



# **DOUBLE YOUR TROUBLE**

by

**Belita Renn**

**WHISKEY CREEK PRESS**

[www.whiskeycreekpress.com](http://www.whiskeycreekpress.com)

Published by  
WHISKEY CREEK PRESS

Whiskey Creek Press  
PO Box 51052  
Casper, WY 82605-1052  
[www.whiskeycreekpress.com](http://www.whiskeycreekpress.com)

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ISBN 1-59374-634-2

### **Credits**

Cover Artist: ESCORPIO

Editor: Gail Simmons

Printed in the United States of America

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT *DOUBLE YOUR TROUBLE*

"I cannot say how tasty this morsel of a book is; vampires and Carpathians, as well as the local small town people make this book worthy of a look. Immersed in the book, I was sorry to find I had read the whole thing. A nibble, a lick, make this book your pick!

"*Double Your Trouble* is just the book you need in this cold weather to heat you up. Coldness is not in this hot book of an erotic tale worthy of a steamy night. Belita Renn is on my must have list as all her books are a tempting, teasing and oh so pleasing look into erotic romance."

Wendi

Fallen Angel Reviews

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT *FALSTRO*

"Watch out for *Falstro*! The book is so good that you will be scrambling to read anything and everything that Belita Renn has ever written. If erotic stories are your favorite type of reading, you have to read this. I highly recommend this book to anyone who wants to escape in an erotic, steamy short story that takes place in 1799 with Dukes, Lords, and Ladies.

*Falstro* by **Belita Renn** is a hot erotic short story that gets the motors running as it heats up; it just gets hotter and hotter page after page. If you are looking for a hot steamy erotic read this book is just for you. I've let my fingers do the *running*, not walking, to order more of her books! As summer heats up so does *Falstro*! This is a definitively must-have, must-

read book!"  
Wendi FallenAngelReviews.com Recommended Read

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT *COVERING CINDE RELLA*

“*Covering Cinde Rella* is a very erotic tale with a twist on the old-fashioned Cinderella story. While there are no wicked stepsisters, there is a somewhat careless stepbrother and a very outrageous stepmother, both whom encourage Cinde’s seductive nature. This is a story for fans of love at first sight because in many ways, when Victor gets a look at the mature and beautiful Cinde, it is most definitely his first look at love. Overall, this is a sweet story, with a decidedly wicked bent to it. Readers will enjoy the sparring between Cinde and Victor as they both strive towards their happily ever-after. While this is technically labeled a historical story due to its setting, readers who aren't too interested in historical romances don't have to worry as the setting doesn't play much of a role in the story. Due to its very erotic content, the reader will feel as if *Covering Cinde Rella* is almost a contemporary story, and will get lots of enjoyment out of it.”

Reviewed by: Sarah W [FallenAngelReviews.com](http://FallenAngelReviews.com)

## **Dedication**

To my family, friends, and fans, thank you for your  
dedication and support of my work.

## Chapter 1

Gana Gordon squatted in the dark corner of the castle that had been abandoned since before she could remember. Only it was no longer empty. If the reports of attacks were to be believed, then this killer was a vampire. In her opinion, this was the location the fiend would hide. The derelict place was dark and eerie; the perfect location for a vampire to make its lair. However, no one thought the deaths were caused by vampire attacks, aside from her.

Mentioning her theory to a group of villagers, she had received blank stares, derisive snorts, and it had been snidely referred to as “woman’s thinking.” Luckily, she didn’t allow the majority to rule her opinions. Once she had been convinced she was correct, she began making plans that didn’t involve seeking help. Therefore, unknown to the villagers, she huddled in the dark waiting to attack the fiend.

The raging mob of the hanging party had been tipped that the killer was hiding in the castle dungeon by an anonymous note using the name Anne, which was common in the village. These were her people, and she wasn’t going to sit back and allow them to be killed one by one when she might be able to save them. She wanted there to be enough of a distraction that the vampire wouldn’t hear her racing heartbeat before it was too late, and the villagers were supplying the ruckus.

Cries of outrage accompanied the pounding of a log being rammed against the dungeon door. The steel bands holding



the door intact prevented easy access to the angry villagers. They were searching for a mere mortal, a vicious murderer. The recent attacks had left them nowhere to hide. Their homes, their work in fields, as well as the shops, and now the jail, were all preying grounds for the killer. Had the villagers suspected the truth, none of them would have braved the castle in the dark. They didn't suspect it was a vampire they hunted, nor had she wasted breath trying to convince them. It didn't matter what the villagers thought, Gana was convinced she was correct and she had a plan.

It was the ease with which the villain had slipped into the jail that convinced Gana it was a vampire. Suddenly the ridiculous theory that had formed in her mind held the ring of reality. The killer had murdered poor drunk Stanton as he was sleeping it off in the holding cell, ripping out his throat and severing his head from body. It was also a good way to cover a bite, and prevent the victim from rising as a new vampire. All the dead had been decapitated, and she believed a tremendously strong female vampire had done this on purpose.

The element of surprise had helped the evil female control the situation until she prevented an escape or call for help. The first had been killed in his bedroom in the early morning. The second was found in the field where he had worked until dark. The third was found dead in the stockroom in the rear of the millinery, and the fourth had been locked up in the building used to punish the unruly. Thankfully, the stock was no longer used to embarrass the person before the whole village.

It was nearing dawn. The vampire would be returning to its lair only to discover its hiding place was invaded. It was logical that it would come in this direction through this

windowless hall to reach another section of the castle to wait through the daylight hours.

Clutching a bottle of blessed water in one hand and a stake in the other, Gana waited. Her heart pounded so hard, it shook her whole body. Hearing the sound of a deep giggle in the hall, she straightened in the corner. Her muscles were tense and ready to spring. There could be no hesitation, or it would be her last mistake. If she was wrong, the only harm she would do to the villain was wet them down—and perhaps seal her fate at the same time. Either way, she could die, but she was willing to risk everything to save the innocent lives the vampire was stealing.

Rushing into the room, the woman dressed in black was a blur of shadow. Gana determined her height and build thanks to the dark red glow of her shoulder length hair within the waning moonlight spilling through the doorway. Sensing her presence too late, the female vampire spun around, fangs extended, hissing. Her hands rose and curled into a claw of long pointed fingernails to rip out Gana's throat. The fiend prepared to leap on the current threat—Gana. Terrified, Gana reacted. Jerking her arm, she sent the holy water flying onto the female's fierce countenance. Her black eyes glared with hatred one moment, then melted as the holy water dissolved them. The creature's fierce screech of rage rent the darkness. The gory sight made Gana's stomach clench in revulsion. She didn't have time to worry if the sound carried, or if the villagers would come searching for the person screaming. It did flash in her mind that the villagers would think she was the killer and hang her if she was found standing over the dead vampire's disfigured body. It was a worry she didn't have time to contemplate. Shoving the thought aside, she moved quickly to finish the task.

Gana didn't know how long it would take for a vampire to regenerate damage, or if it could. She rushed forward, tugging the hammer from beneath her arm. Holding the stake up, she positioned the hammer, and struck a fatal blow into the faceless creature's heart. She struck the hammer against the stake with all her strength. The wood easily entered the chest as though there were no bone cage protecting the heart, and the vampire, moving with incredible speed, was able to strike Gana, her fist connected with Gana's jaw. Sparks flew in all directions in her mind.

She flew across the room, and crashed into the wall. The impact knocked the breath from her lungs. Her head connected and it felt as though her skull cracked open and splattered against the wall. Everything went black.

When she awoke, it was dark. Her head throbbed. She felt for blood and open wounds, and found a tender lump. Touching it gently, she massaged the lump she found. She pulled her feet beneath her and rose on trembling limbs.

Immediately, she felt a rush of relief that she had killed the vampire at dawn. However, she wasn't pleased to be in the castle after sundown. There was a possibility that the vampire had made a cry for help when she screeched, or sent a silent signal to another of its kind before Gana had driven the stake into the thing's fiendish heart. She didn't know if they defended or avenged each other, but it was safest to assume they would. Seeing no sign of the vampire's body, she assumed it had turned to dust as the legends claimed. She was certain the stake had found its mark and pierced the vampire's black heart. The stake lay on the floor several feet away. She had to pray the stake had done its work and the vampire hadn't crawled off to heal while she had been unconscious. She had no way of knowing if a stake would actually kill a vampire, as she was relying on legend. Either the female or

one of her kind could still present danger. Gana needed to get out of this castle. Only time would reveal if there were more vampires in the valley. Wondering why the vampire had chosen her village, she decided to get out of this place.

Moving on swift feet, she hurried down the hall to the staircase. Bits of stone had crumbled onto the floor, so she avoided stepping on it when possible with the aide of moonlight. Hearing a scratching noise, she froze with her foot dangling above the top step of the staircase. While the debris offered assistance in allowing her to hear approaching footsteps, it also gave away her location. She grasped the handrail, and hurried down the steps. At the bottom of the stairs, she heard the crunching sounds of movement similar to the sounds she was making among the strewn fragments. Praying it was a mouse rattling around the rubble, and not something else, she hurried across the great hall toward the entrance. Reaching the door, she heard the pounding of running steps behind her.

*Dear heaven, there is another one;* and it was following her. Her heart pounded hard in her chest as she ran down the front entrance steps and across the stone-strewn courtyard.

A swooshing sound above her head attracted her attention. A breeze fluttered her hair around her face. *Do vampires really fly?* She was vaguely aware of the clear night and bright stars were sprinkled across the black blanket overhead. It was too beautiful a night for danger to be prowling.

*This evil isn't lurking; it is flaunting itself.*

She turned and weaved in a different direction. Panting, she ran from the cart path toward the tree line. Another swoosh of air buffed the right side of her body. In the distance, she heard a deep male chuckle.

*God, he is playing cat and rat with me.* Changing directions, she ran back the way she had come and broke from the trees.

Turning sharply to the right, she ran toward the road, and hoped she might find help in town. She feared there would be no help. Who might possibly believe her tale about vampires?

No one knew about the woman Gana had killed. She hadn't told anyone about her conviction that a vampire had taken up residence in their little town after they had mocked her initial theory.

A male chuckled behind her.

Gana ran as hard as she could holding her painfully throbbing side. She heard a sound similar to clothing flapping in the wind overhead. Refusing to give in to her fear, she kept her eyes on the moonlit road ahead. She felt as long as she could keep the road sighted, she had a chance of reaching it. If it weren't for the large moon, she didn't believe she would have made it as far as she had.

A male figure stood by the side of the road as she turned the next bend, his arms crossed over his chest. His ankles were crossed, and his legs stretched slightly out before him for balance. He appeared to be leaning against a boulder protruding from the bank. A multi-caped coat reaching his ankles hung open at his sides revealing his body dressed in black. She wasn't able to see his shape because his clothing was much darker than the moonlit night. His body was a black shadow. Going by the size of the stout shadow, he appeared to have a muscular frame.

Gana had to keep moving, and risk running past him. He didn't appear interested in leaving his comfortable position. Perhaps he had tired of the game and merely wanted her to know he could have won if he had wished.

Casting her gaze to the road, she gauged the distance to the far side from his location. There was room to pass, as long as he didn't move to block her path. Not slowing her pace, she ran on the opposite side of the road from the man toward

the village and salvation. It was too late to turn and go in a different direction. The banks on the roadside prevented her from making a new path that would veer away from the male. Puffing breaths, her heart pounding rapidly, she continued to run.

He didn't move as she advanced along the dirt road. She intended to remain beyond his arm's reach, so she hugged the roadside. There would be nowhere to go should he decide to lunge for her.

Gana wasn't going to merely run into his arms and give up. He was, at the very least, going to be forced to come to her. She ran past him and kept running, too afraid to look back.

His deep, amused chuckle followed her down the road.

*Monster!* Her mind screamed. She hoped he could hear her thoughts; she wanted him to know how despicable she considered him to be. She struggled for air to keep her body going.

As she rounded another curve, the man was waiting for her. His arms were tucked behind his back, holding the sides of his coat away from his large body. Swerving to the side of the road, again he didn't attempt to stop her as she ran past.

Her heart felt like it was going to explode in her chest. Her lungs burned with each rapid breath she sucked in. The stitch in her side hurt, and she held it with her hand. She stumbled over the rocks scattered across the road. He was playing with her, and she hoped he was foolish enough to wait too long before pouncing on his prey, which would give her time to escape. Would he enter the village if she were yelling for help? Could she yell? Did she have the breath?

Reaching the last stretch to the village, she saw the light from the first house ahead. Relief blossomed in her chest. Perhaps he had only intended to frighten her. He had certainly

succeeded if that had been his goal. She didn't think she would ever again venture out at night. Of course, she would need to make her home secure, then convince the villagers the danger was real.

Suddenly, she was jerked to a halt. Her body was slammed against a hard wall of muscle and bone. The hard band of his arm about her waist prevented her from stumbling to the dirt at his feet. No longer were her toes touching the earth, although she stretched them downward.

"Lady, if you keep running, I do believe you're going to kill yourself," an amused, deep-timbered voice said behind her head. She would have known it was the voice of evil, even had she not been aware the vampire was chasing her. No human could sound that good. It was rich with seductive temptation, urging her to give everything over to his care. It was a voice that could convince the unsuspecting that this person could be trusted completely. It was a voice that could lure many an unsuspecting fool to their deaths. Had she not known what he was—or that he was going to kill her—Gana felt certain she would have been as susceptible as anyone.

She swung her fist at his face, knowing as soon as she did that she was too exhausted to cause him any pain. He captured her clenched hand in his large palm.

"Now that isn't polite when I just saved your life." He released her, and she crumpled to the ground at his feet. Gana stared at the smooth leather of his knee-high boots as she tried to lift her body from the ground. She struggled to catch her breath, too exhausted to run any farther. She slid her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a cross to ward him off. She held it up so the moonlight reflected off it.

He quickly covered his face with his arm, and stepped back from her, shying from the holy relic.

“Stay away,” she gasped between struggling breaths. Pushing with her arm, she managed to sit up, and prepared to stand. She held the cross before her, braced a hand on the ground and got up. An arm, coming from behind her, knocked the cross from her hand and quickly encircled her body.

“Now that was rude.” Grasping her nape in a large cool hand, another male with a deep, sensual voice rudely lifted Gana to her feet.

*Dear Canaan, two!* Of course, there could be more, but there were definitely two of the monsters standing here terrorizing her. Her attempt to escape had failed miserably. The weight of her failure sat on her chest like a stone pressing against her heart.

Why hadn’t she taken the time to discover there was more than one vampire? Why hadn’t she been wise and warned the village? Now, it could be a long time before someone else discovered the killer’s secret.

If only she had told Saul. Even if he had thought her crazed, one person may have been enough to save lives. But it was too late for worrying over that now. Too late for the villagers who would die because she had been foolish in thinking she could handle the situation without help. She would be responsible for all the deaths that would follow. Each death would mark her soul for further torture in hell’s fire.

He drew her against his chest, and lifted her against his hard torso. “Lay your head on my shoulder,” he ordered.

Dropping her head onto his shoulder, Gana saw him smile, as she accepted her fate. She only wanted it to be over. They lifted into the air, and Gana would have fallen had he not held onto her, for she didn’t have the strength to save herself. Her side felt as though a nail had been stabbed through it. Her



lungs burned and strained to do their job. Although she knew any effort she made was a waste of time, instinct forced her to continue struggling for her life. If she had a knife, Gana would have killed herself to rob them of their victory. Thoughts of being used as a meal flashed in her mind. How long could they keep her alive and feed from her body? The horror of constant torture, while begging for death, made her shudder with terror. She prayed they would kill her quickly, and thought to remind them that the female's death had been swift. When he landed, they were in the castle courtyard again. She struggled slightly, which was all the feeble strength she had. Her captor hefted her onto his shoulder, knocking the air from her lungs. Gana struggled to catch her breath as she dangled like a rag doll over his shoulder. The second vampire followed with long, graceful strides. She was able to see his long legs gliding behind them in the moonlight. The castle's dark walls seemed to close in on them, and blocked the light until they passed into a beam of moonlight entering through a high window.

The dungeon door was swept open by the creature carrying her, and they passed through the opening. Grasping the back of his coat, she pushed her body up. Able to see the shadow of the beast behind her, she wondered if they were both going to feed from her before she died. *Would it hurt?*

The beast swung her off his shoulder and held her dangling before him, then he pressed his lips to her mouth.

"I don't believe I have ever seen a human run as hard, or as long, as you did. You are a courageous woman. I admire that quality in humans. Humans' belief that they have a chance against unbeatable odds is an admirable trait I quite enjoy." He considered her for a moment. "You are quite lovely. As you killed Destra, I think you should take her place as our mistress."

“No, I don’t want to be a vampire. Kill me,” she puffed out in a strangled whisper.

“We aren’t going to kill you.” A light flared as the second vampire lit an oil lamp in the dungeon. When she glanced in his direction, she saw he wasn’t holding anything to have lit the wick. “I’m Valo, and that rude fellow holding you is Cader. Destra was our mistress. Admittedly not a friendly vampire, still, she had strong sexual desires. Your presence here is proof we should not have brought her to this small village. Too late, we discovered her penchant for killing, which is why we left our previous home. This was her opportunity for a new start, and a chance at a different kind of life. Obviously, she failed, and for this, we apologize. It was not our intention to bring death to your people.

“We are Carpathians, slightly different from vampires,” the man with chocolate hair continued. He wore black clothing, making it difficult to determine exactly what he was wearing. It appeared to be different from the clothing the men in the village wore. The oddity of his clothing attracting her attention, she didn’t bother looking at his shadowed face.

“Definitely less violent,” Cader, the angelic vampire holding her, injected.

The second vampire, Valo nodded. “I don’t know if a human can serve us as well as a vampire or Carpathian, but I am willing to give you the opportunity to discover the complete extent of your sensual nature.”

