

TALL, DARK, TATTOOED AND
TWISTED



Lee Avalone

TALL, DARK, TATTOOED AND TWISTED

...The pain delivered by the cat o' nine tails opened his back, but accomplished much more. It brought voracious hunger and dormant lust rushing like a feral animal to the kill.

Pain...

Blood...

Fucking...

All merged until indistinguishable from one another. His cock, only moments before, had dangled between his outstretched legs, useless and flaccid. Now it rose like the mighty warrior it once was. His amphyallang pierced the head of his cock, with platinum skulls on either end beaming up at Sataire, while the emerald eyes glared at him.

The chain attached to a ring piercing his scrotum was connected to a beam under his feet. His stretched sac pained him only minimally at the moment, but when his balls tightened to release their load it would pull...and hurt like the fires of hell. And then, only then, he would beg for Volmere to free the chain, but not until he needed to scream from the pain.

Sataire lifted his head to slant a look at his tormentor. Volmere, so beautiful in a very twisted way, had pale skin with ebony tattoos and white hair, and preened like a man getting what he wanted. His cock stood high above its white nest and drew Sataire's attention. Thirteen inches, the base was thick and the length tapered toward the coned purplish head. But it was the amp with three-quarter-inch solid gold

balls that stood out, and along his scrotum a line of deadly looking, golden talons progressive in diameter. With his long fingers, bejeweled with a ring on every digit, Volmere feathered along an oriental tattoo of a snake the length of his erection, then rubbed the handle of the whip over his cockhead before he drew back to strike again...

ALSO BY LEE AVALONE

Light My Fire
Sex Scene: Take One

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BY

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TALL, DARK, TATTOOED AND TWISTED
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This one's for Trace again...who may be a little twisted, too!

CHAPTER 1

The whip slashed across his shoulders with brutal force, and pain, fast and furious, exploded inside him. Twisted and braided, the claws of the cat in the talented hands of Volmere flayed Sataire's skin, allowing his precious reserves of blood to flow freely down his back and over his naked buttocks. Held captive in a two-hundred-year-old, A-frame torture device made from a sacred ash tree, Sataire's hands were stretched above his head and tied at the wrists. His long hair, bound in leather, hung in a single braid down his back, the loose ends teasing his balls. His legs were spread wide, manacled at his ankles to the twelve-by-twelve solid beams.

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erection, then rubbed the handle of the whip over his cockhead before he drew back to strike again.

Sataire braced for the blow, or so he thought, until it caught him across the small of his back and buttocks. If not for the restraint holding his hands, he would've gone to his knees as they buckled from the pain. The throbbing pierced through every part of him...almost enough to finish him too soon.

He threw back his head and screamed without sound. When he opened eyelids he'd squeezed shut at the strike, Volmere had disappeared. The touch of the whip's handle along the crack of Sataire's ass revealed his new location and intent.

"Should I fuck you with this?" When Volmere pressed the ball of the whip against his anus, Sataire didn't respond. It had been rhetorical. Volmere didn't really want an answer.

What did Sataire prefer? Having the handle of the whip rammed up his ass or being flayed with the leather strips? Before Sataire allowed his choice to surface into conscious thought, Volmere penetrated him with the handle. The pain and accompanying acute pleasure made his balls tighten.

"Release me," he screamed.

A moment later, Volmere unsnapped the chain attached to Sataire's scrotum ring and removed the handle of the whip. Volmere's cock replaced the whip, penetrating with one long, hard plunge. His long strokes were masterful and precise. The smells—Sataire's own blood, the tang of the leather whip, and Volmere's muskiness—when accompanied by the powerful sensations, all enhanced the sex. Sataire spiraled higher with

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each incredible thrust. The tension signaling completion drew his balls tight against his body. Volmere's loud grunts as he fucked Sataire's ass echoed in the cavernous, furniture-less space.

They came together, Volmere exploding hot juices inside him, while Sataire experienced a very ordinary orgasm, hardly worth the pain it had taken to achieve it. A puny ribbon of cum flew upward only an inch or so before splattering on the floor. After Volmere withdrew, he gave a self-satisfied sigh, which pissed off Sataire even more.

But his pitiful release didn't reflect on Volmere's abilities. Volmere's considerable sexual skill should be enough for anyone...alive. When Volmere released his hands, Sataire twisted, capturing his friend by the throat. Sataire pulled him close so he could sink his teeth into Volmere's strong neck. He fed until another orgasm hit him, better than the first, but not by much. That was his problem, the longer he un-lived, the harder it became to reach a decent orgasm. After he released Sataire's ankles from the device, Volmere sank to the floor, pleasure softening his face.

"Next time, warn me before you bite," Volmere said. An expression of self-satisfaction flitted in his pale blue eyes before he returned to his characteristic frown.

Good grief!

* * *

"We have company," Volmere called from above before he raced down the stairway to the basement, his dark robe

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flapping open to give glimpses of his cock. He stopped, his arms flung wide, while motioning for Sataire to follow.

If it wasn't bad enough to see him flapping like a crow, an almost imperceptible hint of amusement tugged at the corners of Volmere's mouth. Sataire could count on the fingers of one hand how many times Volmere found anything that had amused him in the last decade.

Sataire paused as he drank his second meal, blood-in-a-bag. Could Volmere be baiting him? He tossed the less-than-satisfying meal, still half-full, into the trash container before he faced his friend and studied him. Sataire reached into his friend's mind to discover if he'd told the truth about visitors, but for whatever reason, Volmere was shielding his thoughts.

"I don't have to tell you, we don't entertain." Sataire's shredded back had already healed, but the cracking crust of blood plagued him as he moved toward the stairwell.

Another suspicious line tugged at the corners of Volmere's full mouth upward. "Tell that to our new neighbors."

"Are you forgetting why we're alone and not with the clan? We're too dark and brooding to hang with Drake and his Hollywood hunk Hank Blue. We're still in the dark ages, while California vamps are"—he could barely force the word out—"fun." Sataire shuddered. "We would've done better to stay in Australia in the outback."

Volmere gave a casual shrug and his silk robe shifted open again. "We're both cynical bastards, but you're the one who wanted to move to Hollywood Hills, so you have no one to blame but yourself. Drake and Hank are newlyweds. They

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need time alone. It's no shocker they didn't want our company."

Sataire held his impatience in check. "Speak for yourself. I'm not brooding."

"Maybe our visitors won't care for our looks and sparkling personalities either," Volmere said. "When even your own kind doesn't want you hanging around, we must be really be a pair."

Sataire had had enough. So what if they were tattooed, twisted and a little morose. Did that mean they didn't deserve to be a part of their community? "Fuck that shit. And fuck Hank Blue. Whoever it is, get rid of them."

Volmere's aloofness dissipated, replaced by an expression that could only be called goofy. "I'd love to fuck Hank, who wouldn't? But Drake would have my head if I tried. And I did everything I could think of to get rid of our visitors. They've come to welcome us. You find that offensive?"

"Try harder."

Volmere shrugged his shoulders in mock resignation. "I did already. It's your turn."

As his temper flared, Sataire had an idea. How hard could it be to get rid of these pesky humans? "Take your robe off. If that doesn't scare them away, nothing will."

Volmere's mouth took an upward twist and he smiled—something he did so rarely, the sight astonished Sataire. Volmere dropped his arms to his sides, standing motionless and stiff, as though his own facial anomaly amazed him, too.

