

J. Hall Steele

The book cover features a dramatic photograph of a young woman in a red, strapless, sequined dress. She has a look of intense fear or aggression, with her mouth open in a scream and her eyes wide. A young man with dark, curly hair is leaning over her from behind, his face close to hers, appearing to whisper or breathe into her ear. His hands are placed on her shoulders. The background is dark and out of focus. The title 'Screamed' is written in a large, stylized, 3D gold font with a shadow effect. The author's name 'J. Hall Steele' is at the top in a silver, metallic font. The publisher's name 'Changeling Press' is at the bottom in a small, gothic-style font.

Screamed

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Screwed

J. Hali Steele

An irreverent poke into the world of Women's Erotica.

Purple P. Rose is a brash private investigator. Her latest case has her visiting the city's seediest nightspot, the Mons Venus, with partner and boyfriend, Richard E. Rection. Their new case is full of surprises -- especially when Dick "discovers" he's bisexual.

They are both unaware there's a new and slightly sinister being in town -- Peter Hard, a vampyre who enjoys the taste of women and men alike. He's chosen Purple to be his. Ready to claim her, he uses his powers to coerce Dick to bring him in as a partner.

Their lives will never be the same again.

We kinda doubt yours will, either.

Chapter One

One point of view...

It was the crack of dawn. Purple P. Rose woke up with a hairy one in her face -- Boyd's ass. Shit, had she had too much to drink? She couldn't think straight. Everything was askew -- even the view out of her ritzy loft's window. The trees appeared to bow and wave at her as she listened to the shower run in her bathroom.

What the hell had happened last night? Something about the new guy. She looked back at Boyd, who still slept peacefully. Purp gazed across the park and tried to remember. She did have some memories intact -- the worst being her partner Dick. She thought he'd gone soft. Maybe not. She shook her head to clear the clouds of confusion.

Richard E. Rection was a real son of a bitch known as Dick to his friends. Purp found she'd rather have no one else back her up in a tight spot. He'd done that last night. Warmth crept down her thighs as she turned over the pictures in her mind of what she could remember. She'd seen a new side of Dick. Flashes came to her in living color.

They'd checked out the club Mons Venus, a cheap strip joint on the Westside, as planned. The girls there were known to go all the way with customers. So, needless to say, the place stayed full.

Every nut-sac in town turned up at Mons Venus. Purp and Dick had met there last night to interview a bartender involved in their latest case. It wasn't their usual type of job, but she'd taken it for the money. Car repairs had left her flat broke, and it was the first of the month, which came too fast lately.

Her real problem -- so did Dick.

Now she remembered. He'd been the first to interview the bartender in question. Dick then disappeared with him to a room behind the stage.

After he'd left, Purp ordered her second gin and tonic. She'd decided to enjoy the show. The girl on stage had hair the color of a magnificent western sunset. The bush between her thighs carried the same flaming color. Red knew the pole she used intimately. Purp's panties were soon full of morning dew. But it was nighttime and she wanted to be full of something else. A hefty dick, a sliver of tongue, it didn't matter. Anything would do the job right now.

A tremor of premonition lanced through her. She studied the other patrons. As she looked around, her eyes lit on a dark corner table. Someone stared back at her from the table there. She could make out the outline of a body. Male. Smoke wafted around him, obscuring his face. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach, and her pussy clenched on itself. Who was he and why was he watching her? It wasn't the first time she'd had the feeling lately. Shit, just what she needed -- the witchy stuff following her around.

Purp shook it off and felt her side for the gun holstered there. The wave of raw lust that slammed into her left her weak. Between her thighs, her cunt pulsed. She went through life horny, but what hit her now was hell.

Dick hadn't returned, so Purp went to find him. What she found didn't shock her. Not much did nowadays. She'd opened the door to the room where she heard thumping and bumping inside, and found him in a big wingback chair with his pants around his ankles and the bartender's face buried between his muscular Adonis-like thighs. Purp had never seen Dick in this light. *Hmm.*

"Purp --"

"Don't worry, Dick. I like what I see." Did she like it?

Dick's joy stick, as she called it, was huge. A broadsword. He knew how to wield it, too. Most of the time. Purple spent many nights with it stuffed in her goody basket. There, at least something brought a smile to her face.

They'd shared women before, but this was something different. Excitement blossomed in her chest. She watched the jubilation written on Dick's face, and processed this new information about him.

Dick was one handsome bastard. And, for now, he belonged to her. He had blond hair he wore like a model, and his build made him look like one. His broad shoulders were full of muscle, and he had narrow hips. All over town, Dick's hard and scrumptious tush had been pinched by rowdy ladies. Some men too. His daily workout had cut his stomach to a six-pack, and he had thighs an athlete would cry over. His piercing baby blue eyes didn't miss a damn thing.

Purp had become well acquainted with the bartender. She didn't know Dick was so familiar with him until now. His name was Boyd, but everyone called him Boy.

If he was back here, who was serving drinks?

His head bounced up and down as he gobbled Dick's dick. Purp could only take so much before she got drawn into the picture. A brunette herself, she'd always been attracted to blonds, and Boy's long sugar-colored hair flew in every direction. By the dreamy look on Dick's face, the blowjob was to die for.

The rhythmic thump of the chair leg was what she'd heard popping against the floorboards. It'd been a while since Purp had gone down on Dick, and she wanted some of this action. Hot and bothered, she raised her skirt and put her hand into her panties to play with her nether lips. Her fingers slid through the moist pockets of her pussy. Before long, she'd rained drops into her hand. Hot, wet cum slipped from the svelte temple Purp called her body.

She stood five nine and weighed one forty. Purp was stacked. A brick shithouse. She worked out every day. Her chocolate-brown hair, parted in the middle, hung straight and dipped just below her shoulders. Green eyes peeped at a dirty sordid world through sooty lashes. Removing her jacket and holster, she hung both within reach on a coat rack behind Dick's chair.

"I think you guys need some help." She fell to her knees beside Boy, who whimpered over the delicious feast he'd worked into a quivering mass of male hardness. Purp shoved her way in and muscled the bartender aside. Her full, pouty lips met the smoldering head of Dick's cock.

Boy knew better than to protest.

The savory flavor of his dick turned Purp on. Dick always did taste good -- one of the things she could count on. Teardrops of precum leaked from his cock. She sucked and licked the head of his shaft, and Boy leaned back in to catch the dribbles with his voracious tongue. Purp could feel Dick kick his feet like a jackass to remove his shoes and the slacks that hobbled his ankles. *Goody, more room.* She vied with Boy to fit in the tight space between Dick's thighs.

Purp lifted from her ministrations to catch Boy taking Dick's balls into his greedy mouth. That sent Purp over the edge. She turned her head and sent chocolate-brown hair in a spray across Dick's penis. Purp leaned forward and her mouth latched onto one of Boy's hard nipples. She pulled it between her teeth. She bit and teased the pearl-sized nub until he threw his head back and groaned in glee.

Purp decided to walk her fingers down his ripped rib cage to find his cock. Boy was hung well. She knew firsthand he swung that hammer both ways. His musky scent of sex rose to her nostrils. Purp let the velvet warmth of steel fill her hand. Pushing the skin back and forth brought more sounds of lust from Boy's open mouth.

She'd been surprised that all this time Dick had sat still. Purp guessed he enjoyed the vista of playfulness on display between his wide open legs. Losing the shackle of trousers from his ankles had been a good thing for all involved.

Right behind her head she heard Dick playing his cock like his favorite musical instrument. He slipped up and down it, fingered and stroked it. Purp knew her man. The drops of precum were probably dripping down the hard sides of his penis like ice cream melting down a cone.