“How generous.” She mocked his confidence, although she admired it. Both vampires were remarkably handsome. Valo had dark brown hair, black eyes and strong features with a light stubble of beard. Cader had black hair, black eyes and smooth, soft features. Their skin was a pale pink and their frames large and muscular. Both appeared as virile as Valo had boasted. He didn’t sound as if he had been in love with the

female vampire, but she had been their mate. How like an unnatural creature to have an unorthodox sexual pairing.

The thought of a pair of males making love to her teased her mind with possibilities. She had never been overly interested in coupling. But the thought of two...it titillated the imagination. A couple of nude bodies touching her at once...it teased. Two sets of hands...it enticed. A pair of mouths...it tantalized. Her pelvis pulsed with desire. *If only they were human, I would be pleased to be their mistress.*

"I have no sensual nature." Rudely, she challenged their assumptions. It was true that she hadn't had a sensual nature before meeting them. She had tried sex and her body hadn't responded. Why was it reacting now?

"Then you will not mind if we discover if you speak the truth? If you are lying, I could be persuaded to punish you," Cader warned. "Do you enjoy being punished?" He sounded as though he were looking forward to punishing her. Advancing across the room, he approached a long horizontal rack used for torture. A mattress had been placed on the flatbed between the huge wheels with thick rope wrapped around them. Two dangling ends on each side of the wheels had loops for holding limbs captive.

He gained her full attention. "Punish me? You said you were definitely less violent than a vampire."

"True. And I meant it. There are pleasurable ways of punishing." Valo's black eyes seemed to flash fire in their depths, convincing her he was totally serious.

"Pleasurable for whom?"

"Us, of course. And you." The vague sentence could mean almost anything. However, they did have a mattress in the dungeon. It was lying on the bed of an instrument of torture. A rack for stretching the arms and legs with ropes

tied to wheels. “Some women experience intense sexual pleasure from punishment.”

“I don’t think I am one of them.” Her gaze touched the mattress they were advancing toward. *Will they tie me with the ropes and stretch me until I scream? Or will they fondle me...without my permission?* Images of them touching, and arousing her, in spite of her determination to resist, while she was unable to defend herself popped into her mind. Her sheath pulsed with excitement.

“Very well, we won’t punish you unless you decide you want to try it. Ah, I see by your expressive eyes that mattress interests you. I hear your rushing blood, and smell your scent of arousal. I believe you would like to discover, if twee mannelijks kan plezier jij meer dan een.” He shifted into Dutch. Although she didn’t know the words, she had heard the language spoken by a traveler not more than a month ago.

“English, Cader, English. He said he believes you would like to discover if two males could pleasure you more than one. Is he right?”

His smooth features made Cader appear angelic. Appearing so sweet made him more deceptive than his companion. His beauty was so perfect, she felt drawn to his innocent appeal, in spite of knowing that it was deceptive. Not that Valo appeared demonic. Although his dark brown hair was a lighter shade than Cader’s black locks, Valo’s features revealed his aggressive nature. He appeared commanding and determined. Still, he was beautiful, and she was drawn to his masculine appeal. Knowing they were evil made it harder to resist the emotions flooding her body. She denied the fact that their irresistible beauty appealed to her.

They were waiting for a response. Gana had an instinctive feeling that the question was merely meant to tease her sexual appetites. Any fool would assume two could pleasure more

than one, unless that one was indeed skilled in the art of carnal knowledge. Even if she was curious to discover the answer in practice instead of theory, she wasn't about to admit it to these two arrogant creatures. Blast it all, how did she end up having a discussion about sex with these two, when they weren't even human? "No. You are wasting your time, unless you intend to force me," she retorted.

"She has fortitude. No, we won't force you, but we know you are aroused by us. I do believe being helpless arouses her." Cader sounded as though he approved. Placing her on the mattress with care, as though she were a precious child, he smiled at her.

"Are you still frightened? we can calm you." Stepping forward, Valo queried seriously. He spat on a finger, then shoved it between her lips. She jerked her head away in revulsion and turned to face the opposite side of the bed. She exposed the pulsing vein in her neck to Valo's view. Should he choose to give in to the temptation to bite her jugular, it would put an end to her torture. The taste of his saliva was in her mouth; surprisingly sweet and fresh. The scent of rain filled her nostrils; it was their scent.

Cader stood on the far side of the bed and shoved his finger into her mouth. Her eyes caught sight of the spittle on the pad a moment before the finger entered her mouth. A shudder of repugnance shook her body. His free hand caught the back of her head and held it in place. *What are they trying to do to me?* The sweet flavor of their saliva flowed over her taste buds. The band of fear squeezing her lungs eased. Her head felt oddly light, as though she had drunk a large goblet of sweet wine. Her mind felt detached from her emotions. Fear no longer controlled her thoughts. Instinctively, she relaxed and began licking the finger in her mouth.

“See, she wants us,” he told his companion, then groaned with desire. “God, that makes me want my cock in your sweet mouth.”

Their crisp scent was in every breath she inhaled. “What have you done to me?” Gana demanded, sliding her mouth back from his finger. She thought this was part of a ritual, and they were changing her into a vampire. Her heart lurched, but steadied into a slow beat in her chest. Their saliva kept her calm.

“Nothing to be afraid of, my dear, it will calm your fears, nothing more. The affects take only a moment to work. It has done all it is going to do.” Leaning over her, Valo looked into her eyes and smiled.

Perhaps she was feeling slightly stimulated by the possibilities of pleasure two males could provide. It didn’t naturally follow that the two men had to be these two males. They were handsome devils, and something about them seemed to pull at her soul, making her long to touch them. It was as though they emitted a form of sensual lure to entice her. Still, she could never admit this, and her curiosity could be satisfied by two men in the village, should she choose to indulge in discovery.

The smile proved to be as deceptive as she had expected. Taking her hands in one large grasp, he tied her wrists together with a piece of rope he had lying at the end of the mattress.

“Why are you tying me?” Breathing between parted lips, her arousal increased. Her body tensed with anticipation.

“So you will not hurt us, or yourself, while you are frightened. Once you trust us more, we will release you.” Laying her hands above her head, he tied the end of the rope to the spindle at the end of the bed. At the same time, Cader tied her ankles, and fastened the rope to the end of the bed.

“We are doing this because if you were to draw blood, it might entice us, and bring out our aggressive natures. We don’t want that to happen. We only wish to be able to discuss our proposition with you,” Cader enlarged on Valo’s explanation.

She had to twist, and strain her head to see how they were fastening her down. Convinced she was securely trapped, she sighed and rested her head on the mattress.

“Rest easy and enjoy your arousal, we are not going to hurt our new playmate,” Cader assured her, raking a hand through his black hair; he disheveled it in an attractive manner. She wondered if anything could make him unappealing.

“Somehow, your words don’t make me feel safe. I would prefer to die than live as your prisoner.” She conveyed her feelings of disgust. Some of that abhorrence was self-directed for being tempted by two unnatural creatures. Her breasts rising above her body with each deep drawn breath, was her body’s way of thrusting them up to tease them.

Valo’s dark brown eyebrows arched. “A more persuasive reason to keep you alive I cannot think of at the moment, as we do not plan to keep you prisoner,” he said with an easy grin. “We want it to be your choice to stay and be our lover. There can be many advantages to being our mistress.”

He really did have a mischievous expression when he grinned as he was now. She found it appealing. *Damn!*

*Stop it! Must I fight myself as much as these males?* With fear no longer filling her thoughts, she was susceptible to the lust she was feeling for them. Shaking off the wayward thoughts, she forced herself to focus on the truth that they were not men. “Then why force me to come here?”

“We want you to come live here in the castle with us. You couldn’t know this unless we talked to you. You

wouldn't have an opportunity to meet us, if we hadn't made ourselves known to you. Plus, we had to prove we wouldn't harm you to gain your trust." Smiling, Cader ran his hand up her thigh. His cool fingers felt like a chill running up her flesh, but it landed in her female core, making a hot shiver of desire course through her pelvis. "Valo is right. You enjoy being helpless. I can tell by your expressive eyes. Your crotch is growing wet with your juices about now," he stated.

Stubbornly, she refused to acknowledge his comment. She marveled at how soft and supple his flesh felt. It was almost as though there was no material concealing, or protecting, her flesh from the caressing touch. He stroked over her stomach through her clothing, admiring her form. His touch caused her muscles to clench and quiver with awareness. As he continued upward toward her breast, her breathing grew rapid, her flesh tightened in anticipation of Cader's fingers against the sensitive flesh. Her nipples embarrassed her by rising from the smooth mound into a hardening nub. It was a relief, as well as pleasure, when his hand covered her breast. His thumb and finger plucked the swollen nipple, turning it into a hard pebble. She felt each tug deep in her vagina as an ache of desire. She heard the soft moan of passion a moment before realizing it had come from between her parted lips.

Heat burned her cheeks, as she felt embarrassment that he could draw these feelings from her body filled her mind.

Walking his fingers up her chest, he slid his hand up her neck to cup her jaw. Fastening her eyes on Cader's adorable face, she felt longing tug at her insides. He stroked his pale index finger over her lips and smiled, revealing two white canines. Those extended teeth reminded her beyond any doubt that this was not a normal man. They brought home to her the reality that this angelic looking creature was evil. She



would be foolish to believe herself safe merely because they chose to tell her that she was. There was no guarantee that could force them to honor their words.

“You like me touching you, I can tell by the dilation of your eyes, your shallow breath, and your rapid heartbeat.” Cader cast a glance at his companion. “Did you notice she has a perfect oval face, Valo, and full, kissable, heart-shaped lips?” Puckering, he mocked kissing her. “And look at those flashing green eyes? We are not making fun of you, sweetheart. We are totally serious in our interest. Forgive our habit of talking about you, we mean no insult. It is our way. Over many years of spending time together, Valo and I have formed patterns that are difficult to break.”

“How do you expect her to believe you, when you are acting like a boy with his first girl? We have found ourselves a real treasure. Treat her properly,” Valo admonished, smoothing his hand over her hair. “She is a beauty. I particularly admire the soft curls in these lovely honey colored tresses.” Standing on the other side of the mattress, he lifted strands of her waist-length hair and ran his fingers through the soft tresses. “As soft as corn silk.”

“Forgive me. I am as excited as a randy boy. I am as keen to see your pubis curls as I was with the first woman I bedded,” Cader admitted. Gana knew he was watching her to enjoy her shocked expression over his bold words. Cader was titillating himself, and teasing her mind with the anticipation of the youthful feelings he described. While she did believe he was excited, she didn’t feel inclined to oblige his mischievous fun at her expense. They had experience in seduction, but she wasn’t going to be an easy conquest. Instead, she snorted, and shifted her eyes away from him in a haughty manner.

She schooled her features to reveal nothing of her excitement. It was new for her to be so aroused and she

wasn't comfortable with it. Perhaps she did enjoy being bound and at their mercy.

Sliding his hand down her throat, Valo moved his fingers down the narrow lapels at the front of her gown. Deftly, he opened the buttons to her waist. Skimming his finger up the parted lapels to her ribs, he slipped his fingers inside and cupped the bottom of her breast. "I am aware of your arousal." Although there was a chemise between her flesh and his, she felt every movement of his cool fingers as he gently squeezed. His thumb rasped across the tip of her turgid nipple. The sensation was so intense, her back arched up off the mattress, seeking more.

"At dawn, I will release you. We want you to stay and live here with us, but we understand you must have time to consider. While we sleep, you will find adequate food in the kitchen. Please clean up after yourself, we have no servants. I believe you already know you can never tell anyone about us. If you leave, we want you to return before dark to be our lover, but you won't, will you, my beauty? You are the type who needs a strong hand in control, just as you are enjoying being bound and having us touch you. It titillates you to be stubborn, and have someone insist."

She shook her head.

He stared intently into her eyes, taking control.

"I will not insist that you obey and come to us. If I am wrong and you truly don't want us, you will go where there are people and stay. If I am right and you are stimulated by us and only wish to be stubborn, you will forget what I have said." Pressing a soft kiss upon her lips, Valo was smiling when he released control of her mind and pulled away. "You will be easy to love. So sweet and kindhearted, you were willing to risk your life to protect your people. I wonder if they appreciate you like we will?" His fingers stroked her

cheek with a delicate touch. “Your skin feels like the petals of a rose.” Pressing a feather light kiss on her lips, he straightened and moved away.

Cader was standing on the opposite side of the rack where she lay on the mattress. Slipping his hand beneath her chemise, he cupped her breast. A part of her mind acknowledged that Valo had moved aside to give Cader a few moments alone with her.

The two males had to be finely tuned to each other’s desires to work so smoothly together. It was unusual to meet males who were sensitive to another’s needs. There had to be a strong bond between them, but did vampires love? Could they feel tender emotions? Valo had spoken of loving her, but he could only have meant physically.

Boldly, Cader stroked his thumb over her smooth nipple. The darn thing tingled, and rose to attention. Glancing down, she saw his fingers surrounding her naked breast. Using his wrist, he had pushed the material aside to expose her globe to his view.

“Your body welcomes me,” he spoke reverently, as though he were honored that her body responded to him. Perhaps he was; she had to wonder if most people would be repelled by the fact of what they were. Certainly, they were male creatures of their kind, but they weren’t men, and she was having trouble remembering that fact. Was it difficult for other humans to remember they were evil? Did their unnatural beauty make them impossible to resist, or was she the only one affected this much?

Leaning close to her breast, Cader slid out the tip of his tongue, and stroked it across her nipple. It felt as though his moist tongue stroked her whole body. Her head fell back as the shocking sensations shook her insides. Her breast arched up with her back, and unable to control it, she groaned deeply

in her throat. It was embarrassing that they could pull these reactions from her, in spite of her desire not to respond.

Valo stepped to her side and smiled, but his intense gaze locked with her eyes. "Are you a virgin?"

"No." She felt compelled to admit. What kind of power did they wield that allowed them to force her to admit things when she didn't plan to speak? She had never told anyone such an intimate thing about herself.

"Good. Virginity is for children, and much overrated in an adult relationship. I am pleased you are no longer afraid of us. We do not plan to kill you, so you may rest easy. We really would like you to be our mistress. You are responsible for the loss of the one we had, and as we both find you desirable, it would be a perfect arrangement for us." His persuasive voice had a seductive quality that pulled at something deep inside her. "We could make it the solution to all your worldly needs."

She actually wanted to agree. It was true; his words drew her attention to her present physical condition. Her body was shaking with tension, and vibrating with anticipation. Never had she had a sexual nature, yet they were building desire in her with barely any effort. They were enjoying playing with her body, and she was so aroused, she wanted it to continue. Being tied relieved her mind of guilt. Being helpless, she couldn't control her body's reaction and ensuing desire for two unnatural creatures.

"We need to feed. I'm hungry," Cader reminded his companion, although he didn't move away from her prone form. Her heart leapt. She was uncertain if the jump had been caused by fear, or excitement surging through her body.

Cader's hand covered her mons, then pushed his fingers between her relaxed thighs. The pressure caused her female core to ache sharply. Pushing her dress deeper between her

thighs, he stroked over the pouted lips of her labia. Without conscious thought, she parted her legs to give him better access to her private area. She didn't understand why they aroused her into wanting their hands on her body. It had to be the saliva they had put in her. There was no other logical excuse for such odd behavior. She hadn't even voiced an objection to their touching her intimately. Perhaps she was more perverse than she thought.

Forgetting he was a vampire, she had parted her thighs for a total stranger. Even now, she wasn't attempting to press her thighs tightly together to prevent his invasion. Her body welcomed Cader's touch, and longed for Valo to take advantage of her weakness also.

Valo returned to her side. "I believe we have proved that you desire us." He spread open the lapels of her blouse, then tugged down the neck of her chemise to beneath her breasts. The two round globes protruded into the cool air for their avaricious gazes, to be stroked as they wished. Secretly, she was hoping his tongue would lick across her nipples as they hardened and pouted in the cool air.

"I can hear the rush of your blood through your veins, and sense the throb in your vagina. You do ache for me to slide my long, hard shaft into your soft fragrant cunny, my dear. I can smell intensely growing desire. There is little you can hide from us. You waste strength upon useless attempts. It is better to accept, and revel in your lusts. Taking what is available is one of the few important things I have learned in the past two hundred years." Valo's deep timbre caressed her mind, releasing the last of her reservations. She was ready for them to make love to her. Still, her conscience told her this was wrong. It was her duty as a human to resist, but they weren't trying to kill her. They wanted to make love to her!

Biting her bottom lip, she struggled to resist the longing rising in her flesh. Her breasts were thrilled by the caress of Valo's large hands, as they gently fondled the pale flesh. He worked in slow circles toward the pink disks, and the pebbled flesh at their centers. The sensations were shattering the strength of her control. Had it been an illusion that she had control over her body's responses?

Cader's hand was also doing wonderful things to her lower body. He lifted her gown and stroked her labia through the thin chemise that covered her body. She had never been in a situation where two men assumed control of her body. It was exciting and frightening, because she didn't know if she could trust them. It was her skin betraying her; it felt alive, and longed for more.

Silently, she mourned the loss of his touch when Valo removed his hand from her breasts.

"We will leave you now. I suggest you sleep while we are gone. I want you to have sufficient strength for some long loving sessions," Valo said persuasively.

Her eyes grew heavy, but she struggled against sleeping. Valo had suggested she sleep, he hadn't ordered it. Surely that was a loophole she could slide through.

The vampires laughed at her struggles.

She was nothing more than a play toy. She had to prove she was worthy of some respect.

Cader gave her mons a final pat before withdrawing his hand from beneath her skirt, then stepped from her side.

The men sauntered out, acting full of pomp over capturing and seducing her. The lamp went out, yet there had been no gust of air to extinguish it. After a few minutes, the urge to sleep passed. Although her hands were bound, she dragged her fingers together above her head. Her thoughts were growing confused. Without their presence, she was no

longer certain she wanted them touching her body. Would they force her if she said no? As they weren't human, if she enjoyed it, did that make her a freakish creature? Obviously, she was odd if two males could arouse her when one, her lover, had been unable to get more than a mild response. Even when she had been willing to be seduced, Saul had never made her feel as desirable as these two.

