raced with him out through the open bedroom patio door. Outside, he turned to face Vladimir. "Get this straight, Madison, I'm not sharing her with you. She's mine. She's having my baby — my son." After hundreds of years of thinking he couldn't father a child, he had finally fathered a son. "I will be damned if I'll allow you to rut into her like some common whore you picked up in a back alley, making her lose my son! You stay the fuck away from her! Do I make myself clear?"

Vladimir had not played with a full pint of blood since his mother had deserted him and his siblings several hundreds years earlier. He had an explosive temper and was even more inclined to maim and kill than the average vampire. More, he didn't care whom he maimed or killed, vampire or mortal.

Sean wanted to go back to bed with Sue, but he prepared himself for a fight that would probably leave him and Vlad both bruised and near death. Hell would ice over before he let Vladimir or any other vampire near Sue.

Vladimir glanced toward the bedroom doors. Sean tensed, preparing to intercept him if he tried to return to the house. Instead, he grinned suddenly and thrust out a hand. "Congrats!"

The danger was over. For once, Vladimir wasn't looking for a fight. The two clasped hands then Vladimir disappeared in a flash. Knowing he'd had a lucky escape, Sean returned to the bedroom. He climbed into bed, slipping his arms around Sue. She murmured and pressed close to him. "Sean? Is something wrong?"

He tightened his arms around her. "No. I have you and I will protect you."

Her lips pressed against his, her hands stroking his back.

Feeling a strange stirring in the region of his heart, he returned her kiss with a gentleness he had almost forgotten. She rolled onto her back, parting her legs. He rose above her and thrust into her slick warmth. Losing himself in delight, he fucked her slowly, making sure she came several times before he released his control of himself and flooded her pussy...*his* pussy with seed.

This woman was his and anyone who dared try to harm her or to take her by force would face not only his wrath, but that of the Brotherhood. "It will be all right," he assured her and held her as she drifted to sleep.

\* \* \*

On the planet Telmira, Kyla, daughter of Takira, stood at her bedroom window, staring up into the night sky. Somewhere out there in the universe, on another planet, Susoma had made a decision that would adversely impact Kyla's life. Aerostat's fury would know no bounds when he realized he would not collect the annual fee from Susoma's service at the breeding mill.

With Susoma out of his reach, Aerostat would visit his wrath upon Kyla. She shivered, imaging the lash biting into her flesh when he discovered the truth. Her eyes filled with tears, her heart with a combination of joy, sorrow, and rage. He would beat

her until ugly bruises covered her body. That certainty filled her with rage. But Susoma was free. That knowledge sent her heart leaping with joy. She would never again see her only surviving female relatives. A deep sorrow accompanied that conviction.

She blinked away the tears and straightened her shoulders. She must not be selfish. Susoma was free. Nothing else mattered. Kyla was the only daughter of Takira left on Telmira. She must not give in to despair. Her mother and her sister were free. The Goddess willing her turn would come. Until then the times would be difficult. With the help of Eros and Lassie she would bear whatever the Goddess allowed. And when the opportunity arose for freedom, she would seize it.

She stared up into the sky again, a smile on her face.

*Susoma, wherever you are, hear me. Like mother, you are free! Suffer no regrets on my behalf. Do not fear for me. Like you, I am born of Takira Andandre, descendant of Aella of the brave and noble Amazons. I will survive. I thank the Goddess joyfully for your freedom. The life of a Telmirn is long. If She is willing, we will one day meet again. If not, know that I will always carry thoughts of you in my heart, as I do of mother.*

*Rejoice in your freedom, as I do. Live, love and stay free, Susoma.*

She drew her gaze from the sky and looked out into the night. Like her mother and Susoma, she would be free. Or she would die.

**The End.**

**For now...**

## **Marilyn Lee**

Marilyn Lee lives, works, and writes on the East Coast. In addition to thoroughly enjoying writing erotic romances, she enjoys roller-skating, spending time with her large, extended family, and rooting for all her hometown sports teams. Her other interests include collecting Doc Savage pulp novels from the thirties and forties and collecting Marvel comics from the seventies and eighties (particularly Thor and The Avengers).

Her favorite TV shows are forensic shows, westerns ("Gunsmoke" and "Have Gun, Will Travel" are particular favorites), mysteries (loves the old Charlie Chan mysteries. Her all time favorite mystery movie is probably Dead, Again), and nearly every vampire movie or television show ever made ("Forever Knight" and "Count Yorga, Vampire" are faves).

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