

D
A
R
K

E
D
E
N

P
R
E
S
S

First Time

T.G. Darcy

A Dark Eden Press Publication



www.darkedenpress.com

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

First Time Copyright© 2007 TG Darcy
Edited by Colleen Simpson
Cover art by Rene Lyons

Electronic book Publication: November 1, 2007

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Dark Eden Press, Inc.® 8824 Jeanes Lane, Alvarado, TX 76009

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

Warning: This book *may* contain themes that could be considered controversial or offensive to some. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect those of the Publisher. Dark Eden Press is not responsible for any action that a reader may take against another person. Publisher does not endorse or encourage readers to live out any particular fantasy.

First Time

TG Darcy

Episode One

"This is so creepy!" I protest as I step over a vase of flowers in the moonlight. "I can't believe I agreed to this. I can't imagine how we're going to have a 'night I'd never forget' like you keep saying."

"And we are – c'mon, the evening has barely started. Give it a chance!" Steve tries to encourage me, squeezing my hand tighter as I navigate over another vase of flowers. "We've got cold champagne and a padded mat and even a down comforter we can snuggle under."

I look at him as he walks beside me and I admire his butt once again in his tight jeans. It's only been a couple of months, and I wonder if looking at his butt will still give me such a tingle years from now, and then I smile inwardly at my realization that he actually is someone I wanted in my life for that long – maybe longer. He's got the comforter and pad under one arm, and their bulk makes it awkward for him to walk. I realize it would be easier for him if I was to let go of his other hand, but I don't want to relinquish the comfort it gives me. Especially as I look around me, at all the little vases of flowers I have to keep avoiding, each one placed in front of a gravestone.

"There! That looks like a good spot." Steve is pointing with his chin at a clearing in a depressed hollow ahead, at the base of a small hill. It is bathed in moonlight and I have to admit it is a pretty spot - except for the gravestones that surround it.

"Tell me again why this was a good idea." I shudder as a slight breeze sends a chill down my spine. "I mean, I can think of a dozen other places we could make out that are better than this."

"No way!" Steve exclaims. "We've got complete privacy here – no one is around, maybe for miles, we can make as much noise as we want and no one will bother us." He turns his head to me and the moonlight reflects off his eyes, giving them a momentary surreal look. "We can even scream and no one would hear." The way he says it, with that grin of his, sends a twinge of concern through me that I laugh off, realizing this whole graveyard thing is making me just a bit jumpy.

I make a deliberate attempt to lighten the mood. "So you intend on making noise huh?" I poke Steve's side with the champagne bottle I'm carrying. "Is that why you've been trying so hard to get me out here?"

"Maybe," he grins again, "but if anyone screams, I have a feeling it's going to be you!"

We reach the clearing, and I reluctantly let go of his warm hand as he pulls away to spread the padded mat on the ground. He sits on it, leans back on his hands and then looks at me expectantly. Another chilling breeze brushes my hair and makes me shiver, as I join him and cuddle up against his warmth. He spreads the comforter over the both of us and it immediately helps, even though the fabric is still cold.

"Comfy now?"

"Mmm, yes," I sigh, as I place my hand on his firm stomach, very much aware how close it is to his crotch.

"Care for champagne? It will help warm you."

"Let's save it for later," I answer, "I can think of better ways to get warm." It isn't exactly subtle, but then I'm not trying to be.

He immediately accepts my invitation by reaching his hand under my chin and guiding my lips to his. I sink into his kiss; his body filling me with warmth, while his kisses send shivers through me. Our tongues begin to explore each other and I move my hand to caress his stomach and chest. He breaks the kiss off just as I begin to pinch his nipple, causing him to utter a sharp gasp as his mouth clamps down against my neck. His nibbles there send a light tremor through me and I arch my neck, urging him on. He obliges, kissing me under my chin, nibbling my ears and then moving to the base of my neck. It seems to be a favorite spot of his.

He unbuttons my blouse and then pushes it down over my shoulder, which he begins to kiss as well. I feel him unbuckling my bra and my breath quickens in anticipation. He slips it off me, and I nearly jump as he begins to kiss my breast before moving to my quickly hardening nipple. I begin to pinch his nipple as well and am rewarded with more vigorous sucking on mine. I feel my pussy begin to get moist and, as it begins to demand attention, I lean against him so that he reclines on his back, his mouth still clamped over my breast as I rest my weight on top of him, my dress pulled up and my leg strategically positioned so my thigh is now pressing down on his straining crotch.

I begin to squirm against him, pressing my pussy against his taut stomach. I reach down and start pulling my panties off, eager for more direct contact. Steve takes over though, grips my panties from behind and slides them down past my knees. My pussy now presses directly against his skin, and I give a little sigh of satisfaction at the sensation it sends through me. Then I feel his hand trying to get between us so I lift myself slightly away from him.