The room was a true dungeon with chains. There were arm and leg shackles on the wall. "Oh heavens, I am in trouble." Now she had an idea how they would punish her should they change their minds. They had a complete dungeon at their disposal. Rusty chains with cuffs hung from the ceiling. There was a triangle shaped rounded box with eye slits that had pointed spikes inside and a bench seat. It stood open and waiting for an occupant to punish and torture. Lastly, there was the wheel with arm and leg cuffs for spinning, or if someone wished, standing a person on their head with arms and legs spread.

At present, she was comfortable lying on the mattress, even with her hands and feet tied. At least they hadn't tied her to the wheels and stretched her out until it pulled the bones from their sockets.

"Yet." Fear gripped her. Whatever had helped her remain calm was fading, and natural fear flowed through her body replacing desire. Panic raced through her muscles. Her blood pumped fast through her veins, shaking her body with the vibrations. Sweat beaded from her pores, cooling her flesh.

Gana puffed out some breaths, and forced herself to calm, then she took a serious look at her situation. The moonlight coming in the open door allowed her to make out shapes in the room. She glanced at the black walls and sighed. This was the dungeon the villagers had broken into last eve.

Shadows made it difficult to see, but the door was hanging at an angle. It had been broken from its hinges.

If they truly untied her in the morning, she would run back to town as fast as she could. Once there, she was going to inform the whole village of the danger lurking on the hill. There were no coffins visible in the dungeon. Perhaps she had been wrong about their resting place. If the villagers had not discovered them, it had to mean the vampires resided in another area of the castle. But would she be able to convince the villagers to return for a more thorough search of the castle?

There had to be someone who could protect her, or some way she could protect herself from their temptation. Perhaps she had been a fool to kill the lady vampire. *No, she had been a fiend who killed people with heartless glee.* She didn't know if these two were killers, but she had to assume they also had no conscience. *Look how they have taken me prisoner. They are all uncaring heathens.* She didn't know why she had given them credit for being sensitive creatures. It must have been a crack in her mind where insanity had leaked in.

Time passed, and finally, she dozed.

The sound of their voices drifted toward her from beyond the doorway of the dungeon. They had returned. Was dawn coming soon, or did they have time for her first? They had gone out for blood. Did that mean they had no intention of biting and feeding on her blood? Had they killed one or two persons in the village?

The oil lamp flared with light again. Valo sauntered into the dungeon; she recognized him by his brown hair and beautiful masculine features. The loose style superfine wool coat floated around his legs. Tension tightened her throat as he approached, but he didn't appear threatening.



“What are you going to do with me?” Her voice was laced with fear.

“I believed we had cleared that up. You will replace our mistress.” Stopping at her feet, he quickly removed the ropes, then stepped to her side and released her hands. “I am retiring now. There is fresh food in the kitchen. You should eat and find a comfortable room.” He turned and walked away. “I am thrilled to have a mortal lover. It makes me feel almost as though we have a place in this world,” he said in a lilting manner.

Gana sat up and watched him leave the room. Did they feel like outcasts, since they were so different from humans? His words made Gana feel sympathy for them, which she quickly banished. Their problems were not her concern. She could not take care of everyone. Right now, her main concern was saving herself from becoming one of them.

A tense Gana stayed where she was, while giving him time to retire to his lair. She didn’t know where they slept. Should she attempt to discover it? Fear warned her not to search for them. She scooted off the mattress and dropped to the hard stone floor. Thoughts of running chased around in her mind. She needed wings on her heels to get away quickly.

However, she couldn’t leave now, first she had to eat. The need to do as he had bid was stronger than her will. Gana bit her lip as she walked past the entrance, gazing at it with longing, then she went in search of the kitchen. *I am starving, and would have no energy to run until I eat*, she justified the delay in her mind. Finding the kitchen, she prepared a quick meal. While she ate, she thought of how she was going to run home as soon as she finished.

It didn’t happen. Once she finished eating, she felt compelled to clean up the mess she had made. After washing the dishes she started toward the entrance. Her gaze

wandered to the staircase. *It wouldn't hurt to take a quick look at the rooms.* The thought popped into her mind, and it seemed the correct thing to do. She had explored the castle years ago, but it would be interesting to see what changes time had caused.

## **Chapter 2**

Valo entered the secret passage and closed the door. Cader had cast a magic spell to keep the entrance concealed from curious eyes. The spell wouldn't save them from danger should a fire consume the building. The last time that had happened had been at night, and they escaped. Were it to happen in daylight, he wasn't certain what the burning rays would do to them. Even their unnatural speed couldn't outrun the burning rays of sunlight, but he hoped they could move fast enough to avoid death.

Valo pushed open the interior door and stepped into the tower chamber. The room was comfortable and contained two double beds with a rice paper wall separation between them, but from where he stood, there was nothing blocking his view of the entire chamber. Cader sat on the end of the bed removing his shoes. His black superfine coat hung on a peg on the wall.

"Did you tell her that she has to stay? I noticed you didn't earlier."

"No, I want her to stay on her own."

"I don't think that is going to happen without using thrall." His boot hit the floor. "She is afraid."

"Cader, I don't want to force her. Don't you want to be with a woman who actually wants you, rather than wanting someone to protect her while she kills like Destra?"

They hadn't cast a spell to protect the female vampire because Destra was supposed to stop killing. They had moved here to give her a chance to start over. Although they hadn't intended for it to happen, she had deserved to die for her cruelty. Destra had bragged that she had received a thrill similar to a climax each time she had killed. Apparently, she had been unwilling to give that up, and paid dearly for it. Valo wasn't willing to lose his life over a false climax when he could have the real thing.

"You know I want to be wanted, just like you do." Cader shook his head. "I don't think that's ever going to happen. Just entrance her and get it over with. You're only getting your hopes up for nothing." The second boot hit the floor. Cader stood and removed his breeches.

Strolling to his bed, Valo leaped, and bounced on the mattress. When he landed, he was naked, his head rested on his hands, and his ankles were crossed. Sighing, Valo relaxed and his eyes shifted to the silhouette on the rice paper wall. "She wants us."

Cader tugged his shirt over his head and chuckled. "See, you're all ready getting your hopes up."

"I can tell it's more than mere desire. She is attracted to us. She just wants a man with a firm hand."

"If she does, she will never admit it." Sitting on his bed, Cader slid to the center. "She thinks we're monsters."

"I was thinking I would give her an out."

"Out, you mean allow her to pretend she has no choice? How is that giving her an out, if she thinks she has no choice?"

"No, she has to know she can leave, but allow her to pretend she has an excuse to stay."

"How are you going to accomplish that feat?"

"I have no idea. I was hoping you would have a plan. However, since seeing that you have forgotten how to remove

your clothing instantly, I am having doubts about the powers of your mind.”

Cader chuckled again. “Go to sleep, Valo. We will think of something tomorrow.” Spreading his fingers over his chest, he grinned.

“I long to be treated like a man, Cader. I am tired of being different.”

“We are different.”

“She wants us,” Valo insisted, with a smile on his lips.

“I hope you are right, because I want her.”

“You made that obvious, randy boy.”

“Like you weren’t.”

Valo chuckled. “I still am.”

### Chapter 3

Her recent quick scan of the castle had been to find a windowless room close to the dungeon, not to study the interior. Perhaps she had to go above because Valo had told her to pick a room, but maybe she would find their resting place while looking around. The information would come in handy when she had the villagers' help.

Crossing to the staircase, she glanced over her shoulder at the entrance. The light coming inside was still bright; she had time for a quick look. Mounting the steps, she wondered if Cader and Valo slept in one of the chambers. Reaching the landing, she walked slowly to the first door. Her hand hesitated as it reached for the doorknob. *For heavens sake, open the door.* Grasping the knob, she shoved the door inward.

The light coming from the windows was a sign the room would be unoccupied. Stepping inside to take a quick look at the room, she kept her hand on the doorknob. Rotting curtains hung from ceiling to floor beside the windows. The furniture was mostly solid, and would probably remain in good condition for another hundred years, as long as the rain didn't come in. Thick dust lay on the wood and mildew grew in several spots, including the wall. She thought it unusual that the dirty windows should still be intact.

She was glad the children hadn't broken the expensive glass. What would the vampires have done to them for

damaging their home? She didn't want to learn the answer to that question. *Do the vampires own this castle?*

Moving from room to room, she found similar furnishings in each one. The bed linens, as well as window covers, were crumbling. A mouse startled her as it scurried across the floor. "Surprised you, didn't I? Not used to people walking about during the day?" she joked to ease the tension coiling through her body. Reaching the last room, she found it to be in the best condition. The heavy curtains covering the windows protected the room from sunlight and dampness. She opened a curtain, and swirling dirt set her to coughing, she fanned the fine powder from before her face, then hurried to the door.

The upper level would have been servant quarters, and as such, the condition of the furnishings would be uninteresting, if any remained. *It's time to go.*

She stayed close to the wall and hurried down the wide staircase to the entrance hall. She scurried out the door and down the dirt path. The courtyard was overgrown with patches of grass, small bushes, and sprouting trees. She didn't know why they had let her go. Whatever the reason, she was glad to be in the sunlight again. She ran down the drive, feeling as though something evil was watching her from within the castle. Were the vampires able to enter the sunlight? Valo, or was it Cader, had said they were different from vampires. What she knew about a real vampire could fit on the nose of a cow.

Gana ran at a slow pace. When she reached the road, she intended to keep a steady pace to prevent fatigue. She didn't want to be forced to stop for a rest before reaching the safety of her home. Seeing the town come into view, she felt her fear returning. She had been this close when they captured her

last night. The sunlight reassured her she was safe, but she had no way of knowing their true powers.

Gana slowed to a walk as she approached the first house on the outskirts of town. She held her side against the painful stitch, and worried what to do once she reached the house.

It was doubtful her absence had been noticed. Her uncle, Jonathan Sart, was a heavy drinker. She had lived with Jonathan since her parents died of lung fever two years past. Each night, he returned from the pub in his cups. He would stagger in and go to his bedchamber. It was always late in the morning before he dragged himself from his bed. His face unshaven, his clothing rumpled from sleeping in them, Jonathan would eat a small meal, usually a hunk of bread to settle his stomach, before doing chores. In the evening, he would don fresh clothing before returning to his cronies at the pub. There, he would eat his evening meal and drink the night away. She never interfered with his activities, and he never bothered with her, as long as she kept his clothing repaired and neat. She was accustomed to being alone in the house. Now, she wished there would be someone waiting for her.

Her home was in the middle of town, which was comforting. There were plenty of people to come should she scream for help. Widow Horpopkin was picking herbs in her garden as Gana passed. Calling a neighborly "Hello," the widow waved. Waving back, Gana continued walking as she needed to reach the security of her home. Carts loaded with hay were being pulled by horses, and wagons rolled down the dirt road toward the main street. She nodded, and tossed up a hand in greeting. It was a large village. Even if they weren't friends, she knew most of the faces.

Upon reaching the cottage, she allowed the tension she had been holding at bay to slip beneath her guard. This was the one place she didn't feel as though she had to pretend all



was right with her life. Her muscles began to quiver, and her knees felt as though they were melting. She willed herself to reach the hearth before she collapsed.

The dirty, old-wood entrance was a familiar and welcoming sight.

The first thing she needed to do was protect herself, and then she would worry about the rest. She had a feeling these vampires were not going to give up too easily.

Going to the bedroom, she rummaged around and found her necklace with a cross. She sighed in relief. Putting it around her neck should make her protected. She wouldn't be foolish and take it from her neck this time. Once the necklace was nestled on her chest, she quit the bedroom. Crossing the front room, she entered the kitchen and found a pail, and then she hurried from the house. Saul Steed was the only one she could think of that might possibly believe she hadn't gone insane.

Gana hurried down the street, nodding to people she passed, but she didn't have time to stop for a chat. Her first stop was the church. She filled the pail with blessed water, and started toward the door. The priest came from a side room, and stared at her with a solemn expression, but he didn't attempt to detain her. Shaking his head, he turned and started back toward his office mumbling about the foolishness of his flock. "Vampires. Such foolishness." She heard him snort. So he knew of her theory about vampires and didn't believe. As long as he didn't stop her from fetching blessed water, she didn't care what he believed.

She lugged the heavy pail from the building and descended the front steps to the dirt street. She shuffled down the street with the bucket of water dangling before her. She walked to the mercantile where Saul worked. She paused in the street and was undecided about entering with the pail of

blessed water. However, she wasn't going to leave the water unprotected in the street, it was too valuable to her now. Gana readjusted her hold on the handle and turned toward the steps. She climbed the stair to the wood porch. Shoving the door open, she stepped inside.

He looked at her oddly when she entered with the pail of water, but Saul was busy with customers. She stood against the wall, and waited while he finished. The customers gathered their wrapped packages and cast puzzled glances her way as they left.

"Why are you carrying a pail of water around?" Saul gazed at her with an indulgent expression.

His features were unimpressive, but Saul had a great smile. When he smiled, she forgot about his receding hairline, and that he wasn't handsome. That smile gave him all the charm he needed to seduce the ladies and Saul took full advantage of that ability. He had been her first lover, and although she had thought at the time that he was going to ask her to wed, she quickly wised up after a few quick couplings and put an end to their affair. Saul didn't marry because there were too many women available to bed. He preferred the rush and excitement of secretive affairs that marriage could never afford him.

She pretended she didn't care that he had used her for his gratification, but deep inside, she did. He hadn't even made certain that she enjoyed their couplings and she resented him for letting her believe he was going to marry her. Still, she didn't have many friends, and she couldn't afford to lose one over an affair that lasted only a month.

Carrying the bucket to the counter, she set it down on the floor. "This is blessed water I fetched from the church. Saul, I killed a woman—a female vampire—the night before last. I went to the castle with the crowd that night. This

woman knocked me across the room, and all I had for protection was a bottle of blessed water. She was a vampire, Saul, and I killed her.”

Saul snorted. His straight eyebrows drew down in a frown as he turned away. “I thought you were serious. Are you going to start that silly vampire nonsense again?”

“I know it sounds crazy, but I killed her by tossing holy water on her before she could murder me.”

“What were you doing with blessed water?” he queried, with obvious disbelief.

“I was taking it to my parents’ grave. When the crowd decided to go to the castle, I had it with me, and so I carried it to the castle,” she lied.

Saul shook his head. He didn’t believe a word she was saying.

“Anyway, I tossed the blessed water on her. She melted. I mean really, as if the water were something that destroys, so she had to be a vampire. It was horrible watching her die. I’m sure she was the one killing the people in the village. By killing her, I got rid of evil, a vampire.”

He leaned on the counter on his elbows. “All right, so you killed a blood-sucking vampire night before last. Where is the body, and why are you carrying water today?”

“Well, I want to protect myself. You see...” The words died in her throat. She couldn’t bring herself to tell Saul about the two vampires. “I’m frightened.”

She tilted her head to the side. It was irritating that she couldn’t speak of the male vampires. It had to be their influence over her. It also revealed that they could control her. *I really am in trouble. Double trouble. I don’t know if I can take on two at once. They beat me before, so I must be wise this time if I am to survive.*

“Very funny, I’m waiting for the joke. Listen, if you are through spouting tales, I do have things I need to accomplish.” Saul stood and turned his back to her and pulled down a box from the shelf. “However, if you wish to step into the back for a quick poke...”

Gana ignored the proposition and tried once more to convince him. “But, Saul, I want to tell you...” Again the thoughts drifted from her mind. She wasn’t able to tell him about the male vampires. It was there in her mind, she knew about them, but she wasn’t able to make the thoughts verbal. She stood with her mouth working, while Saul flashed a grin he hoped would charm her into lifting her skirt for him. Her shoulders slumped. “I did kill the vampire.”

“Then we are all safe. Once the killings stop, I will announce it was you who saved us, if you suck my member,” he bargained.

Sighing heavily, she picked up the bucket. *I would rather suck the vampires.* “Never mind. I had hoped you were the one person in this town I could depend on. I am sorry I wasted your time.” She lowered her head, and watched the water, making certain it didn’t splash out onto his floor, as she quit the mercantile. She wondered if he asked every woman who entered the mercantile alone to suck his penis.

Gana held the pail handle away from her thigh as she strode down the dirt road. The village was mostly quaint houses trimmed in brown with thatch roofs, the yards having flowers and herb gardens. The large food gardens were outside of town. Fruit and nut trees were grown near the houses to offer shade in the summer, and protection from winter winds. While acting friendly, the people were mostly distant. She didn’t think having vampires living here would make a big difference to the town, as long as they didn’t kill.

They had apologized for bringing the woman vampire here since she had killed. Now that she was dead, they could fly back to their home. *Did they really fly?* The wind last night was a good indication flying wasn't a problem for them. *That must be amazing.* It was totally astonishing to her that vampires did exist. She hadn't been able to tell Saul about the creatures, so he would be no help.

Gana slowly made her way back to her home. She had a bucket of water and a cross. It wasn't much protection; still, it was all she had. It would have to be enough.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to her. After she got home, she filled two glasses with blessed water. Taking a rag, she dipped it into the blessed water, and squeezed it over her clothing and hair. She felt wicked using blessed water on her person; also, she felt a deep guilt over wanting them. After all, she had never desired anyone before, and what if she never did again? What if she never had this opportunity again? What if they were meant to be together? If they were her destiny, then she would be safe, and they could love each other. "If you really want me, and can claim me now, I will be your mistress. If it is meant to be, why should I object? You know I wish you could." Talking to herself was normal, since she spent so much time alone in the house. "Heaven knows I'm tired of being alone and unloved." But she wasn't going to wash away the blessed water and make it easy for them. Gana wasn't just going to give herself to them; her conscience wouldn't allow it. They must prove they desired her enough to try. She needed them to want her enough to try to claim her.

It started growing dark, and she lit a few oil lamps, setting them around the room. She sat in the chair beside the two glasses of water. Her heart started pounding from the tension in her body, and her breathing became shallow.

