

**MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE**

**ISSN 1555-5496 Vol.R06-012**

**Nightshade Inn**

**By**

**Jamie Hill**

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

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Published in the USA by  
Midnight Showcase  
PO Box 300491  
Houston, TX 77230

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

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**ISSN 1555-5496 Vol.R06-12**

## Credits

Editor, Anna Fallon

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Romp Cover Layout by Mae Powers

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**Jamie Hill**

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After Sam and Sadie Matthews tie the knot at the Heart and Soul, they need a room for the night. Romantic is good, free champagne is better, and the close location is the best, because Sam is ready-oh, so ready!-to deflower his virgin bride. The couple is slightly unnerved by the owner of the inn, Cassandra Nightshade, a beautiful woman with ankle-length silver hair and inch-long nails. But they check in anyway, not realizing that they will never check out.

## Nightshade Inn

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### PROLOGUE

“Two drops of Belladonna,” she read from the Book of Spells, using a dropper to measure exactly.

“To lessen irritability and pain,” he interrupted, reading over her shoulder.

She elbowed him playfully in the stomach, and he stepped back. “In larger doses, the nerve endings of involuntary muscles are paralyzed, and when it reaches the central nervous system it causes excitement and delirium.”

“Delirium,” he repeated.

She cast a glance at him, he licked his lips, and she turned back to the book.

“Two drops of Catuaba, an aphrodisiac known for increasing sexual desire and reducing anxiety.”

“Make it three drops Catuaba,” he encouraged in an eager sounding voice. He came close again and she heard the sound of him licking his lips.

Another elbow to the stomach effectively shut him up. “This isn’t for you, remember? Belladonna can be fatal if used improperly.”

“Belladonna,” he read “also known as Deadly Nightshade.” He took a step closer and ran his fingers through her long silver hair.

She stiffened for a moment, and then let herself fall back against him. “Deadly...ah, yes, you’d better believe it.”

He moved the hair away from her neck and nuzzled her. His hands snaked around and cupped her breasts firmly. “Perhaps we should stick with the Catuaba, then, Precious One.”

“Yes.” She arched her back as he plucked her nipples through the fabric of her dress into stiff peaks. Her hands worked the black curls on his head and tugged at them, encouraging him to continue his

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ministrations. “When we’re, ah, finished here, maybe we could give it a go.”

He chuckled softly into her neck. The only time she let him call the shots was when he physically aroused her. The rest of the time he did her bidding, and seemed grateful for his good fortune.

## CHAPTER ONE - I do

“I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.”

Sam Matthews smiled at his new wife and pulled her gently into his arms. His kiss, sweet and tender; was not exactly the way he felt like kissing her but it was their wedding, for crissakes. Now married, the rest of their lives would be an exploration of the thoughts and scenarios running through his mind.

Sadie whimpered slightly and leaned into the kiss. *That does it*, Sam decided, *time to get out of here and off to a motel*. He pulled back from her lips and smiled. Turning his attention to the minister he said, “Thank you, Reverend Colliver. We really appreciate your working us in tonight.”

The reverend closed his book and looked at the couple. His six-foot four-inch height alone felt intimidating, but jet black eyes staring out from his pale face became almost too much to bear. To top it all off, a head of greasy blue-black hair stuck out in a most unruly manner. It gave the reverend a seriously creepy looking appearance in Sam’s estimation. He and Sadie almost backed out when they met him in the lobby. Sadie chose the place because the name sounded cute: *Heart and Soul Wedding Chapel*. The reverend himself could not be described as cute though. Whispered deliberations between Sam and Sadie continued until the reverend’s wife joined them and allayed their fears.

Janine Colliver seemed perfectly normal, Sam noticed with relief. Tanned, fit, and extremely beautiful, although he felt embarrassed to admit he saw her in that light. Her ebony hair, the same color as her husband’s, appeared well-groomed. The length fell to her shoulders. Sam’s gazed slightly lower and couldn’t help but admire the lush, ripe cleavage he found there. Thirty-eight DD he guessed, his knowledge gleaned from a vast collection of Victoria’s Secret catalogs.

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Gorgeous big knockers notwithstanding, Mrs. Colliver welcomed them to the Heart and Soul and set Sam and Sadie at ease. “Call me Janine,” she said pleasantly. She discussed the ceremony and possible music choices, and offered to stand up as a witness to the joyful event. Her husband performed the ritual professionally, and Sam felt a little more at ease as the big man looked down upon them afterwards.

“Happy to be of service,” Reverend Colliver told them, his deep voice thick with an accent that sounded Cajun. “Blessed be your union in alignment with the moon and stars.”

“Yeah, right,” Sam said nervously, really wanting to get out of there. He put his hand on Sadie’s lower back and urged her towards the door.

“Tip them,” she whispered.

“We already paid,” Sam muttered.

“Give them a tip,” she insisted.

Sam pulled out his wallet and looked in it blankly, unsure of how much one tipped a big, greasy, creepy reverend.

Sadie reached in and grabbed a twenty, tucking it into the reverend’s hand. “Thank you,” she told him, and smiled at his wife.

“Bless you.” The reverend pocketed the cash and followed them to the door.

Janine joined them and asked “Do you two have a room for the night?”

“Not yet,” Sam replied. “But this is Las Vegas; there must be a million hotel or motel rooms out there.”

“Of course,” she replied with a knowing smile, “if you’re into neon lights and slot machines.” She pulled a business card from her pocket and handed it to Sam. “Here’s a place we highly recommend, and they specialize in honeymooners.”

Sam looked at the card, deep blue in color with silver stars on it.

*Nightshade Inn*

*Where romance is just the beginning...and passion endures forever.*

Sadie glanced over his shoulder. “That sounds nice.”

“I don’t know,” Sam said hesitantly. The card gave off the creepy-reverend feel. “We might just find a Motel Six.”

“Ooh!” Sadie pouted at him.

Janine spoke up “The Nightshade provides complimentary champagne and a romantic late night snack—and don’t worry, the

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rates are very reasonable. They're small and cozy, more like a bed-and-breakfast."

Sadie batted her eyes and pursed her mouth at Sam until he relented. He wanted those pouty red lips on his body, and he didn't care if that happened in some inn or in the lobby of the MGM Grand, for crissakes. "Okay, Mrs. Matthews, whatever you want."

She threw her arms around his neck and hugged him with a delighted squeal. When he could finally right himself he asked, "Do we need to phone ahead and make sure they have a room for us?"

"There's always room at the Nightshade," Reverend Colliver replied with a quirky-looking smile.

"Well, great then...uh, thanks so much." Sam reached for the doorknob.

"Yes, thank you both," Sadie added.

Janine smiled at them. "You're welcome. Have a wonderful night."

"Have a wonderful life!" the reverend added, and Sam heard booming laughter as he hurried Sadie down the sidewalk to their car. He opened her door and helped her in, then settled into the driver's seat.

"Wow," he muttered, unable to shake the uneasy feeling lurking over him.

"Yeah, wow!" Sadie beamed, almost glowing. "We're really married! Mr. and Mrs. Sam Matthews. Sadie Matthews. I can't believe it!"

He smiled at his bride's enthusiasm and some of the nervousness left his body. Another feeling seeped into his limbs, coursing through his vital organs...unadulterated lust. Sam harbored an urge to get his wife into bed for the first time.

Sadie, a self-confessed virgin when he met her, swore to remain one until her wedding night. Sam, on the other hand, lost his virginity at age seventeen. By the time he met Sadie at age twenty, he'd enjoyed lots of sex. Now almost twenty-two, Sam was faithful to Sadie for the whole year and a half they dated, but he felt horny. Extremely, incredibly horny, and ready to get down to some serious business. He wanted to be a good husband and lover—he knew he needed to take things slowly and gently with his virgin bride, but damned if he wasn't throbbing at the mere thought of sex. It would be excruciating to take things slowly. He only hoped he wouldn't explode the instant he entered her.