"There's a difference between taking a walk on the wild

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side and being a selfish bastard. These people just want to welcome us. But I'll get naked if you will," Volmere said and reached for the belt of Sataire's similar robe with one hand, while running his fingers through his long white hair, an almost affected gesture and very unlike him. He gave the knot at Sataire's waist a tug.

Damn Drake and Hank...they'd upset the balance of vampire nature. Nothing had been the same since the forces had been turned askew. Vampire vibes were meant to be dark and foreboding, weren't they? Humans and vampires weren't meant to play nice. Next thing he knew, Volmere would be walking around the house wearing mouse ears. No way would Sataire be cowed by neighbors on their first day in their new home. If Volmere believed Sataire couldn't or wouldn't scare them off, he was wrong. He dropped the robe Volmere had untied and headed up the stairs leading into the front of the house.

He hoped to see a couple of gray-headed little old ladies decked out in designer pantsuits and patent leather pumps. He'd give them something to talk about at their clubs, something they'd never fucking seen in their wildest nightmares... Dried blood covered his backside, streaking all the way down to his heels. What wasn't covered in blood...was tattooed, pierced and ripped.

He boldly rounded the corner.

"Welcome to hell, girls!"

CHAPTER 2

“Oh, my! Have mercy!”

“Someone pinch me!”

It wasn't old ladies.

Sataire stopped midstride and skidded to a stop, and Volmere rear-ended him...again. Three preppie-looking men stood just inside the foyer. One of the two who'd spoken fanned himself affectedly with his hand as if he was about to expire. However, the way saliva collected at the corner of his full, gaping mouth said otherwise.

The shortest one, about five-ten with a deep tan and blond hair, had his arms full of a bulging canvas bag. “We brought ingredients for butterscotch martinis, a house warming gift.

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From what we've seen so far in the foyer, Patrick was just saying you need someone to give you decorating tips. But I see he's mistaken." He gave a pointed, blue-eyed stare at Volmere's exposed genitals and then slanted to Sataire's. "You both know how to accessorize."

"I'm Patrick," a taller blond said, still waving his hand in front of his face. "We're the welcoming committee. I hope we didn't interrupt anything. You look like you have a little something on your—" He wagged his index finger at Sataire's cock.

Sataire sighed. None of the men seemed the least bit intimidated. In fact, they appeared delighted to have encountered naked fucking neighbors. What was this world coming to? *California*. He heaved a sigh and walked a little closer, in case they were short-sighted.

"I'll just show myself to the kitchen. I know the way," said the one with the bag in his arms, in a breathless voice. "If you've never had a butterscotch martini...they're to die for. If only I'd dressed appropriately for this occasion. Sequins and glitter, I always say." He sashayed through the foyer and stopped to turn back. He flashed Sataire a wishful gaze. "Who knew?" Then he swiveled and pranced toward the back of the house, hips swaying in time to the clicks of his heels on the tile floor.

Is this guy fucking serious?

Volmere laughed, a full-out guffaw. The rich, full-throated sound echoed in the almost barren room. Had his cynical vampire buddy turned lunatic because of a visit from the gay

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welcome wagon?

“Mind if I get a closer look at your amps and tattoos?” Patrick said as he leaned forward, bending at the waist to size up their assets. “Tattooed schlongs with the emphasis on l-o-n-g. I was thinking of nipple rings, too.” He straightened, while gazing longingly at Volmere’s golden rings with a delicate gold chain running through the rings at both nipples and connecting the ring in his navel to form a triangle.

Their third uninvited guest removed his Hollywood shades and the ball cap shadowing his face. He remained conspicuously silent, even as he openly studied Sataire. Sataire, in turn, gave his rapt attention to the tall, dark quiet one only to be... What? Surprised? He’d recognize that face anywhere! His brunette hair curled about his beautiful face. His lips were his best feature, pouting and full, with eyes so pale brown they flashed to gold in the light. He wore a neatly trimmed layer of hair on his jaw and chin, a bad-boy, rugged look to hide his perfect skin.

What would a soap opera hunk be doing in their living room?

It was probably already too late to pretend Sataire didn’t recognize him. The last thing he wanted to admit in front of Volmere was that he watched soap operas inside his coffin.

CHAPTER 3

Clay Young stared in stunned silence. Who wouldn't? He'd seen some pretty kinky shit during his three-year stint in Hollywood, but these two took the prize coming to the door naked. In this neighborhood, the houses cost in the multi-millions. He'd lucked out buying with two other friends what he never could've afforded on his own.

The first thing that came to mind when he looked at these two...drugs. And he'd heard they'd paid cash for this place. Eighteen million. Then again, what drug dealer would want to draw attention to himself with this outrageous behavior, coming naked to the door and screaming, "Welcome to hell, girls?" It was obvious they'd done it deliberately to

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intimidate—to get rid of uninvited guests. *They obviously don't know Patrick and Henry!*

Both looked like rockers, tall, lithe and muscular, with hair as long as any woman's. The white-haired one had dark brows and lashes in stark contrast to the white hair on his head and surrounding what had to be the largest cock Clay had ever seen.

The tow-head had let them inside and then disappeared after attempting to persuade them to leave. But even then, he seemed amused by finding neighbors at the door and now by the dark one's anger. Why Clay considered one light and the other dark didn't really compute. Only their hair was contrasted, since both had pale skin and light eyes. It was more about demeanor.

The other, the enraged titan, had what appeared to be dark auburn hair. It was difficult to tell with the length wrapped in black leather. Clay had seen rockers with long hair, but these two had really lengthy hair, but which made neither less masculine in any way. They also shared a similarity in their pale skin being accented by numerous solid-black tribal tattoos and piercings on their genitals. The white-haired one had the most, starting with his nipples, then to his belly button and next an entire collection of tattoos and piercings on his privates, which weren't very private at the moment.

Another anomaly was the lack of body hair on the dark one. It looked as if he'd waxed his pubic hair...even off his balls. That could make for some interesting exploration.

Clay, being a curious gay man, couldn't stop ogling their

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very impressive junk, tattooed and twisted. He'd seen this shit in magazines or the internet, but never up close and personal. His agent would hang his ass out to dry if he was caught in proximity to people who looked like this. His effeminate gay roommates were already a source of aggravation with both his agent and his producer, but this was another story, a sinister one.

Would these two be as twisted as they looked? No way would either of them bottom...assuming they were gay. And by the nonchalant way they both revealed their incredible equipment, he figured they must be if they didn't flinch under Patrick's unrelenting inspection. A naked hetero man didn't have that kind of confidence being stared down by another man.

"You two always greet guest like this?" He held his hand out toward the white-haired one because he was closest, but he was drawn to the other one. "Clay Young."

The man's impressive cock bobbed when he glided forward with his hand extended, as was his very, very long dick. "Where have I heard that name?" he asked as he locked onto Clay's hand.

Everyone in Hollywood had a connection with show biz. "Nowhere special. I do a little acting. It's not like I'm Hank Blue or anything."

The auburn-haired giant growled and his pale gray eyes flashed to silver.

How did he do that? Maybe that was something he should share with National Command Center for Supernatural

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Control. Then again, ever since his paranormal nightmare two months earlier, when he'd had an encounter, now the agency kept tabs on him.

"Volmere." The white-haired one introduced himself while he gave a slow pump to Clay's hand. His dark brows and lashes highlighted his pale blue eyes...arresting eyes when viewed so close. What would his friend's look like this close?

