

Urban Ladies Series

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Club Vampire

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Chapter One

You know how you break it off with your boyfriend, and he's all like, "girl, you know I still love you" and "we can work it out," and all you want to do is cut it short and get out of there. When it was good, it was smokin' hot, but then he starts getting all clingy, spouting love and dedicating songs to you on the radio.

Give me a break! All Ree wants is a sexy man with some money to do it right. And I do my part. Trust me. I work his body over like he's a king. I keep them coming back for more. I guess maybe it gets too good. They start falling for me, even after I've laid down the law. No hearts, no hurting. That's just the way it's got to be.

My friend Chelle will tell you, I don't need the complications. And I know it's rare that you find a woman who truly isn't looking for more, who doesn't secretly dream of the white picket fence, the kids, the husband. But you found her in me. Who knows, maybe it had something to do with my no good cheating parents. Yeah, both of them. Liars and cheaters, on each other and on everybody else—including me. That crazy stuff got them nowhere but murdered in a back alley somewhere—together for once. The police never found the killer.

So maybe I needed some serious counseling to work out my whacked out family history, and the fact that I had no one else to turn to. I didn't make it a priority; I lived my life my way. And it was working for me too. Real nice.

Well, until that one night that changed everything. I broke my rule. Keep it in your own house. By that I mean, I dated brothers exclusively, but when I met this one guy, Haven, I broke my rule. I should have known it wouldn't work out by his name alone.

But Haven's body was so good. It was rock hard, unnaturally hard and his skill at sex had even me almost on my knees begging for more. The man was amazing. And as hard as it was to break it off, I had to do it. He had started talking about making me his forever and crazy stuff like that. Sorry, baby, Ree doesn't go that way with men.

On that last night, he stopped the car in the joke of a park out behind my street, one block over. Under a huge oak, the light didn't invade the darkness, and we sat kissing while Haven pushed a hand up my short skirt and was tugging at my panties.

"Whoa, Haven, baby." I laughed. "My place is just around the corner. Why are we even stopping here?" That's when I should have gotten out of the car and ran home.

He hesitated, smiled at me and then sat straighter in his seat, fiddling with the radio although it wasn't on. "I was thinking...um...Ree, you're unlike any woman I've been with in all these years."

I laughed at him. "You're twenty-five. You make 'all these years' sound like you're an old man." I kicked off my spiky heels and scootched up in my chair, prepared to launch

myself on his lap. Hell, if he wanted to do it in public, I had no problem with that. Many of my men liked it. And I was known to get off that way, depending on the location. Under a tree, in a fake park wasn't one of them, but if it got Haven off, what the hell. The man's dick was almost too much for me to handle.

Haven pushed me back when I leaned across to him. "Wait, I wanted to tell you something. Um..."

"Yeah?"

He still hedged. That was the only drawback about Haven. As hard as he was physically, I wanted a match in the emotions or mental capacity. That wasn't happening. "Just spit it out, baby," I encouraged.

"I'm really into you, Ree. I want you to be mine forever," he blurted.

I sat there staring at him. After a while, I pursed my lips and stroked his cheek. "Oh baby. You're amazing, for real. But..."

"But?" he croaked.

"Ree doesn't do that."

He frowned. "You talk about yourself in the third person when you're nervous or feeling insecure about something. See? I know you."

I wanted to shout, *You don't know me!* but I kept quiet. It was time to break it off. And it was a shame too, because looking at him and how generous he was, boy did I hate losing that.

The fact that Haven had wanted to stop and make his declaration before getting to my house was all the better. I now had plans to give him pleasure one last time, before telling him we had to end it. I know that sounded harsh, and I probably come off as sounding self-centered, but when you say listen I don't want it to get personal, it should stay that way.

Haven had just complicated my life and he was about to make it even more of a trip.

Chapter Two

I slid my hand down over his chest, thrilling in those pecs. Damn, the man was hot. When my exploring fingers found the impression of his dick, I grabbed hold and began to knead it just like he liked, through his pants. He grew out in like a millisecond.

“Renee.”

I cringed. Everyone called me Ree, but Haven had a habit of calling me Renee just when he was getting excited and again when he shot out his load. I had set him straight a million times and it didn’t mean crap. I swallowed my irritation and gave him a saucy smile. I was looking forward to getting him one last time. “Havie, you want me to ride this, right here, right now?” He hated that nickname.

He frowned but nodded, struggling to get his pants open as quick as possible. “My kind can’t get it enough. Oh man, when you’re mine, we can really go at it.”

I had zero idea what he meant by ‘my kind’ but he had used those words before. I didn’t give it much thought. My sexual desires had fired up the moment I got a peek at his swollen rod. I wiggled out of my sodden panties and kicked them on the floor before climbing across the gear shift stick to get on Haven’s lap.

We didn’t hesitate or pussy foot around. Neither of us had any need for foreplay. We liked to get at it and pound each other until we were sore. Then we would switch into a sixty-nine and eat for hours. Oh man, would I miss that boy!

I settled on his dick and began my slow gyration as usual. Spasms hit Haven’s body. He closed his eyes, reached up for my hair and gently pulled until I exposed my neck. That was his thing, a move he made every time. If he wasn’t so big and thick, enough to make me scream out his name, and turn away all my other lovers for months, ever since I started seeing him, I would have gone off on his behind for tugging on my weave. I loved my hair, almost as much as I loved my assortment of fifty pairs of shoes.

But Haven was good, so I didn’t fight him on his little freaky way of nibbling at my neck. That first pinch felt like a needle prick, but then I felt nothing, so who knew what he was doing, probably sucking, but I never got a passion mark. The next day, my neck was always as smooth a creamy brown as always.