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The small map on the business card for the Nightshade Inn directed Sam to a street just a few blocks off the noisy Vegas Strip. The neighborhoods seemed quieter and Janine quoted correctly...no neon lights. A small, dignified sign announced “Nightshade Inn” in front of a large, well-maintained older home. Painted in the same dark smoky blue as the business card, large concrete gargoyles guarded the steps either side of the walkway.

“This is beautiful,” Sadie looked the place over, “much more romantic than a casino.”

“I hope they're right about the prices,” Sam grumbled as he found a parking space on the street and hoisted two small suitcases from the back seat of his Nova.

They approached the inn cautiously.

“I’m sure they are. Why would they mislead us?”

He rolled his eyes at his new bride. Sadie may be an attractive brown-eyed brunette, but she definitely alluded to blonde moments. “Kickbacks, perhaps? Don’t think the Collivers over at Heart and Soul aren’t getting something out of referring us here. I’ll bet they get a percentage of the room fees for every couple they send over.”

“Oh well,” Sadie said dreamily, and shrugged. “What difference does it make to us? As long as the room is nice...and Janine said they give free champagne and snacks.”

“Free?” Sam snorted. “It’s all figured into their prices, you know it is.”

She stopped and faced him. “Why are you being so critical? Nothing seems good enough for you.”

“I’m sorry.” Guilt washed through Sam. He wanted to make this night special for Sadie, something she’d never forget. He *was* being sort of a wet blanket. He needed to get past the creepy feeling and look forward to what lie ahead of them. “I’ll try harder, I promise.” Leaning over to plant a light kiss on her lips, Sam smiled.

“Thank you.” Sadie smiled back at him, caressing his cheek with her hand. “Have I told you today how much I love you?”

“Only ten or twelve times. But I’ll never get tired of hearing it.”

She leaned in and kissed him and when her tongue slid into his mouth, Sam groaned.

“Let’s get this room rented, shall we? We have a long night ahead of us.” He guided her to the front door, and a bell tinkled as he pulled it open.

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The reception area of the inn looked dimly lit, but then the time was rather late, Sam noted. He hoped they'd still make good on the free champagne and snacks. He glanced around the room. "Wonder if they heard the bell?"

Sadie inched closer to him and looked around. "They like their dark velvet here, don't they?"

Sam chuckled. From what he could see, it was the only fabric in the room. Heavy drapes covered the windows and they matched the sofa and upright chairs in the waiting area.

Sadie peeked around the corner and commented "The dining room looks nice."

Sam stepped up and looked with her. "Yeah, not bad."

A long table stood in the middle of the room, and a few smaller round tables surrounded it. Sam noticed another long table set apart, off to the side. All the tables wore luxurious deep red tablecloths. Nothing else sat on them.

"Red," Sadie mused. "I bet they look pretty when they're set for a meal."

He shrugged. "Not that we're going to be spending any time down here." He slid his arm around her waist and pulled her closer to him. "Once I get you alone, I plan to keep you that way for a long, long time." He kissed her temple.

She smiled and turned to face him, sliding her arms around his waist. Sadie pulled his body tightly against hers. "I like the sound of that."

Kissing softly at first, the passion increased quickly. Sam heard the sound of a throat being cleared. Quickly pulling away from Sadie he turned towards the front desk and the direction of the sound. He inhaled sharply, coughed to cover his embarrassment and tried to look innocent.

"May I help you?" The woman speaking stunned him with her features. Certainly attractive enough, her thirty-eight DD's rivaled Janine's in every way. Her long black dress accented the cleavage fully, making it impossible for Sam not to stare. But the most stunning feature had to be her hair. Luminous shining silver, parted in the middle, falling smooth and straight down to her ankles.

"Wow," Sam stammered. "You have...uh...that's the longest hair I've ever seen."

The woman flicked a silver strand over her shoulder. "I've never gotten more than a trim." She looked Sam and Sadie over before

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finally offering a smile. "I'm Cassandra Nightshade." She extended her hand to Sam and then Sadie, and they shook it gingerly.

Sam couldn't help but notice her inch-long nails, manicured perfectly, and painted black. *This woman is a trip!*

"I'm Sam Matthews, and this is my wife Sadie." He smiled goofily as he said the words for the first time.

"Ah, yes. Janine phoned me about you. Do step over to the desk and let me get you registered." Cassandra walked behind the desk as Sam stepped up in front of it.

"Yeah, Janine told us you run a nice place here, probably a little more romantic than the casinos on the Strip."

She smiled at him again. "Romance is our specialty. When you begin a relationship at the Nightshade Inn, we guarantee your passion will endure forever."

He chuckled nervously. "That's quite a guarantee, there. Maybe you ought to tell a few more people about it—Tom and Nicole, Kenny and Renee..."

She looked at him as if he spoke a foreign language.

He chuckled nervously again and glanced at Sadie, who laughed at the joke for his benefit. They both turned back to Cassandra. "Janine, uh, didn't say how much your rates are."

"Fifty dollars a night."

He looked at her with surprise. "We were hoping for the champagne and snack rate, if it's not too late, that is..."

"Absolutely. Fifty dollars for the night, and I'll have Dimitri show you to your room and bring up your refreshments." She handed him a pen and the book to sign the registry.

Another quick glance at Sadie who smiled and nodded, and Sam signed and pulled the cash from his wallet. "Well, thank you!" He felt better about everything until he spotted the man he assumed was Dimitri.

A spitting-image double for the Reverend Colliver, this man fell shorter by a mere few inches, his curly black hair at least looked clean. But they shared the same dark eyes and pasty skin tones. Sam glanced at Cassandra; her skin looked a touch pasty as well. Didn't these people know about tanning beds? He watched as the man approached. "You look just like the reverend who married us."

He stared at Sam before replying "My brother Dexter. I'm Dimitri Colliver." His accent more pronounced; it sounded French rather than his brother's Cajun.

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“Ah ha,” Sam nodded knowingly at Sadie, who jabbed him in the stomach.

She said quickly “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Colliver. Your brother gave us a wonderful ceremony.”

“He does good work,” Dimitri commented, and looked at Cassandra.

She placed a key in his hand and told him softly “I believe Mr. and Mrs. Matthews will be comfortable in Room Eight.”

“Very good.” He took the key and picked up their bags. “Would you follow me, please?” He started up the stairs.

“Of course.” Sadie tugged at Sam and told Cassandra “Thank you so much. I guess we’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Yes. Enjoy your night.”

“I’m sure we will,” Sadie replied pulling Sam along to enter the room Dimitri unlocked.

He turned on the lamp and placed their bags on the settee by the bed. “I’ll return in ten minutes with your champagne and light meal. I hope that will be satisfactory.”

“Sure,” Sadie said, and they watched him close the door as he left. She turned to Sam. “Guess he wasn’t sure we could wait ten minutes. *I hope that will be satisfactory*,” she mimicked. She spun around and giggled. “It does feel kind of strange that everyone knows we’re here to have sex.”

“We’re on our honeymoon, for crissakes,” Sam muttered irritably. “What should we be doing?”

She swirled around one last time and stopped in front of him. “Well, personally, never having had sex before, this is all new to me.” She touched his cheek. “You’re cranky again. What’s wrong, baby?”

“This guy is the reverend’s brother...how weird is that?”

Sadie shrugged this time. “Not so weird. They throw business each other’s way, most families do that. I don’t see the big deal.” She wiggled her hips at him, and Sam remembered the reason they’d come here.

The knock interrupted for hopefully the last time, Sam thought, and smiled as he opened the door. “Right on time.”

“Of course.” Dimitri wheeled in a silver cart with a tray of fruit and hors d’oeuvres, an ice bucket with an open bottle of champagne, and two crystal glasses. He poured two glasses of the sparkling liquid and handed one to each of them. “Is there anything else I can do for you this evening?”

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“I don’t believe so,” Sadie replied and looking at Sam, nodded towards Dimitri. “Tip!” she mouthed.

