

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ANN
JACOBS

Eternal d'Argent
Honor
TRIANGLE

ELLORA'S CAVE
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Eternal Triangle

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ETERNAL TRIANGLE

Ann Jacobs

Chapter One

His houseboat rocked gently at its moorings in the wake of a fast-moving motor launch. His soft, willing slave was on her knees before him, giving him head not for a club scene but because she loved him. As he loved her. Pretty much satisfied with his life, Chad Lalanne tunneled his fingers through Katie's long dark hair and encouraged her to deep-throat him.

There was just this one thing. If only she weren't a vampire. Two months ago he hadn't even known about vampires other than that they weren't to be messed with, but then Katie had been bitten by an out-of-control Dom who'd happened to be one. It stung Chad's soul that he hadn't been able to protect her.

"Yes, like that, my angel," he said when she took him deeper, sucked him harder.

In order to be able to accept his guilt, Chad had dedicated himself to understanding everything about vampire culture and needs. It still made him feel impotent when he considered the fact that his own considerable strength meant nothing when it came to protecting his woman from the overzealous attention of a vampire.

He knew, though, that she needed a vampire companion to mentor her as well as satisfy her need for nourishment lest she lose control and feed on Chad or worse, a member of the club. Much as he hated to admit it, he also needed the protection of another male vampire. So when Katie had gone to feed at the only vampire bar in New Orleans' French Quarter and run into Philippe, a member of the honorable and powerful d'Argent clan, and when she'd subsequently told Chad that Philippe was a sexual submissive, Chad knew what needed to be done.

Not that the idea of bringing a third party into their private lives didn't have potential for bringing trouble of a different kind, but as he saw it he had no choice. As a Master, he'd been struggling with his own feelings ever since checking out the tall,

powerful-looking vampire and inviting him to join them tonight at the club for a *ménage à trois*. The idea of bringing a male into their relationship, one who might consider he was Chad's as much as Katie was, tempted him for dark reasons he'd barely let himself think about, much less shared with her. He would take Philippe d'Argent as his second slave because Philippe could provide what he could not—a safe, portable supply of blood for Katie and protection from male vampires who might assault her.

But the vampire posed dangerous temptation to Chad. He'd felt it the moment Philippe had met his gaze, recognized him then deliberately broken the visual connection and lowered his eyes provocatively, much like Katie had done when she'd first knelt before him. Chad's reaction had been much the same, a tightening of his muscles with need, the absorption of his mind with every aspect of a new potential mate.

He wouldn't utilize his new slave's admittedly tempting holes. He wouldn't. After all, he was a Dominant. Master of his own sexual destiny. He hadn't used another male sexually in over ten years, and he wasn't about to do it now.

"Suck me, my darling," he said, his voice tight as he framed Katie's head between his hands and tried not to picture himself sucking d'Argent's cock, shoving his own up the buff vampire's ass or down his throat. "That's it." When Katie inclined her head and swallowed his full length, Chad let out a moan of satisfaction. "Oh, yeah," he croaked, drowning in the feelings...the love...the sense of receiving as well as giving sexual pleasure.

Katie swallowed the last drop of her Master's hot ejaculate and pulled away, looking up at him and reading the worry in his dark eyes. Even though he'd been the one to propose this *ménage*, she sensed a confusing reluctance in him. She knew men as well as women attracted him sexually, knew from the way he spoke of Philippe after meeting him that he was intrigued. Something he wouldn't discuss, something buried so deeply in his head that she couldn't put her fingers on it, was holding him back. She

wished Chad would confide in her, but the only reason he admitted to for bringing another party into their relationship was to provide her with the one thing she needed to survive—a regular supply of fresh blood. That need had kept them tied in New Orleans since she'd been turned. She hated that because she knew how he missed the frequent trips they used to make into the bayou country where they'd both grown up.

She'd seen their new partner first. Something about Philippe d'Argent, with his brooding blue eyes and a look of loneliness, had caught her attention when she'd been in New Orleans' only vampire bar, trying to get used to the idea of regularly feeding her blood requirement. Working so long at *Club de la soumission* had given her a sixth sense about men and their intentions. She'd known from the outset who he was, sensed he wouldn't harm her even though something she couldn't put her finger on about his imposing appearance disturbed her. What had amazed her was to learn he was a submissive. She'd dared to speak to him, and he'd told her about his lost Master...his need for a strong Dom to help him over his grief. What she'd learned had been enough to take her back to tell Chad about him. Her Master had checked him out then issued the invitation.

