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Presents:*

*Labor  
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RAVEN STARR

# ONE NIGHT AT THE OFFICE



RED ROSE PUBLISHING

*One Night at  
the Office  
by  
Raven Starr*



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## Chapter One

The blaring, high-pitched buzz of her alarm clock echoed loudly. She reached one hand from underneath her warm fluffy blanket to slap the vibrating, bothersome contraption. *Another ten minutes*, she thought, withdrawing her hand back into the warmth of her cotton cocoon.

Mika rolled on her side, trying to recapture the last remnants of her dream. She wiggled around, finding her comfort spot. Slowly she felt her body begin to sink into the depths of sleep.

*Buzz...Buzz...Buzz...*

She sighed louder, pounding the alarm, then threw back her blankets and sat up. Mika rubbed her face, trying to awaken her sleepy muscles while wiping the gunk from her eyes. She glanced at the time. *Six-thirty*. The sun began to set and the wild night ached to begin. *I can't believe I gave up my night to work. What an idiot I am!*

She placed her feet on the bare floor, trying to make some sense of her new job's hours. Being a free spirit, she sometimes bounced from job to job, working and leaving while searching for her niche, a place she could call home. She ran her slender fingers through her long, straight, midnight-black hair.

Mika stood, swatting the clock again for waking her from her beautiful dreams. She stripped off her cotton shirt and panties; flipped up the water faucet; started the shower; and then stepped in.

The hot water massaged her back. She bowed her head, allowing the spray to cascade down her neck and shoulders. She smirked while thinking about her night ahead. *Why did I volunteer to work tonight?* Her mind flashed back to the meeting where her manager Amanda had droned on about finding some night help.

Being a night owl and wanting nothing more than to stop Amanda's bland tone from boring her further with the useless information that had begun burrowing tunnels into her brain, Mika had instantly she raised her hand when Amanda had paused for breath. Amanda had jotted something down, which Mika figured had to be her name, then hurried past her, muttering something about luck as she did. *What does that mean?* Mika had thought at the time. *Luck?*

Mika opened her eyes. Steam had filled the shower and began clogging her lungs. She switched off the shower and stood there in the steam. The heat prickled her skin. She exhaled slowly before sliding the glass door and stepping out of her vapor shower.

Instantly, her nipples puckered from the drastic temperature drop. She reached out and plucked her towel from the rack and began to dry her body. She walked to the foggy mirror and wiped her palm against it. For a moment, all she

could see were her slanted dark-brown eyes and steam rising up around her head, which made her look as if she were standing at the entrance to hell.

Mika took the towel and cleared the mirror completely. Standing there naked, she could truly examine her body. Her eyes went from her perky, full 34 C-cup breasts to her flat stomach, and then around back to her more-than-sufficient ass. Being five-foot-five, she had the perfect hourglass figure.

Once dry, she whipped her crimson towel around her wet hair, and then walked into her room. She headed directly to her closet, and flung open the door, starting her daily search for something to wear. *Oh, wait, I don't need my dress pants, customary white shirt, and vest; tonight, I can wear whatever I please.*

She flicked the closet door closed, then walked over to her chestnut dresser. Nimble, her fingers pulled out the fourth drawer and withdrew a dark-blue pair of denims. Using her hips to push the drawer shut, Mika then leaned her back against the dresser to slip on her jeans. She swiveled around, twisting, jumping and turning, maneuvering her thick ass into her pants. *The only good thing about working nights would be no stuffy collared shirts!*

Mika pulled on a white shirt with gold beading; splashed on her favorite perfume; and headed for the door. As soon as she hit the streets, the warm night air massaged her skin, making her feel alive. She looked at her car but opted for walking instead. Working in a stifling warehouse all night meant she'd miss the

wild nightlife that Urban City had in abundance. *This better be worth it*, she thought, heading down Main Street.

Yet she had a feeling tonight would change her life forever.



## Chapter Two

With her earphones securely plugged in, Mika walked down the street, feet dancing to their own beat. The farther she trooped down the sidewalk, the slower she went. Tempted by the neon lights, the drunken banter of the club-goers, and the delicious aromas filling the air, she stopped. Like a kid in a candy store, her cravings changed from Maria's sweet scents of the authentic Italian food to the jazzy spice of Rain's Thai food; all of it made her stomach growl.

She glanced down at her watch then back at Rain Restaurant, furrowing her sculpted brow. *It's going to be a long night; without food, it would be torture.* Her stomach growled in agreement. Without any more delay, she jetted inside. As the smells intensified, she knew she'd made the right decision. Fifteen minutes later with a small brown paper bag in one hand, she headed back towards the warehouse on Fourth Avenue.

The warehouse district wasn't exactly the safest place for anyone to be, especially a woman, especially at night. But years of living in this city and running with the scourge of the earth gave Mika an advantage. She gripped the bag tighter, straightened her back, and walked down the dark sidewalk. Distorted voices filtered from the alley. She glanced at the old men milling around behind the warehouse door. *I wonder what they're doing back there.*

Mika scurried up the steps to a big steel, gray door. She tried to pull the handle, but it didn't budge. *Why is it locked?* She looked around and pulled the overgrown ivy off the rusty intercom.