Sam sighed as he pulled out his wallet yet again and handed over a five dollar bill. Sadie yanked out another five and offered it to their waiter.

“Thank you.” He nodded and backed out.

“You’re welcome!” Sadie called before Sam slammed the door between them.

He bolted the deadbolt and turned to face his wife. “Alone at last.”

Sadie raised her glass to him. “Shall we toast?”

“You bet.” He stepped up next to her and clinked his glass against hers. “To...possibilities...”

She smiled at him over her glass as they drank.

## CHAPTER TWO - I will

“This is good champagne.” Sadie finished her first glass and Sam refilled it to the brim.

“Drink up. It’ll take the edge off for you.”

She continued to sip and watched him set his glass down. “You’re not having any more?”

He chuckled. “Nope. Alcohol sometimes does...*things*...to the male anatomy. I’m feeling just fine without it.” He smiled at her and removed his shirt.

Sadie tossed back the rest of her second glass and set the crystal aside. “I’d like to see this anatomy. I’ve never seen a naked man before.”

Sam unbuttoned the front of her shirt. “All in good time, my love. We’re going to take this slow and easy. I want it to be perfect for you.” He slipped the shirt off her shoulders and reached behind to unclasp it. “I’ve wanted to get my hands on these for a *long* time.” He freed her breasts and tossed the bra aside. “Sweet Jesus, you’re beautiful Sadie.”

She groaned as he buried his face between her breasts and began licking and sucking each nipple in turn. “Oh Sam,” she murmured. She'd never felt anything so wonderful. Sadie felt this night would be an awakening for her, on many levels.

He guided her down on the bed underneath him, dragging her slacks and panties off. Sadie groaned again as Sam’s kisses left her breasts and trailed down her stomach. She ran a hand through his soft yellow hair; he looked so cute, she smiled to herself. *But that Dimitri Colliver, now he’s a handsome man.*

*Where did that thought come from?* Sadie panicked. *Have I said anything out loud?* Judging by the intensity of Sam’s kisses, evidently not. Lord, she felt woozy. Maybe she should have taken the champagne a little slower. Sadie couldn’t remember the last time she’d eaten, *damn it!* She hoped the alcohol didn’t knock her out.

Sam interrupted her thoughts as he settled himself between her legs and pressed them apart. He ran a finger through her folds and Sadie heard him murmur "You're so beautiful. I want to make you feel good." He dipped his head between her thighs and flicked his tongue over her.

Sadie swooned at the incredible sensation "That feels really good," she responded giddily.

"I want to make you come before I enter you. I know it's going to be painful, but I think that might help."

"I trust you, Sam," she whispered. *Why was she whispering?* She tried to speak louder. "I love you." Her voice remained a mere whisper.

"I love you too, baby." He buried his face and pleased her with intensity.

"Oh lord!" Sadie clutched the bedspread underneath her. *So this is how sex feels.* Her insides bubbled and she felt hot and wanton. She spread her legs to him fully, aching for more.

She heard Sam's muffled groans as she ground herself into his face. She seemed so close...on the edge of something wonderful, she could just feel it. Closing her eyes, Sadie gasped as Sam's tongue slid deep inside her. Ripples of sensation flooded as Sadie experienced her first orgasm, moaning and gasping as Sam manipulated her with his mouth. "Oh, Sam!" she cried, but the words caught in her throat.

"Yeah, baby." He smiled as he climbed on top of her and pressed his erection between her legs. "Feel good?"

"It felt great," Sadie sighed, and then gasped again as she felt his hardness press into her. "Um, I don't know..."

"It'll hurt for a minute, but I promise it will get better." Sam pushed against her barrier and with a sharp sting of pain, Sadie felt him slip inside. She moaned.

"It's okay," he whispered, kissing her ear as he rocked her gently back and forth.

Sadie became accustomed to the new feeling, and soon the pressure of his body filling hers aroused her again. "Sam, yes," she moaned again.

He chuckled, and nipped at her neck. "That's my baby. Come on, sugar. Come for me again."

He increased his thrusts and Sadie raised her hips to meet his. "Oh, I'm coming..."

"Come on," he panted, and she heard him groan as her convulsions began. She felt him quivering with her, and then she felt his warm heat pulse into her in spurts.

"Sam," she sighed as their orgasms gently faded. "I love you."

He lifted his head and grinned at her. "I love you, too, baby."

"I'm exhausted," she said, her voice still a whisper.

"Rest for a minute." He brushed her hair back from her face. "I'm not through with you yet."

"Good." She smiled at him then closed her eyes.

\* \* \* \*

Sadie had no idea how long she slept, but something seemed different. She blinked and looked around, finding herself stretched out on a long table in the dining room. Her hands and feet secured to each corner, she should feel terrified, but only a tingle of excitement teased her body. Her restraints felt soft, not hurting at all, God, she felt turned on!

Surely hallucinating, she wondered how this could be happening? *Damn, I did drink too much champagne!* A mouth worked over her clit deliciously. *Well, Sam obviously decided to get more adventurous.* Sadie decided to relax and enjoy the sensations. After all, a wedding night should be special. The urge to come again rose within her. Having experienced her first orgasms, she ached for more.

Sadie strained against his mouth, desperate to feel her release. "Harder, Sam!" she tried to speak, but the words came out in a whisper.

Why couldn't she speak louder? She wiggled her knees back and forth, trying to get his attention. She felt his tongue go deeply inside her again—God, was she ever hallucinating! His tongue felt a foot long! And then his mouth began a slow nibble up her body.

*No, wait! I didn't come yet!* She was too embarrassed to speak her thoughts.

He stopped to suckle each breast, tugging at her nipples forcefully. His mouth felt heavenly and Sadie squeezed her eyes shut. Feeling his body now on top of hers, she welcomed his kiss on her lips. His tongue still felt huge as it pressed its way around, nudging her teeth. Sadie tingled as she tasted herself, and a gush of wetness seeped between her legs. She was ready—oh man, was she ready!

She opened her eyes and jolted in fear seeing Dimitri Colliver instead of Sam. "What are you doing?" she whispered angrily,



widening her eyes at him. "It's all right," he murmured to her, running a soothing hand over her cheek.

"Where is Sam?" she insisted.

"Sam is fine." He leaned down and kissed her mouth lightly. "Sam is watching us, darling. Does that excite you?"

Sweet Jesus, it did. *But why?*

"He wanted this night to be perfect. He knew I could offer you that. Look at me, Sadie." He rose up above her, kneeling so she could get the full effect.

His firm, chiseled chest looked heavenly. She glanced down, the size of Dimitri's dick stunned her. It looked as long as a ruler and as thick as her arm. Only ever having seen Sam's, nowhere near this size, Sadie couldn't believe Dimitri's to be normal. This thing was...unnatural! It would never fit. "Please don't," she whimpered.

Dimitri smiled. "You're going to love it. Sam wants me to fuck you and show you how good it feels. He wants to watch me fuck you, Sadie." He leaned down to suckle her neck, while one hand plucked her nipples into firm buds.

Sadie's head seemed fuzzy and she didn't know real from imaginary at this moment. *No more champagne for me—ever*, she decided, and closed her eyes. Delightful feelings washed over her, and she moaned.

"Let me make love to you," Dimitri whispered. Sadie nodded, unable to argue anymore, part of her wanted him.

A stab of pain ensued as the huge dick entered her tightness. Sadie realized again it was Dimitri doing this to her. Somehow his monster cock pushed inside her body. It hurt like fire for a minute before soothing waters gushed inside her, extinguishing the fire and lubricating the monster to move freely.

"Good, eh?" Dimitri's cock moved slowly in and out.

"Good," she whispered and sighed, never having felt anything so good in her life. Guilty thoughts of Sam nagged at her but evidently he arranged this, so it must be okay. Sadie felt her insides coil up and felt the start of her imminent orgasm. Dimitri ceased all movement.

"Please don't stop!" Her eyes sprang open and she clung to him frantically.

He chuckled. "You've gone from *please don't* to *please don't stop* in a matter of minutes. Does it feel good, Cherie?"