His hand quickly slips down to my pussy and I feel his fingers expertly spread my pussy lips and begin to caress me there. He does this for a few minutes while I restrain myself from pressing down against his hand, not wanting to restrict his movement. I am totally wet now and, as if he is reading my mind, I feel his fingers move up, spreading my hood so that his finger rests directly on my clit. I gasp in pleasure as he begins to caress it with tight circular motions, his mouth never pausing as it sucks on my nipple.

Suddenly, music starts playing, and I jerk with fright at the unexpected intrusion. Then I get concerned; is somebody nearby? I straighten my arms and lift my upper body to look around, forcing Steve to let go of my nipple. It also causes the comforter to let in cold air, which feels freezing against my wet nipple. Steve's fingers lose their position on my clit and, for a moment, I toy with the idea of ignoring the music that has now fallen silent, but then it comes again.

"Oh damn!" Steve mutters.

"What is it?" I ask softly, still wondering if someone is watching us.

"It's my damn cell phone - I downloaded a new ring into it. Who the hell can be calling?"

"It sounds like a radio!" I say, amazed at the quality of it. "Just ignore it then."

"I can't – I'm on call tonight. But I told them to only call if it was a true emergency. Damn them. I bet someone else can cover whatever it is." Steve is fuming but he sits up as I roll off him. He reaches into his pocket and flips the phone open. "Yeah?" he almost snarls.

I watch him listen intently, the moonlight giving his skin a ghostly glow, except for his eyes, which once again reflect the light, making his pupils appear white. "Wait," he says, "repeat that." He listens intently again and then shakes his head. "It keeps breaking up. Let me try another spot. Hold on." Steve pulls the phone away from his ear and looks at me apologetically, "I'm really sorry. As soon as I can get the full story I'm sure I can get someone else to cover for me. Tom's on call tonight, too, and he owes me a couple." He motions up the hill, "I'm sure I'll get better reception up there. You okay if I leave you here for a sec?"

I simply nod, and then watch as he pulls his shirt back down and gets up. He says into the phone, "Hold on still, I'm going to a better spot. If you lose me, then just call back." He frowns at the phone again and then gives me another apologetic smile as he turns and begins walking up the hill. I pull the comforter around myself and watch him as he disappears into the darkness.

I feel another chill, although I don't feel any wind. With him gone it suddenly feels a bit ominous and, although I try to laugh out loud at my skittishness, nothing comes out. The gravestones all around me certainly aren't helping and, as my imagination begins to take over, I give myself a mental shake and decide to face my foolish thoughts head on. I pull out the flashlight that Steve has given me earlier and flip the switch, but it doesn't turn on, even after vigorous shaking and a few frustrated thumps against the ground. So I just squint in the darkness at the nearest gravestone and try to read its inscription.

I can just make parts of it out, *Steve Johnson, ... died ... 2004*. I can't read the rest, although I giggle, a bit too much, at the irony that we're right next to the gravestone of a man who had the same name as Steve. I can't wait to mention it to him and I peer again into the darkness, sure he will appear at any moment. He will probably point out that Steve Johnson is a pretty common name, but I smile in anticipation, sure that it will give him just a bit of the woolies.

How long has it been? I frown, as my nervousness becomes irritation. Surely his phone call must be over. Was he trying to convince Tom to cover for him? The moonlight suddenly dims, and I look up anxiously realizing that the sky, clear up to now, has somehow gotten cloudy. As I watch, the moon gets eclipsed by an even denser cloud and, for a moment, total darkness descends, before the moon once again peeks through an opening. I didn't realize how dark it gets out here without the moon, and I find myself hoping the clouds disappear, especially since the flashlight isn't working.

An owl hoots suddenly and, although I know exactly what it is, I still jump and then tug the comforter more tightly around me. Without Steve, this place is definitely giving me the creeps, the kinkiness of it, which before seemed alluring, is now forgotten. I wonder if I should brave the cold and go looking for him.

I peer, once again, up the hill. There! There he is! The sudden flood of relief I feel makes me realize just how jumpy I've been. His shadowy form continues moving towards me, but the moonlight is dimming, once again, so his form remains shadowy even as he gets closer.

"Hi Steve!" I call out and am then surprised at his startled reaction. "I'm sorry but the flashlight is broken." The moonlight is fading even more and I realize he probably can't see where I am, since I can't even see him as more than a gray shadow. "I'll keep talking, just follow my voice," I call out. I continue to give him guidance, mostly just babbling about how glad I am that he has returned. I can hear his footsteps now, as he gets closer but still can't make his face out in the ever-increasing darkness. A sudden blast of much colder air hits me right then, causing me to shiver and, as my breath fogs, I duck inside the comforter, confident Steve can see me now.

I hear his footsteps come right up to me, so I admonish him from under the comforter, "That took long enough! It's freezing - you'd better get inside with me and warm me up!"

He obliges, slipping in under the comforter and pulling me close next to him. I had prepared myself for his coldness, but he feels like an icicle.

