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Night Games

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**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

# NIGHT GAMES

Jude Mason

## *Dedication*

To the creatures of the night, whoever and whatever they might be

## Chapter One

Hidden in the shadows of the doorway, Johan stood silently, watching. The scene in the square in front of him reminded him of one of those fifties noir movies he tried very hard to miss. Tall, sultry blonde woman, spiked heels clattering on the rain slick pavement and her long legs looking at least twice as long as they had any right to be, sashaying back and forth along that one little stretch of sidewalk. Her little black skirt was short and when she walked, her pink panties played peek-a-boo.

Cars slowed, some stopped, but not as many as her looks suggested should linger. Her tits alone were worth a second, even a third look, if you were into tits—which Johan was when he wanted woman flesh. That didn't happen often, but she caught his eye, made his cock twitch. The little white blouse she almost wore covered about a quarter of what it needed to. Her sleek, white belly gleamed in the streetlights, or headlights, when a car cruised by.

Maybe it was her lips that grabbed him. Plump and red, with a bee-stung look. That's what they used to call those kind of lips, he recalled. Even from the distance, he could see that her eyes were pale blue and the lashes couldn't be real. No one had lashes that thick. Her scent was thick, rich, filled with blood and the luxurious smell of a woman in heat. Perhaps it was that smell that attracted him.

Johan leaned back against the wall, sliding his full length leather coat back and exposed the growing bulge in the tight matching slacks. The only colour he'd worn that evening was the deep purple silk shirt. Petre loved it on him and had asked him to wear it.

Petre, his lover, his mate, how he adored the slender, golden man. Thinking about him brought a smile, and another stirring in his crotch. My, but he was horny.

Movement. A car—one of those low, expensive jobs with the tinted windows and too much horsepower—pulled up to the curb and stopped a few feet from his girl.

Nose in the air, she insolently flipped that luscious long hair over her shoulder and turned away. He thought he caught a frown wrinkle her brow, but he wasn't sure. For a

moment, she looked like she might walk away. But she must have thought better of it. Maybe rent was due or the fridge was empty – something made her turn herself around.

With a fake smile plastered on her face, she sidled on over to the passenger's side door and bent forward.

Johan would have given anything to be standing behind her at that moment. Bad planning, he chastised himself.

A few words exchanged and the would-be client pulled away with a chirp of his tires. Johns, he thought. The guy must have thought he could have her for the price of a ride in his big fancy – car.

Chuckling, Johan listened for prey, and heard nothing. Quiet nights were tough on the grocery list.

He ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth, licked the sharp incisors.

From the alley across the street and to his left stumbled the wretched remains of a woman he'd seen over the years, once vital, but age and hard wear had taken their toll. Her sunken eyes peered vacantly up and down the empty street. Threadbare clothing hung off emaciated shoulders, thankfully covering her from chin to toe. Turning to her left, the ancient relic plodded away, seeking refuge in whatever empty barrow she could find.

Johan had seen her before on his nightly excursions, often feeding on the refuse of someone else's trash. She'd live a while longer, her drug habit ensuring her own private pleasures. He couldn't imagine himself hungry enough to harvest her.

A squeal of tires from his lady's side of the street pulled his attention that way. Another car, less flashy, more nondescript, pulled to a stop beside her. Two men – one enormous and obese, soft looking, the other, a runt by comparison – leapt out of the back doors and were on her in a flash.

"No," she snarled when the two men grabbed her, one to an arm. She kicked and jerked her arms, writhing in their grasp. "Le' me go, you bastards!"

"Cool it, babe. You ain't going anywhere but where we want," growled one of the goons. Using one hand to hold her, he moved the other over the woman freely, and his grin was horrible to see.

Johan took a step into the street, contemplating a rescue. It'd been years since he'd bowed to that temptation. Before he made up his mind, the girl was tossed into the back seat

and both men had joined her. Her shriek was the last thing he heard before the car sped away.

Too late, he raced for the vehicle.

Another car crept towards him. Behind the wheel crouched a balding middle-aged man who peered at the sidewalk, obviously looking for a play partner.

Johan couldn't take the chance of changing, and walked after the car with its fascinating cargo. He'd find her, and he'd rescue her. Then he'd find out what had so captured his attention.

Entering the nearest alley, he glanced over his shoulder to make sure no one was watching him. Nothing and no one was within sight. Even balding Joe Average had passed by.

Crouching, he let his body relax for the length of time it would have taken his heart to go from one beat to the next, and then he leapt. On the rise, his fingertips lengthened, the nails toughened and curved into claws. Two floors up the side of the building the bricks were rough, ideal for clinging to in his other form. He morphed, but only partially. There seemed no need to transform fully into the bat.

He leapt again, his coat flapping in the light breeze, slapping at his long legs on the way up another floor. As if in some weird slow motion, he counted the bricks on the ascent, then when he hung at the apex of his flight, he reached out and simply hooked his nails into the cement between them. His weight dragged on the nails, his fingers ached. His boot-clad toes found their own niches. He clung easily, peering around for some sign of the car.

Nothing.

He clambered to the roof and scuttled along its edge. Rooftops and the sides of taller buildings were like a giant puzzle and stretched out too far in all directions. Lights from the distant structures diminished the true light of the stars, and he missed their glow.

The woman was there. He caught a hint of her scent on the wind. He turned and gazed to the west, towards the water. Yes, there. He flipped his coat back and gauged the leap, then sprang into the air.

His fingers touched, gripped, and he hauled himself up to the rusty tin roof. Quickly on his feet, he jogged to the far side of the warehouse. Yes, the car—he caught a glimpse of it a hundred yards away.

Excitement gripped him. His cock pulsed and he reached down, massaging it through the soft leather. The chase always got him hard.

He peered ahead, creating a pathway towards the car and the sweet-scented female. From the roof he was on to a balcony, then to another warehouse, the course clear.

He leapt and scrambled to the far side of the railing, then took off again. He was just about to take off when he sensed something, or someone, stalking him.

Turning, he bared his fangs.

A large black shape bowled him over. Rolling across the rough stonework, he grabbed at whoever, or whatever it was. Before his claws could find purchase, the attacker was gone.

Livid, Johan jumped to his feet and spun. Searching the rooftop, he snarled.

Laughter erupted to his right. Husky male laughter. Familiar laughter.

From around the corner of the entrance that no doubt led to the interior stairway, a dark shape emerged. Johan crouched, ready to leap again.

"Johan, such a vicious posture. Are you going to attack me?" Petre, his lover of many years, asked in an impudent tone.

Johan straightened, and said, "You're lucky I didn't toss you off the roof." His anger dissipated, but he was still annoyed at the younger man. "You couldn't see I was on the hunt?"

Petre, all six foot two of him, stepped closer. "Yes, that's what made it so much fun. You are so easily distracted, my love."

Scowling, Johan peered up into Petre's beautiful blue eyes. Long lashes feathered over them when he blinked, the tips brushing the pale flesh of his cheeks. A nose that at one time had been broken was the only distraction from his good looks. The long golden hair whipping around his head in the growing breeze only made him better looking, in Johan's opinion. Wide shoulders, a broad chest and six-pack that rivalled any man he'd seen had his mind going from the woman he'd been chasing to fucking the devil out of Petre.

"Bastard," Johan growled, but his annoyance was slowly fading, lust for the man rising.

"Yeah, I can be that." Petre turned and walked to the edge of the roof. His black frock coat pressed tight against his body. The high-necked collar and white cuffs gave him an aristocratic look, which was instantly belied by the scarlet trainers he wore. He leaned on the handrail and peered into the darkness.



Johan followed his lust on the rise. Standing behind Petre, he reached forward and gripped the man's hips. A shuffled step ahead and his groin connected with the tightest ass he'd ever had the privilege of fucking. Groaning, he thrust his hips forward.

"Yeah, a regular bastard, who might need to be taught a lesson." Johan thrust again, as if punctuating his words.

"Oh yeah, teach me a lesson."

Chuckling, Johan reached around and unfastened the row of buttons holding Petre's tight jeans in place. Unfastened didn't mean they'd fall. It took Johan a couple of minutes of diligent effort to wriggle them down to his ankles.

"Fuck, you have to wear them so damn tight?" Johan admonished his lover.

"You betcha. I love the feel of you working to get them off me."

Rather than replying, Johan gave Petre's lily white ass a good slap. "You do, eh?" He delivered a second swat to the other cheek.

"Sure do," Petre answered and wriggled his ass back.

Johan unsnapped his leather pants and whisked down the zipper. The chill night air entered the gap, but did nothing to cool his excitement. He reached inside and pulled his cock into the open, groaning when it brushed Petre's upturned ass.

"You're a cheeky bastard as well." Johan slid one hand down along the crease of Petre's butt, tapped his anus with an index finger but didn't linger there. Instead, he continued underneath, until he cupped the low hanging ball sac. Gently, he bounced them in his palm, playing with them as if they were oversized marbles to be juggled. When Petre shifted his feet, widening his stance, Johan took the message and worked his hand even farther forward. The long thick cock slid against his palm and the inside of his wrist.

He didn't grab hold right away, simply rubbed his forearm back and forth along the slick length of Petre's cock. Bending forward, he gave the sleek buttock in front of him a nip with his deadly sharp incisors.

"Hey," Petre yelped, lunging forward.

Johan took the opportunity to grab the balls he'd a moment ago been fondling, and held Petre in place.

"Spread your feet a little more," Johan told him, and smiled when he was instantly obeyed.

"Bit difficult with my pants around my ankles."

"Too bad. Now hold still." Johan stood and gave his cock a couple of perfunctory strokes. Then, spitting into his free hand, he used that to lubricate the shaft. Sliding his fingers from base to tip, he shuddered when a drop of pre-cum oozed over his crown.

Ready, he positioned himself behind his lover and rubbed the bulbous head of his cock against the puckered opening. Just that had his thighs trembling.

Wedging himself into the slight indentation, he gave a gentle shove. Lights flashed behind his eyes as the head of his cock squeezed its way into the ultra-tight hole. Goosebumps raced across his chest, up his neck and around his shoulders. He stopped, luxuriating in the delicious sensation of being gripped so tightly. Shuddering, he eased inside an inch or so more and held still, letting Petre's ass get used to the intrusion.

Over his shoulder, Petre whispered, "Don't stop. Fuck me."

"Sure?"

"Yeah, fuck me, I want it hard. Make me feel it."

With no further urging necessary, Johan set his feet and lunged forward. The sharp intake of breath he heard coming from Petre urged him on. Withdrawing until just the very tip of his cock held Petre's anus open, he waited an insanely long moment, and then plunged in again. He adored the sweet sensation, the silky wetness of his lover's ass holding him. His cock pulsed and his balls churned.

"Do it hard," Petre groaned and thrust his butt back against Johan's belly.

In response, Johan drew back and slammed forward. He didn't stop to savour it, but quickly pulled out and rammed him again. The slap of skin on skin was its own aphrodisiac. Each thrust encouraged the next.

He ground his hips against Petre's ass and pulled free again. The cool night air kissed the length of his cock, but only for an instant before he slammed back inside.

His toes curled inside his boots, the nails digging into the leather. When he tensed his thighs, the urgent feeling of impending climax sent a rush of pleasure up his spine. Jamming himself in, he growled and felt spunk climbing his shaft. Balls rolled up tight to his body, he lurched and sent the first stream of cum splashing inside Petre's clutching ass. Automatically, he pulled out then slammed in again, the next volley of essence joining the

first, deep inside his lover. Ass clenched tight, he thrust and sent the last of his juices into Petre.

Still gripping his lover's cock, Johan wasn't surprised when he felt it swell, then pulse. The next instant, it jerked and sent its own ribbons of cum into the night sky. Stroking the skin over the quivering shaft, he milked Petre of the last dribbles of spunk.

"Still a bastard?" Petre asked, a hint of humour still in his voice.

"Yeah, still a bastard, and a cheeky one at that."

"And that's why you love me."

Johan carefully eased back, pulling his slowly softening cock from the depths of Petre's ass. He heard a soft grunt when his cock popped free. Zipping and buttoning his pants, he stepped to the side and peered in the direction he was sure he'd scented the woman he'd been chasing.

## Chapter Two

Out of the corner of his eye, Johan saw Petre bend forward and grab hold of his pants. Once he'd dragged them up and fastened them, he turned and faced Johan. "So, where were you going when I found you?"

"There was this woman –"

"A woman?" Petre interrupted in a surprised voice.

Chuckling softly, he replied, "Yes, a woman." He glanced at Petre's face and wasn't surprised at the man's shocked look. He rarely sought out women, preferring more masculine company. "She caught my attention. Didn't seem to fit the scene. Got herself grabbed before I'd made up my mind whether to approach her or let her go."

"Grabbed? By who?"

"No idea. Two guys in an older model car."

"And you want to...what?"

Facing Petre, he said, "Find her. Want to help?"

"Why?"

A smile tugged at the corners of Johan's mouth. Reaching out, he pulled his lover close and tilting his head up, pressed a kiss to the firm jaw line.

"She's no threat, she's just a woman. She just caught my attention and I want to figure out why. You're my lover, my love, for now and forever more," he whispered into the long golden hair. "I want a woman, that's all. Maybe she's something special, maybe she's just prey. I don't know yet. I'm going to find out."

Petre turned and faced him, capturing Johan's gaze with his own. His expression softened and the worry vanished. "Thank you, Johan. You always know exactly what to say."

"So, do you want to help me find her?"

"Sure. What's she look like, this *femme fatale* of yours?"

"Tall, blonde, lots of curves in all the right places." He smiled. He had a thing for blondes.

"Sounds like a knockout." Petre turned back to look out over the sea of buildings.

"Yeah, a knockout, and... I don't know, she just didn't seem the streetwalker type. Too good for the neighbourhood was the impression I got."

"Drug habit or she owes someone big. She could be someone you really don't want to know."

Johan tilted his head to the side, thinking about his brief glimpse of the woman. He didn't get the impression she was in trouble, other than when she was snatched. But Petre was right – looks could be very deceiving.

"Possibly, but I don't think so. She didn't strike me as a druggie or stupid. She just seemed out of place. A hooker, maybe, but not a street whore."

"Well, let's go and find her." Petre turned and peered into the distance where Johan had been looking. "You said you caught her scent this way?"

"Yeah, warehouses by the docks." He chuckled. "Sounds like one of those pulp fiction novels where the good guys have to rescue the damsel in distress from the hoods on the riverfront."

"Very cute, smart guy."

"She has the most delicious smell about her. Woman and sex, and blood."

"Sounds intriguing," replied Petre. Slipping his arm around Johan's waist, he whispered, "Sex and blood. Are you horny for her now?"

"Yeah, horny, and more." He wanted to know what attracted him. Women were not his first love, but he did like them for variety.

"Let's go." He jumped off the roof, catching the air in the pocket of the wings suddenly morphed from his arms. The change drove a shrill cry from his altered lungs. Pain like no other wrenched at him, tore another cry from him as he swooped low, then weaved around an old building. Pain turned to pleasure as his clothing melted from his body, the sleek fur of the bat emerging into the night. Air rippled along his flank, caressing the new flesh, moving along the smooth length of him from muzzle to the tips of his toes.

Behind him the flap of wings told him Petre followed. Johan spread his wings, the air whistled past, lifting him until the rooftops rushed below. He peered around, searching, his senses all on the alert.

A rush of air to his left caught his attention and he turned. Petre was there, sleek and midnight black, his muzzle pointing slightly to the left.

Johan turned and instantly caught the scent of her. Twisting, he veered that way.

A warehouse loomed ahead. That's where she was, he was sure of it.

Landing on the roof, tiny feet skittered along the rough tile. Petre beside him, beautiful, wings tucked in and they shifted. Exquisite sensation tore at him, and he gritted newly shaped teeth to keep from crying out. The bones in his face twisted, his ears slid to the sides of his head, his nose grew. His arms absorbed slick black wings and his legs elongated. His fingers and toes condensed and the fine hair covering him changed to a finer, more useless human form.

On hands and knees, he waited as patiently as he could to regain his equilibrium. Gasping, he raised his head and peered at Petre. The man also knelt, his golden hair hanging over his face, as he too gasped.

A moment later, Johan rose to his feet. The clothing he'd worn was gone, vanished when he'd changed. The wind caressed every inch of him, and he felt nothing but its velvet touch.

Turning, he saw Petre rise to his feet, and smiled when he noticed the erection jutting from his middle. "You like the pain or what?" he whispered.

"Maybe," he replied just as quietly and, reaching out, ran his hand over Johan's abs. "I like looking at you."

Chuckling softly, he pushed the hand away and turned towards the stairs leading down. At the top, he peered over the edge. No one was about, but he still had the unmistakable scent of the woman.

They descended quickly, their feet barely skimming the steps. On the ground, Johan nodded to the right and raced that way. There was a wide doorway a dozen or so feet away, and a large, grimy window beside it.

Johan peeked in the window, but it was too grungy to see anything more than a couple of feet away.

Petre stood by the door, listening intently. He smiled and nodded. Pointing at it, he mouthed, "She's there."

"Follow me in." Johan crouched and opened the door, slinking inside. Petre was right, he could smell her. Staying low, he scooted across the cement floor and positioned himself behind a stack of boxes. Petre joined him and they put their heads together.

"Did you see where they are?" asked Johan in a hushed whisper.

"No, couldn't see anyone. But their scent comes from that direction." He indicated a corner of the room where three closed doors led into what he assumed were offices.

Johan straightened up just enough to see over the boxes, and looked towards the corner. With all three doors closed, it was going to be difficult to pinpoint exactly where the woman was being held.

As if in answer to his concern, the door nearest the outside wall burst open. Light streamed across the floor and Johan ducked back behind his shield. He had just enough time to recognise one of the goons he'd seen force the girl into the car.

"Bitch," muttered a gruff male voice from inside the room.

"Fuckin' right," the big man who'd come into the main storage area agreed. He was well over six feet tall and must have weighed as much as both Johan and Petre together. His girth strained even the oversized jeans and jacket he wore. Greasy hair hung over his eyes and stuck out at the back of his neck.

From inside the room, Johan could hear soft whimpering of a woman. He was sure it was his blonde.

"Bitch will bloody pay," announced the voice from inside. A moment later, another man staggered out of the room. That one had a hand cradling his groin and walked with obvious discomfort. "Ain't no bitch gonna kick me in the balls without payin' big time. Fucking bimbo bitch."

The big man stifled a chuckle. "Teach you to untie her. Jeez, man, you can fuck 'em with their legs tied up."

"Oh fuck off," growled the smaller of the two. He straightened and groaned but managed to pull his hands off himself.

"You okay to go back and try again?" asked the giant of a man.

"Yeah, just a glancing blow. Wouldn't say no to a beer though. Got any left in the car?"

"No, we drunk it all on the way here. After we do her, we'll head to the pub. Jake'll be there with our money, and he can deal with the cow."

"Wonder what she did to him to warrant this?" the injured man asked.

"No idea, and I wasn't askin'. You know Jake. Likes to keep his business private. Ain't afraid to dole out punishment when he thinks it's needed, or have someone else do it for him. I'd rather stay on his good side. And, the pay's good."

"Ya got a point, Sam," he said, giving his gonads a final rub then turned back to the opened door. "Let's get her done so we can get that beer. Rough her up good, he said. Gi' me a hand tying her legs, will ya?"

"You bet, then we'll do her, if you think you still can." He ducked a backhanded swipe as he walked into the room. The door closed and a moment later a scream cut the air. A loud smack followed and then there was silence.