Tonight was different. I was bouncing up and down, almost feverish over his dick gliding in and out of my wet pussy. I cried out my pleasure and wriggled to get him deeper. I slipped my hands under his shirt to scrape my nails across his chest and sides like he liked it. Haven got off on my tearing at his skin. He liked the pain, and his pleasure got me so hot, I came at least six times in a single session, one after another.

He latched onto my neck as usual, but the pinch hurt more. I tried pushing him away. “Ouch, Haven, that hurts. Stop, not tonight, okay?”

He held on, pressing me into his hard body a little too roughly. His fingers dug into my back so hard, I thought he was going to drill holes.

Tears sprung to my eyes. “Haven, stop! It hurts!”

My cries fell on deaf ears. He didn’t budge. It seemed like he was lost in whatever it was he was doing to my neck. My head started spinning. Weakness spread over my limbs, and I couldn’t keep my eyes open. Haven began to grunt and moan. I thought I heard the sound of him swallowing. Panic set in.

I beat him on his shoulders, tore at his hair. Nothing worked. His hips drove up hard, so that his dick ground deep inside me. In spite of my panic, his thrusts still felt good. I felt my body on the edge of an orgasm, but I fought it. I lifted my hips up so that he fell out of me.

Somehow that move gave me leverage to fall backward and then sideways so that I landed hard against the passenger side door. In a thin beam of moonlight, I saw his teeth, elongated and blood all around his lips and on his tongue. His eyes were fixed on my throat, glowing red.

I screamed as he moved to pounce on me. Fumbling around on the floor for something—anything I could use as a weapon—I found my Jimmy Choos. Just as Haven landed on me, I put up one spiked heel. The beautiful shoe acted like a stake and stabbed my ex-boyfriend vampire straight in the heart.

In seconds, my favorite lover went from satisfying my desires to ripping open my throat to dead on top of me. At least I assumed he was dead. I wasn’t sticking around to find out for sure. My head was still swirling, and it seemed like it took a good hour to get out from under him then to get the car door open.

I stumbled barefoot and panty-less into the night, my mind too jumbled to grab my purse or anything else. One thought filled my mind—get to my sanctuary, my house. I must have fallen fifty times flat on my face. It was a good thing I was cutting through the park. The grass absorbed the pain, if I had any. A cloud was slipping down over my conscious. Had I sampled drugs in my past, this might have been what it felt like, I thought.

When my blouse clung to me, I figured it was sweat from the warm night and me fighting for my life. I tugged at it drunkenly and then looked down. The whole front of my favorite fuchsia blouse was like it was dipped in blood. I put a hand to my throat and felt that Haven hadn’t just bitten me; he had torn my flesh like a mad man. I cried. Or would have if it wasn’t too much of an effort.

By the time, I hit the alley behind my house, I was on hands and knees half the time. Chelle and I lived only two doors up from the corner, which was a good thing because I could never have made it up the incline the alley was on.

Finally, I dragged myself up her back steps thinking there was no way she would be up or that maybe this was one of the full moons and my werewolf best friend was out hunting. I couldn't remember.

I scratched at her door and then fell onto it. I couldn't go any further.

I must have blacked out because the next thing I knew, I was falling. Chelle was under me and I landed hard on top of her. I heard a loud crack and Chelle screamed.

"I'm sorry, Chelle," I mumbled.

She gasped. "Oh boy, Ree. I think I just broke my fucking leg! Shit!" Leave it to Chelle to still have her dirty mouth at a time like this.

"What happened?" I asked. But I don't think she could understand me at that point.

I heard a sound and she did too. We both glanced at two feet in front of us. I couldn't look any higher, but I heard his voice.

"Can I help?" he said. He sounded like Haven, but with a deeper voice. I started to cry.

Chapter Three

I woke up on the lap of this fine white man. The only flaw I could see in the seconds I checked him out was that he looked just like Haven—or a lot like him. This guy was older, more rugged and with eyes that looked like danger, unlike my whack ex-boyfriend. With thoughts of Haven, I remembered what happened to me and the fear came on me again. I tried sitting up but found I didn't have the strength. The Haven look-alike pushed me back into the crook of his arm with a stern look.

"Stay still. You need a little more."

I blinked up at him with what I'm sure was a blank look. "A little more what?" My voice sounded raspy to my ears. My throat was dry like I had swallowed blood. Fear tightened my stomach, and I wondered if Haven had torn a hole in my esophagus and made me swallow blood. I should be dead, at least in the hospital. "I need a little more of what?" I said again.

He held up his wrist like that would explain it. It didn't. But then he pushed his arm gently against my lips, and before I knew what was happening, I felt something splitting my gums and growing. *Teeth? Fangs? Oh no, please no!*

There was no time to protest because of its own accord my mouth latched on to his wrist. I heard myself whimper with pleasure, just like I had done millions of times in the midst of some serious love-making. This time, though, I was sucking down thick, gooey blood. And damn if it didn't have the most delicious flavor I ever tasted.

I dragged heavily on his blood, savoring it and swirling it in my mouth. I drew back long enough to lick his skin which was cool to the touch. It was a sensual move, one that since I hadn't gotten my sexual fix earlier, had me pumping the air with my hips. I needed to come like nobody's business, and sucking blood was making me hotter. I hated that this stranger saw how I was acting, but I couldn't help myself.

Finally, he pulled back, mustering, "That's enough."

I frowned, "Stingy."

He flicked a humorless eyebrow up at me and then put me off his lap. He didn't even look at me again before he stood up, straightened his clothes and spoke to someone else in the room. "She'll be fine now. Have a good night."

I sprang up a little wobbly and then sank back down on the chair. I looked around to see Chelle. She threw herself across the space and took me in her arms. "Oh baby, I was worried. Are you okay? What the fuck happened? How could this fucking happen?"

