

# *A Female Vampire*



**Katharina Katt**

# A Female Vampire

by

**Katharina Katt**

---

## Contents

[CHAPTER 1 - THE PARTY](#)

[CHAPTER 2 - THE BIKE RIDE](#)

[CHAPTER 3 - LISA](#)

[CHAPTER 4 - A DIFFERENT KIND OF FEEDING](#)

[CHAPTER 5 - FOR LUST OR MONEY](#)

[CHAPTER 6 - DATE WITH A VAMPIRE](#)

[CHAPTER 7 - EXILE](#)

[CHAPTER 8 - A GOOD DEATH](#)

[CHAPTER 9 - THE BRIDGE](#)

[CHAPTER 10 – LIGHTNING](#)

---

*Dedicated with love and passion to*

*Dirk, Wesley, Kord, and BEU.*

*With special thanks to Laurie for polishing my diamond in the rough.*

---

---

## Chapter 1 - The Party

Night had fallen, yet she had been up hours before. Her home, kept dark during the day by heavy curtains, had shielded her from the sun. Her bedroom was kept even more obscure, the windows painted black on the inside so that no accidental light might seep in. The curtains of her house were black with blood red edging. The roses on her end table cast the perfect touch of femininity and their scent surrounded her as she made her bed, turning the black satin sheets over the red coverlet.

She was of average height compared to other American women, five foot eight to be exact. She was not so white as the dead may look, but her skin was a soft ivory, a color that the Japanese had often powdered their faces to match.

Her blue eyes searched for clothing to wear for the night. She ran her fingers over the different fabrics. Artificial light was unnecessary because she could see perfectly in the darkest shadows. She caressed her leather dress, smiling at the fond memories it brought back. She ran her soft hands over t-shirts, faded jeans, her leather jacket, the silk red dress she had worn on occasion, and stopped when her eyes spotted her satin evening gown.

"Yes," she purred, "this will go nicely for tonight." She took it from the hanger and laid it across her bed. She let her sheer nightgown fall to the floor, unzipped the dress before her, and brought it up around her shapely curves with little difficulty. She walked to the mirror and turned on the light even though she didn't really need to turn it on. It was a habit, perhaps from her human days.

Picking up her wooden handled brush she gently brushed out her long dark hair, the curls rebounding around her shoulders. She pulled pins from her vanity drawer and pinned up her hair, her neck bare. Her curls flowed from the pins in the back barely brushing against the nape of her neck. Her breasts pressed against the fabric; they were not too large, but ample enough for any man's admiration. She took a soft brush and powdered the tops of her cleavage with a pink blush. With another brush she applied a dark rose color to her eyelids.

"Perfect." she whispered, pleased with the results. The gown seemed like a glove, desperately clinging to every curve. As a final touch, she pressed the atomizer of her perfume bottle and the mist surrounded her, falling and touching her like only a perfume can touch a woman.

Three knocks on the front door signaled that her car was ready. She wrapped a charcoal sheer scarf around her shoulders and opened the door. The driver said nothing; he was just an employee. He had driven her before to many places. They had nothing to discuss, but she always tipped him well at the end of the night. He nodded in greeting to her, and she nodded back and smiled. He walked swiftly to the back door of the black limousine and opened it for her. She stepped inside pulling her dress up just enough for her naked ankle to show.

She could remember stories of when the sight of a woman's bare ankle was considered obscene. She often wondered if such a body part still held some fascination for men. In a way, she hoped it did. She settled inside and he closed the door behind her, moving to his driver's seat. He had already been given the address to the night's destination from the limousine agency. The car moved gently forward, and she looked upon the counter beside her. A crystal goblet had been set out for her, filled with chilled red wine. When she had first taken up with this driver, which was now her regular, she would pour a glass of red wine as soon as the car left her home. She was pleased that shortly afterwards he began setting out her glass, filling it with her favorite wine. He had been watching her, but then again, they all did. She smiled forward so that he would know she was pleased, and took a sip from the crystal. The wine's cool sweetness on her lips gave her a purr of pleasure. On occasion, on longer trips, she had let her curiosity entertain itself with him. His hair was long and blonde, perhaps he dyed it that way, as was

very popular with the young men. He tied it behind his head with a hair band, and covered the rest with his driver's cap. He was always clean-shaven, and handsome to look upon. He was never late in his duties, and stood by without complaint until he was no longer needed. She sometimes wondered what daylight activities he experienced as she slept. Did he use the generous money she gave him to buy pretty diamonds and gold for some fair girl? Each night she had sought his services he had never worn jewelry: no rings or golden necklaces to show his success. Perhaps it was not allowed, but a wedding ring was never seen. She took another sip from her glass as she regarded him. His name was Daniel, she knew that much, as the agency referred the drivers to their clients by name. Daniel was always available for her when she called. She often wondered if she was Daniel's only client.

The car stopped just as gently as it had started, and Daniel opened the door for her. She smiled in thanks and placed a bill into his hand as she stepped from the car. He nodded and closed the door behind her as she followed a thin pathway up to a large mansion. Many other cars drove by dropping off elegant passengers. Other cars driven by the guests themselves also pulled up to the courtyard and the drivers handed keys to the valet boys who were waiting there.

Laughter and other sounds drifted from the building. She walked up the steps, taking her time as she paused to look upon the jewels of the courtyard: the luscious roses, white and red, blooming, despite the darkness of the night. A bubbling fountain cascaded water into a small goldfish pond; it was lit from below revealing the shimmering gold fins of the swimming fish.

"Ah, Melody." a man said as he hurried down the steps from the door to her. Like most of the others, he was handsome. His short black hair slicked back, and his brown eyes brightened at the sight of her. She smiled at him.

"Hello, Steven, am I late?"

"No, not at all. You're just in time. There are many people here that I would like you to meet." He held out his arm to her and then ushered her forward. Melody wondered if he was always so gentlemanly, or if it was just around her. He talked away, mentioning names of guests who would never mean anything to her. He was pleased with the attendance to the gathering and wanted her to know of his success. She humored him and allowed him to lead her around on his arm from couple to couple, until all of the so-called 'important' people had been introduced to her. She played shyly in her greetings.

"How do you do, Sir." to one, or "A pleasure, Madam." She was always sure to blush slightly to the men, and nod respectfully to the women. At last, Steven was done with his rounds and found her a table to sit at while he got her some punch. She looked around, glad to let her feet have a rest. As soon as Steven returned with the punch, she could smell the berries of it approaching, the artificial sweetness overwhelming anything natural in the drink. It was a nasty beverage, even in her mortality she had hated it, but it seemed to be a common offering at gatherings. A blonde-haired girl followed Steven through the crowd holding his hand. He set the cup down in front of Melody on the table.

"I'm sorry, Melody, Silvia has someone she wishes me to meet. I hope you don't think I'm abandoning you."

"Of course not, Steven, have a good time. I think I saw someone I need to speak with anyway, so take your time." Melody lied, excusing him from her side.

He smiled and darted off with the girl through the crowd. Melody looked at the punch in the cup before her. It took courage to raise it closer to her lips and drink of it. Of course, others around her drank it easily and talked and laughed amongst themselves. She was hardly noticed, just a dark shadow among the crowd. She sat back in her chair, the cup a little further away, her stomach settling a little easier now that she was further from the sweet stench of it. She kept her back straight and her head high as she traced the glass rim of the cup with her fingertip. Her mind was elsewhere. Two circles of the rim

passed under her finger and she removed her hand, looking up around her to the crowd. She saw a man with silvery hair she had been introduced to earlier. He was laughing and waving his hands as he talked to a couple standing before him. He was telling a story of some kind, and they were laughing and smiling either from enjoyment or just from being polite. Thus was the way of parties and gatherings.

She looked further across the room. A young, tall blonde with a dress like a silky poinsettia was laughing and nearly hanging on all the men surrounding her.

There is always at least one like that at every party. Her dress was daringly whorish, clinging to her every curve, low cut to a near obscene level, and Melody was sure this was on purpose. The next day every woman would be gossiping about what a scandal the girl made, thus giving the girl the reputation as a whore or slut, which only made her more popular with the men. The blonde girl smiled and glanced over to the women without escorts who kept to their own tables or circles. They knew she was there, and they knew what she was doing. Yet in their own way they were jealous of her. The blonde girl laughed and turned back to one of the men speaking with her. The exchanged glances had been but a second, but the understanding and result was sufficient.

Melody stood up, leaving her cup behind, stepping through the crowd toward the back exit. A larger courtyard was displayed from the doors, and the night breeze flowed in, cooling the filled room. She stood beside the door, letting the breeze touch her skin as she admired the view. She watched guests slip past her as they went back inside, and it was after a couple stepped past her that she saw him. He was standing there in the crowd holding an elegant chiselled glass full of a pinkish liquid, looking at her. A man beside him was speaking to him, but he didn't seem to be following the conversation. He was looking directly past the men in front of him, looking at her. She blushed slightly, but did not turn away. Their eyes locked, neither one smiling, but it was not an unpleasant stare.

He was dressed as a true gentleman. His suit was pressed well, yet instead of a jacket he wore a red vest with a black backing to it which matched his black trousers. His nearly black hair cascaded down his back and shoulders, curling ever so slightly. He had not tied it, but kept it brushed back behind him. His eyes seemed most magical of all, a hazel color like her father's although not as pale. He also held his head high. His goatee was neatly trimmed as if perfected by the gods. Melody tilted her head in interest as he regarded her. His friend spoke with him still, and took his arm in his hand to keep his attention. He looked back at him, nodding, and said something to him, patting him on the shoulder.

Melody was gone from the door when he looked back, though he could see her walking down the steps to lean upon the railing outside. The sounds of the party travelled upon the breeze toward the courtyard, but it was somewhat quieter here. Sounds of chit-chat between friends circled further down the stairs, and sounds from couples sitting on benches in the courtyard could be distinguished between those echoing from inside.

"My name is Eric Mikel," he began from beside her a moment later. "And who might you be, Miss?" He asked putting out his hand in greeting. She placed her hand in his delicately, her fingers over his palm.

"Melody Chalis," she said smiling. He brought her hand up to his mouth and gently kissed it.

"Charming," he replied. He was young, but seemed trained well or rather experienced in the ways of true gentlemen. This was a rare thing nowadays with the successful often being average men with wealthy businesses. Few knew the old ways of appropriately regarding and treating a true lady such as herself. He smiled as he released her hand. She could not help looking into his eyes again.

His friend walked up to them and pulled Eric's arm, interrupting them.

"Eric, Mr. Solice is here and wants to hear your ideas on..." the rest of his words drowned out from her

ears. Her concentration was on Eric's expressions and the way he carried himself. Eric nodded and frowned slightly.

"Please excuse me Miss Chalis," he mumbled and returned to the party.

She frowned also, hoping there would be time later.

"I am sure we will meet again," she whispered, knowing he couldn't hear her anymore. She stepped down the steps into the courtyard, enjoying the sweet flowered fragrance of the garden beyond. Several guesthouses lined the back wall and several groups of people were gathered nearby. Small lamps lit the area so that no one would fall along the paths. She stood with her hands clasped before her, admiring a fountain that held a statue of a mermaid pouring water from a bowl in her hands. Across from her three friends were conversing: two men and a woman. The woman held the hand of one of them; obviously they were together. They nodded and laughed in conversation and moments later the couple excused themselves. The night was growing denser and they wished to retire for the evening. Melody observed they were the only ones retiring; the majority of the groups were still deep in their conversations and activities. The man watched the couple leave, smiling. Then he took the last swallow of the punch he held in his hand and set it upon the bench beside him.

He saw Melody beside the fountain and smiled, walking up to her.

"Hello, I haven't seen you here before." He was not an ugly man, but was quite average looking compared to the rest. His hair was short and blonde, he was clean shaven and wore casual business attire. "I thought I had met all of Mr. Black's guests," Mr. Black was Steven's father or uncle, she never knew which, but it was his property. However, her invitation always came from Steven himself.

"Ah, well I suppose I am not one to be noticed often," she said, slyly glancing over at him.

"That wasn't my intention," he stammered.

"Of course not," she smiled, looking into his eyes. He was uncomfortable under her gaze and looked into the fountain.

"I recently moved here from Oregon. I'm staying in one of the guest houses," he explained.

"I see. Why did you move?"

"For business. I finished college and Mr. Black told me there were quite a few opportunities for someone like me out here."

"Oh?" she smiled then asked, "And are there any?"

"Oh yes, many. I am having trouble sorting them all, actually. There is so much to choose from."

"Ah, and he lets you stay here?"

"Well, my uncle is a good friend of his, so I'm sure it was as a favor to him." She nodded, understanding. "Honestly though, I don't see him much...Mr.

Black that is. He's a very busy man."

"Yes, I know that well," she replied. Of all the parties she had gone to, she had only met Mr. Black once, and then he was rushed off to another area.

She remembered that he seemed to be a very serious and stressed man, although he dealt with his stress well. His hair, though dark, only showed a small amount of silver in his temples. He was handsome for his age also. She had wondered if that was where Steven had gotten his looks from; she was still not sure on the lineage. She turned her thoughts back to the blonde man beside her, and regarded him coolly. He continued rambling about this and that, nothing that really mattered.

"Would you like to see the guest house?" he finally asked.

"Do you have anything to drink there?"

"I have a bottle of champagne left in the cooler, would that be good enough?" She nodded. Finally something other than that terrible punch. Her adrenalin raced in anticipation, but she was sure not to let him notice. It wasn't for the champagne.

"Yes, that would be lovely," she said, taking his arm as he lead her to one of the small cottages beyond the line of trees at the end of the garden.

Upon entering, he closed the door behind them and pulled the shade for their privacy. He poured two champagne glasses full of the bubbling golden liquid, and handed one to her. She took it gracefully between her fingertips, sitting down on the plush couch. He smiled and sat down beside her, facing her.

They both sipped the champagne eagerly, smiling to one another.

"It's rather bright in here, do you mind dimming the lights?" she asked softly, beginning the game. He looked up at the bright lights and nodded.

"I have a good idea," he stood up and turned a small lever on the wall, the lights dimming down to nothingness. He then clicked a switch next to it and the fireplace in front of the couch jumped to life. Melody jumped and giggled as if she were startled. He smiled, amused, and sat down again on the couch, a bit closer this time. She took a deep swallow from her glass and then set it upon the side table, looking at him. The firelight cast dancing shadows on the side of his face. As he placed his glass upon the other side table, she drew him closer, pressing her hand to the back of his neck. She kissed him deeply, twirling her tongue around his. He gasped quietly in surprise, but didn't complain as she pressed her body closer, her breasts crushing against him beneath the fabric.

His breath quickened as he returned her kiss. Beneath her body pressing against him, she could already feel his desire quickly rising. She let her lips linger upon his with sweet little kisses, while her hands undid the buttons of his shirt. She could hear his heart pounding, like a whispering voice calling her, talking to her own blood, beckoning her to come nearer. He fumbled with her zipper, unable to release it. She tore the last three buttons of his shirt open. "Oh god," he whispered, looking down at her skilled fingers already working on his trousers. He tried to sit up straighter to help her, but she pulled his shirt down around his shoulders, neatly pinning his arms to his sides. She pushed him down on the couch.

"Shhhhhh," she said, and he moaned, watching her free his organ from the fabric. She lifted herself over him, not even undressing. She wore no underwear for a reason. She was already wet with desire and slid down his organ completely, taking him into her. He spasmed and groaned, nearly cumming.

"No, not yet," she whispered, smiling down at him, her gown gathered around her hips. He could not see her nakedness beneath, but he could feel her warm wetness wrapped around him, her hot juices lubricating her tight pussy. She moaned as she rode him, slowly at first, and then quickening in a smooth rocking motion. He moved his hands, trying to hold her, trying to bring her lips down for a kiss. She held his wrists down, pinning them to each side of him with her hands. "No, no," she whispered, taking him inside deeply. She moaned as her passion grew, and her orgasm neared. She could feel him move, she could feel his energy, his passion, his want. She could read his thoughts; he was straining not to release so that he could enjoy this moment a little longer. He moaned, grimacing, trying to hold his passion. She was tight around him, stroking him, pulling him inside her. Her passion could not be bridled, her want would not let anything stand in its way. She leaned down, still pumping him inside her, and kissed her lips to his neck.

"Yes," he moaned, and she smiled, pressing her lips to his throat again, pressing them deeper as her orgasm came upon her. She held his wrists under each of her knees and locked her hands around his

head, one around the back of his neck, the other to the back of his head. The waves of orgasm hit her, and she deepened her fangs into his flesh. He shook from the pain, trying to raise his hands to push her fangs out of him, but was unable to do anything but struggle under her grip. She closed her eyes now glowing red and bright. Her eyes opened again as the blood flowed into her mouth. She sucked gently, lifting her fangs from the wound ever so slightly, allowing the flow to quicken. Their hearts beat together as she fed, she could feel his heart call to her. The beat was clear, and strong like a drum. She pumped his cock again, taking hold of his desire, taking his attention away from her mouth on his skin. She fed, and took his organ deeper, pumping up and down on him harder until he screamed out. Her feeding was done; she would not kill him, but he would be left weak from this ordeal. She thrust three long thrusts, and held him deep inside her as she moved her hips from side to side, settling him deeper inside her. On the third thrust he came: moaning, shaking beneath her, nearly lifting her up off of him.

He streamed into her, and he jerked with his orgasm. A second later he collapsed, weak and exhausted underneath her. She lifted herself off him, letting his passion spill out onto his abdomen. He was wet and sticky, yet so was his blood which she licked from her lips. The wound on his neck was minor, the puncture marks would not be easily found the next morning. That's how it always was. She lifted her gown around herself so as to not let the liquid touch its hem.

He looked up at her as she took her glass of champagne and finished it, standing beside him.

"Who are you?" he asked almost pleading, too weak to speak in more than a whisper.

"Does it matter?" she replied, half smiling as she looked down at him. He could not answer, only let his mouth drop open. No words came out. She left the cottage then, leaving behind her victim. She had been careful not to kill him, as that would create a problem. She did not wish to be hunted, she only wished to feed.

She walked through the courtyard, taking the side gated entrance to where the cars were kept out front. Her driver leaned against the limousine half dozing when he heard her high heels on the pavement. He quickly stood upright and opened the limousine door for her. It seemed this was always how she left, swifter than she came. He drove calmly, just as before. She turned off the inside lights and raised the black barrier between them. Darkness was what she sought. Upon arriving to her home she placed another bill in Daniel's hand as she left the limousine. Daniel watched as she hurried to her door, unlocked it, and disappeared inside as she always did. He wondered what happened on the nights he drove her that would cause her to flee into her safe haven.

Inside, Melody smiled, leaning against her closed door. Another hunt well done. A white cat stepped from her couch in her living room, awaking from its night sleep. It was longhaired, with Persian looking eyes. It pressed itself against Melody's legs in a purring greeting.

"Hello Chimise, did you sleep well?" The cat meowed in response.

Melody smiled and walked to the kitchen as Chimise followed leisurely behind.

Opening a cupboard she took out a can of cat food and opened it, cutting it up on a plate with a fork. She laid the plate on the floor and the cat ate eagerly.

Melody walked through the kitchen and stepped into her bedroom, kicking her high heels off. The dress's zipper worked easily in her fingers and she slipped her gown off, laying it across a chair so it wouldn't wrinkle. She slid into bed, the black satin sheets enveloping and caressing her nude body. She pulled the pins from her hair and set them on the headboard's shelf, her hair falling around her shoulders gently. She moaned with pleasure, smiling. The sun would be up soon, and she had much rest to obtain before the next night. She planned to feed much more deeply then.



## Chapter 2 - The Bike Ride

Melody slept peacefully, the sounds of the daylight world not disturbing her death sleep. As she dreamed, the smooth black sheets enveloped her body, her sexual desires were satisfied for a time. The touch of a hand woke her, and she opened her blue eyes. The room was lit with candles, tall and white, each one set in crystal holders. The candlelight played on the table surfaces through the crystal. She looked up at the hand that touched her. The man stood upright, pulling his hand back slowly. He seemed unfearful of her leaping to her feet to defend her lair with tooth and nail. He looked upon her, the twisted black sheets caressing the shape of her luscious body, the black appearing even darker next to her ivory skin. She blinked, looking up at him. Eric Mikel's eyes moved up her body to her hair surrounding her shoulders. Her lips parted as if to speak, but no words emerged. The candlelight shimmered, enhancing the shining copper highlights in her hair. He smiled, and moved his hand to her cheek, gently brushing it with the outside of his fingertips. She closed her eyes in pleasure, and then looked up at him again. His long black hair had fallen to one side as he leaned over her.