"I wonder if this even works," she murmured, pushing in the faded red button.

While she waited, she turned to keep her back toward the door and her eyes on the street. Scattered voices in the distant darkness mixed with the eerie shadows on the walls made the hairs on the back of her neck begin to rise. Again, she turned and pressed the button. *Come on!*

As the voices started becoming clearer, Mika wondered if the vagabonds were out of the alley and slowly approaching her on the front stoop. Her heart started to race at the thought of a confrontation with these lurking street folks. *You've got to be kidding! This just can't be real! Why isn't anyone coming to answer this damned door?* Her worst fears were beginning to come to fruition when she saw a man emerge from the shadows.

"Hey, you got a quarter, lady?" one of the men said as he crept up the stairs.

*Great, this is just great!*

She could see the dirt smeared on his face; and when the down wind blew, the smell of urine filled her nostrils.

“No, I don’t,” she said and shrugged, trying to hide her dinner behind her back.

“Maybe you have something else, then?” another man snickered as he began to climb the steps.

*Oh, this is even better. I volunteer for a one-night job and end up being a front-page news candidate!* She pushed back against the railing, preparing herself for escape. As the men’s feet landed on the flat concrete, the heavy steel door opened with a loud creaking sound. From the doorway out stepped a tall, almost menacing-looking man.

“There will be no ruckus here tonight, gentlemen.” His calm baritone voice was almost hypnotic. The two stopped in their tracks. “Take your panhandling somewhere else. This young lady is mine tonight. Now be gone, or I shall become angry and that wouldn’t be good for any of us, now would it?” As if on command, the men backed down the stairs, their eyes held fast by the tall mysterious man.

Never taking her eyes off the drama unfolding before her, Mika seemed stunned when her manager turned to stare at her. *What did he mean by I’m his tonight?*

“You’re late,” he said.

“S-s-sorry,” she stammered.

“No problem. My name is Caleb. Welcome to the night shift.” He held the door open further.

She stared at his piercing ice-blue eyes as she walked into the warehouse.

“Like I said, you’re late, Miss...?” His voice danced as if they were sugar fairies in her heart.

“Light Feather,” she whispered.

“Really? What a strange name. It fits you my dear.” He glided behind on silent feet. She kept her shoulders straight and tried to stay perfectly still.

“What is your first name, Miss Light Feather?” His words caressed her earlobes as if they had been slippery lovers.

“Huh?” Her mind felt as if little fires had sprouted and were beginning to spread. *Why can’t I think? It’s not like I haven’t been around my fair amount of handsome men. Come on, girl, snap outta this!*

“Your name.” His words reverberated through her body.

“Mika. My name is Mika.”

“Who are your people?” he asked.

*How strange, why would he ask me that?* “I’m Cherokee and black, if that’s what you’re asking me.”

“How excellent,” he whispered.

Swiftly he came around her and began to walk down the stairs. He stopped short and asked, “What is that peculiar fragrance I smell?”

“I’m wearing—”

“Yes, I know, J. Lo’s Glow. I can smell that already, but there is something else.”

Bewildered that he spoke to her without turning around to face her, Mika heard his words as if he were standing directly in front of her face.

“I have some spicy chicken from Rain,” she said, holding up the small brown bag even though he couldn’t see it.

Caleb nodded then continued down the rest of the stairs. “Are you coming?” he asked.

“Yeah, sorry.” She thumped her forehead and then followed him onto the main floor of the warehouse. She marveled at all the massive rows of neatly stacked wooden boxes and crates.

“Do you like art, Mika?” His voice slithered down her spine. It took great control to keep herself from shivering in response.

“Yes, I do. Mr....?”

“King. My name is Caleb King but please...” He turned abruptly, grabbing her hand and kissing it. “Call me Caleb.” He winked.

His lips felt cold, but there was something intoxicating about the way he looked at her.

Mika nibbled the side of her lip, and then answered, “Okay, Caleb.”

“Now, let me show you where you may put your belongings, and then we can get to work.” Caleb smiled then walked away.

“Is there anyone else coming?”

“No. It’s just us tonight. All night.”

She swallowed her fears and followed him in the back room. Her night manger was a hunk, a tall man with broad shoulders, beautiful blue eyes, and a deep, penetrating voice that soothed and awakened her senses all at the same time. She slowed to stare at his ass. *I can’t believe I’m checking out my boss!* His body seemed to beg for freedom from the constricting clothes, which were all black. With his dark outfit contrasting against his translucent skin, it made him appear as if he were glowing.

*This can’t be real!*

Not wanting to fall too much behind, she jogged to catch up with him.

“Here is where you can put your belongings,” Caleb said, ushering her into a small room with a round table in the middle.

She glanced around. Beautiful artwork by Picasso and Rembrandt were meticulously placed on the walls. She gasped and walked over to a large portrait of different-hued triangles of orange, black, and red.

“Isn’t this *Tigre Real*?”

“Ah, you know of Salvador Dali’s work. He was a good friend of mine.” He whispered the latter so low; she didn’t acknowledge she’d heard it.

“Yes,” she said, putting down her bag. “I’m a huge fan.”

“Then tonight you shall be heaven. In those crates are precious art antiquities that must be catalogued quickly. You may see things you’d never thought possible. Settle in; I will return in a moment.”