Tonight would begin what she hoped would be a lasting arrangement, but she was in no way certain. Katie couldn't help wondering if Philippe would agree to handing over control of his sexual being to a mortal Master, and whether Chad might accept an active third party in their relationship. She wasn't at all sure he could set aside the prejudices she saw as products of a mortal upbringing much like her own, and welcome another male—submissive or not—as an equal participant in their sexual games. Their lives.

A muggy breeze blew across the waters of the Mississippi River, making the boat rock gently on the water. A sea bird squawked his mating call from a perch on an upended oak tree that lay on the other side of the river, half on and half off the swampy land where it once had grown, its roots rising toward the sky. Katie closed her eyes against the late afternoon sun, turned away from the shuttered window and traced her

Master's taut golden skin with one perfectly manicured nail. "You know, his skin will be even smoother than yours."

"Yeah, I know. More like yours?" Chad lifted her hand, brought it to his lips then sucked her forefinger inside. "Are you looking forward to having both our cocks working inside your tight holes tonight?"

The question sounded casual, but Katie's sometimes off-putting vampire intuition allowed her to sense some of her Master's underlying qualms. "If that's your pleasure, my darling Master." His reaction puzzled her, for they frequently participated in dungeon scenes where another man or men joined Chad in forcing her to the releases she sometimes found difficult to achieve.

"It is. Come. If we don't hurry, we won't make it to the club in time to meet your vampire pal." Chad stood and pulled her up. "Or for me to punish you for having looked at him while you were feeding at that bar."

* * * * *

Philippe couldn't quite shake the feeling someone had been watching him earlier. Probably the female vampire's Master, he thought, since it would have only been natural for a Master to go out of his way to protect his slave before coming to him and issuing an invitation for *ménage*. He checked his watch then glanced out his office window, wincing at the brightness of the late afternoon sun. The temporary job he'd taken on—reorganizing a fellow vampire's importing business—was going faster than he'd imagined. On Monday he'd go check on the warehouses being built on higher ground than those washed away by the killer hurricane almost two years earlier. Then he'd report back to Sam, and his time would once again be his own.

He had little to take his mind off what he'd agreed to do tonight. Though grief still ruled his heart, his body had suddenly come back to life. It was time. Time to assuage the ache in his balls, put Jacques out of his mind and move on to a new sexual relationship. Philippe sat back, fighting the compulsion to leave now and make his way

to the BDSM club. Would the shy female vampire's Master take him, or would he order Philippe to service her instead? Would he remember how to fuck a woman? He sat back, closed his eyes and recalled the chance meeting he had a feeling might change his life – only he wasn't sure the change would be for the better.

This restlessness had begun last night as he'd sat alone in his room...

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He was hungry, but he didn't want to go to the nearby vampire bar. It was too soon to face the place. Only one year had passed since Philippe had wakened from an evil vampire's poison to see Jacques laid out on the edge of the dance floor there, destroyed beyond redemption.

Now Philippe stared out the window at New Orleans. The French Quarter with its promise of dark and sensual pleasures had a way of bringing back memories long buried beneath his single-minded quest to avenge his lover's death. Memories of long nights' vigils and longer days' steamy hours spent in this third-floor room of a small hotel off Decatur Street. Bodies entwined, taking each other and loving it, oblivious to the heat and humidity as the blades of an old-fashioned ceiling fan cooled them. They'd drunk from each other, symbiotic nourishment that required none other.

Philippe had lain alone on that bed staring out at the gold ball of a moon lighting an indigo sky. Since the evil vampire clan that had kept Philippe too busy to think about his lost love was no more, he now had time to grieve. To remember his Master's hands skimming over the planes of his vampire body, the sensuous stretching of his lips when he'd sucked his Master's cock...the pleasure-pain when Jacques had first claimed his virgin ass. The joy of fulfillment when Jacques had occasionally allowed Philippe to pump his own male essence into his Master's accepting mouth. Those days were gone, gone with Jacques to the sky to which dead vampires' ashes went to spend eternity.

A hundred years had passed since Jacques had changed him. A century since Philippe had enjoyed the softness of a woman's body, the thrill of feeling her hot, wet

sheath surrounding him, drawing out his seed. Well, not quite a century. Jacques had sensed his occasional need for a female's softness and had found them one to share from time to time. Philippe wrapped his fingers around his own flesh, tried to remember...