Sadie looked at him defiantly. "You damn well know it feels good. Make me come. Let me come!"

“Oh I want to, Cherie, I really do. But Cassandra needs to have a word with you first.”

Widening her eyes when Cassandra appeared between them, Sadie felt shocked when Cassandra’s hand rubbed over her breasts. “So beautiful,” she murmured, and reached down to flick each of Sadie’s nipples with her tongue.

“Stop!” Sadie cried, embarrassed. Surely this couldn’t be what Sam had in mind!

“Sam wants to join us, Sadie,” Cassandra said softly, leaning up close to her face. “He’s hot and hard and desperate to join in the fun.”

Sadie blinked her eyes rapidly, fighting tears. She didn’t understand any of this.

“Can I let him fuck me, Sadie? He wants to so badly.”

“He wants you?” She didn’t know what to do.

“It’s really very simple,” Cassandra said into her ear. “If this feels good to you, and you’d like to include Sam, then just say the word. I know you want to be with him, and he wants to be with you. But you needed to be initiated first. Remember, I promised you passion to endure forever?”

Sadie thought as Dimitri rocked his pelvis against hers. He remained deep within her, and even now a tremendous climax waited.

Cassandra continued, “You and Sam can have this every night. You can be part of something so wonderful, you can’t begin to imagine. Just say yes, and a world of incredible sensation will open up to you.”

Dimitri’s shaft pulled out and Sadie felt Cassandra’s fingers playing over her clit. “This is just the beginning, Sadie. You won’t believe how much more there is to experience.” She slapped Dimitri’s ass and he plunged deeply into Sadie’s pussy. Her eyes rolled at the pleasure.

“Just say yes,” Cassandra whispered in Sadie’s ear. “We’ll make you come so hard, you’ll think you’ve died and gone to heaven.”

Sadie groaned at the feel of Dimitri’s cock pounding her while Cassandra’s hands massaged her breasts and pinched her taut nubs. “Yes!” Sadie cried, and her orgasm exploded.

Vivid colors flashed while delightful sensations flooded her body. Her wet pussy throbbed and her raw nipples tingled. She floated on wave after wave of incredible satisfaction, feeling Dimitri sucking on her neck as he shot his hot stream into her. She barely noticed Cassandra sucking on the other side of her neck, and didn’t care.

When Dimitri finally left her neck to kiss her mouth Sadie tasted blood, and again, she didn't care. She sucked his tongue as deeply as she could, reveling in the sensations.

At some point Cassandra's mouth replaced Dimitri's, and Sadie sucked her tongue just as hungrily. The taste of blood confused her, but she ignored the thought. This was not a time to think, this was a time to *feel*. She wished her securely anchored hands were free so she could run them through Cassandra's hair. Another shiver raced through her highly-charged body.

When their body warmth left her, she opened her eyes to see Dimitri and Cassandra kissing and groping each other above her. His massive erection now out of Sadie's body, she watched Cassandra gathered his cock and balls into her hands.

Sadie groaned her displeasure at the lack of attention. Cassandra and Dimitri looked at her, they both laughed. "I'm sorry, Cherie," he pinched Sadie's nipple. "We left you unattended." He looked at Cassandra. "Shall we correct that?"

"Yes." Cassandra nodded moving her mouth closer to his rigid cock. "In just a moment."

Sadie watched Cassandra sucking Dimitri and licked her lips hungrily.

Cassandra glanced over at her and smiled. She looked up at her lover. "I believe she wants to try this."

He smiled at Sadie and asked "Do you?"

"Yes. Oh yes!" She never wanted anything more in her life. Suddenly, sex became an all-consuming need she would experience to the fullest. "Please..."

He straddled her face, giving her access to his thick cock. Sadie raised her head and licked the head of his cock before sucking as much as she could into her mouth. She groaned as he thrust himself slowly into her mouth, and then groaned again as she felt Cassandra between her legs, licking and sucking. "Oh yes!" Sadie cried again, and convulsed, quickly brought to an intense orgasm.

Dimitri pulled his cock out of her mouth and stroked himself slowly, shooting his stream over Sadie's breasts. Cassandra massaged the sticky jism all over Sadie, who writhed with pleasure. "I believe she likes us," Cassandra commented, touching Sadie's face gently.

"Very much," Sadie replied, kissing Cassandra passionately.

Cassandra's mouth slid down to Sadie's throat, and sucked.

“Kiss me,” Sadie urged Dimitri, and he obliged willingly. Soon he, too, slid down to Sadie’s throat and sucked from the other side. A very pleasant feeling, and Sadie relaxed and sighed. She couldn’t believe after all this sex she still felt horny, but sweet Jesus, she did! She thought about Sam and guilt struck again. “Where is Sam?” she asked softly.

“He’s sleeping,” Dimitri replied, glancing up at her. “He’ll join us soon enough.”

“Good.” She sighed and settled back. “I want to make love with Sam.”

Cassandra kissed her way back up to Sadie’s mouth. “Do you want to make love with us again, Sadie?”

“Oh yeah...” Sadie kissed the silver-haired woman.

“Would you like to taste me?”

Sadie trembled slightly. The idea thrilled her, and she nodded. “Could you release my hands so I can touch you?”

Dimitri released her hands, and Sadie caressed Cassandra’s hair as they kissed. Then Cassandra knelt above Sadie.

Parting the light-colored hair with her fingers, Sadie examined the slick folds. Sadie dipped her tongue in gingerly, and licked the length of Cassandra’s pussy, finding it pleasant and very exciting. She cupped Cassandra’s ass with her hands and as the woman squirmed above her, she buried her face.

Sadie gasped as she felt Dimitri ram his cock into her body, and bucked her hips to meet his thrusts. She couldn’t believe how good everything felt to her—*she loved this!*—and she sucked Cassandra’s clit until she felt the woman shudder and climax. Cassandra moved to bring her face next to Sadie’s again.

“That was wonderful,” she murmured, and kissed Sadie deeply. She returned to Sadie’s neck, and as she suckled her there Dimitri grunted his load into Sadie’s clenching pussy.

Once again Sadie cried out with orgasm, when she regained her senses Dimitri sucked her neck again. *They certainly have a thing about my neck!*

“That feels fantastic,” she said aloud.

They both murmured unintelligibly, and continued.

Sadie lost track of the number of orgasms she gave and received. Dimitri and Cassandra took turns, filling her pussy and her mouth, bringing her to one shattering climax after another. Every time they

stopped to suck at her neck. Feeling weak, stiff and sore Sadie finally felt sated.

Dimitri appeared next to her holding a cup. He removed the rest of the restraints and helped Sadie to a sitting position. "You need nourishment. Drink this."

She nodded and sipped from the cup. It tasted like blood, she spat it out.

"Drink it," he cupped her chin with his strong hand.

She looked at him and whispered hoarsely "What is this?"

He eyed her levelly. "Can't you tell?"

"It tastes like blood."

He smiled. "It will strengthen you, and make you want more of this..." he squeezed her nipple "later."

"I'm feeling a little sore right now," she admitted.

He nodded. "That's to be expected. Drink, I promise your pain will go away."

"You and Cassandra are good at promises." She looked at him bitterly. "You promised me Sam."

He laughed. "I didn't hear you complaining a while ago. Drink now, Cherie."

Sadie worried if she didn't drink, he would probably pour it down her throat. She held her breath and drank the cupful in one gulp.

"That's a good girl," he whispered, massaging her breast.

She felt warmth spread throughout her, and realized Dimitri was right. Incredibly ready for more, Sadie reached for Dimitri's cock. Squeezing him she said. "I want to ride you."

He smiled and pulled away from her grasp. "Sorry, Cherie. I serve at the pleasure of Cassandra. She can be quite jealous, you know."

Sadie felt confused. "But you...we already..."

"I service the females during initiation, and after that, it's up to Cassandra. I'm hers to do with as she desires."

"Initiation?" Sadie asked, her head now woozy again.