“Okay,” she muttered, still entranced by the picture. “Wait, Caleb.” She turned to head for the door. He popped in his head so quickly, she bumped into him.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

Mika couldn’t speak; afraid if she did, he would stop gliding his hands up and down her bare skin. Her clit began to tingle as a warm sensation swept over her body. This time she couldn’t help but shiver.

“Are you okay?” he asked again, leaning closer to her face.

She stared at his lips as if she were a hungry predator ready to attack but fighting the urge to actually taste him.

“Yeah, I just wanted to thank you for saving my ass outside.” Her voice came out in a hushed whisper.

Caleb pulled her close, looking over her shoulder at her ass then back into her eyes. “It’s a helluva ass. I’m sure we can find a way for you to thank me.” He slapped her bottom playfully then walked out.

*Was he just flirting with me?* Her ass stung a little bit, but it only fueled to her burning desires.

She looked down the dark, empty hallway, half expecting him to jump out and scare the shit out of her again, but he didn’t. Mika walked back into the room to examine the rest of the art. She had to shake the dirty thoughts racing through her brain about her night manager. *I bet there is a lot he could teach me.* A smile slid across her coco-brown face. *It’s going to be a long night.*



## Chapter Three

Caleb walked to the back of the warehouse and slipped silently out the door into the alley. He could smell the fire that had recently burned out. He sniffed the air, his keen senses filtering out every odor until he found precisely what he was sought. With lightning speed, he whooshed around the side of the building and grabbed the malodorous bum by his throat.

The shocked man tried to speak, but the words were choked from him. Caleb said nothing as he turned the man's head and pierced his flesh with his long white fangs. The other derelict grabbed a stick and ran up on Caleb. With a loud whack, the stick broke over Caleb's back. Caleb looked up; his blue eyes now void of color narrowed menacingly. He sneered, dropping the bloody man on the pavement and pounced on his attacker.

"You dare to attack me, you vagrant?! Unlike your friend, I won't drain you, but make you my loyal dog instead. For eternity you will have to repay me for the crime you have committed against me."

"I'm sorry," choked the apologetic man.

Without another word, Caleb pierced the man's neck; a dog howling in the distance played out as if Hollywood movie cameras were rolling. After drinking his fill of his new servant, Caleb dropped the man to his knees.

"What is your name?" he demanded, wiping away the crimson droplets from his lips.

"Andy," he gasped.

Caleb knelt down and grabbed Andy's chin in his icy grasp. "Welcome to hell, Andy. Now, dispose of your friend. Let no one enter. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

Caleb vanished into the darkness, leaving the wounded man to clean up the remains of his bloody friend.



*Wow, he's been gone a mighty long time.* Mika paced the length of the room nervously. *Where'd he go?* She peeked down the way just in time to see Caleb's manly swagger coming towards her. *Damn, he's sexy.* Her heart fluttered with each step he took. She slipped back inside the room.



Caleb ran his thick fingers through his wavy brown hair before entering the small room.

“Did you miss me, Mika?” he teased.

“Why do you ask?” Her voice tempted his throbbing loins. Her body was perfect. Not a skinny Minnie, but a real woman with curves. Remembering the way her ass jiggled when he slapped it made his cock rise.

“Let’s get started.” He stood in the archway but offered her to lead the way. As she walked past, he reached out to squeeze her round rear.

Mika hesitated for a second and looked over her shoulder. Lust burned underneath her skin. If his heart could beat, it would skip several times for this mixed Native-American beauty.

He followed the rhythmic swish of her ass as she walked in front of him.

“Come this way,” he said, leading her down one of the many aisles. He picked up a crowbar as he approached a huge wooden crate. With one swift movement, he pried the crowbar underneath one of the railings and popped it opened. Dust cascaded down like a waterfall of debris. Mika backed away, coughing.

He cocked his head in her direction. *How I miss the simple pleasure of breathing.*

“You okay over there?” he asked, continuing to pry open the rest of the box.

“Yep, I’m good,” she replied, clearing her throat.



Mika stood back to collect herself. Her lungs burned from inhaling the foreign dust. She smiled, watching him maneuver the objects around in the open crate. From where she stood, she could make out eighteenth-century artifacts from all of over the world. For hours, Caleb had Mika hauling, counting, and tagging many different objects. Standing on her feet for several hours made her damned happy she'd worn her comfy sneakers. Sweat dotted her brow; she took out a napkin from her front pocket and dabbed her forehead.

"It's almost midnight." Caleb looked up at the ceiling as if staring at the full moon. "You must be hungry." His eyes locked on her.

"Yes, I am."

"Well, by all means, eat. Take forty-five minutes for your break, but the only thing I ask is that you do not leave the building. We don't want a repeat performance of earlier, do we?"

"No, we don't." She flashed him a smile. "I'll see you in awhile."

"Yes, you will."

Mika hurried through the maze of empty crates and stacked portraits, then scrambled up the stairs to the break room. She couldn't wait to dig into her spicy cuisine.

## Chapter Four

Caleb stalked through the warehouse, his mind obsessed with midnight feast. Her unknowing knowledge of what the rest of the night entailed made Mika even sexier. Silently, he slipped out the back door to check on his newly appointed grunt.