It had been too long. He'd spent too many nights in his Master's strong arms to have more than a few vague memories of long-ago encounters with women. He'd loved Jacques as he had never loved another being, mortal or immortal. His cock hadn't stirred since his love had died, not even during the vampire orgy held a month ago in celebration of the d'Argents' final victory over their archenemy.

It stirred now, almost as if it had a mind of its own. Getting up and crossing the room, Philippe opened the rosewood box on top of the dresser and stared down at the elegantly curved silver sounds Jacques had given him for their love play. He missed the sex but more than that, Philippe grieved for the lost friendship, the knowledge that he was half of a whole, an extension of his lover and Jacques an extension of himself. Still, he'd never forget his first night as a vampire or the feel of first one sound and then the next making their way down the flesh of his cock, through his bladder and scrotum and on to nudge his prostate gland. Or the lust that had overcome him when the largest of the sounds was secured by piercing his flesh and passing a thick gold ring horizontally through his penis, through the eye in the sound and out the other side. Jacques had closed the ring with a captive bead. Then he'd lapped away the lubrication that seeped out around the blunt, circular end of the sound that capped the tip of his cock head.

Philippe had become acclimated to life in the sophisticated world of the d'Argent vampires. But losing Jacques had laid his sexuality dormant. Picking up the box, Philippe took it to the bed and sat beside it, the wispy mesh of the mosquito netting blowing gently in the breeze, tickling his flesh as a lover might. Many times he'd been on his knees on this bed while Jacques had taken him from behind. Now Philippe saw nothing but a crowd of noisy mortals apparently in search of yet another bar...yet another drink. Their collective restlessness seemed to rub off on him. With one hand he

stroked his cock. With the other he rubbed the polished rosewood box, tracing the elaborately carved pair of lovers forever captured *in flagrante delicto*.

He laughed. Strange, he could recall the Latin phrases pertinent to his mortal calling as a lawyer, but he couldn't conjure up even the faintest memory of the lovers he'd had before an angry client's bullet had sucked out his mortal life – and Jacques had rescued him with a vampire kiss.

Philippe felt his fangs elongate. His cock thickened and throbbed against his fingers. His nipples swelled and hardened as though longing for a lover's kiss. He opened the box once more, searched by feel for the slender foot-long sound Jacques used to insert deep within his body for love play, long after the ritual was finished. With the fingers of his other hand he twisted the threaded end of the thick barbell he wore in his Ampellang piercing until it loosened. Then he slid the bar through his cock and out the other side.

As the sound moved through his scrotum, Philippe felt drops of lubrication well up around it. A sense of sexual urgency surged through him when he found his prostate and began to stroke it with the blunt end of the sound. Gods, but he wanted to drink his partner's come, or feel the total ecstasy of a massive cock pounding against the sound, of hot, slick fluid spurting up his ass. Just imagining that had Philippe's cock jerking, stimulated by the sound and his imagination. Yet he did not come. His climax was for his Master, and his Master was gone. Giving his full attention to his newly awakened cock, Philippe carefully threaded the barbell back through the piercing just behind his cock head, fed it through the eyelet in the sound and secured it.

The thick ring he'd had at first had been much more convenient for securing a sound. But his Master had preferred the smoother feel of the barbell on the rare occasions when he'd allowed Philippe to penetrate his throat or his tight, inviting ass. *Perhaps I'll change it to suit myself. Perhaps I'll cut my hair.* But he knew he wouldn't. Not unless he found a new Master.

His need to feed, a dull pang of hunger before, raged in Philippe's head. His fangs elongated when he spied an elderly tourist passing on the street below and pictured himself sinking his fangs into her throat. He had to feed quickly. A vampire could only suppress that bodily urge for so long. Not wanting to revisit the scene of his Master's death but unwilling to prey on an unsuspecting mortal, he made his way downstairs and the few yards down the street to the bar.

* * * * *

From his seat at the bar he studied the early evening crowd, a few dark-skinned Owenga in colorful native garb, some businessmen winding up the night's activities...and one very lonely-looking female vampire perched three stools down from him. From her dark hair and honey-colored eyes, he guessed she hailed from one of the southern European countries. She had a lost look about her...a look he imagined mirrored his own.

"Would you like an introduction?" Philippe looked up when the waiter spoke, saw an expectant look in his eyes.