"Bloody hell!" whispered Johan. "She must have really done something outrageous to this Jake to earn this."

"Yeah. You sure you want to butt into this?"

Johan looked at his lover, and nodded. "Yeah. I want her. She's a feisty wench and I like that."

Petre smiled and said, "Yeah, you do like feisty."

"Let's get closer." Johan took off at a run, heading for the next pile of boxes closer to the offices. The slap of Petre's feet told him his lover was on his heels, and he took off again. At the next stop, he listened for any hint of their discovery. When he was sure they went unnoticed, he raced for the doorway. Stepping to the side, he flattened himself against the wall and waited for Petre to join him on the other side.

Once Petre was there, Johan listened. Grunting sounds and the weak moans came to him. A sharp slap and another whimper followed.

Anger flared. Two big men on a single woman just didn't seem fair.

Suddenly, a female voice yelled, "Bastards, get off me."

Shuffling sounds and the creak of furniture as if someone heavy had pushed back on a chair followed. "Bitch." The guttural snarl could have been from either man.

Johan looked at Petre and mouthed, "I get the big one."

Nodding, Petre moved in front of the door, his hand on the knob. Johan got behind him, and on the silent count of three, he raced ahead, just as Petre turned the knob.



The look on the men's faces was priceless. The sight of the smaller man's naked butt between the woman's widespread legs was revolting. The poor woman had been tied to the desk; her arms pulled up and back, forcing her to arch her body towards her tormentors. Her ankles were bound to the legs of the desk, and held her wide for whatever the men had in mind.

Johan leapt at the big man leaning against the wall not ten feet from him. His fist connected with the man's gaping mouth, and he smiled at the satisfying crunch of a tooth or two breaking under the force. The man instantly sagged, unconscious before he hit the floor.

Petre had to be a little more careful in his assault. Leaping onto the smaller man's back, he flung his arm around the guy's neck, slammed his knees into his back and pulled. It looked like the fellow simply did a backwards flip, and landed on the floor, face down.

Petre jumped to his feet. With a vicious gleam in his eyes, reared a foot back and then drove it forward, into the man's side. A guttural cry belched from him, but that was all. Petre's foot had driven what little air remained from his lungs.

The blonde woman cried out, obviously shocked at the sudden rescue, if rescue it was. Her skirt was in tatters around her waist and her blouse was nowhere to be seen. The pink panties hung from a thigh. All she had on were her heels and the remains of her skirt.

Johan crossed his arms. Looking at Petre, he nodded and smiling. "Nice move, lover. Been practising?"

Beaming, Petre looked at Johan. "You bet."

Striding ahead, Johan leant over the nearly naked woman. "It's all right. We're not here to harm you."

Her gaze moved from his face to the rest of him. Her eyes widened and her mouth sagged open.

Johan looked down. Naked, semi-erect, he must have looked like he was ready to jump her. Quick to reassure her, he said, "Honestly, my lover and I saw you being dragged in here and just didn't have time to dress. We thought getting you away from these two was more important."

Suddenly, he realised he was talking to himself. Her eyes had rolled up and she'd fainted.

"Fuck!" he muttered. But, in reality, it might be for the best. He and Petre were now free to get her out of there without having to explain or argue. Bending down, he tore the ropes from one wrist and moved to the other. He heard Petre working on her ankles, and in no time, she was free.

"Let's go before she wakes up, or those goons come to," Johan said in an urgent voice.

Each of them took hold of an arm and lifted her off the desk. She sagged between them, hair hanging over her face, knees buckled, her toes turned in.

Johan looked down at her and smiled. She couldn't possibly be less attractive, but for some reason, he thought of her naked and astride him. His cock pulsed and rose.

"Can't keep your mind off sex, can you, my love?" Petre asked, chuckling.

"Fuck you." He pretended it wasn't true.

"Oh please." The chuckle turned to full out laughter for a moment.

When one of the thugs began moving around, Johan got serious. "Let's get out of here."

"Wings or feet?"

"Wings, it'll get us further away, faster, if we can lift her." Johan hurried them to the door, his body beginning its change on the way. He groaned, pain knifing through him from head to toe, or snout to toe. The erection that had started waned and was absorbed. Blood roared in his ears so loud he wanted to cry out, but he knew his voice was gone. A tiny squeal emerged.

Beside him, Petre morphed, a grunt of pain echoed his own. Glancing at each other, forepaws clasping the female between them, Johan nodded. A feral head atop a sleek yet muscular body the size of wolf standing on its two hind legs nodded back.

He heard a curse of anger came from one of the hoodlums. A shot was fired, the bullet whirring past Johan's head.

"What the hell?" A man's footsteps slammed after them.

Clearing the doorway, the two bats lifted off the ground. Once aloft, as if they read each other's minds, they dropped the woman, only to grasp her arms again with their feet. Wings spread, they caught an updraft and soared higher.

Another bullet whizzed by, lost in the night sky, urging them to greater speed. The sound of Petre's leathery wings pacing him encouraged Johan to get them all to safety as quickly as he could.

The girl shifted but remained unconscious. They swooped passed derelict buildings and more of the run down warehouses, finally coming to the more respectable part of town. High rises and lofts whipped by until eventually Johan spotted his own dark sanctuary.

The tall building was one he'd owned for years, and lived in when he visited the city. Five storeys high, the top floor was his, the rest rented out to whoever needed large spaces for their work. At the moment, he had four artists leasing the bottom two floors, the remainder of the building sat empty, which suited him fine.

Struggling against the pull of gravity, Johan and Petre strained to rise higher. The skylight would be open, if they could just get to it.

Just as they cleared the edge of the roof, their booty twisted, and Johan nearly lost his grip. Bringing his wings down sharply, he managed to pull up just enough, ensuring that even if they faltered, the fall would be a short one to the rooftop.

When the skylight was within half a dozen feet, he breathed a huge sigh of relief. They'd made it.

## Chapter Three

They lowered the woman onto the sofa. Johan relaxed his grip on her wrists and settled onto the floor in front of her, Petre beside him.

They changed, writhing with brilliant pleasure and pain as their bones and flesh morphed. Their hair grew, entire structures altered, becoming longer, more muscular, human. Gasping, Johan rolled to his side and looked at Petre in his last moments of transition. Even when he wasn't quite human, Johan found him attractive.

Reaching out, he ran a hand over the muscular belly, shuddering when the flesh twitched, smiling when a hand came up to cover his.

"It never gets easier, does it?" Petre knew the answer; they'd talked about it many times before.

"No, but you do get used to it." Johan smiled and looked into the man's amber eyes. "In time, you forget to think about it. The pain lasts such a short time, the pleasure takes over. It's just part of being who you are, we are." He slipped his hand a little lower, fingers coming in contact with the sparse wiry pubes.

"Uh, what about the girl?" Petre asked, but didn't push the exploring hand away.

"She's not going anywhere.

"I know that." He squirmed, his cock thickened. "You're going to start something that I'm not sure you should, until we get some information about what was going on with her. Whoever 'her' is."

"True." Johan slipped his fingers around the swelling length of flesh and gave it a gentle squeeze. "I'll get back to you as soon as I can though. Save this for me."

Chuckling, Petre placed his hand over top of Johan's and moved it up and down the shaft of his cock. "It's yours. Always yours."

Johan looked deeply into his lover's eyes, and felt the bond they shared deepen. Lifeless, they cared more for each other than either had ever done when they were human.

Johan winked and pulled his hand free. "I wonder if we shouldn't get some clothes on before we wake her?"

Glancing down at himself then back up, Petre smiled. "Yeah, we don't want to look more like rapists than rescuers."

"No shit. For all she knows, she's gone from one bunch of hoods to another. Follow me." Johan turned and headed for the bedroom, and the closet full of clothes. Opening the doors wide, he took two robes from the hooks, one black velvet, the other dark blue silk, and held them up. "Which one?"

Petre took the silk robe and slipped it on. Johan slid into the other, belting it at the waist. Pushing his feet into a pair of slip-ons, he turned and headed back to where the woman lay stretched out on the sofa. On the way, he reached down and grabbed a throw from the foot of the bed.

"What the fuck do you think those guys wanted her for?" asked Petre. "And, what got you interested, besides her being a looker?"

"Don't have a clue what they, or their man Jake, wanted. Don't much care."

"And you're attracted, why?"

Kneeling down beside the woman, Johan spread the red and black plaid throw over her nakedness. Gently, he stroked her hair away from her eyes. "Because she's got amazing eyes, maybe. Could be because she's feisty, and I like that. Honestly, I'm not sure."

She stirred, turned and brought a hand up to her face. Her eyes opened. Fear widened them, and she tried backing away. "Who—where am I?" she got out. Her gaze shifted upward, past Johan, and her eyes got even wider.

He turned and saw Petre standing there, arms crossed and a smile on his handsome face.

Attention back on the woman, he said, "I'm Johan," turning, he indicated his lover with a nod and added, "and this is Petre. We saw those guys drag you into the warehouse. We couldn't let them...do whatever they had planned."

She closed her eyes, swallowed, shuddered then forced them open. When she looked up at him, he saw the fear fade, but her lower lip trembled.

"You're all right. You're nowhere near them. We brought you here. This is my home." He kept his voice low and stroked her forehead, her cheek, trying to calm her. "They can't harm you now, not ever again. You're safe here."

"But I saw..." Her eyes, which had begun to take on a less fearful appearance, widened again.

"You saw what?" he asked. *Did she see us?*

Shaking her head, she groaned and closed her eyes. Her brow wrinkled, as if she was thinking or trying to comprehend what she thought she'd seen.

Johan looked up at Petre. "Would you get a glass of water for the poor thing?"

Winking, Petre went into the kitchen, a mere ten steps away, and ran the water while getting a glass from the cupboard. He came back, smiling, one hand inside the front of his robe, the other with a glass held out.

Johan's eyes went to the concealed hand, and he silently cursed the man. He watched as that hand moved, stroked and caressed the hefty package between his legs. Mouth watering, Johan swallowed then said, "Thanks," and took the tumbler from the cool, outstretched hand.

"You're welcome," Petre said, then lowered his eyes to where Johan's cock lay pulsing, aching for a touch.

Trying to ignore his lover, Johan again looked down at the blonde beauty. "Here, let me help you sit up. Drink this." Easing his hand under her head, he helped her sit up.

She drank while he held the glass, her hands on his arm. When she tilted her head back, he pulled the glass away.

"Thank you, Johan." Her voice was steady and deep. "I don't know how I'll ever be able to repay you."

"No need. Just rest, we'll talk later."

Cocking her head, she said, "You don't even know what I am, do you?"

"Well, yeah, I think I do. I saw you on your stroll. Saw the johns checking you out."

She stiffened. For a moment, he thought she might bolt and try to flee.

Handing the nearly empty glass to Petre, he again softened his voice and projected acceptance. "It doesn't matter. Honestly. We all have skeletons and baggage."

Her eye lids lowered and her breathing deepened. "Yes, you know. I'm a whore, and those two guys, they were working for someone—"

Holding a finger up to her lips, he silenced her, and repeated, "It doesn't matter."

"Johan, would you like me to leave for the evening?" Petre asked.

"No, I'm sure the three of us will be just fine, but thanks."

Petre nodded and got the wickedest smile on his face. He knelt beside and slightly behind Johan then, leaning forward, whispered in his ear, "Who's going to be the filling in this sandwich, love?"

Biting back a loud chuckle, Johan turned and said, "Not sure, we'll play this by ear, you cheeky bastard."

"You two...are you?" the woman asked, hesitantly.

"Yes, we're lovers. But that doesn't mean we don't like women." Johan leaned towards her and lightly brushed his lips across hers. "Especially women like you," he murmured.

Obviously confused, she placed her hands on his shoulders and gently pushed. "But you don't under —"

"Later, I promise," he interrupted and eased forward, not enough to scare her, he hoped, but enough to bring his mouth tantalisingly close to her neck. The smell of blood so near made his mouth water. The perfume she wore complemented the sweetness, the depth of that much sought after nourishment.

He licked his lips and felt the points of his teeth against his tongue. To bite or not, he mused, knowing all along he wouldn't.

"Tell us your name, lovely lady." He kissed her neck. The soft skin against his lips was like satin.

"Miranda...Miranda Smith," she sputtered.

He was sure Miranda wasn't a Smith, but it didn't matter. He nuzzled her neck and kissed along the vein running alongside her jaw line up to her ear. He nibbled there, tugging at her lobe with his lips.

"But you don't understand," she said, her voice deadly serious. "Jake, the man behind those two goon, he's dangerous."

"Shh! Honestly, everything will be fine, I promise," Petre murmured an instant before Johan felt the man's hands on his hips.

The robe slipped upward, the cooler air of the room caressed first his thighs then his ass. He shivered, not at the chill, but at the delicate touch of Petre's hands moving along the inside of his thighs.

"Jake will wait." Johan used his voice—the voice humans couldn't resist, a voice he'd taken centuries to acquire and master—hypnotic, dominating, ethereal. "I just want to make you feel special right now. You are, you know? Very special."

From decades of experience, he knew the hypnotic tone and timbre reached into the woman's psyche, convincing her of the desire to receive pleasure from the two men. Jake, the master pimp and racketeer, would wait. He knew who Jake was, or at least what he was, and would be more than happy to take care of him, but later.

"Yes," she murmured, her shoulders relaxing, her breath coming in deep, satisfying drafts.

Johan had no desire to harm her, or abuse her, as the two hoodlums had. Indeed, he couldn't make her do anything she didn't want to. Instead, he wanted to show her what pleasure was. That, and get fucked by his lover. A threesome would definitely spice things up.

"Let's get the last of these clothes off you." He rose up, just enough to get at the buttons and zippers, gently drawing the remains of the blouse and skirt off her. The panties were long gone, as were her shoes. Disrobing her took but a moment and when she was nude, he eased her back against the cushions of the sofa.

He turned and, for a moment, gazed into the amber eyes of his sweetheart. "You know I've used my voice. We'll talk later about this Jake fella. Sounds like she's really afraid of him. I just can't figure why she'd be of any interest to someone like him at all."

"Yeah," Petre said quietly, his arm around Johan, his fingers gliding up the crease dividing Johan's butt cheeks. "Later." He winked then pressed a finger against the tight pucker. "Fuck now."

"Yes, fuck now." He grunted and pushed his ass back, engulfing the tip of Petre's finger.

He returned his attention to Miranda—her rose-tipped nipples the first thing on his menu. Kneeling between her thighs, he leaned down and flipped his tongue at one of the tight little nubbins. The slightly darker areola pressed against his lips.

Suckling, he flicked her nipple to full erection with his tongue, savouring the texture and taste of that one taut morsel until he tired of it, then switched to the other. A wet trail of his saliva wound between the two nipples before he took the treat between his eager lips.



He'd just settled in for his turgid meal when something wet and cool pressed against the puckered opening of his ass. A breath equally as cool brushed his buttocks, and he realised the wet intruder was Petre's tongue.

Groaning, he spread his legs wider, wanting the sensation to never stop. His cock pulsed, his erection so hard the head tapped his belly in its eagerness. Ignoring it, he cupped Miranda's breasts, one to a hand, grazing his thumbnail over the unattended nipple.

His pleasure mounted when her body arched upward. She gasped, the strength of her exhalation strong enough to warm his too cool cheek.

Done with her nipples, he left the sensitive nubbins and trailed his tongue downward. Her flesh was warm, the salty sweetness a treat he hadn't realised he'd yearned for. He lapped and suckled at it, leaving small pink blotches in his wake. Her navel interested him enough for a short delay, but not for long. Her groan of appreciation urged him lower. Her hands guided him.

The aroma of her sex was the lure he raced towards. Extending his tongue, he left a meandering trail of slickness. The sparse thatch of pubic hair tickled his lips, and he sucked a few strands into his mouth, relishing the taste.

So engrossed in her pubes and the scent of her, he scarcely thought of Petre's assault on his upturned ass until the sweet stretching sensation brought a gasp of his own from deep inside. There was no pain, just the tormenting ache that came with fingers prying him open. The slick tongue wetting him sent a shudder up his spine.

"Your mouth," Miranda moaned, pulling his face lower. "Use your mouth on me."

Complying, desiring the taste of her, Johan pressed his lips to the swollen outer lips of her pussy. The tangy musk filled his mouth and nose, and he wanted more. Lapping at her, he slipped the point of his tongue into the slick folds of her sex and scooped out a dollop of her nectar.

Petre's hand grasped his cock and slowly worked the skin along its length. With his face buried in Miranda's snatch, the only sound he could make out were the muffled moans of her pleasure.

He pushed his ass higher, an invitation he was sure Petre wouldn't refuse. A wet flickering something teased its way from one of his cheeks to the other. Petre's tongue.

"Mm," he moaned and spread his knees a little wider.

“You want it, don’t you?” came his lover’s voice.

Nodding, Johan dipped his tongue into Miranda’s centre. He wriggled his butt to encourage Petre.

One hand still on his cock, he slowly worked the skin up and down the steel hard length. With the other, Petre grabbed the cheek of his ass. Buttocks pried apart, Johan shuddered at the cool air moving over the sensitive flesh between. His anus clenched, beckoned. Petre lapped at the top of his crease, slowly working his way down.

Anticipation of that journey and what Petre would do once he’d hit the crinkled knot of his anus had Johan breathless. His cock twitched. A flicking torture of pleasure followed. Petre’s dextrous tongue played along Johan’s crease, nearing the target then diverting to kiss or nuzzle the cheek or the sac of jewels hanging below. Finally, the target reached, the man’s tongue became even livelier in its torment—circling, pressing the tip passed the outer ring where it wiggled and teased, only to retreat and resume its play.

A finger entered then withdrew. The tongue revisited the twitching spot then pulled away, leaving Johan aching for its return.

Careful to keep his ass spread wide, he delved deeper into Miranda’s sweet pussy. Her thighs held his face tight. Her hands in his hair guided him. He nuzzled her and dragged his teeth over her clit. Just when he prepared to plunge his tongue deep into her sweltering hole, Petre drove his tongue in.

Johan gasped. He couldn’t help it. The sensation of cool slickness entering him was too much to ignore. His balls churned and rose in their sac. The familiar feeling of tension in his groin was like the slamming of waves against the shore and took him higher with each thrusting of Petre’s tongue.

His own tongue became busy again, and his teeth went into action as well, gently tugging on the delicate inner labia. Nipping at the pearl-like tip of her clit, he could have roared his pleasure when she shuddered under his ministrations.

He could hear the blood coursing through her veins. Its heat burned his cheeks and urged his tongue to delve even deeper into her folds. Miranda twisted and turned beneath him, but the grip she had on his head trapped him securely between her thighs, which was exactly where he wanted to be. He felt and heard her blood racing along her thighs.

Her thighs tensed. She inhaled but didn't exhale, and he knew she was on the edge, teetering, reaching. He felt it in her, sensed her reaching for that brilliant moment of ecstasy. He flicked his tongue over her clit then gently tightened his lips around the tiny bud.

Her body lurched and he got a mouthful of her essence as her orgasm hit. She cried out and thrust her hips upward, while dragging his face hard against her. All he could do was hang on and try not to hurt her as her spasms took over. A dozen times her body arched upward, and each time he received another taste of her nectar.

When she drew in a long sobbing breath he knew she was coming down, and that's when he pulled away. His face was covered in her juices.

A sudden jolt of pleasure stabbed at him. Petre's finger, still buried in his ass, had found his prostate. Another jab made him grunt, and he again pushed his ass back into Petre's hand.