The alley still remained the same save for one thing—the body was gone. *Not bad, at least he listens.*

“Andy?” he called, his keen eyes scanning the vast darkness.

“Yes, master.” Andy shuffled into view.

Caleb smiled, his long-extended fangs glowing brightly. As Andy crept from the shadows, he could see the changes his bite had made. Andy’s dirty face contorted into an evil grimace. Foamy, yellow saliva oozed from the left side of his paralyzed jaw, creating dark tracks on his weathered face.

“Don’t call me master; my name is Caleb King.” He sniffed the night air.

“Dawn approaches; secure the warehouse and find breakfast. I think we’ll be famished when we rise again.”

“I’ll make it happen, C.K., I swear.” Andy slurred his speech.

“No promises. Just do it, Andy. Your life depends on how well you serve.”

Caleb turned and strode confidently back inside though his mind was full of confusion. Why was he thinking of keeping this girl? He had a nice deal with the Chaos demon, Amanda. She found the stragglers no one would miss, but now she had sent him this woman who intrigued him. Her intelligence was a turn-on. The more art she uncovered, her heart raced, warming her blood almost to boiling. Her intoxicating scent tingled in his nose, making his cock ache for release.

Every time he had her bending over grabbing objects, he envisioned himself plunging his cock deep inside her. He walked into his office, closing the door quietly. In previous encounters he'd fuck the women, draining them, and leave their corpses in hidden gullies.

Caleb paced the length of his gold and maroon oriental carpet. This Native vixen consumed his thoughts. Never had he felt the urge to turn another, but this woman... *No*. He stopped the thoughts cold. *I can't think this way. I have lived for centuries without the need to have a mate*. He forced the image from his mind. *Maybe I'll just release her now without...*

*Knock...Knock...* He furrowed his thick eyebrows.

"Come in."

Mika opened the door and entered. Immediately, his eyes went to her breasts.

“What can I do for you?” he asked. He could smell the spicy Thai sauce as she drew closer to him.

“I was wondering if there was a microwave somewhere. I’d love to heat up my dinner.” Her brown orbs danced lively.

“There is an old microwave here.” He moved to the side to reveal the small white appliance. “I don’t think it works, but you are more than able to check it out for yourself.”

“Okay.” Mika strode past him and bent over to fiddle with the buttons. Caleb stood back, watching her hips sway lightly from side to side. Unable to contain himself any longer, he reached out to squeeze her ass. Like a magnet it drew him in, closer and closer until his aching erection rubbed against her.

Light moans wafted to his ears, fueling his libido. His hands slid up her round rear, then gripped her waist. Mika stood. He pushed her hair to one side, leaned down, and sniffed her skin. Again her moans of delight triggered his devious urges. Swiftly, his hands ran up her stomach to cup her perky, full breasts. Her puckered nipples begged to be touched.



Mika didn’t know what was happening until she found her body afire with pleasure. Her heart sped up as Caleb’s hands fumbled with the clasp of her bra. His

cold hands shocked her warm skin. She gasped, but it didn't stop him from fondling her. She leaned her back against him, surrendering to his embrace.

She turned to place tiny kisses on his pasty skin. Her breath came out in gasps as he pushed his hand down into her jeans. She parted her lips and exhaled. No way in hell could she turn back now, not when her body screamed for him to ravish her. Her tongue lashed out to taste his earlobe. She felt his hand tracing her nub inquisitively. She spread her legs slightly to accommodate his wandering fingers.

Mika wrapped her left arm around his neck, whispering her desire in his ear.

"Take these off," Caleb said, pulling down her jeans and exposing her lacy panties. "And these." He grabbed the material in his hands and tore them off.

She cast her head over her shoulder. Seeing a perfect opportunity, she bent over again, wiggling her ass. Caleb knelt down, burying his face into her wet valley.

"Oh, my God," she moaned as he tickled her clit. Mika tried to stop the shaking in her knees, but her body trembled with pleasure. "Oh, Caleb, don't stop," she purred.

"Come here." He stood up quickly and spun her around so her ass sat comfortably on his desk. She put her palms flat on the desk, steadying herself, and then propped her leg up as Caleb continued his assault on her clit.



With each lick Mika found herself losing control, giving in to her lustful side. She plunged her fingers into his mass of dark locks.

“Eat my pussy, Caleb. Don’t stop; don’t stop!” She groaned, grinding her wet jewel against his tongue until her crème filled his mouth. Flushed but yearning for more she opened her eyes. Caleb blue orbs glowed as a sinister smile split his face.

“What’s that look for?”

“I want to taste you,” he growled, his tongue still working her clit.

“You just did.” She nibbled the side of her lip.

“Can I taste you again?” he mumbled, licking her inner thigh.

“Yes,” she said breathlessly.

She didn’t know what was happening until she felt something razor sharp piercing her flesh.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, grabbing the sides of the solid wood desk. “Oh, Caleb!”

The moment she called his name, his teeth dug deeper into her skin. Mika grabbed a handful of his dark hair as waves of euphoria swept through her body. Electric currents raced through her as Caleb broke his hold of her thigh. When he looked up at her, crimson rivulets dripped down the corners of his full mouth.