Volmere's touch was firm, but cool, as if he'd come from standing in front of an air conditioner. He smelled of musk and sex. Had they been interrupted? "Just Volmere? Is that your last name or first?"

Patrick pushed between them and forced Clay to release Volmere's hand. "I'm Patrick Shayne. Bottom or top? Please tell me top."

"I don't do labels." Volmere released Clay and drew back matter-of-factly.

"Of course you don't," Patrick said with a squeak in his voice and then turned to Clay with satisfied nod. "Versatile," he whispered, as if they couldn't hear him easily enough.

Poor Patrick, he was all but drooling and could've easily pissed this guy off with his inappropriate question and comment.

"Butterscotch martinis for everyone!" Henry carried an ebony-and-gold tray...he'd made himself at home. The auburn-haired man who'd yet to introduce himself flinched at the sight. The irritated look he shot to his companion was heated enough to ignite them all.

Patrick motioned to Volmere, as if Henry wasn't already

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staring. “This is Volmere. Just Volmere.”

Henry positioned the tray on the ornate table, seventeenth-century French antique, in pristine condition, in the middle of the foyer, and pointed to the gold balls on the head of Volmere’s dick. “That look is good on you. It has a holiday feel to it. Very festive.”

The table was exquisite, but while they’d been waiting, Patrick had pointed out the strange gargoyle sculpture that didn’t fit. After seeing the residents, Clay disagreed.

“And the other one hasn’t said his name...yet,” Patrick rambled like a lunatic.

“Sataire.” The one called Volmere spoke for the arrestingly handsome redhead.

All heads seemed to turn at the mention of his name. He stiffened at their perusal. His eyes flashed with an unpleasant coolness. When next Clay experienced a sensation much like being zapped with an electrical current, it wasn’t enjoyable.

* * *

Butterscotch martinis indeed. How about a taste of hot blood? Sataire’s facial muscles began to tighten at the enticing prospect, pulling up to reveal his teeth. The chemical responsible, much like human pheromones and which their clan had aptly named *sanguimones* grew thick as both he and Volmere emitted them in the presence of warm human bodies full of blood. The attachment was stronger than he’d experienced for some time. It both surprised and pleased him.

If he had to endure making friends with neighbors, he may

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as well get something out of it. Something thick, red...and tasty.

“A toast,” he said and moved nearer to the one called Henry to retrieve one of martinis from the tray. Since all hell was about break loose, he didn’t want to be mopping up sticky butterscotch along with shards of glass if it could be avoided. One of the biggest disadvantages of being a vampire was having to clean up after himself. Every time they’d tried a cleaning service, it hadn’t worked out.

Everyone gathered close to the table and took a glass. He held out his drink over top of the priceless emerald-and-gold gargoyle statue in the center. “To good neighbors and sharing.” All clinked their glasses against his, one after another. “Bottoms up.”

“Woo-hoo!” Patrick shouted.

“But...” Henry started to say, until Patrick shushed him with limp-wristed slap at the air. Poor Henry and Patrick, they were giddy with expectation of being fucked.

Smothering a groan, Sataire downed his martini in a single gulp and set the glass back on the tray. Volmere followed suit and set his glass next to Sataire’s. The soap opera hunk drank his in a single, long-winded gulp. Both Henry and Patrick struggled to drink fast.

The *sanguimones* grew heavier as the part of Sataire’s brain he’d used only since becoming a vampire stretched and opened. The control he had over this process showed his age as a vamp. He’d been alive since the year 1710 when bitten as a young man and now, almost three hundred years later, he

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looked the same, only more muscular and with much longer hair. His body hair had long ago stopped growing, so he guarded his mane. The rest he'd waxed in the eighties and it had never returned. However, the black tribal tats looked perfect sans fuzz.

At first he'd intended to let them drink their silly martinis and send them on the way, but the *sanguimones* wouldn't be denied. Sataire's cock started to rise, as did his ardor. To say this surprised him would be an understatement. His cock didn't get hard without pain...and lots of it. In his case, fucking became harder with each passing year, while the desire for sex grew paramount, much like his teenage years.

"Things are looking up." Henry tilted his head, staring at Sataire's hard-on with undisguised interest.

Volmere's pale blue eyes widened as together their powers surged, sparking back and forth like a ping-pong ball. He'd been stiff from the moment the humans started ogling him, but the expression of surprise said he hadn't expected to see Sataire with a hard-on. One of his dark brows raised and the hint of a smirk tugged at his thick full lips. Without all the hardware, Volmere was a devastating beauty, with it...he rocked! And he was always up for anything at a moment's notice.

Sataire made a decision. ::*We can handle all three.*::
::*I can handle three on my own right now.*::

Volmere's brag inside Sataire's head amused him. He didn't doubt it for a second. ::*Just don't kill anyone on our first day in the neighborhood!*::

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::It's a beautiful day....::

"I'll take care of Henry, you take Patrick and then we'll do Clay together," Sataire said out loud since it didn't matter. He didn't worry about alerting their victims. They'd never know what hit them, nor would they remember a single moment of what was about to occur.

He caught Henry, who was closest, circling his neck with his hand to pull him near enough to bite. The goofball smiled like he'd won the lottery. "Relax and it'll make penetration easier."

"You don't need to be easy." Henry lifted his face as if expecting to be kissed. "Take me."

With his free hand, Sataire clamped his fingers over Henry's trembling chin and tilted his head away. Sataire sank his teeth into the soft throat. The compelling flavor of Henry's sweet blood burst on Sataire's tongue and went down easy. His senses exploded with the near orgasmic experience.

In the beginning, he'd orgasm at first bite, then, as time passed, he had to drink longer to reach his fulfillment. He may be a selfish son-of-a-bitch, but he didn't kill people for his enjoyment. He drank until Henry went limp in his arms, sighing all the while. After he allowed his victim to sink to the floor, he turned to get the one he really wanted...Clay.

Only Clay wasn't there!

His designer sunglasses and cap lay on the floor where he'd once stood.

"Fuck!"

"No way!" Volmere dropped Patrick with a loud thump

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and dashed toward the front door left hanging open.

Sataire followed. Warm winds greeted him, the dark and quiet of the night cocooned his naked body, but Clay? The good-looking soap opera actor wasn't anywhere in sight. *Impossible*. They didn't dare let him loose to speak of what he'd seen. Of all the shit for luck, less than twenty-four hours in Hollywood Hills and they'd been outed.

"You stay with the two and make sure they don't remember what happened. I'll go find Clay before he calls the tabloids." Sataire followed Clay's scent around the corner of the house, hoping to find him hiding in the nearby bushes. By the pool he lost the trail. How? Why would Clay come this way? He stood motionless in the spot where any trace disappeared. No way could the human soap opera star have disappeared into thin air.

Sataire went back to find Henry and Patrick writhing on the tile floor of the foyer with their eyes closed and smiles on their faces. He slanted a look at Volmere, who gave a noncommittal shrug and flipped his white mane aside. "It's only fair they awaken in the throes of an orgasm."

"Since when are you so thoughtful? And it looks like they're having seizures."

"I decided to get on their good side, in case we needed an invitation into their house. And it's a good thing I did since you didn't come back with Clay, did you? You must be losing it, old man."

"Fuck you. Let's clean up our messes." Sataire lowered to the floor and began to lick the blood from Henry's neck, while

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the human continued to spasm with an orgasm. The front of Henry slacks grew wet as Sataire's saliva mended the slash in his throat until it looked like no more than an angry hickie.

Henry blinked his blue eyes open. "Somebody pinch me. You did this to me with a kiss?"