"Yikes!" I yelp as I begin to rub his arms vigorously, "you must be frozen." I continue to rub his arms and then move down to his legs and, soon, my exertions pay off, both by warming the two of us up, but also by exciting Steve, judging by the size of his erection, which I manage to "bump" into several times with my hands. Maybe it is just my imagination, but it seems his erection is way larger than normal and I wonder if Steve has a bit of kinkiness that gets him excited with this whole graveyard scene - is that why he's been trying to get me out here all this time?

I suddenly feel his hands on my breasts and so I respond in kind, eager to begin where we left off. I reach my hand underneath his shirt and begin to caress his chest, surprised at how cold he still feels. But his hands on my breasts are far from cold, in fact they feel almost hot now as he begins to knead and fondle them. His fingers find my nipples and begin to pinch them, sending shivering shocks through my body. It is almost, but not quite, painful and I wonder what has gotten into him to make him so uncharacteristically aggressive. My body strongly responds, though, as I realize with chagrin that I like this new behavior of his - perhaps we'll be visiting this graveyard again, I muse, as I feel my pussy moisten.

He moves his head down now, while his hand pushes my blouse and bra out of the way. I had purposefully left them loose from before, and my foresight is rewarded as his mouth immediately finds my breast and begins to kiss and suck me there. I gasp as his mouth finds my nipple and I hold his head against me, urging him on. He sucks hard and then takes a light nip with his teeth, making me jump at the almost too painful pleasure. He uses one hand to pinch my other nipple and, as I begin to get lost in the pleasure, I feel his other hand start caressing my butt. I grasp his head and pet his hair and spread my legs slightly - a hint he quickly takes as his hand moves from my butt to my pussy. Once again I feel his fingers expertly stroke my pussy lips, getting me so wet

that, after a few minutes, my hips begin to move on their own accord as my breath quickens.

I want desperately to feel his cock with my hand but with his mouth still deliciously sucking my nipple I can't reach it, so instead I begin toying with his nipple, pinching it like he's pinching mine. His reaction is to simultaneously move his fingers to my clit as he releases my nipple with his mouth and eases up to kiss me. I gasp into his mouth as his fingers begin to rub my hardening clit and then, before he can move his mouth back to my nipple, I reach down and place my hand right on his crotch. The feel of his erection straining against his jeans sends a warm gush through my pussy and the need to feel him inside me suddenly burns. I rub my hand up and down his cock through his jeans and am rewarded with a soft groan that mingles with my gasps.

I feel his finger slide down from my clit and slowly enter my pussy, and it sends shivers of delight through me – but it only makes me want more and so I stop stroking his cock and unbuckle his jeans. As I work his zipper down, he begins thrusting his finger in and out of me, pressing up against the inside of my pussy with each thrust. I finally manage to get his zipper down and I feel him lift his hips off the ground as I work his jeans off. I finally get them down below his knees and he takes over, kicking his shoes off and pulling his legs free. He rolls me over onto my back and I feel him withdraw his finger and then use that hand to literally yank his underwear off. He moves up over me, supporting himself with his arms, as I spread my legs. He leans his face down to kiss me and, as our tongues dance, I reach down and grab his engorged cock.

I've never felt it so large and hard and hot before, and its throbs mirror the pulsing in my pussy. I guide the head of his cock to my pussy and place it right at my opening. He doesn't hesitate and with a short, fast thrust, the head of his cock enters me, deliciously stretching the opening of my pussy. I'm so wet that as he begins to move his cock forward it easily and smoothly enters me, even though it is stretching me, and stroking my pussy walls in a way I've not felt before, filling me with a warm tingling that seems to fill my very soul.

He continues to enter me until I feel his balls resting against me and, as my pussy settles around his cock, feeling every last bit of him, he rests his weight onto his elbows and begins kissing my neck. It feels wonderful, but my pussy hungers for more and so I reach down and place my hands on his butt and pull him against me while pushing my pussy up, relishing the pressure on my clit.

He starts to grind himself against me, sending more pulses of pleasure through me. He then withdraws about halfway before thrusting forward again. He keeps this up for a few minutes, and I find myself beginning to sigh with the sensation of each thrust. But then he changes rhythm, pulling further out until the head of his cock is almost out of me before thrusting hard and fast all the way back in. I gasp the first time he does this, and silently hope he does it again. He obliges, and then again, and again, settling into a rhythm that has me gasping, now, with each full, hard thrust, afraid to move my hips, although I long to do so, because I'm afraid he will lose his position and I don't want anything to interrupt this incredible pleasure.