“I love the way you taste.” He licked his lips and stood.

She couldn’t take her eyes off him. Shock registered within her but was overthrown with her carnal hunger for intense pleasure.

“Do you want some?” he asked, grabbing his rock-hard cock with both hands

“Yes,” she muttered.

As soon as she muttered the answer, he turned her around with such force the room seemed to spin.

Mika’s mind went blank; passion ruled her soul. Hearing Caleb unzipping his pants sent shivers down her spine. Never had she wanted a man as badly as she wanted Caleb. She arched her back as his big palms massaged her ass cheeks.

“Please,” she whispered.

Feeling the head of his cock teasing the tip of clit made her heart flutter as if the wings of a hummingbird beat in her chest. Without a word he plunged his throbbing rod deep inside her. Mika let out a squeal of pleasure. She began rocking her hips back and forth, pushing his cock in harder. Moans escaped his lips as she bounced her ass back on him.

She knew how to work her body; and from Caleb’s moans and groans, she knew how to work him too.



Caleb had spent countless years wooing women, using them and discarding them like Kleenex, but this one woman was blowing his mind. With each stroke, his cock grew harder within her warm, wet folds. He leaned forward to cup her

bouncing breasts and tweak her soft brown nipples. He felt his lover's body tense, signaling she was about to cum again.

At that moment he began pummeling her convulsing wet pussy. She let out a scream that ricocheted through the abandoned warehouse.

"I like to hear you scream, Mika," he growled in her ear. "Say my name."

He squeezed her waist, pulling her knees up on the desk for deeper penetration. He looked down at the arc of her back, loving the rhythmic sway of her full hips. His white cock disappearing in her chocolate essence mesmerized him.

Caleb bit his bottom lip. His fangs grazing his soft flesh caused his red vital fluid to seep out from a small wound. He rocked back with her, feeling her muscles squeezing his engorged flesh.

"Say my name," he ordered again as he began to pound her harder.

"Caleb!" she screamed through clenched teeth.

"Louder," he said as the head of rod reached her G-spot.

"Caleb!" she screamed again, her body shaking as her sweet nectar covered his shaft.

"I'm not done," he said, nipping at her ear.

Caleb withdrew his dripping wet cock and turned his nearly spent lover around. "Are you tired?" he asked, licking her luscious lips.

“No,” she lied.

“Kiss me.”

Her warm lips against his only fueled his sexual craving for her. He pressed his mouth hard against hers. But when he felt her teeth nip his wounded lip, he tried to back away. Mika held him in her embrace, suckling at the wound like a hungry infant.

“Mika,” he moaned. “Wait.”

He watched as the red droplets danced on her pink tongue.



Pleasure blurred her senses as his blood rejuvenated her weary body. His body might have been void of warmth, but his juices were warm and rousing.

“I want you back inside me, Caleb,” she pleaded, locking her legs over his forearms.

“As you wish,” he complied. Grabbing his pulsing member, he stuffed himself inside her. With every flourish of his waist, she mimicked his movement. Using her nails she popped the buttons from his shirt, revealing his chest. She sat up and pushed herself down on his waist to place kisses on his bare throat.

Mika felt him try to pull back again.

“Don’t,” she whispered in his ear. “Don’t pull away.” She held his square jaw in her small hands, holding his gaze.

“You have no idea who I am, Mika. This isn’t what I expected; but ever since you walked in here tonight, you’ve consumed my thoughts.”

“It’s fine, Caleb. I want to know you.”

“How can you be so sure? I could be a bad man.”

“I am not afraid.”

They stared at each other for a long time; Caleb’s swift, strong movements turned slow and meticulous.

“Give it to me,” she beseeched, clawing at his back. She could feel his blood mixing with her own, changing her, converting her. “Harder,” she moaned, sensing the shudder of another orgasm threatening to ripple through her frame.

Caleb obliged her wishes, pounding her steadily with his bulging flesh. Her legs seized, and her body began to shake as if an earthquake had taken over her. She held him in her arms, losing herself in strong embrace.

“Oh, God, I’m gonna cum!” she screamed, her lips trembling as if hypothermia had set.

Caleb arched her back, probing her with his cock. At the very height of her ecstasy, he sank his fangs into her throat. He drank until they exploded with spent desire.

“You are close to death. I can give a gift, but you must choose.”

“I chose a hundred lifetimes with you,” the words rolled from her dying lips.

“Then drink.” He pierced the tender flesh of his wrist and pressed it to her mouth. She gulped down the metallic nourishment, savoring the sweet taste. As she broke free she felt the warmth draining from her body. He cradled her in his arms like a newborn as her body started to shake.

“Caleb?” she asked through chattering teeth.

“It’s okay,” he cooed, smoothing down her hair. “It’ll be over soon enough.” He kissed her sweetly.

## Chapter Five

Again Caleb caught himself pacing in his office. He glanced at his incapacitated lover. The tremors and fever-induced chills finally subsided. Mika lay on the small leather couch, her heart barely beating. Yes, he'd thought about turning her; but now as she lay there, he worried. *God, I hope I made the right decision.* He glanced at his watch. Only a few hours left till daylight. The first hunger was vital for her transformation. He needed to make sure Mika's meal would be fresh. He gave her a sideways glance.