Volmere rolled his eyes.

Smug bastard.

CHAPTER 4

This had all the makings of a colossal fucking disaster. Sataire needed to find Clay before he blabbed about what he'd seen. They only needed a moment alone with him to erase his memory. How the hell had he evaded them—vampires, for crissakes?

“How about inviting us to your home for another butterscotch martini?”

If the melting softness of Henry's eyes was any indication, he had the look of a man in love. “Yes. Yes. Yes!” He didn't hesitate with his answer. “But you might want to put some clothes on. The guy across the street is always watching us.”

What the fuck? Sataire hadn't sensed anyone spying on

them.

“Did he see you?” Volmere asked.

“He never moves from the front window,” Henry said. “It’s spooky.”

Sataire projected his power, searching for the answer and found none. If anyone was watching, he couldn’t tell. Could this get any worse? “I don’t know,” he answered Volmere, who appeared none to pleased either.

“He watches our front yard, but only part of yours. Your bushes block the front of your house and—” Henry’s mouth snapped shut.

“Finish what you were saying,” Sataire demanded. He used his supernatural power to reach into Henry’s mind and it didn’t take long to find what he wanted.

“There’s a fucking tunnel between our houses?” He shot a glare to Volmere. “And we both missed it?” What was their world coming to?

Henry’s blue eyes slashed wide with astonishment. “How...did you know?”

“Don’t worry about it,” Sataire told him. “Just tell us about it.”

“It’s been there for a long time. There used to be a guest house sitting where it comes up into this yard, but it was torn down years ago. It runs from our basement to the middle of your yard, and comes up where the mock-rock slide runs into the pool. There’s a door in the rock wall under the slide.”

Volmere’s newly acquired sense of humor disappeared as he glared at Henry and then shot an equally heated stare to

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Sataire. “We don’t swim.”

“How did we both miss this?” Sataire didn’t like being out of control. “We’re losing it. If you ask me, this is all about living here—Hollywood. This place even sucks the life out of the undead.”

Henry huffed. “Don’t be so hard on yourself. You’ve only been in this house a day. It took us several months to discover the tunnel, and the entrance is in our basement. Once we found it, we called the previous owner to find out what they used it for.”

Enough of this! Sataire needed to get to Clay. “I’m getting my robe. Whose stupid idea was it to get naked anyway?”

* * *

The moment they stepped into the tunnel, Sataire had bad vibes. It wasn’t what he’d anticipated finding. He’d expected dirt or concrete, but stark white marble walls, floor and ceiling surrounded them. Henry had flipped a switch once they’d shut the narrow door.

“Electricity?”

::It’s not vampires::

Sataire agreed with Volmere. Vampires weren’t into modern technology, unless they were newly made. Although he tried not to, Sataire clung to the past, surrounding himself with the trappings of his birthright. *::Demons maybe?::*

“That would be my guess, but I’m not an expert.” Volmere answered out loud. “Who else would want marble walls in a tunnel? There’s nothing too good for a fucking demon.”

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Demons didn't like to be above ground. They'd built an elaborate labyrinth of tunnels and homes underground in some parts of the world. Sataire hadn't heard of them attempting to invade California...yet.

"What?" Patrick squealed as the word demon sunk in.

Sataire ignored him since soon he wouldn't remember anything. He followed Henry through the tunnel. Since the gates of hell had been opened in the twenty-first century, nothing had been the same. Zombies, who had once been almost a myth, now roamed the earth in search of their souls. After the demons were freed, zombies began to rise from the dead searching for the demons who'd stolen their souls. So far it hadn't been a problem in the city of angels, but sooner or later it had to happen.

He couldn't think of any possible reason demons would want a tunnel connecting their two houses, until he saw it veered in two directions ahead. "This goes in another direction, too?"

"It's a dead end," Henry said.

Sataire didn't believe it for a moment. However, he had more important issues to worry him. And if they were lucky, the previous users of this place had moved on. Still, this qualified as reason to be wary. Along with Clay's disappearance it was too much to be marked off as coincidental. "Take care," he said and brought Volmere up short.

Volmere's dark brows drew tight as gave a solemn nod before continuing down the tunnel. Henry and Patrick Shayne

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took the lead with flashlights when Sataire would've preferred darkness. The beams of light bouncing off the white walls both annoyed and distracted him.

"Watch your step and stay to the right. The earthquake yesterday destroyed the floor here."

What fucking earthquake? How had he missed that, too? The simple answer was he hadn't. If he had any hair on the back of his neck it would be standing about now. The left side of the floor was cracked and broken open. The long tunnel ended in a basement with a wooden door thrown wide open. "When did you discover the tunnel?"

"We didn't discover it. The previous owner did when they did a remodel...he built this place in the fifties, but didn't discover the tunnel until he was remodeling to sell a little over a year ago when we bought it."

"They built the house, but didn't know of the tunnel's existence?" Volmere said. "Interesting."

"Clay tracked dirt all over the floor. He can be such a slob at times. Our housekeeper won't be pleased," Henry said as he walked through the doorway.

Enough of this. He needed to stay focused and find Clay. *::Take me to Clay::* Sataire inserted his command into the most pliable of the two humans...Patrick.

It didn't take long to find Clay in the kitchen guzzling a bottle of Petrone. As Sataire watched the pricey tequila dribble from the corner of the actor's mouth, the attachment rose and his cock grew hard again.

"Fuck! You brought them home with you?" Clay dropped

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the bottle onto the counter and ran.

He so didn't want to be doing this. Sataire hadn't chased a human in decades. For whatever reason, this one was immune to mental orders.

"Stop," Sataire told him. That didn't work either.

"Like hell I will," Clay shouted over his broad shoulder.

Sataire finally caught Clay as he entered a room and tried to slam the door in his face. He overpowered Clay, throwing him back onto the wooden floor. Once inside, he closed the door and leaned back on it. "I'm not going to hurt you. I only want to make sure you don't share what happened with anyone."

"And to think I wanted to fuck you."

A crazy thing happened. He had a very normal human reaction to Clay's words. His cock tenting his loose fitting silk pants began to throb. Sataire didn't want this...not now. *Sanguimones* surrounded them in the close space of the twelve-by-twelve room. Energy snapped between them.

Clay pulled himself to his feet, dusting the seat of pants. "There's dirt all over the floor."

"I hadn't noticed." The only thing on Sataire's mind...wasn't on his mind. He closed the distance between them and caught Clay by the back of the neck with one hand. He drew Clay near, intending to bite, but instead their lips collided. The attachment exploded, blowing open doors inside his brain that had never been explored.

Clay kissed like a hungry man...starving. While his tongue explored the interior of Sataire's mouth, he hung on and enjoyed the ride. It had been so very long since anyone had

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turned him on. He drowned in sensations he'd believed he'd never know again. Each passing moment became more precious than the previous.

His heart surged and began beating...fucking beating! His undead body surged with newfound life. Tension coiled inside him tight enough to finish him before he'd even begun. His balls tucked and his breath rasped. Clay pulled back and smiled against Sataire's mouth.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm drunk enough to fuck you, even knowing you're a...what are you? A vampire?"

"Right now I feel alive."

"I guess since you're already dead you're not worried about STDs." Clay leaned to the side and cleared the teak wood desk in the center of the room with a sweep of his hand.

Sataire dropped his robe, pulled down his pants and bent over the desk, looking back over his shoulder. "Fuck me."