Boy stayed on his knees, and Purp smeared the warm precum that topped his knob down the sides of his penis. Eyes glazed, he rose up and down, circling his hips as he crammed more of his big cock through Purp's slender fingers.

"Purp, you're making me come." A low moan filled the room, and Boy shot a load of cum that splashed the inside of her thighs. Now Purp was thirsty. She slid from between her two compatriots and grabbed a handful of Boy's hair, aiming his head back to Dick's weeping cock. *Let him play that horn for a while.*

Purp wanted some skin to skin action. As she stood and pulled her skirt off, she watched Dick spike his whole cock into Boy's waiting mouth. He drove in and out of him like a piston. Boy's ass looked better and better to Purp, and as soon as she got naked, she dropped down behind it.

She lifted the thick spray of hair from his neck, and planted wet kisses along strong shoulders. His body shuddered under her treatment as he swallowed more of Dick. Her arms encircled the bartender and each hand was filled. One with warm balls, and the other with a cock coming back to life. Boy's erection again pushed through Purp's fingers as she massaged and caressed his sac. Still not enough. She remembered she was thirsty.

Purp wedged in between the two men and landed on the floor. Her back to Dick once again, she pushed at Boy so he'd raise high enough for her to take his now hard cock in her mouth. She hoped he could hold his uncomfortable position long enough to provide the drink she wanted. His strong thighs trembled beneath her hands. Purp's tongue laved his heavy cock. Stroking and sucking, she took all of him into her mouth. *Umm, good.*

With one hand, she found his balls, and Purp kneaded them hard. When they tightened, she prepared for what would come. Her head bobbed faster on the rigid shaft and she sucked hard. Her tongue darted out and covered the tip with each pull out. Dick's thighs bumped her each time he thrust into Boy's mouth.

"Yeah, suck my cock, Boy." Purp's man sounded happy as hell.

Her own lips were clamped tight around the bartender's cock and provided just the pull he needed to come. Her jaws were sore from sucking, but it was worth it when her thirst got quenched. Boy released another spurt of cream.

Hearing Dick moan and groan, Purp decided she'd better get up there or she'd miss the boat. She finished with the luscious dessert that waved in her face, and stood. Boy sank back to his knees, his mouth never leaving Dick's erection.

Raising the bartender from Dick's cock, Purp lowered herself slowly on the hard shaft that waited to fill her. Facing Boy, she brought her legs up and hung them over the

chair arms. *Oh yeah.* She had it now. And she took it like a champion. The big head of his penis vanished inside her channel and got locked in.

Purp hadn't realized how much she'd missed Dick's shaft. Boy's ravenous tongue at her core really set her in motion. Boy ate pussy better than anybody in the world. She guessed he gave a good blowjob -- Dick seemed to like it. But Purp could vouch for the eating pussy part. The man's tongue should be licensed as dangerous. If labeled and bought in a jar, it would read: Prime Licker. "Shit, Boy, lick my cunt."

She liked the cock that filled her a lot, but damn, Boy's tongue was da bomb. He circled and stabbed the clit in front of him. The hot, wet strokes across Purp's labia made her cry out in joy. Boy nibbled her nub like he ate dinner. He licked Purp's pussy and sucked on its lips as though it were his last supper. Tonight it would be. She wasn't going to let Boyd get away.

Dick's hands were full of her tits. Strong fingers pulled and pinched them to peaks of ecstasy. She moaned and murmured. Both names at some point passed her lips. *Dick and Boy.*

Purp's hands were beside her thighs on the chair arms, and she lifted herself up and down. Each movement caused Boy's tongue to slice deeper into the folds of pussy. Purp lost it when she felt it shove between the walls of her wetness and join Dick's dick.

I'm riding a fucking pony. A feeling of pure bliss overcame her. Purp was going to explode and send sweet cream down Dick's cock and into Boy's waiting mouth. Her cunt quivered and shook with ecstasy -- and it happened. Like rain falling from the sky, cum fell in a torrential downpour. *Oh, shit yeah.*

"Mmm." Purp didn't know whose voice she heard, but someone had gotten what they wanted. Boy stood and stretched. Christ, he looked hot.

"Hey, Purp, reach into my left breast pocket and grab a condom. I want to try Boy on for size." Dick seemed anxious to get buried in an ass.

It pleased her to no end that he wanted protection. She and Dick had been an item for a few months, and to know he practiced safe sex made her feel good. His cock went uncovered nowhere but inside her. As far as birth control was concerned, Purp

ritually popped the pill. But the turn of events here was new. They'd never crossed this bridge before. Would Dick fuck Boy in front of her? Purp's satisfied pussy twitched at the thought of it. Hell, would he let Boy fuck her in front of him? He'd seen women lick her pussy.

Okay, their relationship still held some surprises. Maybe she'd see Boy screw Dick. Purp rolled that around in her brain for a minute. Would Dick do that? Had Dick done that? Shit. All she could think about was *that* now.

She lifted her satisfied body from Dick, and fetched his condom from the jacket thrown across a nearby chair. This should be good. Dick in Boy. Purp unwrapped the penile raincoat and slipped it over Dick's girth. He remained full of cum that somebody would catch tonight, and it'd better be her.

"Hey, Boy, can you handle that package?" Purp asked in her naked glory. She liked to show off her well-kept bod.

"I'm gonna try," he answered with a smile as he produced a tube from somewhere. Lube. Boy came ready for anything.

Yeah, I bet you are. This wouldn't be his first time being ridden bronco. She glanced at Dick. Damn if he didn't look good sitting there with his cock waving at her. Purp's heart fluttered. Would this be different than watching him do a woman? A warm stream ran down the inside of her thigh. Lord, she'd never been this turned on before.

Armed with this new information about Dick, Purp thought of all the new adventures they could experience together. Lucky they weren't possessive about each other. Why hadn't he introduced her to this before? She liked experimenting. Yeah, Dick still had a few surprises up his sleeve.

Was this his first time with Boy?

Chapter Two

Apparently a customer who'd attended a convention in town had paid a visit to the Mons Venus the night before for some much needed diversion. He'd had his wallet lifted while watching some of the ladies pole dance. The wallet was full of traveler's checks and credit cards, and Purp felt sure there would be pictures of the wife and kids. She figured he got what he deserved, but that wasn't her call.

The club's manager didn't want any trouble. He bought some time by promising the guy he'd take care of the problem. Dick interviewed the gentleman, if you could call him that. The guy remembered two people in particular. One description matched the bartender to a tee.

They were here to find out if Boy was the one with sticky fingers. Remembering the purpose of their visit, Purp decided a little spanking wouldn't hurt anything, and might get the information they needed. Boy's hard ass glowed in front of her. "Mount up, cowboy, and ride that pony." She sent a firm swat to his tight ass.

"Hey!" Her handprint was plastered across his rump. Boy lathered Dick's cock with lube and smeared some on Dick's hands. "You have to get me ready to take all this cock."

"Sweetie, this is just the beginning." Purp delivered another rap to his butt. This time Boy didn't protest. She wondered what it would feel like to have her ass full of cock. She'd never done that. Her anus clenched at the idea of it.

He backed up to his mount, and in no time at all Dick primed him with two fingers. Boy bucked and bounced, ready to be penetrated. Boy eased down on the erection beneath him. Purp let the bartender get comfortable in the saddle before she continued her punishment. Since she couldn't reach his rear end, she tweaked his nipples hard.