I laughed. "Slow down, girl. I can't answer a thing with you going on at me. First, who was that guy? And what did he do to me?"

Chelle looked guilty. "I'm sorry, Ree. I should have ignored him and called an ambulance, but he was right, you lost so much blood, there was no way you were going to hold out until they got here. You know how long it takes the ambulance and the police to get to this neighborhood."

I nodded. "So what did he suggest instead?" I thought I knew, but I was too scared to say it myself. That crap was for TV, not Ree's life.

Chelle hesitated.

"Tell me, Chelle. Just get it over with," I insisted. This night had gone to hell; I might as well know.

"He said he could save your life if he forced you to drink his blood." Chelle let out a small growl, reminding me of what she herself was. "He said he sort of owed you since it was his brother who hurt you."

"His brother!" I screamed and came up off the chair in a rage. Pacing back and forth in her small living room, I glanced around for my purse, momentarily forgetting that I left it in Haven's car. "I need a cigarette!" I declared.

A thought occurred to me and I stopped, staring at my friend. "Oh no, Chelle. I'm in trouble."

Her eyes widened. "I know, baby, but we'll figure it all out. We'll—"

I shook my head, "No, girl. Chelle, I killed Haven. He's dead in his car. My stuff is still in there. I'm going to be charged with murder."

Chelle sank down to the couch and just as fast jumped up. "Shit, shit, shit." She turned toward the back of the house, and I followed.

"Where are you going?"

She didn't pause. "To get your stuff. You mumbled about being in the park when you fell into my arms. We'll straighten it all out." She flipped open her cell phone and then snapped it closed. "I forgot. I haven't paid shit in bills. My cell's been off for months, and the electricity won't be cut back on until tomorrow. I forget other people can't see in the dark."

I shrugged. "I see just fine."

She looked at me with an expression of guilt. I thought she was regretting allowing Haven's brother to turn me into the walking dead. There, I admitted it to myself. Maybe I was better off dead and not like this, especially if I was about to be a convicted murderer.

I pulled at Chelle's arm as she headed out the door. "Do you have my spare key? I need some panties and some shoes."

She frowned. "Damn, Ree. You're nasty."

I rolled my eyes at her. "He was my boyfriend," I choked, tears coming to my eyes. "I didn't know he was going to kill me. Or that his brother was going to make me a freaking zombie."

Chelle tugged me into a bear hug. "I'm sorry, baby. Now just once—cuss for me."

I sneered. "Fuck. There. Happy?"

She laughed and then I frowned at her. "Chelle, I remember you thought you broke your leg. You fell down the steps."

"Werewolf," she shrugged. "My bones pretty much break every time I change. They mend fast."

My eyes widened. "Oh."

We reached the back of the house and headed out the door with me brushing away hopeless tears that felt thicker than normal.

Chapter Four

Three days. That's how long it took me to find the club. Three whole days, especially since I only had twelve hours to use in each one of them. I didn't realize that or it wasn't reality to me until I'd very nearly fried my behind to a crisp in the sunlight.

My life had turned upside down. I had to lug my beautiful number bed to the basement, and seal the tiny window at the front and back of my house so that not an inkling of light got in. Actually, terrified, I had hidden in the closet under the stairs and punched in Chelle's son's number on his cell to tell his mother to come over and do it for me. All this joy was due to that bastard, Haven—who we had found missing, along with his car when Chelle and I went back.

It was a good thing my girl had connections. Her man had gotten the word from, I guess, the street—which was weird given he was white and apparently rolling in green—that Haven and his brother owned an underground vampire club. Why I couldn't have learned this bit of information months ago, when I scoped him out in another club, was beyond me. Either way, I had determined I would find the club and deal with Haven's brother. And if for some strange reason Haven had survived my attack, I was going to make sure I put him in the ground, one way or another. It was a good thing tonight was the waxing moon, because that meant Chelle would go out of town to do her hunting and sexing it up with her wolf boy toy, and she wouldn't be able to stop me from seeking my revenge as she had said she would.

The club fronted as a regular night spot. The atmosphere was something I would have hit had I come across it in my regular club hopping. Low lights, gyrating bodies, sweet tunes. Had I not had enhancements to my body makeup, I wouldn't have noticed the undead moving among the living. But I could spot them a mile off now.

I was squeezed into a bright red dress that stopped mid-thigh and clung to my curves like a second skin. My heels were barely there, holding onto my feet with tiny straps that wrapped sexily around my ankles. I had a cigarette propped between my lips, but it was for show only. I didn't breathe, so there was no inhaling.

That by itself was one way to spot the vampires, not breathing. But some of them, I was sure were those disgusting creatures, were simulating breathing just like humans. I didn't know how they did it. Unlike Chelle, who had a werewolf to teach her the ropes when he turned her, Haven's brother left me high and dry without even a 'stay out of sunlight' warning. I was so going to mess him up for leaving me like that.

I found a seat at the bar and ordered a drink. The bartender's eyebrows went up in surprise. I had the feeling he could tell I was like him, a vampire. And I had learned that I couldn't hold down anything but red wine, and a tiny bit of white. But no food whatsoever. The knowledge made me want to cry. But crying meant loss of blood. Yeah, blood ran from my eyes when I cried, instead of water. I couldn't afford the loss because I refused to suck blood, even though I craved it like nobody's business.

“You sure about that, missy?” the bartender asked, about my drink.

I winked, like I knew what I was doing. “Yes, I’m sure.”

He shrugged—“Your funeral”—and set up my glass on the counter. Before he could pour any alcohol inside it, a hand covered my glass. I turned to see who had the nerve and was shocked to come face-to-face with Haven’s brother.