I barely feel his mouth on my neck, kissing and nibbling me there all this time. I barely hear my gasps now as the pleasure mounts in my body and I feel my orgasm beginning to build. But he suddenly changes rhythm again, causing a momentary let down as my senses adjust to the new sensations. He is not pulling out as far now so the head of his cock stays fully inside of me with each thrust, but his pace has gotten faster and I sense his orgasm is also building. With no longer any risk of losing his cock, I begin to rise up to meet his thrusts, which seems to spur him onto an even faster, harder pace and soon our bodies are slamming together in a frenetic, ever-rising, passionate mutual struggle to attain release. Each of our thrusts is so intense now that the comforter is lifting up each time, sending a blast of cold air against our sweaty bodies that only serves to intensify the sensations coursing through us.

My orgasm is building ever faster now and my gasps are constant as I thrust my pussy onto his cock. He is gasping now too, though his gasps are muffled against my neck. I feel my body begin to get tense, my orgasm moments away as I thrust even faster against him, the pleasure so intense now that I want to scream. His body also tenses and I feel his cock swell even more inside me and I know his orgasm is seconds away and this knowledge triggers my own orgasm and as the first wave shocks my entire body, I let out a scream of utter pleasure.

As the second pulsing wave of my orgasm slams into me, I feel a simultaneous spurt of his hot cum bathe my insides and I scream again with delirium. Our orgasms are perfectly synched so each of my orgasmic waves of release is accompanied by a massive throb of his cock as he shoots another load of cum inside me. I nearly faint from the intense sensations filling me, giving me an out-of-body experience as the pleasure becomes too intense.

But then, all too soon, my orgasm peaks and slowly begins to fade, although he has not stopped thrusting and my body continues to respond with shudders. Usually I delight in watching his face as he orgasms, but the darkness prevents this and, uncharacteristically, he has never stopped kissing my neck the whole time. Soon he too slows, and then stops, resting his weight on me as we both recover. I lie there, feeling as if the life has been drained from me; so intense was my orgasm that the afterglow feels almost numbing. His cock, though soft now, is still comfortably inside me. It is all so peaceful and his weight and warmth against me so soothing that I find myself drifting into peaceful sleep.

"Anne?!" I hear my name, but it sounds so far away. "Anne?!" There it is again, closer this time. Irritating – I want to sleep. "Anne!"

Oh bother – "go away!" I mumble. I feel someone shaking me now. I feel cold. My neck hurts. A light – hurts my eyes, I close them more tightly.

"Oh god, Anne! Wake up!"

I hear fear, and it cuts through my overwhelming desire to sleep. Steve? Is it Steve? I open my eyes, and then immediately shut them again as a bright light blinds

me. "Oh thank god – Anne? Are you all right? Oh – sorry about the light in your eyes." I cautiously open them again to see Steve hovering above me, bathed in the light from his flashlight.

"Steve?" I struggle to sit up.

"No. Don't. Just lie there. An ambulance is coming; they'll be here in about twenty minutes."

"What?"

"I called them. I got lost in the dark – I should have taken the flashlight. And then I heard you screaming and I was able to find you, though it took a long time because I kept bumping into these damn headstones."

"You found me? Screaming?" His words make no sense – I hadn't been screaming before he came back.

"Thank god I got here when I did. I scared it off – I think it was going to kill you. Your neck is all bloody and... oh Anne I'm so sorry! I should never have brought you here."

"Kill me?" I stare in confusion at him and then point at the flashlight, "That doesn't work by the way." Now it is Steve's turn to be confused as he stares at the obviously working flashlight. He just looks at me funny, so I ask, "Did you leave after I fell asleep?"

"Asleep? You mean fainted?" he looks at me compassionately. "Look, anyone would have fainted with something like that attacking them."

"Steve, what are you talking about? And can you point that flashlight somewhere else? The light hurts my eyes."

"Oh, sorry," he turns it off and, in the soothing darkness, I can clearly see his concerned expression. He seems to be having trouble seeing though, as he kneels down, "I don't know what it was – it seemed to fly off, but it was too big to be a bird. I don't know, it was so dark it could have been anything I guess. I'm just glad you're safe."

"Don't worry, Steve. I'm okay. Really. In fact, why don't you call that ambulance and cancel – no need for them to come all the way out here for nothing." Things were starting to become clear.

"No way!" he protests.

"I'm serious – I really do feel okay. In fact, I feel great. I bet my throat only got scratched, we can put a band aid on it at my place – or yours." I give him an alluring look, though from his expression I realize he can't see it in the dark. So I use my most seductive tone, "We've got the whole rest of the night. It would be a shame to waste it at some stupid hospital." And as I gaze upon him, especially his neck, I feel my pussy get moist.

"Look, we don't have a clue what attacked you. At the very least you're going to need a tetanus shot."

I can tell he isn't going to be persuaded. Things are much clearer now – it's as if ancient instincts are being awakened. The ambulance will be here in twenty minutes. Will that be enough time? It would be such a shame to rush my first time like that.