Dimitri pressed her back on to the table. "Rest cherie. I'll see you later."

She gave his cock one last squeeze. "Will you make love to me later?"

He smiled and leaned in to run his tongue up her neck. "I hope so, Cherie. You are *so* sweet."

Sadie smiled and closed her eyes.

## CHAPTER THREE - Excuse me?

Sam couldn't remember falling asleep, but he woke tied to a table in the dining room. He thrashed about and tried to yell, but his voice sounded only a mere whisper. He let his head drop back, confusion surrounding him, unable to think clearly. Terrified for Sadie—God knows what happened to *her* while he was tied up and naked on one of these freaky red tables. Sam's focus may be blurry but he had enough vision to see his dick standing up like a flagpole. He was hard, for crissakes! What in the fuck went on here?

His cock twitched when someone cupped his balls and massaged. "Sadie?" he whispered.

"It's all right, baby," she murmured to him, and Sam sighed and relaxed. He must have drank more champagne than he realized. Still, he had no idea how he came to be here. It could be hallucination, but they seemed to be alone so maybe it was okay. He sighed again as Sadie rubbed her hands over him gently before she sucked him into her mouth.

*Christ, Sadie!* he groaned silently. *Where did she learn to do that?* After all the times he'd pleaded with her—no begged her, begged being a more appropriate term, to suck his dick. Every time she said no. Sex was sex, she'd insisted. Sam preferred to think like Bill Clinton: oral sex was *not* sex, but Jesus H. Christ, right now it sure as hell was. He raised his hips and delighted in the euphoria her mouth caused within his body. He felt his balls draw up in anticipation of his climax, and she stopped.

*No, baby! Don't stop now!* His plea remained in his mind, verbalized only by a grunt.

"I don't believe he wants me to stop." Cassandra crawled up over Sam's body and nipped at various spots along the way. When she reached his flat nipples she pulled on them with her teeth, causing them to pucker.

Sam widened his eyes, surprised to see Cassandra. *Where's Sadie?* Again his failed speech came out as a groan.

Cassandra looked at Dimitri. "He's quite alert. He must not have consumed much of the champagne."

Sam saw the naked Dimitri standing next to them, and his gaze riveted on the man's cock. He hadn't seen a lot of cocks, except in locker rooms (where he tried not to look) and porno flicks (where he looked intently). But he knew he'd never seen anything this long or thick. He couldn't be sure if he felt more jealous or frightened. "Where's Sadie?"

"Sadie is fine," Cassandra climbed over him, settling her body on his dick and working him inside her. "Oh my, this is nice," she propelled herself up and down a few times.

Sam shot her an evil look. "I thought you were Sadie," he insisted. "I only want to be with my wife."

Cassandra pressed on his stomach as she raised and lowered her pussy on his shaft. "You enjoyed it, don't try and tell me otherwise." She smiled and scratched at his nipple with one long fingernail. "And your body tells me you're enjoying this, too. You want me to ride you, don't you Sam? You want me to fuck you hard, and make you shoot your hot load into my cunt." She rubbed her breasts looking lost in her excitement. Dimitri leaned over and suckled her nipple, stroking his shaft slowly.

Sam couldn't believe the scene being played out in front of him. His head still felt foggy but slowly became clearer. These horny people were obviously fucking nutcases. "Sadie," he croaked. "I only want Sadie!"

Cassandra looked at Dimitri and said "I think Sam needs another drink, a stronger drink. Bring it."

"No!" Sam croaked hoarsely. He didn't want anymore voodoo juice. He wanted to get untied, find Sadie, and get the hell out.

"Don't try to fight it." Cassandra scratched her nails over his chest and drew blood. She licked the scratches and smiled. "Even if we let you go, it's too late for your pretty little wife. Sadie's one of us now." She cupped Sam's face in her hand and turned his head sideways.

He saw Sadie naked and curled up asleep on another table. Blood was smeared around her mouth and chin, and when Sam looked closer he could see bloody puncture marks lining Sadie's neck. "No! Sadie!"

he screamed with all his energy. He turned back to Cassandra. “What did you do to her?”

“She’s fine. She’s very happy, in fact. Dimitri initiated her quite nicely.”

“Oh my God, no!” Sam gathered his courage and looked at Cassandra fiercely. “You did this, you bitch!”

“Yes, isn’t it great?” She raised her body off of his and stroked his shaft up and down firmly.

“What the fuck are you?” he growled at her.

Dimitri returned with a cup, and Cassandra smiled. “Just in time.” She looked at Sam. “Drink it. It’ll answer all your questions.”

“No it won’t,” he sputtered. “It’ll knock me out again, and I won’t be able to move or speak. And meanwhile you’re having your way with my wife-”

“We already had our way with your wife,” Cassandra corrected, “and we enjoyed it. She enjoyed it, too. But the thing you must know is—she gave us permission. She wanted it in the worst way. You should have seen her.”

“Pathetic, really,” Dimitri commented.

“Quite so.” Cassandra nodded. “By the time she agreed, she was practically begging,” Cassandra continued stroking Sam’s dick firmly. She leaned down and licked the head of his cock, and Sam shuddered. “So come on Sam. We know you want to join us. Aren’t you just dying to pump your cock into your wife’s hot little pussy? Oh my, you’ve only done that once, haven’t you?” She shot a concerned look at Dimitri, who smiled.

“The second and third times felt the best, my friend.” He held up the cup, nodding at Sam knowingly.

“Bastard.” Sam glared at him.

Cassandra leaned in to him and rubbed a finger over his cheek. “Maybe, but he’s a bastard who tasted the best your wife has to offer. He fucked her and she came intensely, and more than once, I might add. She begged to fuck him again, but I said enough was enough. Are you telling me you don’t want in on that action?”

Sam glared at her. “I’d rather be dead.”

She laughed hysterically and Dimitri joined her. “Oh, but you will be,” she whispered in his ear. “Or should I say, *undead*?” Cassandra gritted her teeth and Sam spotted fangs. He gulped nervously as she gripped his jaw and held it open while Dimitri poured the liquid into Sam’s mouth.



He tried to spit it out, but they held his mouth closed, and most of it slid down his throat. Sam stared at them mustering all his hatred in his eyes, but could not resist when Cassandra straddled him again and rode his cock. The fast-acting potion made Sam feel groggy. He didn't remember what they spoke about, but he knew he wanted to come. When he did he would come hard.

“Like this, baby?” Cassandra stroked his balls as she rode him.

“Yeah,” Sam’s voice a mere whisper again.

“Want to come inside my hot pussy?” She squirmed against him, lowering her body.

“Yeah.”

She whispered in his ear “Want to join us, so you can be with Sadie again?”

“Yes!” he called out and came in spurts, heaving and shuddering as Cassandra bit into one side of his neck and Dimitri the other. Sam never felt anything but ecstasy, and he never thought about anything except how long it would take him to get another erection, so he could come again.

To his surprise and delight, Sam discovered the undead showed remarkable turnaround time. Once Cassandra and Dimitri initiated him, they started all over and fucked again. They untied him to move freely, and he fucked Cassandra from behind as she sucked Dimitri’s dick. After Sam came explosively, they changed positions and Cassandra sucked him off while Dimitri screwed her. For a while Sam found it quite enjoyable. Never experiencing such a thing in his life, it all became a huge turn-on.

When Dimitri fondled Sam’s balls and sucked his dick into his mouth, Sam tensed before he relaxed and went with it. Good head was good head, he decided, although he wasn’t quite prepared to give any yet. He’d have to be more drugged up for that, he decided, but showed no trouble shooting his wad down the other man’s throat.

The fact he thought clearly now concerned him. He knew now they drugged him and Sadie, and while the drug knocked him on his ass for a little while, he bounced back quickly becoming fully aware. He wondered if it was supposed to be that way. He needed to think, so when Dimitri and Cassandra became distracted making love to each other and wandered off, Sam feigned sleep.