As before, there was no expression on his face. “I’ve got this,” he told the bartender, and took my arm.

I yanked away then stood to my feet. “I don’t know who you think you are, but—”

“I can do without the scene, Renee.”

“Ree!”

He bowed his head. “Ree, then. Will you come in the back to my office? We can talk there.” He had had to shout above the music, and I figured his office was the best place. I could lay out everything on my mind without exhausting myself because I had to yell to be heard.

His office was cushy and richly appointed. Mahogany furniture, leather everywhere. I flopped down on a couch and luxuriated in the comfy feeling. I was almost purring with my eyes closed as I caressed the buttery material beneath my fingers.

“Stop that!” he snapped.

My eyes popped open. It was the first I had heard emotion in him. And I was shocked to see him staring at my boobs. So he wasn’t immune. Good to know. When I grew quiet and sat still, he finally dragged his gaze from my body.

“I told my brother you were not his type, but he wouldn’t listen,” he began, pissing me off. “When he insisted that he could convince you to live as we do, I became concerned. We do not turn people lightly or reveal our existence.”

I crossed my arms. “Yet, you have a club where you mix and mingle with humans.”

“We have to feed.”

I cringed, but despite myself, at his words my fangs came down. A tremor rocked me, and for a moment I thought I might faint. I fought for a clear mind. “What is your name?”

“Andreas,” he said simply. “When is the last time you fed?”

I pretended not to hear. “Is your brother alive...I mean undead still? Where did his car go? I want my stuff back, especially my Jimmy Choos. And I want your head on a platter!”

He strode over to a cabinet and opened it. Inside was my purse and shoes, but even before he dumped them unfeelingly in my lap, I could see my shoes were ruined. “I’m willing to replace the shoes,” he told me.

“Damn right!” I snapped, then calmed as my head began to spin again. “You didn’t...answer...my...” All the energy felt like it was draining from my body. I had a thirst so strong, I visualized the humans out on the dance floor and me with my fangs sunk inside their necks, one after another, until my flat belly bulged with their blood. The thought of blood at that moment was sounding real good.

Andreas dropped onto the couch beside me and rested his head against the back of the chair. “You need to feed. Come here and drink from me.”

Okay, when a hot man tells you to climb up on him, you’re damn crazy if you don’t do it. I eyeballed this white man, looking even hotter than Haven in all the right ways, and I was so tempted. His dick was hard as a rock. I could see its yummy looking form easily through his pants, and judging from the bulge, he would give his brother a run for his money.

“H-How do you want me to do it,” I asked nervously.

He gave me a look like I was an idiot, and I wanted to slap him. Instead, I climbed up and made sure to sit so that my pussy was positioned squarely on his dick. I made a show of leaning forward and grinding slightly into him as I tried to reach his neck. Despite his seemingly steel resolve not to show an ounce of humanity, he moaned, and I sank my teeth into his neck.

Chapter Five

His blood was thick and delicious. I pulled at it greedily as I clutched at his shirt and ground my lower half into his hard cock. I was so turned on, I could have ripped off his clothes and raped him. Andreas began to stroke my back. He pulled at my dress until it was around my waist, and then he curled his fingers around the thin strap of my thong panties. The vibration of his moan in his throat reminded me of when we were kids and we would blow bubbles through our straw into our chocolate milk. A feeling of home washed over me.

“Damn it!” Andreas snapped. He pushed me back, unhooking my teeth from his throat and breaking the soothing spell.

I complained. “I wasn’t done. Come on, just a little more.”

He was the arrogant type Chelle would have called a son-of-a-bitch. “Stand up and take off your panties,” he demanded without a by your leave.

I was thinking about his blood and how much I wanted more. Not that I wasn’t turned on. Believe me sucking blood jacked my desires up so high, I was in orbit. My hunger held sway. Right then, my reasoning was simple. Jump his bones so I can eat or refuse him and have him turn me away, so I could go find my meal somewhere else. I didn’t want to go.

Slipping off his lap, I frowned and then stood to pull off my panties. For a show, I made sure to give him a good look at my behind while I untangled the skimpy material from around my heels.

I would have un-strapped my shoes and slipped them off if he hadn’t said, “Leave those on.” I looked back at him. His eyes were glowing as they had that first night, and his fangs were down. I wondered if he planned to suck my neck after I drank from him. Or maybe, turned on as he was, he couldn’t help himself. Sucking blood and sex were apparently closely related.

Hands on my hips, I struck a pose. “It’s a trip, huh? Wanting a woman you consider beneath you?”

“You know nothing about me,” he grumbled.

“I should tell you what you can kiss.”

For a minute, I thought he was going to tell me to take my stuff and get out, but he opened his pants, pulled out this massive rod that made my mouth water and then leaned back so I could see his tree trunk tanned neck and the two little pricks I’d left there. If it could, my heart would have skipped a beat.

I launched myself on him once again. My pussy already drenched, slipped down onto that warm shaft and didn't even ache with the invasion. Oh man, was he big and long, but I was built for man. I took him in deep. My tunnel massaged his dick, and I rocked on him with a rhythm that had him quaking and clawing at his expensive couch.

"How can you...You're so..." He grasped for words. I grinned and sunk my teeth into his neck. Third time was seriously a charm. Mmm, he was warm and good.

Andreas gripped my hips, lifted me up and brought me down hard. All the time, I didn't release my hold on his neck. Soon we were crying out our simultaneous orgasms. I topped off the blood filling my belly, and then he put me away from him.

I watched silently laughing as he stood and paced the room. Still his face was serious, like it would kill him to smile, or should I say re-kill him. His shirt was open so I could see his broad chest and abs with no excess in the least, defined muscles that gave me visions of licking them. I couldn't remember opening his shirt, but maybe he had.