Episode Two

I lick my lips, the impulse to kiss him, to ravage his body with mine, to bite, almost overpowering me – but I know it would be foolish; there simply isn't enough time. I tear my eyes from his neck and so see the blood on my hands. The last thing I need is for some doctor to examine me closely right now, before my awakening instincts show me how to fully hide the signs. I close my eyes and concentrate, and then pick up the comforter and wipe my neck and hands. I carefully feel my neck and smile. "Look Steve," I say encouragingly, "that blood wasn't mine, I'm not cut at all."

Steve kneels down by me and switches the flashlight back on, playing it over my hands and then neck and over my entire body. "That's odd," he mumbles, "I could have sworn I saw two puncture marks in your neck before." He gently strokes my neck, my skin now smooth and unmarked.

"So we don't need that ambulance after all," I prompt him. "It would be a waste, even irresponsible of us, to let them come out here for nothing."

"But then that blood must have come from that creature that attacked you and what if it's got some kind of disease or something?"

"Look," I argue as I take his hand in mine, "I promise I'll go to my doctor first thing in the morning, okay? That's soon enough even if there is some kind of disease." I give his hand a squeeze, "I'd much rather go back to your place." I see his resolve start to waver and so add, "Besides we've got some unfinished business to take care of." My tone makes it very clear, and Steve finds himself calling back the hospital. I can feel his resistance still, but I find I can influence it, bend it with my will. I hear him talk with someone about the ambulance but don't really listen, stretching my arms above my head instead, as I sit there, luxuriating in the feel of newly-heightened sensations coursing through my body.

"Taken care of," Steve says as he flips his phone closed. "They even seemed relieved. Guess a graveyard at midnight isn't everyone's idea of a fun place."

"Not mine either," I speak up, sensing my opportunity. "You know, if that creature that you saw is still around, maybe we should get out of here ourselves."

"Definitely," Steve agrees. He quickly rolls up the pad and comforter, while I pick up the unopened champagne, and breathe in the cool darkness. "Let's go," he takes my hand and, using the flashlight, guides us quickly back to his car. I just follow along, confident now, that there will be a better time and place. We get in and he starts it up.

"Your place is closer," I hint, and then smile to myself as he makes the turn towards his place and away from mine. It didn't even take any persuasion. I lean towards him, placing my hand on his leg as I whisper in his ear, "Thank you for taking such good care of me." I move my hand, caressing his leg before beginning to stroke his crotch, "I hope you let me repay you for your kindness."

I can see his grin as he speeds the car up and so I stroke harder, barely able to restrain myself from taking him right then and there. Fortunately his place isn't far or my hard and fast stroking would have made him cum judging by the intensity of his

groans. In a matter of minutes he pulls into his garage and we both practically jump out of the car.

As soon as we get into his house, I turn to him but he surprises me by picking me up. He starts heading to his bedroom – exactly where I want to go, so I just wrap my arms around his neck. We get there and he carries me to the bed, where he lays me down and then stands by the bed over me. I just smile up at him, holding my arms up and spreading my legs. I watch as he literally rips his shirt off and I follow, wiggling out of my skirt and panties, managing to get my blouse and bra off just as he finishes kicking off his underwear.

His cock is fully erect and I want it. I spread my legs again and he climbs on the bed between them. I reach up and pull him close as he moves over me and I feel his cock probing against my pussy. I reach down and grab his cock and guide it to my pussy, my whole body tingling in anticipation, all my senses on fire, every sensation unbelievably heightened.

“Whoa!” he suddenly exclaims, “I forgot – we need to clean you up first.”

“What?” Damn! “Not now!”

“Of course now – you’ve still got blood splatters on you, and we don’t know what that thing was. C’mon, it will only take a minute.” He gets off the bed and then reaches his hand out, which I reluctantly take.

We walk to his bathroom; at least it’s got a great double shower with a fixed shower head and a Jacuzzi head on a hose. “You’re going to help aren’t you?”

Steve gets a stupid grin on his face, “That was my intention.” He reaches in and adjusts the water, and then gets in and looks at me expectantly. I get in as well, and gasp at the utter pleasure of the warm water cascading against me; I realize that every physical sensation feels amplified now. He wraps his arm around me and I sink into his embrace, the feeling of his body against mine, the hot water beating against me, the hardness of his cock pressed against me, threatening to overwhelm my new hyper-elevated senses. “Let me soap your back,” Steve offers, so I turn around and pick up the shampoo, intending to get this over with as soon as possible.

I start lathering my hair, surprised at how sensuous it now feels when Steve starts lathering my back, and I nearly moan with the pleasure of his slick hands. I start rinsing my hair, impatient to get him back into bed, when I feel his hands reach around and cup my breasts and I gasp out loud at the intense pleasure.

I just stand there, my head in the spraying water as he continues to fondle my breasts and then pinch my nipples, my body shivering in spite of the hot water. That’s when his hands move away from my breasts and caress down my body to my hips, and I feel his upper body lean against my back as his hands reach down between my thighs. He pulls my legs apart and I nearly stumble, suddenly no longer in control, overwhelmed by the sensations and anticipation – is he going to take me in the shower?