He tried whispering to Sadie but she wouldn’t wake up, and he didn’t want Cassandra or Dimitri to overhear and drug him again. Left alone for a while now, Sam collected his thoughts and tried not to

freak out at the situation. “Vampires,” he muttered softly, letting himself say the word for the first time. He did not believe his own thoughts. Was it possible in twenty-first century, Las Vegas, to run into vampires? Surely not...but here he was... He touched a hand to his neck and looked at his blood-covered fingers. Cassandra was a vampire, obviously the vampire in charge, and so was Dimitri. Sam bet the pasty-skinned reverend was also a vampire. Janine looked normal enough not to be. But she proved to be a fucking vampire-enabler, Sam thought bitterly. She sent him and Sadie to this vampire hell-hole.

Someone rubbed a hand over his stomach and began massaging his dick. He opened his eyes to see Sadie above him. “Sadie!” he whispered loudly.

She looked at him blankly.

“Sadie, it’s me, Sam. Talk to me honey.” He grabbed her and tried to shake the vacant look from her face.

She didn’t seem to know him, but she climbed on the table and worked herself down over his shaft.

For the first time in his life, Sam wished he didn’t have a hard-on. “Sadie, stop. Come on, honey, look at me. Sadie!”

She glanced at him for a moment, and then leaned down and sucked his neck. A frightening realization struck Sam suddenly, and tears poured down his face. He and Sadie were bitten, they were vampires as well. He knew Cassandra and Dimitri sucked at his neck all night long, why hadn’t he put two and two together? And now, Sadie, his beautiful, innocent Sadie, sucked his neck aggressively.

He squirmed against her. “Sadie!” he snapped in a loud voice, and she sat up and looked at him. “That’s right, look at me, Sadie! Look, it’s me, Sam.”

Her blurry red eyes focused for a moment, and she murmured, “Sam?”

“Yeah baby! It’s me!” He offered her a little smile, though he didn’t feel like smiling. She looked like hell, with blood smeared over her face and body. And her body—he couldn’t bring himself to look at her too closely.

“Sam,” she repeated softly. “What are you doing?”

“That’s a good question.” He smiled at her again. “Get off me, would you please?”

“Oh, yeah.” She slid her body up and off of his.

“We need to get out of here,” Sam clutched her arm.

## Nightshade Inn

Dimitri approached them, wearing a silky black robe. “Good, you’re awake.”

“Damn right we’re awake! Sadie and I are leaving.” He stood up and wrapped his arm around his wife’s shoulders.

Dimitri smiled. “Oh, I’m afraid not. Cassandra has generously agreed to let the two of you return to your room, though. You can get cleaned up and get some sleep.”

Sam stormed “We do not do what you tell us, and we certainly don’t answer to that bitch Cassandra.” He dragged Sadie to the front door. Both naked, but he would deal with that later. Getting away became the first order of business. He reached for the doorknob but it didn’t turn. He shook it, pounding his fist against the door.

Dimitri stepped up behind them, smiling again. “You won’t be leaving. I guess I didn’t make myself clear. As for not answering to Cassandra, need I remind you that both of you drank her blood, which means you answer to no one *but* Cassandra.”

“You’re fucking crazy.” Sam stared at him.

Dimitri waved a finger in the air. “Scratch that, reverse it. Crazy about fucking, yes, that’s one of the not-so-unpleasant details about being a vampire. We love sex in every way, shape and form, and here at the Nightshade Inn, we do it all night long every night.”

“Impossible,” Sadie whispered.

Cupping her breast, Dimitri brought himself closer to her. “Very few things are impossible for the immortal, Cherie. I suppose I should inform you of the rules.”

## CHAPTER FOUR - The rules

Sam slapped Dimitri's hand away from Sadie and pulled her towards a window. He drew back the thick velvet drapes and the early morning sunlight shined in. Dimitri winced and took a step backwards.

"Don't like that, do you?" Sam chuckled as he reached over to unlock the window and attempted to tug it open, it didn't budge.

"I don't like it very much either," Sadie said softly, and took a step away from the light.

Sam heaved a frustrated sigh and slapped his hand against the window frame before letting the drapes fall back into place. He turned around and saw Dimitri watching him with folded arms and a smile on his face. Sam felt annoyed.

"Let's go back to your room. We'll have a talk and you can get cleaned up."

Resigned to defeat for the moment, Sam put an arm around his wife and followed Dimitri up to their room.

Dimitri went to the closet and pulled out two silky blue robes. "Perhaps you'd be more comfortable wearing these."

Sadie and Sam put on the robes and sat on the edge of the bed. Dimitri sat in the upright chair and stretched his long legs out in front of him. "You have questions, I'm sure."

"Why are you doing this?" Sam blurted out.

The smile seemed permanently plastered on Dimitri's face as he spoke calmly. "Because it's what vampires do. We need nourishment. Sometimes we drain the victim and dispose of the body, and sometimes we honor the victim by allowing him—or her—to join us."

"Honor?" Sam bellowed. "You consider this an honor?"

"Most definitely. Look at yourselves—you're young, firm," he looked at Sadie "and beautiful. You're going to stay this way forever. You'll never know the worry of wrinkles or weight gain."

Sam glared at the man. "My wife was a virgin!"

Dimitri licked his lips. "I know. Her blood was so sweet." He looked at her neck longingly.

"She was pure and innocent! You ruined her."

"She's not ruined." Dimitri waved a hand in the air. "She was merely initiated. Believe me, when she comes to you tonight, you'll appreciate everything she's learned."

"Tonight?" Sam muttered.

"The transformation process takes three nights. We'll provide the nourishment you need until you're able to manage it yourselves."

Sam's tongue instinctively ran across his teeth. Would they grow fangs?

Dimitri watched him with a humored expression on his face and said, "Until your fangs come in, you'll need to drink from a bite that's already there." He looked at Sadie lustfully and then back at Sam. "Shall I demonstrate for you?"

"No!" Sam yelled.

"Have you had any of her blood?" Dimitri asked.

"Of course not!" Sam answered, shocked at the suggestion.

"You must drink each other's blood for your bond to be fully formed. We could do it now and get it over with." Dimitri seemed to salivate at the idea.

"I'm not going to drink her blood," Sam insisted.

"I drank some of yours," Sadie said quietly.

Sam looked at her, remembering when she sucked on his neck.

"Good, good." Dimitri nodded. "And there's still time. But you should really do it tonight, while she's still sweet."

"Won't I have plenty of opportunities?" Sam asked angrily.

"To seal your bond to each other, you must drink from her before the end of the third night. After that, vampires don't drink each other's blood."

"You told us we drank Cassandra's blood."

He nodded. "To seal the bond. We'll provide you with all the fresh blood you desire, don't worry."

Sam stood up and paced. "Yeah, about that. Are you saying you snatch people off the streets at night and no one notices they're gone? Surely a rash of missing people would make the news."

"No one notices," Dimitri said softly, and shook his head. "You'd be surprised what people don't notice."

"Oh really?" Sam looked at him.

Dimitri stood and walked over to the bureau by Sam. A large oval mirror hung on the wall. He stepped in front of it. "Look, Sam."

Sam stepped up behind him. He saw his own reflection, and Dimitri's robe. Dimitri himself gave no reflection.

"What the?"

Sadie stepped up to look. "Oh my God," she murmured.

"Look at yourselves," Dimitri told them. "You're fading."

Sam peered at himself and realized he could see Sadie's face *through* his. His robe, like Dimitri's, looked solid but his body looked translucent. "Jesus."

"No, not Jesus," Dimitri said. "You really should avoid the Christian-themed expletives; they make some of us uncomfortable."

"Why are you doing this to us?" Sam yelled, still peering in the mirror at his fading reflection. The idea horrified him.

Dimitri laughed and squeezed Sam's shoulder. "Because we can. Because it's fun. Because it's what vampires do."

"And if we don't want to be vampires?" Sam looked at him.

He shrugged. "You already said you did. Both of you gave your permission before we bit you."

"I don't remember that," Sam muttered.