CHAPTER 5

Clay penetrated Sataire. His hands looked dark against Sataire's stark white skin as he held the vampire's slim hips. The tribal tat at the small of his back trailed down to the crack of his ass...his muscular, perfect buns. Clay traced his finger along the tat in an attempt to distract the roaring need to orgasm.

He'd never had this happen—ever. He'd never had a single complaint and he didn't want to start now. Then again, he hadn't ridden bareback in a very long time. Just the pleasure of watching his unsheathed cock sinking into Sataire's pucker was off the charts. The feel of it astounded him. Sataire trembled beneath his touch.

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A vampire.

Clay had heard rumors, but he hadn't believed them. He locked his hands at Sataire's hip bones and pulled back. He'd intended to move slowly, but the need to bury his length won. He penetrated to the hilt and paused.

The realization he had one the most cherished parts of him buried inside a bloodsucking vampire was too funny. How often had he had this very same thought on the casting couch! None of those asses looked as good as this one, or gripped his cock like this one.

The biggest difference was temperature...it was like fucking a popsicle. Although, he seemed to be getting warmer.

Sataire peered over his shoulder and frowned. "And my friends say I'm a dickweed. How would you like to be called a popsicle?"

Clay might be in Sataire's ass, but the vampire was in Clay's head. The latter was much more intrusive. "Sorry."

Something—an emotion Clay didn't recognize—passed across the vampire's face. He pushed up from the table with Clay still buried inside him and twisted to capture Clay's mouth. The moment their lips touched, everything changed. A current of energy charged through him and intensified until he was fused to Sataire, their naked bodies melted into one another's curves. Clay didn't know where he began and his vampire lover ended.

Any reservations dissolved away. A sense of euphoria bubbled inside him and he pushed Sataire back down to the table and fucked...

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He varied his long strokes from hard to off-the-charts. The invisible bond between them grew until the very air surrounding them seemed to shimmer and pop. A slick sheen of sweat covered him, while the vampire under his hands remained cool. He vibrated inside from his toenails to his teeth. Then he arrived at the invisible pinnacle he sought, but still pumped like a madman.

A blinding white light hit him and he exploded, shooting a rope of cum into Sataire—and then continued to shoot another, then again. Even when eventually the cum ended, his cock stayed hard. The incredible orgasm didn't stop curling his toes. Not even a little.

The energy inside them competed with the pressure surrounding them, pushing them closer. Sataire straightened and Clay wrapped his arms around him. Sataire crossed his arms over Clay's, linking fingers to hold tight. They became one.

Clay burst with another orgasm.

* * *

The attachment, the supernatural force vampires usually only tasted in small doses, blasted Sataire, lifting him to the tips of his toes as he ejaculated long ribbons of cum, one after another. Even on the best of days, at the prime of his sexuality, in over three hundred years he couldn't top this.

And he'd achieved it without pain.

Could Clay Young be Sataire's Hank Blue? It wasn't a paranormal myth that connecting to the attachment was

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possible with a human? He'd discovered the illusive ingredient to open a part of his brain where he'd never been...didn't believe existed. He didn't know for certain it happened because of Clay, but he did dare take a chance? Now that he'd found this, he never wanted to let it go. Did that mean he didn't want to let Clay go? He was about to entertain having a...relationship?

With a soap opera star? In Hollywood? How twisted was that? "And to think I thought Drake was insane when he hooked up with Hank Blue."

"Who's Drake?"

"A vampire in my clan."

"A vampire and Hank Blue?" Clay stiffened in Sataire's arms and twisted around until they were face to face.

"Forget about that...it's not public knowledge."

The curiosity on Clay's face disappeared, replaced by very obvious sexual craving. It saddened Sataire to know soon he'd take away all memories of what happened between them. Clay would never even remember meeting him. It was too much. Right then, Sataire's only desire was for more of Clay's sex. "How about trying this on a bed?"

When Clay escorted him to the bedroom at a dead run, Sataire couldn't believe his good fortune. It wasn't every day he met someone like this, someone enthusiastic, skilled, great-looking and human...and eager to fuck a vampire.

"Want a shower? Do vampires like water?"

Sataire had been waiting for this—the inevitable. Here it came...all the superstitious suppositions and snide quips.

“Lead the way.”

The shower was large and open at one end. He followed Clay and waited while he adjusted the water. After he stepped under the gentle spray, Sataire gave a bloodcurdling scream. “Help me, I’m melting!”

Clay jumped back with a look of panic on his handsome face. “What? What do I do?”

Sataire huffed. “Do vampires like water...”

Clay drew his arm back and hit Sataire with his fist. He connected with Sataire’s shoulder and the sound echoed in the enclosed space. And the blast of pain made him stiffen again.

If he didn’t know before, Sataire knew then...this guy was special. How many humans would have the balls to sock a vampire? “You got any more crazy questions you want to get off your chest?” he asked, rubbing his arm.

“I do. Did that hurt when I hit you or don’t vampires feel pain like humans do?”

Funny he’d ask about pain. “We feel pain and much more.”

“What about the amp? Did that hurt, too?”

“Are you considering getting an amp?” He reached down to touch his skulls, and Clay’s attention followed the movement.

“I think I need a closer look. But first...” He leaned forward and plastered his lips to Sataire’s.

The sensuousness of Clay’s full mouth rekindled the passion of earlier and brought Sataire’s cock to full, firm attention. A long-buried memory began to surface...a

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reminiscence of being alive. But as Clay's mouth moved over his and the attachment rose, it became more than a memory.

Sanguimones were thick in the air surrounding them. It had been more than a century since his undead body had given off the female equivalent to pheromones like this...so strong, compelling. It was intoxicating. Humans called this chemistry, but this was so much more than anything a human could conjure. The vampires who had coined the anomaly *sanguimones* had it right. It was sex, blood, and being undead all rolled into one huge, out-of-control paranormal package and then being emitted like an expelled breath from a living body. This was almost real enough to touch.

As their tongues fused their mouths together, Sataire's facial muscles tightened, signaling the desire to fuck and to feed. *Not now!*

"Ouch!" Clay said when tongue and tooth collided. He pulled back, a quizzical expression on his beautiful face. His golden eyes ate into Sataire's heart, going where no human had gone to...touch him, mark him.

Sataire lowered his head until his chin rested on his chest and tried to fight his needs. Needs he didn't fully understand even after three hundred years on earth. He didn't want to do this now.

His cock grew harder, forcing out a long, low groan. The attachment grew until the air popped with energy leaking from them. Every cell, each molecule in Sataire's undead body came alive, snapping with vigor. This out-of-control paranormal happening both excited him and worried him.

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There were always consequences.

Always.

The water on the back of his head loosened the leather thong holding his hair and he removed it. His hair fell like a shroud about his shoulders and down over his hips to the top of his thighs.

Clay captured a strand. "Beautiful."

"My single vanity."

Clay took a step back. "Tall, dark, tattooed and twisted. How did I get so lucky?"

"You forgot pierced." Sataire touched the amp piercing his cockhead.

"I have to get a closer look." Clay went down on his knees in front of him, taking Sataire's cock into his hand and placing an open-mouthed kiss on his slit. "Mmm."

Sataire's heart beat. That in itself wouldn't be unusual, but it had a steady rhythm. His pale skin flushed a rosy hue. Warmth suffused every part of him as paranormal energy lifted him to the tips of his toes.

If Clay noticed he suddenly had a ballet dancer's cock in his hand, he didn't say a word. With his other hand, Clay traced a finger upward to Sataire's amphallang. He touched one platinum skull and then moved across the hidden bar to the other.