The transformation was different for each person; and since this was his second attempt at siring anyone, he felt like a novice. His new grunt worker Andy's change, for example, had begun to deform his face, making him look more ghoulish. Caleb walked over and knelt by Mika's side. Slowly his fingers traced her jaw line. Her breath bated and floundered as her life force drained from her.

"Sleep, my love; I shall return." He kissed her forehead, and then moved swiftly and silently out the door. Caleb made his way through the dismal corridors and into the alley.

"Andy," he called, his eyes penned to the semi-dark sky.

Dogs barked loudly in the distance. Clanging from the tin lids of garbage cans falling over got Caleb's attention.

"I am here, Mr. King." Andy slithered out from the dark. Now in the light of the lamppost, Caleb could see Andy's mouth was smeared with blood. He inhaled deeply. The coppery aroma coated his throat. *It's not human.* His curious eyes spied the bloody remains of a street rat in Andy's clawed hand. *He's hunting rats.*

He heard the music floating on the air from the club around the corner on East Avenue. *I don't have enough time.*

Again, Caleb looked towards the sky. He was cutting it close; turning Mika so late in the evening wasn't good. The warehouse had blacked-out windows with bolted steel doors, but safety wasn't his main concern. When Mika woke up she would be famished. If he couldn't supply her with fresh human blood, she'd turn on him. Then it would be a fight for life and that was not something he wanted. He licked his lips and pondered his next move quickly. His choices were clear; either a prostitute from the docks or a woman from the KitCat Club on East.

"Andy, I will return. For no reason or concern should you dare to enter the warehouse in my absence. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. King," Andy replied. Big chunks of flesh fell from his face, landing in a puddle of pink gelatin.



Andy's transformation was drastically negative. He no longer looked like a man. His spine was crooked. It bent him over with a hump. His remaining teeth were narrowed and jagged. *God, I hope I have not condemned my sweet Mika to the life of a monster.* Because of the anger Caleb had felt when he'd bitten this man, it had caused this malformation. Sooner or later Caleb would put Andy out of his misery; but for now, he was useful.

Without any reservations, Caleb took to the night sky. Even though he'd been alive for centuries, experiencing many different lifetimes, flying was by all means one of the best perks to being one of the undead. He swooped down close to club. With a quick snap of his neck, he adjusted his collar, fixed his hair, and walked into the club.

A big, burly man with tattoos covering his forearms stood at the entrance. He placed his palm on Caleb's chest.

Caleb halted. He furrowed his brow, glancing down at the man's hand, and then locked eyes with him.

"Take your hand off me," Caleb said calmly.

"Private party tonight, jerk," the bouncer snapped.

"I told you once; take your hand off of me," Caleb said again coldly.

The bouncer snickered and tried to push Caleb out the door. Instantaneously, Caleb gripped the man's pudgy wrist, bending it backwards. Pain etched on the man's face.

"I told you to take your hand away." He pulled the doorman closer and whispered in his ear. "You should've listened." Caleb broke the man's wrist, who crumpled in a heap by the door. Caleb stepped over him and walked into the club.

## Chapter Six

Caleb checked out the two girls on stage. A redhead and brunette danced seductively while old men leered closely. He used his keen sense of smell to filter out if the girls had any contagious blood diseases. Even though vampires were resistant against human diseases, he didn't want Mika's first meal to taste off or sour. *Pitiful humans*. Most blood stalkers' expertise grew with age, so differentiating abnormalities in the blood came with ease for him. Usually when deciding on a dinner menu, his choice would be slow and tactful, but not tonight. Tonight all he truly needed was a body full of warm, thick blood to sate his turned lover. Eagle-eyed, he contemplated his decision. *The brunette*.

Candidly, he hastened his pace to the stage. "Come with me." His blue eyes flashed black as his fangs slid into place. Caleb held his hand out to his intended victim, staring hypnotically into the young woman's brilliant green eyes.

"Hey, you!" a boorish voice shouted from behind.

Caleb turned around to see two men approaching. "No touching the girls."

"Stop," Caleb hissed, pointing his index at his foes. He cast his head over his shoulder back at the raven-haired hottie. "Come."

The woman reached out her hand and began stepping off the stage. Caleb turned in a flash as one of the big bouncers threw a punch. Lightning fast he dodged the attack, grabbing the brute's arm from underneath. Caleb tossed him across the bar, crashing him into several patrons and tables. In a continuous fluid movement he bent his knees as another punch drifted over the top of his head. With his hand balled in a fist, he punched the guy square in gut, doubling him over.

Caleb stood, flipping his collar, and held out his hand.

"Let's go."

From the gagging sound, he knew the bouncer ahead of him suffered from a serious gut wound. He felt the warmth of the woman's hand holding his, and instantly his thoughts turned to Mika.

"We need to go." With that, he led the woman from the club.

Keeping to the shadows he hurried towards the warehouse, praying he wasn't too late. As Caleb led the brunette down the dark alleyway, Andy scampered from his hiding place, brandishing a sharp shard of glass.

"Oh!" the woman yelled, jumping backwards.

