

LEE AVALONE

The poster features a close-up of a person's face in profile, with blue light rays emanating from their mouth. The background is a blue-tinted image of a film strip. A white sign with blue text and a colorful border is positioned in the center, and a red carpet with stanchions leads towards a bright doorway at the bottom.

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...Even though I know I'll grow to regret it," Drake said, "I want to make love to you. After what happened below, I don't want it to be just about fucking."

"And I'm never going to remember this, right?" Hank asked.

"You won't remember. But I sure as hell will." Drake groaned and sliced his fingers through his close-cut dark hair, an almost nervous gesture. Movie star versus vampire—who was more nervous about this?

Hank moved farther into the room and heard the door snick shut behind him. A rush of heat washed over him. "I'm going to regret not remembering this, I believe."

"And I'll regret my perfect memory. A vampire's memory is better than any movie, since all the senses are involved, and each moment is recorded with precise accuracy."

Drake dropped his robe. He was so much more beautiful than he had been when downstairs with everyone looking on, and Hank couldn't help staring at him. The moment, suspended in time, filled Hank with a sense of peace, the last thing he'd expected right then.

The vampire joined him in what seemed like the blink of an eye and took him into his strong, sinewy arms. "I hoped you'd come. Pun intended. Since I don't allow myself this freedom often, I intend to make the most of it."

Drake's lips descended upon his and ignited a fire. Even

sated, a sense of urgency took over, whipping Hank's need into a frenzy. This was something he'd never experienced with a woman. Never. Not even close.

Could he live without it?

Did he want to?...

ALSO BY LEE AVALONE

Light My Fire

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

BY

LEE AVALONE

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SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE
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For all those who love vampires as much as I do.

CHAPTER 1

Hank Blue walked onto the makeshift set in the Scandinavian countryside wondering if all hell was about to break loose. He'd never filmed on location outside of the States, and the little-known hamlet of Dnkski didn't appeal to him. An opportunity to work with the director, Chuck King, whose reputation for excellence preceded him, was not something Hank could afford to pass on. Now Hank wondered if he'd erred. In the middle of a dense forest, without a neighbor for miles, this desolate place was downright spooky. One could only imagine how his co-star would handle the lack of shopping and adoring fans. It wouldn't be pretty.

"Hank, I want you to stand next to Vanessa on the right

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side of the table and both of you stay close to Wayne. Wayne, you stand at the head of the table. Don't take a seat. The two of you watch while Wayne, as his character Zacon, meets two old friends from his past," Mr. King told them.

"What about my lines?" Vanessa said, just as Hank started to ask the director the same thing. "I don't work without a script." Her signature sultry voice sounded whiny.

The director tested the lighting before he addressed Vanessa, who'd begun to twitch. "This scene is about Zacon meeting vampires from his past and then doing what comes naturally. You don't have any lines, Vanessa. Nor do you, Hank."

A scene without lines for the stars? Hank Blue didn't do scenes where he wasn't featured front and center, it was as simple as that. *What's going on here?* First they find themselves in an obscure, backwoods locale, and now inside the immense dining room of a near-ruins of a sixteenth-century castle. Had the director lost his mind?

A quick glance around the set appeased Hank. Whoever had prepared the set did a good job. Cobwebs surrounded them in every dark corner. The oil lamps flickered and, somewhere in the castle, an organ played a haunting melody. Besides, if his agent agreed to this, it had to be worthwhile, even with a scene sans lines.

Hank's motivations weren't complex. In his case the obvious answer to why he was here would be more money than he'd ever made and over twice as much as his last picture. But money wasn't the only reason in this particular

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case. *If only it were...*

He turned to his costar Vanessa Perry and gave her his best smile...the one millions of women claimed curled their toes. "Relax. I'm sure Mr. King knows what he's doing."

"Chuck knows more about movies than most." Wayne spoke for the first time and managed to shock Hank.

Chuck?

It took nerve to address a man like Mr. King by his first name. Hank stood close enough to Wayne to catch his masculine scent. The three of them were no more than six feet apart so the cameras would catch all of the action. Whatever the hell *that* was going to be.

Vanessa raised her perfectly manicured hand and covered the side of her mouth as she leaned into him as if to whisper into his ear. "If Chuck knows what he's doing, why did he hire Wayne Reed? He's a nobody." She's spoke loud enough for Wayne to hear despite the pretense of whispering.

At the mere mention of Wayne Reed, a familiar stirring in Hank's groin spelled trouble. Hank needed to get control. Nobody wanted a gay heartthrob—not his agent, the director, or especially his fans. All over the world blue-eyed, blond Hank Blue was being touted as one of the sexiest men alive, the world's most eligible bachelor. Women mobbed him wherever he went, throwing their undies at him like he was a rock star. His picture had been on the cover of all the right magazines without being trashed by scandalous headlines. But his damned wayward cock wanted Wayne Reed, which was a sure way to hit the trash-mags in the checkout aisle...no way

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could he allow that to happen.

“What do you think of this place?” Wayne asked. “It belongs to a friend of mine from Oxford.”

Since Hank had finished in the bottom half of the class at Southstream High in the Bronx, the mere mention of Oxford made him cringe. In the six years since he’d graduated, he didn’t feel much smarter, just a whole lot richer. He stretched a little straighter, in case his lack of self-esteem was showing.

“I’d wondered how you got this part,” Vanessa huffed at Wayne. “I thought maybe Hank had something to do with it. It always pays to know someone important.”

It was deliberate cut, but Wayne just smiled widely at her, and Hank caught a glimpse of his vampire teeth. The make-up people had done an impressive job. Even with long canines, Wayne was the epitome of tall, dark and delectable. He had near-black hair, dark gray eyes and a lanky, muscular frame that made Hank weak in the knees. If only Wayne would get a little sun, he’d be perfect. Then again, his pale complexion made him right for the part.

“It never hurts to have friends in high places,” Wayne told Vanessa. “Or in this case, in strange places.”

Hank experienced a jab of envy. He didn’t have real friends...he had acquaintances. Life in Hollywood was like the most powerful drug in existence, rubbing elbows with celebs who took his breath away and gave him an emotional high he craved more than anything. But none of them could be called friends because none of them could know the real Hank.

The people he hung with now were legends, special people

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who only had to whisper to be heard around the entire world. He had a good chance of becoming one such idol if he didn't screw it up by giving in to his unacceptable-to-the-powers-that-be urges. If he didn't allow his secret desires to ruin everything he'd worked for since his first bit part at seventeen.

"My friend Charles says this place has special powers. Like movie magic, all your dreams can come true here," Wayne said. "For anyone with the courage to take what he wants, it can happen."

Vanessa gave a haughty toss of her blonde ponytail and flashed the bright, toothy smile followed by lips drawn into the bow of a pout that had made her so well-known in Tinsel Town. "My dream is for a fairytale wedding to Hank. I want a white, designer wedding-gown-to-die-for and twenty bridesmaids. We'll sell the pictures to the tabloids to pay for the best of everything."

"White?" Hank cut in before he could stop his damned mouth. Vanessa had slept with half of Hollywood and she was only twenty-three. Her love life was none of his fucking business, so why be pissy?

"You'll make the cover of every magazine," Wayne said, just as her face turned dark in response to Hank's foolish remark.

Vanessa made a dramatic recovery, which would have been useful in a scene, but Vanessa wasn't known for her brains and acting ability. The blonde bombshell had a body beyond compare and nothing upstairs, aside from superficial, self-centered nonsense or so she wanted people to think. Hank

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knew better. He'd caught her reading a book in French that he couldn't read in English. Why she wanted to hide her brains...he didn't have a clue. Whatever her reason, he didn't care. He had his own secrets.

The studio had paired them in Hank's last three pictures just like in the old days of studio-created star romances. The public clamored for them to pair in real life. If Vanessa was a bitch, maybe he could do it, but she didn't deserve to wed a man who'd never love her. No, marriage wasn't an option if it hurt her in the end.

The camera loved Vanessa's face...in real life, though, every movement, each expression seemed like posturing. "I still don't like it here. This place gives me the creeps...it's spooky. I'm imagining Dracula walking out the front door when night falls. Or coming out of his crypt in the cellar to rip us all to shreds." She shuddered and her bodacious boobs jiggled...that's all it took to make them bounce.

When Wayne didn't look at them like any red-blooded male should, Hank tried not to get too excited about it. It could've been a fluke. "Vanessa's right...it's spooky," Hank said.