"Damn, Purp, that feels good." Okay, so it wasn't punishment now. Boy rose up and down on Dick's lap.

The chair beat a steady rhythm against the floorboards, so it took Purp a second to register the open door. A god stood in the doorway. Another blond. Her jaw dropped. True eye candy. Shit, could this be her day?

Didn't I lock that door?

She looked over at her jacket, which covered her pistol. Something made the hair stand up on the back of her neck. Purp flexed her shoulders to throw off the odd sensation. Forgetting it, she turned back to Blondie.

Eyes the color of the deep blue sea pierced her. A five o'clock shadow covered a strong jaw. A USDA prime choice man, and he looked her over from head to toe as she took him in at the same time. *Oh, baby.* A white dress shirt was opened enough to show a shadow of hair on his lean, muscled chest. A real honest-to-goodness blond.

The room went out of focus and everything shifted in slow motion. Purp grew dizzy peering into the blond god's eyes, and wavered on her feet. He reached out to steady her. *What the hell was that?* The witchy stuff floated through her mind again. No way. But something about the man felt wrong.

He flashed a bright smile before his deep voice brushed over her. "Are you okay, pretty?"

Purp's gaze continued down a ripped body that topped her by at least five inches. She licked her swollen lips as she thought about his thick thighs straining under her. And the front of his pants had a tough time holding a sizable package.

His gaze left her and settled on Boy riding Dick. Damn. Sometimes life wasn't fair, Purp thought, as she watched him watch the men.

Shaking it off, she pulled her attention back to the couple in the hot seat when she heard Dick grunt between clenched teeth, "I'm coming." *Shit, that was mine.* Now she really wanted to smack Boy's ass. Gathering herself, Purp looked back at the piece of eye candy near the door. "Can I help you?" she asked the stranger.

"I'm sure you can." A sardonic smile lifted the corners of a sinful mouth. His eyes twinkled at her, and she could swear they held a red glint.

Purp watched him glance at the door, and it banged shut. Something cold slid up her spine.

"Hey, man," Dick said. "Peter Hard, meet Purple P. Rose. Peter's our new... partner, Purp. Forgot to tell you he solved the case already. Seems our client lost his wallet, and it's been returned to him intact. Come on, guys, let's get out of here."

Partner? Another cold tingle slid up her spine.

Dick, Purp and Boy dressed in quick fashion and the four left Mons Venus together. That was all she remembered. Guess a girl could have worse memories. Suddenly, while staring across the green expanse of park, it came to Purp as clear as the daylight outside of her loft. The new partner, Peter, had put her to sleep.

Confused as hell, Purp sighed. She grew tired of the scene out the window. A shower sounded like a good idea. She glanced at the bed where Boy still slept, and her cunt twitched, a signal things were back to normal. She went to the bathroom and opened the door. Wonders never cease. Delectable Dick was busy.

The initial look on his face when he saw Purp in the doorway intrigued her. After what she could remember of last night, why would he be shocked to be discovered like this? For the second time in twelve hours, a man was camped out between Dick's legs. When had he started doing this? Again, the coldness washed over her. Purp would have to think about that later. Not now. She needed a hot shower, and boy was it steamy in her bathroom.

A look of pure lust settled on Dick's features. If she read it right, Peter gave a blowjob to rival Boy. Purp was starting to feel inferior in that department. Dick's head fell back in rapture as water cascaded over Peter, who rested on his knees in front of Dick. Damn. Since she didn't have anything on, this would be a piece of cake. Purp thanked God for her extra large shower. She stepped in, thinking she shouldn't. She put the uneasy feeling down to being just a little blown away by all of Dick's sudden activity with the same sex. One thing was for sure, it excited the hell out of her.

"There are rules. We share everything," Purp informed Peter.

He licked and nibbled a little more on Dick before he rose from his position. She heard him laugh as he stood. His tongue darted out and licked a speck of blood from his lip. *He likes rough stuff.* Dick's flag still flew at full mast. This time it would be hers.

Purp landed on her knees, and Peter's shaft found its way to her mouth. She held him in place with a hand wrapped behind each thigh. She covered his erection with small kisses and short strokes of her tongue. His cock grew harder at each brush she made across its broad head. Damn, he tasted awesome.

Dick grabbed her hips and brought Purp to her feet. She didn't lose Peter's cock. It rested eye level in her current position. Dick found the wet pussy in front of him and ravished it with his fingers. Purp found herself wedged between both men.

"You okay, babe?" Dick asked, always concerned for her comfort.

"Umm... hmm." She felt the smooth knob of Dick's penis nudge at her cunt, and Peter benefited. She took his length down her throat in ecstasy at her pussy being stretched by Dick. He rammed every inch into her with one swift push.

Dick set the pace. He shoved and Purp sucked. His cock battered her and she loved it. Hands stroked her butt as he impaled her over and over. He eased into long thrusts. Dick's rigid erection was unyielding. It slowly pummeled and plundered her cunt.

Soon she heard Peter exhale in gasps and felt his ass tighten. He went up on his toes and stabbed at her mouth with short, rapid strokes. Her tongue kept up with his assault on her wanton mouth.

Her own orgasm verged on pouring out. The walls of her pussy convulsed around Dick's thickness, ready to give all she had and take what he gave.

"Fuck, Purp, you want it, babe," Dick rasped, short of breath.

Purp's full mouth didn't allow her to say a word. But she let him know what she wanted when she started to rock back and forth, milking his cock with her tight pussy. She gave Peter the same lip service.

The last thing she heard before she orgasmed was the grunts of two sweet pieces of total maleness as they came for her. Peter tasted beyond good. Exotic.

Now, what was it about Dick's look that had intrigued her?

Dick jumped quickly from the shower and toweled off. "Purp, Peter's going to be with us a while and he'll be staying here. I'll leave you two to get to know each other."

Her gaze followed Dick out of the room. *Odd.*

"Well, pretty, we're alone." His eyes ate her up and Purp grew uncomfortable under his intense perusal. When he reached for her she stumbled back into the wall of the shower. The spray of water still sluiced over her. *Do I need to shower with my gun now?*

"Come, you're not afraid of me are you?"

"What the hell is going on?" Purp felt out of time. Slow, everything moved slowly.

"I want you."

"Excuse me?"

"I've watched you for many nights. You're mine."

"Whoa, big guy, I don't belong to anyone. Got it? You've gotten all you're going to get here." His soft laughter unsettled her even more. Purp grabbed her head. She couldn't stop the buzz.

"I haven't really tasted you yet."

Purple watched as glistening points dropped into place in his mouth. Shit, the stories were true. Christ, this couldn't be happening. Unlike most girls, Purp didn't run. She planted her feet as solidly as she could on the slippery tile. Something told her not to bother calling Dick. "I hope you don't mean what I think. This is not the fucking blood bank, buster."

"You'll enjoy it, pretty. Come here."

Her feet shuffled forward of their own volition toward the... vampyre. *Jesus fucking Christ, there's a vampyre standing in my goddamn bathroom in broad daylight. What now?*

When he pulled her into his arms, Purp's body trembled. His hands stroked down her back and he grabbed her ass. Peter pulled her tight against his cock. She started to melt into him. He did feel good and warm. That shocked her. Weren't they supposed to be cold? Why the hell hadn't she paid more attention to her informants and less to her constantly soaked cunt?

When his fangs bit into her neck, Purp froze in place. A feeling of complete peace stole over her. Between her legs, her pussy started to throb. Hell, it felt like she came. The push she felt at her mind opened it this time.

I'll never harm you. You'll know only joy and great satisfaction in my arms.