"Do not fear." He shot a look at the scared woman. "Let's go," he said again, dragging her past Andy who had disappeared in the darkness. With dawn almost near there was no time to lose with a scared woman. Caleb pulled open the steel

door, yanking the woman inside, then shut and bolted it. *No escape*. The air in the repository was heavy. The woman held his arm, clinging to him like a lost child.

“Why are we here?” she asked, panicking.

Caleb’s turned his gaze; his mesmerizing eyes flashed. “What’s your name?”

“Chloe,” she answered trance-like.

“Well then, Chloe, don’t be afraid. My girlfriend is here and she is going to love you.” He stroked the side of her face soothingly. “Follow me. She’s down this way.” He smiled, leading the way, though his nerves stood on end as he pushed his office door open. Like a shot his eyes went towards the couch. *Empty! Where did she go?* Frantic, he ushered the woman inside.

“Settle in, Chloe. I’ll be right back.” He flashed a fake smile then backed out of the room in search of his beloved. He sniffed the stale air then headed for the small break room.

Clamor echoed from inside the room. He saw her image as he came closer to the door.

“Mika!” he exclaimed. “I was searching for you, my love.”

Mika slowly turned around. She’d donned a white sheer linen dress. He was sure he’d seen it on one of the ancient Egyptian artifacts. *Stunning*. Her brown skin was flawless and alluring with a haunting beauty that only came with the transformation. From where he stood, he could see the hunger burning in her eyes.

“Caleb?” she asked weakly. “Where were you?”

“I went to get you a surprise.” He walked to her, scooping her up in his strong embrace. “I was worried.” He kissed her lips. They were cold.

“I’m hungry,” she whispered in his ear.

“Follow me. We don’t have too much time.”

“I feel tired and wiped out.” Her voice had dropped an octave, making her sound like a sultry seductress.

“You need to feed and the sun is snapping at your heels. When the sun rises you will sleep; but first, you eat.” With that said he pushed open the door. Chloe sat on his desk, twiddling her thumbs.

“Oh, Caleb!” Mika said happily. “Is this my surprise?” Her eyes beamed brightly.

“Yes, my lovely. Do with her whatever you wish.” He kissed her forehead and watched as Mika sashayed towards the awaiting female. Caleb closed the door, clicking the lock softly.

## Chapter Seven

Mika's stomach growled with an intense hunger that she'd never experienced before. Her new eyes burned as if she'd been wearing contacts for too long. Even though her body was still her own, she felt her new vampire abilities raging inside.

She smelled blood coursing through the stripper's taut frame.

"Her name is Chloe," Caleb called out.

"Hello, Chloe," Mika said, licking her lips. Closer and closer she moved; her feet felt as if she walked on air. She stood within a hand's breadth away from the woman. "How lovely you are." She ran her fingers down the length of Chloe's neck. Feeling the racing pulse underneath creamy skin exhilarated Mika's libido.

Mika held the stripper gently by the throat, bringing her face close and kissing her passionately. Cold flesh against warm flesh made Mika's hunger grow exponentially. After the kiss, she raised her thin eyebrow and asked, "She's mine?"

"Yes," Caleb answered, sitting on the couch and adjusting his pants.

"To do with as I please?"

"Mostly, yes. I will be here to instruct you along the way. But hurry; your time is short."

Not being able to feel her heart beating felt mildly odd, but her thirst overwhelmed all other thoughts. Mika turned her attention back to Chloe. “Come here.” Chloe slid off the desk and walked over.

“Kneel,” Mika commanded, slowly pulling up her dress and exposing her shaved pussy. She was glad she didn’t have to instruct Chloe on what to do next. Her skin, cold as an Alaskan iceberg, melted with each lick from Chloe’s hot tongue. Mika let her fingers run rampant through the woman’s long dark tresses. Not used to her extremely heightened senses, the room bowed and swayed as waves of erotic pleasure rushed over Mika.

“Yes, Chloe,” she moaned, staring at Caleb. She rocked back and forth on her tippy toes, grinding her wet pussy against Chloe’s open mouth. With a slight pinch she felt her fangs slide into place. It was as if her senses were flying off the threads of a euphoric overload.

*Easy, Mika, Caleb cooed in her head. Let your new self indulge in every tasty sensation.*

A light growl escaped her parted lips. As she teetered on the verge of explosion, her eyes opened.



Caleb smiled, exposing his polished fangs. Now that Mika had fully awakened, her true color emanated. *Amethyst*. What a rare color, but truly befitting



of his exotic mate. Standing sideways he had a perfect view of her. Her silhouette had etched itself on the opposite wall. Watching both women in this position reminded him of a drive-in theater.

He licked his lips, wishing he were lapping up Mika's sweet nectar. He saw a shudder rippled through her. Caleb watched anxiously as Mika brought the girl to her feet. Mika's pink tongue finished licking her juices from Chloe's mouth.

"Do you like the way I taste?" she asked seductively.

Chloe nodded, her eyes transfixed on Mika.

"I want to taste you now." Mika nuzzled Chloe's neck. He saw Mika's tongue lash out to taste the dancer's damp skin. His cock yearned for release, but that would have to wait. Mika needed to satisfy her hunger before the trance-like state would consume her at dawn. Chloe let out a yelp as Mika's fangs pierced her jugular vein. Caleb stood behind Mika, letting his hands fondle her breasts.