I feel him position his body and I bend forward at the waist, giving him better access as I feel the head of his cock probing me from behind. I can’t take it anymore; I need it now, and so I spread my legs further and reach between them and back for his cock. I find it immediately, and grab hold of it. My hand is still a bit soapy and I stroke

his cock several times before my impatience overrides this pleasure and I grab his cock firmly and guide it to my pussy.

I feel him bend his knees as I place the head of his cock right up to my eager opening. He takes over then, driving his cock forward, penetrating me, filling me, stretching my pussy walls and sending an overwhelming wave of pure pleasure through me. I can't help myself and scream as if orgasming – the intensity of just his initial penetration equal to many of my past orgasms.

He begins stroking then, pulling nearly out before thrusting, quickly and fully, back in, the angle of his penetration from the back causing his cock to firmly stroke my G-spot, almost immediately building a tension in my gut. He's got his hands on my hips, guiding them, pulling me back onto his cock with each of his thrusts forward. He is controlling the pace, and a part of me finds the irony humorous. My first fuck as a vampire is one where I am not in total control. But rational thought soon ends as he continues to pound me, sending unbelievable pleasure shooting through me with each thrust, building an orgasmic tension within me that is echoed in my whimpered screams. I can feel every inch of his cock, the way his head spreads my pussy walls, the feel of the rim of his head, even the small ridges on his cock as they penetrate me, and then the longing emptiness as he pulls out, only to gratifyingly fill me again with more pleasure than before.

I can feel my orgasm beginning to build, the tension mounting, my heightened senses sending me to unbelievable levels of pleasure that are exceeded over and over again with each passing minute. I am totally lost in it, not even aware of my surroundings when Steve pauses and I suddenly become aware of the water beating down on me once again.

I open my eyes and see him reaching up with one hand to the Jacuzzi shower head. He pulls it from the wall and its hose bumps against me as he brings it closer to him. The other shower head is still on me, caressing me with warm water and I realize Steve must be adjusting the Jacuzzi, making it a pulsating setting, judging by the sound. I start to get irritated that he has interrupted our lovemaking for something so stupid and I thrust my pussy against him.

He thrusts back, and then I feel his hand on my hip again and wait in anticipation for him to start once more, wanting, needing to feel his cock stroking me. He doesn't disappoint me and begins to rhythmically thrust his cock until I again start to lose myself in the pleasure. But his movement suddenly changes again and my eyes fly open, almost in irritation. I feel him lean forward and see him bring the Jacuzzi shower head in front of me. He is still thrusting and I watch as he turns the shower head to point at me.

The pulsating water feels like a massage as it plays across my tummy, and then along my pelvis – and then onto my pussy! I gasp at the simultaneous sensation of his cock as he continues to thrust in and out and the pulsating water that is now hitting my clit. The sensations threaten to overwhelm me with their intensity and, almost immediately, I feel my orgasm beginning to build up once more.

I don't know when I start screaming in pleasure, only that at some point I realize I am doing it, my consciousness disconnected from my body now. Each thrust of his cock is sending shooting pleasure through me, each one more intense as my impending orgasm builds up higher and higher. The pulsating shocks of water on my clit add to his thrusts. His thrusts are coming faster and faster now, and my body is begging for release, past the point of no return.

I feel his cock get even stiffer, even harder as it strokes my pussy walls and his thrusts get frantically fast. I am only dimly aware of his sharp gasps over my own screams as my whole existence becomes the pleasure that is overpowering all else. It is the feel of his hot cum spurting deep within me that finally brings me release.

I suddenly become silent, my face contorted in a silent scream of tortuous pleasure as my whole body shudders violently with the first wave of my orgasm. It floods through every fiber of my being, sending a physical electric shock that sweeps through me with each shivering wave of my orgasm. Over and over it sweeps through me, the pleasure compounded by the simultaneous feel of Steve's forceful thrusts deep within me and the jerking pulses of his cock that send hot cum bathing my insides.

I am not aware of when it ends, only that I am once again conscious of the water beating against me. The Jacuzzi shower head is on the floor of the tub, spraying the wall. Steve moves slightly just then, and I feel his limp cock slip from my pussy and his hands wrap around me. I turn to face him and sink into his arms, my head on his shoulder, my body still shivering with the aftermath of my orgasm. We stand there many minutes, enjoying the feel of each other and the warmth of the shower. I nuzzle the base of his neck with my mouth – and the blood lust returns.

Episode Three

I kiss him lightly on his neck and feel the pulse of blood from his jugular vein, with my lips. I can't help it and give him a slight nip there with my teeth.

"Hey!" he yelps, "not so hard!" He pulls away, and I stare at the slight reddening of his neck, my pussy suddenly twinging, even though I am still recovering from my incredibly intense orgasm from only minutes before. I force myself to look elsewhere and so look into his amused eyes instead.

"When did you get so bloodthirsty?" he jokes and I bite my lip to stop myself from laughing out loud.