"You want her?" Petre asked in that soft voice Johan loved.

"Yeah, I want her, and you."

Petre still had hold of Johan's cock. Using it like a handle, he pulled him forward, until his thighs pushed against Miranda's. The woman gazed up at him, her face a mask of lust and semi-satisfaction. Reaching up, she grabbed his upper arms and drew him in. With both of them manipulating him, Johan let himself go, allowed them to guide his more than willing body.

Cock head touched cunt and he shivered. Her inner lips gripped, momentarily, as if guarding some treasure. When he entered her, the tugging on his glans was so different from the tightness of a male ass it nearly sent him careening into bliss. Petre's firm push on his ass sent him slowly into the warm, slippery depths of her. Wet silk caressed his shaft, squeezed it, milked it, sent him swooning into a world of pleasure. When his balls rested against her pubes, he stopped and simply breathed, fighting to control the need to wildly thrust and come.

Petre took that opportunity to withdraw his finger, but he didn't leave for long. A moment later, a smooth expanse of skin touched Johan's back. A smooth, hard shaft slid along the crease of his ass.

Johan clenched his ass, trapping the throbbing meat between his cheeks. He gasped and released Petre's cock, only too aware of how close he'd come to losing control. A woman's

cunt was so different and it had been a very long time since he'd experienced it. He'd forgotten the delicate sweetness of a female, the gentle suction of their sex around his shaft, the smell, the taste, the softness—all so very different, so very sensual.

He pulled back and was instantly aware of Petre's cock wedged against his hole. He shuddered and inhaled, savouring the slow spreading of his anus, the stretching, the slightly painful insertion of the cock into his nether hole. The crown popped in, and Petre gasped. Johan saw stars.

"Yeah, oh yeah," he moaned and clenched his ass.

Miranda pulled him down, his smooth, white chest meeting her soft, round tits, his coolness to her heat. He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers, savouring the taste of her breath. Tongues battled each other as Petre slowly eased his cock deeper.

Lights flashed behind Johan's eyes. The sensation of fucking Miranda while Petre drove into him was almost overwhelming. He fought to control his need to go crazy. His body twitched. His ass clenched spasmodically, trying to suck his lover in deeper.

He eased his cock out of the woman's pussy, and the sweet chill of the air was just another stimulation to contend with. Petre took that opportunity to complete his insertion, his steely hard shaft filling Johan to the hilt. Balls pressed against balls, and each man squirmed.

"Easy now," Petre whispered into his ear, gently pulling out then pushing back inside.

Johan rocked his hips, slowly, carefully, desperate to slam his way to an orgasm, but equally in need of giving his two partners as much pleasure as he was getting. The slow rocking was driving him mad and he knew it was only a matter of time before he wouldn't be able to control himself.

He ground his hips against the lovely soft thighs Miranda spread for him then pushed back against the harder, masculine body at his rear. The best of both worlds, he thought and shuddered as a wave of pleasure washed over him.

He was close and his groans of approval grew louder, echoing his climb to bliss.

Petre must have sensed it and took hold of his hips, firmly guiding him, refusing to allow him to go wild and slam into Miranda. But she was near coming again and clutched at him, her nails dragging along his chest, her heels drumming against his sides, his thighs.

"More, faster," she cooed in her deep, lustful voice. She shook her head, flinging her long, golden hair across her face and hallowing her head. "Fuck me. Oh, God, fuck me hard now. I'm close, please!"

Her litany urged him on, and he fought the hands holding him steady. He needed to thrust hard and ached to have the cock in his ass fill him with cream. Grunting, he drove in as hard as he could then pulled back, impaling himself on Petre's strong, hard, cock.

"Now, for fuck's sake, Petre, fuck me," he growled and felt his incisors lengthen enough to rub against his lips.

Petre slammed forward, his cock like a club filling his hole.

Grunting, Johan felt the first tingling of impending climax. His balls tightened, his cock swelled even more, and his body grew taut with the tension he both adored and dreaded. The tiny death it was called, and if that was as close to death as he ever got, he'd be more than pleased. His mind whirled and his vision blurred. His heart would have stopped, if only for the few moments of complete and utter bliss he raced towards.

"Yes!" he roared and slammed ahead, sending the first spurt of cum deep into Miranda's pussy.

Her body answered his and her grip tightened around him. She clawed at his sides and back and bit at his ear.

Pressing his face into the crook of her neck, he felt the warm blood coursing through her jugular as he kissed her there. The copper smell of it filled his senses and he would have nipped at it, if she'd been just some wench he'd taken off the streets. But, for some reason, she was more, much more, than just some wench.

When he thought his pleasure couldn't be any greater, Petre's cock pulsed in his behind. Hips gripped in iron strong hands, he was held while his lover pounded into him, sending blasts of cum deep into his ass. He squirmed against Petre's belly.

Long moments later, they collapsed, Petre along his back, his long golden hair draping over Johan's shoulders, and himself over Miranda's lush curves. When he could talk, he said, "We should get to bed. It's got to be more comfortable than here."

Petre laughed and eased his softened cock out of Johan's ass. "Yes, much." He helped Johan up, and together, they pulled the exhausted Miranda to her feet. She would have fallen had Johan not scooped her into his arms.

The three of them made their way into the darkness of Johan's bedchamber. The oversized bed was just what the trio needed, and once they were snuggled beneath the rich blood-red velvet coverlet, Miranda curled between the two men, it took only an instant for them to fall into a deep slumber.

## Chapter Four

They slept the day away, as was their custom, waking only when the coolness of evening signalled the arrival of night. Johan yawned, stretched and turned onto his side, arm reaching out. It landed on a stretch of cool, empty bed.

Opening his eyes, he raised his head and searched for her. Behind him, Petre groaned and pushed his hips forward, his erection sliding along the back of Johan's thigh. An arm slid around his waist, a mouth pressed against his shoulder.

"Mm, you awake?" came Petre's soft, sleep sodden voice.

"Yes, just. Our company's gone. Bathroom?" He rolled over, pushing Petre's arm down, and flipped the man onto his stomach. Petre had no time to struggle or protest. He was simply on his belly when Johan crawled out from under the covers and straddled his thighs.

"No, she left early, she —"

"Left," Johan interrupted, worry setting him on edge. "Did you see her, talk to her? Is she all right?"

"Saw her, talked to her," Petre countered quickly. "She's fine. Honest. Said she'd be back in a few minutes."

"You're sure. She was pretty bruised and battered."

"She was moving a little slowly, but she really seemed pretty good. She'll be back in a flash and you can see for yourself."

Johan relaxed a little. She'd be back. And Petre's ass was much too tempting to ignore. He thrust his hips forward, his shaft dragging along his lover's cool flesh.

"Uh, fuck." Petre squirmed and clenched his butt cheeks, trapping Johan's cock. "You're awful horny this evening, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah, and you've got an amazing ass." He shifted his hips, pulling back then moving forward again, fucking the groove of his lover's bottom.

"And your cock feels like it's on fire," the golden-haired man sighed. He pushed himself back and raised his hips, enough to expose his crinkled anus.

Johan continued his gentle seesaw motion, dragging his cock between his lover's cheeks. Each time the head of his cock slid over the offered hole, Petre clenched tight, trapping him for a moment. When his cock throbbed, Petre released it, and thus the cycle went on— merry-go-round of euphoric clenching and groaning.

When pre-cum oozed from the slit, Johan held himself up with one hand then took hold of the shaft and rubbed it over Petre's crinkled pucker. He felt the tissue give and the tip slid in. Instead of entering him fully, he pulled it out and circled the clutching hole.

"Johan, you're going to drive me insane with your teasing," whispered Petre in his husky, lust-filled voice.

"That's the plan," he replied, continuing to drag his crown over and around the man's anal opening. "Maybe not too crazy, just a little batty."

"Ha ha." Petre suddenly pushed back, apparently intent on impaling himself.

Johan withdrew and slowly masturbated himself. "Naughty." Scooting up onto just his knees, he grabbed one of Petre's butt cheeks in his free hand. Squeezing the muscular glutes, he eased the cheeks aside, opening his lover for the next bout of play. He leaned forward, just a little, and slapped his cock head against the tantalisingly exposed hole. A shudder of pleasure gripped him and he tightened his hold around the base of his cock. The sweet sensation of his glans touching the soft flesh was like silk on silk, the added pre-cum made it all the more slick and pleasurable.

"Did Miranda say where she was going?" he asked in a strangled voice.

"Huh?" sighed his fair-haired lover, apparently lost in his own little world.

Johan jabbed forward, spearing the man with his ramrod stiffness, going right to the balls. He held there, breathless, head swimming, for a moment or two then slid out. He pressed just the tip against Petre's opening but refused to enter.

"Please, fuck!" Lifting his ass, Petre presented the glorious picture of desperation Johan was hoping for.

"You haven't answered me," Johan repeated and returned to his teasing. "Did Miranda say where she was going?" He lunged forward but aimed his cock along the seam of Petre's ass cheeks. Shuddering, he knew he'd have to relent soon. His own mounting rise towards climax was a torment.



A moment later, Petre replied in a rush, "Coffee, she said you didn't have any. She was getting some."

"Stupid woman," Johan remarked then plunged back into the snug, waiting hole.

Petre raised himself a little more until he was on his hands and knees. Johan knew his lover had more control, his knees had better purchase on the bedding. Johan took advantage immediately and churned his hips, moving his cock around inside Petre's ass.

"Yes, that's it, fuck, fuck," Petre sighed.

"Oh yeah, do it, babe." Johan gripped the well-muscled hips. He eased his knees a little wider apart and felt his balls swinging with each backward thrust of Petre's hips. The soft kiss of their flesh meeting was a gentle pleasure he adored. "Do you like it? Do you want me to fuck you hard?" He knew dirty talk turned Petre on like nothing else did and loved making him concentrate on it rather than on his own rising pleasure.

"Yes, yes, I love it when you fuck me hard. Slam your cock into me, make me feel it."

"Tell me how much you like it. Is your cock hard, do you want to come?"

"Oh yeah, big time. I want to come so much my cock is dripping. The sheets are going to need changing. I love to feel your big cock sliding in and out of my hot hole. I want to feel you come inside me. I want to feel you throbbing with each spurt you shoot."

Johan rammed himself in hard and fast several times, then eased almost all the way out. "Do you really want to feel me fuck you?"

"Johan, oh fuck. Yes, fuck me. Please, slam into my ass, fuck me hard." He pushed his ass back, but again, Johan refused to let him have the stimulation he seemed so desperate for. As he pulled back, Petre followed, the skin of his cheeks pulling taut.

"Such a sweet ass, so tight, so well muscled. Clench. Suck my cock back in," Johan allowed himself to ease ahead as Petre's anal muscles pulled him in. When he was fully seated again, he reached beneath the man and palmed the enormous erection jutting from his loins. Cool to his touch, the shaft throbbed when he squeezed it gently, throbbed again when he stroked it from its tip to the base.

"Oh yeah, stroke me, stroke me hard. Fuck me. I need it so bad. Good, good, yes, that's it," he chanted a litany of desire.

Johan's balls moved tight to his body and he knew he was close. A few more thrusts and he'd be at the point of no return, but he wanted to make sure Petre got there first.

He pulled back and swiftly stroked the man's erection until his hips began thrusting of their own accord. He waited until Petre's ass began to clench on the tip of his cock, then he slammed ahead.

"Yes, that's it, fuck me. Oh my god. Good, yes, good. Do it, do me." Petre's voice grew rough, his words incoherent, but Johan got the meaning. Petre was close. So close he couldn't think straight, but needed to keep talking. It was the sign Johan had been waiting for.

"Yeah, babe, come for me," he crooned, and leaning forward, he kissed the smooth flesh of his lover's shoulder. The flesh was cool and sweat-damp. He smelled of sex and man, and Johan adored it.

Johan thrust hard, ploughing deep and rough, his fingers rapidly stroking up and down the bloated shaft. Gasping, he fought to keep from coming for a moment longer, needing to hear and feel the explosive climax Petre always experienced. Another solid thrust forward and he got his wish.

"Yes, yes," Petre cried as his body tensed and his ass clutched at Johan's aching manhood.

"Now!" Johan roared and slammed ahead, belly to butt. The slap sounded loud, the following grunt music to Johan's ears. Liquid ran down the back of his fingers as the man's cock throbbed repeatedly. Johan's climax echoed him and sent spurt after spurt of cream deep into his lover's gloriously tight ass.

Spent, Johan collapsed across his lover's back, alternately kissing and nipping at the man's shoulder. A moment later, Petre also sank down, coming to rest flat on his belly. As soon as his breathing and mind cleared, Johan's thoughts turned to their absent guest. With a final peck on his lover's back, he pushed himself up and off him.

"Ew, the wet spot," Petre griped, but then laughed and rolled over. His smile faded when he saw Johan's face. "What?"

"Miranda," he said, and felt as if something was gnawing at his middle. He was worried. Why would she chance going out after what had happened to her last night? "It just doesn't make any sense. Her going out, I mean. Her clothing was ruined. She must have found something of mine to wear, or she's traipsing around half-naked." He climbed to his feet and went to the window. Pulling the thick curtain aside, he peered down at the streets below. Where could she be?

Petre joined him and slid his arm around Johan's middle. "She was dressed. I honestly didn't pay any attention to what she had on. I was pretty far gone and you know how I am once I'm asleep."

"Yes, how we both are." He let the curtain drop and turned, taking Petre into his arms. "Sleep is deeper for us. That's why we hide."

"Yes, I know that. But you didn't hide from her." Petre cocked his head, a questioning look on his face.

Johan turned away and went to retrieve the lush, black velvet robe that had fallen to the floor at the foot of the bed. Once he'd slipped it on, he found the blue silk robe and held it up for Petre to slide into.

"No, I didn't hide it from her. No idea why, she just feels different from the other humans I've dealt with recently." He left the room, going into the kitchen. Opening the fridge, he smiled as he took out the tall bottle of fresh blood he'd left to chill. "Want a glass?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Yes, please," Petre said, from across the large room. He again peered out into the night.

Taking two glasses from the cupboard beside the fridge, Johan poured each of them a tumbler full of the rich, thick, ruby-coloured liquid. Returning the bottle to the fridge, he took both glasses to where Petre stood looking at the city streets.

"She had one hell of a scare. She could have run, wanting to escape from both us and those hoods who had her."

"True," Johan said, passing a glass to his lover. Their fingers touched and a shiver of excitement raced up his spine. He took a sip of the chilled blood, sighing as the thick life-giving fluid trickled down his throat. "I just don't believe it. In bed with us, she accepted us both. Why would she run from us?"

"The light of day...err, night." Petre looked confused, but chuckled.

"She needs help. Those two were going to kill her. Why?"

"She's got something someone wants, that's my take on it. The guy's name is Jake."

"That's my take on it too," Johan raised his glass to his lips, emptying it to the last drop. Strength flowed into him, the rich blood rejuvenating the long dead flesh he wore. "I wonder what Miranda could have done to him?"

"When she gets back, we'll ask her." Petre took Johan's empty glass and headed for the kitchen, where he put both tumblers into the sink and rinsed them.

"I'll take a fast shower, then if she's not back, I'm going looking for her," Johan couldn't get rid of the feeling that Miranda's problems were more than just some hooker being snatched off the streets by a disgruntled john. What was her involvement with Jake and why would he have men abduct a whore, no matter how attractive she was?

"I'll be right there. Might be a good idea if one of us was around to let her in if and when she comes back."

Johan kissed his lover then headed for his bedroom. Tossing his robe on its hook inside the closet, he sauntered into his bathroom naked. The room was large, tiled in rich tones of gold, red and black. The shower slash tub was huge, like a room unto itself and sunken into the black tiled floor. He reached past the glass wall and turned on the water, adjusting it to the heat he liked.

"Damn, I wish I could figure this one out," he mumbled and climbed in. The needle-sharp spray came at him from a dozen nozzles and felt wonderful pounding against his flesh. He reached for the bar of soap and quickly ran his hands over himself. The woman and her problems wouldn't leave his mind. She was obviously high end, so what the hell had she been doing on the stroll? Or was she there for some other reason?

"Damn," he muttered again. He heard a noise and turned just in time to see Petre enter the room.

"She's still not here," he said, and flung his robe over the back of the lone chair in the room. "Want me to join you, or are you about done?"

Johan quickly rinsed off the soap off and stood with his back to the nearest showerhead and let it stream over his hair for a moment. Sputtering, he stepped away and gave his head a wild shake. "I'm done. You get cleaned up. I'm going to get dressed and go looking for our Miss Miranda."

He patted Petre's ass when he climbed in, but didn't linger. He dried himself and tossed the damp towel in the hamper. Thoughts of what might have happened to their houseguest niggled at him. He still didn't know why she'd been snatched.

Questions upon questions. He'd never thought she'd leave, to get coffee, of all things.

Pulling on a pair of tight leather pants, he tucked his semi-erection into them and carefully zipped up the fly. He donned a black silk shirt, and while he buttoned it up, he wandered over to a window. Peering out, he smiled at the brilliance of the moon. He loved the sight of it against the blackness of the sky. The city was still very much awake in the distance, and he could hear horns and music aplenty as he let his gaze wander from building to building, then down. The streets around his home were quiet, almost deserted.

"Fuck!" he roared. He spotted her on the next block over, dressed in her shoes and one of his white cotton shirts, with a red sash tied around her waist, just as a stretch limo pulled up beside her. The passenger door opened and a long, dark-clad arm reached out and grabbed her. She kicked and screamed, like a mad woman, sending her coffee sailing into the air. Johan watched her eyes flash to his window, and knew she'd seen him when her mouth formed his name. The wind must have caught the sound, but he was sure she'd said Johan in that moment before she vanished into the dark interior of the car. With a squeal of tires, the car sped into the night, heading uptown.

"Petre," he yelled and raced for the bathroom. "Fuck!" he roared again. He fought to remain calm, but his anger flared. He was beyond disbelief. How had they found her?

Petre stuck his head out and asked, "What're you yelling a—?" He stopped when he got a look at Johan's face.

"She's fucking been grabbed again. Who is this woman and what makes her so important to... someone?" Johan turned and paced back and forth across the room.

Stepping out of the shower stall, Petre reached for a towel and quickly dried off. "We'll ask her when we find her."

"Well, get your ass in gear then, or we'll have another search on our hands. Different car this time, black stretch limo, well-dressed guy inside. At least two of them, hopefully no more this time around." He tore off his shirt and pushed out of his pants, preparing to morph.

Petre joined him. A grimace of pain crossed his handsome face, but quickly faded to pleasure as the transformation continued. Flesh turned to leathery hide, skin darkened, arms and legs shrunk. He watched as the flesh of his and Petre's arms changed, wings formed, fingers became claws.

He flapped his wings and shuddered as a wave of pleasure raced down his spine. His cock, much smaller than his human appendage, pulsed. Lifting off, he soared towards the window in the living room. Petre followed an instant later, his wings beating mightily.

The lock gave under his talented fingers and they flew into the night sky. He knew the direction the car had taken and led the way. Careening around buildings, he swerved to miss a flagpole then the steeple of a church nearly caught him off guard. His senses were tuned to her, the sweet smell of her.

A rush of wings caught his attention to his right, and there was Petre, his sleek black body gleaming in the moonlight. He too seemed focused on her, his nose twitching delicately, his ears flicking frontwards then back.

