

\* *Lady Aibell Press* \*

Roxanne Rhoads

**Renata**  
and the  
**Vampire  
Hunter**



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# **RENATA AND THE VAMPIRE HUNTER**

**By**

**Roxanne Rhoads**

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## Renata and the Vampire Hunter

The residents of the beautiful small town of Flushing, Michigan would never believe that a vampire lived among them. Renata looked up and down Main Street, lined with its original brick buildings now filled with stores and cafes. Even the rest of the town with its historical Victorian homes that still held their original beauty with lush lawns, exquisite landscaping, and tree-lined streets belied the presence of anything untoward. Surely nothing so dark and sinister as a vampire could taint the storybook beauty of the quaint little town.

Renata lived in one of those Victorian mansions. She bought it several years ago and kept a low profile. In the evenings, she made her rounds to say “hello” to her neighbors and attended town social gatherings. She was even a member of the country club. No one ever suspected she was anything other than what she appeared to be: a beautiful, moral, young, well-to-do woman who bothered no one and fit in quite well in their little town.

If anyone questioned why they did not see her during the day, she just replied that she worked all day as a writer and did not want to be disturbed. She also explained that she was allergic to the sun after getting severe sun poisoning in the Caribbean, so now she had to be careful because the sun made her extremely ill, confining her to bed with a migraine and other pains for days at a time. That, in a sense, was true: the sun did make her extremely ill, but it would not kill her like all the movies said it should. She did not burst into flames as soon as the sun touched her, but she would get a severe burn and be weak for several days. She *did* contract her illness in the Caribbean, though...but that was four hundred years ago.

The respectable folk of this sleepy little town would all be shocked if they ever found out what she really was or how she actually spent her days. Her sexual escapades would be enough to have her run out of town; add the blood drinking, and they would probably want her head on a platter. The people that lived there would be terrified to know of the horrific things she did while they were all snuggled safe in their beds. The wives would never believe the things Renata could make their husbands do. The husbands wouldn't believe it themselves since Renata always carefully erased any memory of their encounters. That is how Renata wanted it to be; her survival depended on it. She did not draw attention to herself or dress like it was Halloween everyday like some of the younger vampires she had met. The young ones did not understand that drawing attention could be a death sentence.

Renata remembered the burning times; she remembered the witch-hunts and the massacres. The hunters wanted to eradicate vampires and convince everyone that they did not exist. They did that to all the supernatural, inhuman, and superhuman creatures they could get a hold of. Only a few of the hunters understood that there were both bad and good vampires—that not all

of them were monsters. Most of the hunters killed every inhuman they found, not taking the time to find out whether they deserved it or not. Now there were only handfuls left around the world of these strange and beautiful creatures. Most people believed vampires only existed in fiction.

At least the fiction was just that: fiction. Normal people today didn't even know how to recognize a vampire in their midst, let alone kill one. Still, Renata chose to be careful. She knew there were hunters out there who came from a long line of men and women who were raised to be hunters, to be killers of her kind. But she felt they would never think to look for her in this little storybook town of perfection.

Renata did not worry about the hunters tonight. She looked forward to a night full of her own hunting since she hadn't made a kill in weeks. She tried to limit herself and only take what she needed to keep her alive. A bite here and there was much easier to cover up than a body drained of blood. She only needed to seduce a man and drink from him at the height of sexual arousal and passion. Blood taken at the peak of arousal was the sweetest of all: thick and full of life, like hot icing melting on a cinnamon roll. Renata enticed men and made love to them, drinking as they climaxed. She could easily seal a bite mark on living flesh. With a simple flick of her tongue, it disappeared without a trace. Erasing a man's memory of sexual transgressions always proved simple enough. His mind already wanted to forget; she just had to draw the memory from him and it was gone like it never happened.

Tonight, a carnival was in town. Renata could take a carnie without a problem; no one ever questioned the disappearance of a gypsy.

At dusk, she left her home and walked into town, stopping to mingle with the townspeople. There wasn't a man among them that she hadn't felt inside her and tasted his blood at least once. Her appetite grew with every minute. Her thirst for blood needed quenching and her body ached for sexual fulfillment. She didn't know which hunger created more of a curse: the constant thirst for blood or the aching desire for sexual contact. For a vampire, they were close to being equal except: without blood, a vampire would die; without sex, they would just be in agony.