Chimise meowed as she jumped up onto the red coverlet. Melody jumped and opened her eyes at the cat's movement. There were no candles, there was no one there. She had dreamed it all.

"Oh Chimise," she moaned, stroking the cat, its long white fur sinking and emerging between her fingertips. Melody sighed with frustration. She looked at the clock, still hours before nightfall. She laid her head back down on her pillow, looking up at the ceiling. Chimise curled up at the end of the bed, snuggling up against Melody's small feet. Melody sighed and looked at the vase beside her on the end table; the roses inside it still bloomed. She was pleased with the flower shop she now frequented, they always sent the freshest roses that lasted at least ten days on each occasion. She took a rose from the vase, lifting its bud to her nose. She inhaled the deep flowered scent: the flower of lovers, the scent of ecstasy. How often she recalled the scent of passion mixed with that of this delicate flower. She moved her fingertips down the stem then gasped and dropped the rose to the sheet over her chest. She looked at her pierced fingertip, a single drop of dark blood emerging. Melody laughed at it humorously and licked the blood from her finger. She emerged from the safety of her bed, walking into the kitchen. The marble tile floor was cold upon her feet as it was, even in the middle of summer. The dark curtains kept the warmth of the outside close to the walls. In a way it was comforting to feel such sensations on her skin.

They reminded her that her heart, in its own way, still beat.

Melody took a frying pan from a cupboard next to her stove and set it upon the stove, turning the electric burner on. She took a thinly sliced steak from the refrigerator and set it in a bowl, marinating it with red wine, sneaking a sip of the fine liquid afterward from the bottle. The pan sizzled as she cooked the marinated steak, quickly browning the edges, top, and bottom of it. She placed it on a plate and cut it expertly into small cubes. It was moist and barely cooked, the redness of its center mixing with the colors of the marinade surrounding it.

She sat down at her small dining table, a white lace cloth hanging over it. She set a saucer across from her and set two thirds of the meat upon it in a delicate pile. Chimise meowed as she leapt up upon the table and lowered herself to the saucer, eating happily, wrapping her tail around herself. Melody smiled, placing a small morsel into her mouth. She did not need much nourishment other than the blood she fed upon each night, but the vitamins did her good. Plus, it always helped her leave good impressions with the mortals. One that did not eat or drink eventually brought up suspicion.

The doorbell rang and she looked toward the door as a single envelope emerged from her mail slot and fell upon the rest of the mail piled in front of the door. She stood up and took the many envelopes and

catalogs from the floor.

Returning to her seat, she kept the one envelope at the bottom, saving it for last.

She flipped through the envelopes, most of it junk that she discarded into a small waste basket hidden in the corner beside the table. This was a daily activity.

She opened a bill, it was strange that it had come to her home address, as all her finances were handled through her personal accountant. She set it aside, and took another cube of steak into her mouth with her fork. She would have to remember to forward the bill to her accountant with a note to instruct the billing company to redirect its mail. The last envelope lay upon the tablecloth. It was made of expensive paper with a familiar logo encrusted beside the return address. She knew the design well, it was from Steven. She opened it and read, finishing her meal nearly at the end of it.

"Dear Miss Chalis," it read, "I would like to express my utmost thanks for allowing me the privilege of your presence at our gathering last night." It went on like that in his own honorable stuffy fashion, but it was a thank-you note none the less. She smiled thinking of the young man she fed upon last night.

"Yes, it was a delightful night indeed. I will have to be sure to attend the next one," she whispered to herself, placing the last cube of steak into her mouth, and savoring its flavor.

Night was emerging, and the sun was retreating from the darkening sky.

She did not have to look out the window, or check a clock to know this, she always knew when night drew near. Her blood told her, and the fire of her soul lead her to thoughts of her next hunt. She would feed well, that she was sure of.

Melody stepped into her room just as she had the night before, choosing her clothes carefully for the night ahead. She took a pair of black leather pants from a hanger along with a black halter-top. She finished by putting on her dark black boots with pointed heels, and her black leather, steel studded jacket. She dressed expertly in a way that would make any leather-clad goddess look like an amateur. She walked to the mirror, brushing her hair and braiding it into one long braid, which hung down to the center of her back. She picked up black steelframed sunglasses from her vanity top, and hung them from her inside jacket pocket. She didn't take a last glance in the mirror to see how she looked; her vanity was not that deep.

Chimise meowed and darted between her feet as she walked to a side door from the kitchen. She opened it and turned on the light, illuminating the expansive, yet fairly empty garage. It was placed next to the house with an entrance into the home for convenience. The room echoed as her boots clicked against the concrete floor and the door closed behind her, locking. Chimise meowed once from the other side, and then scurried off to her own activities. In the center of the room leaned a motorcycle covered with a blue custom fit cover.

Melody unsnapped the cover, pulled it off, folded it in half, and laid it upon a shelf near the door. The shelves were empty and bare, but they were useful for temporary needs. The Harley glimmered in the light from the naked light bulb hanging above it. The bike's deep blue color matched her eyes. Not a stain of rust, or even a speck of dirt altered its beauty.

Melody straddled it, wrapping her knees closely around it, her pant legs tucked into her boots so that they would not catch on anything. She kicked the stand back, flipped a switch, and turned the handle. The Harley sparked to life, thundering like a purring kitten in the midst of orgasm. She smiled, and placed the sunglasses before her eyes. She pressed a small button near her hand and the garage door lifted at the command. She bid her steel steed forward, and turned east away from the setting sun. It was too low to harm her now, the shadows of the world laying hands upon her figure. The door lowered as quickly as it had risen and locked in place. Her lair was as safe as it ever was.

The bike screamed as she pressed it on, finding her way to the nightspots of the city. Cars gathered, and the nightlife emerged. The shops in this area never closed, and lamps lit the street making the walkways as bright as they had been with the sunlight.

Melody halted at a stoplight. The other vehicles around her were of far richer type than those in other areas. Gold paint sparkled in the lamps from a Cadillac; it was probably less than a year old and the man inside wore a Rolex on his wrist. To the side of her, a black Porsche purred, the woman in it checked her blonde hair while looking in the mirror. Her dark roots were showing; she should get those fixed. Melody tossed back her thick dark braid; such vanity did not become her. The man in the gold Cadillac looked over at her as her Harley purred in anticipation, waiting for the light to change so she could take flight again. He rolled down his electric window, motioning with his hand for her to draw nearer. The light changed, and Melody was gone. The wind gave her wings as her steed screamed in triumph. True, the man was wealthy, but she didn't feel like playing the whore tonight. She was out for a true hunt, one of blood, not one of rich adornments.

She found her way to a biker bar. The motorcycles lined the front of the establishment. "Might as well start off with something tasty as an appetizer," she thought to herself, parking her Harley in the line of bikes. She kicked the stand down, settling her beauty to rest. She walked inside, her head held high with confidence. Upon entering, some customers on the far wall regarded her, but she made no indication that she had noticed them. She slid her leather jacket off and handed it to the bartender as she took a seat. He nodded to her, knowing her usual drink: a Long Island iced tea with a splash of red wine to give it color.

The wine they carried was dry and unappealing, but the citrus juice in the mixture always seemed to compensate. The drink was served in a beer glass, very different from how it was customarily served. She smiled, and swallowed it down in two fine gulps. She wiped the drop left behind from her dark red lips, licking it from her finger as the bartender watched her. He had seen her do this before, and was always amazed when she ordered another. For someone her size, nothing with that much alcohol should be drunk so quickly. She pushed the glass toward him. "Again," she said. He tried not to stare but a few of the customers were beginning to. He rushed to make another drink and seconds later placed the full glass before her. She placed a bill beside it, paying for her beverages in full. She took another gulp from the glass, but did not finish it. She turned towards the room, her back resting along the bar rail.

"That's a hell of a drink you have there," a man said, walking up to her from across the room. She watched him from behind her black lenses. He was in his thirties with dusty brown-blond hair. He wasn't clean-shaven, and she could smell the scent of leather and bike oil that surrounded him. Sometimes there is no more inspiring scent of passion than this. He was not fat, and there was no gut hanging over his belt as was common with some bar patrons. In such an establishment, this was an attractive asset. She removed her sunglasses and set them on top of her head, the supports sliding into her hair.

"I'm a hell of a woman," she answered, smiling at him. Her blue eyes, now in view, shimmered beautifully. He seemed quite taken with her, as was the plan. They conversed for nearly half an hour when she finally retrieved her jacket and they headed out the door. He waved goodbye to his friends as they wished him luck. Melody smiled, replacing her shades before her eyes. They each straddled their bikes, hers purred once again as she started it. His simple Kawasaki was of no comparison to her Harley's beauty, but nonetheless he followed her down one of the side roads to an alley behind a closed department store. They parked their bikes and she smiled as he pressed her against the wall. His hands were soon inside her jacket, feeling the softness of her back, and the smoothness of her skin. She moaned as his grip tightened around her.

His lips kissed her neck and she gasped in pleasure, wrapping her leg around him, feeling his pleasure rising in a large bulge against her. He moved his hand to his belt to unfasten it. They were alone in their passion, with nothing but the darkness. He glanced down to check the buckle and that's when she took him.

She wrapped her arm around his shoulder, and buried her other hand in his hair.

Clamping down on him, she plunged her fangs deep into his flesh. He screamed out, cursing as he tried to break away, but she held fast to him like a vice. His arms flailed out, trying to push her off of him, and then in a desperate attempt he slammed her body against the wall behind her. Her back thudded roughly on the brick, and her head nearly hit the wall, but the curve of her back saved her. She could feel the bones inside her back twist and splinter beneath her skin, but still she held him. She bit again, pulling the wound open as the blood poured into her mouth, and into her veins. He screamed out again like a wounded animal and sank to his knees. She was emptying him, and quickly.

She heard the sound of motorcycles, three of them, coming down the road. With luck, they would pass. Luck was not with her this night. The bikes turned into the alley and her eyes glowed from behind her shades, bright red in the black night. She hissed, blood dripping from her lips as the first headlight shone upon her. She dropped her victim and was on her bike just as the first rider got off his.

"What the hell!" the rider yelled as he neared his wounded friend.

"Help me," her victim whispered, holding the skin of his wound closed as best he could while blood seeped out from between his fingertips.

"What did you do to him?" the rider exclaimed, looking up at her, but all he could see were her tail lights coming on and the scream of her Harley as she sped down the alley. The two other bikes caught up to her quickly for they had not spent precious seconds examining the damage of her prey.

"Get her, get that bitch!" She heard them scream.

She leaned into the wind, her steed easily out running the others. She wasn't concerned with them; she knew her skill, and that of her steel beast. She touched the blood on her lips and licked her hand clean of it. It was annoying that such a feast was interrupted. She cursed into the wind. She would not be able to return to that bar again. She wasn't sure if her victim would survive or not, but the odds were against it. She had taken nearly all of him into her veins.

She could feel his strength in her body, healing her wounds. She shifted her weight as her back straightened, her bones realigning and healing without a trace of damage. The two bikes following her finally gave up pursuit after she had out run them by over a mile and they could no longer see her tail-lights. She could hear their howls of anger as they returned to their friend. And then his pulse, (the pulse she felt more than heard) slowed. Her blood felt it inside her; he was very close to death.

Her lips were clean, and her white skin unblemished from the stains of blood. She slowed her pace and crossed the downtown areas, finally stopping at a busy dance club. She liked this one especially. No one knew her and there were always new faces. It was one of her favorite 'meat shops', as she often thought of them. Apparently she wasn't the only one, as now and then she could point out other 'players' of the scene, always leaving with a new girl on his arm for the night. She parked next to another Harley in the parking lot and walked up to the waiting line. She threw her jacket over her shoulder and lifted her sunglasses to the top of her head. She smiled at the bouncer at the front of the line who was letting the 'desirables' into the club. She didn't get in line, but walked to the front of it. She looked at him, and her eyes flirted with his. He pushed a couple inside, replacing the velvet rope to allow no others.

"Yes, yes. You too," he said, wrapping his arm around her waist briefly guiding her towards the door.

She smiled and hurried happily inside. She wasted no time in finding a good look-out spot, and with a drink in her hand she pinpointed several possible playthings for the night. She watched, tracing her finger along the rim of her glass in anticipation. She narrowed them down to three worthy subjects. The first was a black-haired man in a red sports jacket.

He was laughing and smiling, talking with his friends. A woman was on his arm; her dark brown hair was straight and full across her back. She wouldn't be much trouble. The man excused himself and disappeared to the bathroom. Melody looked around for others, watching the hall at the same time for this one's return.

She found another candidate, a man with a fairly romantic renaissance-style shirt on. His long brown hair and nicely trimmed beard were quite appealing. He was flirting with several girls on the dance floor and they were smiling at him. He was a player, she could tell immediately, but he would still be interesting. The third was a man dressed in a business suit who sat with a young blonde woman. The woman would glance up to him and smile politely. She seemed quite shy.

"Lovely." Melody purred in her own thoughts. The first man finally emerged from the bathroom and his eyes seemed a little glossed over. She could read the tint of the drug in his blood almost immediately. He smiled, rejoining his friends. Some predators enjoyed feeding upon tainted blood; however, she did not. She watched the man in the suit. He was drinking heavily while the young woman at his side played with the straw in her drink. She seemed bored. Melody set down her drink and wrote a short note on one of her personal cards.

"Tomorrow night," it read. Melody picked up her glass again, walking down the bar where the man and woman were seated. The man was turned away from the woman, talking to someone. Melody walked past him without a word and turned to the woman, touching her card to the woman's palm and whispered briefly in her ear. The woman blushed, but kept her composure. The woman nodded to her and slipped the card into her purse. Satisfied, Melody walked out onto the dance floor. The man in the romantic shirt danced with another girl. The song drifted into another and she left for the bar to get a fresh drink. Melody made her move and let him accidentally bump her arm spilling droplets of her drink upon the floor.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," he exclaimed taking her drink from her hand. She smiled and licked the moisture from her hand.

"Perfectly alright," she said smiling, her blue eyes looking into his dark green eyes. He smiled.

"Please, allow me to get you another drink to repay you?" She nodded, smiling.

"Alright," He lead her through the dancing crowd to the bar and ordered another.

"So where are you from?" he yelled, trying to be heard over the speakers nearby. She pretended not to be able to hear him.

"I'm sorry, I can't hear you with all this noise," she screamed back, trying to lean towards his ear. He nodded. "Is there somewhere more quiet?" He nodded, looking around the crowd. He then looked back at her. She smiled and took the remainder of her drink from his hand and set it upon the bar. She put her jacket back on and pulled her braid loose of it. "Green light baby, take the bait," she urged with only her thoughts, looking at him smiling.

A moment later they were in his car headed to his home. He drove a sporty Ferrari, and did not open the door for her.

"So much for the romantic look," she thought to herself smirking. "Guess it only normally works until the woman is drunk."

He pulled up the driveway and clicked the remote on this key chain.

Lamps lit up the brick walkway to his dual level home. She let herself out of the car and he fumbled with his keys at the front door, opening it and letting her follow him in. It was a typical bachelor pad, not far from what she imagined his taste being. A white leather couch sat in the living room, a wine stand stood in the kitchen, and the bedroom was sunken deep into the floor with a blue light casting color down from the ceiling. The bed was rather large, she was sure three people could sleep in it together comfortably. Without doubt he had had that adventure more than once in such a play space. She took off her jacket and laid it across a chair, unzipping her halter top from the front just enough to show the inner curve of her breasts. He disappeared into the kitchen briefly and returned, holding two glass champagne flutes containing white wine. She could smell it instantly, and it took a lot of restraint not to laugh in his face and tell him what a fool he was. She took the glass he offered and smiled her thanks. He sipped at his at first, but when he glanced at her opened top his sips became a bit fuller, ending finally with one large swallow. She smiled, having only sipped her own till it was half gone, then set it upon a table next to the couch.

Discarding their clothing only took a moment as they stepped into the bedroom and he pulled her onto the bed with him. Soft music played in the background; he had turned it on when he had gotten the wine. Her naked breasts crushed against him as he turned her on her back and pressed himself towards her, kissing her neck, and her lips. He moaned as his breath quickened, leaning down further to take her breast into his mouth. She moaned, arching her back in delight. He licked and sucked on her nipples roughly, squeezing her breasts between his hands and then releasing them. She pulled him towards her gently, lifting her lips to his, wrapping her legs around his waist. He pressed his cock into her, the shock of it sending tremors through her body. She moaned.

He began pumping her gently, his hair falling to each side of his face. He looked down upon her body writhing under him in pleasure as he held himself up on one arm. Taking her breast into his free hand again, he began sucking it. She moaned loudly, her orgasm coming quickly, and spreading across her body. She quickly recovered, looking into his eyes. He took her small waist in between his hands, driving his organ deeper into her belly. She trembled and half struggled under his grip as he pumped her, fucked her. She pressed her nails to the flesh of his back, holding him against her, taking all that she could of him. She moved her hips to meet up with his and drove his flesh into hers. She was soaked with desire, and screamed out for release. He shuddered, spilling into her as she cried out again in her orgasm. She shook, nearly raising him up off of the bed. A moment passed, and he collapsed upon her. His breathing was still quick as he tried to recover from his sexual adventure. She purred and traced her fingers through his long hair. He took her into his arms and held her there with him, cuddling with her. She lay still with him. This was a warm feeling, the closeness after love-making was always a nice feeling. She let herself drift, as he did, into sleep, although hers was briefer.

Her eyes opened widely in shock. Her first thought was that she had slept till dawn, but the light outside had not yet shown. Instead the man who was holding her gurgled, drowning in his own blood, kneeling up on the bed. His head was held firmly, tilted up with Eric's hands upon him. She had opened her eyes just in time to see him rip the man's voice box out. The man clawed at Eric's hands that held him, his eyes wide in terror. Blood seeped between Eric's fingers as he held the man in position, watching him die. Eric hissed, opening his mouth, exposing his white fangs. He looked down into his victim's eyes, paying no attention to her presence there. She started to let out a scream of both shock and surprise, when she opened her eyes with a jerk. It was quiet, and the room was as it had been before. The man beside her slept peacefully.

Melody quickly slid from the bed, glancing at the window as she quickly dressed. Sunlight was coming; she wouldn't have much time. The horizon was turning blue with the approach of dawn. She cursed herself as she donned her sunglasses and ran from his home. As the dark often do she darted

through the sky in her shadow form, and found the club where her steel beauty remained.

Club goers were leaving, the dance club closing. She walked across the parking lot, her heels clicking against the pavement as she walked. With a kick to its stand she straddled her beast and bid it home. It screamed in response, jerking forward and taking a flight that only a Harley can take upon the pavement.

Moments later she was home, clicking the button once again to open the garage door. It closed just as the first rays of sunlight appeared over the horizon.

## Chapter 3 - Lisa

Melody woke early as usual; the sun hadn't fallen from its own glory quite yet. The reds and purples reflected upon the clouds illuminated the kitchen's window sill just slightly, giving the curtain around it a glowing appearance.

Melody sat at the table, looking through her mail. A routine, just that. She had put on a silk floor-length gown, not as formal as the one she wore to Steven's party. It was thin and sheer. If she allowed her body to reflect any sexual excitement, it would be fully apparent. She wore no underwear, but she did wear soft suede strapped high heels, as black as her gown. Her white skin seemed to glow in comparison to the soft fabric of it.

Chimise and herself had already eaten when the doorbell rang. Melody looked up from her papers. It had been a long time since she had heard the doorbell. She was sure it rang during the day now and then, but she never heard it while she slept. The sound of it seemed, now, very alien to her. She set the mail to the side and walked slowly to the door. She could tell who it was before she even opened it. The mail slot allowed a small amount of air to pass through.

Melody's enhanced senses remarked how beautiful the woman's scent was. It had been hard to distinguish it from the other scents in the bar the night before, but now, she could identify it completely. The blonde woman had beautified herself for this night. Melody opened the door quietly. The sunlight was gone from that side of her house, the shadows from the nearly departed sun crossing over her front lawn and porch. The sky shown a slight blue above as the sky darkened in the distance. She was in no danger from the sun. The blonde woman blushed and smiled.