Darkness soon blocked the view beyond the window. Jonathan entered and walked straight through to his bedchamber. When he came out, she was waiting in the rocking chair beside the hearth. "Jon, could we talk for a minute?" She didn't know how she was going to explain. Still, she would try, even if she had to lie, as she had with Saul.

"Don't have time," he grumbled, striding toward the door, a look of irritation on his face bloated from excess of imbibing. "People are waiting for me."

"It will only take a few minutes. I am certain your friends at the pub can wait a short time." She rose from the chair and started across the room intending to detain him.

He opened the door and slipped through without a backward glance. The door swung back to the frame, all but slapping Gana in the face, then latched behind him.

"Thanks for your interest in my problems," she yelled at the closed door. Feeling downcast, she muttered, "I could well be dead tomorrow." She shook her head and stiffened her spine. This was no time to be wallowing in self-pity. Being alone had made her self-reliant. Her wit was what she must place her faith in. Surely, she could make this decision on her own.

Calm settled over her body. Gana returned to the rocking chair where she had the glasses of blessed water waiting on an end table. She readjusted the glasses away from the table edges, suddenly afraid they might tip and spill the precious liquid. The vampires could react violently over what she had done and she had to be prepared to defend herself. She would handle this because she had no choice. Later, she would allow herself to fall apart.

Had she hit her head on a rock, Gana would believe this was all a weird dream. She ran her fingers over her scalp to be sure there weren't any bumps. Her scalp was still tender from

hitting the wall, but there was no bump. There was only one excuse left for what she had seen these past days. *There are two vampires living in the castle who claimed they want me to be their mistress.*

A knock on the door startled her.

*No, I'm not answering the door. I am not moving from this chair.* Her hands moved close to the glasses of water on the table.

A scraping sound, as though someone was scratching on the door, came next. Her heart leapt, they had come for her. "I don't have a cat," she stated. There was a tapping on the windowpane.

"Gana, are you all right?" Saul's voice came from beyond the door.

*Could they imitate Saul's voice? How would they know Saul was a friend? Be reasonable, they couldn't know. Could they?*

"Gana?" Saul's puzzled voice came again.

She rose from the chair; she had to get him inside quickly, before they came. Her heart fluttered in her chest. Were they out there watching him? *Are they playing cat and rat again? I hate being the cornered rat.* She hurried to the door and opened it. "Hurry, come in."

Saul pushed the door open further and stepped inside. She tried to push the door quickly closed after him, but it wouldn't budge. Valo and Cader stepped through the opening as she backed from the door.

"Thank you for inviting us in," Valo said with a lazy grin.

Gana turned to run to the chair and the glasses of blessed water, but Saul stood in her way. Gana attempted to slip around him, but Saul caught her arm and forced her to stop. His large hand gripped her arm at the elbow and held her fast at his side.

“Where are you going, Gana?” Cader asked pleasantly. “I believe you have been a naughty lady today.”

“You reek,” Valo accused in disgust. “We could smell you from outside.”

“Saul has kindly offered us his assistance,” Cader continued, as though his words were a continuation of Valo’s thoughts.

She twisted to escape Saul’s hold. Saul stared at her with a grin that was more evil leer than friendly greeting.

Saul was her friend, he was on her side; but the wicked smirk belied her defense of him.

“Saul is more than willing to give you a bath. Aren’t you, Saul?” Cader continued in an amused tone. His deeply seductive voice caressed her mind.

“Very willing.” Turning toward the side room, Saul dragged her toward the bathing area.

Gana struggled against him. She dragged her feet, and clutched at anything with her free hand to stop him from taking her to water. “This is not fair!”

“Saul, please don’t help them. My friend, fight it, fight against their influence. You don’t really want to help them hurt me.”

Hesitating, he looked at the vampires in query.

“We will not hurt her,” Cader assured him.

“You cannot trust them!”

“Apparently, during your short affair, you never removed your clothing. Saul wants to see you naked, so it makes it easy for us to gain his assistance,” Valo said. His dark eyes calmly watched her struggles, his arms crossed over his powerful chest. “Just as we easily prevented you from talking about us today, you didn’t really want anyone preventing us from coming after you.”

“Yes I did!”



He shook his head. "No, you didn't. Deep down, you are excited by us, even if you are frightened by the attraction," Valo continued as though she hadn't interrupted. "Saul thinks it is exciting that you are fucking two men at once."

"I'm not," she insisted.

Cader stepped forward. "We warned him you might deny it. Saul knows you aren't a virgin. Staying with us overnight is a much more interesting tale. Shall I tell Saul how you fondled yourself for our entertainment?"

"Don't you dare!"

Cader smirked. "Hold your hand out, Saul."

"No, Saul, don't do it," she pleaded, pulling against his hold on her arm. "None of what they are saying is true."

"Do you deny spending the last two nights and yesterday at the castle? You did admit to Saul earlier that you were at the castle last night. Will you lie to him now?"

"Certainly not, I have nothing to hide. Yes, I was there, but not to be with them."

"The fact is you were with us." Cader chuckled. "Saul, how many women do you know who spend a day and two nights alone with two men that weren't interested in having sexual relations with them?"

Smirking, Saul held out his free hand. Cader pierced his finger with a fang, and a tiny drop of blood appeared. He spit on it and mixed the saliva with the blood. Using his thumb, he rolled the solution around the pad of his finger. Most slid off the sides and dripped onto the floor. He spit again, then again, until the blood was almost nonexistent within the saliva that hadn't rolled off the finger. She struggled to escape Saul's hold on her while watching the ritual with fascination. Cader dropped the mixture onto Saul's fingers when he was satisfied with the mix. "Put it in her mouth," he instructed.

“No, Saul, please...” She clamped her mouth tightly when he turned, moving his hand closer to her face. With one hand circling her bicep, he dragged her further across the room.

“She sucked my cock. Did she do that for you, Saul? Nude, with her pink nipples hard, and juice dripping from her curly pubic hair. She sat on Cader’s face and drank my seed,” Valo bragged with a confident grin.

She gasped. “I didn’t.” Her tone pleaded for Saul to believe her.

Saul slapped her, openhanded, hitting her cheek with his palm. She gasped, shocked by the unexpected move and his finger rammed into her mouth. Angrily, she bit down on it.

Cursing, he released her arm and slapped her hard.

“Damn it.” Cader warned, grasping Saul’s arm, causing him to yelp in pain. “That is still my woman. Would you like your neck broken?”

It pleased her that Cader defended her. She had never had anyone defend her and it felt good. Her uncle certainly was never around to offer protection, just as he wasn’t here now.

Saul dropped his head, shamefaced, and she felt a moment of vicious, vindictive jubilation. *He deserved it for hitting me. I would never have bit him if he hadn’t slapped me.*

Heat raced through her veins. Her skin suddenly burned as though it were on fire where the holy water touched her flesh. *Vampire blood in my body, eating me inside out!* Crying out, she tugged at her clothing, trying to free her body from the wet material.

“Bloody blast, I didn’t think,” Cader grouched.

“Bloody fool, get her in the water,” Valo commanded.

She felt the blood mixture hit her mind as a strong drink. Everything became odd, she felt as though nothing were real. Not as strong, the pain continued, and she pulled harder at

her clothing. Saul tugged her into the bathing room, and removed her clothing, his hands caressing over her breasts felt odd. She didn't care if he touched her as long as he got the clothing off. When she tried to help, her fumbling hands only got in his way, and he knocked them aside. It was strange that her body didn't respond to his titillation. However, her skin burned as though she had a terrible sunburn.

Everything was surreal, as though it wasn't happening. Yet, somewhere in her mind, she could feel the burning. Saul lifted her into the tin tub, and dumped cold water over her head. Gana cried out, and covered her burning face with her palms, holding the chilling water cascading over her head against the burning flesh of her face. Saul pulled her hands from her face, and rubbed soapy water all over her skin, then rinsed her off with lukewarm water.

Once the burning stopped, she couldn't fight them, she felt totally weak and submissive, yet aroused that three men were watching her bath. Saul took his time rubbing the soap over her a second time, stroking her breasts and tickling his fingers through her honey colored pubic hair. His hands followed the curve of her buttocks, and slid between her cheeks. He felt her, stroking everywhere while the two vampires watched with smug expressions. Feeling submissive didn't stop her mind from rambling, or her body from feeling the hands touching her intimately.

She certainly wouldn't admit this to them, but she saw the vampires as two virile males who wanted her body and it aroused her, but she was stuttering mad also. Deep down, the thought of two lovers tempted her. *What is wrong with wanting them to be the two lovers? They are not human, you fool.* Angrily, she reminded herself, or was it her conscience?

Saul dumped cool water over her head to rinse off the soap. After he rinsed away the last of the suds, Cader reached out, and took her hand.

“Step from the tub now, Gana. Your friend has been helpful. As a reward, we are going to let you decide if we should allow him to live. Would you like us to let him live, Gana?”

“Yes.” It thrilled her that they had gone to the trouble to reclaim her. It made her feel desirable as no man had. To know they would go to all of this trouble to fetch her, when all they had to do was order her to bathe, stroked her emotions with a feeling of admiration. She immediately dismissed it. They weren’t honorable. They had lied to Saul, filling his head with the certainty she was their mistress. But they had said it with pride, and that made her feel good. Saul was a sneak-around-lover; he had never claimed her to be his favorite girl. Not once, even when he was having sex with her, had he allowed anyone to know they had any kind of personal relationship. It had always just been friendship between them as far as anyone in the village knew—not that she had expected him to tell any of his friends he knew her in an intimate way, but it would have been nice for the village to know he had been her beau at least for awhile. As far as the town knew, she had never had a male admirer.

“We need to talk, and put an end to your insecurity about our relationship. Come with us so we can talk and come to an agreement,” Valo coaxed. It sounded as though he intended to ask for her hand in marriage.

She nodded. At the moment, she was angry with Saul and didn’t care what he thought of her relationship with the two males. Let him think she had found a better replacement for him.

“You wanted us to come for you,” Cader stated. His deep timbre made her want to curl up in his lap like a contented kitten. But that was never going to happen, if she could control her physical reaction to them.

“Yes, don’t hurt Saul. You said you weren’t like that woman.” Her friend stood to the side watching with a smug expression on his face. She was angry they had used Saul to get to her. She had always known his constant attention to sexual encounters was excessive. At one time, she had warned Saul that his carnal thoughts would bring him trouble. Never had she thought she would be the one to receive the backlash from his lustful greed.

Cader escorted her back to the front room. He dried her with a soft linen while she stood in the middle of the room surrounded by three clothed men. They put a loose fitting gown on her, their hands stroking her body in the process, keeping her physically stimulated, then they escorted her from the house with Saul following.

Valo took her in his arms, and she felt suddenly secure. It was almost as though her body felt it belonged within his embrace. Claiming her lips, he thrust his tongue into her mouth, and caressed the interior. A shiver raced down her spine, awakening her flesh to the awareness of soft skin over the hard frame. Her fingers pressed into the flesh at his waist. It felt good to have him beneath her hands. Feeling the coolness of the skin beneath his clothing reminded her he wasn’t a normal male. However, the sweep of his tongue across the roof of her mouth banished the thought of his lack of humanity. Her body trembled with tension. An ache between her thighs revealed a growing sensual desire. Gana felt her sex growing wet and she tried to resist. She tried to remember he wasn’t a man. Her clit throbbed, and she admitted she didn’t really care if he was a monster. She

wanted the kiss to continue, and she wanted to continue feeling the stimulation in her body.

Valo lifted her in his arms; never breaking contact with her lips. Wind buffed against her back and hair. It felt as though they were moving, but she never felt movement of his body. Her hair fluttered around the sides of her head. Cold wet strings slapped against her cheeks forcing her to keep her eyes closed. The cold breeze chilled her skin and only the band of his arms around her back provided escape from the cold air against her flesh.

When he set her down and withdrew his lips, she was at the castle entrance. The moonlight enabled her to see the blue-black stone edifice looming over her. Feeling a sense of unreality, she stared at it, knowing it shouldn't be before her. She had been in her home only moments ago.

Valo nudged her to advance toward the structure's entrance. When she didn't move, he slid his arm around her shoulders, and held her against his powerful chest. He smelled of lemons, as fresh as the air after a spring rain.

## Chapter 4

Her damp hair and body shivered in the chilly night air. Valo smoothed her hair, then kissed her lightly on the lips. He held her hand and escorted her into the great hall, where a low-burning fire flickered in the hearth. It was the strangest feeling, she wanted him physically, and she wasn't afraid of him. Of course, she had saliva in her from the kiss to calm her fears.

"Go to the fire and warm yourself," Valo instructed.

Gana sat on the chair beside the fire and looked at Valo. "Where is Cader?"

"Making sure your friend gets home."

"He killed Saul, didn't he?" She felt resigned, Saul was dead and she probably would be soon as well. There was no one coming to her rescue.

"No, we promised to send him home, Cader is erasing his memory. He may remember caressing your body, but he will believe it was a fantasy. Cader likes to do little things like that for people."

"You are nothing but a monster."

He chuckled. "I can smell your lust, my dear. You want me."

"No. It is merely a reaction to your influence."

"Oh no, we have not made you want us. That is all you, sweetheart. You want to stay with us and be our mistress."

“Do I have a choice?”

“Yes.”

“Then my answer is no.”

Strolling to a side table, he poured a liquid from a decanter, and approached her with the glass extended. “Here, I think you need a drink. It will make the drugged feeling pass.”

Gana took the glass and eyed it suspiciously. She dipped a finger into the liquid and sniffed the alcohol.

“It’s wine,” he volunteered.

“Thank you.” She took a sip and felt the liquid heat flow to her stomach, then move outward through her body. Calm replaced the tension in her body.

“Sorry about our little game, but when you live as long as we have, you tend to grow bored.”

“Game? You thought it was funny scaring me to death?”

He shrugged. “Not funny, merely fun playing with you. I could not believe you were smart enough to bathe in blessed water. You are our most imaginative adversary thus far.”

“Thank you...I think.”

He dipped his head. “It was a compliment. In the two hundred years I have been around, no one has thought to bathe in holy water. It forced us to be inventive. You cannot know how wonderful it felt to be forced to use our imaginations.” He watched her with a considering gaze.

“I suppose I am to say it is all right, no harm done.”

Her head was starting to clear. Looking at her arm, she noticed a pink glow, as though she were sunburned. “But I was burned.”

“You only had a diluted drop of our blood in you. Can you imagine the pain you would have inflicted upon us, had you tossed that water as you had planned? You were merely



punished for being cruel by your own hand. Do not blame us for that pain.” He dared her to contradict him.

Gana decided it would be prudent to hold her tongue, but she wouldn’t apologize for trying to escape them. They weren’t human. It wasn’t her fault they were parasites living off humans. Attempting to escape was a natural reaction to their unnatural existence.

“Did you choose a bedchamber?”

“Yes, the last one on the upper hall. Even as the best, it is in lousy condition,” she admitted resentfully. The words came out, although she wanted to stop them. The cause, no doubt, was from his influence.

“We can get new furniture. You can replace everything in the castle, purchase new clothes, jewelry, anything you wish can be yours,” he offered.

Gana knew a bribe when she heard one. “Why? What do you want?” she asked suspiciously.

“You, as our mistress.”

“No. The answer is no.”

He sighed. “Resist my temptation all you wish, but you will be begging for my cock before long.”

“I don’t care what you tempt me with, I will not agree to be your mistress,” she stubbornly insisted. She didn’t want to be attracted to him; he wasn’t human. She couldn’t even call him a man. *Oh he has a magnificent male body, but he isn’t a real man. He is closer in relationship with a bug, a tick, or a flea.* She tried to think of more ways to insult him.

“Stubborn wench,” Cader hissed, entering the doorway.

“My friend, I believe she is going to need convincing.” Valo advanced to the hearth with lazy grace. He leaned his shoulder against the mantel and fiddled with a ring on his pinky finger. His hypnotic gaze locked with hers. “We could put you completely under and bend you to our will, as we did

your friend Saul. I doubt you failed to notice how dazed he acted. He followed directions without question, but had few thoughts of his own, because we didn't allow it. The only thing he did voluntarily was to caress your body. That had been something he desperately wanted to do, so we allowed it. Did you notice he did it guilt free, which is why he was happy to oblige. He had no fear of reprisal." A half grin lifted the side of his mouth and revealed a long canine. "While you were visiting him today, we read that it was what he wanted in his mind."

"How did you know about that visit?"

"We were listening to you. We can hear from great distances."

"What did you do to make Saul act that way, guilt free I mean?" She raked her fingers through her hair and untangled the tresses. They were certainly interesting to talk to. Imagine having the ability to remove one's guilt.

"He was deeply in our thrall. It is easily done." He glanced at Cader leaning casually against the doorframe, and nodded. Pushing away from the door, Cader strolled out. "Allow us to give you a demonstration."

"What are you planning to do?" She looked suspiciously from Cader's receding back to Valo.

"Convincing you to agree to be our mistress is our only goal at present. Cader merely intends to give you another example of our ability to enthrall, so you will understand we are gifting you with freedom."

"Why don't you find someone willing?"

He shook his head. "There is no intense gratification in a totally amenable consort; they want something in return in most cases, just as the vampire you killed wanted our protection while she killed. But a lover that is averse, yet motivated to submit in spite of her resistance...ah, a sweet

conquest. You want a man with a firm hand, adding your unwillingness to be our mistress, combined with your physical attraction to us, you, my dear, are the perfect choice. You will be a great conquest.”

“You are going to blackmail me into being your mistress?”

“You misunderstand on purpose.” Valo’s voice hardened with anger. She realized she had gone too far and had insulted him.

Her body tensed, and she scanned the room for a place to run.