"These are real emeralds. Beautiful. Twisted."

His hand moved downward again, down to Sataire's balls to fondle them. His finger grazed the platinum ring at the bottom of his sac. "I can't even imagine what this is for. It has

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a purpose, though, doesn't it?" Clay looked away from his genitals to search Sataire's face.

"It does."

"I hope you'll show me some time."

"Perhaps." Would they have time? Was it possible for this to be more than a few hours of sex and then erasing Clay's memory? *No!*

Clay's head ducked as he laved the length of Sataire and then took his head into his mouth. The incredible warmth, coupled with his swirling tongue, nearly undid him. This perfect newness wouldn't last, so why bother to hope for more?

Clay sucked, drawing him deeper into his hot, wet mouth. A second later he pulled back to tease the amp with his tongue. So this was how it was going to be? No wonder he preferred pain. He understood pain. This teasing frustrated him because of the unpredictable nature.

What was this? It was as if he'd come alive!

Clay's mouth was magic, but Sataire wanted to be fucked. And he wanted it now! He eased out of Clay's mouth and lifted him as easily as lifting a child. "Fuck me."

Clay's subsequent smile hurt worse than Volmere's whip. This smile would be never be forgotten. Never. Every memory a vampire had was locked in place, like watching a movie. These memories would be his best, and more than likely cause the most regrets. He held the handsome soap opera star tight against him and walked out of the bathroom toward the bed.

Clay melted into him and rained kisses over his shoulders

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as they went. Their cocks hugged and the skin to skin, full body contact torched him. By the time they made it to the bed, Sataire was wild with desire. The bed groaned under their weight as they tumbled onto the mattress. Clay pulled up to settle between Sataire's legs.

Pulling his legs tight to both shoulders, his ass elevated, Sataire watched Clay's face darken as he stared at Sataire's groin. Clay took hold of his cock, not like Volmere's thirteen, but at least nine and thick in girth. With his other hand he lifted Sataire's balls out of the way, cupping them in his gentle grip and exposing his *guiche* piercing, located under the scrotal sac near his anus. Clay rolled the twelve-gauge platinum ball with his thumb, still cupping Sataire's testicles.

The sensations made him arch his back and Clay gave a groan. "Nice."

This was Sataire's favorite position, where he could watch the face of the one fucking him. He anticipated it with great interest. Especially this beautiful face. Clay's dark brunette hair clung in damp curls. His full lips tilted up at the corners, and his tongue darted to lick them as Sataire watched. His best feature, his golden eyes, were bright with heat and excitement.

"This feels wonderful, and we haven't even started," Clay said and sank into Sataire pucker, with his thumb still rolling the *guiche*. "Do you like that?"

Trembling like a teenager, all Sataire could do was give a nod. The glint in Clay's golden eyes said he'd only begun.

Positioning his legs, Clay sank an inch deeper and paused to play with the piercing until Sataire wanted to scream for

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him to stop fooling around. Somehow he managed to hold his tongue. If a human could show restraint, so could he.

A flash of heat crossed Clay's face and he surge upward, penetrating Sataire in one lengthy thrust. The veins on his neck stood rigid as he strained. His face, highlighted with a golden California tan, darkened with the effort.

There was no more talking. No frustrating teasing. Clay fucked Sataire.

CHAPTER 6

Sataire watched Clay sleep curled beside him. It was time to leave. Each passing second he looked at the handsome human his resolve weakened. He'd come here to take Clay's memory of what he'd seen. Sataire didn't dare entertain dreams of anything else.

But he couldn't leave without a taste. Just one little taste. Clay rested with his head tilted back, exposing the long line of his sternocleidomastoid muscle. Sataire could sense the beating pulse even before his lips touched. He did this well after so many centuries. The muscles on his face hardened and exposed his fangs.

He bit into the lingual, a smaller artery branching from the

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external carotid. The taste of blood on his tongue sent a shock to his system as the attachment barreled through him like a summer storm, both angry and refreshing. He came so hard his spine snapped. The energy both inside and out swirled to a feverish pitch.

He released his bite and jerked back, heaving like he'd run a marathon. Since when did he need to breathe? Before the inclination took him again he licked Clay's wound, healing him while savoring the last taste.

He reached into Clay's mind and spoke out loud. "I wish I could let you know what this time we've spent means to me. Hell, I can't express what I don't understand myself. It's ironic a twenty-first century daytime TV star has made a three-hundred-year-old vampire question his life like this."

Clay groaned, and Sataire almost gave in to his desperate indecision. "I have to say goodbye to you. The dangers in my life, in the paranormal world, are no place for you. I won't entice you into my world."

He'd fallen in love.

He needed to go...now. "You'll forget everything that happened. You won't remember meeting either Volmere or me. It will be as if this night never happened." Sataire pulled away from Clay and stood by the side of the bed, willing his feet to move.

Words he'd only utter once in life wanted to come out. "I love you." Sataire turned his back and fled like a little girl.

* * *

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Clay wanted to open his eyes and tell Sataire to stay. He wanted it worse than anything he'd wanted before. More than fame. More than money. But he didn't. He lay there, pretending to sleep, while a vampire proclaimed his love. Clay's heart warred with his head until it throbbed. A relationship with a vampire—a gay vampire—could end his career. He didn't dare, did he? It was stupid to think they could find a way to make it work.

An idea niggled at the back of his brain. What was it Sataire had said about Hank Blue? Hank and a vampire in Sataire's clan were an item? Hank Blue was gay? If a megamovie star the caliber of Hank could be gay and hide it from his adoring fans, so could Clay. Who knew...maybe a day would come when it wouldn't matter.

Clay bounced from the bed, intent on finding Sataire. He grabbed a sheet and wrapped it around his naked body, just in case he ran into Patrick or Henry. He ran through the house in search of his vampire. Clay skidding to a halt in the kitchen. He'd found Patrick and Henry...in a three-way with Volmere, and Sataire was watching.

Volmere was fucking Henry, who was fucking Patrick.

Sataire cleared his throat and drew Clay's attention away from the ménage. Only Sataire hadn't noticed him, focused as he was on Volmere.

"I finished what I came here to do," Sataire said to Volmere. "Too bad you didn't do the same."

Volmere growled. "I'm finishing. Just a second."

"I was something you came here to do? I'm flattered."

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Sataire's head jerked around at the sound of Clay's voice.

"You say you finished? I'd hate to see the result if you hadn't," Volmere said arching his dark brow at Sataire.

* * *

What went wrong? "Life used to be so simple—bite a human and erase his memory. Now the paranormal world has gone ballistic."

"Try again," Volmere said.

"You're giving me a headache," Clay said. "If this is how you treat someone you love, I wouldn't want to be hated by you."

Sataire avoided looking at Volmere at Clay's declaration. He'd created a monster. "You heard that?"

"Yes, I heard you say you love me."

Collective gasps came from Patrick, Henry and Volmere.

Clay moved into his space and punched Sataire's chest with his index finger. "You have no idea what's best for me. You don't get to decide and dictate your will."

"It's for your own good. A vampire's life isn't for everyone...especially popular daytime TV stars."

The doorbell rang, and everyone looked at one another, but nobody moved. Volmere, Henry and Patrick were naked. Sataire wore his robe and Clay a sheet.

Henry pulled away from Patrick and grabbed Volmere's robe from the floor. He hugged it to his chest and then smelled it. "I'll get this right back to you. Maybe."