"I do," Sadie said softly. "I don't think I knew what I was agreeing to, though."

Dimitri laughed again and touched her cheek. "You got exactly what you wanted and more, Cherie. Your nights from here on out will be filled with ecstasy like you've never known."

"For how long?" she asked hesitantly.

He put his face close to hers and grinned wide so she could see his fangs. "For eternity, Cherie."

Sadie pulled away and flew into Sam's arms. The reality of their situation finally seemed to sink into her. He looked up at Dimitri and asked, "How long have you been..." he trailed off, not sure he really wanted to know.

"A vampire?" Dimitri waved his hand. "Who knows? After a while, we lose track of time, other than day and night. I can tell you, automobiles did not exist when I lived."

"Oh my G-" Sadie cut herself off and buried her face in Sam's shoulder. "I can't believe this is happening."

"It'll be easier tomorrow," Dimitri told them. "Your memory will fade by the third night, replaced by a comforting routine. You'll look

forward to your nightly excursions, and you'll look forward to returning to your coffins in the morning."

"Coffins?" Sam hated to ask.

Dimitri went to the armoire on the far wall and opened its doors. Rather than the ordinary drawers and shelves usually found inside, this one had two black coffins extending back into the wall.

"You're joking, right?" Sam muttered.

Dimitri looked at him. "These will become your safe haven. You'll be comfortable there."

Sadie's tears fell as she backed away. "I can't get in there! I won't do it!"

"Relax, Cherie, Cassandra instructed you're to sleep in your bed tonight. See, she makes up for in heart what she lacks in soul." He laughed at his joke, but Sam and Sadie only stared. Dimitri cleared his throat. "Take a bath and clean up. I'll be back with your morning cocktail, it will help you sleep and ease your pain."

"I don't want to drink anything else," she said. "I don't have any pain."

Dimitri laughed. "After the night you've just been through? Oh yes, there will be pain. And you might as well get used to drinking what I bring you. It's not like you have a choice in the matter."

"The drinks..." Sam chose his words carefully. "Will they paralyze us? Will we lose our speech?"

"No, Deadly Nightshade is not for regular consumption. The herbal mixture we give you in the morning will help you sleep, and the one at night—besides providing nourishment—will increase sexual desire."

"Viagra for vampires?" Sam muttered.

Sadie chuckled nervously and Dimitri stared blankly.

Sam added "Sorry, it's a twenty-first century thing."

"Get cleaned up. I'll be back in half an hour with your cocktails."

Sadie frowned at him. "What if we don't want to?"

Laughing as he opened the door to their room, Dimitri looked at her saying "Haven't I gotten through to you this morning? You'll do what Cassandra and I want you to do. What *you* want is no longer an issue." He pulled the door closed behind him, and the click of the lock sounded.

## CHAPTER FIVE - The gift

“Oh Sam!” Sadie rushed into his arms. “I’m so sorry! I had no idea what I was getting us into!”

“It’s not your fault.” He held her tightly. “I just wish I knew how to get us out.”

“I don’t think you can.” She looked into his eyes. “I think it’s too late.”

“Never,” he swore. “I’ll never stop trying to get us out of here.”

She sighed and leaned against him. “I’m so tired. I think I do need that bath.”

“Come on.” He led her to the bathroom. “I’ll run it for you.”

He helped her clean up and then took a bath himself. With no sign of Dimitri, they snuggled underneath the covers and whispered in the dark.

“He said our memories will fade,” Sadie murmured.

“Along with our reflections.”

“That was creepy.”

“This whole business is creepy.”

She buried her face in the soft hair on his chest. “I don’t want to forget you, Sam!”

“We won’t forget each other,” he said boldly, with more confidence than he felt. “I love you. I will always love you.”

“I love you too, baby.” She sighed, and closed her eyes.

They were awakened a short while later by Dimitri with two cups. “Drink,” he instructed, and yanked Sadie to a sitting position.

She took the cup and drank without argument.

Sam wiped his hand across his eyes. “You woke us up to give us a drink to help us sleep?”

Dimitri looked at him. “Just drink.”

Sam stared back belligerently, but didn’t like something he saw in the other man’s eyes, so he took the cup and drank the bitter liquid.



“Now sleep.” Dimitri took the cups back and stood up. “It will be a sound, dreamless slumber. It will refresh you.”

“Vampires don’t dream?” Sadie asked quietly.

Dimitri laughed. “Vampires act their dreams out every night. Nonstop sexual encounters with one shattering orgasm after another—what else is there to dream about?” He laughed as he left their room, locking the door behind him.

Sam looked at Sadie and settled back into the bed. “I could think of a few things,” he murmured.

“Me too,” she agreed.

“A Yankee’s game on a warm spring afternoon.”

“A hot fudge sundae,” she countered, and they chuckled.

“A cold beer.”

“Playing with our children in the park.” They looked at each other again. Tears welled up in Sadie’s eyes as she said, “we’re not going to have any children, are we?”

“I don’t think so. I’m sorry, Sadie.”

She sniffled and they held each other tightly as they fell asleep.

\* \* \* \*

Awakened again by Dimitri and two cups.

“Weren’t you just here?” Sam yawned.

“Twelve hours ago. I promised you a sound sleep, eh?”

Sam looked at Sadie. He didn’t know about her, but he slept like a log.

“Drink,” Dimitri ordered.

“I’m getting awfully tired of hearing that,” Sam protested, but took the cup.

“Remember, things could be worse.” Dimitri flicked open Sadie’s robe and massaged her breast.

Sam wanted to slap the other man’s hand away from his wife, but for some reason couldn’t do it. He merely watched the suggestive gesture and drank his cocktail slowly.

Sadie drank hers quickly, and gyrated as Dimitri’s fingers brought her nipple to a peak. She leaned in toward the man, but he took a step back.

“Tonight, my friends, you’ve been given a gift. Cassandra graciously granted you may spend the night up here alone, just the two of you.”

Sam perked up. “Sadie and I can be alone?”

“That’s the plan.” He took their cups and moved towards the door. “I’ll return later with nourishment.”

Sadie followed him to the door and slipped her hand inside his robe. “You’re sure you don’t want to join us?”

Sam saw her grip Dimitri’s monster-sized cock and lick her lips. He wondered if the man walked around with a permanent hard-on, or if his wife caused it. Either way, she obviously wanted it.

Dimitri smiled as Sadie stroked his length up and down a few times, and then he backed out of the room regretfully. He winked at Sam. “She’s all yours. Remember to thank me later.” He pulled the door closed and clicked the lock.

Sadie stepped up to Sam and tore open his robe. “Make love to me,” she growled.

“Gladly.” He stripped her robe off and tossed it aside. As she lay back on the bed with her legs spread wide, Sam vaguely remembered their wedding night when he slowly made love to her, kissing and tasting every inch. Tonight felt nothing like that; tonight he needed to possess her. He would take her hard and fast. The thought sent thrills down his spine and what blood remained in his body leapt to his throbbing cock.

He knelt above Sadie and drove himself into her. She groaned with pleasure and ground her hips into him. Her body squirmed and writhed underneath his, whispering her desires to Sam using filthy, dirty language. Her legs wrapped tightly around him and she urged him to go harder, faster. He pummeled her with all his might and she still wanted more. Sam thought he’d reached his limit but Sadie cried out, encouraging him to give more...until they both exploded in a quivering, shuddering heap.

He tried to get his bearings when Sadie rolled him over and straddled him. “Give me a minute,” he muttered as she pulled his flaccid dick into her mouth, bringing it back to life. “Sadie, wait.”

Her eyes looked red and glazed. The concoction apparently affected her more strongly than him. She was out of it, but he formed coherent thoughts again.

Sadie definitely loved the sex. Sam inhaled and exhaled a couple times, and decided to relax and enjoy it. Enjoy being alone, they deserved this time together. If Sadie had sex, at least she was with him this time. Sam didn’t let himself think about the future. He didn’t know what would happen, but he knew in his heart Sadie would gladly have sex with Dimitri or Cassandra—maybe with anyone

around at the time. The realization gave him a heavy heart, and took some of the present enjoyment away.