"Please come in," Melody said motioning her hand casually, closing the door behind her.

"I...I'm sorry..." the woman began to stammer, "I know your name,

'Melody', from your card, but I don't think I told you mine." She blushed again, fidgeting with her purse finally laying it on a table next to the door. She was nervous, delightfully so. Melody smiled kindly.

"It's Lisa." she finally blurted.

"Ah, I see." Melody said calmly, still smiling. "Lisa." She walked into the kitchen and poured two glasses full of red wine. Lisa peeked around the corner watching her, but was sure not to be seen and she sat down on the couch. It was fairly comfortable and made none of the squeaking some couches did when touched, or moved against. Lisa sighed softly, glad it wasn't one of those.

Melody quickly reappeared and sat beside her, handing one of the glasses to her. Melody sipped first, taking in the deep red liquid. Lisa watched, and then took a sip herself. It seemed almost calming, but not enough.

"I'm not usually like this," Lisa stammered, trying to explain herself more for her own benefit than to Melody's. "I mean, I don't even know you and...and..." Melody sat back and looked upon her. Her blond hair was shoulder length; it was apparently her natural color, highlighted in darker streaks of blond.

Her green eyes darted between her wine, Melody's gown, and a lamp across the room. Her skin was slightly tanned, something that could not be told clearly in the nightclub, and she wore a short blue dress which was long sleeved with a bit of lace across her cleavage. Melody blinked slowly, letting her eyes rise from the woman's smooth silky legs up to her bare neck. Yet, it wasn't bare, a thin chain of gold hung from it, the charm hidden beneath her lace. "I'm sorry, I really don't know what I'm doing here. If he...he hadn't pissed me off so much last night.



He's a fool when he drinks." She stopped and looked up at her purse. She stopped to put down her drink, gather her purse and leave. "I'm sorry, I really am." Melody touched her hand to Lisa's hand, which held the wine.

"Drink." she said simply. Lisa looked up at her, for the first time their eyes really meeting. Melody could see into her easily. The eyes, windows to the soul.

She read her, and Lisa told her stories in her mind, with just the momentary look.

Lisa seemed transfixed in wonderment. She nodded, and swallowed the wine down her thirsting throat. Melody smiled gently. "You are too nervous.

Honestly, you are safe here." she reassured her. "I know how stress can be, and how men can drink and take a beautiful woman such as yourself for granted."

Lisa looked up at her blushing slightly at this, smiling and taking the last sip of wine from her glass. Melody took her glass and went to the kitchen, refilling it only half way this time, and handing it to her, their hands touching briefly as the glass exchanged hands, soft upon soft.

Lisa sipped her wine again, she rambled off about the daily stresses, the insults of her drunken boyfriend, and how no one seemed to understand her.

Melody smiled politely, nodding and commenting when needed. The conversation wasn't really important to her, but with each moment that passed

Lisa became more relaxed. The wine helped of course, and she had one sip left when Melody leaned closer and curled a finger into Lisa's hair, playing with it.

Lisa blushed slightly, but didn't complain and finished her subject of conversation along with the last sip of her wine.

"Lisa," Melody whispered.

"Hmmm?" Lisa looked up at her, their eyes meeting again. Melody knew exactly what Lisa asked for behind her walls of shyness and diversion.

"Sit closer with me." Lisa blushed, but the wine gave her courage. She set down the empty glass and moved closer to Melody, their legs touching, yet turned towards each other. She lowered her eyes shyly, and Melody smiled gently. Melody cupped her hand to Lisa's cheek softly, admiring the softness that only a woman could have. Lisa smiled softly and glanced up at her, then down again. Lisa's eyes wandered upon Melody's gown, the creases between her breasts, how it cascaded down her thighs. Melody moved closer, catching Lisa's own with her lips. Silken lips upon each other. Lisa gasped softly, almost pulling away, but then she melted. So soft were these lips, even compared to her own.

So caressing, not strong and forceful like her male lovers. No, these were soft, caressing, inviting. She wanted more and moved closer to Melody, their bodies touching. Lisa could feel the firm breasts against her own, how soft they were, how she wanted to see them, to feel them upon her own naked flesh.

Melody moved her hand into Lisa's hair gently, not letting her pull away from her deep kiss. Lisa's chest heaved with each breath, her blood warming, her heart racing. Melody pulled her onto her lap and into her arms, they were very much the same size, but it didn't seem awkward. Lisa swooned in her arms, surrendering to her kiss. Melody smiled, only allowing her lips to leave Lisa's to place more gentle kisses along her cheeks and neck. Lisa moaned in her arms, closing her eyes in pleasure. Melody's free hand stroked her thigh down the length of her dress, and then the skin down her knee. The caress, her touch, making Lisa even more wanting in her desire. They sat for moment upon end, kisses, touching, Lisa growing bolder and touching Melody's soft breasts through the fabric of her

gown, her nipples hard and inviting. Melody moved her hand slowly up her thigh, under Lisa's skirt, finally just barely gliding across the lace thong over her clit. Lisa moaned deeply, shuddering. She parted her legs just enough for Melody to know it was all right. Melody moved her fingers against the lace again, stroking it softly through the fabric. Lisa arched her back, their kisses deep and passionate. Her lace underwear was soaking through, finally reaching Melody's fingertips. Melody smiled softly, satisfied, and pulled away, standing from the couch. Lisa, her eyes half glossed over watched her. Melody motioned for her to follow and walked towards the bedroom. Lisa quickly followed, stopping at the doorway where Melody waited, flipping on a switch gently that turned dimmed lights on. Melody crossed the room and touched a control on her stereo. Soft jazz played through the speakers, just barely audible. They smiled to each other and Lisa sat on the edge of the bed.

Melody took a rose from her bedside table; the petals still soft, firm, and tender. She laid it upon the coverlet near the far side of the bed. Lisa watched her, her breath still deep, and her desire full. Melody sat next to her, her leg halfway tucked under her, turned towards Lisa. She touched her fingertips to Lisa's cheek admiring her every curve. Lisa looked up into her eyes. The first time she had dared to look into those deep blue eyes for more than a glance.

The depth of blue, the whiteness of her eyes, so very perfect. Lisa's breath shuttered for just a moment as Melody's hand moved from her cheek to her thigh.

Lisa looked up into those eyes again.

"Don't be afraid." Melody whispered, her breath never faltering. Lisa shook her head reassuringly.

"I'm not." Melody moved her hands up Lisa's thighs the fabric of her dress moving up under her hands. Lisa lifted her ass just a bit, allowing her dress to be pulled up to her waist. Melody moved to her knees upon the floor, tucking her fingertips under the fabric of Lisa's lace thong and pulling it slowly down her hips, finally bringing it to the floor. Lisa watched her slide it from her feet, her high heels coming with it in each of Melody's hands. Melody moved them to the side and stroked her thighs gently with her hands, then moving Lisa back she raised her knees just barely stretching her arms under and around each thigh. Lisa was a natural blonde, the short straight wisps of her golden hair almost shimmered in the dimmed light. A golden crown decorating her most luscious flower. Melody bent closer, tasting of the fine skin under the wisps of gold. Lisa lay back on her back, sighing a deep breath, closing her eyes and taking in the pleasures Melody freely gave to her. Melody licked her tender skin, and kissed it gently, savoring the sweet scent of it. Lapping gently at her clit as if she were a kitten drinking honeyed milk from a saucer, stroking it lightly in short tender strokes. Her tongue was warm and enveloping. She kissed Lisa's clit and wet nether lips as if they were a romantic lover's lips in the full French kiss of passion. Melody tasted of her wetness: Lisa's own honey. It was sweet, ever more sweet than she had first imagined. Ah, what a fool this girl's male lover had been not to lock her away from wandering. Melody fed on her honey, deepening her tongue between the folds of her flower. Lisa moaned loudly, moving her hips against her mouth.

Melody held her thighs not letting her pull away in her strokes, pressing her lapping tongue deeper into her pussy, feeding on her honey there until Lisa arched her back and cried out in her own pleasure. Melody smiled, licking her cum from her lips. She moved one arm away, only to press her fingers across Lisa's clit, stroking it softly down her slit, calming it. The tremors had crossed Lisa's body many times, but with the gentle stroking she quickly calmed into a purring state. Melody leaned back from the bed and stood up, unzipping her gown and letting it fall to the floor. Lisa watched her and moaned. Melody stood there, a perfect woman before Lisa, and Lisa wanted her.

"Close your eyes," Melody asked softly. "I have something for you." Lisa fought with herself; she didn't want to close her eyes. She didn't want to take her eyes off of Melody's ivory unblemished skin, or the rose colored perfect nipples that called out to her mouth to suck upon them. In the end, her breath

trembling, she laid her head back on the bed and closed her eyes. She could hear Melody move across the room, and a small strap sound of movement, as if a small belt or two were being drawn tight around a body. She then felt Melody upon the bed next to her and the soft coverlet moving beside her from the weight. Melody lifted Lisa's dress off over her head. "Just lay back," Melody assured her, lying beside her, their soft skin touching. Melody unclasped the latch to Lisa's bra and slid it down her arms and off the side of the bed to the floor. Lisa opened her eyes to find Melody's soft blue eyes looking down into her own. In Melody's hand she held the rose, the petals of it pointed down towards her skin. Melody moved the petals ever so softly, letting them barely touch Lisa's skin. They caressed her lips and the tip of her nose where Lisa breathed in the scent of it deeply. Melody moved the rose slowly, caressing her curved jaw and the crease down her neck.

The petals glided down her chest to rest on each nipple, twirling as Melody held it between her fingertips. It made Lisa's nipples even harder and more sensitive.

Melody leaned down and took the nipples each in her mouth on their own turn, letting her moist tongue taste of them, and her lips caress them. Lisa moaned softly, feeling her wetness between her legs again, opening her eyes half way to look upon her female lover. Melody smiled, and leaned back, taking a petal of the rose between her fingertips and tearing it from the stem. She laid it across Lisa's chest, the dark red of it almost sinfully covering the velvet skin underneath.

She tore another petal from the rose and set it in Lisa's golden hair. Lisa could faintly smell it. Melody covered Lisa's body and hair until the rose was naked and empty of its petals. The scent of roses surrounded them both. Melody leaned over and kissed Lisa deeply, reaching her hand between Lisa's legs as she did, stroking the fine hair there and then pressing lower, feeling her wetness.

Lisa arched her back in pleasure feeling Melody's fingers there, raising her hips and inviting them further. Melody breathed in Lisa's gasps, watching her writhe in pleasure against her as she pressed her fingers deeper into her.

It was then that Lisa felt the softness of the toy beside her, against her leg as Melody pressed her body against her. The sound of the leather harness straps tightening around Melody's waist and thighs. Lisa opened her eyes again.

"Is that my surprise?" Lisa asked, smiling. Melody smiled back and nodded, the soft latex cock anchored securely around her hips by straps of leather. Lisa looked down at it, a lavender pink. It was fairly good-sized but not too large that it would be uncomfortable. She wanted to feel it; she wanted to be filled. She wanted her female lover to make love to her like only a woman could.

Her wetness showed this to Melody, and Melody moved her soaked fingers from Lisa's pussy to the head of the cock, using her cum to lubricate the end. Melody moved and knelt between Lisa's legs with her knees wide, forcing Lisa's legs even further apart. She stroked the head of the cock up and down across Lisa's slit, teasing her gently and moving her hips even closer, letting the cock slide across Lisa's clit as she caressed her thighs. Lisa trembled, feeling the cock stimulating her clit. She lifted her hips back and forth, her breath becoming deep and short. She could have came that way, but before she did Melody leaned back, pulled it back from her clit and pushed it into her tight wanting pussy. Lisa tensed at the feel of it, firm, yet not hard and un-yielding. Melody rocked it slowly, moving her hips gently in small strokes, pressing it deeper inside her with every small movement. When reaching half way, she pulled it almost completely out. Lisa gave out a whimpering moan, only to have Melody press it deep into her in one thrusting jerk of her hips. Melody leaned over her, resting the palm of her hands on the sheets under Lisa's shoulders, bending Lisa's legs up around her waist. Lisa clenched her hands around Melody's shoulders in response to the fullness and ecstasy Melody gave to her. Melody moved her hips again, keeping leverage and balance easily with the lovely golden-haired goddess laid out on the bed before her. The feelings of Lisa's legs around her made her own wetness seem unbearable. She pumped

the cock into her lover in deeper strokes, lifting her hips with her thighs and moving back and forth with her arms.

Lisa trembled underneath her, each breath growing deep and short. She quickened her pace gradually, finally clenching the sheets under Lisa's shoulders between her fingertips, pulling upon them with each mighty stroke that she forced into her lover. She jerked her hips in a snapping motion, feeling Lisa tremble and shake, finally screaming out and rising up, arching her back, pressing her breasts against her. Melody leaned back on her knees, catching Lisa around her waist and holding her against her. She rocked into her still, until her orgasm ended.

Lisa collapsed in her arms, moaning softly, contently. Melody smiled and laid her down gently, her own thighs covered with her own stream of cum. They cuddled together there, holding each other in their arms. The rose petals making it feel so dream like, they drifted off into sleep.

Melody woke a few hours later feeling Lisa moving against her, stroking the fake cock against her clit again, and leaning down to take a nipple into her mouth. Lisa moaned at the taste of Melody's nipples, swirling them with her tongue and sucking on them gently. Melody smiled and gasped slightly at her touch, feeling the wetness and warmth of her tongue. Lisa shuddered, nearly coming from her own movement against the cock, her clit pounding and begging for more. Melody turned Lisa back onto her back, cradling her in her arms, resting her head on her chest as she pumped it into her. Lisa moaned loudly, closing her eyes in pleasure.

Melody opened her eyes slightly, looking across the room, not really to look upon anything, but just to concentrate on the rhythms. Across the room sat Eric Mikel, his dark hair around his shoulders as it always was. He wore no shirt, and curly dark wisps of hair danced lightly across the width of his broad chest.

Melody didn't stop her movement. Lisa moaned again, feeling the long strokes being fed to her passion, Melody's grip around her sides and shoulders ensuring her of fulfilment of pleasure. Eric rose and moved behind them. Melody could hear him unbuckling his belt, and the removal of the last of his clothes. It seemed like a dream when he touched her sex, stroking the wetness of it with his large fingers. She was soaked and unsatisfied as of yet, still moving the cock strapped to her hips into her female lover. Lisa tensed in her passion, pulling Melody closer to her. Their breasts crushed against each other. Melody felt his fingers widen her lips, opening her pussy up to him, pressing his cock against her. She moaned, feeling his hand on her back, nearly reaching completely across it from side to side in just the distance between the tip of his thumb to the tips of his spreading fingers. She felt so small compared to him, and he pressed into her, filling her. Her own movements against Lisa drew him deeper into her own pussy. He knelt there with her, wrapping his hands around her hips and deepening himself into her. Melody's hands knotted the sheets under Lisa's shoulders, her hips moving against his, and into Lisa. She buried her face into Lisa's shoulder, trying not to scream out too soon, taking him deep inside as his strokes became harder. Her hips bucked against him, jerking wildly to his rhythm. She could not keep the pace any longer and Lisa shuddered under her.

She drew near orgasm as Eric moved Melody's hips to his rhythm, fucking them both. Melody whimpered as his movement grew faster and deeper. Finally, Lisa and Melody screamed out in orgasm clutching each other at the same time. As they did he leaned forward. Melody could feel his hair on her back, as he bit into her neck. His fangs sank deep into her skin, feeding upon her. She spasmed in his grip, and finally settled, laying her head against Lisa's shoulder. Lisa breathed deeply, her eyes still closed, catching her breath. Melody opened her eyes and noticed two droplets of blood upon Lisa's skin. They were more red than the rose petals had ever been. She closed her eyes, letting out a final shudder from her orgasm and opened them again. The drops of blood vanished before her eyes.

Melody listened again; there was no movement in the room save hers and Lisa's. He was gone. Her

desires were quenched, and she lay there with Lisa, exhausted. Eric the vampire, if he had ever truly been there, was gone. Melody touched her neck where he had impaled his spiked fangs into her skin, and it felt as smooth as it had ever been.

## Chapter 4 - A Different Kind of Feeding

Melody woke when she felt Lisa get out of bed. It was late in the morning for Lisa. Melody watched Lisa, her long blonde hair falling around her shoulders as she stumbled out into the kitchen. Lisa pulled open the window's curtains, letting the sunlight stream in. Lisa moaned and began to wake. Melody followed, leaning against the doorframe to the bedroom. The light shining across the tiles of the floor was still not able to reach her. Lisa opened the refrigerator and took some fruit and milk from it, as well as cereal from a cabinet. Melody smiled to herself, glad that she spent a small amount each week to stock her refrigerator with enough food to keep up appearances. Though she did keep her emergency pint of blood in there disguised as a bottle of red wine that she had hand labelled "300 years old, very expensive, do not use." None of her 'overnight' visitors had questioned it. Of course, the blood was refreshed every few days, but she had learned how to disguise the reusable cork well enough to fool even the best of wine bottlers.

Lisa sat down at the table, still nude, and ate her breakfast. Chimise jumped up onto the table expecting her share, but Melody simply picked her up into her arms and stroked her.

"Aren't you hungry?" Lisa asked.

"No, no." Melody replied, smiling softly. She sat down in her normal chair, still petting Chimise who now lay purring happily across her lap. "In fact, I was thinking about sleeping a little more when you left."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Didn't know I was waking you up."

"Tis quite alright. What kind of hostess would I be if I didn't see you out?"

Melody smiled, looking deep into Lisa's eyes.

"I had a fantastic dream." Lisa took another bite from her cereal bowl.

"Oh?" Lisa nodded.

"At first I thought I was waking up, with you... uhm..." she blushed, "fucking me again." Melody smiled and leaned closer, listening. "But in the dream, you were still sleeping next to me, and this man... he had turned me over on all fours.

Oh God, he was beautiful. Long black hair, strong." Lisa stopped to think and remember details of the dream. "He was taking me, fucking me... oh he felt so good. We laid there, fucking for hours. He never came. I must have came at least fifty times, I honestly had lost track."

"Well that's encouraging. I make love to you and the next thing you dream about is fucking a man."

Melody laughed, giving her a sly wink and smile. Lisa blushed.

"That wasn't all, though. We laid there together, just holding each other, and I asked him if he was real or if I was sleeping. He said I was sleeping and then reached over and started fondling your nipples. You moaned in your sleep, but you didn't wake up. He said he was there for you, that he had come for you, but had decided to take me first. And then..." Lisa's thoughts seem to waiver. "I guess I drifted into deeper sleep because I didn't dream after that I think."

Melody's smile had disappeared and was replaced by a more serious look.

Had Eric been there? Had all these times he had appeared in her dreams been part of a plan? It was true that vampires can haunt dreams. It's true the power is part of their seduction, but she was not sure a vampire could do it to another vampire. One thing Melody was sure of, Eric had visited Lisa in her dreams.

"Did you dream of him?" Lisa took the last spoonful of cereal into her mouth.

"Hmm?" Melody broke from her concentration, smiled, and shook her head. "Though he sounds like quite a catch. Maybe I should think about dreaming about him." Lisa smiled in response and drank her milk from the bowl.

Lisa quickly dressed and they exchanged kisses at the door. The sunlight barely missed Melody's hand while she held the door for her.

Melody had first thought that Lisa was so lovely she would definitely enjoy having her over again, but now with Eric involved. No, she couldn't risk it. Eric had been intriguing, but it was now time to find his purpose, and explore his interests and plans in her.

Chimise licked the last droplets of sugared milk from the cereal bowl left on the table as Melody passed and slipped once again into her bed. She would need the strength of her 'death sleep' for what she had to do that night. Sleep came quickly, as it always did, but a worry—a thought—still crossed Melody's mind. "Who are you, Eric Mikel?"

It seemed only a second later that she awoke, but indeed it had been hours. Night had fallen. Melody opened her eyes, realizing night was upon her and she was missing it. The rest had done her good; her mind was clear except for one mere clue. She sat down in her chair at the table and flipped open her appointment book. The calendar was filled with events for each night. She never went to most of them, but she was always invited. She tapped her fingertip across the third line on tonight's list, and picked up the phone. She quickly made arrangements for the limo to pick her up in less than an hour. The operator told her she was not sure there were any cars available.