Volmere frowned and rolled his eyes at Sataire. "When did

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we lose control?”

“When we moved to Hollywood. Didn’t I tell you?” Now what? Did they need to wait for Henry and try this again? Or did he want to listen to Clay’s arguments?

He’d decided to listen to Clay when a bloodcurdling scream sounded from somewhere in the house.

CHAPTER 7

When Clay beat Sataire to the front of the house, Sataire didn't believe it possible. A human shouldn't be able to do that.

"What are you doing here?" Clay asked the man standing with his back to them admiring an oil painting.

Sataire thought the screams had come from the direction of the bedrooms, not here. Where was Henry?

The tall, elegant man turned to pin Clay with a sexual stare.

How dare he? Sataire moved between them. "This is a private party. I think you need to leave." The moment the words were out of his mouth, he knew they'd be perceived as

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jealousy. And damn it, he was.

“Tell your little friend to go home and play with himself in his coffin. You and I have unfinished business.”

What the fuck? Sataire had a very bad feeling about this.

Clay started to move closer, and Sataire caught his arm.

“I don’t have any business with you,” Clay said. “Once was more than enough.”

Clay had fucked this... What was he? Because he wasn’t human.

At Clay’s words, the visitor contorted. For a moment, Sataire thought he might be a were-creature, but then he remembered the strange vibes from the basement and his shriveled heart shrank even more. This man was transforming into a snarling dragon-like beast. His sharp, pointy teeth were snapping at the air.

Demon.

“Time to kiss our asses farewell,” Volmere said over Sataire’s shoulder.

Fuck, no!

No vampire could best a demon...or none he knew of anyway. He stood frozen in place, hoping he’d go first. He didn’t want to see Clay tortured and killed...or Volmere either for that matter. Bile rose in Sataire’s throat at the thought of Clay being hurt or worse. “Everyone run!” Maybe he could keep the demon busy while the others escaped.

The sound of footsteps behind him told him someone was approaching instead of running away. When a stranger appeared out of nowhere and moved between the demon and

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Sataire, it shocked him. Clay stayed close to Sataire and didn't run.

A beam of light streamed from the unknown man and hit the demon. At the same time, Sataire was hit with painful needles of energy. Ordinarily he would've enjoyed it.

The demon screamed as chains of fire looped around the half-man-half-beast, surrounding it once, twice and the third time until the flames exploded. After the flash, only blackened ash remained, much like the demise of a vampire, with the difference that this left the stench of brimstone.

"You did it!" Clay clapped the demon fighter on the back. "This is Paul Dean of the National Command Center for Supernatural Control. He's here in LA to fight demons."

Okay, none of this made sense. How would Clay know this?

Paul Dean eyed Sataire with suspicion. "Who is this, because he isn't human."

He'd picked a bad night to get out of his coffin.

Clay clapped him on the back. "This is Sataire. My vampire lover."

Dean's suspicious gaze swept over him a second time. "Do you know Hank Blue and Drake?"

Volmere burst out laughing.

Had everyone gone fucking crazy? They'd just encountered a demon. If this demon hunter hadn't come, they'd all be dead. Or deader...in the case of Sataire and Volmere.

"These are our new neighbors. The ones you thought could

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be demons. We went over to introduce ourselves,” Clay said.

“You need a keeper,” the demon hunter said angrily to Clay. “I told you to stay away from there until the NCCSC checked them out.”

The NCCSC had planned to check them out? Why had they ever agreed to live in Hollywood? “Now that you know about us, what do you plan to do?”

“The National Command Center for Supernatural Control protects humans from the paranormal world encroaching on theirs. Do I need to protect anyone from you?”

“I have no idea how I ended up in the middle of this. I was minding my own business when—”

Volmere’s laugh cut off Sataire. He raised his hand over his head and pointed in the opposite direction from where they stood. “I’m out of here. Too much excitement.”

Sataire wanted to go, too, but he didn’t want to leave Clay. The demon hunters were known to be gay. Initiation into their illustrious group was having had sex with a demon and living to tell the tale. And this gay demon hunter found Clay Young attractive if the way he leered was any indication.

“As I was saying,” Sataire directed his words to the demon slayer, “we mind our own business. I hope you do, too.” He moved closer to Clay in case the guy was slow.

Clay looped his arm around his shoulder. “I can vouch for him.”

“You think I’d listen to you?” Paul Dean said. “You slept with a demon.”

“You’re one to talk,” Clay snapped back. “If a paranormal

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creature poses no threat, you can't legally infringe on their rights."

Since when did vampires have rights? Maybe coming to Hollywood wasn't such a bad idea after all.

"What about indecent exposure?" The demon hunter pointed to Volmere. "Do you always parade around bare-assed naked?"

CHAPTER 8

“We’ve got zombies,” Volmere yelled as he rounded the corner with knives in his hand. He tossed two to Sataire, who caught them by the handles with ease.

“Kitchen knives?” Sataire said as he took off running to keep up with Volmere.

“They’re sharp as hell, though.”

In the hallway on the left side of the house four zombies surrounded the body of a woman. Sataire didn’t have to wonder if she still lived since her head hung by a thread of skin. The sound the creatures made as they devoured the woman’s body were enough to sicken a vampire who’d seen it all.

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This wouldn't be easy. Fire worked best, but it wasn't an option since they didn't have a flame thrower handy. Who would? What was this fucking world coming to? Zombies didn't dissipate like demons and vampires. "Get their hands and heads first."

"I hate zombies," Volmere said in reply.

Tai chi, karate, aikido, ninja, kung fu, tae kwon do and silat—they both had mastered them all. Add knives and they made a deadly duo. With their own weapons they could face down a dozen zombies each. With kitchen knives...who knew?

With their backs to each other, Volmere and Sataire moved into the fray, slicing and dicing decayed skin. "After tonight I promise," Volmere said as he cut off a finger, sending it ricocheting against Sataire cheek.

Sataire didn't want to talk...these knives were shit. Cut off hands and heads? They were lucky to get a stray finger. He sliced a hunk of meat from one's shoulder, while stabbing another in the gut.

"Here!"

Sataire glanced toward the sound in time to see Clay raise a sword. He tossed it into the air, and Sataire dropped his knife and caught the handle of the sword just as one of the zombies clawed his chest with sharp, ragged nails, slicing through his robe. After kneeling the zombie backward, Sataire brought the blade down across his neck, sending the head flying. The edge was razor sharp. He swung back up, taking the arm off at the shoulder before he kicked the rest of the body back against the

wall.

The second zombie lost its head next and then both arms. “Your turn,” Sataire said as he turned. When Volmere caught sight of the sword, he gave a shout before tossing his knife to take it. Sataire was moving back to give him room when he was stabbed in the foot. He lowered his head to see the kitchen knife in the hand of the arm he’d severed only moments before. The knife stood upright, while the hand and half an arm still held it.

Fucking zombies. A head landed near, the blackened teeth still snapping.

Someone slid a suitcase across the floor. Sataire looked up from the head into the demon hunter’s eyes.

“I’ll fill this with pieces, while you find something else. A canvas bag won’t work for long. Eventually the teeth will gnaw a hole, but it’ll slow the body parts down. Look for a garbage can...something metal or heavy plastic.”

Sataire reached down and wrestled the knife out of the hand and then out of his foot. “This won’t heal well. Fucking zombies are the source of every vile microorganism since the beginning of time.”