"Umm... hmm," she murmured. He continued to take strong pulls of blood from the vein in her neck.

Look at me.

Her green eyes lifted to his. What she saw there pulled her in so deep there was no looking back.

Peter's hands swept across her breasts and pinched her nipples until she whimpered. He eased one hand down her belly into the light dusting of hair that covered her mound. Strong fingers were shoved into the slick crease of her pussy.

"Peter --"

"Shh, just enjoy it. I'm going to fuck you so good. I've waited many nights to have you, Purple. I may never let you go." His soft chuckle filled her ears along with the water that still ran in the shower.

I'm going to fucking kill Dick.

Chapter Three

Another point of view...

Dick sat looking out the window of Purple's loft and wondered what the fuck had happened. One minute he was having a drink at the Mons Venus, then the next thing he remembered with total clarity was Peter sucking his cock. Damn good too. *Stay focused*. Other memories of Boyd's mouth covering his broad dick's head snuck up on him.

He glanced over at Boy in Purp's king-sized bed. Had they all slept there last night? Jesus, he couldn't think rationally with Boy's semi-hard penis peeking at him from under the covers. *Delicious*.

He wasn't gay, didn't even know he was bi until yesterday. God, he'd been missing a lot. Dick had known Boy, the regular bartender at the Venus, for a long time. But he never expected last night at all. It came back to him in bits and pieces. Mostly pieces. The constant buzz wreaked havoc in his head.

Dick had never sucked dick and his backdoor had never been opened, but damn if he wasn't sitting here thinking about having a big, hard cock shoved up his ass. His gaze went to the bathroom door. Aside from the sound of water running, quiet overwhelmed him. He got a little scared. Somehow he knew not to knock or open it.

Who the hell was Peter Hard? He remembered introducing him to Purp as their new partner, but why? Dick had only met him yesterday. Peter had approached him at the bar when he'd been talking to Boy about the guy who lost his wallet.

"I found a wallet in the corner over there and turned it in to management." The stranger's voice was deep and mesmerizing. How had he known what Dick had been thinking? Maybe he'd overheard him talking to Boy.

"Great, that's wonderful. Thought I'd be a lot longer on this case." The owner of the club would still pay him for time spent on it. Dick would let Purp know as soon as she arrived. She was meeting him here.

"You need a partner?"

"I have a partner and we can't afford another one right now. You've done private investigation?" The man's eyes pierced him as Dick extended his hand. "I'm Richard E. Rection. Didn't catch your name?"

"Peter Hard."

"Hell, you must have taken as much abuse as I did growing up with a moniker like that." They both laughed like they were old friends. In fact, Dick got a hard-on.

I'm your new partner.

"Sure, we can use a partner." Dick's cock pressed painfully into his pants. Boy walked back and forth the length of the bar. Each time he spoke to a customer, Dick watched his mouth, and grew harder by the minute. *What the hell?* A new sensation swelled in him. His cock leaked at the thought of the man's full lips wrapped around it.

He and Purp were pretty open about their relationship and had shared women often. Purple liked to watch other girls suck his cock. She teased him about the size of it, and enjoyed seeing if the ladies could take all of it in their mouths. Most couldn't. Purple also liked to have her pussy licked.

You want some of that?

Peter's voice in his head made him jump. "Excuse me?" Dick wasn't ready to deal with this. How had he heard Peter so plainly? His mouth hadn't opened. Purp's story about the informant who swore he saw a person disappear into thin air rattled around in his head. Dick had laughed, and told her most of her sources were high on something. He hadn't been talking about life, either.

The bartender. You want his lips on your cock?

"Yes." Where the hell had that come from? What was going on? He did want it. Bad. The door opened and he felt air around his ankles. He turned around and saw

Purp. Dick exhaled a breath of air. He'd grown uneasy talking to Peter. His head buzzed and he didn't feel right.

I'll let you tell her about me. Another ringing entered Dick's head. Peter's eyes held him. *We'll talk later.* Dick got up and walked over to Purp. He steered her to a table in the front. He wouldn't tell her until after he sunk himself in Boy. His cock twitched. Purp would kill him for the lie he prepared to tell her. Really, it was just withholding information. *She's going to kick my ass.*

"Hey, you're right on time." His face flamed as he talked to her. "Boy's shift ends in a few minutes, and we're going to talk in the manager's office."

"Great, I'll just relax and have a drink."

Boy came by to get him. Dick glanced around and didn't see Peter. Maybe he'd left. He'd tell Purp later they had a new partner and that he'd solved the case. He couldn't contain himself thinking about having privacy to interview the bartender. Boy didn't know about the wallet yet or he would have mentioned it, right? Hell, Dick didn't care. He wanted to be alone with him. Any lighter in here, a wet spot would show on the front of his pants. Thank God the Venus stayed a dark hellhole.

Dick felt odd but he ignored it. He wanted to have his cock sucked. Now. By Boy. He followed him to the manager's office, they entered, and Boy locked the door. Dick took a deep breath. The bartender licked his lips as he rubbed against him. Dick trembled at the warm breath of air that touched his face.

"You gonna let me suck you, Dick?"

"Yes." What the fuck. Too late to turn back now. Boy found his rock-hard cock, and began to massage it. Shit! It felt so damn good. He pressed his lips lightly to Dick's and flicked his tongue across his closed mouth. He parted his lips to let the bartender in. Oh, merciful God in heaven. Dark and delicious, the kiss aroused him beyond his wildest imagination. Dick's first with another man and he loved it.

His penis jerked under the other man's treatment. He put a hand into Boy's crotch, and stroked and pulled his shaft through the pants. It was thick and hot behind

the material. It felt strange and seductive at the same time. Dick ran his hand lower down the cock, fondling the bartender's balls.

"Mmm, squeeze me, Dick."

Dick pressed harder into the soft flesh and felt the nuts.

"That's right, don't be afraid."

"I'm not."

"Your first time, huh?"

"Yes."

"I'll suck your dick so good, you'll want more."

"I want that." Dick practically swooned when Boy pulled down his zipper. He sucked in air when he felt the man pull his cock out. It was so hard it hurt. "Oh, God, suck it now."

Boy edged him back until his legs hit the big chair that sat not far from the door. He hooked his thumbs into Dick's pants and pulled them down. The air caressed his body and set him on fire. He nudged him down into the chair. Boy slowly pulled his own pants off. He removed his tee shirt, and Dick gasped at the beauty of the man. His muscles gleamed and danced in the soft light.

Boy stood naked in front of Dick, and stroked his cock to its full length. He was hung well. He pulled and worked the skin until a drop appeared on the tip. *God, I want to suck him.* But before Dick could act, Boy kneeled between his legs.

When his lips touched his engorged penis, Dick bit his tongue so as not to yell out. He moved his hand behind Boy's head and, fisting the thick blond hair, he brought him further onto his cock. The bartender's hot, sweet mouth surrounded his dick. "Damn, you're good."

And Purp found him like that, with Boy between his legs.

It shocked the hell out of him, but she didn't say anything. Dick couldn't have stopped anyway. Boy's hot mouth pulled hard at his thick penis, and he had no desire to quit. *Wasn't the door locked?* He peeped from under half closed eyelids, and when he saw Purp's hand go under her skirt, he let out the air he'd been holding.

Now he sat in her apartment, wanting Boy's cock in his ass. Christ. He remembered how snugly he'd fit into the bartender's ass. How good it felt to enter the dark little hole. Hell, he wanted to know that feeling. One more glance at the closed bathroom door and Dick made up his mind.