A door slammed in the next block, a hollow sound, possibly a truck. Voices—two women argued—one complained of her husband's infidelity, the other soothed her pain and anger with kind words.

The two flew on, but only for a few moments. Johan caught her scent, the luscious smell of sex and woman, and blood. Saliva filled his small mouth and he licked his lips with the flick of his tongue. The limo came into sight, three blocks ahead. It raced towards the river district.

He sank lower and peered around, realising they were in an ugly part of the city. Derelicts huddled in doorways while more circled the ever-present fires burning in drums at the mouths of filth littered alleys. The stink of the unwashed assailed Johan's nostrils and he fought to control a retch.

As they neared the limo without slowing, one of the backdoors flew open and something was thrust out. Miranda, he knew it, as he knew his own name.

A scream of terror filled the air and was cut off, much too suddenly.

## Chapter Five

The door slammed shut and the car sped away. At the next intersection, it skidded to the right and was gone.

Johan swooped down and landed next to her. He took in the surroundings — abandoned buildings, streetlights that worked only every fifth block, and litter. No one to see, no one to care about the beautiful woman who lay hurt, or worse, and needed aid.

Petre landed on the other side of her. His muzzle lifted into the air, taking the scent of the area. He peered at Miranda then at Johan.

She didn't move. She smelled of fear and death. Her lush blonde hair was matted with blood, her face bore the marks of abuse, and the brilliant white shirt she had on was torn and smudged with dirt and more. She wasn't breathing. Johan would have wept if he could.

He stepped away and changed. The shift was painful, he did it too quickly, but he had to be near her as a man. He grunted in passing pain when he rose to his feet and stretched the kinks out.

Naked, cold and angry, he stood and looked down at the beauty he'd bonded with in some weird way. He didn't know her, but he'd wanted to. Wanted to more than he had in decades, or longer.

Petre joined him, his face a mask of recent torment. He'd also morphed too quickly and the pain lasted longer than the pleasure did.

"Fuck!" Johan muttered when he dropped to his knee beside her. She was dead, gone before they'd had time to share anything.

Petre knelt beside him and draped an arm around his shoulders, comforting as best he could. Death was their world, but not like this.

Leaning closer, Petre whispered, "How important is she to you?"

"I don't know. That's what I wanted to find out. We never had time."

"You know, you still can."

Johan looked at his lover, deep into the man's eyes, searching for...something. "I don't know if that's something she'd have wanted. For all I know, she could have all kinds of reasons she'd rather be left in peace."

"This isn't peace," he said.

Johan wanted to believe him, wanted nothing more than to lean down and turn his new lover. But did he dare? Would she hate him for it?

To wait was to end her existence forever. He couldn't do that.

Leaning forward, he looked closely at her lying on her stomach, her hair spread around her face and head like a halo of pale yellow, smudged here and there. Her face bore the marks of a beating, one eye nearly closed from where someone had struck her, blood caked at the corner of her lips. An outstretched arm had more marks. Two of her nails were broken, and the rest sprang like tiny daggers from the tips of her fingers. She had no panties on, and her thighs and ass shone unblemished in the pale moonlight. On one side of her lower back, it looked as if someone had dragged a rake across it. Thin lines of darkness ran across the flesh.

Johan leaned that way and gently licked the wounds. The coppery tang of blood filled his senses. He licked again then kissed the too cool flesh.

"Damn, this isn't what I wanted," he murmured to her. Stroking her hair, he shifted himself so he could look into her eyes. They were cloudy, the beautiful blue gone milky in death. He wanted her to blink, desperately wanted to see her inhale, but he knew she wouldn't. "I'm so sorry, Miranda. I should have listened to you. You wanted to tell me what this was about, why those goons kidnapped you... But I knew it all, I was smarter, I —"

"It's not too late, my love. We can still save her." Petre ran a hand across his back.

"Yes, I know." Torn, he wanted to scream his frustration. Instead, he groaned and leaned down to her. The rough pavement dug into his knees, the tiny pebbles breaking the flesh, but he ignored the discomfort.

"Petre, watch for me. Don't let anyone interrupt. "

"Done," his lover said in a soft voice. He rose to his feet and circled them.

Knowing he'd be safe, that Petre's senses would be on high alert, Johan focused on her. Carefully, he rolled her onto her back. He pushed her hair aside, baring her neck. It had to be done before she went any further into death's domain.



Leaning down, he presses his lips to her jugular. "I'm sorry it has to be this way," he whispered. Working his jaw, he extended his fangs and slowly sank them into the soft flesh of her neck. He suckled gently and her rich blood filled his mouth. Euphoria. No other word could describe the feeling of it. The taste, the smell, the sensation of it slithering down his throat, he adored it. He savoured each drop of her essence, knowing it gave him life and would give her so much more.

His mind reeled, and he knew he had to stop. It was time for her.

Bliss encompassed him, filled him. When he withdrew his teeth from her flesh, he felt his erection throb. He lusted. He wanted her, wanted Petre. His thoughts raced.

He lifted his left arm and with a quick slashing of his teeth, opened the vein at his wrist. The pain bit into him like the gash of a dagger's blade—quick and deadly, if not done with great care.

Now, to get her to drink.

He lifted her, turning her so he cradled the back of her head in his uninjured arm. Then he lifted the other and let the blood drip into her half-opened mouth. He strained his senses, trying to determine when, and if, she took it without his aid. One swallow, that's all it would take to begin the process.

Nothing happened for a moment or so. He simply watched and held her, hoping her body would react.

Petre moved closer, and when Johan looked up, he saw his lover's amber eyes focused on the tiny ribbon of blood flowing into the woman's mouth. The anxious look, his eyes clouded with concern, made Johan love the man even more.

He looked down at her again and worry tore at him. She didn't move. Blood almost filled her mouth, and yet she hadn't swallowed. He sensed nothing from her.

*Did I wait too long?*

Suddenly, he felt movement. Her body shuddered. She choked. Her hand came up, fingers to her face. She tried to take a breath and choked some more.

"Easy, swallow, then breathe," he urged, helping her to sit up.

Blood poured from the corner of her mouth, but she quickly swallowed the rest then gasped a huge breath of air. Her eyes filled with panic, and her mouth opened—no doubt to scream—but closed again when she focused on him.

He saw the hunger then, that deep gut-wrenching need for blood of the newly turned. Her attention shifted to his arm and the stream of blood falling towards her. She reached up and took hold, drawing his wrist to her mouth.

Agony tore up his arm and he gritted his teeth against it. Fighting the instinct to pull away, he gasped when he felt her sucking at his wrist. She chewed, and he thanked his lucky stars that her fangs hadn't formed yet. Even through the pain of her blunt human teeth, his cock pulsed and desire for her rose tenfold.

He watched her suckle and knew weakness would follow soon. She needed to take as much blood as she could, but he had to be careful she didn't take him too far. If she did, his instinct would take over, and he'd feed. No amount of control could stop him.

"Petre," he called to his lover.

Petre squatted beside him. "Yes, I know you need me to watch."

"I need you to pull my arm away if you think she's taking too much. She was near gone, she needs a lot." Johan gritted his teeth again as her gnashing opened more of his flesh.

"I'll watch," Petre reassured him. "You'll need to feed then, fast."

"Yes, I know. You'll take care of her for me?"

"Of course I will." He again laid his hand on Johan's shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze. "I'll get her back to your place."

"Only if I'm not back in a few minutes. She'll need care."

Smiling, Petre replied, "Yes, I remember, my love. Don't worry, she'll be fine."

Johan grunted as again Miranda's teeth tore into his flesh. He looked around. The world seemed somehow dimmer, the lights of the city less brilliant. He sighed and his shoulders sagged forward. He was tired, and knew he shouldn't be, but he was. Bone tired.

He shook himself. *I've got to stay alert*, he thought and peered into the alleys and along the street. A newspaper skittered by, the light breeze taking it to a new location next to a dumpster that looked like it hadn't been emptied in months. He spotted a rat, grey, beady eyed and fat, dart into a hole in the corner of a rough wooden door. He wondered where the door lead, but was too tired to care.

A hand on his shoulder shook him. He felt it, but as if from somewhere else.

"Johan, it's time. Pull away from her."

He turned and looked into Petre's face. His beautiful, sexy face. Amber eyes glowed back at him, and Johan wondered why Petre looked so concerned.

"Johan, listen to me. You have to pull away from her. Now!"

"Wha...?" he managed, but his thoughts fled.

A blinding pain slashed across his face. He reared up and glared into Petre's face. "What the fuck?" he roared.

"Pull away. She's taking too much from you." Petre raised his hand, ready to strike again.

Johan looked down at Miranda, her cheeks flush, her eyes opened and shining with vitality. Her mouth was pressed tight to his wrist. Her teeth gnawed at him.

With as much care as he could muster, he pulled his arm away from her—or he tried to. Her hands clenched on him, holding his hand close, his wrist to her lips. Closing his eyes, he focused on her and felt her strength, and his own waning.

He had to break free or she'd kill him.

He wrapped his fingers into her hair and held her while pulling his arm free. It took more strength than he dreamed it would.

She looked up at him, eyes gone feral. She snarled and tried to pull his wrist to her lips again. He held her away, but felt his energy fading.

"Petre, take her." He eased her away, ducking her hands as she reached for him, her fingers hooked into claws. "I need to feed now."

Petre grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her against him, holding her while Johan leapt to his feet. Weakened, Johan stumbled a step or two before he got his balance.

"Go, I'll care for her."

Johan eyed them, the naked man—his lover—and the woman who was much stronger than he'd dreamed she'd be so soon. He nodded, not trusting his voice, and turned away.

Before he'd taken a dozen steps, he'd transformed. Spreading his wings wide, he leapt into the sky. Hunger gnawed at him, and he opened his senses in his search for food. He needed blood. His entire body screamed for it.

His hunt was short, taking him a mere three blocks from where Petre held Miranda in his arms. A homeless man huddled in his cardboard shelter, while a ragged, tattooed brute

kicked and swung a baseball bat at him. The cowering wretch whimpered, terrified and bleeding from a dozen cuts when Johan swooped in for his meal.

Mouth agape, teeth bared and fangs extended, he literally knocked the bully over with his first onslaught. Arms and legs windmilled around him, yet nothing touched him as he sank his teeth into the man's jugular. That feeling of euphoria closed around him as he fed.

The struggling man soon quieted as the loss of blood stole his energy. When Johan judged he'd fed enough and the man was too weak to endanger his previous victim, he released him. Peering into the brute's eyes, he saw terror and the desire to flee, but that was all.

Johan sprang into the air.

The skyline seemed somehow brighter, the moonlit alleyways and streets looked less sinister. He passed over where he'd left Petre and Miranda, and wasn't surprised they were gone. Petre would have taken her home as quickly as possible, Johan knew. She was vulnerable, and no matter how strong she appeared, her change wasn't complete.

He veered higher, flashing past buildings that looked as if a good wind would knock them over. A few more intersections and the architecture improved, and people walked the streets below him. Music came from the open doors of one establishment—old time rock 'n roll.

Swooping around a tall structure, he saw his building straight ahead and headed for it. Anticipation made him lick his lips, taking the last of the blood from them, savouring the richness before swallowing.

Would Miranda thank him or curse him?

*Will she hate me for what I did?*

He spread his wings, catching an updraft, and landed on the roof. What he'd done was enormous. She could seriously hate him, and that would be one more enemy he'd have to watch for. It was never acceptable to take the life of one you'd turned. That was why the event was never taken lightly—never should have happened without discussion.

Damn!

He lifted off, rose just high enough to towards the entryway, and glided inside.

The tile floor was cool against Johan's flesh. The change left him shivering with both pleasure and unease. Naked, he rolled onto his belly and pushed up onto his hands and knees. His thoughts were with her, on her. Rising, he sniffed the air.

He turned and headed for his bedroom. His cock thickened. He tried to ignore it, but it tapped against his thigh as he walked, a constant reminder of the night before.

*Will we have that again?*

The room was dark but for a small lamp at the side of the bed. The light it cast was enough for him to see both Petre and Miranda. She lay on the bed, covers pulled to her chin, a bruise on her chin, one eye blackened. Petre sat on the edge.

"Is she..." he began, but didn't really know what to ask. *Is she all right? Is she angry at me? Is she afraid?* So many questions.

Petre looked up at him, his eyes filled with worry. His hand continued stroking Miranda's face. He was naked, and Johan's cock gave an appreciative throb.

"She's with us," Petre said in a soft voice.

Miranda turned towards him. Her eyes seemed distant, as if she was seeing something different. Her mouth opened, but nothing came out.

"She's all right?" Johan asked and stepped forward. He walked around the bed and sat opposite Petre.

"Yes, she's fine. It's going to take some time though."

Reaching for her, Johan cringed when she pulled away. He lowered his hand and thought back to his own turning.

## Chapter Six

It had been centuries ago. How many, Johan would never know for sure. He'd been an illiterate thief then and had stolen from the wrong man. Lord Rask had been the ruler of the small fiefdom in southern Britain where Johan had been born and raised. Rask had turned him and for months had tormented him with too little knowledge of what he'd become and not enough blood to satisfy his ever present, ravenous hunger. He had, however, made sure Johan would survive, hiding him in a rundown flophouse until the turn was complete.

Simply learning to understand his new sight had taken weeks. He'd suddenly become able to see in the dark and the amazing new colours had astounded him. His sense of smell had nearly driven him insane, and he'd taken to bathing frequently because of it. Not a bad thing, but difficult, considering the times. Everything around him stank, and he'd never gotten used to the smell of unwashed humanity or the cesspools they called civilisation.

Rask had finally tired of abusing him. Johan had grown used to sleeping the day away and had just fallen into his usual deep slumber. Rask had stripped him, confined him and nailed the box shut. Hired men had transported the coffin to a ship destined for the new world.

Johan had nearly died on that voyage.

When he'd awakened the following evening, it had taken him some time to get free. When he'd finally emerged, he was far from land and had no idea where he was, or where he was going. Naked, he'd been hesitant to explore. The hold where he'd been confined was filled with crates of furniture and casks of gunpowder. Silk and linen cloth, wrapped in burlap, was piled high and proved adequate to hide his nakedness. Yet he'd kept hidden, knowing he'd never pass as human among so few.

Days later, his hunger had gotten the best of him, and when he'd run out of rodents to fill his needs, he'd had no choice. The ship rolled with the waves and when a storm came up, it had seemed a perfect time to search for his next meal. Wrapping his loins in a strip of dark cloth, he'd ventured above deck and fed on the night watchman.

When the ship had landed weeks later, rumours of plague and demons erupted. Clothed in the finest threads aboard, Johan had escaped onto the docks then into the city. He'd lived there for many years, moving on only when his age, or lack of it, garnered unwanted interest.

After that, he'd learned to move every twenty years or so.

"She's in shock," Petre's voice brought him back to the present. "She'll need some time, but we both know that. Let's just hope she wasn't gone too long."

"Yes, we'll have to take it slow with her." Johan kept his distance from her, but didn't back away any farther. "I need to know who took her, what happened to her."

"I don't think she'll be saying much, at least for a few hours."

Johan knew he was right. Miranda needed time. He looked down at her again and saw bewilderment in her eyes. He reached his hand out once more and she didn't pull away.

"Rest, Miranda, you'll be all right. We'll take care of you," he whispered.

Her eyes didn't close. Her expression remained the same, until she blinked. Her head moved in the barest of nods, and he knew she understood him.

Lifting her hand, he bent and pressed his lips to the cool flesh. She understood, he was sure, and for the moment, that was enough.

Rising, he said to Petre, "Let's leave her for awhile. Give her time for her body adjust."

Petre leaned forward and pressed his lips to Miranda's forehead. When he pulled away, he whispered, "We'll be close. If you need us, call."

Again she blinked, and when her head turned, Johan was sure she focused on his lover. She nodded again, an almost imperceptible movement of her head. Johan reached for Petre's arm, and together, they rose and quietly left the room. Johan left the door ajar, wanting to reassure her that they'd be listening.

"Are you all right?" Petre asked as soon as they'd moved far away enough not to disturb Miranda.

"I'm fine." Johan pulled the sexy stud into his arms. "Was she any trouble?"

"No, none at all. She's a bit like a zombie right now."

"Yeah, that's not surprising. She's been through a hell of a lot in the last twenty-four hours." He slipped his hands down Petre's back, cupping his ass cheeks and pulling him close. "I think we should give her an hour or so, then check on her."

Petre pressed his lips to Johan's chest and groaned. Erection pressed against erection, cool flesh slid deliciously against cool flesh.

"An hour, you say," Petre repeated. He raised his arms, wrapping them around Johan's neck. Working his hips, he dry humped a most appreciative man.

"Yeah." He slid his fingers along the cleft of Petre's ass, pressing in, brushing the tips over the crinkled opening. "Any thoughts on what we can do for an hour?"

Gasping, Petre finally managed to say, "A few. Clean out the fridge, laundry, wash the windows. Or you could bend over the back of the sofa and I could ream your ass until you beg me to fuck you."

Johan's breath caught. The man knew how to get his attention, that was for sure. "I think I'll go with option number four. The others...well, we'll talk." He leaned down and kissed the man's well-muscled shoulder.

"Thought you might." Petre removed his hands but quickly grabbed Johan by the arms and spun him towards the black leather sofa. A sharp slap on the ass sent Johan the few steps to the designated piece of furniture.

"You sure an hour's going to be enough time?" Johan teased.

"I'll let you be the judge of that, smart ass." Petre positioned him at the centre of the sofa and pushed him forward.

Bending over, Johan spread his legs, offering his lover the widest possible access to his butt. His cock pressed against the leather, and for an instant, he thought about getting a towel, or something, to sop up the cum he knew would anoint it soon.

"Here, spread this under you," Petre nudged his arm with a white towel.

"You had this planned, bugger?" Straightening, he spread the towel across the back and laid over it. His shaft pressed against the soft material, the glans squashed between his body and the sofa. Shifting his feet, he groaned when his cock dragged over the soft linen.

"Yeah, I've been thinking about getting at your ass for a while. The anticipation has been awesome."

Fingers slid up the back of Johan's legs, from his knees to where his thighs joined his butt. The muscles quivered and his balls shifted higher in their sac.

"Nice, very nice," Petre whispered then gave his butt a good slap.

"Hey!" Johan didn't move, but the swat had surprised him.



Chuckling, Petre caressed the muscular globes of Johan's ass, pressing them together then prying them apart. He knelt behind Johan and massaged the large muscles. When he leaned forward and ran his tongue down the long crease, Johan sighed with pleasure. Easing his feet a little wider apart, he held his breath until Petre repeated his lick, this time circling the outer rim of his anus. He wanted to clench his cheeks, to trap the teasing, annoyingly delicious intruder and keep it from moving away.

Petre whispered, "Hold still, lover," in a voice that sent a shudder down Johan's spine.

Johan gritted his teeth, determined not to move. Sweat formed under his arms and trickled down his sides. His cock was like a steel ramrod, pulsing against his lower belly.

A hand found his balls, cupping them and lightly squeezing. He thought he'd scream from the pleasure. Petre leaned in again, rough cheeks pressing Johan's buttocks apart, tongue flicking back and forth, as he moved closer to the already moistened hole. His finger tightened around his balls and Johan groaned his bliss. The tongue got closer and Johan strained to spread his cheeks as wide as he could. Finally, the delicate tongue flicked across his hole and he shuddered. It stabbed and circled, delving inside. In and out, a tiny snake he was sure would make him insane with its teasing.