"When did you get so delectable?" I answer and squeeze his butt as I pull him against me.

"You're insatiable!" he teases.

"More than you know." I tease back. I want to get him back to bed, so I reluctantly let go of his butt and open the shower door. I hear him turn the water off as I reach for a towel. I'm impressed; he's got these really big fluffy ones and I luxuriate in the feel of one against me as I dry myself. I fluff my hair with it, and then wrap it around myself and stroll back to the bedroom. I hear him follow but deliberately don't look back as I let the towel slip from my body and crawl onto the bed. I stretch out on my tummy.

"I could use a backrub."

He crawls up next to me; I feel his fingers on my back and I sigh as he begins to knead me with his strong hands. I can sense his life force when he touches me now, and I hunger for it. But I can also tell that he hasn't fully recovered from our fun in the shower; his sexual energy is still drained and I want him to be at his peak. I change my mind about taking him right now; I want this first time to be perfect, but I can feel his desire start to rise and I need to dampen it – a typical male, he believes he is capable of more than he can deliver. But he is damn good at backrubs, and I let myself relax into it as he kneads my shoulders. He works them expertly, moving down my back as he goes. As he gets down to my butt though, I can feel his desire rise and so have to exert a bit of mental control over him, emphasizing his fatigue, trying to blunt his desire. It takes a while, and I can't help but be flattered by his craving for me, but after a few minutes I can feel his interest start to lessen, and so I concentrate more on instilling fatigue in him.

"I'm really tired," I suggest to him. "Why don't we take a bit of a nap?"

"Actually, I'm a bit tired too," he grins as he yawns. "I'd hate to waste our time together sleeping, though."

"Don't worry, we can set the alarm. I'll make sure we wake up long before the sun rises." I turn over on my back to face him and reach my arms out. "It will be fun to cuddle together while we sleep."

He yawns again, slumps over onto the bed next to me and instantly falls asleep. Hmm, perhaps I put too strong a suggestion of fatigue into him. I set the alarm, and then snuggle against him and close my eyes, content to let him regain his strength,

secure in the knowledge that soon I will be making his last, true lovemaking the most ecstatic experience of his life.

His rhythmic breathing is soothing; the comfort of his chest rising and falling, under the arm I have draped over him, feels exactly right. I watch his nostrils flare with each breath. It is very peaceful. I know I will miss this. I close my eyes.

Pulsing beats, beating drums, the sensation of blood moving just beneath the skin, the feel of a throbbing vessel in an exposed neck, a throbbing cock, the smell of blood, the taste of cum, a life force waiting to be freed, to be fed upon, to be joined together in orgasmic ecstasy. An eternity awaits, hundreds, thousands of souls waiting to be mine. All those men – and women – to experience, to love, to bring to fulfillment. The sound of orgasmic screams. The sound of screams.

The alarm clock. I jerk awake, not believing I actually fell asleep. I reach for it and turn it off while Steve stirs. It is four o'clock, at least two hours before sunrise – plenty of time. He stirs again, and stretches, but I can feel him slipping back into sleep. Oddly, I can no longer feel his sexual energy and guess he needs to first be in an excited state. I decide to kill two birds with one stone. I caress his chest with my hand and then start to tickle his right nipple before pinching it. I play with him, alternating between his nipples and seeing his barely repressed grin of enjoyment as he lies there, pretending to still be asleep. So I up the ante and abandon his nipples to move my hand down, pausing to play with his pubic hairs, twirling my fingers through them.

I watch as his erection starts, and sense the spark of his sexual energy light. His cock begins to become erect until I can't resist myself any longer and wrap my hand around it, squeezing it, holding it tight as it gets harder, filling my grip. I love the sight of its head protruding from my hand. I move my head to rest it on his chest so I can watch it closely as I begin to stroke it, moving slowly at first, all the way from its base to its head, which I fondle for a while before going back to stroking. He gets harder, and his breath faster, and I don't need to sense his sexual energy to know how excited he is becoming.

I keep stroking as I lift my head off his chest and turn slightly to look at his rapturous expression; his eyes are still closed but a wide smile is on his face. I rise up on one hand and my knees, still maintaining my stroking. I push my knees between his closed legs, forcing them apart, pushing them wider until I can place myself between them. He has his eyes open now, grinning up at me and I look down at him, at his totally vulnerable position. He reaches his hands up to me and I allow him to bring me into his embrace as I let go of him and lower myself, positioning my totally wet pussy so that my labia spreads over his rigid cock.

I begin to move my hips, stroking his cock, now, with my labia rather than my hand, enjoying the pleasure of his hardness rubbing against my clit, my wetness coating him. We continue like that for several minutes as I enjoy the sensation, but then he begins to move his hips as well and I can feel his tension beginning to build up too fast, too soon. I know that even if he cums, he can cum again but I don't want that this time,

I want him to cum only once, to make it the most exquisite orgasm of his life. I surreptitiously force my mind into his, reaching in to control his sympathetic nervous system in order to control his pleasure. It takes surprisingly little effort and, with a shock of understanding, I realize that this is what I'm supposed to do – and that I am able to control my own pleasure as well.