Boy stirred and stretched his body just as Dick stood. He ran his hands through the thick white-blond hair on his head. His delectable erection still stuck out but Dick had other ideas. Boy's half-lidded eyes took in his surroundings. The smile that formed on his lips at the sight of the tented sweatpants sent Dick into action. He went and sat on the bed. The buzz returned in his head.

"Morning, Dick."

His heart beat so loud in his ears Dick could barely hear. The air he sucked into his lungs burned. Boy reached out and cupped his cloth-covered balls. "What a lovely way to wake up."

"Please fuck me." Dick didn't want to waste words. There would be plenty of time for that later. Right now he wanted Boy's full cock up his ass.

"You don't have to ask. I've wanted to ride you from the first day I saw you." Boy sat up in the bed. "Is there another bathroom?" The shower still ran in Purp's master bath.

"Sure, to the left beside the kitchen."

"You wait right here. I won't be long." Boy jumped from the bed and walked toward the kitchen. He had a firm behind. Damn, it looked good. It was good. Dick wondered if Boy would like his bum as much as he'd enjoyed Boy's last night. Thinking about it, his cock grew even harder.

Chapter Four

Shit! Condom. Dick went to the nightstand where Purp maintained a stash. Thank goodness she stocked up on the item. That made him think about her. What if Peter hurt her? Dick chuckled. You had to be tough as nails to harm Purp. The lady knew how to take care of herself. No, if she needed help, he'd know because she'd be raising hell in there. He hoped Peter cared for her as well as he planned to be taken care of. The buzz in his mind dissipated a little.

"I'm back." Dick jumped at the sound of Boy's voice. "Hey, relax, man. I won't hurt you. Oh, great, you've got condoms. Any lube around? Left mine at the club."

"Uh, what do we need?" Dick felt stupid, out of touch with... With what? It was his first time. Why should he know what's needed? He still had trouble believing what he planned to do.

"Wait, I'll be right back." Boy hurried back the way he'd come. Dick sat on the edge of the bed. He pulled down the waistband of his sweatpants, and his cock slapped up against his stomach. He could barely wait. He put his hand on his dick and stroked.

"Here we go." Boy tossed a small plastic bottle on the bed. "You know how it is when you go to someone's bathroom. You gotta look in the medicine cabinet." His smile crinkled his eyes and his tongue flicked out and ran across his full lips. It drove Dick crazy with thoughts of taking Boy's cock in his mouth. He'd never be able to explain why all of a sudden he wanted this man. The incessant buzzing in his head stopped.

Dick didn't know what to do next. Boy leaned in and ran his tongue over Dick's lips. It sent a shiver down his spine. He kissed him back -- a soft, feathered touch of mouths. He needed more. The taboo taste of another man. Boy plunged his tongue

inside and wrangled with Dick's. Sweet, dark and mysterious. He felt adrift when Boy pulled away.

Boy eased Dick back on the bed, climbed up and straddled him. His huge cock waved in his face. The musky odor surrounded Dick, causing him to lick his lips. Finally. He flicked his tongue across the wet mushroom head and savored the drop of precum resting there. Heaven. He wanted more of Boy.

His lips stretched over the broad tip and Dick took a tentative suck. He drew more of the penis into his mouth, and used his hand to stroke Boy's cock. He pulled the hot, velvet skin back and forth as he swallowed as much of it as he could. When it hit the back of his throat, Dick groaned in delight. His tongue wrapped around and nudged against the warm flesh he nibbled and sucked on.

He let the penis slip from his lips. "Fuck, you taste good, Boy." He was glad he hadn't put the rubber on yet. Dick would have been unable to savor his sweetness.

"You suck good for a beginner. Don't stop." Boy started to pump in and out of Dick's mouth, fucking it like a pussy. Dick kept up with the jabs and sucked hard. He cupped and squeezed Boy's tight nuts. His finger went to the puckered hole between his ass cheeks. Dick worked one into the tightness and reached for the spot he thought would make Boy force more cock in his mouth. It worked.

"Oh shit, yeah." He'd made Boy happy. "Deeper, harder, Dick."

He jammed another finger in and worked it while he continued to suck and taste the delicious cock in his mouth. Dick wanted more. He wanted that whole piece spiked so far in his ass it'd get lost. His tongue pushed Boy out, and he pulled his fingers from his anus.

"Boy, now, for God's sake." *Christ, I'm begging to be fucked in the ass.* That's all he could think about. Dick listened for the shower. It still ran. Right now he wouldn't have cared if the devil himself walked in, he would have all of Boy's cock in his virgin hole as soon as possible.

Lifting his butt from his straddled position, Boy stood. He turned Dick over in the bed and pulled a pillow down, shoving it under his hips. Dick couldn't stop himself

from grinding into the softness while Boy put the condom on. He hungered for the big cock he felt brush against his ass cheeks.

"You'll like me in your ass, Dick. I'm going to fuck you good."

Dick felt the coolness of the gel being smeared around his anus and he arched his behind higher in the air. Boy poked him slowly with a finger. Still nervous, Dick felt his muscles relax. He couldn't fathom the engorged penis behind him fitting where he wanted it.

"Mmm," Dick moaned. "Another one. Put two fingers in, Boy." He wanted to take his time but it was hard to do. It seemed like hours since he'd first decided to have Boy's dick up his ass. He heard Boy slather his covered cock, and the sound it made had Dick pounding into the pillow beneath him. *Fuck.*

When he felt the knob push between his ass cheeks, he gulped in air and his body stilled. Boy entered just past the rim and then stopped to give him time to adjust to being invaded. Dick's anus contracted and loosened. Boy shoved more cock in.

"Relax, Dick. Don't worry, I'll take my time. You're tight." A little more dick poked in, and it felt so damn good.

"More."

"I'm gonna give you more. You'll take all of it before we're done." Again, another inch, then another. Dick's hole relaxed until he felt Boy's balls hit against him. He bucked back and impaled himself.

Boy placed his hands around Dick's hips and started a slow, sure rhythm, pumping in his ass. Being ridden by another man was the best. Dick felt like he'd died and gone to heaven. "Oh, Boy."

"Like that? Tell me if you want it harder."

"No, not yet. Fuck me slow." Boy did. In and out. Each time his balls hit, Dick pushed tighter into him. He wanted it to last. Struggling under the weight of Boy, he rose to his knees on the bed to give him better access to his rear. His heavy cock swung and brushed against the pillow each time he got nailed from behind. Dick's blood

coursed through his veins. Lust rode his back hard and good. He arched his back and, throwing his head side to side, he banged his butt into Boy.

"Easy, Dick, it's your first time."

"Harder, faster. Now." Boy slowed even more. He pulled almost all the way out then crammed it in again -- so fucking slow. When he felt Boy reach around and grab his cock, Dick was done. He jammed his dick into Boy's hand, and his hips thrust onto the penis filling him. Over and over again.

Dick wasn't prepared for the feeling that washed over him when cum spurted from his cock. He'd shoved his ass so hard against Boy, he thought he'd been split in two.

"Oh... I'm gonna come fucking your ass. Yeah!" Boy let his cock go and grabbed his shoulders. He held Dick in place as he rode him hard and fast. Jabbing in and out with short strokes, he released his seed. Shit, Dick wanted to feel the heat of the hot sperm. The thought of it made him spurt more cum onto the pillow beneath him.

Dick collapsed on the bed with Boy still laced across his back. Turning his head to catch his breath, he realized they had an audience. *Oh, hell.*

"Don't stop on our account. How lovely to see the look of abandonment on your faces. Makes my own blood run hot." Peter's blue eyes lanced through Dick. Something was different. "Perhaps I should say it makes Purple's blood run hotter through my veins."