“Absolutely not. Do not make me angry with your foul language.” His deep voice was harsh with animosity. “I can punish you in ways you have only dreamed. A total submissive is not what we want. I was speaking of seduction. We know you want us, yet you resist that attraction. You don’t wish to desire inhuman beasts, but you do. The conquest is in overcoming your aversion to our race. We are no different from other men in wanting to be accepted. Disliking us because we are Carpathian is the same as an aversion to anyone from France. Once you realize it is mere prejudice controlling your aversion, it will be possible for you to move beyond it.”

Gana pursed her lips and refrained from responding.

Valo pushed away from the hearth and strode to her, he took the goblet from her unresisting hand. He moved to the sideboard, then returned to her with fresh wine. “Drink this. You are already motivated to remain with us; you merely do not admit it. We intend to bring that motivation to your attention, and perhaps enhance it. As for being our mistress, I do not believe you will be able to resist your attraction to us.” He gently stroked his finger from her cheekbone to her lips.

“How will my acceptance be a conquest?” She accepted the cup and drank. She was already being submissive and part

of her liked it. Although she complained, and he allowed it, when he ordered her to do something, she did it without question. Just as his order to protect them had prevented her from telling Saul about them earlier. If she had revealed their presence, Saul might have resisted their use of him in aiding in her capture.

“Any seduction of a lover is a conquest.” He shrugged. “It is merely a word. It means nothing of importance. I am only attempting to express the emotion a lover feels when they are finally accepted.”

“Oh, that I believe I understand.” Was it possible she was only feeling dislike because they were different? If they were human, would she want them for her lovers? *Yes, indeed.* Can they really help her overcome her objections? Suddenly, she wanted them to remove her guilt as they had Saul’s. Only then would she know if she could accept them as men. “But first there would need to be trust.”

His dark eyes studied her face with deep admiration. “I believe I know a way to solve your doubts about trusting us.”

Once she was dry, Cader returned, and they carried her to the dungeon. They stripped her clothes from her body and chained her to the wall with her arms and legs spread wide. Her heart pounded hard enough to shake her breasts, and she wondered if they were going to torture her now. Had she been a fool to trust them? She braced herself against the fear mounting in her body. Gana inhaled deeply and struggled against the panic rising within her chest. Her heart thundered in her ears while she waited, and they quietly discussed what they were going to do.

Cader nodded at something Valo said, then turned toward her. He advanced with long, sleek strides to where she stood lashed to the wall. “Relax, we are not going to harm you. To become comfortable with us, you need to be at ease

with your body. This will help. You want a firm hand and I can provide it,” Cader stated, as though he knew everything. Stopping before her, he held out a fingertip, and stroked it across her turgid nipple. Her shocked gasp brought a smile to his lips. Leaning forward, he kissed her lightly, then swept his tongue into her mouth.

“I’ll be back soon, don’t go anywhere. Shall I bring some guests to watch?”

Her fear evaporated during the kiss. “Would you? I would really like an audience to witness my humiliation,” she mocked sweetly, knowing there would be too much of a danger to their safety to risk bringing more villagers.

“It is not our intent to embarrass you, beautiful lady. We wish to make you happy, and satisfy your lust. After you trust us, of course.” His gaze lingered on her lips, “Are you relaxed now?”

She nodded, although she still had lingering doubts.

Blowing her a kiss, he sauntered from the room, his long coat swinging behind his calves.

“How much would you like to learn about yourself?” Valo asked, stepping forward. He lightly plucked her nipples until they became hard nubs.

“You mean other than my body? Not a thing.” Breathing heavily, she waited anxiously to discover what they were going to do to her. Holding his curled knuckles before her, he allowed her breathing to stroke her nipples against the back of his fingers.

“You said I was motivated, do you think this will help?”

“While this is normally for our pleasure; today, it is for you. As for your motivation, do you really need me to point it out? You enjoy being helpless and we can provide that, in fact, we are happy to. You want a strong lover whom you can depend on and who can protect you, and we are. We appeal

to you, and our desire for you also excites you.” Stroking her cheek, he kissed her, gently plundering her mouth. “What have you got in the village compared to what we can give you? Leaving family and friends can be difficult, but you aren’t. They are only a walk away if you wish to visit. Also, it’s not as though your uncle will miss you. You aren’t courting with anyone, are you?” He smiled as though he knew the answer. “You do recall we told Saul you are our mistress? It will be all over town by tomorrow, so you need not fear what people in town will think of your absence, they know what you are doing.”

“What are you going to do? Leave me chained here until I die if I don’t agree to trust you?” she mocked.

“This is a little sexual play to help you become comfortable with your body. Actually, we don’t want to replace you, but we will, if you really want us to. We will erase your memory, and you will not remember that any of this happened.”

“Then why bring me back?”

“Because we want you, and you wanted us to come for you.” Moving close to her side, he slipped his hand behind her, and squeezed her butt cheek.

“Erase my memory and send me home.”

He stared at her for a long moment, his face a cold, unrevealing mask. “Very well. If you have made your decision. I’m going to let you remember Saul bathing you before two men. Leave you with a thrill, but first...I’m also going to enhance your sexual desires, so you will long to have more than one man at once all the time.”

“No. That’s not fair.”

“Are you being fair to us? You haven’t even given us a chance.”

“All right, forget it, I’ll try.”

Grasping her chin, he gazed deeply into her eyes, placing her in his thrall. "It is time I took a firm hand. Go to sleep, my beauty." He waited until he had complete control. "You can trust us. We will protect you. You are not afraid of us."

He moved away from her sleeping form and strolled to the table. He removed a smooth crystal the size of his thumb and half the length of his middle finger. Valo coated it in spittle as he returned to her side, then twisted her around and pushed the crystal into her sphincter. "Wake up, Gana." Tapping her cheek, he helped her to awareness. "I placed a gift in your anus. Keep it there until I say otherwise," he commanded in a soft sensual timbre.

She glared at him. "What did you do to me?" She gasped, "I remember."

"Now you don't have to be frightened and can enjoy our relationship."

"Did you ever think the fear might have been exciting?"

"Blast it. I will take it away."

"No, don't. Let me try it this way first."

He enthralled her again and allowed her to feel normal, but not intense, fear.

Dropping to his knees, he ran his fingers through her curls, playing with her labia. "You are a contrary wench."

She chuckled. Her breath increasing with anticipation, she felt her sex growing wet. She now knew how susceptible she was to their seduction, and that she wouldn't be able to resist their temptation. Her legs spread wide; her sex was exposed to his avid gaze. Gana shuddered as her sex muscles clenched, and released in expectation. She was embarrassed at how easily he could incite her desire.

Cool fingers diddled inside her folds stroking her opening and her clit. Rolling her head, a moan of desire escaped her throat.

“Do you want me to lick you, Gana? Make you come with my tongue and fingers?”

His words sent a shaft of desire into her sheath. “Yes,” she admitted on a strangled growl of desire.

Valo smiled and leaned forward, his face moving against her sex. Her body strained to move closer to him. The first wet lick caused her to cry out in pleasure. His fingers spread her labia wide and he suckled her clit into his mouth. She whimpered and shivered in reaction to the deep pulsing inside her clitoris and ground her pelvis against his mouth. A long finger slid into her juice, then shoved deep and fast into her sheath. She groaned and pushed down on his hand, then a hot, hard lick against her clit forced her pelvis to jerk forward. In a moment, her hips were rotating, grinding against his hand and mouth. She was spiraling toward a climax, having lost all control over her body. Reaching up, he grasped her breast and squeezed the nipple between his thumb and index fingers. Panting heavily, she moaned and flicked her gaze across the room when she saw movement from the corner of her eye. With a climax rising in her body, she tensed when she spotted Cader.

“Come for me, Gana,” Valo instructed.

Cader strolled in with a twitch tugging at his lips. He seemed quite pleased with himself. Gana lowered her head and tried to conceal her face behind the darkness of her hair. She tried to pull her pelvis away from Valo’s face, but his mouth followed her, his finger continued to pump into her sex.

“I have brought some guests,” Cader announced. “You said you wanted people to watch us make love to you.”

“No. Stop it, Valo,” she commanded, trying to pull her throbbing pelvis away. He wouldn’t allow it. His mouth followed each rotation of her hips.



“Come now, before they enter,” Cader commanded.

Heat warmed Gana’s face, but her body wouldn’t stop its response. She groaned as a climax shattered her being. Removing his hand, Valo continued, licking away the juice that dripped from her opening. She shifted her gaze to Cader.

When he had her attention, he pointed toward the doorway, then motioned for someone to enter. “Come.”

She didn’t want them to see Valo licking her clit.

“Stop, Valo. I don’t want them to see me like this.”

Rising before her, he stood against her body, and wrapped his arms loosely around her hips, effectively concealing her torso.

Wilbur Tinsley strolled in. Twenty, and leanly muscular, his shirt was hanging open at his sides revealing his flat stomach and narrow chest.

Next came twenty-one year old Kell Granger. His red hair was in need of combing, and his shirt and breeches hung open. His plain features were glazed over as though in a trance as Saul had been. Moving slower, timid Tacy Hillard entered the doorway. Shy and retiring all her life, at twenty-five, she was a spinster, and still a virgin. Her blonde hair was in a matronly bun, and her pale features were nondescript. Her face was so completely unremarkable that the gentlemen of the village easily overlooked her. Timid Tacy was nude, her gaunt body showing her bones beneath pale flesh.

Outrage for her friends and herself rose in her chest. Angrily, she glared at Cader. “What did you do, take them from their beds? Why are you humiliating Tacy?”

“Actually it was easier than that, I stood outside their homes and summoned them. As you can see, they were preparing to retire. Tacy is straight from her bath, she was still dripping when she came to me. Wilbur and Kell were

preparing for bed,” Cader informed her. “I wasn’t trying to humiliate Tacy. Wilbur, Kell, remove your clothing.”

“What are you doing?” Gana demanded. She was affronted for her friends, and embarrassed for herself. Valo kissed her neck with gentle soothing kisses that relaxed her neck muscles. Instinctively, she tilted her head to the side to give him free access.

“I recommend you keep silent,” Cader warned, flashing a hard glare in her direction. “I didn’t tell her to come to me naked. I’m making her feel more comfortable by equalizing their clothing.”

“Easy,” Valo murmured against Gana’s earlobe. “He is wound tight with sexual tension.”

At least he hadn’t ordered her to be quiet. She watched the vampire with anger and grudging desire. Gana had grown up with these three. At twenty-two, she had spent many evenings with them, while their families were at social gatherings. To see them humiliated by these males without attempting to assist them was impossible.

“Stop this. You cannot do these things to people. Don’t you know it isn’t right?” Kell and Wilbur were shedding their clothing. In a few moments, all three were standing naked and waiting instructions like zombies. Keeping her eyes on Cader and Valo, she didn’t wish to stare at her friends’ nudity. She didn’t want to add to their embarrassment.

“You look away from them without reason. Wilbur, Kell, would you like to look at Miss Gana’s naked body?” Valo raked her long honey colored hair from her face and over her shoulder behind her back. Grasping her face, he turned her head toward her friends.

They were nodding, and staring at her body wrapped by Valo’s. Both men’s cocks were twitching with desire and growing.

Valo's hand moved between their bodies to her legs, spread her labia and scratched his fingernail lightly across her clit. The responding spasms danced through her body. Although she knew she was concealed by Valo's body, heat burned her cheeks.

"Would you like to see her pretty pink clit?" Valo queried.

Both men nodded. The growing protrusion between their legs caught her eye. Glancing down, she saw that both men were hard as they gazed at her with lustful eyes. Their lust only served to increase her ire with the vampires for causing the situation. Wilbur and Kell had never lusted for her in the past. They had all been friends too long to be sexually attracted to each other. "Stop this."

"I know what you are thinking, but you are wrong," Valo whispered close to her ear.

"You can read my mind?"

Valo shook his head. "I can, but I'm not. It is clear from your expression you believe these men had never lusted for you. Shall we find out if it is true?" He turned his attention to the men. "Wilbur, Kell, have you ever lusted for Gana's body in the past?" His hand slid back, and a long finger penetrated her sheath. Still, he was concealing her body. She felt her juices making his entry easy, his finger slick.

"Yes, my Lord," her friends said in unison.

"It doesn't matter. They are males, and all men lust."

"Would you like to watch me masturbate her?"

They nodded with enthusiasm.

"Don't, you have proved your point," she said. He withdrew his hand, and moved it to her breast, his body continuing to conceal her from their view.

"What are you going to do to them?" The chains rattled as she pulled at them in an attempt to break free.

“I said I would increase your motivation. The only thing holding you in that village is your friends. Now they are here.”

“It won’t work.” She glared at them.

Cader strolled before the three, gazing at them. “You won’t stay, even with your friends here?” Lowering his head, he sighed. “Very well, you may choose which one will replace you. Actually, we want a woman, but we could keep one of the men for variety. I’m certain Tacy would enjoy having three lovers. You decide which male you think we will enjoy.”

Unwilling to make such a decision, she shook her head. She could not condemn her friends to life as their slaves. *Wait!* Had she heard correctly, had her friends been brought here to keep her happy? Did these vampires want her that badly? A rush of pleasure raced through her body. They really knew how to make her feel special. *Still, I shouldn’t consider it. They are vampires.* Deep inside, she desperately needed to be wanted and they made her feel as though they did. It was a heady feeling, and she was tempted to give in to their wishes. “You cannot keep them against their will,” she mocked, feeling more confident than she had since meeting these vampires. Their plan was flawed; even if she stayed, they couldn’t force the others to. Four people couldn’t just disappear from the village without someone noticing.

“Actually, we can make them do anything we wish. Would you like a demonstration?”

Shaking her head, she covered her face with her hair.

She couldn’t allow this to continue. *Ah, hell, it wouldn’t be that bad if I could arrange some rules, even if they are unnatural creatures. Who am I kidding? It will probably be great. Besides, if he enhanced my sex drive, I am going to need two lovers. Still, I am not going to admit it to them.* “I’ll consider being your mistress, if you don’t harm them.”

“Are you certain? After you make the decision on a replacement, I can erase your mind, and you won’t remember any of this.”

“I don’t want my memory erased.” She avoided a definite commitment. “Send them home; you said you didn’t want a slave.”

“I don’t think so. They are part of your motivation. I believe we should keep them with you.” Valo frowned.

“It isn’t necessary, as long as I’m not a prisoner and can visit with them.”

He shook his head. “The only reason we came after you was to give you an opportunity to change your mind without fear controlling your actions. You won’t be a prisoner, but they stay.”

“What are you going to do to them?”

“Nothing. They need jobs and we are in need of servants.” Cader turned to look at her three friends. “You are the house servants. You will be paid double the standard wage. You will have total loyalty to us, Lords Cader and Valo Umas; we are relatives. You will reveal nothing to anyone outside this house about what happens here. Miss Gana is our mistress, you will obey her, but her commands do not override those of Lord Valo or myself.”

He was confident of her agreement to be their mistress she noticed, and her eyebrows arched.

Turning her face to Valo, Cader’s voice continued in the background. “Miss Gana needs dinner. You may eat whatever you wish, after she is served. After that, you may choose a bedchamber, Miss Gana’s room is the last one down the hall, then rest as you please for the night. In the morning, Miss Gana will instruct you as to your duties.”

“You own the castle?” speaking softly, she queried Valo. He nodded.

“You will remember nothing you have seen in this room. In the future, should you see Miss Gana nude, you will immediately forget what you have seen. As far as you are concerned, this is a normal household, and you will behave as you normally would,” Cader continued his firm instructions. He snapped his fingers, the two men bowed, and Tacy bobbed a quick curtsy.

“Thank you. Why must they be nude?” she demanded.

“Do you wish to give the lady your gown, Gana? It is the only one here. We have no clothing for her. Besides, she looks as though some male companionship would be good for her. Some women blossom when they have male attention, and fade without it.

“But you are embarrassing her,” she protested.

“When they get a hard-on for her and start trying to seduce her, she won’t be embarrassed any longer,” Cader said, a grin lifting the side of his mouth. “You wait. In no time, she will be strutting around here like a queen.” He removed his coat, and started opening the buttons of his shirt.

Gana’s heartbeat accelerated. Was he going to undress in the dungeon with her watching? Stepping back from her body, Valo began undressing also. Was everyone in the castle going to be nude?

“What if she isn’t interested in them? You will make certain they don’t attack her?”

“They won’t do anything she doesn’t want them to. I told them to behave as they normally would. I doubt they will attack a friend.”

“Why a woman and two men?” Growing nervous as Valo’s hard muscular chest was revealed, she shifted her attention to Cader.

Cader shrugged. “Seemed normal, and the correct number; two men for the heavy work, and a woman to keep

them in order. What could be more natural? Women are good organizers.”

She had to admit, explained that way, it did sound like the proper arrangement for servants. They had chosen these three on purpose. Was it to control her? They could not have chosen anyone in the village she cared about more. “You won’t harm them?”

“No.” Cader advanced and stroked her cheek, then leaned forward and claimed her mouth. His tongue stroked across her lips until she parted them and admitted him. The penetration of his soft tongue thrilled her. His large hand stroked her breasts while they explored each other’s mouth. The heat in her body quickly turned into desire. Leaving her mouth, Cader leaned and pressed soft kisses along her shoulder. Had he been forceful, she might have wanted to resist, but his soft kisses penetrated her defenses without a struggle. Holding her waist, he leaned lower and suckled her breasts.

Gana gasped with startled surprise as the sensations his tongue caused in her breasts reached down to the core of her sexual longings. Moaning softly, she rolled her head to the side wanting the sensations to never stop.

“You like that?” Valo asked, standing to the side watching as Cader seduced her into submission.

Refusing to admit her desire, she ignored his question.

Sucking her nipple into his mouth, Cader tugged on it, and scraped his tongue across the tip. His fingers slid down her hips and moved to her mons. Parting the labia, he stroked over the sensitive nub sending shockwaves deep into her vagina. Whimpering, she rolled her head against the wall. She wanted him in her so badly, she was ready to scream. Suddenly his hands fell away, his mouth released her nipple.

“We need to feed.” Turning his head, he addressed Valo.