"Just a draft of O negative, if you please." Unusual. Most vampires had a sixth sense about each other's sexual preferences, but then Philippe himself wasn't all that certain of his own when his cock twitched, making the sound inside it reverberate off his flesh when he ogled the female's rounded ass cheeks covered with jeans so tight they must have been painted on. They'd be soft, and so would her breasts, he knew, pulling from vague recollections from long ago. He itched to wrap his hands around her tiny waist, hold her...sink his cock into her and come. His balls ached, and his cock throbbed urgently beneath his loose linen slacks.

He wanted her like he hadn't wanted a woman in over a century. Yet he sensed submissiveness in her downcast eyes, her shy demeanor. And gave up the notion of having her ease his lust. He had to have a Master...or a Mistress. He could manage a complex business with ease, control the work lives of scores of employees. But it did no

good to deny that in sexual matters he was purely submissive. “*Au revoir, mademoiselle,*” he said softly, and from the look in her eyes he sensed she understood.

But he couldn’t look away. Something about the slight angle she held her head, the dainty way she sipped her wineglass full of rich, red blood...the occasional furtive looks she shot in his direction fascinated him, made him want to challenge her. Deliberately he moved back from the bar and turned so she couldn’t fail to notice his erection. And they talked, exchanged names, danced around desire neither one of them had been able to deny.

* * * * *

Philippe turned back to his desk, tidied the stacks of papers and shut down the computer. Maybe if he focused on the mundane he’d be able to treat the coming evening as what it was—a BDSM scene, nothing more.

Then he picked up the card the Master had handed him, looked at the elaborately scripted scarlet lettering on a black background etched with a subtle rendition of handcuffs and a coiled whip. *Club de la soumission*. Philippe had heard the name before from some of the d’Argent males who had made use of its facilities. His cock felt as though it might explode, so loudly was the sound reverberating against its inner walls. Turning the card over, he looked once more at the note on the back, visually scanned the small, no-nonsense block print.

Tonight. Nine o’clock. Give the card to the manager and ask for Katie and Master Chad.

Philippe could hardly wait. He remembered the times Jacques had found a female they could share, recalled the joys of working with her to serve their Master’s pleasure. The prospect of doing it again—sharing a Master with Katie—had him more eager than he’d been for decades. But it wasn’t only joining her in serving her Master that had him reacting this way. It was the Master himself, the way Philippe had reacted to meeting him. He’d never thought another Master would stir his cock the way Jacques had. But that flesh had leaped to life, startling him, when the mortal Master had appraised him,

his aggressive stance spurring an urge in Philippe to submit. Philippe had lowered his eyes, but it had disturbed him. The first time he'd felt this way since Jacques, so of course guilt and resistance had stirred. When he'd looked up in defiance against his long-held grief, Chad was already gone. But his hard-on was still with him.

Eager to take Katie's lush body at the Master's command. To bring their woman pleasure with his cock while Chad fucked him...

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She saw him the moment he stepped inside the club. Her pussy swelled. Her nipples turned hard as stone. She swore the smell of sex began to fill the room as she stared shamelessly at the bold outline of his cock beneath those loose-fitting trousers. No one would mistake Philippe for anything but a d'Argent vampire—tall, muscular, with dark hair that lay in waves past his broad shoulders over the fine material of an aqua dress shirt. He looked elegant, self-assured. Not the least bit submissive except for the downcast eyes, the slight tilt of his head that had his hair obscuring one side of his handsome face.

His hair. That was what had struck Katie as unusual about Philippe. The d'Argent males she'd encountered before wore their hair short—except for the submissive ones. They shaved their heads as a sign of their sexual enslavement, unlike her mortal Master who kept his own head clean-shaven as a statement of his Dominance. Philippe's brilliant blue eyes marked him a vampire made, for as she'd heard it, all the born d'Argents had green eyes.

She lowered her gaze to his crotch, eyeing the impressive bulge of his sex. He'd be pierced, she hoped, because according to what she'd heard, all made d'Argents who were able to function sexually wore rings through their cocks. It would have been a shame if that monster hard-on he'd displayed so blatantly last night had been just for looks.

Katie loved her Master. She'd loved him since they'd both been mortals indulging their sexual preferences with members at *Club de la soumission*, before a vampire Dom had lost control and changed her. Still, she couldn't help imagining this gorgeous stranger forcing her to her knees, stuffing his cock into her mouth. Or mounting her from behind, filling her ass or cunt and ramming into her over and over until he screamed with the force of his climax. She'd like for him to tie her up and discipline her. Take her blood for his sustenance and give her his. Be as much her Master in the bedroom as Chad was.