That's when Dick saw the fangs. *Motherfucker! Vampyre.* "Purp, are you okay?" He struggled to untangle Boy from his body and sit up. My God, this couldn't be happening. Could the teeth be fake? Halloween come early? "Purp, talk to me." She stood beside Peter and stared at him. Dick was at a loss for words. A nightmare. It had to be some horrible dream.

"Dick, shut up. You're not dreaming and it's not fucking Halloween." Purp finally spoke to him. "I'm fine. Really. Thanks to your ass, I've never felt better."

Dick took in her pale skin. That's when it hit him. "You bastard, what did you do to her? Did he hurt you, baby?"

Peter twirled a loose curl of Purp's brown hair in his fingers. "As she told you, she's never been better. You see, I needed you to get to my pretty. She belongs to me. It remains to be seen if I'll let you or anyone else touch her again."

"We've just had this conversation, Pete. I decide whose cock I suck and who I fuck."

Dick watched Peter's mouth stretch into a smile. "That's my Purple Rose. Always such colorful language. Ahh, I've wanted you for so long and the wait's been worth it. Remember one thing, pretty, that's my pussy now."

Peter strode to the big windows. He flinched a little from the bright light, but not much. Vampyre. How did he move in daylight at all? Shit! Where did he even come from? This had to be a nightmare. These creatures couldn't really exist.

We do. We've shared your world forever. Most of us mean you no harm. As with humans, some do.

"Why can I hear you in my head?"

"A small amount of my blood in your drink last night. And I had a little of yours this morning. You're quite good. I need to keep you connected to me, if for no other reason than I like the taste of your dick." Peter licked his lips.

"My Dick, you mean." Purp flashed her new fangs at Peter.

"Pretty, you'll be hard to tame. I shall enjoy this very much."

"Fuck you."

"You have, and so well."

"How can you be in the light? Are there a lot of you in the city?" Dick had questions, but for some reason he felt no fear. He could never be afraid of Purp. *Hell, she's a vampyre now.* It had begun to sink in.

"Much about us is pure myth. The light is annoying, but with age we overcome it. You should never fear Purple, but be careful not to overstep your bounds with me, Dick. We shall all be happy for as long as I desire it. I eat food too. What's for breakfast by the way?"

"You're beginning to get on my damn nerves with the possessive bullshit." Purp was pissed. "If you want eggs and bacon, cook them yourself."

"Okay, she can read my mind but I can't hear her?"

"Correct and you never will. If you take any of her blood, I'll simply have to kill you. Pretty is mine."

"Stop calling me that. It's so... I hate it. Purp or Purple, but the 'pretty' shit is pissing me off."

"It's how I shall address you. Although, I do like Purple. We'll see."

Dick watched Purp swing at Peter. Her hand didn't connect. Peter held her wrist encased in what looked like an iron grip. Shit, he was fast. What the fuck! Dick still had a hard time taking this all in.

"Stop!" Dick told Boy, who the whole time had been massaging and pulling on his cock, which rose admirably to the occasion. Purple had a glow about her. She looked so damn sexy. That's where he wanted to stick his cock now. Square in her pussy. *I've become a fucking sex addict!* No, he was a man whore. Or a man's whore. Shit. Dick tried to focus.

The laugh that erupted from Peter jolted him back to reality. "Boyd, your ass is luscious, but you can leave now."

Dick saw Boy's eyes glaze over in a trance. He got up and disposed of the condom in the receptacle by the bed. He searched for his clothes, hurriedly dressed, and then banged the door of the loft shut on his way out.

"Hey, will he be okay?" Dick didn't want anything bad to happen to the bartender. He liked the way Boy screwed him. His every thought had become of sex. It must be Peter's blood.

"He'll be fine, Dick. No harm will come to your new lover. He is good, isn't he?" Peter still gripped Purp's arm. She glared at him in fury.

"Thanks, he is good." Dick scratched his head. This felt weird.

"We saw how 'good' he was to you."

Dick's face flamed red. How long had they watched him and Boy? Was Purp mad at having witnessed his debauched performance? His cock jerked against his leg. He gazed at her gorgeous body. She appeared so beautiful to him right now. Why? *God, I want some of her.*

She turned to look at Dick. A sneer began to curve her lips. Her gaze went back to Peter as she wrenched her arm from his hold. Dick watched as their eyes locked in a battle of wills. Without turning to face Dick, Purp asked him, "Would you like some pretty pussy, Dick?"

Chapter Five

The Hard point of view...

He laughed long and hard. Purple would be a handful. Peter was the only one of the three in the room who vividly remembered last night.

He'd lounged nonchalantly against an old-fashioned light pole. It resembled the gas fixtures of a bygone era -- one he had firsthand knowledge of. But then he'd seen many decades come and go. Most of them he spent satisfying his base desires.

It had been almost five hundred years since Pietr had known anyone who could make his black heart beat as fast as the woman in front of him did. The last was the seductive witch who had changed him and his life forever. She'd burned for her sins in Salem. He'd missed her until he saw the pretty thing standing so close he could smell her.

Peter Hard, the name he now used, watched Purple talk to a derelict outside a bar he'd become fond of. The Mons Venus. He picked up many of his fancies here. Women with beautiful and desirable bodies, all shapes and sizes. Peter loved them all. He'd even taken a man here and there. Their dark delights called to him occasionally. Men who came to look for an easy lay often ended up lying underneath him.

He lifted his shoulder from the pole when she walked away. They had not seen him under his cover of invisibility. His balls ached with need right now -- he wanted his pretty.

Peter came to think of her like that after all the nights he'd stalked Purple, not sure why he couldn't get her out of his mind. She was delicious to look at -- statuesque, with long, dark hair and green eyes that danced when she felt happy, but were hard as emerald glass when she was pissed off. The swell of her hips would hold him nicely as

he fucked her pussy. Her round, full ass would provide hours of sweet plunder. Her partner brought a twinge to his cock too.

He'd tried to gain entrance to her mind but she always managed to shake him off. She was strong. A good match for him. Peter vowed to keep her for a while. The man who worked with her, Dick, would be useful in getting to Purple. Peter didn't like to hear her called Purp. To him it sounded crude. It in no way matched the lovely creature.

The time had come to take her. Peter decided to wait in the bar.

Dick arrived, plopped on a stool and ordered a drink. Perfect. Humans for the most part were easy to manipulate. Peter couldn't wait to taste this man. He looked delicious as well. The large bundle in his pants always seemed half hard. *I'll relieve him of some of that load.* But not now. Tonight Boyd would have the honor. Peter wanted to watch Purple see her Dick do another man. She'd not had that pleasure yet. Funny how most of his thoughts lately centered on making her happy instead of just fucking her.

He pierced the vein in his wrist, flashed to the bar, and let one drop fall in Dick's drink. No one saw him. Waiting for the results didn't take long. The PI drained his glass in no time flat and ordered another.

Boyd did have the wallet. Peter had no trouble getting it from him, and turned it in to management. Purple's case solved. Now to work on Dick -- so he could work on Purple.

You want Boyd to suck your cock. Planting that thought in his mind had been easy. Dick had always wanted to have his cock sucked by a man, but buried the idea deep in his subconscious. Peter found the information dormant and brought it to life in Dick's head. The investigator's eyes followed the bartender back and forth. Peter would give him some time to savor the thought, then he would introduce himself.

The man Dick picked to give access to his darker delights was a handsome creature with his long platinum hair. The bartender swung both ways, but truly loved sucking cock. Boyd tasted wonderful too. Peter had sampled the wares already. Dick had excellent taste -- especially in women.