He held the arm at the wrist while it wriggled like a fish on the hook. Even the decayed tissue scattered about the floor crawled and twisted. The supernatural power propelling the happening seemed to still be going stronger.

One zombie made sense. Several didn’t. The demon killed only moments before could hardly have the soul of more than one of them. The chances were a million to one. The

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paranormal world had clearly spun out of control and where it led them would be anyone's guess. He tossed two heads into the bag and had just zipped it shut when another rolled across the floor in front of him. The teeth snapped at the handle of the suitcase.

"Fucking zombies," Sataire screamed. "When they're like this you can't reason with them. I have bits of them in my hair."

Volmere hacked away. His white hair was covered with noxious clumps of moving, twisting, black, gooey tissue.

The demon hunter tossed a plastic tub to him. "I called in a disposal team. ETA less than two minutes, dude."

"Dude?" Sataire grabbed the head attacking the suitcase by the hair. Halfway to the bucket, the hair came loose from the head, which hit the floor again with a nasty splat. The tongue pushed against the floor, and inched near Sataire's bare foot, the one that had already been wounded.

As he watched the head, two gloved hands reached down to capture it. Sataire looked up into Henry's blue eyes.

"It's the least I can do." The man was dressed from head to foot in leather, with what appeared to be ski boots. He even had a ski mask on his head.

When he picked up a wriggling pecker next, a laugh flew out of Sataire's mouth. He couldn't contain it. His amusement was short-lived when men began to file into the room. They were dressed in containment suits and several carried metal trunks. By the looks on their faces, they were surprised to find a naked zombie slayer.

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“You wouldn’t catch me naked in this fucking shit, dudes,” one of them said.

The NCCSC had descended on the scene like locusts. Sataire expected someone to whip out the stakes and end his miserable life any time. Volmere clutched to the sword as if silently saying he wouldn’t go without a fight. Hell help anyone who approached in a threatening way.

Sataire had had enough. His foot hurt like hell where he had zombie crud in his wound and it would take a very long time to heal if he didn’t get it cleaned up soon. He shot a look to Clay. “I’ll be damned if I’ll be called dude again. I’m taking a shower.”

Volmere could take care of anything left to be handled. Sataire remember passing a well-stocked bar and shuffled in that direction.

Clay followed. “Clean my sword when you finish with it,” he said to Volmere.

The sword have been on the wall of Clay’s bedroom, near the door. But Sataire remembered there were tai chi swords over the headboard, too. “Good thing you thought of the sword. But why’d you only bring us one?”

“I was in a hurry. I grabbed the closest one and ran. If I hadn’t sharpened it recently, I probably wouldn’t have thought of it. It’s not like I’ve considered using it to slice up zombies. I never really believed any of them would see action. Besides, the other two don’t have much of an edge.”

“You’ll never look at your sword the same.”

“I’ll never look at anything the same.”

CHAPTER 9

Sataire had cleaned both the wound in his foot and the gashes on his side with expensive vodka, but bits and pieces of wriggling zombie clung to him and his hair. He scratched the back of his neck and produced what looked like a bloody worm. On closer inspection, Sataire could see it was a vein.

“I’ll take that.” One of NCCSC men approached and thrust an open steel-reinforced bag at him.

Dropping the wriggling vein into the opening, Sataire felt Clay picking in his hair. “How long do these pieces do this?”

“We’re not sure, but it’s increasing,” the man said. “Both these kinds of attacks and the duration of time they last. Good work getting rid of them with one sword and kitchen knives

between you. Keep an eye on that foot.”

Sataire didn’t need to be reminded of his stupid move in dropping the knives. “Will we be having a problem with you guys next?”

Paul Dean joined them. “Maybe this will help. Sam, I need you over here.”

The top of a dark head bobbing through the crowd in their direction held Sataire’s attention. The men seemed to make way as he moved. God only knew what that was about. When he drew closer, Sataire understood.

A vampire.

“I’d like you to meet Sam Davis. He’s part of our team.”

“I’m the token vampire.”

“I’d like to talk to you and Volmere about changing that,” Paul said. “We could use guys like you on our team.”

Guys? Since when did they become guys? At least he didn’t say dudes again. The day Sataire became one of the guys, he’d file off his fangs.

“That’s why you’d fit. We don’t need anyone longing to be human,” Sam said.

Sataire was in the presence of a powerful vampire. He’d come into Sataire’s mind without warning, and Sataire hadn’t felt it. “I need a shower.” What he really needed was some time to think. How could a single day bring so much chaos?

A touch at his elbow shot a current through his entire body. *Clay*. Just like that, this thing between them spread in a wave, making both Volmere, who’d joined them, and Sam wince. *Sanguimones* radiated from Sataire in waves. This

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couldn't be ignored. As his cock rose in front of everyone, Sataire turned on his heel. "One fucking word and I'll bite."

Something was crawling along his scalp. No wonder they needed zombie killers...it wasn't pleasant to have bits of rotted corpse crawling on you. All the way to Clay's bedroom, the pieces tormented him. Thankfully, Clay had one of the steel reinforced bags in his hand.

At the door leading into the shower Clay reached up and picked at Sataire's hair. "This is a first for me." He held a piece of muscle about an inch long and a quarter-inch thick, still moving. "Let's put it in a glass jar and see how long it wiggles."

"Let's, you fucking crazy soap opera actor."

"Crazy fucking vampire. Get your slimy ass in the shower. You stink."

The nice thing about living in Hollywood...the bathrooms were all a man could want and, as he'd seen earlier, this one was no exception. Sataire walked with stiff dignity across the tile floor. The faucet, cool at his touch, delivered immediate relief when he turned it. His head lolled back as his excess energy went down the drain with the blood and rot-blackened water.

Then it hit him...the faucet had been cool at his touch. This thing between Clay and him had made his body react like a human.

When a moment later hands touched his hair again, he didn't wonder. The delicate scent of gardenias filled his senses before Clay's hands applied thick, creamy shampoo to his

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itching scalp. Clay's light, unhurried soaping helped shrug off thoughts of decaying flesh. An occasional piece of zombie fell to the floor with a splat. *Fuck 'em.* Sataire savored the sensation as Clay massaged the filth away.

None of his ministrations were sexual, but Sataire's cock still remained at high mast. "This is nice."

"We've had a hell of a first date. One for the record books."

And Clay was a hell of a man. Men like him didn't come along often. "I have no idea where to go from here."

"I'll tell you where. Put your head under the water and rinse."

Was Clay waffling? Sataire did as he was told. "It's not like we have anything in common."

"There's a shuffle board tournament at the country club tomorrow."

Sataire needed to shut Clay up. He caught the back of his neck and tugged him closer. The sensation of their lips touching was like coming home. Like apple pie and holiday cookies. No way could he un-live without this. The attachment went wild, sending vibrations bouncing off the walls.

Clay pulled away, his golden gaze searching Sataire's. "In case you're wondering, I love you, too."

Sataire's smile reached his toes. "Who would've believed it? I've found tall, dark and twisted in a soap opera star."

"When I tattoo your name on my ass, you can call me tall, dark, tattooed and twisted."

"I can call you mine."

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 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

Chicago, one who's risked his life to save Steven. But Craig saves lives while Steven sells his body to make ends meet, and no way could anything come of the attraction both of them experience in each other's presence.

Or could it?

When Steven meets life's greatest challenge, he discovers for the first time that he has true value as an openly gay man. But will it be enough to erase his checkered past and win the heart of a demon-hunting cowboy?

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