After passing through the familiar faces on the street, new faces appeared in the crowd. Many out-of-towners attended the carnival—fresh blood, she could smell it.

A group of college guys, probably from one of the fraternity houses on the outside of town, were climbing out of an SUV. They were young, strong, and extremely attractive—nice appetizers. She approached two of the young men and slipped off her sweater now that the sun was disappearing. One glimpse and they could not take their eyes off her. Renata found herself blessed with everlasting youth and beauty since her rebirth as a vampire at the still tender age of twenty-five. She used it well. Her light olive skin struck a bold contrast to the long mahogany waves of her hair, and her dark brown eyes shimmered with a golden fire.

The college guys saw her voluptuous breasts straining against thin fabric, her flat stomach peaking out from under the tight little tank top, and her long legs topped by very feminine hips enhanced by her low-rise jeans. They wanted her, and they wanted her now. The fact that she was a little older than them made it that much sweeter.

She could feel the heat and desire flowing from their young bodies; it made her hot and wet with anticipation. She knew just where to take them; a secluded spot in the woods behind the park where she hid some blankets earlier.

"Hello, gentlemen. Are you enjoying your night?" she asked them.

"I think we're about to start enjoying it a lot more," said the tall, dark-haired one.

"Oh yeah, I think things are about to get interesting," said the muscular, blond one.

"My name is Renata."

"I'm Drake," said the dark-haired one. Pointing to the blond, he added, "And this is Mike."

Renata could feel the sexual tension in the air. "Why don't we get out of here and do something more enjoyable?"

"Where do you want to go?" the blond asked.

"Follow me."

She led them down the midway and past all the games until safely out of the park. They followed her deep into the forest. When the threesome reached the clearing in the woods, she turned to them and pulled off her thin, little top, exposing her full, round breasts. Her dark nipples hardened in the cool night air.

The two guys stared at her—not even a drunken sorority chick was this easy. Frantically, they started ripping off their own clothes. Soon, Drake and Mike stood naked in front of Renata, their impressive erections waiting for her attention.

Renata slipped out of her sandals and slid her jeans down over her curves. She delicately took off her thong and tossed it on the ground next to one of the blankets she left there earlier. She rubbed her hands over her aching breasts, across her tight stomach, and down between her legs. Her pubic hair, dark and silky, trimmed into a perfect triangle, while the rest of her was bare.

"Come here, boys," she ordered.

They were quick to obey her command. Drake reached out, his lean, muscular arms and grasped her breasts with his strong hands. Mike knelt on the ground between her legs. They explored her naked flesh with hands, lips, and tongues, caressing and probing every inch of her. The three of them lay on the ground, limbs tangled and flesh merging together. Drake's perfect penis found its way into Renata's mouth. He never noticed the tiny bite she placed on it as she began to lick. She hungrily sucked at his cock to drink in tiny amounts of blood that flowed from the wound. Mike explored Renata's swollen nether lips with his tongue and drank her sweet nectar. Then, he climbed on top of her and plunged his hard shaft into her pulsating flesh, burying his hardness deep inside her. She moaned in ecstasy as the two cocks slid in and out of her. She drank in Mike's desire and Drake's blood.

She now wanted to taste Mike. Sitting up, she pushed him onto his back. She licked his cock, tasting herself on it. That turned her on even more. She grazed the head of his prick with her teeth and a little blood trickled out. She quickly lapped it up and started sucking hard to draw out more. Drake moved behind her, shoving his dick into her dripping-wet pussy while she kept sucking Mike. Renata could feel the droplets of blood still spilling from Drake. It made her pussy pulsate and tighten around him. Both set of lips sucked blood from her willing young victims, but it wasn't enough. She needed to puncture a main artery.

Renata pulled away from Drake and climbed on top of Mike, impaling herself on his long rod. She quivered as she rode him. She kissed his neck, licking it gently as she fucked him faster and harder. When she could feel he him getting close, she plunged her razor-sharp teeth into his neck just as he exploded inside her. His blood flowed into her mouth as his semen flowed into her vagina. Her body absorbed his passion and energy as she came on top of him. She drank just enough then erased the bite, leaving him in a euphoric stupor where he drifted in and out of consciousness.