Time for the introductions. Peter's erection flared to life at the idea of having Purple. "Peter Hard." *I'm your new partner.* He gave just a slight push.

They all ended up back at Purple's loft, just as Peter had planned. He wanted her well rested for what he had in store for her, so he immediately put her to sleep. Not caring for any sex play himself, he did the same to the men.

Purple was beautiful with her mouth slightly open as she slept. Her sooty eyelashes brushed her alcohol-induced flushed cheeks. Damn, he wanted to take her. But Peter waited.

He gazed out the loft window and enjoyed the black night. Still his favorite time. He imbibed some of each man so the blood lust did not ride him. Purple was unaware of it, but she would feed him well in the morning. Peter gave it much thought, and had decided he would do something he'd never done before.

He intended to turn Purple into a night person. The undead. A creature of myth. What if he couldn't control her afterward? She had a strong mind. When he grew tired of her, he would pass her to his followers. He'd have to pay them a visit soon. They tended to get themselves in trouble without him.

Dick stirred first as Peter continued to stare out at the vista of stars disappearing in the predawn sky. He turned to face the man. Maybe he'd have another snack before Purple woke up. "Did you sleep well?" He saw Dick shake his head to clear it as he sat up. There would still be some disorientation. His cock had the fullness of morning. Wonderful.

"Shit, what a night."

"You did enjoy yourself." *I'll help you clean your body.* Peter spoke to him mentally to nudge him to his way of thinking.

"I need a shower."

He followed Dick's firm ass into the bathroom. Peter undressed normally and turned the water on while Dick emptied his bladder. He didn't want to frighten the man by making his clothes vanish, which was boring anyway. That made him think of

Purple doing a striptease for him. Peter's cock thickened. Dick stepped under the hot water and he followed him.

He stroked his hand down Dick's hard flank. It felt good. The firm body of a man. Yes, he'd slake his desire with him. Peter's cock bumped at the PI's leg and made him jump. "Don't be afraid. I only want to give you pleasure." Dick's blue eyes glazed over with lust and his penis bobbed up in the air. Peter noted again the thickness of his cock. He'd enjoy sucking it.

"Yes, suck my dick."

Peter was happy to oblige. Going to his knees in front of the man, he took the broad head of his cock in his mouth. He pulled greedily on it, taking it all. Peter swallowed inch after inch. Delicious. He worked it back and forth between his lips. His tongue circled and pushed at the hardness.

Dick began to pump in earnest, and threw his head back in joy. Peter pulled his mouth away and nibbled on the tip, laving the tender underside. Hunger beat at him when he felt the pulse there. He pierced the vein and took just a little nourishment. The man standing over him moaned in delight.

The door opened and Peter already knew it was his pretty. He allowed Dick to have a little fun too, after which he shooed him away. Now he'd take her.

Let her know I'll be staying, and you can leave.

Dick followed orders very well.

Initially, he had to calm Purple down, but it wasn't much of a problem. She was a very carnal woman. Peter liked that. Another reason she matched him well. They would have good times together for a while.

Peter took his fill of Purple's blood and gave her enough of his to effect a change. He kissed her. She had soft, sweet lips. Her tongue danced against his and set his loins on fire. A simple kiss. He drew her bottom lip between his teeth and nibbled. Peter once again tasted her blood. Purple ran her tongue over the tips of his fangs. The feeling it evoked in him was exquisite.

Then he held her in his lap. He sat with her on the wet floor, under the water, while she transformed into his chosen. Peter had never seen a more magnificent woman.

After completing the change, he fucked her. Missionary style. Something else Peter hadn't done in a while. He shoved towels under her so the floor wouldn't be hard on her back. He wanted to pound inside her forever. She threw her legs over his shoulders and held him tight. Peter played with her clit as he explored her cunt.

He pinched and pulled at her nub until she bowed from the floor. When she was wet and ready, he buried his cock deep in her pussy over and over. He stroked long and hard to bring her to orgasm. He thrust and plunged his cock until she cried out and delivered her sweet cream.

Peter untangled her legs and moved down her luscious body, leaving a trail of hot kisses, to enjoy her nether delights. The feeling that washed over him while he licked her cunt erased his thoughts of the black deeds he'd done over the years. Well, not all of them. He'd have to be careful not to let her get under his skin. Purple would be his for as long as he wanted her.

And the rest was history.

Right now he chose to share her with Dick. He would watch the man take his pretty's pussy. His cock wept at the idea of seeing her straddled over Dick.

"Give him what he wants, Purple." There, she should be happy he used her name.

"I fully intend to, and you can watch us."

"That's what I had in mind. I wish for you to enjoy yourself."

She laughed loudly and the twinkle came back into her eyes. "Bastard. Don't think you'll always play me like some cheap fiddle. I know that cock and I can't wait to have it. That's why I'm doing it."

"Pretty, I'm going to come while you talk about it. Just fuck him and let me watch you for a while. I may decide to take what's mine again. Dick, come and get her."

He saw Dick rise from the edge of the bed and come for Purple. His penis hung heavy in front of him. They made a lovely naked couple. Blood pulsed through his veins. He went to stand at the foot of the bed to see them better. He wanted to watch Dick's cock slide in and out of his pretty's wet pussy.

Peter contemplated keeping Purple for his own. That sent a jolt right between his legs. He didn't know when the idea had first entered his mind, but it had taken root. None of the women he'd been with could match this one.

Dick pulled her to the bed. He sat and held her between his knees. He ran his hands slowly over her hips, squeezing and caressing her. He rubbed them up and down her strong thighs. Peter heard her whimper and it thrilled him. He stroked his own cock while he watched.

Her breasts were now covered with both of Dick's hands, and her body visibly shuddered when her partner pinched her nipples. Peter's own body trembled. He felt everything Dick did to her. Shit, it was good. His body grew as warm as Purple's under Dick's hard gaze.

Purple covered his hands with hers and made him do it harder. Oh, yes, definitely the woman for him. Peter had chosen wisely. He continued to work the skin back and forth on his own cock as he experienced all of Purple's feelings. *Christ, I may not be able to stand this for much longer.*

Dick drew his fingertips down her stomach and circled her belly button with one wayward finger. Purple's knees grew weak, and so did his. It caught Peter off guard and he buckled down to the floor. *Fuck!* What was that? Never in his long life had he known such a connection.

"Stop." Peter didn't recognize his own voice.

"Screw you." Purple took hold of Dick's hand and plunged it between her legs. He buried two fingers deep in her cunt, and Peter lost his breath. When she started to push up and down, he couldn't budge. The wave of desire that washed over him was cataclysmic. His fangs dropped.

Suddenly Peter realized it was Purple. She'd somehow managed to gain control of his senses. She fed him every thought and feeling -- bombarded him with her desire, her need.

Pretty, you play with fire. He struggled to his feet and shoved back at her. The minute she felt what he did, Purple slumped against Dick and gasped.

As this happened between them, Dick seemed to be caught in a trance. His fingers stayed in Purple's pussy and stroked and played with her. One hand gripped her ass tight as she landed on him. He eased farther back onto the bed and pulled her with him. Dick helped her raise her hips and straddle him. When she came down and impaled herself on his cock, Peter stumbled around the end of the bed.

You will pay dearly for this, Purple. Her throaty laugh only made him hornier. He stroked his cock with vigor.

What's the matter? Big bad vampyre can't take a little fingering?

You're tempting fate.

Come, help Dick fuck me. I need you, Peter.

That was what he wanted to hear.