"Yes," he murmured. "More, do it more." His cock felt as if it was going to burst. His balls churned and pulled up, ready to release the cum stored inside them.

Petre's tongue went wild, fucking him faster then slower, the speed varying in order to keep Johan from climaxing. He strained for it, groaning and cursing each time he thought another piercing of the man's tongue would send him over, only to have Petre stop and wait.

A finger slithered past the tongue, entering him and going deeper. It seemed to be searching, pressing here and there deep inside his rectum. He shuddered, then gasped when a jolt of ecstasy spread from his prostate.

"Oh god, oh god, do me. Fuck me," Johan sighed. His hips moved, uncontrolled, rhythmic, easing the finger in and out with the swaying. His cock pushed over the towel, and for a fleeting instant, he was glad it was there. Slightly rough, it provided the right amount of stimulation.

The hand grasping his testicles pulled and he eagerly followed, pushing his ass back. The movement dragged his erection along the towel. Petre halted him just when the tip of his cock was the only thing touching the towel.

Held, his frustration skyrocketing, he wanted to scream when suddenly Petre pulled his finger and tongue away. His anal muscles clenched then relaxed, seeking more stimulation and finding none. Balls manipulated, tugged and pulled on, he didn't dare move.

A finger entered him. Another joined it, and then a third. They fucked him, slowly, languidly, working to stretch his hole. They twisted and turned, withdrawing, only to slide in fully. He waited for them to slam in once more. Completely relaxed, he craved the man's touch, his hands, his mouth, anything – something.

"You're ready, my love. Hold still."

Petre looked back over his shoulder and saw his golden-haired lover rise to his feet. He stood there, his erection waving before him like a club preparing to land a blow. Grasping the shaft, Petre gave it several quick strokes and stepped forward, the bulbous head leading the way. He bent his knees, and Johan felt the head of the man's cock sliding over his balls.

Johan shifted and, in moments, felt the moist tip touching his pucker.

His hole fluttered, the opening grasping at the soft tip barely touching him. Nothing else mattered. The entire world could have ended and he was sure he'd still have only that touch in his thoughts.

"Please," he urged, and was rewarded by the slow insertion of the massive shaft. The tip spread him, opened him, like fingers could never do.

Sweat trickled off his sides. He held his breath, concentrating on every inch of the man sliding in. It seemed to take hours, but finally, he felt Petre's pubic hair touch his ass.

"Yess," he hissed, "so good, yes." His thoughts reeled.

Petre's hands found his hips and grasped hard, pulling Johan tight to his belly. Holding him there, his lover worked his pelvis, moving his cock around inside his ass. It seemed like he was trying to get comfortable, and when he did, he gave a huge sigh and held perfectly still for a long moment.

"You ready?" Petre asked in that soft voice of his.

Breathless with need, Johan whispered, "Yes, oh yeah."

Petre's grip tightened even more, then he began thrusting. It didn't take him long to find the rhythm he wanted, three or four lunges and it was found.

Johan simply hung on and let his lover launch him into whatever orbit he wanted. Every thrust rubbed against his prostate, and every withdrawal took him higher towards bliss. He just let it happen.

His cock throbbed, and when he was sure it was about to explode, Petre pulled him away from the sofa and the stimulation of the towel. Left free to sway beneath him, his dick bounced and slapped his leg with each forward thrust of his lover's hips. Johan wanted to grab hold of himself, to sooth the ache of frustration growing in his groin.

"Do you want to come, my sexy stud?" came Petre's husky whisper. "Are you ready to explode?"

"Yes, stroke me. Fuck me hard," he growled and pushed back.

Petre pulled him back then pushed him ahead, effectively forcing Johan on and off his cock. "Fuck yourself now. Do it."

While Johan took up the task of controlling the speed of the thrusting, Petre reached around and palmed the shaft of Johan's wildly swinging cock. Slamming back, he was thrilled when Petre matched the swing and sway, masturbating him.

It didn't take long then, a dozen strokes and Johan was there, gasping, cum shooting onto the towel draped over the sofa. A guttural sob followed and another when the next shudder gripped him. His toes curled and his balls rode up high, sending stream after stream of thick white cum across the towel.

"Oh my god, holy shit," Johan gasped, barely able to keep on his feet. When his vision cleared and he was sure he wasn't about to fall flat on his face, he eased his feet together.

"You all right?" Petre asked, then chuckled. "I seem to be asking that a lot tonight." He eased his dick slowly out and held onto Johan while he got his feet under himself properly.

"Yeah, I'm good. Fucking fantastic, actually." Johan replied and rested against the back of the sofa.

"Good. I love you, you sexy brute." Leaning forward, Petre kissed the small of Johan's back. "I'll be back in a flash. Just want to clean up a little." He left the room, heading towards the bathroom, and the shower.

Johan heard the door close and pushed himself erect, away from the sofa. His legs wobbled for a moment, but strengthened as he stretched. The shower went on, and he knew Petre would be climbing in.

He adored the man. Had been addicted to him from the first time he'd seen him. They melded perfectly. They liked the same things but also appreciated a certain amount of space. Neither was jealous of the other's many lovers. They shared a liking for variety.

That brought his thoughts back to Miranda. He went towards the bedroom door but hesitated, not wanting to disturb her rest if she was sleeping. Pushing the door open, he peered into the room and, thanks to his extraordinary sight, could see her clearly.

Miranda lay on her back, still covered to the chin, her face turned towards the door. Her eyes were closed and her face relaxed. From the peaceful expression on her face, he was sure she rested comfortably.

Relieved, he pulled the door closed and headed for Petre and the warmth of a shower.

## Chapter Seven

Johan stepped into the shower behind Petre and wrapped his arms around the man's body. The hot water cascaded over his head and shoulders, exhilarating him. Leaning forward, he kissed the slick wet shoulder then nipped his way across the blood-warm back.

"You smell good, taste even better," he murmured, licking and nibbling at the man's earlobe.

"Have you checked on our house guest?" Petre leaned back against him.

"Yeah, she's fine. Sleeping, her wounds have just about healed. No black eye, and that bruise on her chin is barely perceptible." He slid his hands over Petre's body, pushing the water around, rinsing the soap off him.

Petre spun around and reached for the sponge and soap. Lathering up, he ran the large sponge over Johan's flesh, cleaning and caressing him. Johan loved the attention. Just being close to Petre often had his cock bouncing to erection and his thoughts turning to sex. Even though he'd just had an amazing orgasm, he felt his shaft thicken. He knew they had other issues to tend to and ignored the weighty member.

"Did she say anything when you put her to bed?"

Petre paused in cupping Johan's butt. "She said 'Jake,' several times, but that was all. Jake is the head honcho and decided to get his hands dirty this time around. At least that's my take on it." He pulled away and spun around, rinsing the last of the soap off himself. Done, he faced Johan and added, "Clean off, my love. We'll go and see if she's ready to talk."

Johan slipped his fingers under Petre's chin, lifting his face so they looked into each other's eyes. "You read my mind. Now get out of here so I can concentrate on washing myself, not feeling you up." Leaning forward, he pressed his lips to Petre's. *What would I do without you?*

Chuckling, Petre slapped his ass then darted out of the shower before he could retaliate. Grabbing a towel, he headed into the front room.

"Be with you in a sec," Johan called and quickly soaped up. His ass felt used, a beautiful feeling, and he promised himself a little more 'bottom' action in the future.

Rinsing off, he wondered how Miranda would fare. She'd been through way too much in the last twenty-four hours. Hopefully, not too much. There was always the chance her mind couldn't handle her new reality.

He climbed out of the shower and reached for the large bath towel. He dried his hair then wrapped it around his waist before running a brush through his long, black mane. Done, he left the room, the girl and Petre on his mind. The man excited him twenty-four-seven. The woman, he wasn't sure about, yet, but he was responsible for her.

Petre wasn't in the main room so Johan headed for the kitchen, where he found the man holding a half-full glass. He nodded and downed the rest, then licked the bright red liquid from his lips. Glass placed in the sink, he approached Johan and said, "Ready to tackle our guest?"

"Let's see if she's awake. I hate to disturb her, but we really do need to find out what's going on."

Johan looped his arm through Petre's, then the two men headed for the bedroom. Johan pushed open the door and entered, releasing his lover in the process. The woman lay on her side, facing the door. Her eyes were closed, but he sensed that she wasn't asleep, merely resting, gathering her strength.

He knelt at the side of the bed and carefully ran a hand through her hair. "Miranda," he whispered and waited for her to respond. He felt Petre join him, the man's thigh brushing his, and then his hand also stroked the woman's hair. Their hands bumped, and their hips rubbed against each other's.

It took a few moments, but finally, Miranda opened her eyes. She looked from him to Petre, and then back again. She didn't move, but simply watched them.

"Good, you're awake." Johan leaned down and placed a kiss on her cheek.

She shivered but didn't pull away. A good sign, he thought.

"How do you feel?" Petre asked from beside him.

Miranda's gaze shifted to him. She didn't reply at first. Finally, she cleared her throat and opened her mouth, but only a soft hiss came out.

"Hang on, I'll get you a drink." Petre rose and rushed out, returning a moment later with a large glass of water. Dropping to his knees, he slid his free hand under her and lifted her. "Here, drink a little."

She kept her eyes fixed on Johan, but sipped a little of the cold liquid as she'd been told. When she'd had enough, she tipped her head, and Petre put the glass on the bedside table.

"Better?" Johan stroked her arms. The flesh was clean, no sign of the bruises he'd spotted when they'd found her.

"Yes," she replied in a small voice. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, then looked at him again. "What happened? You did something to me, didn't you?"

Johan had hoped he'd have more time to formulate what he'd say. It seemed he was mistaken. He glanced at Petre, then back at the woman. "You left us and went to get coffee. Do you remember that?"

A shadow seemed to cross her face, but she blinked and nodded. When she sat up, the blankets fell from her upper body, revealing the lush swell of her breasts.

For a moment, Johan's eyes lowered, taking in the smooth, unmarred beauty of her. His cock swelled, the shaft rubbing along his inner thigh, and he fought to control the rising lust he felt for her. Business first, he reminded himself.

"Something happened when you were out." He watched her carefully, reading the emotions and movement of her body. "You did get coffee, right?"

"Yes, from the little café down the road." Her voice was calm but her shoulders had tightened.

"When you were on your way back, something happened. A big limo stopped beside you..."

Her eyes sparkled and he knew tears were close. He carried on, wanting to get to the meat of the incident before she broke down. "Someone inside grabbed you."

"Yes, Jake. It was Jake."

"You've said his name before. Jake. Those goons who held you said he was the boss. Can you tell us what you know about him? What's he got to do with you?"

Her lower lip quivered. Crossing her arms under her breasts, she hugged herself. "His full name is Jake Goodman. He's a pimp, runs numbers, dabbles in drugs. Nothing huge, until about a month ago."

Johan knew the name, and the reputation, but didn't want to interrupt. He tapped Petre's arm and rose, indicating his lover should pay attention to him for a moment. He walked around to the other side of the bed and climbed in, motioning for Petre to slip in

beside Miranda. With her sandwiched between them, they stroked and comforted her while she continued on with her story.

"Jake's got a small stable of girls he runs out of an old flop house on Thirty-second and Wharf Street. He gets his girls hooked then works them until they either can't get anyone to pay for them or they die of an overdose. If his girls don't work, he beats them until they go out again."

Johan knew the type – stupid and mean.

Miranda turned and looked into Johan's eyes. "You know I'm a hooker, but not one who works the streets. I'm more the call girl type. I've managed to acquire small clientele who pay me well for my services."

"Yeah, we knew what you did. No judgement here, hon. We all do what we have to, to make ends meet."

"Thank you. But I like the work. The company's good and I love sex, so what's not to like? The perks can be pretty amazing. I spent most of last winter in the Caribbean, a gift from a grateful client."

Johan smiled. "Hey, you honestly don't have to justify anything to me. I've done my share of what people might consider shady living." He leaned forward and kissed her softly on the mouth.

From the other side, Petre added, "If it makes any difference, that's what I was doing, kind of, when Johan rescued me. I was a boytoy for this rich couple. Great work, for a while."

Miranda turned towards him. She must have been about to say something, but when she saw his sincere face, she stopped and simply nodded. "It makes a difference. Thank you, Petre. Maybe we'll trade stories some evening."

"Now that sounds like a hell of an entertaining evening." Johan tried to ease the tension that had been building.

Petre looked over at him, then Miranda turned and faced him again. Both of them smiled, as if they had a secret between them that he'd never get.

"Go on, please," he urged, and leaned back against the headboard. When he slipped his arm around her, his fingers connected with Petre.

"One of my new customers happened to have business with Jake. That's how I met him. The man's name was Sid Johnson. Nice man, married, kids, early forties and wealthy enough



to pay for a weekend with me every so often. He didn't want anything kinky, just lots of hot sex two or three times a day.

"The last time I saw him, he seemed a little nervous, but I just assumed he had business problems or a fight with his wife. It turned out the business was with Jake."

"So, Sid wasn't as clean as you thought he was?" Johan asked.

"Sid's business was in trouble—the economy, wages, the usual. Anyway, he got to betting and Jake held his ticket. When Sid missed a payment...well, you can guess what happened."

"Yeah, Jake sent his goons to visit Sid. They roughed him up a little and Sid smartened up and paid. At least that's what I hope happened," Petre said. He slid a little lower, the bedding pulled down with him, as he got more comfortable. More of Miranda's body came into view.

"Not exactly," Miranda said. "It seems that had already happened. One night, Sid and I had just finished up a round of extraordinary sex and were resting, getting our wind for the next bout. Someone banged on the door and Sid told me to get in the closet and shut up.

"I had no idea what was going on, but I wasn't about to argue. I grabbed my clothes and hopped into that closet lickety-split."

She got a distant look again, and Johan assumed she was reliving the event in her thoughts. "Tell us, babe. We're here for you," he assured her.

"It was one of those louver doors. You know the kind you see in those stupid detective movies?" Looking into his eyes, she added, "That's kind of what it felt like. I'd fallen into some bad Mike Hammer movie where the damsel gets to see the bad guy do his nasty deed?"

"Yeah, I've seen my share of them." Johan admitted. He knew what she'd seen then, and knew she'd have to say it—sharing the horrible story would somehow make it easier for her to live with it.

"Sid got into his bathrobe and went to get the door. That's when I saw Jake for the first time.

"He didn't say much, just asked if Sid had his money. I have no idea how he knew where he was. I didn't know if he knew about me, but he didn't seem to care. Didn't check

the room or look around at all. He just asked about money. Sid said he needed time. And that's when Jake took out a gun.

"I was terrified. I don't think I breathed until it was all over. Until Jake left and Sid was dead. I saw him. Saw him backhand Sid with the gun. Sid fell across the bed and Jake just upped and fired. One bullet in the forehead, right between his eyes. That was it. A single pop and he was dead."

Johan sat quietly, still stroking her arms and thigh with his free hand.

"Jake left then. If I'd just stayed put for a little longer, he never would have known I was there. I freaked and got out of there as soon as Jake had gone. I didn't even get into my clothes until I was out in the parking lot.

"That's when I saw Jake sitting in his car. He looked right at me and I must have looked like the devil was chasing me. He got out and came towards me. That was enough for me and I ran."

"You're sure he saw you?" Johan asked, and knew immediately what a dumb question it was. "Never mind, of course he did. Why else would he hire two goons to rough you up?"

"I'm not sure they were supposed to do any roughing up," she said, thoughtfully. "I think they were just supposed to find me and deliver me to the man."

"And they just decided to take a little time alone with you." Johan's anger rose. The bastards.

"Take a breath, Johan," Petre said in a soothing voice. "Can't change the past, but we can do something about the future."

"True, and we did do quite a number on those two. Miranda, I seem to remember you got in a decent kick to that fat slob's jollies."

Miranda smiled, obviously remembering the moment. "Yeah, it was a lucky kick, but it sure felt good."

"Okay, that's why they grabbed you and we now know about this Jake Goodman character. He's the one who snatched you off the street, right?" Johan asked.

"Yeah, he's the one."

"Any idea how he found you?" Petre joined in.

"No, none at all." She frowned.

"He's probably got ears and eyes all over the city. Bets are one of them spotted you and called it in." Johan eased his arm out and turned over onto his stomach. Sliding down, he rested his elbows on the bed and his face on his raised hands. Looking up at her, he again had that feeling of her being someone extraordinary, someone quite special.

"I didn't see anyone. But I didn't exactly look either." She looked down at him, her long lashes veiling her eyes. "I guess it was a pretty dumb thing to do, leaving here, I mean."

"Not dumb, but maybe not too smart. But, it's like Petre said, we can't change what's happened."

"Jake beat me something terrible. I mean, I've had some bad johns in my time, but he liked what he was doing."

"That's not all he did." Johan wanted her to remember it all. He didn't want to push her, but he needed her to remember what he'd done.

"I know. I know." She looked past him, deep in thought for a moment. "It hurt so much, what he did. When it stopped, I thought that was it."

"It could have been it, the end," he whispered.

"I died, didn't I?" Her eyes were enormous, blue like the sea, unblinking.

"Yes, you died. And I couldn't let you go," he confessed.

The bed moved, and he glanced over at Petre, who was joining him on his belly. One on either side of Miranda, they could comfort her or caress her.

"Neither one of us wanted to lose you," Petre added and, leaning forward, pressed his lips to just below Miranda's breast.

"Then what I thought was a dream, really wasn't."

"I'm not sure what you saw," Johan said. "I thought you were unconscious, but..."

"I was, sort of, mostly." She shuddered but didn't seem like she was going to fall apart. "I was flying. You...both of you, you changed." Cocking her head, she looked down at him, confused.

"Yes," he admitted, and then went on. "You've heard the legends about vampires?"

"Yes... No, that can't be. That's only stories, fairy tales." She shook her head.

"Yes, stories, legends, fables. And very true." Johan looked away, concentrated for a moment and felt his fangs lengthen. When he looked back at her, he knew she'd see him for

the blood drinker he was—at least partially. He smiled, showing her the needle-sharp incisors pressed against his lower lip. His eyes, too, would be different, hypnotic.

Her hand went to her mouth. She didn't say anything, but her thoughts must have been going wild. He'd just told her something impossible, but it was something she had to know was true.

He looked over at Petre and saw his fangs against his lip and the deeply haunted look in his eyes. Johan wanted to hug the man, his lover of decades, but they needed to bring her across first. She had to understand.

"This is insane," she whispered, her eyes going from one of them to the other.

"Yes, it is," Johan agreed. "But it's true, and you know it. Deep down, you remember what I did to you."

She closed her eyes, no doubt wanting it all to disappear, yet knowing it wouldn't. When she opened them again, she seemed almost calm. "Is that why I can see you both so well? Why I can smell things I've never smelt before?"

"Yes," he hissed. "And there's more, so much more."

## Chapter Eight

“Oh my god!” Miranda whispered.

Johan knew he'd turned her world turned upside down. He didn't have any choice. If they wanted to find Jake, he had to find out where he was and what he'd done to her. This was the fastest way and, no doubt, the roughest for her.

He leaned forward and, with his lips covering his fangs, kissed her just below her breast as Petre had done, continued to do, on her other side. He watched her nipples rise to stiff little nubbins and would have loved to scoot up and suckle, but refrained.

“We're not going to hurt you, my sweet. I'll explain everything to you – we will, Petre and I – and we'll make sure you know all that you need to.”

Miranda looked down at him, her mouth working but nothing came out.