"My dear, there is always a car available." Melody replied simply and then hung up the phone. This was to be the least of her worries this night. She gathered some items into a small bag and set it on the bed, dressing for her occasion. She was hungry, which didn't help matters, but she would feed, one way or another. She took a full-length black leather dress from her closet. The sides of the dress were bare and laced up with a simple black lace ribbon. The right side laced only from her chest to her waist. Her hip parted the leather fabric around her pale thigh. She slid on a more simple set of black high heels, only three inches high. She would need the stability. At the mirror she darkened her eyelids with a brownish-red eye shadow and her lips a darker red than they would normally possess. She left her hair down, curling around her shoulders, inserting two fine combs into the temples pulling the strands back from her face.

The knock at the door arrived, perfectly on time, and Melody snatched up the bag she had left on the bed on the way out.

Daniel nodded to her in greeting as they always did and opened the limousine door for her. It was one of the more plain limousines, but it was enough. Once again Melody smiled and lifted her prepared glass of wine up to Daniel's view in thanks. She knew he would be available, he always was.

The trip took a little longer this time, crossing the town into the warehouse section of the city. Many limousines passed by a certain building which was normally vacant and empty. Passengers were picked up and dropped off. This was her destination for tonight. People seemed to swarm the building, all richly dressed. As far as that scene was involved, leather was the common trend.

Sometimes rubber or latex was donned instead. Daniel found no place to stop other than the middle of the street. He was about to open his door when someone walked by and slid past against his door.

"Never mind, I'll let myself out." Melody said insistently opening her door from the inside and stepping out into the street.

"Yes M'lady." he replied simply. She smiled at this. This was the first time words had been exchanged between them, however brief. Normally someone, even for a respectful reply, would only say 'yes ma'am' or some such reply, but she liked the words he had chosen. She noted them in the back of her mind.

She stepped up onto the curb as her car disappeared down the street and into the night. Daniel would be close till she needed him again. He always was.

She never had to wait for him. She took a crisp one hundred dollar bill and handed it to the man at the door. He was a large black man, muscular, with long hair that spiraled down the back of his shoulders. He nodded to her and motioned her in; her door fee was paid in full. Inside lay a different kind of party than the elite class she had attended only nights before. Nude bodies walked and socialized as if fully clothed. Others wore leather, some outfits cut specifically for displaying certain erotic or bizarre body enhancements such as tattoos or piercings. There were many floors to this building, and the room to the entrance was always expected to be full. Melody slipped past many until she reached the stairs, making her way up to the second floor. At the top of the stairs a Saint Andrews cross was displayed. A man of the age of thirty stretched across it, his Mistress over him with her crop, whispering commands. He whimpered and she smiled evilly into his eyes, giving his exposed cock a light tap with the tip of her cane.

Ah, it was a fine game between lovers. The seduction, the playing of evil against good. On the most part, nothing was ever performed without the other's permission. Melody felt as safe as a nun in a cathedral. Maybe even safer.

Melody seemed to laugh to herself at this thought. She crossed the room to the couches set in a square where others socialized. Behind it laid a catered table of food, complete with lobster tails if such was desired. Melody passed it, touching her fingertip to the chocolate pudding and taking it between her lips, savoring the taste of it. She looked around the room to see if she recognized any faces, but she had already felt him. She knew he was there. A couple crossed the square of couches and cleared Melody's view. On the back couch she saw him, the vampire Eric Mikel. At his feet with her head upon his thigh her arms lovingly placed around his leg, laid a red-haired woman. She was very beautiful and her red hair was pulled to one side, her curls running down one shoulder. He stroked her hair absently as he spoke with a man next to him, laughing and smiling. The woman at his feet seemed very content. He seemed to look upon Melody at the same time she found him. Their eyes met: their gazes locked. The eyes did not show fear, but simply interest. He smiled and excused himself from his friend and even from the girl at his feet. She watched him, half way pouting, as he walked across the room and kissed Melody's hand in greeting.

"Ah, so we meet again, Miss Melody Chalis." he smiled.

"Yes, and it seems we have the same interests." Melody added nodding towards his slave girl who was still watching him from the couch. He chuckled at this.

"Yes, yes, it seems so." he looked to the table of food, "Have you eaten yet?" Melody shook her head.

"Perhaps later." She smiled looking upon him.

"Yes, very well." He glanced over to the red-haired girl who was becoming anxious. Melody could feel the girl's frustration, and the fear that Melody was a threat to her interests. "I feel we will have time," he began looking back at Melody, "to talk perhaps later tonight?" Melody nodded.

"The roof, perhaps." she suggested. He smiled, looking into her dark blue eyes and nodded. Melody looked upon the red-haired girl, smiled politely and left the room. She followed the stairs upwards even further. She could feel him turn and take his seat again with his little slave. She didn't even have to



watch him.

She could feel him now. She knew what he was, the scent of his soul being marked in her mind as a bloodhound may mark a scent of those it may want to find in its own memory.

Melody found nothing of interest on the third floor, just other couples playing. But on the fourth floor private rooms were available. Melody leaned against the wall between two doors. A couple walked past her down the hallway turning to go down the stairs. The closing of a door around the corner could be heard. Melody lowered her head, as if listening, and she waited. The breath of every living creature became her focus. Within the room closest to her, she could hear two lovers. The woman was gasping loudly as her male lover entered her. Melody could hear their whispers.

"Oh, just a little harder...oh yes!" the woman exclaimed. The man breathed harder.

The room across the hall contained a man and two women. She could hear the sound of leather floggers stroking against skin. They hit softly at first, and then built, as did the first woman's moans. The leather rhythm varied, and the second woman moaned. They were being flogged together.

"Must be shy", Melody concluded due to their playing in a private room.

Rooms here and there were empty, but then Melody heard a single breath.

Melody followed the breath, down the hallway away from the stairs. The breath was steady yet quick to excitement. Melody turned the corner of the hallway; the breathing grew louder in her highly-tuned ears. She stepped silently further down the hallway, finally stopping at the last door. The last hallway had been left empty. No other rooms were occupied. Just this last room, with the one breath inside. Melody listened for others. Another couple had walked up the stairway, but took a room before even turning the corner. She would have no company.

Melody turned the knob of the door and stepped inside. The door closed steadily behind her. The room was dark, the light was off, but Melody could see perfectly.

Dim light entered through a smoked window on the side of the room, but the figure couldn't see her. It was a man - she had guessed that before from his deep breaths. He had been tied to an exposed pipe against the ceiling. His hands were perfectly secured above him. His head was covered with a type of zipping hood. The nose was covered completely, but his mouth was free. His eyes were covered by a blindfold securely buckled around the hood. His feet were secured to each end of a spreader bar about two and a half feet across.

The spreader bar tied to another exposed pipe running along the floor. He had been positioned there. Melody closed her eyes and let her spirit eyes look into his mind. His Master had left him there; he had told him to wait. Melody's mind searched for his Master. Ah, there he was...she found him on the couches talking and eating. He did not plan on coming back for his slave for some time.

Melody smiled, knowing she would feed well off this one. Though blood was not what she desired to feed upon. She had a deeper hunger, a hunger for his energy, his emotion, and to be more exact, his fear. The male slave's breath quickened. He could hear her ever so faintly through the hood, which also covered his ears. He knew he wasn't alone. Melody smiled. She set down her bag, pulling from it two black rubber gloves. She pulled them up her fingers, letting the rubber snap so he could hear it. She smoothed the rubber again up her second hand and let it snap. The man shifted his weight, only guessing what his Master had in store for him. He was glad that his Master had decided to return so soon. He didn't like being left alone for long periods. Melody took another object from the bag and lifted her skirt over her waist, letting it bunch up around her hips, strapping the harness around her hips securely. The man was nude except for his restraints and hood. Melody moved her gloved hand over his shoulders. He tensed and then relaxed, his excitement growing, his cock growing larger. Melody

smiled, pleased that she held this reaction in him, even if he did think she was his Master. He could not smell her perfume, he could not feel her soft skin through the rubber gloves. Melody pinched his nipples hard between her rubbered fingers roughly. He moaned and jerked back from the pain. She almost laughed out loud at this, but doing such would give her identity away. She wasn't ready for that surprise to be revealed yet.

Melody took a finger full of lubricant and rubbed it across his ass. He pressed towards her fingers, almost begging her to insert them. She spread more lubricant over the head of her strap-on's cock. She moved quickly, pressing the head of it against his ass. He welcomed it, just as he had hungered for her fingers. It slid in easily, he was not as tight as other lovers she had used this way. She easily slid into him. She moved her hips rhythmically. His cock grew harder, and he moaned in approval and pleasure. She slowly built the pressure and rhythm, taking his ass just as she had taken Lisa's pussy. He moaned louder, pressing against her, trying to match her rhythm.

"Oh Master." He moaned. Melody smiled. The time for games and surprises was over, it was time to feed.

"No, not Master." She hissed loudly, taking his hips roughly in her hands and pressing deeper into him.

"What the fuck!?" he said, confused, knowing this was a woman's voice.

He quickly realized what had happened, and what was happening now. "Fuck!

Fuck! NO! Stop, dammit stop!" She snapped her hips into him, driving the cock hard into him, stroking deeply. "I'm gay, dammit! Stop!" he screamed. Melody just laughed. With her laughter came his fear. He whimpered and then pulled on his restraints violently, shaking, trying to get away from this woman raping his ass! She pulled back on his hips, keeping her rhythm, deep and hard, he couldn't pull from her grip. He screamed the scream most closely resembling that of a woman. He panicked, and she took him. Holding on to him firmly she pumped the cock inside him roughly, deep, in full strokes, raping him, taking him, pressing into him. She pressed her body against his. He could feel her breasts against his back, so soft and smooth. He screamed again, frantically pulling at his wrist restraints, trying to remove his hood, anything to get away from this woman. She fucked him. His fear came in waves, and Melody fed. She fed upon his terror of the rape—the desperateness of his screams that would not be heard and his hopelessness. Melody feasted. His voice left him in his screams, and he tired from his struggles. He was nearly drained. Melody leaned back, holding his hips, and taking him a bit more gently, stroked him deeply. She dripped with her own passion and satisfaction, finally trembling, her clit being rubbed by the strap-on while she leaned back in this position. He could hear her cumming. He hated her, and she fed on the hate. She jerked her hips into him five more strokes, and on the last one she screamed out in orgasm. He screamed again. "No!" he cried. She could smell the wet fabric of the hood. He had cried much. He sobbed underneath the hood, his mouth sputtering spit down his chin. Melody smiled evilly and leaned up to his ear.

"What a good FUCK you are," she laughed. She left the cock inside him, unstrapping it from her hips. She reversed the straps and strapped it around his waist and thighs, locking the cock inside him. She patted his ass affectionately.

Something to remember me by. He cried still, sobbing. She let her dress fall again around her hips, and placed the gloves in her bag. Her ears suddenly tuned. Someone was turning the corner of the hallway. It was his Master, she could feel him. She quickly opened the door and disappeared through the fire escape exit located across the hallway, rushing up the steps to the roof just above. She could hear the movement in the hallway. The Master opened the door.

"What the fuck?" The Master found his slave. "Jamie!" Jamie quickly blurted out that a woman had done this to him and she had just left. His Master threw open the fire escape door, just as Melody

turned the knob to the roof door.

It was locked. The Master was large. He would damage even her in combat if he knew anything of fighting. He was muscular, a perfect "daddy" type. Melody growled and crushed her shoulder against the steel door, breaking the lock that held it and fleeing into the dark air of the night. The Master stood at the roof, the door's lock shattered in a twisted mass of metal. No one else was there. He searched the roof, but found no one except a couple standing at the opposite end where the stairs exited onto a small patio for roof entertaining. Frustrated, he returned down the fire escape stairwell to tend to his slave.

Melody's shoulder quickly repaired itself. The shattered bone reformed under her skin, her bruises quickly returning to the ivory color of her perfect flesh.

Jamie had fed her well; he was just what she needed. The nearby rooftop was where she had hidden, watching the large Master search hopelessly for her. She wouldn't be able to go down that way again, but it didn't matter. The roof was where she waited.

Several hours passed. The night's clouds crossed the moon slowly, the light of it breaking through and caressing her skin in its glow. The coolness of the night breeze stroked her hair back and she closed her eyes, enjoying it, until she felt his presence. A tinge of electricity—like an iron spike being driven into a forming railroad track—straight into her brain. She opened her eyes quickly, almost gasping from the shock. He stood on the roof with her. It was true, he was a vampire with all the talents and gifts that she herself possessed. Melody looked across the space of air between the buildings. No mortal would be able to cross it. Eric smiled at her gently.

"You are a very interesting woman, Miss Melody Chalis." he said, almost purring her name. She smiled in return. He stepped closer into the light of one of the street lamps, which peeked just over the rooftop. His eyes seemed brighter and his cheeks more blushed than before. He had fed already. An image flashed through Melody's mind, seeing the beautiful red-haired woman lying across a couch of some kind. She appeared to be dozing, but Melody could feel the woman's pulse slowing. She still lived. He hadn't taken enough to kill her, but he had fed on her. The image was gone as quickly as it came and Melody looked into Eric's eyes once again. "Ah yes," he commented, as if he knew exactly what Melody had seen. "She is resting...she won't miss me for a while."

"And what of me?" Melody asked suspiciously. "Why do you haunt my dreams so?" He smiled at this and paused as if thinking, or choosing his words wisely.

"I haunt your dreams, hmm?" he almost chuckled; his fangs showed briefly as he spoke. "Perhaps you dream of me, and you haunt yourself."

Melody raised her eyebrow and looked at him. He drew nearer and took her hand into his, turning her palm up and kissing it, trailing a lingering kiss down to her wrist. She could feel her dead pulse call to him, her dark blood wishing to be stained against his lips. He inhaled softly the scent of her hidden blood. Then he released her hand gently. They stood so close their bodies almost touched. She could feel his breath. "I want to see you," he smiled, "for dinner. In two nights.

"I'll send a car for you." Melody looked into his eyes, so deep and green. She nodded. He smiled slightly and moved away from her, seeming almost to walk upon the air. In a casual stride he returned to the opposite roof and to the party.

Melody watched, almost caught in a strange spell only vampires can set upon their prey. Oh yes, she would meet him. It was her fate to do so.

The ground raced closer as the wind whipped past her pale white skin; the lights of the buildings flashing past her ever so briefly. Melody settled upon the ground without even a click of her high heels upon the pavement. Her eyes darted back and forth down the alley between the buildings. No soul lived

there, no one was watching, and no one had seen her flight.

Melody surprised Daniel, he had not heard her step up behind him. He had parked down the street from the building, watching for her to emerge. He didn't know how he could have missed her, but nonetheless she was there. He quickly moved from leaning against the side of the car. His jacket lay across the hood. Taking it from the hood, he quickly laid it across one arm as he moved to open the back door for Melody's entrance into the back of the limo. As she stepped in, his thoughts wandered backwards. Some women in short skirts had walked across the street only a few moments before. As he had watched them, his customer must have emerged from the building. How careless he had been.

He cursed himself silently and closed the door behind her. Melody watched him; her dark red painted nails clicking absently upon the leather of the seat beside her. Daniel quickly put his jacket on, pulling his blond hair from the back. He always wore it the same, pulled back in a ponytail. She noticed the small curls of it as he hurried around the car to the driver's side. The engine started without a noise, the silence of the limousine only broken by the movement of Melody as she crossed her legs. The slit in the fabric parted around her thigh, her ivory skin exposed. Melody leaned back in the seat, watching the lights of the buildings and shops pass her. The limousine turned towards home, but Melody wasn't ready to retire for the night yet.

"Take me somewhere with a view." she said. Daniel glanced up into his rear view mirror for just a moment and looked at her. Their eyes met. He glanced a second time just to be sure, and again her blue eyes shimmered back.

She wasn't smiling, yet she wasn't frowning. She was as beautiful to him as she had always been. Her sleek red lips, her white skin, and her ever-blue eyes.

Eyes which he had only seen the color briefly.

"Yes, M'lady," he replied, seeming almost confused at the request, but he did not argue. Melody smiled then. She could feel his confusion, but he was skilled. He knew the areas of the town, he knew where to turn and what direction to go.

The limousine travelled silently through the streets until it curved up a lone highway. It stopped at a hillside where several other cars were parked. Couples sat inside their cars, looking out onto the city lights. Just below the over-looking hill lay a cliff which was fenced off with wooden beams.

Daniel emerged and opened Melody's door. She stepped from it and walked to the wooden fence. She placed her hand upon the wood and looked out onto the city lights. A cold breeze traced back her hair, clearing it from one side of her neck. Daniel waited silently at the door, closing it behind her exit, and simply waited. He was watching her. She could feel his eyes. She could always feel those who looked upon her. Melody smiled. The lights of the city sparkled.

There were white lights, red ones blinking from a radio tower off to the right, and even a yellow from a lone building set off from the city a bit. The breeze caressed her skin and she closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of it. She took a breath of it. It felt sweet and cold to her lungs, as fresh mountain air would.

Melody lowered her head, looking upon the wood of the fence. It was so rough against her soft fingertips. She turned her head further, looking behind her.

Daniel waited, his blonde hair hardly moving in the breeze. His eyes dropped nervously as she looked upon him. The sound of the gravel under her heels caused him to look up again and he instantly opened her door for her. He spoke not a word, but simply waited for her to step inside. She paused, and he looked at her. She had stepped up beside him and faced his side. Moving her hand across his chest, not even brushing against his shirt, she traced her fingertips up the side of his bare neck and to his cheek where the palm of her hand stopped and cupped his skin. He looked into her eyes, so dark and blue.

She leaned closer and touched her lips to his, kissing him softly like a visiting angel in the night. Daniel turned towards her, half gasping, her lips leaving his as if nothing but a passing dream or brief fantasy. Melody slid her fingers up the inside of his jacket, pressing it up and back from his shoulders, letting it slip down his arms.

He took it in his hand and laid it across the roof of the limousine. She drew closer, reaching her hands around his head, letting her soft skin glide across his cheeks. She pressed closer, the fabric of her dress pressing against his clothing.

His white long sleeved shirt contrasted against the blackness of his slacks and her black dress. Melody pressed her fingers into his hair, as she pressed closer still, her body pressing against his, and she kissed him. Daniel took off his driver's cap and placed it with his jacket, wrapping his free hand around her tiny waist. He returned her kiss, taking her into his arms, not a word spoken. She inhaled his breath as it quickened. She could feel his blood quickening, his heart pounding. They kissed deeply, passionately. Melody moved her fingers through his tied curls, pulling them free from the black hair tie he always used to bind them in place. Her fingers glided through his soft curls. The breeze shifted and his curls moved against her hands. His kiss was soft and warm, ever gentle, as if he were afraid that if he pressed too roughly, this angel...this dream might be destroyed. Without looking into his eyes, she lowered her hands to the buttons of his shirt, slowly undoing them between her fingertips. He watched as her lips left his, the breeze playing with her hair in small strokes. Her skin was lit only by the lights of the city reflecting in the limousine's black tinted windows. He felt her fingers along the center of his chest, undoing the buttons and her fingertips sliding inside the hem of it, parting the fabric, exposing his skin to her. She slid her fingertips up the inside of the seam and then down, spreading the fabric and freeing it from his slacks, letting her hands follow the curve of his chest, and then up again this time up his sides. He was muscular, but not overly so. He remained fit and strong. She smiled, looking up into his eyes. Without a word she leaned forward and kissed him again. Their lips met more eagerly this time, his hand daring to move across her back to just between her shoulder blades.

How perfectly curved she seemed, and how her silken dark hair danced upon the back of his hand in the breeze. She stepped from his grasp just as quickly as she had stepped into it, stepping into the limousine. He watched her, almost dreaming.

"Daniel." she whispered, calling to him. Her whisper danced upon the breeze. Daniel stepped into the cabin and sat next to her, the door closing behind him. He felt rather awkward sitting there, but she didn't give him the time to worry about it. Her lips brushed across his again, her tongue flipping just the edge of his lip as she moved back again. The bench seat creaked as she moved and sat on his lap in his arms, her legs draped across his and to the side, the slit of her dress opened near him, her thigh exposed just barely to the side. She slid her fingers into his blond curls as their lips met, and he encased her in his strong arms. The fingertips of her free hand glided ever so slowly down his broad chest, enjoying the strength and feel of his skin. He moved his hand down her side.