"I would rather have sex, or watch the new servants chasing after the female," Valo complained petulantly. Instantly both males were fully clothed. If their clothing went on that quickly, it would come off as fast, so the slow strip had been to arouse.

"We can do that later."

They started toward the doorway. Gana couldn't believe they intended to leave her chained to the wall.

"Aren't you going to release me?"

"No, enjoy being nude and helpless," Valo called over his shoulder as he stepped through the doorway. "Clench your ass, and enjoy that crystal."

Calling curses after them, Gana clenched her anus as ordered.

Laughing, the men disappeared through the doorway. The lamp flickered and went out. Alone in the darkness, nude, she felt the cool air caressing her aroused flesh. Her anus continued to clench occasionally against the crystal.

A long time passed before they returned. Their pale flesh had a soft pink glow of health.

"Are you ready to join us in the parlor?"

"Can I have my gown?"

Cader released the locks holding her in place. Rubbing her wrists, Cader dropped to his knees and opened the locks around her ankles. Stepping from the wall, she expected Cader to rise and step back. Instead, he scooped her over his shoulder.

"Push the crystal into my hand, if you miss, we won't diddle your bung."

She pushed the crystal out, feeling both his hands on her thighs. The crystal hit the floor and rolled away.

"You missed my hand," Cader said, amused.

She called him the nastiest name that came to mind.



He laughed.

Valo tossed her gown over his shoulder. Snatching it into her hand, she attempted to shrug it over her head. Valo tugged the gown from her resisting hands and tossed it back over his shoulder. A lopsided grin tugged at the corners of his mouth. "You should be used to being nude by now."

"But we are walking through the castle."

"You are not going to be surprised by guests."

Cader thrust his hand between her thighs and ran his fingers through the curls covering her sex. He played with her labia, as he carried her to the great hall. Valo strolled along behind them occasionally stroking her breasts and fiddling with her nipples.

She was so excited, she felt certain her juices were dripping on Cader's hand.

## Chapter 5

Once they reached the hearth, he lowered her to the floor and her dress was thrust into her arms. She was tense with excitement and sexual awareness. It took a few minutes of fumbling with her dress before she could slip it over her head. Cader held a goblet for her as she settled into the chair. The wine had a metallic taste that made her think of blood.

“What does the blood do? Is it changing me?” Always she had heard the bite would change a person, but that couldn’t be true or there would be vampires all over the village.

“Calms you. Makes you more aware, and alert,” Valo answered.

“Makes you allergic to holy water,” Cader added.

“Is it changing me?”

“What do you want it to do?” Cader queried.

“I don’t want it to do anything. I am asking if it will change me into a vampire.”

“If done properly, you can be changed but there is more to changing than that. You have nothing to worry about,” Valo said as he strolled to the hearth.

She took another drink, and the taste was stronger. “Is there blood in this drink?”

“No,” Cader smiled as he took the glass from her hand and took a sip.

“That doesn’t reassure me, your blood won’t harm you.”

“It won’t harm you either.” Valo moved back to her side. “If anything, it will make you better.”

“Very funny.”

Holding out a hand, he took her goblet, and set it on a side table. He took her hand and drew her from the chair into his arms. Valo claimed her mouth as he held her firmly against his body. His hot tongue thrust between her lips. Her heart stopped as he plundered the dark moistness of her mouth, taking her breath away. Large hands stroked over her back and buttocks. *Ahh*, he caused the most delicious feelings to ripple through her flesh. Feeling lightheaded, she kissed him, dancing with his tongue. Her body was alive with need, and she rubbed against his hard frame.

Cader took her arm and drew her from Valo’s unresisting embrace. Pulling her to his torso, he kissed her deeply, his mouth as perfect as Valo’s. These two definitely knew how to kiss. Cader’s erection pressed between their bodies, revealing his desire. Knowing this powerful male desired her increased her excitement. They no longer frightened her, yet still filled her with aching desire. Deep down, she still felt she should run, but not now, not while they were kissing and touching her.

Cader moved in behind her, and raised her gown. He stroked her buttocks, and slipped his hand between her legs to play with her clit. She spread her legs without conscious thought and gave him easy access. It was a new thrill having so many hands moving over her body. She had known sex could be good for some but this was a whole new situation for Gana. *Two handsome males, four hands, twenty fingers, two cocks on her body!* With these thoughts going through her mind, she stroked her hands down both broad chests to firm stomachs and large erections. Grasping their shafts, her instinct guided her actions, and she stroked them. The deep grunts of

appreciation from her male companions were satisfying, and urged her to continue pleasuring them.

Cader raised her gown higher, and his large hand caressed her back. Valo lifted her arms for Cader to remove the gown. Their hands glided over her breasts, ribs, stomach, and throat. They worked in perfect unison, thrilling her body, stoking her desire. She felt aflame with longing for more. It was as though she were burning up all her stored energy with the fire of need. Standing between them, she stroked one with each hand, and moved from one to the other for their seductive kisses. She needed them to continue feeding her body's hunger. She needed more, wanted all they had to give.

"Gana, I didn't order you to make love to us." Cader pointed out. "I didn't do anything while you were asleep to encourage you to make love to us."

"You can say no if you wish," Valo said against the breast, then suckled. He knew she was too aroused to stop now.

She knew they had seduced her and wanted to make certain she understood her desire wasn't magically induced. Fingers stroked her clit and bung and mouths suckled her breasts, while her hands pumped two large cocks. She had absolutely no desire to stop what was happening. She wanted both men—now. Letting her head fall back, she laughed silently. Lust was a neutralizer of scorn. Had she actually called these two wonderful men, creatures and monsters?

Cader stepped away and moved to the chair. His hand rubbed the length of his engorged shaft. "Come sit on me," he invited.

Glancing down at Valo, Gana wasn't sure what to do. Valo made the decision for her by escorting her to Cader. Valo stood to the side, allowing her to continue stroking his shaft, while she sank onto Cader's cock. She was going to sit,

but Cader directed her to straddle him. She shrugged. If Valo objected, he could say so.

Straddling Cader, she sank slowly down his cock to the root. His large shaft stretched and massaged the inside of her core. It sent a thrill inside her body that shook her soul. She was so sensitive to him, she was able to feel the throb of his shaft. Valo stepped to their side and presented his hard shaft between their faces. Leaning forward, she licked the soft flesh covered rock. Cader leaned forward to lick the other side.

Smiling, she rode Cader's cock while they lapped Valo's shaft. It was more erotic than anything she could have imagined, watching Cader help her suckle and pleasure Valo. Her tension built and she gasped for breath, as she rode Cader's heavenly rod. She abandoned Valo's erection, leaving Cader to continue pleasuring Valo, while she enjoyed Cader's body. Cader filled the gap by sucking Valo's staff into his mouth. He suckled, while she clung to his shoulders, and rode his bucking root. She watched Cader's wide mouth slide over Valo's rod, and his long tongue lick the swollen muscle, while Cader's cock pulsed inside her body. His hips bucked until her muscles clenched around the hard shaft. Suddenly, a climax shattered through her body. While her muscles were still in a constant spasm, Valo lifted her off Cader and sat her on his own hard shaft.

She was stunned because Cader hadn't climaxed, and she expected him to object to losing her body, but the vampire didn't protest. She understood why, as Cader stepped forward and presented his shaft to her mouth. She could smell the scent of her juices on his succulent flesh.

Shuddering, and exhausted from a soul-shattering climax, she gasped as Valo's shaft twitched inside her sheath. She slid her mouth over Cader's tightly stretched flesh. She licked and suckled Cader's rod, while Valo held onto her hips and

pumped her upon his shaft. Grunting, Cader shot his load down her throat. Valo keened, and spewed his seed against her womb. The hard spray stung slightly, but mostly, sent pleasurable tingles through her cunny. She slumped against Valo's chest, nestling her cheek against his shoulder. Valo's cool hand stroked over her back, caressing and gently pulling her to his hard torso.

Cader slipped his staff from her mouth. She smiled when he stroked the soft tip across her lips.

## **Chapter 6**

While she rested, Cader and Valo sent for her meal, and prepared the table in the dining hall. White linen covered the table, with a large candelabra in the middle. Dinner was served on silver and bone china. The servants were partially clothed. Tacy wore one of the men's shirts that barely covered her bottom. Wilbur and Kell only wore slacks. It pleased Gana that the two men were eager to help Tacy. They were catering to her like lovesick males, and Tacy was eating it up. She had a rosy bloom to her face that made her flesh look warm and appealing. When she smiled at the males, she actually appeared to have stars in her eyes. It was impossible not to notice the engorged erections pushing against the front of their breeches.

Valo and Cader sipped from goblets filled with blood, while she ate a salad and steak with raw garden vegetables. Sitting back in their chairs, the vampires watched the servants with amused expressions. Unlike typical lords, the vampires didn't mind the servants acting like humans with emotions. This also pleased Gana, she was finding much to like about the two males.

The lusting men managed to find an opportunity to rub their erections against Tacy's thighs several times, while they were helping serve the meal. Tacy giggled, and slipped away from their engorged flesh. Smiling, they moved away, not the least insulted by her rejection. Gana watched as they bumped

up behind Tacy on each side, and practically pushed her from the room with their erections bulging within their pants.

Valo and Cader watched with 'I told you so' expressions that made them endearing, but Gana wasn't foolish enough to forget they were predators. Yet, when they were pleasant, they were also very charming and appealing.

"You will be our mistress," he chuckled. "In return, you will be mistress of this castle. You will want for nothing."

"If I am to be to be your mistress, there are conditions you must agree to before I consent."

"Conditions?" Valo hesitated as though he were unsure. "All right." Slowly, he agreed.

"What about Cader?" She shifted her gaze from one handsome vampire to the other.

"Cader agrees." Rolling a glass between his palms, Cader watched her with a grin tugging the corners of his mouth. They seemed to be pleased to have her as their new toy. "We don't want you compliant by thrall or drugged, Gana. We want you aroused and needy for our bodies. If conditions will make you feel secure, then let's hear them."

"You promise you won't harm anyone in the village if I agree to be your mistress?"

Cader smiled. "If it will exonerate you from mental blame for lusting after us, then yes, I am willing to agree to your condition." Arching a brow, he glanced at Valo. "Do you agree?"

"I agree. Are there any more conditions?" Valo agreed. The sound of his voice filled her with excitement.

"Certainly, I am no fool. I want money at my disposal to restore the castle. I want freedom to come and go as I please. I want to be the lady of the castle, but I don't want to be turned into a vampire."



“Hmm.” Cader rubbed his chin. “I will consider your conditions. Lady of the castle?” he considered aloud. “Allow me to clarify in my mind. You wish luxury, prestige, freedom, and...”

“And I want to be able to entertain,” she injected.

“Entertain?” Valo questioned disdainfully.

Tilting her chin, she gazed up at his handsome face. They could never say she didn’t ask. “Entertain. During the day and in the evenings on occasion, and you will act as hosts.” She had no idea how the people of the village were going to react to her living with what they believed to be two men.

“Do you honestly believe anyone would come here to visit?” Cader queried dryly.

She turned to face him avoiding his hypnotic eyes. “Yes, why shouldn’t they? You said you wouldn’t kill. If you erase their memories when you...uh...feed, then there is no reason they wouldn’t visit.”

Moving to a chair at her side, Cader hitched up his coattail and settled on the stuffed seat. “How will you explain our disappearance during the day?”

Shrugging, she picked at the material of her gown. “You have a rare inherent skin problem. The sun burns you badly, therefore, you are inclined to stay awake at night and sleep during the daylight hours. What do I give as your names?”

“Counts Valo and Cader Umas of the Isle of Melos in the Aegean Sea.”

“Which is by the Mediterranean Sea,” Cader supplied.

“You are both counts?” she questioned doubtfully. “Isn’t that unusual?”

Valo’s dark eyebrow arched, as though offended by her question. “Mine was a bestowed title. I will tell you about it sometime.”

She blinked, then fixed him with a steady gaze. "Are you brothers?"

"No," they said in unison.

"Valo is my stepmother's child by one of the visiting dignitaries," Cader explained. "We share a name, but not blood. We consider ourselves cousins."

"Is that the last stipulation? Once the bargain is made, there will be no additions," Cader injected.

Swallowing her trepidation, she decided to forge ahead. They appeared to be reasonable. It seemed they were offering her everything a woman could wish. "What about children? Can you breed?"

"It is not something we can offer you," Valo admitted, moving to stand with his back to her before the hearth.

"Could you hypnotize a man from the village to do the job then forget, so there would be no interference from him? We could raise the child as our own."

"Yes, we could do that," Cader agreed.

"I believe we have covered everything." Valo wanted to put an end to the negotiations. Did he believe she was being greedy, and asking too much of them? Well, she wasn't finished.

"When you tire of me, what then?"

"We will leave, you will be well provided for, and may remain in the castle."

She blew out a breath of tension, and sat straighter.

"And the children? You will keep from them your...condition, and they can inherit the castle?"

They nodded.

"I will add one thing, should you ask to be made a vampire, we will consider it, but not promise it at this time." Valo turned to face her, his expression harsh. He *was* irritated by her list of conditions.

Lifting her glass, she drank a large gulp of wine. "I have no idea how to go about arousing two gentlemen. I may call you gentlemen? It will be necessary before the villagers."

Valo advanced and taking her hand, assisted her from the chair. "Have no fear, you arouse us. Your resistance, such as today's trick, was an amusing diversion, but unnecessary. Your eager submission and demanding desire will keep us stimulated." Sliding a hand around her back, he drew her against his hard form. "You are frightened. I can hear the pounding of your heart. Fear has a distinct sound."

"It is a life-altering decision I am making." Looking into his dark gaze, her breath caught. "Yes, I am nervous."

"You should be, for although we will give you luxuries, you have just made a bargain with two devils."

Cader's words increased her trepidation. She had tried to cover every detail in her conditions to protect herself, but what if she had forgotten something they were aware of? Would they tell her if there was a situation that needed to be covered?

Valo's hands massaged her buttocks, but no, his hands were on her back. The hands caressing her butt cheeks had to belong to Cader.

"Ah, gentlemen. Don't you think it is a little soon to be starting this again?" Hands were seducing her, stroking and caressing, and it felt heavenly.

"It is never too soon." Cader lifted the back of her gown, tugging it upward. Valo moved his hands aside to allow Cader to pull the gown up and over her head. Suddenly, she was standing naked, sandwiched between two males while they were fully clothed. She had never felt so exposed. Nervously, she locked her fingers together before her waist. She had no clue as to what she was expected to do.

She swallowed a lump of tension. Valo's large hands toyed with her nipples, plucking gently, and tugging lightly. Cader wasted no time, his hands returned to her buttocks. He caressed her, following the curve of her cheeks, and slipped up the crease of her crack. Cader's hands moved to her thighs sliding up the backs with his fingers, and continued up her buttocks. Cool, hard, strong, caressing hands loved her body and it was entrancing.

"Cader, as you may have noticed, has a fascination with the buttocks. I am partial to a shaved mound. We will attend to that when we bathe you."

Breathing heavily, she closed her eyes as Cader opened her butt cheeks and stroked her sphincter. Her body jerked in reaction to the stimulation. She was wet, they didn't need to arouse her, but she wasn't opposed to being touched. It was a major titillation having two men touching her at once; even if they weren't human, she could easily pretend they were noble gentlemen since they had titles. Knowing they weren't really human increased her excitement. These men were creatures that sucked blood to live. They weren't men and they had great powers; still she aroused them, and that made her feel special. Lowering her head back, Valo's lips moved closer, and she moaned with aching need as his lips touched her throat. With all the promises they had made, she hadn't asked that they not kill her. Their strength and powers made them dangerous companions wrapped in a lovely package. But wasn't it an unspoken condition as they had discussed what would happen when they tired of her? They had even agreed to provide her with lovers who could give her children. One day, she would need to choose that lover, but it wasn't important today.

Cader's fingers slid over her sphincter, and continued down between her legs. Spreading her legs, she provided

room for his touch. His fingers slid across her slick opening, and onward to her throbbing clit. He grasped it between two fingers, squeezing it slightly. His thumb pushed into her sheath.

Nothing in her limited experience had prepared her for making love with two men at the same time. *Both at the same time?*

"Perhaps we should add one..." Valo's smooth fingertips settled over her mouth.

"No more conditions, the bargaining is complete." The stubborn expression on his countenance revealed his conviction was unchangeable.

She glanced over her shoulder at Cader. His breeches were open and he was stroking his engorged shaft while his fingers fiddled with her clit and sheath.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing at present, we will instruct you when we wish more. You are a nervous sacrifice. That is temptation enough for now."

Gana licked her suddenly parched lips. "Sacrifice?"

Valo nodded. "It is a fantasy of mine, nothing to worry over. As our mistress, you will dress for our pleasure. We will provide that clothing. The clothing you wear out, you will purchase yourself." His cool hands moved down her ribs to caress her stomach and hipbones.

*I'm being inspected, like something newly purchased!* Remaining still, she quivered with tension and desire. Cader slid his thumb from her sheath, releasing her clit; he slid his hand back and thrust his first two fingers in her sheath, while his thumb pushed into her sphincter. Trembling, she panted. Her heart beat faster; her breath grew heavy in her lungs. She resisted the temptation to push against his hand. She wasn't

certain if they wanted her now, or were merely playing with a new toy.

Cader began thrusting with his fingers and she couldn't contain the whimpers of longing that were throbbing in her body.

Valo dropped to one knee before her and suckled her nipples. His hand stroked over her mound and toyed with her labia, while his fingers gently raked over the protective lips. His fingers slid inside her folds and stroked her clit.

"Oh God!" Sensations were ripping through her resistance and her fears, and she could contain her responses no longer. "Please."

Four hands, twenty fingers, and two mouths moved over her body, playing her nerve endings like a musical instrument. She rocked between them. Tongues entered her mouth as they moved around her, exploring her body. They took turns suckling her breasts and stroking her clit. They caressed her flesh, and invaded her openings. Tongues licked until nearly her whole body had been bathed. Her legs quivered and threatened to buckle. She didn't know how she managed to remain standing.