But I am submissive, like you. I cannot be what you're looking for in a lover. He'd said that last night when they'd been two lonely vampires taking their nourishment in a vampire bar. She'd met his gaze, found his mind so open she'd been able to read not only his conscious thoughts but also his ambivalence. He wanted her but yet he didn't. He wasn't sure he could take a dominant role, or even if he could make love to her. That hesitance was what made her certain he'd be ideal as a partner for her and her mortal Master. If Chad would accept a male vampire submissive as their partner *en ménage* tonight, perhaps he'd invite Philippe into their relationship and make it whole.

His gaze settled on the padlocked collar around her throat then moved to sear her breasts with vampire heat. *Come to me*, she projected, for her voice had deserted her. *Please.*

His desire came through strongly, a vampiric projection of thoughts too private to put in words. *I want you to reach down, caress my cock. Roll my testicles between your palms while I feed from that vein you've deliberately made so vulnerable.* Katie hesitated a moment then crossed the room, oblivious to all eyes but his.

She held his gaze, took his hand, tried not to notice the wetness of her pussy or the tightness of her nipples. Instead she concentrated on the weight of her Master's collar, the jingling of its padlock against the gold hasp. "If that is what our Master desires, it will be my pleasure. Welcome to *Club de la soumission*. You'd best hurry and disrobe. Our Master awaits us in the observation chamber."

Chapter Two

Philippe followed Katie, his feelings mixed. Dungeons had never been a major turn-on for him, and he found the constant thwacks of floggers hitting flesh a bit distracting as he crossed the main salon. Not that he hadn't enjoyed the occasional discipline sessions Jacques had meted out, or the humiliation of being shared by Jacques with their vampire friends. But being watched by strangers? Mortals?

It would be all right. After all, Katie and Master Chad were employees here, and she seemed quite at home. She'd made him comfortable at the bar last night, at a time when he'd thought nothing could have taken his mind off the chilling memory of Jacques lying on that very floor, destroyed. Philippe found himself focusing not only on her soft and willing body that might be his tonight, but also on the Master who might choose to claim them both.

After all, having dozens of mortals watching their scene couldn't be all that different from participating in one of the d'Argent clan's vampire orgies, Philippe told himself as he stripped down in one of two anterooms outside the torture chamber. If he'd been mortal, he imagined he'd have been slick with sweat. As it was, his skin was flushed and his pulse raced with anticipation as well as a good bit of dread. Sitting on the bench, he inserted the sound in his cock and secured it with the barbell. He brushed his hair and restrained it at his nape with a black leather thong.

He hadn't cut it since Jacques... No, Philippe wouldn't think of his dead Master, not now. He gathered his courage and walked through the swinging door into the torture chamber. Katie was already there, secured over a side horse while her Master cracked a cat-o'-nine over her lush ass cheeks.

A golden god, the Dominant laid another stinging blow on that delectable flesh, his well-defined muscles bunching beneath his skin. Philippe couldn't take his eyes off the

mortal's rippling muscles or his tanned, hairless skin. His perfectly sculpted oiled scalp gleamed in the glow of several muted spotlights. Obviously comfortable in his own sexual Dominance, the Master wore nothing but black leather chaps that drew Philippe's eye to his large, low-hanging balls. Philippe's mouth watered at the sight of the Master's cock, long and thick and already erect, its head purplish with a drop of lubrication glistening at its tip. As far as Philippe could tell, the Master wasn't pierced except for his left ear, where a large gold hoop dangled.

Philippe's own sex hardened when he imagined the buff mortal invading him, taking him, punishing him the way he was punishing Katie. He'd whip him first then ram that big, hard tool up Philippe's ass and make him come. Chad must have sensed his presence because he laid the whip down and turned to Philippe, who quickly lowered his head and focused his gaze on the chamber's polished marble floor.

Chad's mouth watered when the vampire approached, not on hands and knees as Chad expected of his subs but upright. Only his downcast eyes and respectfully lowered head hinted at the submissive role he intended to play, but Chad assumed this would be the vampire's first club scene and refrained from chastising him. Besides, he made an arousing picture, his pale skin a stark contrast with shoulder-length dark hair, muscles rippling beneath skin so smooth no amount of waxing could have achieved it. Vampire skin. The pierced cock—an Ampellang studded with a hefty barbell—jutting straight out from thighs as thick as tree trunks. The gold cap covering the tip of the vampire's cock head confirmed the presence of a sound or wand inside the impressive length.