The lace of the ribbon which held her dress felt rough compared to the skin which emerged between its laces. He glided his hand slowly down her side, enjoying every curve of her. His hand continued down her hip and thigh ending at her bent knee. She pressed closer to him and kissed his neck softly, licking and tasting his flesh. She inhaled his scent as his hand crossed the fabric of her dress, moving across her belly to her opposite hip which lay against him. The slit of her dress exposing it against him. She moved closer, parting the fabric conveniently. He slid his hand under the seam and down her thigh. Her skin was silken against his fingertips. She moaned softly as he moved his hand up her inner thigh, finally brushing against her wet slit. She gasped softly in response, and he moaned when he felt how wet she was. She wore no underwear and his fingers were free to explore. She spread her legs just enough to allow him more access, and he pressed his cupped fingers between her legs, the lips of her flower opening to him and pressing around his slowly stroking fingers. Her head fell back from his

neck gently, leaning against his arm, which he held wrapped around her for support. Her eyes closed in pleasure as her breath quickened. Her eyebrows formed into a small curve. Her lips slightly parted as she gasped, her hips moving up to greet his fingers. Daniel watched her expression as he continued to stroke her slowly. She moaned louder as he pressed just a little harder in his strokes, her body beginning to tremble. Daniel tried to keep his breath steady, his own passion becoming well apparent, pressing up against her body under the many layers of fabric between them. He watched her; amazed at this dark angel he held in his arms, how she trembled against him.

Melody opened her eyes, looking up at him. She could feel his passion and sense his building desire. She withdrew from his hand and slid to her knees upon the floor, easily undoing the clasps of her dress and letting it fall to the floor around her. She moved back to where he sat, his eyes widening, his hands wrapping around her as she moved into his reach once again. He took her into his arms upon his lap. She straddled his lap on the seat, kneeling above him, arching her back as he took a pink nipple between his lips and fed upon it. How sweet it tasted. She moaned, letting her fingers brush through his hair. She pressed herself against him, as he moved to the other breast, gently kneading the other with his free hand. She pulled at the fabric of his shirt, moving it up over his shoulders. He leaned back and pulled his shirt off, laying it across the back of the seat. She looked down into his eyes. Their gazes never wavered.

He gently moved her, laying her across the backseat. She looked up at him, watching him. Her chest was rising from her quick breathes. Her body screamed at him through her entire posture. He slid his shoes and pants off and moved over her, kissing her deeply, his blonde hair falling around the sides of his face. She wrapped her silken legs around him, her wet pussy stroking against his cock as he moved against her. He looked down at her, his eyes soft and gentle. He stroked the hair at her temple, looking into her deep blue eyes which begged him to make love to her. He moved his arms to each side of her head, encasing her underneath him. Her breasts crushed against his chest. He entered her in three long slow strokes, impaling her completely. Melody arched her back sharply, only his body against her holding her down as she contracted around him, her first orgasm coming simply from the fact of being filled so completely and utterly. She trembled against him, tensing and latching onto him tightly with her arms and hands, moaning loudly until her tremors of orgasm subsided. He pumped into her slowly, feeling her tension subside. If this were a dream, he was going to make it last. She gasped from beneath him, her hips rising with each slow long thrust of his cock, her hands tightening and then relaxing against the skin of his back. His rhythm building slowly, she turned her head from side to side, her eyes closed in ecstasy. He moved even harder against her, his rhythm still deep and strong. He could feel the pulsing of his cock, knowing he couldn't hold it much longer. Her mouth moved against his neck, kissing it tenderly, her kisses soft. Her teeth nibbled against his flesh, her fangs slipping easily into his skin. His blood spilled into her closing lips, the wound closing as her kiss did. He quickened his rhythm, feeling his balls press rhythmically against her soft wet skin, her pussy so warm and tight around him that his breath trembled and he let out a low groan as he came into her hard. He grabbed her hips and slammed his last thrusts into her, locking her against him.

She screamed out, jerking wildly against him, his hands locking them together.

Her hips still moved between his fingers, milking him of every last drop. He shuddered and held her tightly, wrapping an arm under her and pressing her against him. They lay still for just a moment, gasping for air. Neither one moved away from the other.

Daniel looked at her, and gently laid her back down, kissing her lips again softly. Their eyes met and he took a breath to speak, but she put her finger to his lips.

"Shhhhh." Melody whispered in a breathless tone.

## Chapter 5 - For Lust or Money

Melody faintly remembered Daniel driving the limousine home, her eyes tracing the lights as they passed them on the street. Her thoughts were on the night's events and what they might mean for her. Daniel touched his neck faintly, but she had left no marks for him to find. She smiled, amused.

The next night arrived quickly and Melody called for a taxi for the night's adventure. It would not be wise to use Daniel's services so soon again.

Melody stepped from the taxi cab, paying the driver with an outstretched hand over his shoulder. He took the money, counting it quickly before putting it in his pocket and driving off. Melody was already half down the block from him walking the opposite direction. The lights of the city brought the ground around her as bright as day. The whores of the city were already close to the curbs waiting for their nightly tricks. Melody had pulled her hair back behind her and set it with combs, letting her dark curls run down her back, her short black dress fluttering around her thighs as she walked. She hungered deeply, lusting for blood. She could hear her pores scream for it, her heart hunt for it, her nostrils sucking in the stench of the city trash, some living some dead, yet all of it mortal.

Her eyes sparkled as she found a proper shadow to stand in. Cars passed.

Some stopped and picked up whores. Melody would scan the johns' minds; some were just after a good fuck, and others a blow job. Ah, there was one, he just wanted someone to get high with. The whore quickly agreed for a low fee.

After all, her pimp's fee still had to be paid, but the drugs were for her. When a limousine pulled up, several girls ran up to the window, but the car just moved slowly down the street. This one was looking for something specific. Melody peered inside of the limousine with her mind. A man in his middle ages sat in the center of the leather bench. He held his hands over the top of his cane almost regally, as if it were a resting stick and not really needed otherwise. He occasionally glanced outside at the whores who stepped forward to his door curiously. The more experienced whores just watched him drive by. They knew something was strange about this one. Better that their competition disappeared than them. His thoughts betrayed him; he searched for 'her'. The young blonde girl with flowing curls. The runaway, the girl that no one wanted. The easy prey.

Melody knew what he wanted. The shadows shifted around Melody's body as she took the combs from her hair and sifted her fingers through her hair, her roots turning blonde and her skin slightly tanned. Her dress morphed into a white pattern with pink flowers. Her lips paled to pink, and her eyes to a light green color. Melody stepped into the light just as his car approached. She rubbed her shivering shoulders, the sundress not enough to keep her warm even on this spring night. Her hair was a bit mangled on the side, but otherwise she looked rather pleasant. The poor blonde-haired girl, the perfect victim. The limousine stopped and the window lowered. The man motioned for her. Melody stepped closer to the limousine and peered inside. The man's hair grayed near the temples and he wore a necktie and a fairly expensive dress shirt and slacks.

Other than his brown, graying hair he was otherwise clean-shaven and rather pleasant to look at.

"You don't have anywhere to go?" the man asked. Melody shook her head and backed up a step, as if contemplating whether or not she wanted to get in or not. The man smiled and opened the door. "Come with me." Melody paused, but then nodded and stepped into the limousine. The limousine drove away from the curb immediately and headed off to a destination Melody was not sure of. She sat on the bench next to the door while the man poured a glass of wine for her. It was white wine, but at least it was of good quality. He handed the glass to her and she took it between her hands, sipping at first at it.

She could smell the tinge of the drugs in her drink, but they were meant for a mortal girl. A girl who only needed a small dose to effect. She almost betrayed herself by smiling a well knowing smile, but she caught herself. She had to play her role; she had to keep her disguise for her plan to work. She gulped the wine greedily until it was gone, licking her lips, savoring the taste. The drugs quickly passed through her system. Melody scanned his mind. He expected her to fall asleep shortly. Melody would be sure not to disappoint him. The drugs would only last a few hours, which would be all he needed to get to his suite in the casino hotel.

Of course the drugs wouldn't affect her, her body would simply expel them later in a good blood sweat. She often got this sweat when her own adrenaline raised.

It often caused the viciousness of her kills to grow. He would have no idea that by using drugs he was only making his own death more gruesome. Melody's eyes rolled back moments later, the drugs taking effect in the man's eyes. She simply mimicked what his own mind told her was to be expected. He smiled, stroking his fingers through her hair gently. He leaned her against him, pulling her up around her waist with his arm. Her head lolled against his shoulder and he smiled, cuddling with her against the leather bench. He kissed her forehead.

The limousine arrived at the front of the casino, the driver opening the door and the man getting out. He would play a few rounds of blackjack before heading upstairs to his suite.

The driver drove around to the back of the casino's hotel where a bodyguard opened the door and pulled the drugged blonde girl from the backseat. He wrapped a long black jacket around her and carried her into the maintenance elevator. Melody could hear the beeping of the controls as they passed each floor. She continued to play the drugged girl and pretended to be unconscious.

How easy it would be to surprise the bodyguard and feed upon him, but she thirsted for something more. Her blood screamed for satisfaction, but she kept still, not letting her urges wake her from her pretend stupor. She would have her chosen victim. The elevator stopped and the bodyguard stepped out into a suite. It took up the entire floor. He turned a key into the lock on the elevator so that it was once again locked in place and would not allow others up to the suite. The bodyguard walked through the rooms and stopped next to the bed literally dropping her onto the bed. The springs bounced her unconscious body a second and then she rested. He moved to the entrance again and stood post at the stairwell knowing that his employer would come up that way. The rich man was an experienced predator, Melody thought. She admired him. He had even set his alibi in case questions were asked later about his whereabouts if anything were to go wrong with his plans.

Thirty minutes later, he knocked once at the stairwell door, which was always locked from the inside. The bodyguard opened it for him and let him in; the bodyguard then closed the door and tested it to make sure it was locked.

She could hear them say goodnight and then the bodyguard took the elevator back down. Melody could hear it as it moved down the deep passageway. The man and her were alone in the suite. She could hear him rustling things around in the front room. She remained still in her unconsciousness until finally he walked inside and sat down next to her. He brushed his fingers through her hair again lightly. He sat there for several minutes stroking her hair and her pretty face. With a deep breath he moved again, taking her wrists together behind her, turning her over on her stomach, and tying her wrists tightly together with a piece of cord. He bent her knees back as far as they would go and he tied her ankles together also, crossing them and crisscrossing the cord between them. He finished the length of cord off by tying her ankles to her wrists in a hogtie fashion.

He pushed her over on her side so he could watch her as she slept. He unfastened his tie from his neck and wrapped it around her head, opening her mouth with his fingers and gagging her with it. He



crossed the straps through her mouth and then finished it by crisscrossing it around her neck. Just a little pull on each side and her air supply would be cut off. Melody decided not to die without a show and moaned softly as he finished his knots. He smiled down at her drugged eyes opening. He heard her moan softly, wonderfully. He took a knife from a drawer. It was a common steak knife, probably taken from a meal delivered by room service. Her eyes widened seeing it, and she pulled at her bonds, but they were strong enough to hold a girl her age. In fact, they were almost strong enough to hold her true vampire self, but of course, "almost" was never good enough. He traced the tip of the knife down her shoulder, not cutting the skin, but simply skimming it, and brought it down the curve of the shoulder and down her chest, meeting the fabric of her dress just between her breasts.

He sliced the fabric in a quick motion, the fabric tearing roughly from the strike.

She gasped and shuddered, trembling in fear, her eyes wide and transfixed. He put down the knife and knelt above her on the bed, taking the two sections of cloth and ripping them further down her body until the dress fell completely open to him. Her tanned body trembled before him. He knelt over her, trembling from his own excitement and took a young plump breast into his hand guiding it to his mouth. He sucked on it tenderly and hungrily, his passion building. He kneaded her other breast as his breath grew quicker. Melody kept her transformation but fed upon his emotions, his predatorial excitement, as he kneeled over his own prey. So helpless she was, trembling there, his to do with as he pleased. He freed his cock from his pants and stroked himself, leaning against her. His eyes changed from the gentle calm she had seen before into something very animal.

He roughly turned her onto her back, her knees being bent painfully further. She cried out softly behind her gag and whimpered from her painful torture, the bonds cutting off circulation in this position. She twisted, trying to move back onto her side, but he held her firm. Looking into her eyes he stroked himself until he groaned out in orgasm spurting cum over her stomach and white cotton panties.

He panted for breath, collapsing on top of her, which only caused more tension and pain against her joints. He lay there, catching his breath as she struggled beneath him, sobbing as he would expect her to. He moved up over her and to the side, pulling her hair and forcing her head back. He looked into her eyes again, his eyes almost softening. Her green helpless eyes implored him for mercy, and her chest heaved from deep breaths. Her cheeks were stained and still wet from tears. His lips curled into a sinister smile. Her fate was sealed. He slapped her face hard so that she screamed out behind her gag and he pulled her body up under him, forcing his soft dick against her panties. He had forgotten them. He pulled the knife again from its resting place and sliced the panties off of her, half ripping them from her. The sheer violence of it made his dick hard. She sobbed and pleaded behind her gag for mercy but he made no notice of this as he forced his dick deep into her pink young pussy. Two strokes and he was completely inside of her, jamming it hard against her, her tears and cries only making his desire for her stronger. He lay on top of her, reaching up around her and pulling on the ends of his tie, cutting off her air passage. She struggled harder, her hands pulling at her bonds helplessly, her head tossing side to side as she tried to get air. He loosened his grip, letting the air flow freely.

She took deep coughing gasps, though the material over her mouth made it too difficult to clear the passage completely. But she was not given another chance.

As he came deep inside her, he pulled hard on the ends of the tie, choking her well and completely. Melody searched his mind, she saw the safe where he kept his casino money located in the main room of his suite. She located the combination simply and easily in his mind as well. The tinge of his excitement, the kill absorbed his mind. It was a flash like lightening as he came inside her, feeding her greatly. By the time he was done tensing and spurting inside her, his body wet with sweat against her, the mortal girl would have been dead. Her lifeless body was still, lying across the bed. She was still twisted in the bonds.

He remained looking into her lifeless eyes until he grew soft. He removed his cock from her body and lay back on the bed. He convulsed and turned his back from her. He rested and Melody waited in her lifeless form. Still half naked, he stood up and walked towards the bathroom. Melody smiled, her blonde curls turning dark, her lips red, and her eyes a reddening blue.

"Going somewhere?" she purred. The man stopped, his entire body seeming to turn ghostly pale. He turned slowly towards her, the cord snapping and breaking as she moved up onto all fours and looked at him. She smiled, her fangs extended and her eyes glowing their bloodied glow. Her body, her blood, her soul cried out for blood. Blood it would have. He half screamed as she leapt upon him, deepening her fangs into his throat. She let her bottom jaw sever his nerves in two. It paralysed him from the neck down, the blood flowing freely down her throat. She let it run down her chin as she looked down into his widened eyes. He tried to scream out again, but nothing came out. Melody laughed and sliced her fingernails through his chest, bringing his organs up from his fancy expensive dress shirt before his eyes. His eyes rolled back in shock and a moment later he died. She jerked free his heart and fed from it, sucking it dry through its very walls. Melody left his organs on his chest and pulled his intestines from his stomach tossing them against the wall. The blood seeped down the fancy artwork and the white wall beneath it. She lifted his wrist to her teeth, ripping the flesh open and sucking the blood as if through a straw. It did not matter that he was dead; the blood was still warm. She fed deeply.

When she could get no more blood from his limbs she lifted his organs up from his body, standing over him and jerking them free of his body, moving them between her fingers as if examining their feel and different textures. With a gleeful shout she spun around throwing the organs from her fingers. The blood splattering and the organs flying, some against the ceiling, and others against the wall. She bathed in the dripping blood, celebrating her victory over this predator.

Melody licked her lips looking down at the man with the gutted chest. It was too bad he had to die so quickly and miss her grand finale. How many girls had he killed? His mind had lost count, but memories served to be around twenty young victims. He had liked to suffocate them: there was no blood then.

He was never under suspicion. He had paid off his bodyguards well, and always held an alibi. She would have been just another victim if she were not dead already.

Her fingers covered in blood, she pushed back her hair from her eyes, crossing the bedroom into the main room, finding the safe quickly. She opened it, blood dripping over her fingers. She never left fingerprints unless she willed them to be left. Six hundred thousand dollars stacked neatly inside. Melody approved. This was her original goal: money, the funds of the vampire. How else was she to survive in a world which required great amounts of money?

Melody looked out of the window. The sky remained darkened. She had plenty of time. She stepped into the shower, its golden colored faucets and white unblemished towels was a nice treat. The warm water heated the newly acquired blood which now flowed through her veins. Her black dress torn, she instead dressed in the long black coat that the bodyguard had covered her in, tying the belt around her.

Melody put the money into a small suitcase taken from his closet and headed to the stairwell. She listened at the door to make sure there wasn't a guard on the other side. Satisfied, she went down the stairs to the first floor, which opened out to the parking lot behind the hotel. She walked calmly by the bodyguard leaning against the limousine. She laughed a soft laugh of irony and he only glanced at her, her dark hair and change of features not giving him a clue as to who she was. Melody stood to the curb of the street and hailed a cab, giving directions to take her home.

"Did you win?" the cabbie asked, a common question he asked those he picked up from around the casino. She smiled and slipped him a hundred dollar bill.

"Indeed I did." She licked her lips remembering the flavor of his blood, so warm and fresh splattering against her tongue. She smiled as the taxi took her home.



## Chapter 6 - Date with a Vampire

Melody woke, her cheeks still flushed and pink from her feeding the night before. The suitcase of money was still neatly stacked on a box in her closet where she had left it. She seemed to dress without thinking, she could think of nothing but of her meeting tonight with Eric Mikel, the vampire. Her lips were set with crimson lipstick and she wore a short black velvet dress which exposed her pale shoulders perfectly. She pinned up her hair with dark steel combs, a few small curls accenting her facial features by falling into small wisps down the side of her neck. Her neck, except for these wisps, remained totally bare. Her white skin, and the blood which pulsed underneath in her dark, dead veins seemed almost inviting, as a deer's slender neck must look to a lion predator...so sleek, innocent, and bare. Her blue eyes shimmered as she smiled, looking into the mirror with satisfaction.

A single knock echoed from her front door. Melody opened the door. A large man stood before her dressed in a gray suit, wearing a driver's cap.

Behind him sat a silver-colored limousine with black tinted windows; its engine was silent, yet idling.

"Miss Chalis," he said in recognition. She nodded and smiled slightly, taking her purse and closing the door behind her. He opened the door to the limousine and she stepped in. It was Eric's car; he had sent it for her. She smiled at the rose set on the back seat and picked it up between her fingertips, one of the thorns nearly piercing her skin. The car pulled out slowly and smoothly. Melody almost forgot who was driving and looked for her crystal goblet of red wine Daniel always had waiting for her, but there was none ready, only the rose. The car turned several times, stopping at a tall building that looked rather like an office building. She stepped from the car and looked up at the black skyscraper.

On some of the upper floors the building pulled away where balconies were set. The driver turned towards her.

"Floor 35, Miss." Melody nodded and walked up the stairs, the black doors of the building opening automatically. A guard slept at his post soundly, even the clicking of Melody's high heels on the dark evergreen marble floor did not wake him.

The elevator arrived with a soft ping and still the guard did not awake. A key had already been turned in the elevator settings, allowing floor 35 to be accessed. She pressed the button and the doors closed.

Her eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness of the room when the elevator opened. Darkness filled the candle lit room; only the flickering shadows gave hint of what was contained. Metal-type music played softly in the background, almost unheard. Opium incense burned from several tables. The elevator doors closed behind her as she stepped forward into the room, smelling the air and the subtle incense smoke that filled it.