There were two cameras...one aimed at him and the other at Wayne. As Hank stared at the setup, somewhere in the castle, a weird gong sounded. The loud resonance echoing against the walls made him jump and the tiny hairs on the back of his neck stood at attention. One of the two doors to the dining room screeched opened. Two men walked in—strangers dressed in black to take control of the cameras

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mounted on tripods. Next, the director's assistant arrived, another person Hank had never met. He stepped in front of one of the cameras with his slate as the director gave him the nod.

It was a privilege to work for Mr. King. He did very few movies, but all of them were perfection, Academy Award-winning excellence.

The assistant wrote on the slate and then held in front of the camera.

The director gave the nod. "Sex scene. Take one. Action!"

The assistant clacked the arm on the slate and disappeared into the shadows and cobwebs in the corner.

A sex scene? Just like that? Hank had no clue what would happen next. This wasn't like any shoot he'd ever been on thus far in his career. And who the hell was about to have sex?

The left door opened again and this time a man entered, attired with the deep-purple robe-like vampire costumes the designer had created. Hank and Vanessa wore the typical teen attire of the fifties. Vanessa, in a pale pink sundress with spaghetti straps molded to her shapely body, looked like the quintessential popular teen. Hank had on blue jeans rolled at the ankle and a black leather jacket over a white T-shirt for the bad-boy greaser look. Wayne was the socialite in conservative navy slacks, argyle sweater, white shirt and tie.

The costumed vampire walked around the table toward Wayne, who took a step back to make space so all four would be in the frame. The man stopped just left and front of Wayne and lowered his head in a bow of subjection.

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“Recim, my old friend, it’s good to see you,” Wayne said. “It’s been more than twenty years this time.”

Recim? Hank didn’t remember a character named Recim in the script. The door opened again and another costumed extra walked into the room...a woman this time.

There was a scene in the movie where Wayne’s character, the vampire Zacon, used his mental vampire powers to seduce Vanessa’s character on top of the table, while three of the clan watched, cheering him on. And then Hank’s character rescued Vanessa before they ravished her. Vanessa had been pissy about it when she read the script. Could this be what was about to happen? If so...why not tell them? Did Mr. King want to get a better performance from Vanessa?

“That’s my robe,” Vanessa said to the woman. “Get it off!”

Hank expected to hear the director roar at her words. Vanessa knew better than to make a personal remark during a scene take. Besides, Vanessa might be a slut, but she wasn’t a diva. There was a weird nervous energy in the room. Maybe it had loosened her tongue?

The newcomer laughed. “What fun! I only wore this to make you more comfortable. I much prefer to wear nothing at all.”

Those words spelled big trouble, but a scandal with a naked woman Hank could handle. It would make better press than the alternative always on his mind.

Wayne’s dark gray eyes narrowed as he pinned Vanessa with a cold stare, very unlike him. “Raena’s garment is her

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own. Yours is copied after hers. Raena, my love, don't be so quick to undress just yet."

The actress playing Raena gave a nod and moved back against the wall into the shadows like they'd practiced this. Had Hank missed a rehearsal? No one had given him shit for it. When it happened in the past, it hadn't been pleasant.

What the hell? This dialog wasn't part of the movie. Impossible. When the director didn't call for them to stop filming, Hank's confusion intensified.

Recim went down on one knee in front of Wayne, his face suggestively close to the sizeable lump at Wayne's crotch. Hank's eyes were fixed on them. Mild-mannered Wayne gave a husky chuckle as if he'd caught Hank's reaction. Then again, Hank responded inappropriately to every breath Wayne Reed took. His wayward attraction was the reason Hank had made certain the part had been offered to Reed.

Recim took hold of Wayne's hand, who pulled him upward until they stood nose to nose. Both were big men, well over six feet and muscular despite their leanness. Next Wayne circled the vampire with his strong arms, and Hank grew weak in the knees. Their mouths collided with such forceful passion it ignited Hank. Desire flashed throughout his body as if he'd been kissed at the same time. He gripped the table to keep standing.

Recim groaned and pushed his crotch against Wayne, who cupped the back of his head to deepen the kiss. The occasional flash of tongues told Hank they weren't holding back. Not even a little. It took everything Hank had not to dry hump his

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own hand as a flash-fire of desire ate at him.

The sound of the camera rolling didn't stop. The director and everyone else on the set didn't make a sound. This was part of the movie, even though it made no sense. This wasn't in the script. People didn't want to see two men kiss like they wanted Hank and Vanessa.

Didn't they?

CHAPTER 2

The kiss lasted so long Hank began to rasp and knew he more than likely looked like a twitching fool. His cock hardened and ached like a son-of-a-bitch. Before the two finally came up for air, Wayne had removed the vampire's dark robe. While it shocked him, Hank also gave silent thanks as he perused the man's lithe, muscular back and shoulders almost hidden by full black hair even longer than Vanessa's. When he moved, his muscles appeared to ripple.

Recim's lack of tan, the only imperfection Hank could see, would be perfect in a movie about vampires.

Wayne wrenched Recim about and, with a swift sweep of his hand, cleared the table in front of him. Glasses and dishes

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flew, smashing on the stone floor opposite from where they stood. Vanessa jumped back, colliding into Hank's bulging hard-on. She looked down at it and gave a shudder.

"This is insane," she said in a whisper.

Hank grabbed hold of her and set her back in place, away from his painful erection. Surely Wayne wouldn't do what it looked like he was about to do to Recim...two men fucking? No way had Hank missed *that* in the script.

Hank couldn't breathe as he waited for what came next. Each second hung heavy on him as he tensed. He wanted to see it, but he didn't want anyone to know he wanted it.

Wayne pressed Recim face first onto the cleared end of the table with one hand and somehow managed to rip Recim's loose-fitting silk pants away with the other.

The designer made a rip-away costume for this?

Recim's bare, well-developed ass was there for all to see—rounded, strong and smooth.

Perfect.

Hank turned away to see what the others thought of this. Vanessa stared...transfixed. The rapid rise and fall of her spectacular chest showed her appreciation. Why wasn't she complaining?

Recim moaned and brought Hank's attention back to the table. Wayne's hands flew over his fly, undoing his slacks to free his cock. This was going to happen—right here in front of them!

Unbelievable!

Hank made an involuntary sound at the sight of the large,

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pale cock with a darker mauve head. It was bigger than he'd ever seen, certainly larger than his own, and he'd been told by the numerous women he'd fucked that his was a good size. The large cock-head bobbed in front of him until Wayne took hold of it.

Recim lifted his head and pulled his long hair aside to give a heated gaze over his shoulder at Wayne. When next he took both hands and spread his ass cheeks, his rosy asshole reminded Hank of Vanessa's pouting lips. Wayne didn't hesitate. He speared his cock into Recim, who grunted loudly and then continued to groan while Wayne thrust all the way inside him. The sight almost brought Hank to his knees, driving him crazy with lust, envy and fear in equal measures.

This can't be happening!

They were filming gay porn? Hank's career would be ruined.

* * *

He needed to concentrate on something other than fucking Recim in the presence of a human he wanted.

He'd lost his tenuous grip on proper human behavior when he'd died. Vampires who chose only to associate with other vampires lost their humanity.

As vampires go, Drake hadn't been around long, not like some of his clan. His life before he'd become undead hadn't been much to speak of either. Born to a consumptive prostitute in the Dakotas, his mother had named him Wayne after a prospector. Drake *hated* to remember those days. Every time

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someone used Wayne to address him, it jarred him.

He was Drake, not meek, weak-willed Wayne, and definitely not human any longer. Not tonight.

Drake thrust his length in and out of Recim with the added turn-on of having the man he really wanted ogling while he did it. Hank's blue eyes had never been bigger as they focused on Drake ramming in and out of Recim's lovely ass.

Torn between the delightful sight of his cock driving inside Recim and seeing Hank's reaction to it, Drake chose to watch Hank instead—stunning Hank Blue. His almost white-blond hair fell across his tanned forehead. Drake was only slightly distracted by Hank's beauty with his tool buried inside Recim's ass. But he knew staring at the dazzling star would end his enjoyment much too soon.

Drake turned away from Hank to give his full attention to pleasuring Recim, who threw his arms wide to grab both sides of the table. Recim's tight butt made the need to come powerful, as did the century of familiarity they shared. As members of the same clan, they'd been fucking for well over a hundred years.