Hearing her gulp down the warm claret made him forego his time constrictions. He unzipped pants, reached inside, and brought out his turgid penis. He threw up the back of Mika's dress and parted her legs, entering her wet portal.

Mika released her bite only for a moment to exhale, then dug her teeth back in to continue feasting.

"You have no idea how sexy you are, my love," he groaned, pumping his waist. Mika dropped the unconscious woman at her feet.

“Hurry, my love. I want to cum before the sleep takes me.”

Caleb withdrew his wet cock and twirled her, picking her up and wrapping her brown legs around his waist. Drops of blood creased the corners of her mouth.

“You’re beautiful,” he said, pushing himself back inside. Her thighs squeezed him tightly as he pummeled her into delirium. “Let me feel you cum.” He held her down on his waist, letting the tip of his erection tickle her G-spot. Her body fluctuated, tensed, then released as her warm crème covered his cock.

“That’s right, baby.” With one mighty thrust he spilled his seed inside her.

“My eyes feel heavy, my love,” she whispered, laying her head on his shoulder.

“Dawn is here.”

“But what of Chloe?”

“Do not fret over silly matters. I will take care of everything. Sleep now. Tonight our new life begins.” He pressed his lips lovingly against hers as her eyes closed and the sleep of the undead took her.

## Chapter Eight

Minutes after the sun had gone down, giving into the reckless night, Mika awoke. Memories of last night flooded back. She looked around for any evidence of her bloodlust and found nothing.

“Caleb?” she called out.

“I am here, my love,” he answered, pushing open the door. “Were you worried?” He raised one of his eyebrows.

“Not for a second,” she said and smirked. “What were you doing? Don’t you have to sleep?”

“So many questions,” he teased, walking over to her. He held her face in his hands. “I don’t need sleep like you do anymore. As the years go by, your abilities will grow. Urges to drink blood and sleep aren’t as prevalent as they are now. I will teach you everything I know. We can spend lifetimes exploring the world and each other.”

“Lifetimes?” she asked.

“Lifetimes.”

She felt his hands slide around her waist.

“Where do you want to go tonight?” He gently cupped her backside.

“Where can we go?”

“Anywhere you wish. What are you craving?” His licked her bottom lip suggestively.

“French,” she purred. Mika reached down and squeezed his waking erection. “You’re always ready for me.”

“That I am, my dear. But first I want to show you something. Come with me.” He took her hand in his and led her out of the warehouse.

“Where are you taking me?” she asked, trying to match his stride.

“To the roof, of course,” he replied with a smile.

Mika stopped short, her eyes glued to the midnight sky.

“The air feels so wonderful against my skin. I’ve never felt this free.” She whirled around with her arms outstretched, spinning like a top. Caleb’s robust laughter made her pounce on him.

“Whoa...” He chuckled.

“I’m so happy! All my life I’ve searched for something to fill this emptiness I feel inside me, and now it has diminished.”

“I have so much to show you.” He caressed the side of her face. “Hold on to me,” he whispered in her ear.

Mika wrapped her arms around his neck. “Are we going to fly?” she asked, concern filling her voice.

“Yes, but it’s okay. You’ll love it.”

She squeezed her eyes shut as Caleb leapt into the air. Fear tingling down her spine made her tighten her grip.

“It’s okay, my love. Open your eyes. Enjoy the night.”

Slowly, she pried her lids open and marveled at the sights laid out before her. They moved rapidly through the air, but her night eyes keyed in on every movement.

“They look like ants!” She laughed as the wind blew tendrils across her face.

Caleb laughed again also, then pointed with his right hand. “Look over there.”

Mika focused her sights on all the sparkling lights below. She gasped as the Eiffel Tower became clearer. *How breathtaking!*

“Oh, Caleb...” She kissed his neck as their feet touched the ground. “This is beautiful.” She turned and planted a big kiss on his lips.

“Not as beautiful as you.” Gently, he wrapped some of her wind-blown strands around her ear. “Are you happy?”

“Immensely.” She ran her fingers through his hair.

“Good. Now let’s go sample some French cuisine.”

Mika laughed and Caleb joined her. They walked hand in hand, blurring past busy humans on the cobblestone streets.

The full white moon glistened off the stones as the sounds of the Parisian nightlife called out to all with a soul, and to those without.

Mika couldn't have wished for a better night at the office than the one she'd just experienced.

Her life had just begun.

*The End*

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new website coming soon...

#### SHORT AUTHOR BIO

Born in rural Tennessee Raven Starr has been writing since she could hold a pencil. Starting with poetry, she honed her skills to include two plays, "The Wrong Choice." and "Running Scared but Free." Three short romantic stories, Fan-tasy, Her Smile and Going Home Again are now available from Red Rose Publishing, Mobipocket.com and Fictionwise.com. She is now working on a novel called, Twin Souls and a vamp story called Vampire's Embrace, watch out now. And an Egyptian inspired e book called Thieves in the Night, along with a few other titles, will be gracing cyber shelves very soon. Besides being a passionate writer she is also a mother of three beautiful kids.

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