Johan bit back a chuckle. The surprise was enormous, but part of his pleasure came from that as well. He didn't turn many, so when he did, it was a special occasion. He wanted to spring up and swing her out of bed, dance around the room with her, and fuck her silly. But he dared not, at least not yet.

“Take a breath,” he said in a soft, convincing voice.

She blinked at him, then inhaled deeply. A habit she'd keep for awhile, he hoped as he eyed her rising tits. When the breath was gone, she took another stab at speaking. “You're...you're vampires.”

“Yes.” Johan nodded.

“This is insane!” She pushed him, rolling him off the bed.

He landed with a thud. Shocked, he lay on the floor, looking up at her as she slid from the bed and stormed out of the room. As soon as she'd cleared the doorway, Johan heard a soft chuckling coming from the other side of the bed. Petre.

“Fuck!” he growled and climbed to his feet.

The laughter increased, and when Johan scowled at his lover, the man promptly fell off the bed, his howls of merriment obviously getting the better of him. That led to Johan

chuckling and quickly to a good belly laugh when Petre poked his head up over the side of the bed, rubbing his noggin.

"Oh shut up," Petre said, but the smile on his face led to even more laughter.

"When you've finished clowning around, I think we better find out how she is, don't you?" Johan admonished.

"Yeah, I know," Petre finally managed to speak without laughing. "She's going to be all right. I can feel it."

"I think you're right." Johan left the room, following Miranda's scent into the front room.

He found her standing in front of the large picture window, still naked, her arms crossed over her chest, looking out over the city.

"It's true, I mean really true, isn't it?" Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"Yes, it's true. You'll get used to it, we all do." He stopped when he was directly behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders. The flesh was cool and as smooth as silk. "I'm sorry, Miranda. If there'd be any other way..."

"I was dead, wasn't I?" Her voice had grown softer, more childlike.

He felt her fear and her confusion. The best answer was the truth, but he wanted to cushion it as best he could. This was not the way he liked to work. "You'd stopped breathing. Your heart had stopped."

"You did something. I... Something tastes funny, coppery."

He spun her around so she was facing towards him. Lifting her face with his fingertips, he forced her to look into his eyes. "Yes, I did something. I changed you."

Her eyes were huge, unblinking. "The taste... It's blood, isn't it?"

Nodding, he replied, "Yes, my blood. It's how a human becomes a vampire."

"But I was dead. How...?"

"I drained you, or nearly, then made you drink from me. I used a certain voice. It's difficult to explain. I can get you to forget things, make you concentrate on others, even when there's very little life in you. You'll learn, but not all at once."

"Changed me. You mean..."

"I mean you're changed, turned. You're no longer quite human."

"A vampire? You made me into a vampire?"

"Yes, you will be. There's a little more to it yet, but you will be a vampire very soon."

"I don't understand." She uncrossed her arms and wound them around his neck. An unconscious move, he was sure, but one that pleased him greatly. She couldn't be afraid of him if she was hugging him.

"You've got a lot of food in your stomach, things a vampire can't handle. That's got to be purged. You've also fed, but only on me and in the most primitive manner. Your fangs need to show themselves." He flicked a strand of hair from her face, then ran the tips of her fingers along her jaw. He wanted to kiss her.

"Purge." She cocked her head, then added, "You mean I've got to throw up?"

Smiling, he replied, "Yeah, that's pretty much it. Not a pleasant thing, but necessary."

"And that's why my stomach is churning right now."

"I'm sorry, yes." He stroked her neck and back, knowing she'd be rushing for the toilet shortly. "It'll be over soon. Any movement sort of gets things moving. If you'd stayed in bed..."

"Right." Her face suddenly went white, and she pulled free of his arms.

He watched her shapely ass wiggle as she raced for the bathroom. The door slammed, and a few moments later, he heard her lose the contents of her stomach.

Turning away, he went into the kitchen and got her a small glass of the rich, red blood from the bottle he kept in the fridge. Blood banks were wonderful things, and he frequented a few different ones to keep a small supply, just in case hunting was bad. There were times he or Petre just didn't feel like a hunt.

He also got a glass of water, knowing she'd want to rinse her mouth.

Petre came out of the bedroom, still naked and showing the beginnings of an erection. "It's begun then?"

"Yes, she seems all right though," Johan said and took the two glasses into the living area. "She didn't run screaming out of here, so that's a good sign."

"True. Of course, she's got no clothes and feels like crap, so she's probably not going to be running anywhere for a while."

"Thanks. And here I thought she might want to stay, learn more...whatever."

Petre came into his arms and kissed him fully on the lips, sucking at his tongue. His thickened cock rubbed against Johan's slumbering shaft. When the kiss ended, Johan realised

the sounds coming from the bathroom had stopped. He turned, just in time to see Miranda come back into the room.

She was pale and her knees wobbled. Johan broke away from Petre and hurried to her side. Taking her into his arms, he lifted her and carried her to the sofa. The smell of sex from earlier still hung in the air.

"Feel better?" he asked, pushing the hair off her face.

Petre held the glass of water towards her. "Here, take a sip. It'll help."

She wrapped her hands around his and he helped her drink. She seemed to perk up almost immediately. "Thank you, Petre."

"You'll need to take some nourishment soon, too." He put the half-emptied glass down and picked up the other.

She eyed it, undoubtedly knowing what it held, even if she couldn't fully believe was happening to her. Holding out her hand, she took the tall, clear glass. She looked at it, turning it back and forth, as if wanting it to change, vanish, something.

"It's all right, Miranda," Johan murmured. He remembered Petre's turning and how that first drink had been such an enormous step towards acceptance.

Miranda took that deep breath he was coming to adore, and put the glass to her lips. Tilting her head back, she drained it.

When she handed the glass back to Petre, Johan was ready with the water. She took it eagerly and filled her mouth. Swishing the liquid around, she rinsed then swallowed.

Glass back on the table, Johan smiled and asked, "Okay now?"

"Yes," she said, running her tongue over her teeth and lips. "I thought it was going to be horrible."

Johan chuckled and was joined by Petre. "Yeah, I think we all go through that."

Petre took both glasses to the kitchen. "Do you want more?" he called.

"Uh, no, that was enough, thanks." She shivered, but it seemed from a chill rather than disgust.

"Petre, could you grab a quilt, please?" Johan pulled her into his arms and felt her shivering.



"Got it," the man replied and headed into the bedroom. He was back in a few moments, a huge red quilt ready to drape around her. He sat on her other side and pulled the large cover over them all.

Johan was still eager to find out about Jake, and what they could do about him. "So, now we—" A hand sliding along his thigh stopped him cold.

"Can we talk in a while?" Miranda asked in a soft voice. "I need..."

Her words trailed off and Johan could have kicked himself. Of course she felt alienated, confused, and he wasn't helping. Pulling her into his arms, he held her close and whispered into her ear, "We can talk later, tomorrow, whenever. Petre and I want to show you some amazing things about your new life. Our new life, if you decide to join us."

She blinked up at him and a weak smile brightened her face. "Later sounds good. Thank you." She snuggled against him then shivered when Petre's body moved in close behind her. "You two are such sexy beasts."

"And both of us think you're just as sexy," Petre said in a husky voice.

"I think we'd all be a hell of a lot more comfortable if we went into the bedroom," Johan said. His cock surged into a full erection, and when her hand slipped a little higher, she wrapped her fingers around the shaft.

"Mm, I think that's a wonderful idea." She pushed the cover off her and, using his cock as a handle, pulled him to his feet as she rose.

Glancing over at Petre, Johan smiled when he saw she had the other man by the genitals as well. They all headed for the bedroom, with her in the centre and leading the way.

Once there, she released them and climbed onto his bed. Lying on her back, she reached out for them. "I'm horny. I can't get over it, but I am."

Johan smiled. What she was feeling was what vampires felt most of the time—an incredibly raised libido that made their nocturnal existence a constant sexual high. "That's something else you'll learn to live with, and enjoy, I hope."

Petre stood next to him and reached for the erection jutting from Johan's loins. Johan followed suit and, reaching over, palmed his lover's staff, gently running his fingers along its length. Petre matched him, drawing the skin up along his shaft, just as Johan did to him.

Miranda seemed transfixed by their teasing hands, by the throbbing of their cocks, her eyes going from one to the other. Her own fingers weren't idle, drifting from the bedding at

her sides to the lush swell of her breasts, to the nipples. She twisted them, then pulled until her bulbous breasts rose like huge droplets off her ribs. Squirming, she eased her knees apart offering the vision of her pussy, its plump outer lips splayed wide, the inner glistening with her juices.

Johan's mouth watered and he leaned forward, whether to get her scent better or perhaps fall into her sex, he didn't know, didn't care. When she lowered one hand and spread her lips, he would have dived in if he hadn't had hold of Petre's shaft. As it was, he squeezed his fingers tighter. His lover gasped and pulled back, but only for a second.

He turned and looked at Petre, whose mouth was open, his tongue sliding across his lips. Johan lowered his gaze to the man's cock, then looked up and into his lover's eyes. "I think we'd better join her before we shoot all over the bed."

"I thought you'd never ask," Petre replied and took a step forward.

Johan followed, his knees touching the foot of the bed. With a final stroke of his sexy lover's cock, he released it and climbed onto the bed. Beside him, Petre did the same. Side by side, they crawled until they'd reached where her head lay on the mattress. They both sat back on their heels, presenting her with a choice Johan hoped she'd find pleasurable.

She turned to face him, his cock a hand's width from her mouth. The silent message of *suck me* received, she leaned forward, taking the head between her lips.

"Ah, yes," he sighed and gently thrust forward.

Petre smiled and positioned himself so he could reach her pubes with his lips and teeth. Johan watched him do just that. Leaning forward and to the side, he could see Petre's tongue follow an invisible line from just above Miranda's delicate pubes to where the tip of her clit rose from its hood. Petre flicked it, and she gasped around Johan's cock, sending a shiver of excitement racing down his spine. Three was such a magical number, it seemed, and he looked forward to the many variations they could come up with. But for the moment, all he wanted was her mouth on him—her lips and tongue, her teeth caressing his shaft, pulling at the tight flesh.

"Suck her pussy, make her wet, Petre," he groaned. He wanted to see Petre take her with his mouth. He knew how much pleasure his lover was capable of giving and wanted Miranda to experience it too.

Suddenly, he couldn't see what Petre was doing anymore. His golden hair hid his face, the long strands sliding across her thighs, shielding her from her lower belly to mid-thigh. Instead, Johan felt her pleasure. When Petre did something to her, she reciprocated with a tantalising nip or suck to Johan's cock.

The scent of her rose and he inhaled it deeply. For an instant he was jealous of Petre's place between her thighs, but then her mouth engulfed more of him and he forgot everything but the soft, wet suction. Gritting his teeth, he vowed to return the pleasure, to drive her as crazy as was inhumanly possible.

"I want to fuck you," he muttered. Any further comment was bitten off when the tip of his cock touched the back of her throat, then went deeper. His thoughts exploded. Her throat tightened around him, then relaxed, milking the cum along his shaft. A hand on his balls dragged his thoughts back, but the need to come intensified when he saw Petre's head bobbing between her thighs.

Johan slowly drew himself out of her mouth. He ached to fuck her, to feel the softness of her cunt surrounding his shaft. He'd had a taste of that and wanted more.

Freeing himself, he scooted around between her spread thighs and, for a moment, was transfixed by the sight of Petre's tongue working on her. He dipped it into her hole, flicked it across the distended and puffy bud of her clit. Johan saw her pussy clench, the opening winked open and closed, gaping at him.

Johan eased his knees forward and, with his hand firmly grasping his shaft, rubbed the tip across her cunt. Petre's mouth was there, his tongue touching him. His cock pulsed, and he knew his control was slipping.

Petre looked up at him, his blue eyes shining with lust, and in a voice thick with need, said, "Fuck her. I want to taste her on you." He slid his hand over Miranda's thigh, but didn't linger there. The man's fingers rose and cupped Johan's balls, pulling him ahead.

Miranda gasped and sobbed as Johan sank in, then cried out as Petre lowered his face again to her cunt. Johan felt his lips and tongue flicking at where his cock entered her.

Petre shifted around, sliding his body around so his legs reached towards the headboard, his cock stretched towards her mouth. She'd turned to see what he was doing, and as soon as he'd settled in, she dived in. Opening her mouth, she took the plum-shaped head into her mouth and Johan watched her cheeks hollow as she suckled him.

Johan had to close his eyes for a moment. Sensation overload threatened to make him come instantly. Holding still, he tried to think of something, anything, else to keep from shooting his load. The soft slurping sounds tore at him, dragging him back into the midst of it all.

He growled and thrust into her. When he pulled out, Petre's lips had him. He stood it for as long as he could, then pushed himself deep into Miranda's gripping pussy. The torment was indescribably delicious. The sights and sounds of their passion soon took him too far, and from the gyrating and moaning of both Miranda and Petre, they were right there with him.

Miranda's cheeks bulged with cock, and her eyes widened as Petre seesawed his hips back and forth. Her inner muscles clenched and sent a shiver of pleasure through Johan.

The three bodies moved in unison, as if their dance had been well-practised and their flight to climax had been planned. Johan's control slipped and he shuddered as his cock lurched, sending a stream of cum into Miranda's clutching pussy. That was the beginning of the explosion that took them all over the edge. He watched Petre lose his battle and thrust his cock into her mouth, his toes curled. The groan that emerged from him echoed Johan's. Thrashing hips and straining muscles held them together, bound by pleasure.

As suddenly as it had begun, it came to an end. Guttural sobbing and the spasmodic thrusting of hips triggered the final moments of bliss. Johan gasped and let himself down across Miranda's body, slick skin cool with sweat.

Miranda released Petre's shaft and kissed his inner thigh. She laid back, a satisfied smile on her pale face. "Oh my god, that was amazing."

Petre rolled onto his back and lay panting. "Yeah, it was."

"If that's any indication of what life's going to be like with you two, I think I'll need to start taking vitamins." Johan chuckled.

"I second that." Petre nodded, a satisfied smile on his face.

## Chapter Nine

"We do have to talk, you two." Johan pushed himself off Miranda and rolled onto his back beside her. He lifted her head and slid his arm under it, pulling her close. "We're not going to let Jake get away with it."

Petre spun around and, laying on his side, faced them both, his elbow on the bed, his head resting on his palm. "I agree. He deserves to be brought down."

"The cops don't seem to be able to touch him. Maybe it's time someone else did," Johan said.

"You mean us—you—but..." Miranda sputtered.

Johan cuddled her and knew this was going to take time. "I mean Petre and me, but we need more information from you."

"Such as what?"

"Where Jake can be found? Does he have a lot of people around him?" He settled more comfortably against the headboard and thought about what Petre and he would do, once they got their hands on Jake. The man had too much power and liked to hurt those unable to defend themselves. A bully.

"He's got a penthouse suite at the Georgia Arms, that enormous new mid-town complex. That much is common knowledge. I heard he had some damaging information on a bigwig banker. Blackmail, sounds right up Jake's alley."

"Yeah, it does. If he can't get what he wants one way, he reverts to strong-arm methods or lies. A real nice guy," Petre said. He ran the tip of his finger around one of Miranda's breasts, then moved to the other, making a figure eight. Her nipples rose in response.

Johan reached over with his free hand and tweaked the nearest nipple. "And does he like to have people around him when he's in this suite?"

"That I'm not sure about. I do know he's got a bodyguard who sticks like glue when he's anywhere public." She squirmed under the touch of both men, obviously enjoying their teasing.

"Was he alone when he took you?" Johan asked. He adored how she squirmed and appeared to get a great deal of pleasure from both Petre and himself. She also seemed very okay with their sexuality.

"There was just the driver, but he was obviously a bodyguard too. He was enormous." She gasped when he tightened his grip on her nipple.

Such a sweet nubbin, he thought, and pulled his arm partially free. Leaning in, he took a quick nibble. "Mm, tasty," he murmured but leaned back against the headboard, his arm again slid behind her.

"You're both insatiable."

Petre smiled at her, and replied, "Uh, yeah, we know."

"Do you know if Jake's a night owl? We need to know when would be the best time to pay him a visit."

"All I know is he seems to do his business late. I can't recall ever seeing or hearing about him being around until at least ten at night."

"Interesting, good. That'll make getting to him a little easier." He idly flicked her nipple with a sharp nail and smiled when she reacted with another gasp. "I wasn't sure how we'd manage if we had to do daylight time."

"It's early, what do you say we pay the man a visit tonight?" Petre beamed at him.

"My thoughts exactly." Johan's mind raced ahead. He'd seen the penthouse at the Georgia Arms. It was a busy building, but not the top three floors. They each had express elevators, so access would be restricted to whoever had the keys for them, or the correct codes. He'd wager that number would be limited. Jake would relish his privacy. Any business would be carried out elsewhere, if at all possible, Johan was sure of it.

"Getting in shouldn't be too difficult. They'll be guarding against humans, not bats." Johan wondered what kind of vents there'd be – air conditioning, for sure, heat, and access for maintenance.

"But what about me?" Miranda asked. She sat up and looked from Petre to him. "I don't know how to...uh, well, bats?"

"I'm afraid you won't be coming, not this time. Transforming, it takes time and practise. Hell, the first time Petre tried to fly, he damn near killed himself. Jumping off a building ten storeys high isn't a good way to start."

Petre lifted his head from Miranda's breast and said, "Yeah, maybe. But now, tell her how you started."

Johan groaned, but said, "There were these cliffs..."

"Yeah, cliffs, at night, with no one around to help you if you got into trouble, and no idea about what you were doing," Petre added.

"There was no one, dimwit," Johan teased. The memory of how close he came to being splattered against the cliff-face had given him nightmares for decades. "And that's why I don't want to take any more chances." He turned his face towards Miranda. "Especially with those I care about."

Her flush made him feel amazing and gave him more reason to want to take care of Jake. Again, thoughts of what the three of them could get into rushed into his thoughts. He pushed that aside, with difficulty.

He turned and put his feet on the floor. "Jake will pay. It's just a matter of deciding what you want done with him."

The bed shifted behind him. A moment later, Petre and Miranda sat beside him, Miranda still in the middle.

"He's rich and thinks he's untouchable," she began. When Johan looked at her, he saw how deeply in thought she was. "He needs to learn that getting rich off others isn't an option anymore. I also want him to know it's me who makes this happen, and he can't do anything to me."

"You've been thinking about this, huh?" Johan said, and ran his hand along her thigh, comforting her.

"Yes, since I woke up."

"So, Petre and I could bring him to you. Is that what you want?"

"Yes."

"How about that warehouse where we found you?" Petre suggested.

"That'd be perfect," Miranda replied quickly, cheerfully.

Johan wasn't sure she should play a part in it, but before he could voice his concerns, she was speaking. "I want to make him pay for what he did. I want to be there, I want to hurt him. I want him to know it's me."

"Miranda," Johan said, his concern for her rising. She was hurt and angry, but he knew she'd have one hell of a long time to regret things if they went badly. "Are you sure you want to do this? I mean, Petre and I can take care of Jake and his goons. There's no need for you to be involved at—"

"Not involved?" she cried, gaping at him. "How can I not be involved? He beat me, he had others beat me and try to rape me. He...he's responsible for so much more. For Christ sakes, he killed me, or he thinks he did! I'm involved whether I want to be or not."

From the look she gave him, Johan knew any argument he tried wasn't going to change her mind. And, in all honesty, she was right. Jake had seen to her being involved and now he'd have to pay her price.