As his balls tightened, the urge to sink his teeth into Recim's throat became almost as powerful as the need to fill his ass with his cream. Feeding and fucking were as natural as breathing used to be before he'd been turned into a vampire in the middle of the American frontier over a hundred and fifty years earlier.

The *attachment* rose inside him, fusing his cock deep inside Recim while Drake's facial muscles tightened,

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signaling the need to feed. He lowered his head so his sharp canines wouldn't be so noticeable while his face contorted. Drake hadn't expected the supernatural power to take him right then...not with Recim and not without some warning.

This wasn't about fucking Recim.

His cock grew harder, making Recim emit a long, low groan. The *attachment* grew stronger until the air sizzled with energy leaking from them. Every cell in Drake's undead body came alive, popping with vigor. The only thing that could make this better would be feeding, but he didn't dare. This was already out-of-control good.

Recim gazed back over his shoulder as his face contorted into a macabre mask. A rosy flush settled over Recim's undead body. Drake worried all was not well with his plan.

"What's happening?" Recim asked.

The part of his brain that had come alive when Wayne Reed became the vampire Drake seemed to expand and stretch even more. New power, unknown and untried, blasted through him, filling him. He exploded an orgasm deep into Recim's ass. Out of control, Drake penetrated Recim over and over. Drake threw back his head and howled a half-growl, half-scream while he came.

Recim's satisfaction happened at the same time, and his sphincter muscles contacted around Drake's cock, milking him which brought another stream of cum. The *attachment* had never been stronger or lasted longer. The need to feed after this would be paramount.

"Cut!" the director yelled.

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* * *

Both Hank's prick and balls ached, but that was the least of his worries. Since he'd recommended Wayne for this part, what if the director blamed the insanity on him? What would this do to his career? His reputation?

Mr. King walked over to Wayne and clapped him on the back while he zipped his fly and Recim shrugged back into his dark-purple, silk robe. "We'll stick this one in the can for private showings among friends. Well done."

The director didn't dare! This film needed to be destroyed before anyone discovered what had happened here today. "You can't do this!"

Wayne raised his hooded eyes, their cold gray steel shining with undisguised disdain as he stared at Hank. Mild-mannered Wayne had never given him even a second glance, which was one of the reasons Hank got so hot for him. People normally groveled at a movie star's feet, but not Wayne.

"You proclaim to want nothing more than stardom, but we both know what you want even more...if only you had the nerve," Wayne said. "One path comes too easily for you and the other comes with a price you're not willing to pay. Your fear hangs on you like a shroud."

Wayne's cryptic words caught Hank by surprise. "I have no idea what you mean." Or did he? Could Wayne know his secret?

"You'd give almost anything to take Recim's place on the table with a big cock—mine—in your ass. But you don't have the guts. While I fucked him, you wanted to trade places so

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bad I could taste your need. You're sacrificing your youth and vitality for fame. In twenty or thirty years, will you still feel the same? Will it have been worth it to have denied what you are?"

"That's a lie!" No way could Wayne know about Hank, nor would he admit the truth. Not in front of these people. He looked over his shoulder toward the director to discover he'd disappeared, along with his assistant. The camera men were gone, too. *How did that happen?* None of this made sense.

Wayne's early declaration of the house giving its residents their most secret wishes now had merit. But Wayne couldn't know Hank wanted to fuck men. *Could he?*

Wayne stepped closer, until Hank could smell the scent of sex on him. "You can either walk away now or take hold of your destiny. If you can leave, your memory of what happened will disappear before your feet cross the threshold on the way out. Your life will continue along its same course, which I believe is not what you'd wish it to be if you had the nerve.

"People are already starting to talk about you. Your secret isn't as secure as you'd like to believe it is. One of the cast members noticed the way you stared at me at the last party we attended at the same time and made a public comment. If you don't fuck me...someone will eventually tempt you into the life. However, if I'm your choice, a liaison with me comes with much more than you could imagine."

"What if he chooses you and changes his mind afterwards? What happens to his career?" Vanessa asked.

What was she doing?

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Hank had all but forgotten her presence, and her question made him reassess his opinion of her intelligence. He hadn't thought to ask that question. But then again, he didn't believe this mumbo-jumbo like she must.

Wayne laughed. "He'll have an enjoyable time here, will consider himself lucky and then he'll go his merry way with a somewhat altered perception of what happened. No harm, no foul. But I can't guarantee he won't eventually act out and his secret become public. These things are hard to hide."

He wouldn't remember everything if what Wayne said was to be believed, and Hank really didn't think any of it was true...so, what the hell. If he finally allowed himself the freedom to express his sexuality, no way would he forget it. The memory of Wayne's big prick, the several years he'd lusted after Wayne, and the promise there'd be no adverse consequences made the decision easier.

"Fuck me, Wayne."

CHAPTER 3

Drake wanted Hank, but not before revealing the whole truth. “I’m a vampire. I can’t fuck again so soon without feeding. Otherwise I may be tempted to bury more than my cock inside you.”

Hank shook his handsome blond head in disbelief, just as Drake had suspected he would. Fucking a man was one thing, but fucking a vampire was another entirely. And it would take a hell of a man to step up to that adventure. Did Hank have it in him?

“Feed from me,” Recim said huskily. “I anticipated your hunger.”

“Now you tell me. I’d have preferred to feed earlier.”

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“The power of the *attachment* was too strong, and I couldn’t speak.” Recim gave a sheepish grin. “Besides, I feared you might lose control because of it. I couldn’t be certain if all your close association with humans may have dulled your senses and that you weren’t in command of the power.”

There was more than a kernel of truth in Recim’s statement. Drake hadn’t been in command. The intense power in their coupling had been different this time. The dormant brain power released by becoming a vampire could be unpredictable, but never more than while in the throes of passion. In all his years, though, he’d never experienced anything like tonight’s power. “Feeling Hank’s gaze on me every minute of the day as we rehearsed for this movie has honed my senses to a razor-sharp edge, not weakened them. I’ve had to fight my urges for him.”

“Why put yourself in the situation in the first place?” Recim demanded.

They’d had this discussion often over the years. “I don’t choose to isolate myself.” Drake looked away from Recim to pin Hank with a long stare he hoped would communicate his message. “You think of me as Wayne Reed. Meek and mild-mannered. Hah! Wayne Reed is a name people called me over a century ago. Now I only think of myself as Drake, and you should, too.”

If Hank had a clue how hard it had been for Drake to keep his hands *and* his fangs off him, Hank would run from the room, screaming, into the night.

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Drake produced movies behind the scenes—had for many years. He lived with a serious jones for Hollywood and all it entailed. He shared his home in Hollywood Hills with his clan of ten, and none of the humans around them ever guessed. The neighborhood suited them. In fact, Hank lived less than a mile from him.

Recim drew the left side of his collar aside and tilted his head. His long, graceful neck beckoned, and Drake flew across the space separating them. He pulled Recim to him, lowering his face against the muscular column. Recim's familiar scent, a unique mixture of sex, blood and heady male muskiness, made Drake hard all over. The muscles of his face tightened, dragging his lips up to expose his teeth. The *attachment* imploded inside him, every bit as strong as an orgasm as Drake bit into Recim's neck and sucked. Vampire blood was potent, lethal even, and could kill as easily as it gave sustenance. Used right, nothing was better. This wasn't something he'd attempt with another vamp without knowing them well. It was too easy to lose control.

Drake drank only a little, enough to appease his gnawing appetite, before he eased up and pushed Recim away. His friend didn't release him. "You need more," Recim pleaded as he clung. "I need it."

As much as Drake wanted this, too, he didn't trust the unknown power surging through his body, especially with Hank and Vanessa in the room watching them. More than just Recim or Raena, who stood in muted silence, needed to be considered. There were the members of another clan who

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lived in the castle full-time. While they'd adapted over the centuries and often used animal blood or supplies from the blood-bank set up to accommodate the growing vampire population, this isolated countryside wouldn't sustain eight hungry vampires. Both the director's assistant and Chuck King were vampires, too. There were an equal number of crew available for feeding, but caution needed to be used.

The way Recim clung told Drake just how risky the supernatural power permeating the room was at the moment. Recim didn't usually cling...he never had once in the past.

"Do you still want to fuck?" Drake asked Hank. Under his golden California surfer tan he looked a little green.

* * *

Before Hank could answer, the woman came out of the shadows and walked to the sideboard against the far wall. He'd almost forgotten about her. Wayne had called her Raena. Or rather, Drake had called her Raena.

Drake.