His pants hung open. The man's dick was still solid. I could see right off that he was the kind that could last all night, but from the look of it, he didn't want to last for me. "You're ashamed of the fact that you want me so bad, aren't you?" I asked bluntly.

He glanced at me but didn't answer.

"Yeah, I know your type," I told him as I looked around for where I'd flung my panties. "What do you think all races are beneath you, especially black people?"

His eyes widened. "Of course not!"

"Then what? Everybody? Humans?"

He sneered. So it was humans? Just how long had he been a vampire? I remembered Haven always talking about all his years. Maybe he was much older than he seemed. Were vampires superior because they were older or because they died and came back? That could be a head trip, I guessed.

"Why am I so worthless?" I demanded again.

"You're not worthless." If he had emotions, they might have shown at that point, in an effort to comfort me. He didn't know me. I didn't have a low self-esteem. I barely knew the meaning, even before I had my boobs done and some other things I didn't like to admit. I was just seriously blunt and didn't know about beating around the bush.

Andreas came back to stand in front of me. He was indecisive as he ran a hand through his long black hair. I reached out to help, taking hold of his dick. Blood still coated my lips, so I rubbed some against his head and then licked it off. He growled and jerked in my hand.

“More,” he demanded.

I glanced up at him.

“More...please,” he relented.

I laughed and then bit into my wrist. I dribbled blood down on his stiff rod and we both stared almost in a trance as it ran down the sides. The red food was such an intense lust for us, I think if he could, Andreas would have licked it off himself. Instead, I closed my mouth down over him and sucked. Mmm, blood and cock. Perfect. I stuffed him deeper, opening my throat as I was used to doing. I let him go and reached behind him to grab hold of his rear. He pumped slowly in and out. I licked him from the top to the bottom and back again, savoring every dot of come and blood mixed.

When he exploded, I drank him hungrily, only slightly worried about my sensitive stomach and whether I could absorb his juice. No pain hit my body, and I finally moved up to release him and rest my face against his stomach with my eyes closed. Even after coming twice, he was rock hard, just like his body. It was like he was made of stone.

“Are you always hard or what?” I wondered without looking up or opening my eyes.

I wasn’t sure, but he could have chuckled. When I looked up, there was no evidence of it on his face. He looked back at me with a blank expression. “Not always. I just don’t have sex often. I don’t have time, running the clubs.”

“Clubs?”

He shrugged. “We own another on the west coast.”

“We?”

He didn’t bother to answer. He ran a hand over my shoulder and down to my breast. After he roughly yanked away the material hiding them from his view, his eyes widened. He ran his thumb over my pebbled nipple and licked his lips. “I want more of you,” he said simply.

I grinned and stood, forgetting about my panties. “And I want your brother dead. I’m convinced you’re hiding him from me. Let him know I will hunt him down and kill him the right way.”

I started to walk out but he caught my arm. “You want it as much as I do.”

“Maybe so, but right now, it’s late. I need to get across town to my basement before the sun comes up, something you could have warned me about after going to the trouble of saving my life.”

He shrugged, a smirk sliding across his lips. “Most of what you’ve heard about vampires on TV and in movies is true.”

“Except for that stake through the heart bit,” I snapped.

“Yes, except for that.”

I noticed he didn’t admit to his brother being alive. He was hiding him, and I *would* find Haven if it was the last thing I did. Maybe Andreas felt like he made up for what his loser of a brother did, but I didn’t agree. He killed me, so I needed to kill him. Only this time, he wasn’t coming back.

Chapter Six

Walking out of that club was hard when I still wanted Andreas as much as I saw he wanted me. Apparently it meant nothing to him that he was banging his brother's ex-girl. I didn't care either. What loyalty did I have to Haven? In fact, I had done it partly because I wanted him to know. I almost hoped he was hiding in a closet somewhere chewing his lips off for jealousy, while we got it on in Andreas' office. It would serve him right.

For the next week and a half, I read everything I could get my hands on regarding vampires. I needed it for my own survival, but also to find out what the night walker's weaknesses were. Getting the material wasn't always easy, especially since I was back to avoiding feeding, which meant weakness, which meant more sleep. When I slept too late, the library closed and everything else. I was left wandering around the streets late at night. But that was only when I dared to venture out there. Somehow, I still clung to the attitude that I was just a defenseless woman who should not be out alone after dark. I learned differently real quickly.

I woke up at ten-thirty. The library I had intended to visit to return the books I borrowed had closed at nine. Craving a cigarette, I walked down to the corner store, but it was closed. That meant humping it down to 7-Eleven. I checked out my footwear, wondering if I should risk walking almost a mile in my heels. Not that I owned any flats at the moment. I just have a serious thing for heels, the higher the better.

Deciding to just risk it, I turned left instead of right at the corner, which would have led back to my street. The night was cool. A breeze blew my hair in my face, and I put up a pale hand to brush it away. I had noticed when I didn't drink blood, I looked more like the walking dead. Not ugly or freakish, but pale. One of the books I'd read said vampires got their coloring from drinking blood. I had had the stupid idea that that couldn't possibly refer to a coffee-colored sista like myself. I was wrong.

As late as it was, people sat on their steps and kids played in front of their parents on the sidewalk. I scanned the area ahead of me for trouble. A couple of guys were huddled on the corner laughing and jostling one another. I considered crossing the street, but held my ground.

When I was within a few feet, the male attention shifted to me. Why I hadn't thought twice about my tight clothing with cleavage in plain sight was beyond me.

"Hey, baby, want a ride?" one of the guys called out as I passed.

Oh, original. I kept walking.