"All right." Johan rose from the bed and went to his closet. Throwing open the doors, he peered inside, looking for something suitable for her to wear. "We'll take you to the warehouse and make sure it's safe. Wouldn't want anyone to interrupt us later, you know. Then Petre and I will go and get Mr. Jake Goodman and deliver him to the warehouse." He flipped through the hanging clothes, pulling out a long black sweater he thought might work as a dress and tossing it to her. "I'm sure the three of us can come up with a plan for him. Something humiliating, something that will keep him from harming anyone ever again."

"And something that will prevent him from gaining power over people," added Petre in a determined voice.

Johan bent and searched for shoes or boots, but came up empty handed. He turned and faced them both, and shrugged. "'Fraid I can't help you with footwear."

"I've still got my spike heels," she replied, a nasty smile on her face. "I've got an idea or two I'd like to try with them. Jake's in for one hell of an evening."

"I don't think I'm going to even ask what you mean there," Johan said and tried to shut out the images her words inspired.

She slipped the black sweater over her head, flipping her long blonde hair out of the neck. The hem reached halfway to her knees. Pushing the sleeves up, she turned and offered him a view of her from the back. Her long legs and the bountiful curves of her ass had him wondering how long it would take him to slip it off her.

"Looks better on her than it ever did on you, stud," said Petre, who then gave a long, low wolf-whistle.



"Cheeky bastard," was Johan's quick retort, followed by laughter.

"Yeah, and you love me for it." Petre winked at him.

"Better get dressed if we're going to do this tonight." Johan turned back into his closet and pulled out another sweater, this one dark blue, and a pair of worn jeans. Petre pulled out a navy blue crew neck and a pair of jeans as well. It took them only a couple of minutes to dress and pull on boots.

Johan pocketed a fistful of bills on the way out. They hailed a cab and had themselves dropped off several blocks from the warehouse. Petre 'suggested' to the driver that he'd been stood up by a client and that he'd remember nothing of the three people he'd dropped off or where he'd gained the extra cash.

\* \* \* \*

"It's empty," Johan remarked a moment after they entered the warehouse. He sensed the odd rodent, but nothing and no one else. The lights were off and would remain so. He and the others could see well enough without lights, and he didn't plan to make it easy for Jake.

"Miranda, are you sure you want to be part of this?" His concern for her resurfaced. Standing behind her, he wrapped his arms around her.

Petre stood in front of her and put his hands on her shoulders. She was effectively surrounded by them and, by the way she pressed back against Johan, seemed quite happy to be there.

"It's not too late," Petre said, a note of concern in his voice. "We can take you back to Johan's and do what's necessary ourselves."

"It was too late when he took me the second time." Miranda's voice was firm, yet Johan thought he sensed a little fear behind the determination. "I'm staying, and I'm going to be part of this."

Petre leaned forward and brushed his lips against hers, then whispered, "This is totally up to you, sweetie, we're with you all the way."

Johan could have kissed him. He'd said exactly what Johan felt. No matter what she chose, they'd be with her.

"Thank you, both of you."

Stepping back, Johan took a quick look around the place while Petre escorted Miranda into one of the small offices. Not the one she'd been abused in, but one close to it. He poked his head in when he was done, he nodded at them and said, "Are you ready?"

Miranda perched on the edge of the desk and said, "Yes, more than ready."

"We'll be back very soon. If you want to leave, there's money for a cab." He held out a handful of bills.

She took them, but simply placed them on the desk beside her. "Thanks, I'll be here."

Johan was immensely proud of her. She was a brave woman and he could only imagine how much courage it took for her to be there, and know she'd be left alone while they got the man who'd done such horrible things to her. Just knowing she'd see him again must have been torture.

He leaned in and kissed her softly, and whispered, "You're amazing."

Before she could respond, he turned and left the office. Petre joined him and they stripped out of their clothes. The air was cool against their skin, but they paid no attention to it. Reaching over, he grabbed Petre's hand and gave it a squeeze. Leaping into the air, dragging his lover along with him, they transformed and flew.

The flight across town was uneventful. The night was quiet, the chance of being seen almost non-existent at the height they travelled. Even if someone did see them, bats weren't that uncommon, and the sighting would most likely go unnoticed.

The landing was unspectacular, but the entrance took a little thought. Their bat hands were nimble with the unscrewing of screws, but had limited strength for lifting heavy air conditioner units out of the way. They managed, with a few nicking of knuckles and hisses of frustration, and scrambled inside. The ducts were like a maze, twisting and turning a dozen times before finally coming out into the large dimly lit bedroom of the man they sought. Crouching, they peered down at the man through the grate and waited for just the right time to descend on him.

Jake—plump and soft looking from too much good food and easy living—was dressed in a deep blue silk robe and sprawled in an easy chair in front of a large fireplace. A clear glass half-filled with an amber-coloured liquid sat perched on the arm of his chair, and Jake turned it slowly clockwise while he stared into the fire. The dark-haired man was obviously deep in thought and appeared to be alone in the large apartment.

The king-sized bed behind him was rumpled, and the room stank of sex. Yet, when Johan opened his senses, he was sure the big man was alone.

Suddenly, Jake raised his glass and emptied it, then violently threw the glass into the fire. The alcohol burst into flames when the glass shattered. Jake pushed himself to his feet and lumbered towards a door to the right of the bed. The bathroom, Johan realised a moment later when he heard the unmistakable sound of a shower being started.

Petre pushed ahead of him and carefully eased the grate open. Both of them dropped to the carpeted floor. A moment later, they rose to their feet, naked and ready for Jake to return.

Johan slid his arm around Petre, for the moment, enjoying the touch of his flesh against his lover's.

Petre leaned his face close and whispered, "I'm going to check around a bit. Won't go far." He pulled free of Johan's grasp and headed for the side of the king-sized bed. The drawer of the side-table was open, a key poking out from the lock, and that's where he went first.

He pulled the drawer open a little wider, and then his face changed. His mouth gaped open and he turned towards Johan. He was shocked, and Johan hurried over to see what all the fuss was about.

Papers and clutter ignored, the handgun seemed to leap into his vision and his own mouth gaped open. He whispered to Petre, "He shouldn't have a gun. His goons do all his dirty work. He keeps his hands clean. The man's an idiot."

Petre nodded and replied, "Yeah, more of an idiot than we thought."

"Take it. Just stick it between the mattress and box spring."

Petre reached in and pulled out the gun, being careful to point it towards the floor. Neither of them was familiar with firearms, so getting this one out of the way was paramount. The small black pistol soon vanished as Petre slipped it into its hiding place.

Johan glanced back into the drawer and did a double take. Something else caught his attention, and he smiled. He reached in and wrapped his fingers into the leather straps, then pulled out the flesh-toned sex toy. At least as long as a well-endowed man, the strap-on also had testicles the size of tennis balls affixed to the underside and a hole at the base. He wondered about the hole, but before he could query Petre, a roar from the bathroom made him spin around.

## Chapter Ten

“What the fuck...Who the hell...where—” cried the big boss man, Jake.

“What the fuck, indeed,” interrupted Johan in a boisterous tone, while waving the strap-on in the air.

Petre leapt across the space separating him from the pudgy man, landing within an arm’s length. Naked, Jake looked defenceless. Johan knew he was anything but.

Jake’s eyes went from the strap-on to Petre, then back to Johan. His mouth opened and closed, then he strode to the bedside table. He reached for it, but Petre grabbed both of his arms at the elbow and held them behind the big man’s back.

Johan peered inside the drawer again, wondering if he could get that lucky. He reached inside and pulled out a small pile of pictures. “Were you reaching for these?” he asked innocently, but inside he was trembling with excitement.

Sure, pictures could be doctored. You could place anyone anywhere with the computer technology. He somehow didn’t think Jake was that much of a geek. And, glancing through the dozen or so photographs, he was pretty sure Jake wouldn’t have wanted anyone to see these anyway.

There, in living colour, was Jake—only a Jake he was sure few people saw. Naked, a euphoric smile on his face, he was perched on the lap of a lovely, scantily clad, dark-haired woman. His legs were spread wide enough to completely reveal both his genitalia and the strap-on being thrust into his ass.

Johan’s first thought was the man was deformed. His cock and balls were miniscule compared to the rest of him. Even with an erection, which was impossible to miss, he had the equipment of a youngster.

Johan sifted through the others. Each of them would be worth money, if he was into blackmailing the guy. The woman in the picture turned out to be a guy, and that added to their value. The guy was a transsexual, pre-op by the look of the pictures, and never shown hard. Possibly he couldn’t because of the hormones he was pretty obviously taking. He had a

lovely set of jugs and an hourglass shape any woman would admire and any man would drool over.

"Seems you like boys, err... trannies, eh, little man?" Johan snarled and stepped aside when Jake slipped free of Petre's grip and dived at him.

Petre managed to grab the man again, just before his hand touched Johan. When Petre dragged Jake back, the man's robe slid open and his body came into view.

"Let go, fucking assholes," he roared, straining to break free of Petre's hold. "Gi' me those. You fuckin' perverts, le' me go. You'll fuckin' pay for this. I'll have my boys string you up by your balls and beat you until they fall off." By the time he'd gotten all that out, his face was beet red with anger and he was spitting.

Johan simply stood there watching him, listening to his rant and wondering just how best to deal with this new information. It really was perfect, he thought.

He faced Jake and glared until the man stopped struggling and stood quietly looking at him. It must have sunk in that he wasn't in any position to order them to do anything. If someone walked in, Johan could simply show them the pictures and the strap-on he'd found. Jake could wind up the laughingstock of the city.

"Sank in, did it?" Johan flipped the pictures, one by one, onto the bed.

Jake blanched and looked at the photos strewn across the sheets. He was trapped, and knew it.

"Petre, why don't we see if we can find some clothes that'll fit and then we'll just take Jake for a ride?"

From over the fat man's shoulder, Petre nodded. "Hopefully, he'll have something smaller than gigantic."

Jake slumped and possibly would have collapsed altogether if Petre hadn't held him up. His shoulders shook, and for a moment, Johan thought the man might actually be crying. He wasn't. After a few deep breaths, he raised his head and glared at Johan. "How much?"

Johan looked at him, confused. "How much, what?"

Jake's eyes darkened and he growled, "How much to shut you both up? I can make your lives one hell of a lot easier. Cross me and you'll be sorry."

Johan's jaw dropped open. The guy must be insane, he thought. "What the fuck are you talking about? You have nothing we want. We've got you by the...uh," he glanced down at

Jake's barely visible dick and smirked, "short and curlyes, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it. We hold all of the cards, dumbass."

Jake's face got red, and Johan watched him strain to get free. With the unnatural strength of a vampire, Petre held him easily.

"Do you know who you're fucking with? I own this building. I own the gambling in this city. I own the whores. This is my fucking city."

Johan couldn't keep his laughter in. He broke up, and a moment later, Petre joined him. The man was effectively naked, his tiny genitals on full display, and he was ranting about owning the city. The photos on the bed spoke of something else. He who owned them, owned much.

Johan reached down for them and held one up for Jake to see. It was one of the more embarrassing pictures. The beautiful transsexual was holding Jake by the ears and slowly feeding her cock to him. The picture was taken at such an angle, that not only could that be seen, but also the end of a bright red vibrator, which had been wedged in the man's ass. At least his tiny dick wasn't visible.

"I'm not so sure about you owning the city. I have a feeling that whoever owns these pictures might have a say in what you do from now on."

"You...you...bastards!" Jake renewed his struggle to break free. His legs flailed out, his tiny cock and balls bouncing. He must have realised how idiotic he looked because after only a few minutes of angrily kicking the air between himself and Johan, he stopped and slammed his feet to the floor. His breathing was heavy, his face a deep red, and his nostrils flared.

"I'll check for clothes, you just hang on to our friend here." Johan went to the large walk-in closet situated beside the bathroom and entered. The walls were lined with racks of clothing—suits, casual wear, shirts and slacks of every colour imaginable, and then some. He ran his hand along them, walking slowly down the right-hand side. At the far end, he came to three floor-to-ceiling dressers. Ignoring them, he circled to the other side and found what he'd been hoping for: velour lounging outfits, with drawstrings at the waist. He shuffled through them and pulled out a deep blue outfit for Petre and a burgundy set for himself. Draping them over his arm, he shivered at how sensuous they felt against his leg. Footwear would be more difficult, but not impossible. Stepping in front of the dressers, he pulled open

the drawers, one by one, until he found the sock drawer at waist height. He pulled out two pairs of black socks and wandered back into the bedroom.

"Blue all right for you, my love?" he asked Petre, holding his arm up to show him the outfits he'd found.

"Yeah, fine." Petre thrust Jake forward and asked, "What about him?"

"Hm..." Johan had been wondering the same thing. Nothing in the guy's closet seemed suitable, but he couldn't very well go naked. Humiliated, yes, but they had to get him out of the building at least. "Check the drawer and see what kind of toys he's got stashed in there. Butt plug or frilly underwear comes to mind." He smiled and tossed the clothes he'd gathered on the bed. There had to be something in that enormous closet, he thought. He went to the dresser and opened more drawers.

He got to the bottom one and had it pulled wide open. At the back, there in brilliant red, was a pair of shorts that would have made a stripper blush. He held them up and laughed. They were short and nearly see-through, and he was sure Miranda would appreciate them, especially if Jake had them on.

He sauntered back into the bedroom, waving the red shorts in the air, and said cheerfully, "I've got just the thing." With a flourish, he swung the shorts high. "Ta da!"

Jake's face went white. Petre looked confused, but when Johan spread the filmy undies across his own mid-section, the confused look became a very big smile. He nodded and forced Jake's arms up, his back to arch.

"Lift your leg or we'll drag you out of here naked," Johan said in a hard voice. He was in no mood to argue with the man.

"Please, not this," Jake moaned but lifted his leg, apparently afraid they meant what they said. "At least let me have some slacks. A sweatshirt, something that'll cover me."

"Miranda didn't mention you worrying about her being naked or embarrassed when you had those two goons abuse her," Johan replied. He thrust the leg of the shorts over one naked foot then waited for the man to lift the other. Slipping the shorts on, he tugged them slowly up his legs, barely containing the laughter threatening to burst free.

Jake squirmed, apparently disliking the rough handling. When Johan got the silky shorts up to the tops of his thighs, it became clear that they were a shade too small, and he'd have to 'tuck' things in if he was going to get them up to Jake's waist. And tuck he did.

Grasping the little bundle of manhood in one hand, Johan held on tight while Jake lurched backwards, trying to pull free. Johan simply hauled the waistband up and shoved the little package inside, while Jake yelped.

"Hold still or I swear, I'll take you naked." Johan pulled and twisted the shorts until they finally cleared the man's melon-shaped buns. The material stretched tight, his hips and belly bulged. If he was careful, his cock and balls would remain nearly invisible. If he struggled or fought at all, they were clearly outlined in all their puny glory. The material was stretched so taut, he'd very likely strip himself, if he wasn't careful.

"Bastards, you'll die for this. You'll fucking die for this." He'd stopped struggling, his legs like columns of pale granite emerging from the too-tight leg openings and ending in plump white feet.

Johan reached between the man's legs and tugged the crotch material around his cock, trying to create a small pocket for the shaft. "I doubt we'll die for this. You might die of embarrassment by the time we're done with you." Then he stroked the walnut-sized balls and tugged at them, making the silk stretch across them. Below the leg openings, tufts of wild black hair curled against the pale flesh of his inner thighs.

"Now, do you remember Miranda? Miranda Smith?" Petre asked from behind the man.

"Spread your legs," Johan said sternly, wanting to be obeyed without question.

Jake spread his legs, but then tried to pull them closed. "Fuck you," he bellowed when Johan reached between them and tugged on the mass of black curls sprouting from the leg openings of the panties.

"Fuck me? I don't think so," Johan said, an idea making him smile. "Did you find a butt plug in that drawer?"

Petre chuckled and answered, "Yeah, I found a few toys. We'll take one or two with us. Miranda might like to see what he's made of."

Glancing at the bed, Johan replied, "Sounds like a plan. Can't let him go like he is though, he'll need a little something to entertain him on the trip."

"Bastards," snarled Jake. "You two are dead fuckin' meat."

"Yes, well, that's not something we're too concerned with," Petre said.



"Scissors!" Johan rose to his feet and headed for the bathroom. "Yes, oh yes, what a wonderful idea," he chortled to himself. He searched for a moment, finally discovering a pair of small shears he thought would fill his needs.

"What the hell are you thinking now?" Petre peered over Jake's shoulder at him, a smile pulling his mouth wide.

Jake began to struggle again when Johan knelt before him. "Fuck off. Don't touch me you fuckin' pervert."

Looking up and smiling, Johan beamed at Petre. "He's so damn hairy, even if these panties ripped right off him, I doubt anyone would see his little Johnson. I thought I'd give him a trim."

Petre laughed and leaned closer to Jake's ear, "You'll look so sexy with some of that bush trimmed away. Course, I'd advise you to keep still, wouldn't want to *trim* anything important off. You don't really have enough to trim."

Johan raised the scissors into the air and snipped at nothing. The sound must have terrified the man, because he immediately froze. His mouth wasn't frozen though, and as soon as Johan grabbed hold of a strand of pubic hair, the cursing began.

"Fuckin' perverted piece of shit. You'll fuckin' pay if it's the last thing I do. I don't care what hole you climb into, I'll find—" Jake stopped ranting and screamed, a high pitched girly scream that set Johan's teeth on edge.

"Jeez! What happened?" Petre peered down at Jacob.

"Uh, just a nick. He's not even bleeding." He leaned a little closer, making sure the tiny cut really wasn't dangerous. "If he'd quit yelling and keep still, it'd go much easier."

"Fuckin' bastards," Jake whined, but then clamped his mouth shut.

Johan chuckled and slipped a little more of his pubes away. He thought for a second, then reached for the semi-transparent panties. "I think I'll trim just a little more off. Might *enhance* what he's almost got down here." Yanking them down, he wasn't surprised when the man tried to kick him. Johan quickly grabbed a handful of genitalia and squeezed. "Be nice or I'll yank these off."

He dragged the red panties to the man's knees and quickly snipped away as much of the curly black bush as he could. The results were better than he could have hoped for and he chortled at the tiny erection that had blossomed. "Look at this, Petre. He's got a baby boner."

Petre looked over the man's shoulder, and grinned. "Well, I bet it's cute. But from here, I can't see a damn thing."

"Let me just get these panties back on him properly and you can let him go." Johan yanked the silky red material up and manoeuvred the man's cock and balls inside. Not quite satisfied with how the cock bent to the side, Johan reached in and hauled the little shaft upwards.

"There, that's better," Johan patted the ball sac and the well-displayed shaft of Jake's cock. "Petre, spin him round. I want to adjust the back too."

Jake must have realised something bad was about to happen because again a naked foot came up and Johan batted it aside. The next moment, Petre swung the fat man around and Johan was looking at the man's cellulite riddled backside. The panties did little to hide the large round ass. When Johan took hold of the waistband and gave them a yank upwards, they covered even less. The material slipped into the crack of Jake's ass, and as Johan continued to pull, the man rose onto his toes.

"Eeee... stop, fuck. Stop!" Jake yelled, and danced on his tiptoes.

Laughing, Johan gave the panties one final pull before getting to his feet. He dropped the scissors and grabbed Jake by the shoulders. Spinning him around, he peered down at the man's crotch, and laughed even louder.