His body couldn't avoid its natural reaction, though, and soon he shot his load down her throat. Before she even swallowed, Sadie crawled up and over him and pressed her pussy to his face. Sam tried to push all negative thoughts from his mind and enjoy the act of pleasuring her. She came violently, gushing fluids over him and groaning loudly, then she crawled back down to find his dick again.

His mind would not stop working. He realized it would never be enough. Forever in search of the next climax, the next shattering orgasm, it could never stop. As long as Sam could comprehend what went on around him, he would be dissatisfied. Tears streamed down his face as Sadie straddled him, taking his cock inside her ever-ready pussy.

"Sadie," he whispered to her, but she didn't reply. Closing his eyes, Sam wondered how long he could continue doing this.

He felt hands on him and opened his eyes. Cassandra and Dimitri stood in the room, bringing Sam and Sadie to sitting positions, still joined, facing each other. "You're a strong one," Cassandra whispered in his ear, her breasts pressed into his back. "You need to drink this."

"No more drinks," Sam murmured.

"This is stronger. It will be better for you, trust me."

Sam knew he had no choice, so he drank. "You said we'd be alone, but you were watching us."

Dimitri pressed into Sadie's back, supporting her. "At the Nightshade Inn, someone is *always* watching you."

"That's what's in it for you," Sam said groggily. "You like to watch."

Cassandra chuckled seductively. "Oh, we like to participate, too. But you're fighting too hard, Sam. You need to relax and enjoy."

"I can't!" he sobbed.

"You will," she told him, rubbing his shoulders. "Go ahead Sadie, bring him to climax. Make him spill himself into you."

Dimitri tweaked Sadie's nipples as she squirmed to rock her hips against Sam's. He snaked his hand down between the joined bodies and rubbed her clit with his fingers. As Sam's cock went in and out of Sadie's pussy, Dimitri grabbed what he could of the shaft and squeezed. Sadie erupted in an orgasm, and as she shuddered Dimitri sank his fangs into her neck.

Sam watched in horror knowing he could do nothing, and once again he could not control his own body. His cock slid out, shooting his hot stream over Sadie and Dimitri. While he convulsed with pleasure, Cassandra bit his neck. He felt the pinch and then a warm, soothing feeling. Maybe it wasn't so bad, he decided. Again Sam became drowsy and wanted to sleep.

"Sadie," Cassandra said as she leaned up "drink Sam's blood."

Moving forward willingly, Sadie latched on to the bite marks Cassandra provided and sucked. Sam tensed nervously—Sadie certainly hadn't needed her arm twisted—but he relaxed as the soothing feeling washed over him again.

After a few minutes Cassandra shoved Sadie back and said "Now Sam, it's your turn. Drink Sadie's blood."

"I can't!" Sam sobbed. "I...won't." He held on stubbornly to his last ties to reality.

"You will," Cassandra whispered in his ear. "If you want to be bonded to Sadie for eternity, you must."

He looked at his wife. "I'm not sure I want that anymore."

"Drink it!" Sadie hissed, her red eyes flashing fury, showing the first emotion Sam had witnessed in hours.

He trembled as Cassandra pushed him forward. "I don't want this," he insisted.

"But I do," Sadie pleaded with him. "I want it more than anything!"

He stared into her eyes. "They're turning us into fucking vampires."

"Quite literally," Dimitri smiled at Cassandra over their heads.

"You're already vampires," Cassandra said softly into Sam's ear. "It's too late to stop the transformation."

Sam struggled against her. "Not if you kill me!" he yelled. "I'd rather be dead!"

"We could do that," Cassandra agreed, "but I don't think that's what Sadie wants. She wants to spend the rest of her life with you...making love with you. She wants *you*, Sam."

"She wants him!" Sam glared at Dimitri.

Cassandra cupped Sam's chin squarely. "He is mine. He does as I say. If I tell him to fuck *you*, he'll fuck you. But only if I tell him to."

"Tell him to keep his filthy hands off my wife!"

"Her virgin blood calls to him. In a few days that will end. Then you and Sadie will be bonded to each other, and it will be quite

lovely, I promise. Maybe occasionally the four of us will unite and that will be delightful, too. Of course you and Sadie will do my bidding when I need you. But most nights the two of you will spend alone together in eternal wedded bliss.”

Sam’s grogginess returned. What did she mean by ‘do her bidding’? The other part didn’t sound so bad, actually it sounded pretty good. The threesome turned him on immensely, and if they added Sadie to the mix...well, damn. He opened his eyes and looked at his wife. “This is what you want?”

“More than anything,” she agreed, nodding.

Sadie became devoid of reality, and Sam knew it. *If you can’t beat ’em, join ’em.* He loved her, and who could argue with an eternity of wedded bliss? He put his lips to the bite marks Dimitri made in Sadie’s neck, and sucked. The blood tasted warm and faintly metallic. Not unpleasant, so he sucked harder, making it flow faster. He enjoyed it, even craved it, and he nipped at her neck in his ardor to take more.

“I think he finally understands,” Cassandra said softly.

“I’d say,” Dimitri agreed. “Shall I stop him?”

“No, let him enjoy. He’s finally found peace.”

Dimitri reached over and massaged Cassandra’s breast. “I wouldn’t mind finding a piece, myself.”

She chuckled and ran a hand over his face. They settled Sam and Sadie on the bed, and Cassandra stood up and bent over, so her lover could take her from behind.

Dimitri propelled his cock into her and she groaned with pleasure and delight. Her moans caught Sam’s attention, and he pulled himself away from Sadie and slid over next to them. He captured Cassandra’s breasts first with his hands and then with his mouth.

“That’s my boy,” Cassandra ruffled the hair on Sam’s head gently. “Isn’t that better?”

“Better,” he groaned, sucking each of her nipples into firm buds.

Cassandra’s breath caught as her climax shot through her in waves. Dimitri grunted his own release, and when finished they steadied themselves against the bed for a moment. He pulled out of her and walked around to Sadie, who cupped his cock and balls in her hands and lapped the juices off him eagerly.

Sam smiled at them contentedly, and worked his way underneath Cassandra’s dripping pussy. “Mmmm.” He ran his tongue through her wet folds.

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“Good?” she murmured, pressing into him.

“Very good.” He licked her silky skin and groaned with pleasure. When Dimitri reached for Sam’s shaft and began stroking it with long, firm pulls, Sam sighed. “Very, very good.” He closed his eyes in ecstasy. What could be better?

## EPILOGUE

Cassandra and Dimitri walked the halls of the Nightshade Inn, checking on their guests and making sure everyone was tucked in for the day's sleep. They stepped into Room Eight and opened the first coffin in the armoire, finding it empty.

"Where is he?" Cassandra asked quickly.

Dimitri flung open the second coffin and found Sam and Sadie curled up together, sleeping soundly. "Here."

"Oh," Cassandra murmured and smiled. "They look so sweet. Remember when we used to share a coffin?"

He smiled at her. "Yes, those first fifty years were the most romantic."

She stretched her arms out and said "Now I just want my space! Stay in your own coffin!" They laughed together and she ran a finger over Sam's cheek. "He's a rebel, this one."

"Rebels aren't all bad."

"Not at all! You were a bit of a rebel until I tamed you." She caressed his face lovingly.

Dimitri put his hand over hers and closed his eyes briefly. He opened them and smiled at her. "You did such a good job of it, too, as you will with him."

She shrugged. "Until then, a little new blood always livens up the place."

"New blood?" Dimitri hooted and slapped his thigh. "You slay me, Cassandra, you really do."

She cackled along with him, and slipped her arm through his. "Would you like to share my coffin today, my love?"

"I certainly would, Precious One," he answered softly and kissed her temple. They closed the coffin lid on the serene faces of Sam and Sadie, and walked arm in arm to the master suite.

**The End**