He wouldn't be put off. A guy like him couldn't look bad in front of his boys. When his hand dropped on my shoulder, I shrugged him off. He was too close. I smelled his blood. I heard his heart beating, even the blood pumping in his veins. In the darkness between

streetlights, my fangs dropped. *Get out of here, jerk!* I yelled silently. *If you want your life.*

Up to now, I hadn't fed from anyone other than Andreas, and I needed it like a junkie needed a fix. My mind was obviously clouded, as I was out at night to get cigarettes I couldn't smoke or enjoy. A couple days before, I had tried inhaling the cancer sticks, a huge mistake. When you have no breath, you can't drag. If your lungs don't expand, there's not even a cough. So when I simulated breathing in as I remembered doing it, the smoke did go inside my lungs. It burned so bad, I wanted to cough, but all I did was open my mouth, curl in pain and wait it out. After that, I had gone back to letting the cigarette sit between my lips, but nevertheless I still had the cravings for them. And now, I was headed out for another pack because I kept lending mine out to everybody else who knew had a full pack.

The guy wouldn't be put off. He grabbed my behind and squeezed. I turned on him, flashing my fangs and hissing almost like a cat. It was a gut reaction. His eyes grew round and he backed away, but I heard the kick up in his heart rate. The juicy muscle was pounding, and it was like music to my ears.

It was fortunate that no one was near enough right then to see me lift this guy, who must have been three times my size in weight, and toss him like a bag of trash down the alley. I heard the dull thud of his head hitting the pavement. I couldn't stop myself from doing what I was about to; I was out of control.

I moved faster than I had ever done before, whizzing across the gap between us and hovering over him almost before I realized I had done it. Thirst driving me, I sank my fangs into his neck and pulled at the life-giving liquid. My body lit on fire, from both nourishment and sexual excitement. I lay down on top of him, stretched fully over his body. I humped against his cock, which wasn't hard to my disgust.

He cried out, pleading for me to stop. When I had taken several mouthfuls and swallowed, I drew back. What happened to the damn mesmerized-so-they-don't-fight-you thing I had read about? I sat there straddling him while he pushed at me and cried, snot running from his nose and spit from the side of his lips. I cringed. Something was definitely wrong.

I cleared my throat and looked into his frightened eyes. "Y-You will not remember," I stuttered.

"I will, I will," he whimpered. "You don't forget some shit like this. Please. Don't kill me. I promise I won't tell anybody."

Chewing on my lip, I sat there thinking. This was all wrong. He should be hypnotized so he would believe whatever the hell I told him. Damn, Andreas for not telling me more about how to work this. Then a thought occurred to me. What if new vampires didn't have the stuff, the whatever it was to make humans forget? If that was true, I was in real

trouble. Chelle had told me all the werewolves did to cover their tracks. I hadn't heard whether there was a group to clean up vampire messes. I had no connections—except Andreas.

My best move was to hump it over there to his bar across town and force him to help me. Not that I could physically make that six foot-four inches of vampire perfection do what he didn't want to do, but I figured I could dump a human in his lap. He would have to act then.

I leaned down and licked my victim's neck. My head was spinning and my stomach still growling, but I was afraid to drink more. This very problem was what had me starving myself all this time. I was terrified of killing a person by drinking too much. My books had said it was entirely possible, especially with an inexperienced vampire. Yet again, I wanted to hurt Andreas for leaving me in this position.

I pressed a hand over the man's mouth and felt around his head. He had a lump forming from hitting it on the ground, but no blood. "Be quiet, okay? I promise, I'm not going to kill you. I just need to take you somewhere."

His eyes widened, and he squirmed all the more. I grunted, feeling I had no choice. Folding my nails carefully against my palm, I drew back my arm. If I could have taken a deep breath, I would have. I closed my eyes and tapped the guy on the side of his face with my knuckles. When I say tapped, I mean I had to make an effort not to use the strength that was so active in me after tossing him in the alley. My tap was more like a punch, and it knocked him unconscious.

With little effort, I hauled him up to my side and wrapped an arm around him. We shuffled along, or rather I dragged his tail. Only when I saw someone did I stop and pretend we were just two drunken lovers, staggering home from a bar. When the coast was clear, I continued on.

Finally, I made it to a main street and hailed a cab. The driver peered suspiciously at the guy and then looked at me. I frowned and held up my money. "Look, you want it or what?"

He looked between us again and then shrugged. "Fine, where to?"

"Club Vampire," I blurted.

He laughed. "Come again?"

I chuckled nervously as if I had made a joke. "Uh, the club on Chester and Fourth." I realized only then that I didn't know the real name. All that time, I had been thinking of the place as a vampire club. I'd have to take notice.

The cabbie nodded and we were off with no more questions to my relief.

Chapter Seven

I jumped from the cab and begged the driver to wait with the guy still out of it in back. “Please? I’ll be just one minute.”

With effort, I kept myself from accelerating because I could just feel the driver’s eyes on my rear as I ran inside the club. The noise was high, the lights low as usual. Still, I could see everything, including the vamp digging into the human’s neck in the corner. I smacked my lips, feeling jealous. A guy I assumed was a bouncer approached the couple. And like magic, my hearing zoomed in on what he said to them.

“You know that shit ain’t allowed up front. Take it to the back,” he commanded.

My eyes widened. *The back?* So vampires didn’t suck their victims dry up here. There was a special place for it. I had visions of rooms with bodies piled high, waiting for the right time to dump them. My stomach churned, from a need to feed or revulsion. I wasn’t sure which.

I jetted at human female in heels speed across to the bartender and reached out to catch his sleeve. “Andreas here?”

He shook his head. “Nope, had to make a run. You want alcohol again, baby?” he asked with a chuckle.

I rolled my eyes. “Look I need his help. Any idea when he’s coming back? Or can I use his office for...um...something.”