She rolled onto her back and spread her legs, giving Drake an open invitation. Drake didn't hesitate and rammed her hard and fast. She wrapped her arms and legs around his hard, young body, drawing him closer to her. Her teeth sunk into a vein as he released his hot flood inside her

body. She drained his cock and drank his blood while he shuddered and moaned on top of her. Ecstasy flooded her body. She climaxed over and over again as she drank in his lust.

Momentarily satisfied, Renata cleaned up and dressed herself as the guys lay sleeping on the blanket. They would wake up in a little while with no idea she took some of their blood. A wild sexual encounter is all they would remember.

Renata still desired more. She wanted complete satisfaction; she needed to kill. She searched for a candidate that no one would miss. Criminals and men on the run from society usually filled these carnivals. In the past many a cold and evil carnie crossed her path. By the time she finished with the college boys, the carnival was shutting down for the night and would be gone by morning. It was the perfect time to find someone.

She strolled around the park, making small talk with the workers. She scanned their minds while she spoke to them, asking innocent questions such as: had they been with the carnival long, where were they going next, did they have any family, things like that. Her questions led her to a drifter named Tony new to the carnival at their last stop. He did set-up and tear-down so he didn't own any of the rides or games which meant he would never be missed. A worker told her where to find him, so she took him a beer.

"I bet you could use a cold drink after the long day you've had," she said as she swaggered up to him. He was big, at least six foot four with muscles popping out everywhere, dark, tanned skin, and curly, raven-black hair. He would be a pleasure to fuck.

"Thanks, ma'am. That's nice of you," he said, turning around to look at her. His green eyes burned into her; they didn't match the softness of his voice. His eyes held a myriad of secrets. This man seemed to be on the run from something very bad. She couldn't tell if it was something bad he did or if something bad was after him. He didn't have an evil aura, but he was guarded. She tried to read his mind but found it blocked. Strange, she thought. She had never come across a simple man with the ability to block thoughts.

"You're welcome," she said. "My name is Renata"

"That's a beautiful name." He surprised her by adding, "It means 'she who was born again.'"

"Yes, how did you know that?" she asked.

"I pass time by reading baby name books. I know it is strange, but sometimes you can tell a lot about a person by their name and what it means."

"Really? What can you tell about me by what my name means?" she asked.

"I can tell you have probably moved around a lot. A long time ago, you went through a major change that caused you to be 'reborn.' Your life hasn't been the same since."

Renata didn't like his answer; it hit too close to home. She started to worry that she picked the wrong carnie to play with.

Tony could sense that his stupid comment about her name almost scared her away. He had revealed too much and now he needed to put her at ease. He couldn't push her away before he even got close to her, so he smiled and said, "Hey, I'm just messing with you. This isn't the first carnival I've traveled with. I've worked as a psychic and palm reader before, so I learned a few tricks along the way. It's nothing to get worked up about."

Tony watched Renata. Her tense actions showed she knew something wasn't right. Damn, he should have been more cautious. This was a smart vampire, not a fledgling that never encountered a hunter before. *God, she was beautiful.* Markus, his uncle, did not prepared him for just how enchanting she was. Markus raised Tony from the time his parents were killed by vampires at the age of four. Markus trained him well, and brought him into the family of hunters,

but that just did not prepare him for Renata's beauty or her allure. Older than any vampire he encountered before then; her presence was intense. She smoldered with sexual power, her eyes promised satisfaction beyond his wildest imagination, and those lips... He had to shake himself, *You idiot, think about what's behind those lips: very sharp fangs that can shred you in an instant.*

Renata did not know what to think about this man, but he was having a strange affect on her. Even though she should, she couldn't force herself to walk away and search for another victim. She suddenly wanted him bad, real bad. Even in her worst hunger, she never craved anyone like this before. It was more than thirst and hunger—it was an unexplainable need.

"Well, I should let you get back to work. You probably have a lot to do tonight. I just wanted to give you that drink," Renata said and began to walk away.

"No, wait! I'm done. Someone else can finish this up. Maybe you can show me around this town. It looks so pretty—like a picture out of a storybook. I've never been to a place like this before." He tried hard not to let her get away. If she walked away now, he would not have another chance to get close to her.

"Well, it's pretty late; everything is closed now. There is not much to see," Renata said hesitantly.

"Can we just walk around? I would like to spend some time with you. Most people don't give us carnies the time of day—especially in a town like this. *You* came up and talked to me. I want to know more about you."

"Okay, let's go for a walk." She just couldn't say "no" to him.