After the fucking Hank had witnessed earlier, he needn't be told twice that Wayne was really someone else. Hank needed to think of him as Drake because this person didn't resemble the mild-mannered Wayne Reed who Hank believed he'd come to know well.

This vampire shit couldn't be real. Had the director set this up as way to immerse them in the movie? This same director had one time made his cast and crew live on a mountain top away from civilization for over a month before he'd even

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begin filming.

Raena picked up a pitcher and poured what looked like water into a basin. She gathered the basin with one arm and picked up a small basket with her free hand before delivering the items to the end of the table between Recim and Way—Drake.

“Come closer, woman,” Raena said to Vanessa in a firm, commanding voice as she removed a terry towel from the top of her basket.

A subordinate giving Vanessa a direct order was tantamount to waving a red flag in front of a raging bull. When Vanessa meekly moved closer to the woman without a single expletive, Hank couldn’t believe it.

“You will help me attend to Drake, or I’ll beat your bare ass,” Raena said to Vanessa. “I’ll beat it until you scream and beg for me to stop.”

Hank held his breath, waiting for the fireworks to begin.

“Okay,” Vanessa replied with a submissiveness he’d never witnessed since he’d met her. Hank waited for what came next. When Vanessa lost it, it would be an epic detonation.

Raena walked away and defused the tense situation. Now he only needed to worry about his own issues with Drake. A moment later, Raena pushed him aside to get to Vanessa again.

“Take your dress off,” she demanded of Vanessa. “Now!”

Vanessa turned her back to the crazy woman. At least she hadn’t tried to punch Raena. It wouldn’t be the first time America’s sweetheart had used her fists when she lost her

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temper. At the sound of a zipper, Hank plummeted back into confusion.

Vanessa was allowing this stranger to unzip her dress? Why? She shrugged out of the spaghetti straps and the garment dropped to the floor. She stood trembling in her strapless white bra and panties. The woman then unfastened Vanessa's bra. It unceremoniously joined the dress. Could this be a female version of the earlier sex-play? Hank half-expected the woman to grab Vanessa's tits. When she didn't, he didn't have a clue what direction this scene could be about to take. Did it matter?

"Take your panties off, too," Raena said.

Vanessa didn't hesitate. Only Drake's friend seemed interested in seeing Vanessa's goodies. His eyes heated as he gave her a closer examination.

"Bend over and grab your hold of your ankles," Raena ordered Vanessa.

When Vanessa did as ordered, Hank took a step back. "What have you done to her?" Vanessa didn't have a meek bone in her body. Somehow they'd cast a spell on her.

No one answered. Vanessa's rounded ass was near enough to touch. This didn't make sense. Raena held something in the air. Hank looked away from Vanessa's ass to see Raena holding a leather whip with tentacles hanging from the end. She intended to use it on Vanessa? Before he could even formulate a thought of how to stop her, Raena swung and Hank stepped back. She connected with Vanessa's backside with a resounding swoosh and smack.

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

“Next time I tell you to do something, move faster. You’re a very bad girl.” Raena swung again.

Vanessa groaned loudly with the hit.

“Wash Drake’s cock. Now.”

Vanessa straightened and turned her bright pink butt away as she reached for the washcloth and soap Raena removed from the basket. Tears ran down her face, but she gave a small, tenuous smile.

Drake shrugged out of his sweater and tossed it aside. The tie came next, followed by his white starched shirt. The sight of his muscular chest, slick and hairless, captured Hank’s attention. Suddenly this wasn’t about Vanessa any longer.

This was about lusting after this man’s delectable body...an opportunity. When Hank’s cock sprang to attention again, this time he rubbed it through his jeans.

Drake toed out of his shoes. He hadn’t worn socks and, for a moment, Hank found himself staring at the man’s long, well-formed toes until the sound of a zipper drew his attention. By the time his gaze lifted, Drake’s slacks were falling down and he wore nothing else. His long, pale cock listed limp from its black nest.

His body was breathtaking, like a work of art. As Hank drank him in, he grew better looking until it almost hurt to stare at him. Hank endured the pain!

Vanessa took hold of Drake’s cock—lucky girl—and a moment later, Raena smacked her on the backside with the tentacles of the whip. The sound startled Hank. Vanessa’s resulting squeal cut through him.

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

“You’re a very bad girl,” Raena said. “Wash that dirty cock.”

When Vanessa began to rub a washcloth over Drake’s swelling member, Raena hit her again. “You better not enjoy touching that dirty thing. Wash it.”

Vanessa began to breathe harder with each smack, but didn’t say a word. The washing continued, as did the whipping. When Vanessa didn’t once demand Raena stop, it became clear this was something Vanessa wanted. It grew beyond frustrating to watch Drake’s cock grow hard in her hands and hear the sound of her being beaten. When Raena delivered the blows, Vanessa made noises that sounded as if her satisfaction loomed. She dropped her washrag, grabbed hold of the edge of the table, threw her head back and screamed.

Raena tossed the whip onto the table and removed her robe to wrap Vanessa in it as she writhed and moaned.

Drake reached for her downcast face and caught her under the chin. He lifted until she looked at him. “Thank you. You did a good job.”

Hank didn’t have a clue.

CHAPTER 4

Hank really wanted what Drake offered, but this insane vampire stuff turned him off...no way could it be true. But when Drake had bitten his buddy's neck, it had certainly looked real enough. Still, it had to be part of the movie, only nobody had told him.

"None of this is in the script *I* have. What's going on?"

"You still don't believe, not even a little. I want you to think about the day you figured out the puzzle of who you are. When did you know you were gay?"

Hank didn't remember a time he didn't feel different than everyone around him. His mother always said it was because he'd been born to be a movie star, so it was no accident he

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didn't feel and think like others around him. He'd known the source of his differences for certain, though, the day he'd seen a gay internet site on his father's computer. At fourteen, he'd known he wanted to make love to a man one day. And he'd had the chance to fulfill that dream...but only once, and fear of discovery had paralyzed him, making it a less than satisfying experience.

If he hadn't become an overnight sensation at seventeen, he'd be out and wouldn't give a shit what anyone thought. But now he had too much to lose, including both fortune and fame.

"You were fourteen when you saw two men fucking on your father's computer," Drake said as if he'd read Hank's mind. "As responsible parents, they had control over the internet coming into their home, but not on the computer in your father's study."

How could he know? Hank had never told anyone, not when his father had died that same weekend, killed by an uninsured drunk driver. The money left hadn't begun to pay off all their outstanding debts. His mother had sacrificed to give him acting classes, had taken him to auditions, paid for headshots and done whatever it took. No way would he let her down by losing everything.

"Your father's accident and subsequent death had nothing to do with you," Drake's words cut through Hank. "He didn't die because you decided you were gay while sitting in his big leather chair. And even in this enlightened age of sexuality, it's almost as if you've chosen a profession destined to punish you for as long as you live. Hollywood is worse than the

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

military about keeping your identity secret. You can't be yourself with millions of women claiming you as their own."

Hank didn't dare admit the truth. "Fame suits me. It's the most powerful drug known to mankind. I have it and I'm not about to screw it up."

Drake's expression of impatience couldn't be mistaken.

What? Hank was only being honest. He'd rather be a movie star than fuck men.

"If only you really *would* be honest with yourself."

What the hell? He hadn't spoken out loud, had he?

"No, you didn't speak out loud. You don't have to because I know what you're thinking. Quit being stubborn. I told you I'm a vampire. I've been privy to your innermost thoughts for a long time now. I know how much you want me and I've returned the sentiment, even when I didn't want to become one of your groupies. That said, I don't do romantic entanglements with humans any longer. It's too difficult in so many ways. That I've allowed you to wear me down until I admit who I am isn't a small thing."

"He's unworthy," Recim said with a look of disgust.

Drake heaved a sigh and shook his close-cropped dark head, his gray eyes reflecting his disappointment.

"No one here will ever say anything," Vanessa said. "Don't blow this chance, Hank."

Hank had the urge to smart off to her, but he couldn't think of anything to say. "No one will ever know?"

* * *

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

Drake wanted Hank badly enough to beg about then. *Why?* Recim didn't lie. Hank didn't deserve the pleasure he'd soon be experiencing.

Drake's cock, which had grown hard under Vanessa's touch, now pained him. An unwelcome thought plagued him. He wanted Hank alone in a bed and without the others watching them. And that smacked too much of possession. He didn't dare fall in love with a mortal. It would lead to nothing good.