Chapter Six

She would always need him. He would need her too. Purple knew it, and how she'd play with him every time. Lead him a merry chase before he got what he wanted. Goddamn if she wasn't the best yet.

I'm going to fuck your brains out. I'm going to screw your ass hard while Dick takes care of that sweet pussy of yours.

I'm going to come while you talk about it. Purple laughed at his predicament.

She'd turned the tables on him. Peter liked it. Never had anyone done this to him, and it had his blood boiling with lust. His cock begged to be let loose in her dark tight hole. *Ride his dick. Let me see it all disappear inside of you.*

"Dick, fuck me harder." She coaxed the man under her to pump and thrust more. Purple bucked up and down, taking every inch as Dick arched and shoved his cock into her. "Yes, baby, that's it."

Peter now stood behind her and in between Dick's outstretched legs. Her butt looked so good bouncing up and down. Each time she raised up, he could see the big dick in her pussy, shiny with her juices. He leaned in and stroked his hands up and down her glorious back. She was covered in a fine sheen of sweat, and he smelled the blood that coursed through her.

Pulled to the pulse at her neck, he bit into her viciously. Her hot blood ran sweet. He sucked and savored each drop he took from her. It made her ride Dick harder. The man beneath her never missed a stroke. He pummeled her cunt and drove into her deeper with each thrust. Peter growled at the feelings Dick created in Purple's cunt and in him.

He saw the bottle of lube on the nightstand. Peter filled his hand with it and lathered his dick. Bending Purple forward, he dripped some down the crevice of her behind. She had the nicest ass he'd ever seen, and he'd seen a lot.

Using one finger, he entered her dark hole. She was so tight. Dick couldn't read Purple's mind, and Peter wanted him to hear them, so he spoke out loud. "Am I the first one to go here, pretty?"

"Yes." She gulped air in and stopped moving.

"Relax, I won't hurt you." He felt her ass clench around his finger, then open more. He eased back and forth to loosen her up. This would be heaven. His thick cock throbbed to enter that tiny hole.

Dick asked her, "You okay, Purp?"

"God, yes."

"See, there are two men here who will take good care of you." Peter soothed her with his voice. "Don't be afraid." Peter added a finger and continued to work inside of her. She was ready. She moved again and bumped back on his hand.

"Mmm," she murmured. Soon she rose a little from Dick's penis and leaned back on his fingers. She pushed forward and rocked back. "More."

That's my Purple. "Oh, pretty, you will get it all. This is enough for now." Her pace quickened, and Dick jammed more cock into her cunt. Peter's fingers were so deep in her, he felt Dick.

"Shit, this feels good."

"You'll feel my cock touch yours inside of her, Dick." Peter had primed Purple and he couldn't wait. With one hand on the center of her back, he pressed her forward. He stepped closer, his knees touching the side of the bed. Dick spread his legs to give him room, then he lifted Purple's ass up and spread her cheeks so Peter could enter her.

His cock touched her puckered hole, and her body jerked. "Relax, pretty." He eased just the head in and stopped. He wanted her to get used to the feeling. A little more and he felt her tighten around him. When he felt her loosen her muscles, he thrust in another inch.

"Ahh, yes." Peter finally filled her with his cock.

"Ohhh, Peter," she moaned as he slowly started to ride back and forth. Purple was full of cock -- front and back. "I love it." She locked her hands on Dick's shoulders and held on tight.

"Christ." Dick poked deep in her pussy while he massaged her breast and pinched her nipples.

Peter could feel him through the thin skin that separated them. "Fuck her, Dick. Let me feel it." The man beneath them both jabbed her cunt with one long push. Purple slid up and down, and then reared back on Peter's cock.

The three of them worked into a rhythm that caused murmurs and groans to float around the room. The smell of sex ringed the bed and drove them on. Peter got lost in Purple's tightness. Her mind swallowed him like her ass did his cock. "Talk to us, tell us what you want."

"Fuck me, damn you. I want all that big cock in my ass." She lifted up and down on Dick's cock and pressed back into Peter's groin until she keened in pleasure. Peter wanted the man beneath them to feel it all, so he flooded his mind with the vision and feeling of what he and Purple felt.

"Play with your pussy for us." Peter knew when she touched herself. Purple's body came alive between them as her butt plunged on one man and swiveled against the other.

"Oh, hell yeahhhh!" Dick yelled as his penis slid back and forth against Peter's hardness. He slowed his pace. "I like it."

His cock brushed under Dick's and Peter was aware he liked the new sensation. "I'll let you have it in your ass one day, Dick. You want that?"

"Jesus, yes." Dick pistoned quicker now with the thought of a cock in his ass.

He jabbed deep in Purple's cunt and she cried out, "More. Please give me more." Purple arched up and back, thrusting her pelvis into Dick and her ass onto Peter's cock, giving the men what they wanted.

"God, I can't stand it." Purple's voice was raspy with desire.

"Yes, you can. Damn, you're hot." Peter slammed into her until his balls touched her ass. His nuts tightened with the need to spill his cum in her, and he gave Dick the vision of emptying his hot seed in her pussy.

Purple was going to come. It ripped into Peter's mind like an avalanche, and he shoved it into Dick's mind. *Feel her tighten her ass around my cock? "Give it to us, baby." She's going to come, Dick.*

"Hell, yessss." Dick thrust his cock into her pussy while Peter plunged behind her.

"Ohhhh," she moaned, and cum flooded from her cunt as she rocked against both men. Her sweet cream flowed.

"Yes, my pretty." Peter made one final stab and released his hot sperm deep in her ass. Dick arched up and his cum spurted into her pussy at the same time.

Purple fell forward, collapsing on Dick's chest. Peter lovingly caressed her behind. Fucking beautiful. *I have to keep Purple Rose.* He pulled his still stiff cock from her. "You are both so delightful." He ran his hands over her ass and down Dick's sides. They were wonderful together. Maybe he would enjoy being a part of a family. For a little while. He smiled to himself. Shit. It was late. Time does fly. So must he.

Peter had been absent from his followers for too long. "I hate to fuck and run, but I have to go. Dick, take care of Purple. If any harm comes to her, I'll kill you."

"I can take care of myself, I don't need a babysitter." He heard contentment in her voice and couldn't wait to return.

He watched her roll from Dick and curl up on her side. He pulled the covers over them. "I must show you how to feed. You'll be fine for now." Peter vanished.

Purple looked at Dick. "Dick, did he just disappear?"

Yes, I did. I'll show you that trick one day, pretty.

Fucker.

Sleep. I shall not be long. With his blood connection to Purple and Dick, he heard every word and felt every thought they had.

"Dick, I should kill your ass. How did you let this happen?"

"Hey, don't blame me, Purp. How was I to know he was a vampyre?"

"Vampyres. Damn, they're real."

"Scary shit. Now you're one of them."

"Mmm, I am. He's damn good in bed."

"Sure as hell is."

"Where do you suppose he went?" Purple adjusted her position. "My ass is sore."

"Mine too," Dick replied with a chuckle. "As long as he comes back, I don't care."

Peter laughed with joy at their conversation. Maybe he'd turn Dick too. *You're my queen. I'll never let you go, Purple P. Rose.*

J. Hali Steele

J. Hali Steele currently lives in Southeastern Pennsylvania but her dream is to return to the high desert of California. She shares space with four furfriends (cats) and enjoys spending time with family and friends. Her passion has always been reading romance novels, especially those with vampyres and happy endings. When she's not writing, she can be found snuggled in front of the TV with a good book, a cat in her lap and a cup of coffee.