Movement. He was there; she could sense him. She smiled softly, listening to him move with steps that few humans would be able to hear. He circled her slowly, beginning at the end of the room where he had been waiting, and ending directly beside her, inhaling her scent. She could feel his breath upon her, the skin of her neck warming to it. He touched her lower back as if cradling her and she turned her head towards him. Her lips parted as if to speak, but he let out a soft 'shhhh' noise and touched his fingers to her lips. She smiled softly, daring to leave a sensuous kiss upon his fingertip with but the tips of her velvet lips. She could hear him take in a breath at her action. She imagined him smiling in approval, and indeed he was. She turned towards him, drawing closer to him, letting her hands wander slowly. Her right hand moved up his sleeve while her left traveled up his chest. His arm curled around her waist pressing her closer to him, his left hand stroking her cheek tenderly and then the bare line down her neck. Melody moaned, feeling his touch upon her skin. She trembled.

She wasn't sure why she trembled, or what it was about him that made her tremble. She almost feared him. Perhaps it was fear to be in his arms. He could break her neck or kill her even more gruesomely. Eric remained gentle, tender, treasuring her: her aroma, her softness, the whiteness of her skin. Her blood, called to his blood. Perhaps he trembled too, touching her neck with his fingers, holding back the hunger which so delightfully tortured him. Eric bent slightly, touching his lips to hers. The kiss, her taste, so sweet. He kissed her deeper.

Melody moaned, submitting to his desire, softening in his arms, and trembling to his touch.

Melody unbuttoned his shirt buttons, quickly, skillfully, letting her hands find his skin beneath. He let his shirt fall from his shoulders and tossed it into a nearby chair. He pulled her towards him, pressing her against him. Her lips found his once again; their kiss was deep and luscious. Neither wanting to part it, their breath quickening. His hands moved over her shoulders and down her back, lifting her dress over her ass and pulling it up to her waist, stroking his hands down her soft bare flesh.

He moaned softly, feeling the wetness between her legs as his fingers curled under her. Melody shivered and pressed closer to him, her mouth breaking the kiss to pull in a gasp of trembling breath. He lifted her, pulling her up against him, as she wrapped her legs around him. His fingers slid across her wetness as he walked across the room and laid her gently upon satin sheets.

The bed was soft yet firm underneath. He pulled away for just a moment, undressing. She could see his outline in the candlelight, his muscular frame freed from the clothing. Her chest rose and fell with each breath, watching him with her own adrenalin awaking and heating her stolen blood. Her back arched as he curled his fingers under her ass and pulled her onto his hardened cock.

She moaned as he gently thrust, bringing her to orgasm quickly. She screamed out in orgasm; it was music to his ears. His breath quickened. He leaned over her, pressing her legs further up around his waist. He towered over her, wrapping his hands around her body. They seemed so large around her tiny waist. Every muscle moved as he pumped into her. She could see him in the darkness, the candlelight accenting the curves of each muscle as he tensed and flexed. He growled lowly, his eyes changing to a dark glowing red. Melody gasped and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. His fully exposed fangs and his changing eyes gripped her with terror, but her mind kept control and raced with possibilities. His growling grew as his strength increased, filling her completely. He shuddered against her own trembling body and she felt his muscles tighten as he plunged deeply, one last time rising up higher over her and roaring what can only be described as a pure animalistic roar. She swore the world could hear him in this one heart-stopping announcement of victory as he expelled his seed deep within her. She shuddered and closed her eyes, letting the waves of his orgasm flow over her own body, causing waves of tiny orgasms to ripple through her. His eyes softened, looking down at her, her gasps of breath still apparent. Her eyes fluttered and looked up at him. He flexed his cock deep inside her and she tightened her hands around him, her eyebrows forming a crease. At his third flex she screamed out, clutching him, her nails penetrating the skin of his back, her orgasm shaking her. He smiled and withdrew his cock, laying over her, feeling her breath rise and fall. Her fingernails gently withdrew, his wounds healing as quickly as she had made them.

Eric cradled her body in his arms and moved her as simply as he would a child's doll further up on the bed. He laid her head against a soft pillow. He pulled her dress back down her waist covering her sex almost discreetly. He lay down next to her on his side, looking at her, watching her.

"I don't think I have been welcomed in such a way in my entire life."

Melody remarked, blushing slightly in the candlelight. He chuckled.

"Perhaps you should be, more often." She smiled back at him, her mind searching his, reading nothing but satisfaction. "Have you fed tonight?"

Melody smiled, thinking back at the remains of the man from the casino.

"No, not tonight," she said, shaking her head.

"Well then, we shall feed together." Melody raised her eyebrow as she pondered upon this prospect. She had never hunted with another vampire before.

Moments later Melody found herself speeding through the air following

Eric's form ahead of her. The wind whistled past, the light breeze almost fighting their deadened flying forms. He was faster than she was, this she observed easily, but with effort she was able to stay close. The city lights sped underneath them until the growth of trees grew thicker and Eric disappeared into the vast foliage.

Melody landed lightly behind him, crouching on the lush park grass. Her fingertips were wet against the ground as the grounds had apparently been watered by sprinklers a short time before. The night was thick with darkness, the green grass only hinting at its true color under the few park lights set amongst the stone paths. Eric darted towards a small brick bridge with quickness that blurred his image, and as quietly as a leaf falling through the air in the midst of winter. Only a small gurgling sound emerged from the bridge. Without acute hearing few would notice the sound, much less recognize where it emerged from.

Melody raced forward, dashing behind a tree beside the underside of the bridge where Eric held his prey, drowning in its own blood. Eric held the man's head up to his own, drinking deeply. The man's throat was punctured just above his voice box, his blood spilling into his own throat. The gurgling sound was from his drowning in his own fluids. Eric's eyes glowed as he hissed in annoyance of the man's noise and bit deeper into the man's neck. The sounds of breaking tendons emerged. The man grew still, his eyes glossed over. Melody licked her lips, she could smell the fresh blood calling to her own. She breathed deeply, taking in the smell of it, savoring it. Another smell came to her nostrils and her ears suddenly tuned to the movement in the grass only yards from them. Melody lowered, crouching down behind the tree watching a second bum walk drunkenly towards the bridge, calling for his friend who did not answer. He stumbled, holding a near empty bottle of liquor in a crumpled paper bag. It spilled slightly against his soiled clothes. Melody wrinkled her nose in disgust. She rarely went after the 'rats' of the stock, when there were much more healthy stock to choose from.

She looked back towards the bridge and Eric was gone. The man's body, his victim, laid motionless against the underside of the bridge. He almost looked as if he were sleeping. Almost, except for the gash in his neck. Melody lifted her head, listening, smelling, her mind searching for Eric's location.

"Melody." he whispered into her ear. Eric stood directly next to her holding a young woman by the throat, his grip blocking her airway. With a smile at the woman's struggle, Eric looked into Melody's eyes. Their eyes met as if falling into each other's souls. With a wisp of movement they were gone, through the air, the woman's throat already pierced by Melody's fangs. The woman's arms flailed around her in resistance, her skin turning nearly as pale as Melody's from the shock. They rose through the air, finally landing on a rooftop of a highrise building. The black tar of the roof crumbled under their feet. The woman's eyes rolled back into her head as she breathed her last breaths, blood seeping from the corner of her mouth, a small drop streaming down her cheek to her chin.

Melody threw her head back from her dying victim, savoring the taste, feeling the blood mix with her own, filling her empty veins with life. The precious life, caused her to never grow old, or sick, and healed all wounds as if they never existed. Eric pressed Melody against one of the ventilation columns, the body of the woman slipping to the floor with a slight thud. He kissed her deeply, pressing his lips to hers, the taste of their victims' blood intermixing on their tongues.

Their skin took on a tinge of color. Eric pressed Melody's body up from the ground, holding her against the column, her legs instinctively wrapping around his hips. She pulled him closer, her dress rising up around her hips. Eric leaned down and pierced her breast with his fangs, briefly tasting her newly refreshed blood. Melody gasped and closed her eyes. The pain was so sharp and stinging, but then ever so warm and comforting. Melody swore she was caught in a swoon as he kissed her new wound. It closing before his eyes. Her breast was only stained by a single escaping drop: the elixir, the fountain of life for the undead.

Eric ran his fingernail down her front; the fabric of her dress began to tear and he easily tore it from her body, letting it fall to the ground. He kissed her neck passionately, his cock finding her entrance willing, wet, and full of desire.

Her hips bucked against him, a moan escaping her lips as he thrust into her. Her eyes fell down upon her dead victim at their feet, the woman's eyes staring up at her, empty and vacant, blue lips almost pretty against her blonde hair. Melody's eyes rolled up in pleasure, Eric's thrusts hard and full. Her body moved with his in romantic rhythm, her body arching, her voice moaning as her wetness covered him. He pressed her harder with each thrust. Melody pressed her cheek to his as she gasped for air; his own breath was coming in deep hisses. Her body tightened around his, clamping his hips against her, moving her body against his in rhythm. She arched her back once more and took in a deep breath as the ripples of orgasm traced through her body. Eric thrust his fangs deep into her neck, the pain striking the pleasure just as a black smith's hammer strikes a piece of molten metal on an anvil. Melody's scream was muffled, but her body continued to spasm. Colors streamed before her eyes as if the world had exploded into a brilliant rainbow star. Suddenly, it was all black for a moment;

Eric gently lowered her to the ground, cradling her in his arms as her consciousness returned. Melody looked up into his eyes, moaning softly.

"Who are you, Eric Mikel?" she whispered. Eric looked down at her and touched her cheek with his fingertips.

"Someone who you'll be with forever." he replied, smiling.



## Chapter 7 - Exile

Night ended as dawn's first finger strokes of light glimmered upon the horizon. Melody watched the light streak across the clouds above her as she stood upon the building's roof edge. Eric's strong arms held her steady in the gusts of wind. Melody amazed at his strength. His body was as rigid as steel, but his skin was soft and pliable like her own. She wondered what he had been like in mortality. How had he become a vampire? Was he truly as old as she thought he might be? Eric bent his head close to her ear; she could feel his steady breath against her neck.

"Have you ever had the thought, while standing here, watching the light come over the world, of just remaining. Of just watching it rise and taking your soul into oblivion?" he whispered. Melody shuddered, her eyes growing wide at the thought that he just might be strong enough to hold her there, taking her with him in a final suicidal gesture.

"No, never," she said, shaking her head. He opened his arms from around her and she turned around placing her arms around his waist. "Do you?"

He touched her cheek with the back of his hand gently, feeling the softness of her skin.

"Sometimes," he admitted. "But now you are here."

"Does that make things so different?" He nodded.

"For me, yes." His eyes almost looked sad as he said this, looking towards the light against the clouds, the horizon turning pink and then a yellow announcing the sun's arrival. Melody smiled softly, feeling the sadness in the revelation and kissed him gently. He smiled down at her and took her hand leading her down the stairwell to his lair some floors below.

The room looked just as dark during the day as it had the night before.

The candles melted down long ago leaving only the scent of their fragranced wax. Eric undressed and lay down in his bed watching Melody slip from his jacket, which he had wrapped around her shoulders for their trip up to the rooftop. The jacket fell to the floor and she slipped between the sheets, her nude milk-white body cuddled up against his. His arm was around her, cradling her almost protectively. The sun rose, and sleep took them.

It was the sharp pain of fingernails ripping flesh that woke Melody. She gasped and flinched as the nails ripped her flesh into fine strips. She opened her eyes and Eric slept soundly beside her, his breath even and deep. Her eyes adjusted to the darkness once again and Lisa's face looked down upon her. Her teeth had formed fangs, and her blonde hair almost seemed crimson in the darkness.

"He's mine! You never wanted him. He came for me, not for you!" Lisa hissed. She swung her hand towards Melody's face, her eyes glowing a deep red.

Melody threw up her hands, blocking Lisa's clawed nails, jerking herself awake. Lisa was not there. Melody gasped for air, her body wet from sweat.

She touched her shoulder where she had been wounded, and the skin was perfect, without flaw. She had not been hurt. She turned to listen for Eric's breathing, expecting his form beside her; peacefully sleeping. He was not there.

Melody could tell the time of day just by the way her skin crawled at the thought of the outside world. It was still morning, not even noon yet.

Melody slipped from the bed and pulled Eric's jacket back around her. It was nearly as long as some of her short dresses and covered her well. She listened for sounds of movement, but she heard nothing but

the purring motor of the elevator at the end of the room.

She walked to the elevator and reached to turn the key to activate it for her floor. It was then that she noticed a light very dimly illuminating the floor at her feet. She followed the light to the far wall where a door stood nearly closed.

She closed the door silently behind her as she walked down the semi-dark hallway towards the artificial light spilling from behind another door, which stood open. She slowed her pace when she heard the sounds of women giggling and laughing. Melody tightened the jacket around her as she stepped out from the hallway onto a platform, which circled above an open room filled with soft fabric couches. Most were empty, but in the far corner of the room below a group of three women sat with a man. Two of the women had red hair; the third woman was blonde. The women moved their hands over his body, each seeming to take a territory of his body. A red-haired woman flanked each side of his chest, their hands moving up and down his arms and cheek. One circled her fingertips around his nipples underneath his untucked shirt. The blonde woman unzipped his pants as another ripped open his shirt, the buttons flying, the fabric tearing.

The man let out a gasp and then a smile as he was kissed and caressed, his clothes being removed almost forcibly by the women's passions.

One woman kissed him as another licked at his chest and nipples, running her hand down his thigh. The blonde woman took his hardening dick into her mouth, and he moaned louder. She moved her mouth up and down, sucking with each stroke upwards. Melody could hear the sound of it. His cock hardened and the blonde woman sat back, wiping her chin and smiling. One of the redhaired women purred, watching the hardened cock. She straddled him, sliding it deep inside her. She moaned in pleasure, moving in a fast rhythm. He grimaced and hissed between his teeth in passion. He wasn't going to last long. He gripped her ass with his hands and slammed her down onto his dick in fast strokes. The woman riding him leaned forward and kissed him deeply. Melody watched, knowing what was to come. He spasmed in orgasm, pulsing his pelvis against her. A small line of blood trickled from the side of the man's mouth as the woman held his head in her hands firmly, still kissing him, his eyes wide, no longer moaning. The second woman bit into his chest, the tear seeping blood over his chest to her waiting mouth. The blonde woman bit into his thigh, sucking eagerly, holding him down. He was not strong enough to escape even one of them, much less three.

The smell of blood reached Melody's sensitive nostrils; she breathed in deeply enjoying the scent. She could feel his resistance, his thoughts racing for a possibility of escape. His adrenaline raced through his veins. The women feasted upon him; almost slipping into a drugged state from the chemicals in his blood. His eyes finally rolled up into his head, shock taking hold of him, and his body gave up all resistance. The women continued to feed upon him, finally licking their lips at the very end, careful not to waste a drop of the precious drugged blood.

"Now don't you feel better?" Eric's voice asked the women. He was below the platform Melody stood on, sitting on one of the couches she could not see.

He had been watching them. The women smiled as they looked towards him and answered "yes". The blonde woman turned around as he stood up and approached, kissing him deeply and passionately as if she were a lover. He smiled at her, taking her into his arms. Melody stepped back a step. The blonde woman was Lisa, complete with fangs.

"Yes, so much better." Lisa replied, smiling. The other two women drew closer, caressing his arms, admiring him as their vampire sire and god. He was their maker. Lisa glanced up at the platform, her eyes narrowing as she saw a glimpse of Melody's figure dashing through the hallway door as quietly as a mouse may scamper through an abandoned building.

Melody's mind raced as she entered the bedroom once again, closing the door behind her and switching the lock closed. She knew such a lock wouldn't hold back such creatures as herself, but every second would count if she were to escape.

She turned the key to the elevator, activating it, and dashed down the stairs. Each floor flashed past her. High above she could hear the bell of the elevator arriving at its destination, and of the lock breaking on the door. The door to the stairwell closed at that moment and she couldn't hear the sounds of the room any longer. She was near the bottom; level twelve flashed past her and she raced through open level eleven's doors, running down the hallway. At the end she could see a secretary at her desk through glass-lined walls. Sunlight was pouring into the windows of the office.

"Shit!" Melody exclaimed under her breath, her eyes darting back and forth, reading the labels of the doors lining the hall. She easily broke the lock on the janitor closet for the floor by twisting the knob a bit too hard. She huddled inside in the darkness, the illumination of the lights shining underneath the door.

Melody's eyes adjusted to the darkness. She picked up a pair of navy blue overalls stained with paint around the ankles. She nearly had it completely on when she heard a creak above her. Melody reached for the doorknob but the tiles of the ceiling above her pounded down upon her, knocking her back against a mop drying in a bucket. Lisa was on her before she could react, pinning her against the wall. White dust filled the air from the broken sheetrock as Lisa drew closer, their lips almost touching.

"He's mine, Melody, you shouldn't have come here." Her eyes glowed as she smiled and exposed her fangs. Lisa stroked her fingernail across Melody's bare chest. The zipper had not quite made it all the way up, and the nail cut her flesh. A drop of blood stained the underside of her fingernail. She licked it off and smiled. "I'm going to enjoy killing you." Lisa took a handful of Melody's hair to hold her and moved her mouth to her neck as she would any other victim.

"I don't think so, bitch!" Melody hissed, pulling the mop from behind her and impaling it through Lisa's chest. The near-black blood stained the wood that pierced her heart. Melody raised the mop with one hand, driving it deeper into Lisa's chest, raising her up above her. Lisa howled in pain and terror. "What a short life for you, just when you thought you had it all." Melody hissed, dropping her to the floor. The mop handle broke in two, the dull end driving even further through Lisa's body, pushing the skin up from her back. Melody zipped up the overalls, and looked down at the whimpering, dying vampire. "Oh, and by the way, he 'invited' me!" Lisa growled as blood seeped from her body, and Melody dashed out into the hallway. People were already emerging from their offices because of Lisa's scream.

Melody didn't have much time, and ran down the stairwell again, passing the first floor to the basement. The basement exit led to an alley. The outside door flew open and the flash of the sunlit outside world struck Melody like a twoton truck. She pressed against the wall, a sliver of shade all that protected her from death. Her thoughts raced again, she could feel "them" coming, crawling through the vents, the elevator shaft. Where was Eric? Ah, there he was, in his lair. He knew where she was, he sensed her. They all could sense her. What to choose between, death by the fire of the sun, or to face the vampire family which she had already destroyed one member of.

The roar of a motorcycle's engine filled the alleyway. A black sports bike pulled up beside her just as she heard a vampire enter the basement exit way.

Melody grabbed a scrap of wood and jammed it under the door. It wouldn't hold them back long. The rider of the bike lifted his black visor and handed her a helmet like his own and a pair of gloves.

"Hurry, there's not much time!" Daniel said. Melody only glanced at him.

The choice was clear. She strapped on the helmet and gloves and got on the bike behind him. The door

smashed open just as they roared off into the sunlight. Melody couldn't discern between the sound of the bike or the screams of the vampire as it burned, bursting into flames from following them into the sunlight.

The wind pushed back a sleeve from her wrist for only a split second and she winced in pain as the sunlight burnt her skin. She quickly covered her wound and held it protectively against her.

Where they were going she didn't know, or how Daniel had found her.

They drove for hours until they were deep into the mountains, far from the signs of civilization. They stopped at an unmarked rest stop. They both got off the bike and Daniel took off his helmet. The sunlight was reaching him through the leaves of the many trees making his blonde hair shimmer. Melody smiled under her darkened visor, thinking how beautiful he looked in the sunlight. Almost like an angel, her angel, and the one who had saved her from death.

Melody looked around. Two grave headstones marked the entrance to the rest stop. Behind them in the woods lay a one-room open cabin. One wall had been completely removed.

"I figure you can rest in there 'till night." Daniel said, nodding towards it.

Melody nodded. She stepped inside the cabin; leaves had gathered in the corners from the wind of seasons past.

Daniel laid his helmet upon the seat of his bike, and sat down against the corner of the cabin. It would be hours before the sun would set. He closed his eyes for only a moment when he heard a rustle of leaves beside him. Darkness surrounded him and the moon's sliver of light shone down upon him. Mist covered the ground so thickly that he could not see the road beyond the trees.

Another rustle of leaves came from the trees beside him. He was not alone.

Something was out there. His eyes tried to adjust to the darkness as he stepped into the doorway of the cabin. He looked for her sleeping figure, but it was barren. With a gasp of air from his lungs her eyes met his from the trees. She smiled, her crimson lips parted and showing her ivory white vampire fangs.