They stepped away and stood before her so she could watch them shed their clothing. Two delicious bodies were revealed, with protruding erections.

She reached for Cader as he suckled her breasts; he grasped her hands and held them out to her sides, then released them. After that, she acknowledged that they were holding her up, and keeping her body in the positions they wished. She was standing with her legs spread wide and bent slightly at the knees with her arms held out from her sides. It was a position she could not have maintained for long without assistance. However, she felt no discomfort or strain in her limbs.

Her body ached, throbbed and begged for fulfillment. Gana whimpered and moaned, longing to climax. The licking and touching continued, until she was begging them to make love to her and give her release.

Smiling with triumph, Cader stepped against her body and rubbed his cool torso against her hot flesh. He lifted her leg and slid the head of his cock over her throbbing clit, then shoved into her aching sheath. She groaned and dropped her head to his shoulder, and was allowed to wrap her arms around him. Lifting her legs, he instructed her to lock them around his waist. When she was impaled on his rock hard shaft, he moved to the settee and sat. Positioning her feet on the stuffed seat, she rocked against his chest, moving him deep inside her. She was aware of Valo moving in behind her. The soft head of his penis shoved into her anus, then leaning on her back, he penetrated to his root. Something cool and wet eased his entry. "My saliva will ease your discomfort."

Groaning, the penetration hurt slightly, but her body was so needy for the shaft in her sheath, she didn't care what else they did to her. "I thought Cader was the one with the buttocks fascination?" she grumbled against Cader's shoulder.

Valo chuckled. "That doesn't mean I don't like a little bung sometimes."

"Oh."

They rocked her between them, driving her insane with their hard erections stroking her sensitive nerve endings.

"Oh heavens!" Finally, release rushed through her body. Her climax burst in a shower of stars and two sets of fangs bit into her shoulders. Crying out in pain, the sensation quickly became part of the throbbing pulse of her climax. Both men groaned deep in their throats as they spewed cum into her. They drank from her shoulders while the after shocks vibrated her inner walls, and branched through her body.

Valo removed his body from her, then wrapped his arms around her and lifted her from Cader's lap. He moved her in his arms and cradled her against his chest—which was good because she didn't think she could stand. He climbed the stairs to the landing, and carried her to the last room. She expected him to take her to the bed, but he moved to the wardrobe and entered, pushing the back wall. It opened into a large chamber.

It was as beautiful a room as she could have possibility imagined. She knew it was their room—or his—because there were no windows. Cader followed them. He closed and barred the panel with a heavy square board.

Valo placed her on the bed, and lay beside her while Cader slid onto the linen behind her. Valo moved her leg over his hip and pushed into her sheath. Cader nudged her from behind, then pushed her anus. He pressed firmly against her opening with the wet head but didn't enter. Aching from the after shocks of her climax downstairs she was ready to go again, but neither moved.

"What are we doing?" she asked after a few moments passed.

"We shall sleep, you may satisfy you body while we rest, if you wish," Valo replied in a drowsy timbre.

"How?"

"Rock between us," Cader said behind her in a lazy timbre.

She wasn't going to use their bodies while they slept. It was a crude idea. After a few moments, she told them her opinion, receiving no response. They slept.

Their erections didn't shrink as time passed, and she felt her muscles throbbing around the hard alien object penetrating her body and nudging her sphincter. Temptation grew too much for her and she moved. Backing off Valo, she



pushed onto Cader, this time at her own rate of entry and speed. She moved slowly allowing her body to enjoy the sensations. The novelty of the situation wasn't lost on her. She had two shafts, hard and ready for her use. It was a woman's paradise. She would never have dreamed of using a man for her sexual pleasure, without concern for his satisfaction, at least not before tonight. She had two cocks at her disposal and they weren't going soft. Were she standing, she would be jumping up and down with excitement. It truly did have her aroused and her opening slick. She didn't know what had been used to wet her anus this time to allow easy entry, but whatever it was, it wasn't drying. How did they manage it?

Sliding her finger between her labia, she pressed against her clit and rocked forward on the shaft in her sheath. *Holy Saint!* She had never been aroused like this in the past. She didn't know why these two excited her so. Perhaps it was because they were handsome, but she didn't think so. Perhaps it was the hard shafts, but she really believed in going all the way to the source. She was aroused because somehow being with these two sexually free men had liberated her from moral objections. They had freed her to be as aroused as she wanted to be; now that she had discovered the new supply of pleasure. She knew they would never condemn her for enjoying intercourse.

Using their shafts, she climaxed two times during their daylight night. She couldn't spend every day in bed with them. She would never be able to restore the castle if she stayed with them each day, but she could afford a day or two. She did want to stay a few days and be their lover. They were both so delicious, she found the temptation of their bodies impossible to resist. Their kisses sent her spiraling into desire. Never had she felt more desirable. There was a wicked thrill about the decadence of having two lovers.

When she awoke, they were using her body. Sandwiched between them, they moved in perfect union, one in her sheath, and one using the cheeks of her bung. She had never known she could come so many times in one night.

Afterward, she complained. "How dare you use my body when I am not awake?"

Valo grinned. "Sweetheart, we are aware of each time you used us during the night, how else do you think we remained hard? It had us so aroused, when we woke we couldn't resist the temptation of your lush body."

Heat flooded her cheeks. "Well, you told me, I could. I didn't say you could." She didn't really mind, but she felt the need to protest.

"You don't wish to have equality between us?" Cader teased. Valo had left the bed and was dressing. Cader helped her from the bed, then leaned her over it face down and he entered her sheath. His urgent actions made her feel like he had to have her so badly that he couldn't wait to take what he wanted.

"I am pleased you decided to remain with us," Valo said, raking a comb through his soft hair.

"I never agreed to stay."

"Yes, I am certain you did, at least twice." Cader grasped the back of her hair and wound it around his hand, not tugging, merely holding onto it so she couldn't turn her head toward Valo unless he moved it. She didn't think anything of it at the time, then a flicker of movement caught her eyes. Valo was behind Cader.

"Where would you go?" Valo asked.

"Home."

"They wouldn't have you now. Here, as lady of the castle, they may overlook our sexual arrangement, but as an ordinary miss, never."

“They don’t have to know.”

“They know, I told Saul to tell the village folk you would be living with us, and they could have your clothing as you had no need of it.”

She gasped. “You had no right to give away my things.”

“As you are my mistress, I do.”

The full implication of his words hit her. “They’ll think I’m nude up here.”

Reaching around her, Cader found her clit and forced her into moaning silence.

“Enough distraction,” he stated, demanding her full attention.

Without the distraction of the conversation, Gana quickly became a bundle of melting bones and groans. Never had she imagined two males and a woman could all have intercourse at the same time. Twice now these two had proved it was indeed possible. Cader and Valo moaned loudly with their release, but Gana’s body was being illusive. She whimpered when Cader quit her body, leaving her aching.

Lying on the bed pouting, she watched as Cader dressed and Valo straightened his clothing.

“Why do you need me, when you make love to each other?”

“I love Valo, and will use his body, but he does not arouse me. Believe me, you are much needed and wanted.”

“I’m starving,” Valo stated.

“Which reminds me, you aren’t supposed to bite me.”

Both males turned to face her. Powerful and intimidating in size, they looked at her with blank expressions and eyes as dark as midnight. “That was not in our agreement,” Cader stated.

“I...” Stopping with her mouth hanging open, she now knew what she had forgotten, and what they had waited

tensely for her to add to the conditions. When she hadn't thought to add no biting, Cader had demanded the list of conditions be closed. He hadn't wanted her to have time to think and discover the overlooked item. "I asked not to be made a vampire, I thought it was understood."

"The conditions were understood and repeated back for your agreement that we had the list correct. New conditions cannot be added every time something new appears in your head," Cader decreed.

"You knew, didn't you? You knew I had forgotten to add it to the list," she accused.

Cader's dark eyebrow arched. "How were we to know what was forgotten from your mind?"

"You really are monsters," she lashed out angrily.

"You say that so often. On what do you base your comparison?" Valo queried with an amused twitch tugging his lips upward at the corners.

"I warned you that you had just made a bargain with two devils," Cader reminded her. Turning, he strode toward the door. "I am going to feed."

Valo blew her a kiss as he turned to follow Cader from the room. Cader was the leader of the two. Valo seemed to go along with whatever Cader decided. It could be happenstance that Cader had made most of the decisions since her arrival, but she didn't think it was chance.

Both males were confident and bold, and both were strong, heartless, and lusty; and she was happy to be their mistress. Still, they had bitten her.

It was near dawn before they returned to the castle. Before retiring at dawn, Cader tossed a chest on the table. "This has enough to allow you to start purchasing new items. Clothing, furniture, whatever you wish."

Yawning, she was still fatigued from the nap she had taken while the vampires were gone. Managing to stay awake during the day, she was able to have a good look at the castle in the daylight.

The castle servants had cleaned and swept most of the dirt from the lower rooms. They were staying in one of the bedchambers on the upper level. Gana suspected they were sharing one chamber. As predicted by Cader, Tacy had taken control of the situation. As housekeeper, she ordered Kell and Wilbur when they were not following instructions given by the vampires or her. Tacy did the cooking and the men did the scrubbing and carried the heavy bundles of trash out to be burned. Curtains were removed; bedding, linens, and broken furniture were carried to the fire.

It was several nights later before they bit her again. It made her furious. She wanted them to care for her, not think of her as food!

## Chapter 7

Gana left the castle and walked to her home. She was angry with the vampires for biting her. She hadn't expected them to make her part of their meal. As far as she was concerned, their deal was off. She went to her home first and discovered her clothing was gone. Furious, she went to the shops and purchased new clothing with Cader's money. She had taken the money on the chance they really had given away her clothing. The shopkeeper, Mrs. Taylor, was abrupt and distant, and Gana knew the woman didn't like having someone's mistress in her shop. Feeling insulted by the woman's attitude, she didn't bother to stay for the packages. Gana paid the woman and told her where to have her purchases delivered. Considering the large amount of money she had spent, Mrs. Taylor couldn't complain. The woman even got nauseatingly sweet after Gana paid with gold and warmly invited her to return soon.

Leaving the shop, she went to the blacksmith and ordered a carriage and horses, then she went to Saul's place. She had to confront him over the bath he had given her. She walked into the shop and stood to the side while he waited on the widow Hart and Mrs. Goldwood. When he spotted Gana, a deep flush colored his skin. *So he does remember bathing me.* Her mouth flattened as she watched him, doing her best to make him uncomfortable.

The two women noticed her, but neither was polite enough to speak to her, or even acknowledge her with a nod. They finally scurried out of the shop without saying a word. She watched them with a hard glare. She didn't like the way the village folk were treating her so far, and Saul was at fault.

Sliding her hard glare to Saul, she pinned him with her gaze. "What exactly did you tell the people of the village about me?"

"What do you mean?" The color of his skin turned a deeper shade of red.

"You know what I mean, the people are treating me coldly. What did you tell them?"

"Well, I mentioned to a few people that you were living at the castle with the two men."

"Why would you do that?"

"I...you are, aren't you? Living with the two men up there?"

"Did I tell you I was living up there?"

"No."

"I think you shouldn't say anything until I say you can. I have to go find the sheriff, someone has broken into my house and stolen my clothing and quite a few other things."

"Wait, I told them they could have your clothing."

"You did what? I'd like to know why you did such a horrible thing to me?"

He swallowed with difficulty. "Well, you are living at the castle and those two can buy you new clothes. I don't know why, but I got it in my head that you said the ladies could have your things."

"Really, doesn't that sound strange to you? It certainly does to me."

"Yeah, now that you mention it, it is strange."

“It is almost like you coming to my house, and giving me a bath. Do you remember bathing me, Saul? Perhaps I should go to the sheriff about that also.”

“I swear to you, I thought that was a dream. I must have been sleepwalking or something because I swear I didn’t know I really had bathed you.”

“Are you going insane, Saul? You come to my home as a friend, and I let you in. Then you drag me to the bathroom and give me a bath. It sounds like you may need someone to look after you.”

He ran his fingers through his neatly combed hair, causing it to stick up wildly in spots. He resembled the insane person she had accused him of being.

“You think I have cracked, really? I do remember the bath, but I thought it was a dream. I thought I had been told you were living with two men. I thought you told me to give your clothing away. I’m real sorry, Gana. I cannot tell you how bad I feel. I guess I need a keeper after all.”

“I suggest you get one right away.” Turning, she strode from his shop. She shouldn’t have done that to Saul, but he had betrayed her, and he hadn’t even questioned himself over the information that had been planted in his mind. Wouldn’t a true friend have wondered about the sudden change, and ask her to confirm it before spreading rumors?

She went to the sheriff and reported the theft of her clothing and personal items. She informed the sheriff that she knew Saul had given her things away, but she didn’t want him arrested. “I just want a record of the theft. If it happens again, I want there to be a report of the first time. Saul has said he is going to get someone to look after him, since his mental condition is not good. I will not tell you what else happened, but I assure you there is enough to wonder about the stability of his mind. It was personal and embarrassing.” *Let him wonder.*



“Ah, we did hear some rumors that were said to have come from Saul. As you two are friends, it was believed he knew the truth of the situation. You are a good friend to not have him arrested. I will check on him, and make certain he gets someone to keep an eye on him.”

“I’m not that great a friend, I did report him.”

“You’re wrong, you have acted as a real friend would to help the situation; not to make it worse.”

She felt guilty, but she was angry today. The villagers were treating her poorly; Saul had treated her as though she meant nothing to him; and Cader and Valo were not cooperating with the conditions. She wanted to redo the list and she refused to go willingly to their narrow beds, and accept the bites and scars they would leave on her skin.

Leaving the sheriff, she went home and ate a large meal. At dusk, she strolled to the local church. This would slow the vampires down, and make them think. She went inside and sat in the front pew by the central aisle. They wouldn’t be able to enter here. This was a sanctuary, blessed by the church and protected from evil. They could use Saul against her; she knew that now. They could use anyone in the village to do their bidding. What amazed her was that they hadn’t forced her to become their mistress. Oh sure, they had seduced her, and it had been great, but she had still been able to walk away this morning.

Gana respected them for allowing her to maintain her pride and to make her own decisions. They were really rogues, dangerous and cunning. She wondered if they would allow her to use being their mistress as a new bargaining point.

The little church grew dark as the sun sank behind the mountains. She wondered how they would flush her from this hiding place. It was actually fun trying to think of a way to

avoid them. Certain they could not enter this holy place, she settled into a comfortable position to wait. It was vanity on her part that made her believe they would seek her out when they could easily take another woman as mistress.

There were many lonely women in the village; women who had lost their men during the war with Napoleon, some with children who couldn't be abandoned. It was strange, but morality seemed to disappear when they looked at her with those eyes black with desire. Sighing, she crossed her arms and leaned against the back of the pew. The church was on the outskirts of their hamlet. If they chose to bring their poor, partially nude servants to fetch her from the sanctuary, she thought it possible they would snap out of the spell once inside the hallowed area. Grinning, she mused she might have found their one weakness. Dropping her arms, she rubbed her hands together, noting the tingling in her flesh. They had made her aware of her own flesh; for that, she was grateful.

She had never felt more feminine. Never had she been more aware she was a woman and pleased to be one, than since the two vampires had started lusting after her. It was exciting to have two virile men wanting only her body. Their touch woke her flesh to a height of sensual awareness she hadn't known existed. Closing her eyes, she relived kissing them; how secure she felt in their arms. Funny that she had been so terrified by them and yet, in their arms, loving their bodies, she thought of them as men, not monsters. She truly enjoyed being with them and considered them quite pleasant company.

They really are parasites living off the blood of others, but didn't humans live off the flesh of other animals? *So we are monsters, too.* Away from them, it was easy to think of all the reasons she shouldn't be involved with them. All it took to wipe such thoughts from her mind was for one of them to

move close. Their clean scent had surprised her. She had thought their bodies would be soiled and smelly, but they were remarkably fresh, and tasted of a sweetness that reminded her of oranges. *Yes, up close they were very appealing.* Unlike the men of the village, they had playful personalities that revealed their confidence in their masculinity.

Hearing a noise that sounded like a thump outside, she stiffened. Valo and Cader didn't make loud noises, they moved like predators with the stealth of a panther.

The door of the church opened, and she turned around to see Saul walking through the doorway with an oil lamp in hand. Sighing, she turned to watch him walk down the aisle.

"Saul, it is good to see you again." She was gambling the church would loosen the vampire's control over him. Instead of advancing down the central aisle, Saul moved to the side at the rear of the church and placed the lamp on a narrow table at the back wall. Without saying a word, he walked out the doorway, pulling the door closed behind him.

Tension filled her body as she waited for the next move. When a few minutes passed and no one entered, she was tempted to go to the door and peek out. She rose, clenching her hands before her. Gana turned to face the door at the rear of the church. Hesitating, she watched the door a few moments longer. Was it safe to go near it?

A large hand covered her mouth to prevent her from screaming. Another circled her body across her chest and clasped her firmly to his frame. Dragged backward, she was tilted off balance. Her body leaning against the torso, her feet stumbled backward to prevent falling. The person had caught her completely by surprise. She was being dragged past the priest's platform toward the back office. The person must have come through the side door at the back of the building that she had forgotten completely about because she thought it

was secure. Earlier, she had checked and the door had been locked. A scarf was wrapped around the hand. The hand moved away and the scarf, which had a large knot in the middle, covered her mouth and prevented her from making more than a soft cry. The hand moved to her eyes blinding her.

She struggled and finally went limp, attempting to fall. Someone grasped her feet and lifted them from the floor. She made muffled sounds of protest as she felt them carrying her across the church.

“Keep quiet, whore, and you might live through this,” a deep gruff voice spoke harshly in her ear. “If you can whore for those two strangers, you can share that cunt with us.”

“We cannot. I understood we were going to help...” a whispered voice protested from her feet.