My body shivers with desire now, I need to feel him deep inside of me. I lift my pelvis off him and spread my legs outside of his, intending to reach my hand down and guide him to my pussy, but his throbbing cock juts in the air and probes my pussy all on its own. So I just ease down, and gasp with satisfaction as I feel the head of his cock penetrate me.

We lock eyes as I ease further down. I relish the feel of him as he penetrates me, filling me up with his deliciousness, just as he must relish the feel of my hot, wet pussy enveloping him. I come to rest against him, my clit pressing against his pubic bone. I rock my hips slowly. He is deep inside as I stimulate my clit against him. But soon both of us want more and I lift my pelvis up, letting his cock ease out of me about halfway, before thrusting myself onto him again. I keep this up for several minutes, controlling the pace, tantalizing him until I can't take it anymore and speed up, thrusting fully now as he joins in, rising up to meet me. Each thrust sends shivers through me and, all too soon, I can feel my orgasm beginning to build, but it is too fast, too soon.

I get control of my desire for release and reach into his mind again. His own orgasm is building and I take mental hold of both his and mine. But what now? My body is demanding more stimulation as I begin to thrust harder onto him, my breath coming in gasps. And then I see his throat – how could I have forgotten? It calls to me raising a desire almost as strong as the need in my pussy. His eyes are closed, his head bent back in passion. My body is thrusting hard and fast, spasms of pleasure coursing through me. I can feel his hands clutching my butt as he pulls me against him with each of his thrusts into me. His blood calls irresistibly and I succumb to it, bending down to kiss, and then bite, his throat. Our orgasms are so close and I know I can't let them happen yet – but I can't dampen the pleasure either of us are feeling, and it threatens to overwhelm me.

I find I can stop our orgasms from happening, although it does nothing to lessen the pre-orgasmic buildup of pleasure within us. Instead it just keeps building higher and higher, faster and faster and, as he screams out, I don't know if it is because of the overwhelming pleasure he is feeling or the feel of my teeth in his throat. But he doesn't pull away – if anything he exposes his throat even more as he grunts now with each thrust, totally engulfed in pleasure.

And then I get the first taste of his blood – and my instincts take over. My mind and body are assaulted with an ecstasy so overpowering that all rational thought is replaced with raw sexual lust and desire. I want to crawl inside him and, suddenly, it is as if I have, our minds become linked, so that I can now feel everything he is feeling. I become crazy with a pleasure so intense – each thrust that fills my pussy, that pounds my clit is superimposed with the feel of my pussy hungrily stroking his cock; I feel the same spasms of delight that are shooting through his shuddering body. My body

becomes frantic with the doubled pleasure, thrusting harder and deeper and harder and harder as it yearns for release from this unbearable pleasure. And yet I know I cannot let us orgasm yet, no matter how much my body is screaming for it. I have to drink enough of his blood first, seize enough of his life force to make it my own and to inject enough of my saliva into him to give him immortality in exchange.

My body cries for release. The simultaneous pleasure of two bodies threatens my consciousness. But is it long enough? His blood – I want, and need, more. I try to hold off our orgasms, but our bodies and minds, are frantically screaming as we pound into one another, our hands clawing each other. Pleasure so unbelievably intense surges through every fiber of my being, my entire body on fire, electric shocks pulsing from every part of my body that is touching his – and he is feeling the same things, adding his pleasure to mine. And still I drink his blood, his life force. But the pleasure finally wins over my blood lust, and I lift my mouth from his neck and scream in utter agony and ecstasy as the first surging wave of my/our orgasms flood and overwhelm my/our bodies.

Over and over, our orgasms sweep through us as we continue to thrust and pound and claw against each other. We are perfectly synched – each spasm of his cock that sends his hot cum deep inside me is matched with a simultaneous clenching of my pussy. Over and over, I hear our screams together.

At some point our orgasms slow to the point where individual spasms of pleasure can be felt instead of the overlapping tidal wave that had consumed us before. At some point, thought re-emerges from the swirl of mind-numbing orgasmic shocks. At some point we again feel sensations that are not purely sexual. At some point we find ourselves wrapped against each other, our shuddering breaths intermingling while we lie there in a dazed and satiated stupor. At some point we relax enough to let our bodies mold themselves into each other.

I hear his breathing slow and become regular. He has fallen into an exhausted slumber even though my full weight is still upon him. His flaccid cock is still within me and I enjoy the feeling of it, not wanting to move in case I lose it. I lift my head and survey the bloody evidence of our initiation. His throat wounds have stopped bleeding and soon they will heal. I share his life force now and he shares my immortality. Will he be grateful?

The sun will be rising soon. I'll need to get up and close the curtains.

The End