Renata led him around, showing him all the little shops and cafes and telling him some history about the town. They walked past the river and over the bridge, ambling out of the main part of town. Renata did not even realize she was leading him right to her home. In a few minutes, they would be right in front of her house. Damn, she never ever took victims to her home and something told her this was no time to make an exception. She had a feeling he was going to be trouble. Just being close to him scrambled her brain; her senses on fire.

As soon as they were in front of her home, she found the words just flowing uncontrollably from her mouth. "This is my house. Would you like to come in?"

Tony knew he should refuse; he did not have any of his weapons or tools on him.

"I'd love to," he said. Damn, this creature was controlling his mind and leading him by his dick. He was so attracted to her he could feel his erection throbbing in his jeans. He hoped she didn't notice.

As they stepped into her house, heat flooded her entire body as she noticed a very large bulge in the front of Tony's jeans. The desire was so strong it made her dizzy. The door shut behind them and Renata found herself in Tony's embrace. His strong arms wrapped around her thin body, pressing her tight against him. His erection nudged her leg. He pressed his lips to hers and kissed her passionately.

Renata led them toward the bedroom without ever letting go of him. She started ripping at his clothes, pulling off his shirt and undoing his zipper to release his massive prick from its restraints. She gasped as it popped out of his pants. Never in her four hundred years had she encountered a man that well-endowed.

While Renata undressed him, Tony also tugged and pulled at her clothes. He pulled off her top and found the most perfect pair of breasts he had ever seen, round and full with beautiful brownish-pink nipples. He sucked them into his mouth, cupping her smooth breasts in his large



hands. He admired her soft olive tone skin, the color of cream with just a splash of coffee. She was a goddess and he wanted to worship her.

Soon they were a mass of flesh writhing on the bed. Fingers and lips explored and teased. Renata took in all of his masculine beauty. Dark, tanned skin stretched over bulging muscles that tensed and rippled with every movement. She ran her fingers through his silky, black curls and along his strong jaw to his full, sensual lips. She kissed him, feeling exquisite emotions never felt before. Her teeth nicked his lip and he started to bleed. He opened his eyes and looked at her. *He knew.*

“It’s okay,” he said as he kissed her long and hard.

She tasted his blood, the sweetest, purest blood that ever crossed her lips. It drove her into frenzy; she craved more.

*I’m bleeding,* Tony thought to himself. *She tasted my blood. I’m a dead man and I don’t even care. I want her that much; I’m willing to die just to be with her once. This is insane. I was sent to kill her and I’m just going to let her kill me instead.*

In his arousal and need for her, he forgot to block his mind and she picked up on his thoughts.

Renata looked deep into Tony’s eyes. “I can not kill you, my love. Yes, originally I sought you out as my victim and planned to kill tonight, but I cannot do it. Just let me taste you. Let me drink from you. It will not hurt. Afterwards, you can do with me what you must.”

Tony climbed on top of her, parting her creamy thighs and sliding his huge cock inside her hot, wet, pulsating pussy. She stretched so much she didn’t think she could take any more of him in. With every inch he thrust inside her, she moaned and gripped him tighter. He pushed all the way in, rocking gently back and forth. She wrapped so tight around him; he was in heaven. Renata pulled him close to her, wrapping her arms around him in a passionate embrace. He kissed her lips and stared into her eyes. Then he offered his neck to her. She could see the blood pulsing through the artery. She hesitated slightly, then bit.

His blood flowed freely through open veins. Hot and sensual, his blood poured over her tongue and down her throat. The warmth filled her soul. Her embrace and the dance of her body swept him away. She twisted and moved under him. He followed her lead and started pounding into her hard and fast, pushing them both closer and closer to climax. She still drank from his throat as they hit that peak together. Orgasm after orgasm rocked Renata’s body as Tony’s blood and semen coursed through her. The bloodlust overcame her and she could not let go of the dark embrace, drinking more and more of his pure sweet blood until reality finally took hold of her.

She let go of his throat and he collapsed on top of her. He turned pale, his breathing shallow. She feared she had taken too much. Renata cried blood-soaked tears as she rolled him over onto his back. He was barely breathing and his pulse was weak.

“Tony, can you hear me? I am so sorry, my love. I took too much. I didn’t mean to. Please don’t die,” she cried.