"I'll do it," Hank said.

Drake knew he'd reached that conclusion moments before Hank spoke, of course.

After retrieving her whip from the table, Raena took Vanessa's hand and moved back into the shadows. The blonde bombshell moaned in anticipation and reminded Drake of why he needed to make this an impersonal event. Vanessa's biggest role of her life could be determined by what happened here. Drake didn't want to deny her what she needed, too.

"Sex scene: take two," Drake said.

Hank pulled at his white T-shirt tucked into his tight jeans. His movements were unhurried, almost posturing, as if the cameras were really rolling. Everything Hank did was for effect, as much for himself as for his audience. He inched the material up over his perfect abs, stretching like a powerful cat. His deep golden skin stretched over his muscles like silk.

::I'll suck his cock while you take his ass::

Drake gave Recim a nod and tried not to betray himself by thinking of why the plan bothered him. He needn't have

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

worried since Recim's mind centered on the man undressing.

Hank tossed his T-shirt aside, and even Drake's breath hissed through his teeth. While shorter than both Drake and Recim's six-three by a couple of inches, Hank's muscles were developed to perfection. He swept his hand through the white blond hair falling over his forehead and gave a self-satisfied grin.

"No wonder you brought him here. His pictures don't do him justice."

If Recim would get out more and go to the movies once in a while he'd see what the whole world saw in Hank Blue. Why so many lusted after him and why Drake couldn't continue to resist him.

The sound of a zipper accompanied Hank's tortoise-like movements, but before he revealed what everyone more than likely wanted to see as much as Drake did, Hank toed out of his shoes and crossed a leg over the other to remove his socks. When he straightened, he grinned again.

Tension coiled inside Drake as he waited.

Hank pulled his jeans over his hips to reveal tightie-whities hugging his substantial hard-on.

The sound of a whip connecting with skin told him Raena was giving Vanessa what she needed at that moment. Drake had chosen Raena because of her expertise in submission and bondage. She'd been living much longer than Drake, and she did it better than anyone he knew.

Hank stared into Drake's eyes while he removed his briefs, as if daring Drake to look away. As hard as it was, Drake met

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

the challenge until he worried Recim would touch Hank first. Recim fought against it, but Drake moved into Hank's space and placed a hand on both biceps, while continuing to stare.

Hank's breath rasped as he waited for what came next, but Drake had no intention of rushing this, even as his body demanded it. He took another step closer until their cocks collided, and Hank trembled under Drake's touch.

Another step and they were toe to toe, humping their cocks into one another. Drake held Hank still tighter. Need filled every part of his being. Need for this man. Need to touch him everywhere.

Need to fuck...fuck only him.

Drake kissed Hank.

Or he intended to kiss Hank. The movie star might not have much experience with men, but he knew more about kissing than Drake had learned in a hundred-and-fifty years, or so it seemed. Hank's delectable mouth took control and moved on Drake's like a man consumed. Passion ignited like a wildfire.

The master became the pupil, and Drake's heart began to pound steadily in his chest. He could count on one hand the times this had happened since his death, and they had all been while he'd been feeding—never fucking. Waves of desire coursed through him in rapid succession. This transcended the simple act of kissing. No moment in his life had ever been more faultless.

When Hank came with a grunt, it didn't surprise Drake. Another moment and he would've done the same. Again and

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

again, Hank squirted as he continued to kiss Drake, taking hold of Drake's tongue and sucking it while his cum made their humping slippery.

Drake needed to be inside him.

He pushed back, breaking their kiss, and spun Hank around.

Recim dropped to his knees in front of Hank and reached around to separate his ass cheeks for Drake. Drake's cock, slick with Hank's cum, penetrated Hank's pucker, stretching his almost virgin ass.

Drake cupped Hank's hip with one hand and pushed him down at the back of neck with the other, while he thrust deeper into the tight, hot recess.

"Oh, yes! Yes!"

Hank's approval made Drake push deeper still, as the ring of Hank's sphincter squeezed and released like a man untried and unsure.

Hank reached back to grasp the side of Drake's thighs and pull.

He wanted more?

Drake complied, filling him until fully seated. The urge to ride him wouldn't be denied, even as Drake wanted to give Hank time to grow accustomed to him. Drake fucked Hank, just like he'd wanted for so very long. The *attachment* rose up like a hungry lion and stripped him of control.

Drake's cock swelled with each penetration.

When Recim communicated he'd taken Hank's cock into his mouth, Drake swatted the unwelcome thought away and

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

allow the *attachment* to consume him. Each thrust opened the power, making this beyond anything he'd ever experienced. The energy in the room became like thick smoke. Only the sight of Hank's ass and Drake's cock ramming in and out was visible.

Nothing else mattered.

Nothing would ever be the same.

Drake didn't care. There was only this...

CHAPTER 5

Hank shattered into an explosion that lifted him onto the tips of his toes. This wasn't just his cock buried in a man's throat. It was every cell in his body reaching for the stars. He shot a ribbon of cum into Recim's constricting gullet.

Then again.

And again.

He continued to peak without any cum. The shaft buried deep inside his ass shot off like a rocket, filling him with hot liquid. Drake's scream of satisfaction lasted until the very timbers of the roof seemed to shudder in protest. The air crackled around them.

When Drake eventually stilled and his cock softened,

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

Hank's ass felt full from his juices. Drake didn't say anything as he pushed back and slipped out, leaving Hank empty.

Even in his wildest imagination Hank hadn't conjured this bliss. This complete and utter satisfaction couldn't be a product of anyone's mind's eye. It had to be experienced to be believed. And it hadn't been about Recim's talented mouth. While enjoyable, it was totally about Drake and what he did to Hank, both physically and emotionally.

From the moment his large log had thrust inside Hank, the pleasure had been out of this world and it just kept getting better.

What next? Hank didn't want this adventure to end.

Vanessa moaned, and he turned to see her balled naked at Raena's feet, the limp whip dangling from the woman's hand. Vanessa raised her face to him as though she'd sensed his stare. For whatever reason, Raena had shed her clothes, too.

"How do they know what we need?" Vanessa asked. She pushed up to a sitting position, wrapped her arms around to hug herself and gave a contented sigh.

Raena reached down to retrieve the robe and covered Vanessa again.

The sound of a door made him forget about Vanessa. Hank turned again, anticipating Drake still behind him.

He was gone.

"What happened? Where did he go?"

Recim's face was pulled into a snarl revealing long, pointed teeth. "It's time to feed."

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

* * *

A high-pitched scream of terror coming from the dining room as he walked down the hallway almost made Drake turn back.

He didn't.

The last thing he needed to see right then was blood. Not when he wanted it so badly. The camera man came out of a door, more than likely to check on the commotion, just as Drake rounded the corner.

Drake seized him.

He had no choice.

As the terrified man flailed in his strong grasp Drake's face muscles tightened to reveal his teeth. He bit into the man's neck and drank deeply. It only took a few moments for the man to collapse in Drake's arms. Drake released his grasp and licked his neck until the wound stopped bleeding. The healing power of his saliva had never been more potent. Before long the man's gaping wound appeared to be no more than a hickie.

He tossed the unconscious cameraman over his shoulder and walked back into the room the man had vacated only moments before. He laid him on his bed and covered him. He'd awaken in the morning only a little worse for the experience. But Drake need more blood and he needed it fast.

He walked the winding stairway to the third floor where his room lay straight ahead. Inside he had a supply of blood from their private blood bank. His stomach pitched in anticipation. This wasn't the time for cold blood. It was never

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

good, but seemed particularly vile right then.

Drake had no choice. It was this or Hank. And heaven help Hank if Drake sank his teeth into him while in this agitated state.

* * *

The heat in Recim's eyes both asked Vanessa's permission and her forgiveness without saying a word. She couldn't explain why, but she trusted him and Raena, both of these strangers. And she'd found something here she didn't want to lose, something that had been missing in her life and she didn't even know.

"Are you two a couple?" she asked of them.

Recim's handsome face widened into a smile so slow and easy it made it impossible not to smile back. He exchanged a look with Raena past Vanessa's head before he gave a shake of denial. He wanted to feed from her, but she didn't know if she was ready yet. She wanted to, but uneasiness made her hesitate.

"Raena isn't a sexual being in the way I am, even though the *attachment* sometimes causes her to do what she ordinarily would not. We're close friends only."

Then Vanessa understood. When Wayne—no, Drake said her wishes could come true here, Raena was part of making Vanessa's wishes come true. "Are you happy?" she asked the small, dark woman.