“Shut up,” the harsh voice warned the other man. She recognized that tone; it was Saul. Had his mind really snapped? “She was waiting for her lovers. They were going to defile this holy place with their sexual depravity.” Saul stopped and the man holding her ankles grunted as he bumped into her feet. “Do you want that to happen?”

“No.”

They bumped her against the frame of a wall as they moved through a doorway. They walked for a while, then she heard a door open and the cold air from the interior touched her skin. She was carried forward and placed on something hard. A body lay across her, holding her in place. A scarf quickly replaced the hand over her eyes. Scared now, she struggled in earnest. It was clear these two weren’t working for the vampires. “Saul,” she mumbled behind the scarf. “Stop this, Saul.”

“Shut up.” A hard hand slapped her cheek, knocking her head sideways. Something was tied to her ankles holding them

apart, then her hands were tugged above her head and tied. Tears leaked from her eyes. Gana whimpered, then cried out when hands covered her breasts and squeezed. A fist cuffed her jaw. "I warned you to keep quiet. If you don't want to get hurt, you will do as I instruct." A hand tugged up her skirt and covered her mound. A finger was forced into her labia.

A snarl came from a distance away. It was a feral, fierce snarl that had to belong to one of the vampires. She whimpered in relief, grateful they had found her. The hands fondling her body were withdrawn, loud grunts followed by a cry, then a slap and a thump. It was frightening being unable to see what was happening.

"We have you, Gana. You are safe," Valo said in a soothing tone. She started crying, never had she been so relieved to be in a man's arms. His voice filled her with joy. The scarf was removed from her eyes, then the gag. Looking around the interior while they untied her, Gana realized she was in a crypt.

"It's a crypt. I didn't think you could come onto blessed ground."

"We are Carpathians," Cader said. "Not the typical vamp—Count." He quickly corrected, as they weren't alone in the crypt.

"We are not touching anything, because it would cause us pain, but it will not kill us," Valo volunteered softly.

Cader gave him a hard glare. "Sit up, Gana. Are you harmed?" Taking her hand, he assisted her into a sitting position.

"No, nothing serious. I will survive a few bruises."

"Good. Let's get out of here. It's getting as dangerous to be in church as it is to be on the street," Valo said.

"I'll take her." Cader's arm slid around her back when she sat up.

The two men, Saul and the priest, were crumpled on the floor. Valo walked to Saul, and grasped the front of his shirt and tugged him from the wall. "Touch her again and you will die." Holding him up at eye level, Saul's feet dangled in the air. Staring him in the eye, Valo took control of Saul's mind with simple hypnosis. At least that is what they called it; Gana didn't think there was anything simple about these two males. "You will lust for women but be unable to get an erection, nor will you be able to bring yourself to satisfy them any other way. You will not be aroused by male lovers, but you will only be able to get an erection and release with men, and you will be unable to resist the need for physical release they can provide." He shoved Saul against the wall and released him.

"Is that an evil twist or what?" Cader whispered in Gana's ear. "Valo is a master at the ironic."

As he approached the priest, Gana gasped and leaned her body in his direction, instinctively wanting to protect him from harm. If Valo grabbed the priest as he had Saul, wouldn't he be endangering his life? The priest might be bad and a shame to his brothers of the cloth, still she was willing to wager the man had blessed his clothing.

Moving to the priest, he stared the man in the eyes. "Did you really think I would allow you to rape my woman? You will be filled with guilt over this for the rest of your life. No amount of prayers will ever clean this insult to your record. No amount of pleading will gain you forgiveness." Valo cursed the priest in the form of the old bible ways.

"Now that was a good curse, my friend," Cader praised, then turned to Gana. "I have never known of any curse he cast that has not to come to pass. It is a real gift he has gained from his years of quality service."

Covering his face, the priest cried out in terror.

She glanced back at the coffin where she had been tied. The ropes were tied to the pedestal beneath the coffin.

"This kind of play should be by consent," Cader said. Sliding his hand down, he grasped her buttocks. "It was my impression this game was not approved of by you."

She shook her head. "Not for a moment, and never in a graveyard."

"I don't know. Some of your better people reside in the crypts."

"Indeed." She chuckled; their wit was lifting her spirits a notch with each quip. She waited until he had carried her from the crypt before commenting on their performance. "You have done an excellent job learning how to curse, Valo."

He sketched a formal bow that would have honored the royal courts. "Always willing to serve my Lady and protect her honor."

She giggled. "Thank you for coming to my rescue, my Lords. How did you know I was there?"

"We arrived as they were carrying you away."

"What were you doing in that church after dark?" Cader queried, nuzzling his nose against her neck.

Flinching toward him, she giggled, then laughed when he continued. "Waiting for you to come for me, of course."

"As you knew we would."

She nodded. "I want to renegotiate our deal."

"Uh-oh. That will prove to be a problem. Valo is very firm in his belief not to redo what is completed. Especially when it is working so well. Do you want to leave us, Gana?"

"No."

"Then why bother the agreement?"

"I don't like being your food."

He chuckled. "It isn't for food we bit you. It makes our climax more intense. The bites will leave no marks on your body."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?"

"I apologize. I didn't realize I needed to. You are our first mortal lover. The vampires knew."

Holding her against his body, Cader flew to the castle. There he rubbed his hands over her body inspecting her. His concern touched her heart and she knew she definitely loved these men.

"I'm all right, just a few bruises," she consoled.

"Your jaw has a nasty bruise." His hand moved over her arms, then slid to her waist. "Let me love you, and erase this bad thing from your thoughts."

"No. I want to remember that Saul isn't my friend."

"Then let me love you. Let me show you how much you mean to me. I will never allow anyone to harm you without killing them as punishment by slow, painful degrees."

"That was a nasty curse Valo placed on Saul. Is that a form of death by slow, painful degrees?"

"He deserved it," Cader dismissed, feeling no sympathy for the offender.

Cader carried her to the castle tower and positioned her before the window so she could gaze at the night stars above the little village below. "See how small everything is. I intend to make your experience tonight as small and unimportant as that farthest star." Raking his fingers over her neck, he brushed her hair aside, his soft fingertips sending a shiver down her spine. The tension in her body seemed stronger now that she had realized she was in love with Cader and Valo. It wasn't normal to love two men, but they worked together so smoothly, it was almost as though one was an extension of the other, one man divided into two. She



wouldn't express her feelings to them, because their masculine ego would object. Each felt individual strong emotions; they were both special and would expect her to know this, and she did. They both filled her heart with such strong emotions, she felt as though her chest couldn't contain it all.

Kissing her neck, his nimble fingers worked the ties of the gown she wore. Smoothing his large hands over her shoulders and down her arms, he pushed the material downward until her breasts were revealed. The night air was cold and her nipples hardened instantly.

"It's cold."

"You'll survive." Kissing down her shoulder, he raked the sleeves lower until he could push the material off her hands. He pushed the gown downward, off her hips, revealing her warm flesh to the cold air. It seemed to buff at her skin, chilling it and giving her goosebumps. The gown puddled around her feet, keeping that one small portion of her body from the cold. Cold air stroked her thighs, stomach, ribs, breast, and buttocks making her very aware of each individual part that was exposed.

Cader's arms came around her; normally his cold skin gave her the shivers. Now he actually felt warm, her flesh longed to rub against him for his body heat. His large hands cupped her breasts and hefted them.

"These breasts are the most beautiful in the world. I wish you wouldn't cover them. You don't need to worry. The servants won't remember seeing your breasts after leaving the room.

"But while they were in the room, I would be embarrassed and self-conscious."

He sighed. Bending lower, he licked the cheeks of her buttock. The wet tongue felt warm against her cold skin. She

was freezing and would probably be sick tomorrow, but it felt good right now. Her body felt flushed and hot on the inside, even if her skin was cold. Suddenly she decided this could be how the vampires felt when they made love to her.

Spreading her legs, he slipped between them to the front of her body. She started to step away but he ordered her to stay. Keeping her facing the window, he spread her labia lips and allowed the cold air to touch her clit, a shiver shook her tense body. Her muscles locked with the tension of expectation as she waited for his hot tongue to caress her clit. He made her wait, and holding her labia open, he allowed the tender flower to grow cold. Finally, his mouth covered her sex, his hot breath surrounded her cold flesh. The bones in her legs melted and she sank down onto his shoulders. Holding tight to the wall with clenched fingers, she hunched against his face. Her juice had to be dripping on his chest by now. Leaning his head and back against the wall, he ordered her to press her breasts against the cold stone. Obeying him, she leaned forward and pressed her hard nipples against what felt like ice. He loved her slowly, taking her to heights of bliss and making her cry out his name before he would allow her release. Shifting his body beneath the window, her breasts protruded into the opening. Her vision was filled with the night and open space around her. When he pushed a finger into her sheath, it was as if that digit was the center of her world. Licking her clit and rubbing his nose against her mons, he worked another finger into her and slowly made love to her. Gripping the wall at each side of the opening, tears of pleasure rolled down her cheeks. Cader was making love to her, with all his concentration focused on her pleasure. He made her feel like a goddess. A deep climax shattered her control, making her jerk in small, intense spasms. He smiled and slipped her thighs from his shoulders and allowed her to

slide down his torso. He was still fully clothed. Smiling, he kissed her gently.

“Valo has arrived. He will be up in a moment.”

“How do you know?”

“I hear him.”

“Oh.”

A moment later, Valo entered the room with silent steps. Had she not been looking for him, she wouldn't have known he had arrived. “You are amazing, Cader,” she whispered.

“I know.” Smiling, he lifted her up into the air. Valo plucked her from his hands and pressed her to his torso. Fully clothed, he still wore his long coat.

“Wrap your legs around my waist.” She did as instructed and reveled as the warmth of her body penetrated his clothing. Wrapping his coat around her naked body, his black eyes gazed at her with intense concern. “Is my lady feeling better?”

“Yes.”

“Mind if I assist?”

“Not in the least.”

His hand worked between their bodies and he released his hard shaft. Holding onto her buttocks through the coat, he impaled her slowly onto his steel rod.

Moving behind her, Cader pressed against the coat adding his heat. She felt as though she were in a warm cocoon. Taking her hips in his hand, Cader moved her back and forth on Valo's cock. He pumped her against him slowly, increasing the speed as her tension built, until she clung to Valo's shoulders, leaned back against Cader and cried out in pleasure.

## **Chapter 8**

Gana went to the village and informed the millinery, blacksmith, and carpenter that nearly everything in the castle needed repair, or had to be purchased new. While she had them excited about all the work the castle would be providing, she told them of the two gentlemen that lived in the castle.

“What of servants? Surely that big place is going to need many servants?” the shopkeeper asked.

“Three have been acquired to do the cleaning and cooking. I cannot say how large a staff they wish to retain. They are from the Isle of Melos and do things differently. I will be making all the daytime purchases, as they have an inherited skin problem. The sunlight makes them deathly ill. Therefore, the curtains need to be thick and lined with heavy material. I need ready-made clothing for the servants in their house color, dark blue; and the tailor to come to the castle after sunset tomorrow.”

She didn’t hang around long enough for anyone to start asking personal questions, like how she had met the counts, or what her relationship was with them.

Everything was in motion for her to set up housekeeping. She purchased clothing that would serve as uniforms for the servants. Upon returning to the castle, she ordered them to dress in the new house color.

“There will be many people coming and going while the inside of the castle is decorated. You will be helpful, only you must refer all questions to the Counts Umas or myself. You will address the Counts as Lord Valo Umas and Lord Cader Umas. You will address me as Lady Gana Umas.”

“Which is your husband?” Tacy asked in a timid tone, sliding the dark blue gown over her head.

“Both, this is allowed in their land.” The people of the village didn’t travel, and had little time for learning. They wouldn’t know and it was doubtful they would challenge this information. That didn’t mean they wouldn’t object.

“A woman with two husbands, can we marry Tacy?” Wilbur asked in an awed tone.

“I will ask Count Umas.” Her answer seemed to satisfy them.

When the vampires rose from their beds, Gana filled them in on the day’s happenings. “Wilbur and Kell want to marry Tacy.”

“Why?” Cader asked, frowning.

“I told them we were married and that it is allowed for a woman to have two husbands where you came from.”

Cader grinned. “So you are Countess Umas.”

Her chin lifted a notch. “Yes.”

“I think I like the idea. I suggest you tell them as they are not from Melos, it won’t be possible,” Valo said in a repressed tone.

She nodded. “I asked the tailor to come tomorrow after sundown to fit you for new clothing.”

Valo chuckled. “Cader, I do believe we have a wife.” Both vampires laughed.

“Come, Countess, let’s go to bed.” Cader held out his hand for her to take.

She shook her head. She wasn't pleased that they would bite her, but she enjoyed being their mistress. She certainly liked being the lady of the castle. It was a position she thought she might like to continue. Her mind may be twisted, but she was falling in love with these two men. "I have things that must be done to prepare for tomorrow. Do you know that I have..."

"Dammed if she isn't already acting like a wife."

## **Chapter 9**

The castle became a hub of activity. Workmen delivered pieces of furniture for approval. The heavy curtains were delivered and hung over the windows. It was such a normal household, no one would ever suspect two vampires lived at the castle. Gana would have pitched in and helped the servants with the cleaning, but she had to save her energy for the Lords Umas. Instead of toiling, she hired temporary help from the village. By the end of the month, the castle looked as lovely as the days when it was first lived in. The interior glowed with welcoming warmth and elegance.

They took the money she offered and were glad to have it, but no one came to visit.

Gana slept in the morning hours, but she had the evenings free as any member of society. She paced the parlor of the castle. The new servants followed Tacy's orders and there was nothing for her to do. She was irritated that no one from the village had come to visit with her, but they were eager to accept her lovers' money.

During one of her trips to the village, she went to the mercantile for perfumed French soap. She hadn't seen Saul since that night, and she was feeling uncomfortable with her decision to enter the shop. Standing in the street, she waited until she saw a man enter the shop. Now that she knew she wouldn't be alone with Saul, she heaved a sigh of relief and crossed to the door. Stepping inside, she found the mercantile

empty; the curtain behind the counter was swaying as though someone had entered recently. Moving to the counter, she gazed at the stock searching for the soap she wished to purchase, prepared to wait until Saul returned from the stockroom in back.

“Suck it, pretty boy.” A harsh male voice came from behind the curtain. It wasn’t Saul’s voice.

Frowning, she circled the counter, and peeked between the curtains. On his knees behind the curtain, Saul was sucking the man’s cock. Blinking in surprise, she wondered what had happened. Saul loved and lusted for women, never had he had an interest in men. Then she remembered hearing one of the vampires telling Saul he would take men as lovers, or something like that. A pleased smile spread her lips. Opening the curtain, she surprised the men. “Do continue, Saul. I want to watch this.”

“Thanks,” the man said, grasping the back of Saul’s head and shoving his cock back into his mouth. “I like to be watched.”

Stepping into the hall, Gana closed the curtain behind her.

A short time later, a red-faced Saul fetched the soap Gana needed. “It’s free. Always will be if you don’t tell anyone.” He glanced nervously over her shoulder toward the door.

“No need, I can pay.” Laying the coin on the counter, she lifted her package and walked away.

“Gana, you won’t say anything?” he asked.

Looking over her shoulder, she smiled. “Did you keep quiet about my lovers?”

“I am sorry about that and about what I did. I guess I went a little mad. I still want women, but since that awful night, I only get hard for men. Do you think the count, what he said, could be the cause? Do you think he could help me?”



She shook her head. "They were only words. You are punishing yourself." Opening the door, she stepped out and let the door drift closed as she walked away. *Let him stew*. His sex life was really of no importance to her. It was very considerate of Cader to have defended her, but sexual partners should be one's own choice. She would ask him to allow Saul to be able to have sex with women again.

The town's people began visiting, proud to be in the company of the counts and countess. They hosted a ball after the restoration of the castle was complete, and invited the town. Even the children came and played on the lawn, while the adults danced and partied inside. Standing between her handsome husbands, Gana felt proud to be claimed by them. The village actually accepted that they were married, and that it was normal on the island where they had lived. Gana suspected this was helped by the vampires' abilities to hypnotize, also the villagers no longer had a reason to point a finger at anyone, Cader had seen to that also.

Cader did more for Saul than she asked; he made every married woman in town, aside from herself, and every man lust for Saul. Saul became the town whore. The poor man had people groping him everywhere he went. Only the unmarried women treated him with scorn, and would often cast stones at him. The only place he wasn't molested was at the castle. He became a frequent visitor.

"Lord Umas, you have the only faithful woman in town," Saul praised as she stepped through the doorway and closed the door behind her back. Her errand was to fetch tea, but she hesitated to hear the response.

"Yes, we love our mistress."

"We love our wife," Valo agreed nodding.

Cader chuckled. "Absolutely the best woman in this town."

Standing with her ear pressed to the parlor door, Gana fell in love again.

“Unfortunately, she does have one flaw, listening to private conversations.”

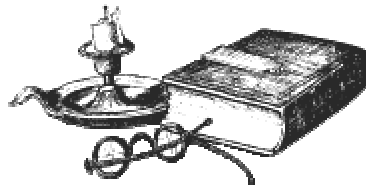
Covering her mouth to prevent a giggle, she slipped away from the door, escaping before she was actually caught and punished for her impudence. She knew they loved her and she loved them. That was all that mattered.

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Belita Renn is a dedicated romantic. She lives in Georgia with her family. A collector of gargoyles, she does crafts and studies psychology. A relative of actor Buster Keaton, she has written under the name Belita Keaton and Kim Parson. A retired hairstylist and real estate agent, she writes full-time. Visit her website to learn more about her works and what she is up to.

The main question most people want an answer to is: Why erotica? Answer: Sexual situations are a real and natural part of life. It should be included in our writing. Belita's first Sensual Romance was released in February 2005. Look for more of her works at Whiskey Creek Press Torrid. With reviews stating she is a recommended read that reveal the quality of her writing, this author is expected to provide us with hours of pleasure. Watch for her books.

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