"Check this out," he finally managed to say and while Jake tried to slide his fingers into the too-tight waistband, Petre stood beside Johan and checked the man's crotch.

"Well, isn't that cute. And red is so his colour." Petre reached down and gave the small bulging dick a tweak.

Jake snarled and jerked his hips back. Still struggling to get his fingers under the waistband, he stumbled back a step.

"You know, you still haven't answered our question," Petre said, and took a firm hold of the man's genitals. "Do you remember Miranda Smith?"

"Yes, yes, I remember her," cried the frustrated man.

Johann walked behind Jake and gazed at the large white ass cheeks. "You remember ordering two of your goons to deliver her to you? You remember dragging her off the street, beating her and then dumping her mutilated body?" Johan snarled the words. His anger rose as the questions came out. He punctuated each question with a sharp slap to the man's ass.

"Yes, yes. Fuck, stop! You're killing me," he cried and kicked back with a naked foot.

Petre took the opportunity to grab Jake's head and force him to lean forward. That caused the gangster to spread his knees apart, offering even easier access to his bottom.

Johan stepped to the side and, after roughly gauging the distance, gave Jake's ass one hell of a good beating. He worked on cheek for a few minutes and then the other, delivering each blow as hard as he possibly could.

"Killing you? What the fuck are you whining about? You must like wearing pretty panties or why would you have them around. Right?" He went to work on Jake's ass again, raining a volley of swats down, turning the too lily white skin to a deep rose.

"Please, oh my God," Jake cried, shuffling from side to side, trying to avoid Johan's punishment.

Johan detected a note of something else besides discomfort or pain, and ducked down to get a look at the man's cock. The little dink stood high, its shiny head weeping pre-cum.

"Well, I'll be going to hell," he exclaimed. "Petre, seems our big bad boss likes this treatment."

"You're kidding?" his blond lover replied, shocked.

"Nope, he's got this little hard on. It's kinda cute, if you like small things." Johan knew it was the pain from the spanking that had caused Jake's cock to erect, but there was no way he was letting the guy off easily.

"Get him up then, and have a look at his little Johnson."

Petre dragged the man up by his hair. The panties had slipped down, just enough to allow his cock to jut free. Jake took a swing at him, but Petre easily batted his hand away and then laughed. "Ain't it cute?" He spun Jake around so he was facing Johan

"Yeah, sure is. Let's get him dressed so we can take him to the warehouse. I'm sure Miranda will get a kick out of this."

Jake roared and took another swing, this time at Johan. Johan swatted his hands aside and with his other hand, slapped him hard across the face. "Listen up, either behave right now or you go out naked. This is the last time I warn you." He grabbed Jake by the chin and made the man look at him, then growled, "Got it?"

Jake closed his eyes and panted for a minute before replying, "Yeah, I got it."

“‘Bout fuckin’ time. Now hold still.” Johan reached down, dug his fingers into the front of the tight red panties, and pulled. Again it was a struggle, made more difficult by the erection that didn’t seem to want to go away. He finally managed it, and after plumping up his balls, he deemed him ready to go.

“What about shoes?” Petre asked.

“He’s got flip-flops in the bathroom, those will do.” Johan retrieved them and dropped them to the floor. “Put ‘em on.”

Jake slipped his feet into the white flip-flops and shuddered.

Petre released him and stepped back. “Yes, very cute.” He reached for the blue outfit Johan had dropped on the bed and pulled it on. Johan slid into the burgandy, his eyes remaining on the uncomfortable looking Jake.

## Chapter Eleven

With Johan on one side holding him by the elbow and Petre on the other, Jake was escorted down to the lobby of the apartment building. In his free hand, Johan carried a small bag containing the pictures they'd found, plus a few of the toys, in case Miranda wanted them for souvenirs. Jake had several cars parked in the underground, and the doorman had been more than happy to bring one around for him. Of course, the young man's face had been a picture of pained professionalism. The smirk, he couldn't quite keep off his face, it seemed.

When he brought the car to a stop just outside the door, he chuckled openly when Petre and Johan dragged his illustrious boss towards him. His eyes went down to where Johan had carefully adjusted Jake's panties to reveal the lack of size to his genitals. The young man gaped, then broke into a fit of laughter.

"Cute, don't you think?" Petre asked the uniformed man.

"Oh yeah, very. Thanks, man," the fellow said and headed for the door.

Jake's face went white then beet red. Johan got in behind the wheel and tossed the bag into the backseat. In the rear view mirror, he watched Petre take Jake around to the passenger's side and push the man in between them. Putting the car into gear, Johan pulled out onto the highway and headed towards the warehouse.

"What are you going to do?" Jake asked nervously. He fidgeted, covering himself with his hands, then removing them as he was trying to imply that being nearly naked didn't bother him. No matter what he did, he still looked ridiculous. His genitals were completely hidden by his paunch.

"Miranda wanted to take part, so you'll have to wait and see," Johan said casually.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty minutes later, they entered the warehouse, Johan holding one of Jake's arms, Petre the other. Miranda walked out of the far office, and when she saw Jake, she stopped

and gaped. It took her several moments for her to gather herself, then her laughter echoed off the walls.

Jake cringed, his humiliation almost palpable.

"That's him!" she cried and laughed again. When she caught her breath, she went on, "But it's a Jake Goodman that I don't imagine a lot of people have seen."

Johan released his hold, knowing the man had nowhere to run and wouldn't have made it even if he did. Petre, on the other hand, kept his grip on the man's arm, seeming to enjoy that modicum of control.

"Isn't he lovely?" Johan remarked and held his arms out to her. "I thought you'd like to see him in something special. Just wait 'til you see the pictures we found." He winked and pulled her close. Bending forward, he kissed her gently on the tip of her nose. "We got him, sweetie. We lucked out and found his stash of secrets."

"His stash?" She peered up at him, her blue eyes bright with mischief. "What stash? What secrets?" She wrapped her arms around his neck and he was sure she'd have purred if she could. "Come on, talk, mister."

Petre dragged a struggling and cursing Jake into one of the offices and after a quick "Give me a few minutes," he entered and pushed the door closed. Johan didn't know what he was up to, but was sure it'd be good, whatever he did. His lover had an interesting imagination, another reason Johan loved him so much.

He turned his attention back to Miranda. "Talk, right," he stammered, and smiled. "Our visit to Jake's couldn't have happened at a more perfect time. He'd just finished a bout of sex with his mistress, dominatrix, something. Not sure yet what to call her—him, but I figured you could ask about that. We arrived just after the woman left."

"You didn't see her?" Miranda asked in a subdued voice.

"Nope, but we smelled her...uh, him. Jake was just finishing a drink when we got there. He went into the shower, and we shifted to human form. That's when we found his little secret." He pulled one arm from around her and held up the small bag. "Check these out."

Miranda took the bag and opened the zipper, peering inside. "What the..." Reaching inside, she pulled out a strap-on and a few of the pictures he'd tossed inside.

"That's sort of what I said too." He chuckled. "The pictures are what will bury him."

She went to one of the desks and put the bag down, then the strap-on. Looking into the bag, she reached in and pulled out more of the pictures, stacking them neatly. She checked again, pulling out a few more, then perched on the edge of the desk.

Johan sat beside her and watched her as she flipped through the photos, taking in each one carefully before going on to the next. When she got to the one where Jake was fellating a nice sized, yet obviously soft cock, her face broke into an enormous smile. The size of his own equipment got her chuckling, and when she got to another where he was slowly easing onto the strap-on, she let out a cheer.

"Yes!" She jumped to her feet and danced around the room, chanting, "Got the bastard, got him good. Got the freak, he'll never hurt anyone again. Yes!"

Johan watched her, a smile on his face. She was lovely, amazing, brave, and he wanted her like he'd never wanted a woman before. Her face shone with merriment and her eyes sparkled when she looked at him. The sweater she had on never looked so good and he wanted nothing more than to rush to her and pull it off her. His cock thickened, and he wished she'd notice.

"He's mine. He's never going to hurt anyone again," she crowed and danced back into Johan's arms. The way she pressed herself against him, he knew she had to feel his excitement.

"Yes, he's yours, well, ours. And, with what we have on him, he's pretty much at your mercy for however long you want him there."

She wrapped her arms around his neck again. She seemed to like them there, and he agreed with her. When she wriggled her hips back and forth, pressing her pubes against his raging hard-on, he knew she was just plain wicked.

He moved his hands to her ass and pulled her closer. "Anyone ever tell you, you're a tease?" he asked in a mock innocent voice.

"Who, me?" she quipped and winked.

Before she could respond, Petre's voice came from the opened door to the office he'd entered only a few minutes before. "Hey you two. Want to see what I've been up to?"

Miranda broke free and, after grabbing the bag of toys she'd left on the desk, headed for Petre. "You betcha. I've been looking forward to this."

Johan pushed himself to his feet and followed Miranda's long flashing legs and curvaceous ass. *Yes, he thought, that sweater never looked so good.*

"Oh my god," she cried and burst into laughter when she peered into the office.

Johan rushed to see what she was laughing about. She'd stopped at the office door, effectively blocking the way in. Placing his hands on her shoulders, he moved her to the side and stepped in beside her. He blinked. Then he laughed.

There was the boss, the big Jake Goodman, bent over one of the office chairs, his hands tied to the arms of the chair and his knees spread then tied to the legs. The red shorts were still on, his rosy butt faced them and the panties were still nestled between them. His balls were visible, just, but his cock was completely concealed, held out of everyone's view by the panties.

"Fuck you all," roared Jake, his voice cracking on the last word. He struggled, but all that did was jiggle his butt and draw more attention to the size of it and the lovely red handprints covering his ass.

His remark made Miranda laugh harder.

Johan and Petre moved inside the room, but only to the two chairs just inside the door. This was Miranda's game, and Johan was determined to let her play it however she wanted. Petre knew it and seemed to feel the same. They sat close together, leaned back with their arms crossed over their chests.

Johan bent towards Petre and whispered into his ear, "Thanks, sexy. This is great."

Petre turned towards him and winked. "There's a camera on the desk too. I figured Miranda might like to have a memento of this."

Johan smiled. The man was a treasure, for sure. "Perfect. You really are good."

"Let me go, dammit," raged the bound man. His hair had fallen over his eyes, and his face had a ruby red glow of the totally embarrassed. "You'll fuckin' pay for this, you filthy whore. You'll never get away with it." His voice got louder, yet his situation remained the same.

Miranda finally pulled herself together and approached him. She slid her hand over the bound man's ass, and he froze under her touch.

"Bitch, fucking bitch," Jake snarled, but when her laughter was her only reply, he shut up.



She moved her hand to the waistband of his panties and slipped a finger beneath the elastic. Lifting her finger, she held the material up for the count of five and then released it, with an accompanying snap of elastic. "I saw you kill Sid Johnson." Again, she slid her finger under the waistband and released it. *Snap*.

Jake's body jerked, but he kept his silence.

"Of course, I don't have any proof, and being the important man you are, if I went to the cops, they'd more than likely arrest me for being a hooker. Sid was a lovely man."

*Snap!*

Johan smiled. She was good. He nudged Petre and whispered, "She's going to drive this guy crazy before she even touches him."

"Yeah, that's kind of what I thought too. Nice."

"You could have just let me alone. There was no way I could touch you."

*Snap!*

"I couldn't take the chance," Jake replied, his voice barely loud enough for Johan to hear.

"Yeah, well, now you pay." She slid her finger into the waistband and lifted it, stretching the elastic farther, then still farther, until Jake grunted. Yet, she continued to pull. The material dug into the guy's lower belly, making him look like he was going to be cut in half. Finally, the elastic parted, the delicate panties tore. "Oh my, look at how clumsy I am," Miranda said in an apologetic tone.

If she hadn't laughed, they might have believed her. Maybe.

"Red isn't your colour anyway." She tossed the panties to the floor and patted Jake's plump, well-paddled ass. "Makes you look fat."

Jake struggled against the ropes uselessly. He growled and huffed, and a flush of red travelled down his back.

"You seem to like pictures. Mementos of things you've done, right?" Miranda asked pointedly.

Jake was silent, obviously unwilling to confess to anything.

Miranda raised her hand and, after giving him a few more seconds to reply, brought it down in a sharp slap. Jake's right ass cheek wobbled obscenely. "Answer me, worm."

"Fuck!" he blurted out, then howled when she spanked him. She didn't just slap his butt a time or two. She spanked him, as only someone who has looked forward to the task can. She'd apparently spanked people before. She timed the strokes, making sure each one stung before adding another. Added to the punishing spanking Johan had delivered earlier, he doubted the man would be able to sit down for weeks.

Five minutes passed, and still she struck the jiggling mounds of plum-coloured flesh. Jake yelled for her to stop, but was ignored. He wriggled and squirmed, which only made her smile wider. He howled in pain, and she smiled even more.

She turned to Johan and asked, "Is there a paddle or something like it around here?"

Facing Petre, she asked him, "Sweetie, could you take a few pictures for me?"

"Love to," the blond man replied, an enormous smile on his face, and got to his feet. He strode around the chair to the desk and grabbed the camera. "Anything in particular you want?"

"Make sure you get his face," she said, then peered between Jake's legs at his undersized equipment. "These, too, when we get a little further along."

"You got it."

Johan went around to the front of the desk and slid the drawer open. There, among the usual paraphernalia, he saw three rulers. He took them all to her. Before handing them over, he leaned forward and kissed her. "Enjoying yourself?" he whispered.

"You bet your ass I am." She smiled up at him. "For the pain and suffering he's caused to so many, I'd call this justice."

He kissed her softly, immersing himself in her taste for the moment before he returned to his chair.

"Let's see how much you like a beating. You seem to like to dish it out, or order it done. Might see if I can get that little willy of yours excited." She turned and winked at Johan, then returned to her place at Jake's side. "An idea. How about I'll stop when you're erect? Think you can get willy to come to attention for me?"

"Bitch," croaked Jake. His ass was red striped and must have been killer sore, but he still seemed to have a little rebellion in him.

Miranda raised her hand, readying herself for the next barrage of spankings. "So, you're saying that thing's not only small, but doesn't get hard, or what?"

Jake roared, and again fought to get free. Petre walked around the chair, taking pictures as he circled them. He bent to get a good shot of Jake's genitals and chuckled when the man's writhing sent them flailing around, like a little sausage bumping against two little new potatoes.

From his position, Johan saw it all, and couldn't wipe the smirk from his face. The brute was getting exactly what he deserved.

"Fucking whore, fucking bitch whore," Jake snarled, then cried out when Miranda began the next round of spanking with a heavy wooden ruler. Each blow must have felt like a cat-o-nine striking.

"Get a hard-on, and I stop," Miranda said between swings. She alternated cheeks, made sure she covered the entire cheek from the base of his back to where his thighs joined his butt. He wriggled and cried, then he begged her to stop.

She halted for a moment, her breathing laboured. She stepped to his side and bent to speak directly to him. "I remember begging you to stop. I cried, I pleaded with you." She slid a finger along his cheek, then tasted it. "Do you remember?"

Tears streamed down his face, his nose ran. He gulped in a huge lungful of air, then replied, "Yes, I remember."

"Did you stop?"

"Please," Jake cried.

Miranda moved behind him again, but this time didn't raise her arm. She slid her fingers over his ass, stroking him, possibly enjoying the feel of the rising welts or thinking of the pain he'd caused her, the death, the agony.

Petre continued his slow pace around her, the camera held to his eye. *Click*, it went, and then he'd move.

Miranda went to the bag and dug into it, bringing out a large black dildo. She smiled and went to stand in front of the bound man. Leaning forward, she pressed the tip to his lips. She tapped it with her fingernail.

"Please, no," cried Jake. "Oh God, please, don't."

"But you like to get fucked. Would you like to suck it instead?"

Jake shook his head, unwilling to open his mouth.

"Seems like you can give it, but you can't take it. What a wimp. A wimp with a little willy."

Petre got it all with the camera. And Johan clapped his hands in approval.

She sighed and winked at Johan. "Would you come and hold his dick for me?"

Johan pulled himself to his feet and went to stand beside her, at Jake's rear. "Sure, what would you like, sweets?"

"Hold it so Petre can get a good shot. I want a picture of his little willy in a man's large hand."

"You do have style, sweetie, I'll say that much. He won't forget this, that's for sure."

"That's the idea." She stepped aside and let him move in close to Jake's butt.

When he closed his fingers around the dangling genitals, Johan hauled them back between Jake's thighs as far as he could. He positioned himself so his hand and arm would be in the picture. His obviously masculine profile was very clear and the cruel smile he had would be something for Jake to think about.

Jake sobbed with humiliation. Poetic justice came to Johan's mind.

Petre aimed the camera and took several pictures at different angles. "His face is in most of these, that's what you wanted, right, Miranda?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I want." She bent beside the man's face again and whispered, "You'll live. Your ass is going to be hellish sore for awhile, but you'll live."

"Please, no more. Please," sobbed Jake.

"I'll make sure you get copies," she hissed. Thrusting her hand into his hair, she raised his head for the final few shots, then snarled, "If I ever hear that you've hurt someone, run drugs, beat a hooker, anything, these go to the cops as well as any competition you have. I can see to it that you wind up someone's fucktoy."

She straightened up and stretched. "That's it. I'm done. You can return this piece of trash or let him rot here for all I care." Miranda turned and walked passed Johan and out of the office.

## Epilogue

### Two weeks later

"Come here," Petre sighed and rolled onto his belly. "Fuck me, please."

Johan climbed onto the mattress behind his lover and, on his knees, made his way up the bed. When his erection brushed the soft flesh of the man's thighs, the sudden thrill of it made Johan groan. "You beg nicely. Sound a bit like our friend, Jake," he teased.

Petre growled and said, "He's been a good boy since Miranda showed him the error of his ways. I bet he still has trouble sitting. I can't help but wonder how he managed to get past that doorman when we dropped him off."

"Naked and with his hands tied, I bet it was a sight." Johan said breathlessly. He wanted to forget Jake and all that had happened, for the time being. The man had been quiet since then, and that's all he cared about. His two lovers were more than enough to keep his life interesting, exciting.

Leaning down, he ran his tongue along the cleft of Petre's ass. The pungent taste of his opening was enough to make Johan see stars. He flicked his tongue over the soft outer ring, then pressed its tip inside.

From behind him, Miranda's voice reached him, "Maybe I should make you both beg for it."

Slipping his tongue free, Johan said, "You could try." He knew she could do it. She had the patience to torment both of them until they were masses of masculine need. He knew it and so did Petre.

"Yeah, I could," she murmured so close to his bottom that he felt her breath. "I'm very good at it, you know."

"Yes, we know, you little hell cat." He smiled.

She simply chuckled and replied, "Not right now. I have other plans, you cheeky bat."

Her lips touched him, and then her teeth in a gentle bite. Her fangs scraped along his flesh and he shuddered. Her sexual hunger kept both him and Petre near exhaustion, and he couldn't remember being happier.

"I love you," she whispered and slid her hand up his inner thigh. Cupping his balls, she tugged at them gently, as if weighing them in her palm.

"I love you too," he murmured, returning his tongue to Petre's ass cheek. Without lifting his lips from his lover's ass, he added, "I love you both."

Petre growled his reply, "I love you both too." He wiggled his ass suggestively against Johan's face. "Now, will you please fuck me?"

## About the Author

Jude's imagination frequently leads her astray and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least, not get caught. For those who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy whose only desire is to please. As diverse and richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic locations. (Author Bio from the website here)

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