"I'll show Hank to his room," Recim said, "while you two talk."

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

Vanessa remained quiet while the two men left. Once alone with the naked woman, she didn't know where to begin. "How did you know what I wanted? The whip, I mean."

"I lived with a very eclectic group in France in the sixteenth century. One of women there couldn't be satisfied unless she was whipped. She said the pain from the whip was the only way to go where she wanted to be. Drake has been reading your mind for some time now."

"So he sent for you?"

The woman gave a nod. "Are you pleased with what I did for you?"

"Very much so."

"Recim wants you for a mate. But if you don't desire to be with a man..."

"I've been with more men than I can count."

"But perhaps you need something else?"

"A woman?"

Raena gave a shrug. "It's not for me to say. My pleasure comes with feeding, not fucking men or women."

By the time Recim returned moments later Vanessa had decided to experiment. "This won't make me a vampire?" she asked him.

He smiled again and shrugged out of his robe. His pale torso was spectacular, muscular and lithe. With each passing moment he appeared more beautiful. *A vampire trick?* It didn't matter. Vanessa dropped her robe, too, and the sharp intake of breath told her Recim liked what he saw also.

"You're a vision. Perfect."

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

When he didn't reach to touch her, Vanessa relaxed. The men she'd been with would already be fondling her breasts. "What should I do?"

"Whatever you want."

His cock grew hard and long. He wanted to fuck her, or did he grow hard in anticipation of feeding?

"Both," Recim said. "But I won't fuck you unless it's your idea."

He moved into her space until the tips of her breasts touched his abdomen, tickling them and sending shock waves to her pussy. His cock bobbed against her belly. "Tilt your head," he told her.

She complied.

A smack from the whip both startled her and sent a sharp zing of pleasure coursing throughout her body.

"Bad girl. Don't think about the dirty cock," Raena said.

The words sent another zing of forbidden pleasure to every part of Vanessa. Her pussy grew wet as she anticipated the next slap.

Instead, Recim lowered his head and grazed the skin on her neck with his sharp teeth. It produced a similar result to Raena's whip, and Vanessa experienced a pulse-beat of heat and bliss so strong she almost came. When he bit down, the pain made her explode with pleasure.

While his teeth sank into her neck, she lifted and wrapped a single leg around him. He pulled her against him, his large cock slipping between her legs, and he penetrated her with one sharp thrust. He filled her so completely she couldn't tell

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

where he ended and she began.

Her orgasm escalated to a total body experience. When he thrust his length deep inside her while sucking the blood from her neck, she exploded over and over again. Not easy plateaus of pleasure, but screaming peaks of exhilaration strong enough to snap her spine, one after another as he relentlessly drove home.

Recim released her throat while he pumped hot cream into her, filling her with his essence. When he finished, so did she. Her boneless legs were so weak she would've collapsed if not for his strong arms. Her lungs struggled to find air. Her arms fell limply to her sides. Never had she been so sated.

CHAPTER 6

Recim had shown Hank the door to Drake's bedroom. Not only did Hank dare to take whatever this was to the next level, he wanted it more than anything at the moment, even if he came to regret it later. He raised his hand to knock when the door swung open.

Only no one stood behind it.

He crossed the threshold, searching for Drake. The room differed greatly from the cobweb-creepy décor of the dining room. The homey feel of the room made him question what had happened below.

"Did you think being a vampire means we don't enjoy the comforts life offers?" Drake asked. "The dining room is a

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

movie set. We are, after all, filming. All of this has been set in motion because of you. Vampires ordinarily shy away from doing vampire movies since the public perception is much different from the reality.”

“Why did it have to be a vampire movie? Couldn’t it have been anything?”

“True enough, just a personal choice. My clan thought I’d lost it. They didn’t like or appreciate the affection I’d formed for you.”

“Who knew I could be a bad influence on a vampire?”

“You want to fuck me. It’s hardly original. Your constant obsession about fucking me is what landed you here. I could take only so much when you fantasize both day and night.”

“Will you then?” Hank asked. “Will you fuck me like in my dreams?”

“Even though I know I’ll grow to regret it, I want to make love to you. After what happened below, I don’t want it to be just about fucking.”

“And I’m never going to remember this, right?”

“You won’t remember. But I sure as hell will.” Drake groaned and sliced his fingers through his close-cut dark hair, an almost nervous gesture. Movie star versus vampire—who was more nervous about this?

Hank moved farther into the room and heard the door snick shut behind him. A rush of heat washed over him. “I’m going to regret not remembering this, I believe.”

“And I’ll regret my perfect memory. A vampire’s memory is better than any movie, since all the senses are involved, and

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

each moment is recorded with precise accuracy.”

Drake dropped his robe. He was so much more beautiful than he had been when downstairs with everyone looking on, and Hank couldn't help staring at him. The moment, suspended in time, filled Hank with a sense of peace, the last thing he'd expected right then.

The vampire joined him in what seemed like the blink of an eye and took him into his strong, sinewy arms. “I hoped you'd come. Pun intended. Since I don't allow myself this freedom often, I intend to make the most of it.”

Drake's lips descended upon his and ignited a fire. Even sated, a sense of urgency took over, whipping Hank's need into a frenzy. This was something he'd never experienced with a woman. Never. Not even close.

Could he live without it?

Did he want to?

The kiss deepened until both rasped ragged breaths into each other's mouth. Hank clung to Drake, awaiting the next step with patience he didn't have. He wanted to demand, but he didn't. Drake pulled back and delivered a heated stare.

“You forget I know everything you're thinking...come.” Drake took Hank's hand and led him toward the bed. Each step nearer the mahogany four-poster sent thrills of excitement zinging through him.

They stopped beside the bed, and Drake pulled at the tie at Hank's waist. Once unfastened, Hank allowed the robe to drop to the floor. The hiss of Drake's breath said he appreciated what he saw. Drake's approval mattered more than

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

anyone's...more than that of the throngs of woman falling in adoration at Hank's feet.

Drake tumbled onto the bed, bringing Hank with him, half on top of the bed, half draped across Drake. His cock burned into Hank's belly. They rolled until Drake was on top and then once more until both were on their sides, spooned.

"I pray I don't regret this," Drake said as he humped against the seam of Hank's ass.

Hank strained back, wanting penetration to come fast. And it did. The long, sleek length of Drake plunged inside until buried to the wide hilt. The deep and profound penetration almost brought Hank to completion in that instant. The air seemed to sizzle around them, much as it had earlier, and Drake hissed against his neck.

"Don't move."

Had he moved?

Were those teeth he felt at his throat?

* * *

The *attachment* pursed him like a roaring dragon. This never had been an issue, not even with the human he'd once loved more than anything and lost. This one—this mortal—did things to him he'd never imagined. Nor could he control the power their joining created. He came alive as he never had before.

With his cock buried, he wanted the same pleasure for his mouth. He wanted to feed. Instead, he reached around to take Hank's cock into his hand and jerked. The pleasure Hank

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

experienced from both his hand and his cock buried inside him also became Drake's pleasure to explore. It took his breath away. It made Drake harder than he'd ever been.

The urge to fuck and feed drove him insane. He fucked hard, hoping to stave off the other, even as his teeth began to penetrate and the taste of blood exploded in his mouth. The harder he fucked, the harder Hank willed both the feeding and fucking. The supernatural power raged until it became a living entity fusing them together as one.

The entire castle groaned as if beset by a storm. A scream sounded from below even as one welled in Drake. And he let it go...

His cum shot in a torrent, while Hank's cock did the same. When Drake stopped screaming, Hank began. Drake continued to pump his cream into Hank as the pleasure continued to escalate. The beating of Hank's heart matched his own and, with no control, regret or thought, he sank his teeth deeper into Hank's neck.

CHAPTER 7

Hank didn't want to make movies any more.

The Chuck King vampire flick *Slayers Inc.* was a hit...and his character had a happily-ever-after, but in real life, Hank was miserable. He couldn't eat, sleep or even attempt to make love to a woman to keep up his sham of a life. Tonight, as the cast and crew gathered for the premier and after-party, Hank wanted to hide. Instead, he attended the event with Vanessa.

To make matters worse, Vanessa wasn't much better physically or emotionally, and rumors had them at odds with one another. In reality, they hadn't spoken once since the movie wrapped...until now. She sat next to him in the back of the limo as they wended their way through traffic after seeing

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

their movie.