Tony opened his eyes and smiled faintly, “It was worth it. One night with you was worth everything. I-I love you.” His eyes closed as he slipped into unconsciousness.

Renata screamed and cried, pounding on his chest and kissing his lips. Her bloody tears fell into his mouth and he opened his eyes again. Her blood, his blood, their blood—it was mixed together. That was the key. She could bring him back, but she would have to change him.

In her lifetime, she had only made one other vampire. She made him so she would not have to be alone anymore. They had fifty years together and then she watched him die at the hands of a hunter. Even though she was still lonely, she swore she would never make another. Now she

had a hunter dying in her arms, a man trained to kill vampires, and had come for her. She loved him more than anything in her long lifetime and she believed he loved her, too. *What would he be like as a vampire?* Sometimes the change was so drastic, the nature of the human would disappear and only a bloodthirsty animal remained.

He was fading fast; she needed to make up her mind. She slit her throat with a sharp fingernail and leaned over his mouth to let their blood drip in. He opened his eyes and sat up, reaching for her. He latched onto her throat and sucked deeply. His strong arms became harder and stronger as he pulled the blood from her body. The embrace sealed them together as one.

Tony was so hungry, he couldn't let go of Renata's throat, he didn't want to let go. She drained him and now he would drain her.

*So that is what he planned all along,* thought Renata as she slipped in and out of darkness. *He wanted me to change him; that is how he planned to kill me.*

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He stared back and could see her golden fire fading.

He heard her thoughts and let go of her. "No, I don't want to kill you. The hunger—it just took over. Drink from me, please."

He placed her mouth against the puncture marks in his throat and she again drank from them. This time she let go without taking too much.

They lay in each other's arms, curled together as the sun rose outside. They wouldn't be able to get fresh blood until sundown; they would have to make do with the cold blood stored in her refrigerator. She brought some to Tony and he gulped it down. The hunger would be fierce for a couple days until his body completed the change. She would help him through it, but first she had to ask him something.

"What are you going to do as a hunter turned vampire? Will you hunt and kill your own kind? Do you understand that there are vampires like me who only try to kill the wicked and evil humans that no one will miss? I understand there are evil vampires out there—some are just bloodthirsty animals—but we are not all like that."

"Renata, my darling, are you still worried that I am out to kill you? The truth is I have never actually killed a vampire. I watched my uncle and some of the other hunters kill vampires, but I have never killed one with my own hands. I do know there are vampires that are monsters and there are some that are not. Some are like you. You were my first assignment on my own. I just don't understand why Uncle Markus sent me after you knowing what you are like. He has watched you for years. He did not tell me you were not evil."

"Markus is your uncle? I should have known. Markus sent you to me for a reason: he knew you would never be able to kill me. I am the one that saved you from the vampires that killed your parents. They were a couple of wild ones, more animal than anything. I killed one. The other got away from me but ran right into Markus. I held your tiny body in my arms as you cried for your parents. You were so tiny and so beautiful, you stole my heart and I had to protect you. Markus found me clutching you tight. I did not want to give you to him until I found out who he was. He was grateful and vowed to repay me someday. He asked what I wanted most and I said to not be lonely anymore. It took twenty-five years, but I guess he finally figured out a way to fix that: he sent you to me."

"I can't believe Markus didn't tell me. What if I had killed you?"

"I guess he knew your true nature better than you," answered Renata as she leaned down to kiss him.

Tony grabbed her, wrapping his arms around her still naked body.

They made love for days, which eased Tony's transformation, only stopping to feed and sleep. That is how their relationship would be for many, many years to come.

THE END

## **About the Author**

### **Roxanne Rhoads**

Roxanne Rhoads is a freelance writer, erotica author, poet and editor. Her poetry has appeared on justusroux.com, sensualvenus.com, barebackmag.com, oystersandchocolate.com and on tit-elation.com. Her non-fiction work can be read at sex-kitten.net/roxannearchive.html and associatedcontent.com/roxanne. Her erotic fiction stories have appeared in Playgirl Magazine, on justusroux.com, and tit-elation.com. Her erotic vampire story *Eternal Passions* can be purchased through midnightshowcase.com.

You can always read her work at Tit-Elation.com, Sex-Kitten.net and check out her blog to stay up to date on her activities. Visit Roxanne's Realm at [www.roxannesrealm.blogspot.com](http://www.roxannesrealm.blogspot.com)

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