A hand shook him awake. The sun was just setting, its rays no longer reaching the cabin or the place he had sat down to keep watch at. He looked over to the hand and she smiled softly at him, her blue eyes shimmering softly.

"Are you alright?" Melody asked, standing and backing away a step into the cabin, glancing at the rays of light in the rose-colored sunset. He nodded and stood up, looking around. He could see the road through the trees. He had been dreaming.

"Did you sleep well?" he stammered, not looking at her directly. She smiled slightly, as if amused by the question.

"Yes, it was much needed rest. Thank you." She paused, as if searching for words. "I must know, Daniel."

"Know what?"

"Why you saved me?" Her eyes seemed to glow blue at the moment, as if insisting something not known to him. Or maybe it was known to him. She wanted him to tell her, but his mind flickered the answer to her faster than he could ever say in words.

Hunters, traveling from city to city, trapped her kind, killing them, and destroying them. Entire groups; entire vampire families. He was one of them.

Flashes of memory crossed his mind; their dark blood staining his hands. And then, then the vision of

her. He had found her. Him alone. They worked like that. Scouted out a vampire and tracking it to its home only to join forces later and destroying it. That's why he worked as a limo driver. He had found several that way. He had watched her several nights, but something about her disturbed him. Something about her haunted him. He would dream of her every night; he could not sleep. He would wake to her in his bed, and then she was gone, never really there. He had left the group then. They traveled on without him. He never could give them a good reason why.

"I don't know," he replied honestly. She stepped closer and touched his cheek softly with the palm of her hand, her velvet touch. He took her into his arms, kissing her deeply, not able to stand a moment longer away from her tender touch.

They sealed together as only lovers can. Always touching, always kissing, always caressing, they melted within each other. She moved towards the motorcycle, stripping off her clothes; pulling him with her tenderly. He straddled the motorcycle as she faced him, sitting on the gas tank facing him. Kissing him, she unzipped his pants and freed his cock. She stroked it with her fingertips, his sticky pre-cum lubricating it. She purred, kissing him even more deeply. Her hands and fingers were so skilled, he thought he was already going to explode when he felt her wet warmth envelope him, devouring him whole. He moaned, arching his back; her arms wrapped around him, kissing his chest and neck as she pumped against him. Daniel held his passion, enjoying her warmth, her safety, and her fire. He looked up into her eyes as she looked down at him, pumping up and down his shaft just by the muscles in her legs. She looked like an angel, only missing her black feathered wings. Her white smooth skin was almost like limestone marble against the black of the coming night. She stroked him harder, impaling herself upon him, stroking his passion, devouring his lips as if they were food from gods and she would become immortal from them. His hands cupped her ass, his fingers like animal claws clinging to her flesh and slamming her fragile body up and down upon his exploding cock. She screamed in orgasm throwing her head back as he hissed and held her against him, his cum filling her.

It seemed only a flash, if it had happened at all, but in that moment, he opened his eyes and her fangs had shown, her eyes glowing red, his skin pierced. It was all done before his orgasm had ended, and they trembled together, holding each other. She licked her lips and smiled a satisfied smile.

"I want to be with you," He whispered, still catching his breath. She sat up, still impaled on his softening cock, the smell of sex surrounding them. Her blue eyes softened at him, and she stroked his hair between her fingers.

"Soon, my love, soon."

## Chapter 8 - A Good Death

Melody looked up at the darkened sky. Night's blanket of darkness had taken over the setting sun. The brilliant stars outside, away from the city lights, almost seemed too bright here, lighting the ground around her. Her vampire sight used the illumination as well as if it had been daylight.

"You must go back to the city," she said, looking at Daniel.

"It's dark now, they will be looking for us." Melody paused, contemplating her plan. Her mind reached inside of his for the information she needed. His home, a small one bedroom house was not far from her own. He had it rigged up where he could defend himself well against creatures such as herself for an entire night if necessary. Weapons, holy water, and home-made explosive chemicals. Some were very old; he had let his supplies slack since he started following her.

"You must go to my apartment. Inside the closet is a suitcase. It holds a great deal of money. Try to get my cat too, though she'll probably try to hide from you."

"Melody, you don't understand. They know I helped you. They will be out and coming for us both!" Melody's face took an unfamiliar look of distress as her thoughts travelled. Her mind found one of the red-haired vampire women's thoughts. She and the other female vampire were already on their way to her apartment. Of course they knew where she lived; Eric had sent his car for her.

They knew everything. The red-haired vampire hissed in her thoughts, warding Melody away and turning the search against her. She now knew exactly where Melody and Daniel stood in the forest.

"You're right, it's too late." The red-haired vampire was sending her images now, to torment her. They had arrived in a Jeep in front of her apartment. "We still need to split up. Go to your home and stay there. I don't know where it is exactly, and you'll be safe." Daniel almost looked in shock.

"I'm not leaving you now, we can fight them together. I know how."

"I know you do, but right now your vampire-slaying skills won't be of much use." Daniel suddenly went quiet.

"It will be easier for me to do this alone. Plus, I must feed."

"You can take from me." She smiled at this, looking at him with softened eyes. "After all, you've taken from me twice already." He wanted her to know he knew things that she didn't entirely intend for him to see.

"Ah no, my sweet. I must drink much more than you alone can give me.

I'll need it for what is to come."

"So you want me to leave you out here?"

"Don't worry, I'll find my..." Splintering wood of her apartment door filled her mind, the vampire girls forcing it in their hands. "...own way back." Daniel turned his back to her and put his helmet on. Straddling his bike again, he started it and kicked up the kickstand. He didn't even turn for a final glance at her as his bike screamed away through the forest.

Melody's vision of Chimise dashing under a bed was interrupted by a thunderous shot through the sky. Melody focused her hearing; the shot had come from nearby.

"Is it dead?" a man's voice asked, bending near the quivering deer. It was a young buck, its antlers not quite full grown. The older man bending over the animal nodded.

“Close enough,” he answered, taking his knife from its sheath on his belt and cutting the animal’s neck, the blood spilling out onto the leaves. A younger man behind him raised his rifle and howled a triumphant yell.

The three of them had been illegally hunting using lamps at night. They easily spotted the deer by their shining eyes in the lamp light. Not to mention that they didn’t run, transfixed by the light.

A light fog drifted in around them, the night air’s cool harshness letting it pass ever so freely. One of the men looked up at the sky; surprised he had not noticed the clouds coming in so soon to cover the stars.

“Let’s get it back to the cabin, we’ve got what we came for.” The oldest said, cutting the animal into pieces for easier carrying.

“Naw, we can get more. I’m sure I saw a few others.” The youngest insisted, propping up his rifle on his shoulder and wandering away with one of the lamps.

“You do that and you have to carry it yourself! Dammit, James, it’s risky enough hunting like this, much less shooting several a night. Now you come back and help carry this one.” James continued to walk into the forest, ignoring them. “Jim, I don’t see how you can handle him, he’s a fool, and he doesn’t listen to anyone.” Jim nodded.

“He’s my cousin, what can I say. I had to bring him; my Aunt wouldn’t take ‘no’ for an answer.” The old one chuckled.

“I bet she just wanted clear of him for a week.” Jim laughed.

“I’m sure you’re right.” They gathered up the pieces of deer leaving the head behind lying in its own blood. Its tongue was spilt out of its mouth, and its eyes were staring out into the fog filled darkness. A shot rang out from over the hill followed by some low grumbles and cussing that they really couldn’t make out. Jim laughed. “He missed that one.”

“Dammit girl, you done nearly got yourself shot!” James replied, lifting his aimed gun up into the air. Melody licked her lips, peeking around a tree that bore a wound of a fresh bullet hole. “I thought you were a deer.”

“Maybe I am,” she whispered back, just loud enough for him to hear.

“You’re what?” He stepped closer, his dusty blond hair ruffled with sweat, and a smear of deer blood across his left temple where he had scratched an itch after touching the dying animal. “A deer?” She simply smiled.

“Maybe.” He stepped closer but she moved backwards into the darkness the shade of the tree provided her from the lamp. She could hear the other hunters, their steps echoing through the rustling leaves. They were far enough away.

“Hey, come out here. You shouldn’t be walking around the forest alone.

Are ya’ lost? Where’s your flashlight?”

“Do I need a flashlight?” Her blue eyes sparkled at him, the light from the lamp reflecting oddly off of them. He wasn’t sure how to answer, but held the lamp up to his side watching her peek at him from behind the tree. She moved almost hesitantly, her movements making him ever the more curious. Then, as if she had made up her mind, she moved around to the front of the tree, lifting her arms above her head, stretching, her nude body in perfect display for him.

“Shit, almighty,” he cussed under his breath. She smiled at him and wrapped her arms around the tree

behind her, thrusting her breasts forward. He put down his lamp, and his rifle beside it, stepping forward a few slow steps at a time; not really believing what he was seeing. She didn't move away, even when he took her nipple into his mouth and sucked it eagerly. She moaned with delight, arching her back in pleasure. He reached down and unfastened his belt, making quick movements with his fingers to free his growing cock.

"Yesssssss," she moaned, pressing against him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders and neck as he slid his hard cock into her wet, tight pussy.

She shuddered and moaned as he pressed her against the tree, thrusting into her harder with each movement. Melody wrapped her legs around his waist, holding herself up by leaning over him, holding his shoulders and head tenderly.

He was still young, and was having trouble holding her up. He picked her up and laid her down on the ground, thrusting even more deeply into her. She turned her head from side to side in pleasure, his movements growing more tense and strong. She knew he couldn't hold it much longer. "But I'm not a deer," she whispered into his ear, turning him over on his back and continuing his rhythm with her own, bringing him closer to orgasm. She leaned close over him, her movements rubbing her hardened nipples across his chest. She could feel him tense under her. He wrapped his hands around her ass to slam her down one more time before he spilled into her. But instead of her soft skin under his rough fingers, he felt soft fur. His eyes widened as her eyes glowed. "I'm a wolf." Her canine teeth punctured his neck as he screamed, and her strong wolf jaws closed down upon his windpipe muffling his scream. He clawed at her, but his fingers simply met the resistant silky hair of her wolf mane as she twisted her head: letting her jaws break his neck. There was a simple 'click' of bone breaking and a simple silence afterwards. She licked at the wound, the blood pouring from it into her mouth, his heart pumping slower and slower with each dying beat.

Melody looked down and his cock had pulsed cum over his belly. She laughed to herself, becoming human again and wiping the blood from her chin.

How many men had wanted to die that way, making love to a woman, and how few would imagine this being their ending wish's result.

A rustling sounded in the leaves just behind her. She had let her attention wander while feeding.

"Stay right where you are." The click of a rifle's bolt sliding into place let her know the man meant business. She looked over her nude shoulder, blood still streaked across her cheek and hands. Jim's eyes got wider as he realized his cousin was dead. He glanced over James' body, pale and turning a lighter blue hue with each passing moment. "God, what did you do?" Jim lifted the rifle up closer to his eye, setting her as his mark. Melody licked her lips of the blood remaining on them and turned slowly towards him. Jim stepped back a few steps. "Stay right there I tell ya', don't come any closer."

She smiled a small calm smile and turned to face him, letting him take in the view of her nude body streaked with his cousin's blood. She crouched down laying her palms down between her spread legs, looking at him. She could feel his fear, his mind raced. He couldn't stop glancing at the dead body, and what was he to do with her? What was she? He knew what she was, but his mind wouldn't accept it. He looked at her again and she smiled, her eyes glowing red for a glimmer of a second, which made him blink and wonder if he was seeing things. She growled lowly, at first so quiet it could not be heard but grew until her mouth opened and the screaming roar emerged. Her long fangs fully extended; her eyes glowed red again. He fired, but she was already on top of him. Her nails, or were they claws, were ripping his skin. Her mouth, that evil snapping long-toothed thing, was driving closer to his neck. His mind raced as he tried to fight her off, anything to be free of this...this 'thing' that had killed his cousin.



She was too strong; her teeth found his throat and ripped it open. His blood poured down his chest as he continued to try to fight this monster off. Every limb she had clutched and clawed at him, and he felt the warm blood, sticky on his shirt, matting it to his skin. Confusion grew as he felt his strength leave him with his blood and she clutched to him as desperately as a starving leech, sucking him dry. The last thoughts Melody read from him were his reactions to watching her lick the blood from his chest and then his eyes drooped closed. Shock took him and Melody gorged on his blood. The rifle bullet wound in her shoulder closed quickly as his blood pulsed through her veins. He had not missed, but it hadn't mattered.

"Two down, one to go." She stood up, leaving the two bloodless bodies behind. The cabin was just over the hill, far enough that the two men would have been safe if Jim had not gone searching for his cousin. She searched for the older man's thoughts as she neared the cabin, the fire in the fireplace crackling softly. The man was dozing. He was older than the others, at least twice their ages. The door had been left unlocked and she twisted it in her hand, the knob squeaking slightly. He sat, dreaming, next to the fire. Awaiting Jim to come back with his trouble-making cousin.

His forehead wrinkled as if upset while he dreamed, then he lapsed into comfort again. Melody searched his dream, and an old woman with long gray hair emerged, standing in what looked like the kitchen. Blood covered the front of the ragged long dress she wore; Melody could smell the blood on it. It was old, not fresh, but still moist even though years had passed.

"You shouldn't be here." The woman turned towards Melody.

"What?"

"You shouldn't be here. He's mine you know. No one wants you; you shouldn't be here." The old woman turned and walked away into the next room, which seemed to instantly materialize.

Melody followed her and the woman set a tray of tea in front of the old man, though the man wasn't old then, he was younger. Perhaps it was the way he had remembered himself then.

"Drink your tea, dear."

"But I don't like tea, how many times do I have to tell you that?" he threw the tea to the floor, the pot shattering and spilling the tea across the hard wood floor.

"Now see what you've done, you've gone and spilt it. And my tea pot, you know that was a gift by your great grandmother, god rest her soul." The woman picked up a piece of the teapot and sliced it into her chest, bearing it inside, blood bubbling out over her chest with each piece she picked up and inserted.

The blood was old, dark and diseased.

With her fingers stained with blood, she took his hand. He looked at her with unfeeling eyes, as if she had always looked this way to him.

"Now come and help me pick up the pieces, help me pick up what you broke!"

His look became more distressed, as one of helplessness. Her fingers lengthened and curled around his wrist until he was tied to her through the flesh of her own fingers, pulling him from his chair. He fell to his knees, the shards of the broken teapot cutting his knees.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to break it...I'm sorry. I'm sorry." he repeated over and over. He grimaced at the stinging pain as blood trickled from his knees.

"Who is she?" Melody asked almost in a whisper.

His gaze didn't move from the old woman who picked up more pieces of the pot and shoved them into

her bleeding chest.

“She’s my mother.”

“Why is she putting the broken pieces into her chest?”

“She’s not,” he whispered, tears welling. “It’s her heart, the pieces go into her heart. I’m a bad son and I didn’t drink her tea. I broke the tea pot.” Tears streamed down his cheeks as he looked up at Melody.

“She died because I was a bad son.”

Melody searched his memories and found his mother had indeed died.

Died in a car accident on the way to the store to buy some glue to fix her teapot, which he had dropped as a child. He didn’t like tea and wasn’t being careful when carrying the tray.

He glanced down at his mother picking up the shards and holding them inside her chest. He wiped his eyes and looked up at Melody.

“Who are you?”

“Me? Hmmm. Well dear one,” she stroked his cheek softly wiping a stream of tears away with her soft fingertips, “I’m an angel, and have come to give you peace.”

“Peace?”

She nodded as he bit his lip, looking so much like a child in this place in his mind. He leaned into her arms and she stroked his hair gently.

“Don’t I look like an angel?”

He nodded and smiled a little. She stroked his cheek one more time and he closed his eyes, peace entering his mind, blessed peace, all he wanted was peace, all he dreamed for was peace. The little needles piercing into his flesh were cushioned by this peace. Warm fluffy clouds, and his mother, his mother stepping to him, the little boy, and taking him into her arms. She carried her little boy into the clouds then, and everything became bright around him.

Melody let his mind be his own again as she laid him gently down into his chair again, laying his hands one over the other, his blood being drunk up, with not a drop spilt.

“Sleep forever more without tortured memories, my dear.” She brushed his graying hair to his temple and smiled a sad smile.

## Chapter 9 - The Bridge

Melody wrapped a dark blanket around her body, walking away from the hunter's cabin. An owl ruffled its feathers above her, watching her. The moon was still high in the sky. There were several hours of night left. She walked towards the road nearby, listening for traffic. She knew that her chances of finding a passerby would not be as easy to find as it was in the city, especially at this time of night. But as she neared the edge of the road she could hear the faint hum of a car. It was still a ways off.

The car lights flickered as it drew nearer to an old wooden bridge which was still in use. The driver cussed.

"Dammit, not again." He fumbled with the switches as the car's headlights went out. Even as bright as the moon was tonight, he couldn't see far enough ahead of him to drive at any decent speed. He pulled over just before the bridge, the fog from the cool creek below rising up along the ground, blanketing it from view just around the edges. The fog swirled as he turned off the engine. He checked his watch, pressing the button on the side of it to light up the roman numeral numbered face. It was three hours until dawn, maybe two and a half if he was lucky. He could fix the loose wire to his headlights then. The classic

Chevy convertible was his pride and joy, but it had its many small inconveniences that had to be "regularly" attended to. This was just one of them.

He leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes, resting until light break. A noise, or he thought it was a noise, (he wasn't sure what it was,) made him open his eyes and look out at the bridge in front of him. A wolf, white and calm, just stood there looking at him from across the bridge. He blinked, almost not believing what he saw. When he opened his eyes it was gone, as if it had never been there. Instead, a face peered back at him. It was the face of a woman, a black cloak wrapped around her shoulders. Her pale face and the dark curls framing it gently was all he could see. A painter could not have rendered her so beautifully.

"Hello?" He wasn't sure he was even seeing her, but she closed her eyes slowly and then looked up at him again, her blue eyes seeming to be the only color in her face.

"Hello," she called back, smiling a bit uneasily. She neared the bridge and walked onto its wooden planks, the wood creaking lightly under her weight.

"Do you live around here?" He looked for house lights nearby through the trees but didn't see anything. He turned his gaze back on her.

"Actually, I'm lost, and thankfully I've found you. I've been wandering this forest for hours. I'm so cold." She wrapped her pale arms around herself, pressing the cloak closer to her skin. Her bottom lip trembled for a moment, perhaps from the cold or just being frightened. He could tell she was trying to be brave.

"I'm kinda stuck here myself." He motioned to his car. "I've got a bad wire to my lights, and it goes out now and then. Got to wait till daylight to fix it. If you want..." he paused looking over at her, "you can sit in my car with me to stay warm and I can drop you off at the next safe stop I find." She nodded and crossed the bridge, walking around his car to the passenger side and sliding onto the bench seat, holding the cloak tightly around her.

"Thanks, I was really getting scared out here all alone. I'm so glad I saw you." She bit her lip and glanced up into his dark brown eyes shyly. She shivered a moment, the air cold against her arms, which she tried to press against her cloak, the cloak falling open over her legs as she did so. Her bare legs and

feet surprised him.

“Well no wonder you are cold, you weren’t really dressed for being outdoors, now were you?” His voice sounded scolding and she lowered her head, blushing a bit.

“It’s a long story.”

“I bet.” He lifted his arm up along the top of the seat. “Here, you can move closer, I don’t bite, and you’ll be warmer.” She smiled a small thankful smile and moved closer to him, letting him wrap his arm around her shoulder. He could feel the cloak against his fingertips and realized it was nothing but a long blanket. In the darkness he hadn’t seen the difference. She let out a contented sigh and leaned her head against him. His eyes watched her pull her bare legs under the blanket. She moved her hand from under the blanket onto his chest, letting her fingers slip in between the buttons of his shirt, stroking his skin lightly.

He looked down at her and she smiled up at him, bending up to kiss him. Her lips felt warm and soft as velvet as they brushed his. “There are ‘other’ ways to stay warm,” he whispered, and she smiled back.