“Have you been ill, too?” she asked as their ride pulled up to the restaurant where the production company had rented a room.

“No, I wouldn’t say ill, just out of it. Have you?” Hank thought she looked worse than he did.

She turned away as if self-conscious about what he saw when he stared at her. “My shrink says maybe I should wait a while until I make another movie. I’m in a funk and I can’t seem to get out of it.”

Same as me... Why would they both be suffering similar maladies? This was another item in a long list that didn’t make sense. “I’m thinking of quitting altogether. I can’t get out of bed in the morning, let alone pull myself together enough to act.”

“Do you think maybe we contracted the same illness or...maybe an amoeba or something?” Vanessa asked. “Something physical? Because I really don’t like thinking I’ve gone off my rocker.”

Why hadn’t he talked to her sooner? He’d have felt better to know he wasn’t suffering alone. “I’d like to think I’m suffering from something physical, but I know better.” He had dreams, both day and night...erotic dreams, surreal and potent. Hank’s imaginings were so real, it was if it were happening. They drained him and made him question his sanity.

“Me, too...exactly the same. I enjoy it so much it’s killing me,” she said.

Had she read his mind?

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

"I used to be able to fake it when I had to or when I wanted something. Now I can't bring myself to even attempt to have sex in real life, but I'm having it all the time by myself, night and day, in my mind." She shuddered.

Could she really be suffering from the same problem as Hank? *Impossible. Wasn't it?* He needed more from her before he spoke.

"I always figured we got along so well because you never pressured me to have sex with you," Vanessa continued, willing to reveal more without prompting. "And you never expected me to come on to you."

"I figured I didn't have anything you wanted, or you'd have asked."

She grimaced. "It's not that way. I'm not the aggressor with anyone. I just don't say no. Or at least I didn't in the past. Now I find I can say it easily to any man who tries to have his way with me. So maybe, whatever happened in Dnkski, has helped in that regard. But it doesn't explain the *other*."

"What do you mean, what happened in Dnkski? We filmed a movie."

Vanessa gave an exasperated sigh. "Sure, we filmed a movie and it turned out to be magnificent...a hit, but something else happened. I know it did. The dreams are too real. Don't you feel it?"

He wanted to admit he found what was going on both distracting and unnerving. Here they were, two successful movie stars who now wanted a break from their careers at the same time. Neither of them wanted any physical contact. And

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

both of them were consumed with erotic thoughts.

Vanessa leaned closer. "When we were sitting in the dark theater tonight, watching ourselves on the big screen, I was very close to remembering something. If I watch it again...I believe I will."

Hank needed someone to talk to...someone who'd understand. His fantasies had consumed him, and he felt like they were turning him into a raving lunatic. "I've been having the dreams, too, both day and night. I don't even have to be asleep for them to come to me."

"Do you think we were brainwashed or drugged?"

"I don't have a clue, but I don't want to talk to a professional about it. It hasn't helped you to see a shrink, has it?" He couldn't see a doctor without admitting his erotic thoughts were gay.

"If I tell you a secret, you have to promise never to tell anyone. Promise?"

It wasn't like her to confide in him. "I promise."

"I get bruises."

Bruises? "What kind and where?"

"On my backside. Like I've been spanked. And in my dreams, I am."

"Spanked?" Was she yanking his chain?

"This is where you have to make sure to never breathe a word." Vanessa spoke in almost a whisper, as if she worried the driver might overhear despite the closed partition. "I used to fantasize about being spanked and now it happens to me all the time, like I have a ghost lover. That it leaves marks tells

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

me it isn't my imagination."

Hank wasn't losing his mind. With Vanessa having a similar experience, this had to be real...or at least not a mental breakdown. "Damn! I have an invisible lover, too. He keeps me drained."

"He?" she asked.

Just like that he'd let his secret slip. "He—she—how should I know? It's not like I can see it."

Vanessa waved her hand, as if swatting away his words. "I don't think it matters. My ghosts are a man and a woman. I'm not attracted to women that way. At least I don't think I am. Then again, men haven't done much for me either. But for some reason, in my dreams and when there's a whip, I do what I can't in real life. Weird, huh?"

"What are you talking about? You've slept with..." He'd almost said half of Hollywood.

"My therapist says I— Never mind. He's a quack. I wish I knew what was wrong with me, but when it's happening it feels so good I don't want it to stop. I just wish it wouldn't happen so often."

"We'll find answers," he told her. "I don't know how, but two heads are better than one."

Vanessa smiled for the first time that evening and slipped her hand into his. "I'm glad I'm not alone."

"I heard Wayne Reed is coming to the after-party...and he's the key."

"What makes you say that?"

"Before we left to shoot the film he had a part in the

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

movie. I know because I got it for him. We ran in the same circles and he always seemed to be at every party I attended in the months before the filming. We rode together in the director's private plane on the way to Scandinavia. Next thing I know...he disappears. Why can't I remember what happened to him?"

* * *

The *attachment* rose with almost suffocating swiftness to pin Drake against the restaurant chair. Power rushed through his body, infusing him with energy like he hadn't experienced in months. He searched for the reason and found him heading in Drake's direction.

Hank Blue.

So much for meeting in a public venue. The *attachment* didn't differentiate, and all Drake's good intentions went awry in the blink of an eye. He hadn't planned on this. He'd premeditated being a blithering idiot or even worse in Hank's presence, but not this. Didn't longevity count for something? It had been more than a century since he'd been an untried teenager.

Drake needed to know the connection they'd shared didn't destroy Hank, even if Drake had nothing left to lose. Such as it was, Drake's life had gone to hell. The least he could do was make sure Hank wasn't suffering. Since the filming of *Slayers Inc.*, Drake's entire clan had suffered the ill effects of the *attachment* raging out of control. Recim and Raena hadn't fared any better than Drake and were in bad shape, too. One

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

single night of passion had awakened a sleeping demon. But worst of all, the rumor mill had Hank giving up his life of fame and everything he'd worked for.

"I need to talk to you," Hank demanded as he headed Drake's way. "What happened? You disappeared off the face of the earth."

As Hank drew nearer, the vibrations pouring from him grew intense. It formed a strange psychic brew when mixed with the normal vampire powers in Drake's universe. The elders said they'd only seen this phenomena once and had then refused to discuss it. Drake tried to stand and discovered he couldn't. He opened his mouth to speak and nothing came out. He tried again—nothing.

"We don't run in the same circles," he said after a third try.

"We used to see each other all the time until Scandinavia. Then everything changed, and what is this current—this electrical charge? Do you feel it? It's like I'm being hit with jolts of voltage."

Drake didn't want to discuss it. He needed to find out what he wanted, then go before all hell broke loose. "When's your next movie? I hear Academy Award buzz for this one."

"I have no plans for another movie. I'm retiring. Can't you feel it? Look at the hairs on my arm...they're standing straight up in the air."

Drake had something standing straight in the air, only it wasn't hair. He reached into Hank's mind, not liking what he found. Hank hadn't exaggerated. He intended to quit acting. "You'll be back. Show business is in your blood."

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

“There’s nothing in my blood except weird vibrations. I’m tired. Finished. My heart isn’t in it anymore.”

What had Drake done? What had caused this change? Could the *attachment* be affecting Hank as well? Could Drake’s moment of weakness have destroyed this man’s life?

“Have you been to a doctor?”

“Yeah, right. And tell them some mysterious creature haunts my dreams and comes to me like a ghost when I least expect it, doing unspeakable acts... They’d lock me away.”

The truth blasted Drake between the eyes...he’d caused this. He’d been making supernatural visits to Hank and didn’t even know it.

The council had warned something like this could happen when the forces had been disturbed by their coupling in the Scandinavian countryside. Reports had come from all over the world of strange happenings. The paranormal world had been bad enough since the gates of hell had opened and demons had been set free to torment both mankind and the undead. It had gotten much worse when suddenly zombies had the power to rise from the grave and ghosts began to communicate with the living at the same time. Hank and Drake were being blamed. The high council claimed the problems originated with the unknown powers unlocked by Drake and Hank.

Even within their clan in Hollywood, dissension had become a problem. Two of his closest friends, Sataire and Volmere had been acting out, and the rest wanted them gone. That had never happened before.

Drake hadn’t wanted to believe it to be true. *But now...*

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

“This is all my fault. I should never have touched you.”

Hank winced. “I don’t have a clue what you’re talking about. You’ve never touched me.”