He gave me a strange look. I thought fast. If I didn’t explain, I might not get any help at all. And this bartender didn’t look too bad. When he didn’t encourage me one way or another, I confessed.

“I fed off this guy and I didn’t want to kill him, but he won’t forget, and I’m not sure what to do. So I just knocked him out, and he’s waiting in the cab. But I’m scared the cabbie will wake him up, and then I’ll really be in for it. You got me?”

Like he was reviewing my top speed speech, his lips moved and he was dipping his head to and fro. Finally, his eyes narrowed in anger. “Don’t bring that shit around here. We don’t want trouble, and we have strict rules about,” his voice dropped low, “feeding on humans.”

“In other words, you don’t give a rat’s ass!” I shouted. A hand dropped on my shoulder. I looked up to see the same bouncer that had reprimanded the couple in the corner. I was not about to get tossed out of a club. Ree does not roll that way.

I shook his hand off and spun on my heel. Moving at top speed—humans and vampires who didn’t like it knew what they could kiss—I flitted across the room and out the front

door. I paid the cabbie and hauled my human out of the back. When the cab had turned the corner, I surveyed the front of the club. A neon sign said, *Andreas' Haven*. Imaginative. Not! I was feeling real pissy. The bartender said the action was in the back, and I remember passing a few doors on the way to Andreas' office. Maybe there would be a rear entrance for vampires who just wanted to feed in a safe place. That sounded like something out of a movie, but maybe it was true.

After circling around to the rear of the building, I came to a heavy duty door that didn't seem to match the suave decor of the front or inside of the club. I couldn't imagine what the vampires were keeping out with that thing.

I knocked twice and waited. Nothing. I knocked again, and then began to hammer on the door. Someone opened it slowly. My favorite bouncer.

I groaned. "Let me in *please*. I...need...to feed." Maybe he would have compassion if he thought I was just bringing my own bag lunch.

He eyeballed the man wedged to my side. "He's not dead?"

"You hear him breathing don't you?" I snapped.

With a dirty look he swung the door wide and I stepped inside, dragging my human. The bodyguard led me to an empty room, with comfortable furnishings and softer music than could be heard out front. I noticed a lock on the door. I cringed, wondering who *that* was for—the human or the vampire.

By now I was nearly out of my mind. Tasting the blood made being thirsty far worse. It made me crave it all the more. I dumped the human on the couch and began pacing the floor. Finally, I couldn't bear it. Just a little something to tide me over until Andreas got back, and when he did, I would demand he teach me the trick to make the guy forget.

Having made my decision to feed from the human again, I went over to him and climbed atop his body. For the second time, I was pissed that his dick wasn't hard, for I craved sex almost as much as blood. I considered rubbing him until he grew, but that would be like rape since he was still out, and I wasn't that kind of woman. Never mind that I was stealing his blood.

I leaned down to sink my teeth into his neck, but before I could, I heard someone turn the lock in the door. I paused. In the doorway was Andreas, looking yummy for my tummy. The man had pink undertones to his skin and I could almost see the warmth. He had recently fed. Fresh blood was right here beneath me, but I wanted it from Andreas.

He stepped into the door and shut it. I saw the anger on his face and the stiff way he held his shoulders. He was ticked that I had brought a human to his domain without asking. I could care less. I slid off the man, and almost saw Andreas' temper rise at the position I had been in. That didn't faze me either.

I zipped across the room to bang right into his body. I stood on tiptoes to reach his neck, but he held me down. Fighting against his hold was like trying to lift a boulder with my bare hands. I hissed. "You're not going to let me feed?"

"Why do you only want to take blood from me?" he asked.

I shrugged. "Why won't you teach me what I'm supposed to do, like hypnotize humans?"

I thought he might shrug like I did, but he ignored me. He twisted me in his arms and held me at his side. We moved to the hall and he snapped his fingers. A man appeared from nowhere it seemed.

"Take care of him." Andreas indicated the human I had left in the room. With a nod, the man went into the room and shut the door.

Andreas and I strolled down the hall to his office. As soon as the door shut behind us, he glanced down at my dress. "I'll replace that."

I frowned, confused. A couple days after I left the club that first time, I got a knock on the door and this guy I'd never seen before was delivering shoes. Not one, but three pairs of Jimmy Choos. I was in heaven. Andreas had kept his word about replacing my ruined pair, and had gone one better.

What that incident had to do with my dress wasn't clear, that is until he caught hold of the top of my dress and just ripped straight down. I shrieked in shock. My cute little dress fell in pieces on the floor and I was standing before him in bra, panties and heels. His eyes lit up.

"That bra is so sheer, I can see your nipples through it." The man was almost salivating. "Your nipples are pieced!" he accused.

I laughed. "Yeah, and what? I got it done the other night."

He kept staring, running a hand through his hair. "You're too much woman for Haven."

Chapter Eight

Imagine Andreas had a fully equipped bathroom in his office, complete with a gigantic Jacuzzi tub. What the hell did he need with that? I didn't care too much because in a few minutes, we were butt naked and wriggling around in warm bubbly water in there together.

My nipples fascinated Andreas. He rolled his thumb gently over them, teasing my peaks until I trembled. "Does it hurt?"

I shook my head no and smiled. "You like them?"

"Very much."

I moved over to him and kissed his lips. Perfectly kissable, warm and thick enough to hang onto. He was so like Haven, but different. Andreas was more mature, more powerful and self-assured. I had seen him as an arrogant jerk, but he was more. I couldn't imagine why he would present himself as uncaring. After all, he did save my life. I had to wonder if he spent centuries cleaning up his brother's messes.

When I leaned back from teasing the corner of his mouth with the tip of my young, he muttered yes. I blinked. "Yes, what?"