“I know just what you mean.” She let the blanket slip from her nude shoulders as she leaned closer, kissing him more deeply, letting her hands stroke his chest through his shirt as his hands wandered down her shoulders and waist. He caressed her so gently, she moaned and smiled in pleasure. She moved over him, kneeling and unbuttoning his shirt. He reached his fingers under her, surprised she wore nothing underneath at all, and stroked her dampening sex, holding her steady with his free hand, not letting the steering wheel press into her. Her hips moved gently against his fingers until she had his shirt completely unbuttoned and she leaned down to suck a nipple tenderly. He moaned softly, his cock growing hard below her. She let her hands wander down, unsnapping his jeans and pulling the cloth to the sides, letting the zipper draw itself open from the movement. Her fingers slipped into his underwear, stroking the soft skin of his cock gently. His eyes grew wider, as she pulled the fabric down under his balls and leaned into his lap, moving her legs to the side on the seat, bending over on all fours and sucking his cock in sudden, long, deep strokes. He brushed his fingers into her hair, feeling her head bob up and down.

The sucking sound of her mouth just turned him on more.

When his cock grew as hard as he thought possible, she seemed to know the time was right and released his cock from her lips and straddled his lap, arching her back in pleasure as she slid down his cock, deepening it into her wet swollen pussy. She moaned as he wrapped his fingers around her ass, guiding her strokes. Her pink nipples rose and fell just in front of his face, begging him to taste them. He took them into his mouth in turn, sucking one and then the other.

She tightened her muscles around his hardened shaft, her inner trembling already starting, her orgasm building, ready to explode.

How tight she seemed. Fucking a nice tight pussy was always better than his rough hand, no matter how much strength and tightness he gave it. This was heaven, and he dug his fingers into the skin of her ass pulling her down in hard strokes on his cock, until he threw his head back, tensing, spilling cum deep into her womb.

His pulsing cock threw her over the edge and she screamed out in orgasm, shaking and jerking against him, holding him tight to her.

Daze hit his eyes in this moment, his own orgasm seeming to last. His cock kept pulsing, cum kept coming, and the fangs entered his flesh: fangs he didn’t see, fangs he didn’t feel, just the orgasm that was shaking him.

Melody smiled up at him as she watched him fall into sleep, to the state so many men end up in just after they cum. She passed her hand over his eyes almost ceremoniously, going into his mind, telling him to sleep soundly and not to wake for hours. She licked the drops of blood from her lips; it had only been a taste. She had all she needed already. She opened his door and slid off his lap to the ground beside it. Wrapping the blanket around him, she picked him up and laid him against the bridge's front frame. Someone would find him there, or he would wake up there. Either way he would be safe.

Melody stepped into the car and closed the door behind her. The keys twisted in her hand and the car's engine started. The moon was enough light for her, and she drove across the bridge towards the city.

Racing against time, she stopped at a farmhouse just long enough to steal a shirt and pair of jeans from the clothesline. She pushed the car to its limit, pushing close to one hundred and twenty miles per hour. She slowed only for turns. The light from the city illuminated the sky as she neared it. She could feel the vampires in their high-rise building. The red-haired vampire, still at Melody's home, screamed back in her thoughts, sending Melody the message that they knew. They "knew" she was coming back. Melody threw a message back, letting them know exactly where she was headed: their lair. She could see the red-haired vampires turn and head back to their high-rise lair. Melody focused on the building and could feel Eric inside. He looked back at her, his presence calm; it was as if they were standing in a room, looking back at each other.

"Ignore the others, Melody, come join me. I've been so alone, and now...now I have you. Join me, and I'll give you all that I have, all that I own."

He opened his arms and motioned her to him. She could feel his call to her, so peaceful, so sincere. The others were truly nothing; they were fledglings and nothing more. It was she he wanted. He needed her. All this she could feel from his mind. "I wait for you, my Melody, my beautiful one. Come to me."

Melody turned off the engine of the car, looking across the road at her home. The door hung on a broken hinge, the wood splintered.

She walked inside. The smell of fresh blood was everywhere. Furniture had been splintered to pieces, her coffee table stuck halfway into the back wall over her dining table. The vampire girls had been thorough in their destruction.

Blood smeared the walls, though the source of the blood she hadn't found yet.

She walked into the kitchen and the refrigerator door hung open, the light flickering inside. The wine bottle of blood was spilled on its side, the blood dripping from it, most of it drying on the floor already. Kitchen knives stuck in the walls everywhere, blood staining their blades.

Melody remembered the last glimpse she had gotten of the vampire girls there.

"Chimise?" she called, but there was no response. She called again, hoping to hear the familiar 'meow' Chimise always gave her when she called her, but there was only silence. She turned the knob to her bedroom and opened the door; the floor was covered in feathers torn from her pillows and comforter.

Above the head of her bed, like a butterfly pinned to the wall with knives, the white bloodied fur of an animal was hung. Melody turned and nearly puked, she could smell the blood in her stomach rising to her throat. She held her hand against her mouth and closed her eyes. She stood still a moment, calming her stomach and gathering her thoughts.

When she opened her eyes again she looked in her closet. Most of her clothing had been ripped from the hangers; dresses lay in shreds. Melody knelt down at one pile and picked her leather jacket up from under a torn dress. It had survived along with the leather jeans hung on the same hanger.

Melody slid the stolen jeans off and pulled on the proper-fitting leather jeans, the fabric forming a seal

against her skin. It always felt so natural to her.

She found the matching boots in a drawer they had neglected to ransack and zipped them up around her feet. She slid the leather jacket on and zipped the sleeves closed, taking the leather gloves from its pockets and flexing her fingers stretching the leather as she smoothed them onto her hands. Melody braided her hair behind her and looked into her blood-smeared mirror.

“Ready for war.”

## Chapter 10 - Lightning

Melody's heels clicked on the pavement of her garage floor as she flipped on the light at the doorway. She could already see in the darkness what was done, but she couldn't believe her eyes at first. Her bike, her beauty, was covered with scratches deep into the metal. It seemed to cry to her in silent pain as she looked over it. Her sleek beast had always been faithful to her. Every wire frayed and cut, the naked wires sticking up into the air as an animal's bones sticking out of its own skin. And the gas tank lid had been forced open with a crow bar, which still lay beside it baring the blue paint stains it had received while doing its unforgivable deed. Sugar lay in clumps over the tank while inside a mountain filled and spilled out of its mouth.

Melody clenched her fist and took in a deep breath to keep her calm.

They had destroyed everything she had, everything she owned.

She walked outside, letting the front door teeter on its broken hinges. She started the convertible, pressing the button that activated the motors to pull the top open and down. She wanted to feel the cool night air on her face.

Daylight was coming in an hour, maybe more. It didn't matter. She pressed the gas pedal further down. The Chevy jerked forward and sped towards downtown, racing towards the tall black tower.

Her mind told her who waited; they didn't hide their thoughts from her.

They welcomed the battle. A presence went before them, at first only a whisper, but it grew louder until it drowned out the other vampire voices and images. Eric called to her, calm, tender, offering his hand. He would protect her. No more harm would come to her. All she had to do was reach out and take his hand.

"Forever together," he echoed to her. He was sincere.

She stopped the car in front of the building. Rain started its slow approach over her, the tiny droplets hitting her body and sliding down her leather clothing. She turned her head up, looking into the dark sky, the clouds covering the stars. The rain would surely get worse. The drops caressed the skin of her face, soothing it, cooling it.

The black automatic doors of the building swung open for her as she approached. The guard was missing from his normal post at the desk just inside.

She listened, her head turning from one side to the other. She could hear "them," inside the walls, on floors above, in elevator shafts. There were more than just the two red-haired women. There were many more.

Her footsteps echoed in the hall with enormous intensity as she went to the elevators and pushed the button. She knew where they were, and they knew where she was. It didn't matter. The elevator door opened and she pressed the button for Eric's floor.

The drop of a body's weight fell onto the top of the elevator with predictable timing. The panel above her ripped from its hinges. The lighting flickered and sparked as the vampire jumped down into the elevator with her. He bared his fangs and hissed at her, his clawed hands out, ready to strike. She had been ready; she struck her fist through his ribcage, the bones splintering.

She grabbed hold of his heart and gave a mighty pull, ripping it from his chest. It gave a final pump, spilling black blood down her glove. The vampire fell back against the wall looking at her with wide eyes. Seeing his heart in her hands, it giving a final quiver. He took a deep breath and his eyes rolled

back in his head as he slumped to the floor. Melody licked the heart for just a drop of blood, tasting it. He had been made by one of the red haired women; Eric had not made him.

The bell rang and the elevator door opened to the darkened room.

Candles were lit in the corners to give the room dimension. She dropped the heart on the floor as she stepped from the elevator.

Melody's mind went out, feeling for Eric. She could feel the other vampires moving through the walls, the floors, the shafts, moving towards her, moving upwards. There: she found him on the roof. He was waiting for her, calm and thoughtful, looking out onto the city despite the rain.

"I'm here, my Melody, come to me." he called to her.

Melody ducked just in time for a chair to smash into the wall above her.

One of the red-haired women lunged towards her and caught Melody by the neck, digging her claws into Melody's skin as if she were peeling a grapefruit.

Melody howled, stinging with pain, and felt a small stream of her own blood seep from the cuts. The red-haired woman pinned her against the wall, her eyes glowing, looking into Melody's own, enjoying her torment.

"I liked Lisa, you shouldn't have killed her," she hissed, pressing her nails deeper into Melody's neck, her nails scratching against her windpipe. Melody's hands went to her neck protectively, holding the woman's hand away just enough to keep her breathing consistent.

"And what do you care, did you make her?" The red-haired vampire laughed and smiled wickedly.

"You don't get it, Eric made her! He wanted her, just like he wants you.

He made us all, don't you understand? He wants all of us for one purpose or another."

"So you are going to kill me. Won't he be upset about that?"

"You are just another one. The strong survive, and you aren't strong enough." She withdrew her claw from Melody's neck and simultaneously struck her other claw towards her belly, intending to rip her intestines from her as she died in agony. Melody caught her wrist, the woman's fingernails barely scraping against her leather jacket. The red-haired woman looked up just in time to see Melody swipe at her throat, removing her voice box and holding it in her hand.

The woman held her hands over her throat, trying to seal the wound, but her dark blood only spilled out between her fingers. Her gurgled screams seemed like nothing. Melody tossed the round bit of flesh to a chair and coughed, regaining her own steady breath as her own blood sealed her wounded neck. The skin healed together once more. She turned around, finding the broken chair at her side. She snapped a wooden leg from it and walked towards the gurgling woman whose eyes were beginning to roll back into her head. She seemed to gasp for air and received only her own blood. Melody kicked her backwards, letting her fall onto her back, still clutching her throat. She slammed the wood deep into the vampire's chest, the ribs cracking open, the wood piercing her heart through one side and then the other. Her body quivered for a second and then relaxed, her hands falling to her sides, the blood spilling fresh from the wound in her neck and pooling around her head on the floor.

A scream echoed in Melody's head and she held her ears from it instinctively even though it didn't help. The second red-haired woman's image appeared in her head and hissed at her, swiping at her with her nails.

"Sister." was all Melody could make out. She looked down at the dead vampire at her feet. They must have been mortal sisters. She was approaching, she could feel her better than any of the others who



moved towards her. Her speed was faster, full of anger and rage. She was coming for her.

Melody took to the stairs, quickly climbing towards the roof. If she were to have any chance against the full number of vampires, she would have to find Eric. Why did he stand there, looking across the city as morning approached?

Why did he allow the carnage inside? He surely knew of it. He knew they attacked her, and the outcome. Was he testing her?

She raced through the last door at the top onto the top floor; she could hear the others behind her, racing up the stairs towards her. She locked the door behind her running through the offices to the room at the other end that held the stairway to the roof.

The steel door to the stairway behind her flew off its hinges and shattered the glass office wall in front of it. The red-haired woman stepped out onto the debris. Melody glanced at her, but didn't stop until a male vampire stepped calmly in front of the door to the stairs leading to the roof. She didn't have a choice. Melody turned to face the red-haired woman who walked towards her.

Her eyes glowed red, her hair seemed on fire as it swirled behind her. The woman's pace increased as she neared Melody, her hands flexing, not able to wait to slice into Melody's flesh. Yes, to rip her limb from limb and listen to her scream. She wanted her to scream in pain as her sister had no opportunity to do. Her sister had no voice to scream. To howl, oh how that would feel, to hear her howl in anguish. The red-haired woman smiled as her eyes darkened. She reached swiftly for Melody, but Melody only turned, grabbing the woman by the arm and throwing her into another glass pane wall. The glass fell down in shards around them. Melody stepped inside the office, grabbing the woman by the hair and pulling back her own fist to deepen it into the woman's face, but the woman kicked and tripped her, sending her to the ground. The woman was on top of her in an instant, growling, breathing upon her face as she choked her. She was stronger than Melody: as much as she struggled, she was losing. Melody reached around her for anything, any way of escaping.

Glass impaled the woman's back, slicing through her bones and into her heart. Blood trickled from the side of her mouth as she looked down at Melody.

Melody pushed hard against the shard; it cut her own hand as she held it, pulling it down through the woman's back and organs. The woman fell back away from her, looking down at her chest, the tip of the glass pressing through her skin, a tiny blood streak staining her shirt. She looked up at Melody who gasped for breath on the floor, the cuts on her hand closing. The glass shard wasn't enough to kill her; she knew that. Melody stood up as the woman backed away from her: trying to heal, trying to focus. The glass...she had to remove the glass. The woman stopped when she reached the back window. The lights of the city flickered anonymously below. Melody screamed as she rushed forward and kicked her in the chest, the Plexiglas window buckling and cracking behind her, almost refusing to break and suddenly tumbling to pieces, taking the woman with it to the ground below. The woman screamed as the stories of the building raced past her, the ground finally silencing her.

Melody walked out of the office, the glass shards grinding into the carpet under her boot heels. She looked at the male vampire.

"I've won my right. Let me pass." He smiled at this and shook his head.

"Won your right for what? He's already chosen another." He stepped away and motioned her to the door. "Go up if you want." He then turned and walked to the elevator, pressing the button and listening for the chiming of the device traveling up the shaft.

Melody lowered her eyebrows in confusion. Her mind went to the other vampires. They no longer moved towards her, but neither did they move back.

They seemed to be waiting. She opened the door to the stairs and climbed up them, opening the door to the roof and stepping out onto it. Eric stood at the far end away from the door. She could hear voices. She looked up at the sky; the dark clouds were turning gray. The sun was coming, and only the clouds would be there to protect them for long. Lightning flashed nearby, illuminating the sky.

“And how long can we stay out here as the sun rises?” A woman’s voice.

“A bit longer at least,” Eric answered, turning towards the blond-haired woman and stroking her cheek tenderly. “For you, I will give all that I have.”

“Sounds familiar.” Melody remarked as she stepped out behind an air conditioning unit behind them. The women looked at her and then back at Eric.

“Who is she?” Eric looked at Melody as if she were no one special.

“I think you should get out of here.” Melody instructed the woman. The woman looked back at Eric and he nodded to her.

“Go wait for me, I won’t be long.” he instructed. She nodded and crossed the roof towards the door. She reached the air conditioning unit and screamed.

A blood streak marked the center of her back as she fell to her knees. Eric’s eyes glowed as his teeth clenched.

“No!” he growled as she fell to her back, the wooden arrow sticking out of her chest. A small glass cylinder wrapped around the end of the arrow broke open just as she hit the ground. The chemical inside instantly ignited when the air touched it, burning her body. Her arms and legs flailed around her as she died, burning, her heart impaled by the arrow. The wood of the arrow smoked in the flames.

Daniel loaded another arrow, glancing around the air conditioning unit, getting ready for another shot. Eric roared and raced towards him, but Melody caught him in the air.

“No, leave him,” she growled as they rose into the air, tangled together; the rain struck them harder. His hand went to grab her hair as she struck her claws into his skin. She couldn’t penetrate his organs; he was too old, too strong. He twisted her head in his hand and she pulled away, pushing away from him with her legs, flying higher towards the clouds above. He floated there, staring at her. He smiled at her, his fangs showing, and turned. He raced towards Daniel. “No!” she screamed, trying to catch him in the wind, racing towards Eric. Daniel’s arrow hit its mark, and it deepened into Eric’s chest, but not far enough. Eric laughed as the fire from the breaking vial crackled in the wind on his chest, the rain stroking his body nearly killing the flames. Daniel’s eyes widened. He had nowhere to run.

Thunder boomed and the explosion hit. Daniel and Melody fell away, covering their eyes from the blast as the lightning reached down from the heavens and pierced Eric’s body, jumping through him to the lighting rod just below where Eric’s body seemed suspended in air until the pure electricity stopped. His charred body fell onto the tall lighting rod, impaled. His skin turned black and smoldered. The flames lightly crackled as it burnt his exposed bones and charred flesh.

Melody landed lightly beside Daniel as he stepped close to Eric. Eric’s mouth opened, his two white fangs showing. He seemed to be saying two simple words without breath.

“Help me.” Melody shuddered and turned towards Daniel. She could hear the others, the vampires. They were afraid. They were fleeing. Some ran from the building, others simply vanished from her mind, blocking their thoughts from her.

Daniel lowered his crossbow, the weapon of the hunter, and stared at the husk of a corpse Eric had become. He blinked and looked at Melody. He put his arm around her and she leaned towards him. He could feel her lips upon his neck, giving him a tender kiss, and then the welcome sting of her fangs.

How gently she fed on him, taking his blood. He held her against him tightly with both hands, wrapping her up against him. She raised her hand and cut a slit into her neck with her fingernail, the blood dripped slowly from it as she fed on him. He leaned down and kissed her wound, the blood covering his lips. He licked it from his lips, how sweet it tasted. He sealed his own kiss over her wound, feeding from it, kissing it, and loving it. Heat burned inside him, striking electric waves through his veins. He could feel it fill him. Feeding from each other, they were completed; they were one. They locked in each other's embrace, their lips to each other's necks.

"To be with you," his mind whispered to hers.

"Forever," she answered.

Eric's body seemed to shift on the rod and Melody looked across the sky.

Daylight was coming, and the clouds were moving on. The rain lessened. They stepped apart.

"Here comes your daylight, Eric, your way to oblivion. Send me a postcard of what you find on the other side, will you?" Daniel took her hand as they ran to the door leading downstairs.

At the first floor, the elevator bell rang and the door opened. Daniel led her to the front door. His bike was parked across the street, an extra helmet laying on its seat. Melody smiled to Daniel and they crossed the street to his bike. Sunlight would come in a few minutes, maybe less. She could feel it approaching, and she knew Daniel felt it too: her new fledgling, her mate.

"I've got something for you," he said, walking in front of her to reach the bike first. He opened a large backpack he had set behind the bike and Chimise looked out at her.

"Chimise!" Melody picked her up and hugged her lovingly.

"I found her in the back yard. Must have been one of your fur coats they butchered above your bed. Oh, and I got the money too, though I tell you those two red-heads had me running pretty good when they saw me." Melody smiled and leaned over to kiss him. He smiled and gave her a helmet. "Plenty of time for that later I think; daylight is only a moment away." She nodded and strapped on the helmet, turning up the neck of her jacket and zipping it up, covering her skin. She closed Chimise into the backpack again and hung it from her shoulders.

A crowd had gathered around the body of the red-haired woman who had fallen to the street below. One man was on his cell phone and the sounds of an ambulance echoed from down the street. Melody could see the red hair against the ground between the circled crowd. Suddenly the red-haired figure screamed and its broken limbs waved around as it burst into flame. The people around her jumped back, some screaming themselves at the horror of it. Daylight.

Melody looked up to the top of the black building and a thin line of black smoke drifted from it. It was Eric's body, or what was left of it. The red-haired vampire's body soon became still as daylight progressed. Her bones became ashes before her spectators' eyes. There was nothing left for the ambulance, which was now in sight just down the road.

Melody looked at Daniel through his blackened helmet visor; Eric's face looked back. She blinked, and Daniel's eyes looked back at her.

"You all right?"

"Yeah." She climbed on behind him as he started the engine and wrapped her arms around him.

---

## **About Author**

Katharina Katt has been writing fictional stories and books of several genres since she was fifteen.

Only recently has she decided to submit her latest works for publishing. Her two main influential authors are Anne Rice and Stephen King. Born in the USA she lives abroad in Germany, enjoying the renaissance countryside and wandering through the hundreds of castles left behind from a time she adores.