Drake reached out and caught Hank’s arm. The energy between them spiked, and it took little effort to unblock Hank’s mind. The expression on the actor’s face told Drake the exact moment the memories came flooding back.

The anger that appeared next surprised Drake. Under normal circumstances, he could’ve easily avoided Hank’s fist.

CHAPTER 8

Hank had never been more angry and frustrated in his life. Vanessa had come up behind him at the same time his memory returned. She saw him swing at Drake, then, when she touched him to draw him away, she told him she'd gotten her memory back, too. She'd cried nonstop since. In the limo ride to his home in the Hollywood Hills, she'd been inconsolable. He'd decided to bring her home with him for fear she'd do something drastic.

And he needed to talk. She knew he was gay now!

Even an hour after they'd settled into his comfortable den with a bottle of vodka and several boxes of gourmet cookies, she still sobbed between mouthfuls.

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

“How could they do this?” Vanessa said and let loose a wracking wail. “How could he?”

He who? Recim? Evidently Vanessa had shared intimate moments with Recim when Hank and Drake had been occupied, alone in his bedroom. “There’s one bright spot in this. Did you see how Drake looked? I mean aside from still being devastatingly handsome in a rugged sort of way...he looked gaunt. Like he’s been suffering, too. Tall, dark and gaunt. It serves him right for giving me a taste of heaven, then snatching it away.”

Vanessa hiccupped. “I wish I could’ve seen Recim. I’d like to give him a piece of my mind.”

She’d more than likely give him a piece alright, but not of her mind. But Hank had his own issues. “I wouldn’t know how to go about contacting them. I didn’t expect Drake to leave without a word after I cold-cocked him.”

The doorbell rang.

“Maybe that’s Drake,” Vanessa said.

“I don’t think vampires ring bells.”

“Isn’t there something about them not being allowed inside unless they’re invited?”

“I’ve already allowed him inside.”

Vanessa smiled for the first time at his gay innuendo. “That’s funny. I allowed Recim inside, too. What’s worse, I fell in love with him, and maybe even with Raena in a non-traditional way.”

Her words rang in his ears as he walked to the front of the house. Had he done the same with Drake? He opened the door

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

to find the object of his quandary. Dressed in black Armani from head to toe, he took Hank's breath away...again. At the restaurant and seeing him for the first time in months had been brutal. And to remember what they'd shared...

"May I come in?"

Hank didn't even consider denying him. He needed answers. He needed...

Without a second thought, he threw himself at Drake. This time it wasn't to punch him in the face. Hank delivered a bruising kiss and initiated a conflagration of epic proportions.

This kiss rocked his world.

Flashes of ecstasy popped in his brain, and Hank had to have him. "You're not coming in unless you plan to fuck me."

Drake ran his hand along Hank's jaw. "That and so much more, my love."

* * *

The first thrust inside Hank's hot, tight ass nearly sent Drake over the edge. Just on its own, this was perfect enough to undo him, but the supernatural connection he shared with Hank made it so much more. As he buried his cock all the way, the power became so intense it seemed to permanently fuse them together.

"I want this forever."

Hank's words only made Drake harder. "Be careful what you wish for." Eternal life sounded much more appealing with the prospect of making love like this. *Could it be possible?* Did he dare entertain the notion of a forever with Hank?

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

Bent over the back of the settee with his hands on the arms for support, Hank looked back over his shoulder, his blue eye glistening with heat. “We could take it slow. I could give you a couple of years to get used to the idea of being with only me. But right now I want you to fuck me hard, like I know you can.”

Drake didn’t know if he could. He wanted to explode. He reached around and caught Hank’s cock in one hand and slid his other down to cup his balls. Hank breathed harder, the hammering of his heart matching Drake’s. He’d never expected to experience this again...feeling so alive, so normal.

“Fuck me.”

Drake withdrew and plunged as Hank moaned his approval. Each thrust brought the vampire to the brink of his satisfaction, but he managed to stave off the inevitable by sheer force of will. With each arch into heaven, the bliss built. The mystical energy allowed them to move in perfect harmony.

Their hearts beating in unison formed a base melody he’d hear forever.

Drake increased the length of his stroke.

Harder.

Longer.

When Drake eventually came, he didn’t wonder if Hank also reached his satisfaction...he could feel it along with his own.

Over and over he shot his cum. It ripped along his spine to the base of his ass and exploded with more vigor than he’d

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

ever known, more even than in Scandinavia. And he knew it was a promise of still more. What he'd found with Hank couldn't be ignored. Vampire or no.

They stayed locked together, hearts thundering, a sheen of sweat coating both their bodies until they lost track of time. Until Drake began to grow hard again. Pounding on the bedroom door made him pause.

"Vanessa," Hank said. "She remembers, too."

* * *

Hank wanted to ignore Vanessa, but Drake wouldn't let him. "She isn't going away," Drake said as he pulled his pants back on. "I have a solution."

"What's going on?" Vanessa asked as they opened the door. "I need answers."

"I agree," Drake told her. "Let's talk."

Hank followed them into the den, where Vanessa curled up on the love seat and hugged a pillow. Now and again she hiccupped. When Drake chose the love seat, Hank joined him, their bodies touching from their thighs to their knee. Even through their pants and in the presence of Vanessa, they generated unparalleled heat.

"In the past, sex for Vanessa has not been pleasurable," Drake said. "Am I right?"

Vanessa stared at Drake a long time before she gave a nod and a shrug. "I'm a good actress, though. I defy anyone I've fucked to say I didn't have—and give—a great lay. My secret is safe."

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

Hank never would've believed that she'd admit it so easily.

"She's a pragmatic woman...she's had to adapt, but hasn't experienced the fulfillment every woman needs to survive. Her fantasies came to life when yours did. And she can live the life she wants—have it all. It's simple really. If you married her, both of your needs could be met."

Drake wanted him to marry Vanessa? Why? How could he possibly want that?

"Vanessa could have her fairytale wedding, her life as America's sweetheart by day and the bad, shocking girl who needs a spanking by night. Every young woman's dream, isn't it? And you, my love, can have me. No one will be the wiser, and we'll be safe until the world is willing to understand vampires and humans can live in harmony."

Hank wanted it, but reality pricked him. "Like that's going to happen."

"We predict in twenty years or so, there'll be more than two million of us. It's not a bad life, especially for someone in the movie business. Or you can keep your mortal body, and I'll learn to accept losing you to death one day. Either way, whatever you decide, I don't want to be without you another minute."

"And I get Recim?" Vanessa asked with breathless enthusiasm. "And Raena?"

"If it's what you continue to desire. Perhaps my wedding gift to you?"

SEX SCENE: TAKE ONE

* * *

Three months later

The bride wore a spectacular designer gown, and Vanessa had never looked more radiant. If anyone chose to question why both Recim and Raena stood up for her during the extravagant evening ceremony, no one said anything. After all, Hollywood can be a little strange.

“Do you take this woman for your bride, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, until death you do part?”

Hank gave a sidelong glance at Drake standing next to him, resplendent in white like the bride. *::Except for the death do you part,::* Hank vowed to Drake. “I do.”

::I do::

Drake’s words in his head sent Hank’s urges into overdrive. If the preacher didn’t hurry, he’d start the honeymoon then and there. In reality, they’d started the second Vanessa had agreed to the plan and there was no sign they’d begun to tap the wellspring of sexual heights they were discovering, as each day was better than the last. Each time they made love was superior to the previous.

When told to kiss the bride, Hank did so with pleasure. With a five-way supernatural kiss...it got a little crowded. It was a dirty job, but someone had to do it.

Forever!

LEE AVALONE

Paranormal author Lee Avalone is new to gay erotica, but not to writing best-selling stories. Lee's otherworldly stories promise sizzle with a twist of the unusual and heroes ranging from demon hunters to vampires to ghosts. This is an exciting to new journey and Lee hopes to make many new friends along the way.

Feel free to contact Lee at Leeavalon@gmail.com.

* * *

**Don't miss *Light My Fire*, by Lee Avalone,
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When Lieutenant Craig Faulk of the CDDC—Chicago Department of Demon Control—is called to a routine demon attack, he doesn't expect to find the victim alive. They never live long enough to speak. But handsome Steven Richter defies all odds. How and why has this self-proclaimed loser survived a demon attack when others much stronger have died?

Steven knows he's not good enough for a man like Craig, but that doesn't stop him from dreaming. It's easy to fall for a rugged, cowboy demon-hunter in the mean streets of urban

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