"I do spend more time than I should cleaning up the mess my brother creates. Every other decade, he's in love and wants the woman he's been seeing to be his forever. To make things more complicated, he prefers humans, so he can drink fresh warm blood while he's fucking her."

Had I been able to, I would have gasped. "You read my mind?"

"I told you. Most of what you see in movies about us is true. It's just that many believe we are a myth."

"B-but. You read my mind!" I screeched. Then I processed his other words. "You said Haven likes, not Haven used to like. He's alive!" I shoved him although he didn't go anywhere. His back was against the side of the tub. "You tell me where he is and I'll make it 'used to like'! I want him in the ground for what he did to me."

All the warmth, or imitation of warmth, I had seen come into his eyes since seeing him again, drained away. Andreas' face hardened. He was not the kind of man who gave into what he didn't want, no matter what. I had totally used every charm at my fingertips all my adult life to get what I wanted, including tears. Something told me if I were to cry and beg Andreas for anything he wasn't willing to give, he would be unmoved. The man didn't have a heart for real. He seemed like he acted on duty alone.

“So that you understand, Ree, I must tell you plain and simple. My brother is the only family I have, has been for centuries. My parents were never vampires. They died normal ages for the times we lived in. In life, as in death, I spent much of my time helping my brother with one woman after another. One in particular was more than either of us could handle.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning she turned him. He came to me, and I had the idea that I could kill her. She turned me.” If possible, his temperature dropped even lower than his usual icy chill. “Haven likes a lower class woman.”

My hand came up even before I realized, to slap him. He caught my wrist and pressed both my arms to my sides. He dragged me up close to him so that my breasts were crushed between us.

“You’re a stuck up, piece of—”

He covered my mouth in a kiss, too hard for me to escape. After a while when I was calmer and frankly on fire for more, he pulled back.

“I had enough of your friend’s mouth the night I turned you.”

“Go to hell.”

“I’m there.”

I rolled my eyes. “This?” I indicated the richness of our surroundings. “Boy, please. You’ve got it made. That’s why you think I’m lower class, beneath you. Funny, you can’t keep your hands off me. Men like you are all the same. You want to think you’re better than us commoners but you want the cootchie in secret.”

“You’re right.”

I blinked. “What?”

He shrugged and released my hands so he could grab hold of my rear and guide me higher on his lap. “I want you, probably as much as my brother wanted you. Your body makes me burn. Even the way you speak intrigues me. There’s no doubt we come from two different backgrounds, and I shouldn’t feel like I’m better just because of that. But I don’t mince words, and I don’t make pretenses. Just like every other man that has been with you, I want to own you.”

My eyes widened and I drew back, ready to attack him again.

“No like that,” he frowned.

“Is there any other way?”

He lifted me higher so that my breasts were visible above water level. “Look at those. Your breasts are so big and firm, the nipples ripe for sucking. Your skin is smooth and creamy brown. Just scenting your sweet tangy aroma, I want to lose myself eating between your legs.”

I began to shake. I had taken many men to my bed, but not one had me ready to come with his words alone. Andreas bent forward and kissed my belly just above my navel. He licked my skin from there up between my breasts and then teased my neck, nipping briefly but not drawing on my blood.

“I didn’t train you because I could feel it,” he confessed.

“Feel what?”

“Feel that instead of owning you as I craved, you would own me. I would bow to your sweet perfection and be lost in your command.”

Oh man, if I could pant right now.

“Ree...” His call was tortured. He shook me just a little, as if to get my attention. He had it. Damn if he didn’t have it. “I want your legs to open only for me. I want you feeding only from me. If I have to drink twice a night to supply you, so be it. Eventually you will grow strong enough to go longer periods in between.”

I can’t say I didn’t still resent the way he said he wanted to own me. But then again, he had admitted to the fact that I could own him too. Maybe my tears would not affect this powerhouse of a vampire, but my sexuality would. I bet I could wiggle my breasts in his face and brush against him, and he would give me what I wanted.

Some girls were career women, who loved standing on their own two feet, not depending on anyone. For the most part, that’s how Chelle was. Even if she was dirt poor, she would do it herself. Me? I wanted it all, and if I could get it from a man, hell yeah I was taking it.

“So what does this mean?” I asked him. “Are you going to go ahead and teach me? Or are you going to let me have to keep running back to you to save my rear. I have to tell you, I don’t like that second option.”

He chuckled, the first time I had heard him do it. I thought the man was made of stone. “Yes, I will train you, as long as we have an understanding. Do we?”

I was still terrified of feeding completely from a human, so he didn't have to worry about that, but maybe I could tease him a little, make him worry. At the flick of his brow upward, I remembered he could read my mind. I grumbled.

"We have an agreement, but the first thing I want to learn is how to read *your* mind and how to keep you out of *mine*!"

This time, he threw his head back and laughed a long while. It was like he hadn't done that in forever. I had the feeling I helped to bring him out of a dark place, or maybe that was wishful thinking. His eyes glowed bright when he looked at me again, the amusement still there.

He lifted me up to come down on his cock. For a moment, we both moaned at the connection. Finally, he said, "I will teach you everything, Ree."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and laid my head on his chest. "What about your brother. Tell me the truth."

"He's alive. And one day when I know you won't try killing him, I will let you see him again. For now, I've made it plain to him, and I'm making it plain to you. You are mine, *just* mine."

I rubbed my nipples across his chest and watched him shudder. We began a slow grind together. His dick filled me so full, I felt faint. My fangs descended and I positioned myself at his throat.

"Would you eat your come from my pussy?" I mumbled.

"In a human's heartbeat."

"Good. Then I will be yours...for now." I sank my teeth in to draw out his blood.

The End