"Look at me, slave." Dark lashes fluttered, and the sub looked up at Chad with clear blue eyes, just long enough to give a hesitant greeting, and his full lips curved into a smile that revealed gleaming white fangs. And desire.

Chad could tell that look, he'd seen it often enough, working as a Dominant here at *Club de la soumission*. To Master this one Chad would have to touch him like a lover,

fuck his vampire ass—kiss those delectable lips and feel them on his own cock, sucking out his come. He told himself he didn't want to do it, that he'd promised his father years ago never to sodomize a male or let himself be sodomized again.

But then again he'd vowed to Katie when he took her as his permanent sex slave that his greatest wish was to see to her care and sexual pleasure. Since she now was a vampire, caring for her properly included taking a vampire partner *en ménage*. A male vampire whose strength could protect her against the threat of another male vampire's attack. "Move closer," he spat out, angry with himself for having become so aroused at the idea of fucking another male.

The vampire obeyed, stopping within Chad's arm length. The look he shot at Chad was a clear challenge. Chad took it, reached out and squeezed the jutting cock that practically touched his own belly. "Does it work without the jewelry?" he asked, turning so his own throbbing cock nudged the vampire's.

"If you wish it to."

"If you wish it, Master." For a sub, this vampire lacked the tone of groveling respect Chad was used to hearing from the ones who frequented the dungeon.

The vampire inclined his head, focused his gaze on Chad's cock and his own. "Master," he said, bowing his head the way a proper sub should.

"On your knees, vampire. Katie, tell this vampire what you want of him." Chad gave Katie a light slap on one reddened ass cheek.

"His cock, Master, if that is your desire."

Chad turned back to the vampire, tried to tamp down his own unholy compulsion to see if that pale skin felt as smooth as it looked. To feel the big pierced cock penetrating his ass. To cool his lust he reminded himself his considerable strength would be as nothing if his male vampire slave should decide to turn on him. "You heard Katie," he snapped, furious that the vampire fired forbidden desires he'd long kept under wraps. "Stand up. She wants to feel your cock in her ass. First, though, lick her pussy. Stick your tongue inside and taste her cream. You'll like her rear hole. Unlike

mortals', it's tight, clean, made for nothing but fucking, but then you'd know that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Master." The vampire bent and began licking Katie's pussy, obviously paying special attention to soothing the welts that had almost healed in the few moments since Chad had whipped her. Though he certainly possessed a vampire's superhuman strength, this one would be a gentle sub...one who'd take Chad's sexual orders without question. Realizing that had Chad imagining...

His own cock spurting into the vampire's mouth, his ass. Him watching the vampire fuck his woman. Removing the sound from his slave's jutting penis and sucking out his seed.

Chad settled his gaze on the vampire's tight ass cheeks, imagined them beet-red from a flogger. *Would his vampire ass be as inviting as Katie's? Of course it would be. That sound would vibrate against my cock like...* He wouldn't wait any longer. "Fuck her now," he ordered. The vampire stood and rubbed his cock head along Katie's exposed cunt, the tip of the embedded sound stroking soft, wet female sex. Chad's own cock swelled to bursting, its slit opening, preparing... "Put it in her. All the way."

When the vampire spread Katie's ass cheeks and worked his big cock into her tight little ass, Chad almost ordered him to take it out and fuck him instead. But he didn't. Instead he stroked the vampire's straining buttocks, gave his seed sac a twist then let go as he prepared to penetrate. "I'm going to fuck your ass, slave. Fill you with hot mortal juice. When I do, you will give Katie a vampire kiss. You will not come unless I say so." With almost brutal force, he breached his lover's tight anal sphincter. Almost immediately the vibrations of the vampire's sound had Chad's balls tightening, his cock ready to spurt out his seed.

He was determined to hold out, endure the delicious sensations, slide in and out of the vampire's tight ass while the vampire slammed his thick tool in and out of their woman's rear hole. His balls collided with the vampire's. Katie's little moans fed Chad's lust. His own balls tightened. His cock felt like iron. Fuck but he had to come.

It was still too soon. But he couldn't help it. The vibrations...the vampire's tight ass gripping the base of his cock... The inner muscles clutching his flesh were hard, not soft. Erotic sensations flowed through Chad when their balls collided with every stroke. Vibrations stimulated his prostate almost as much as if he were the one wearing the sound. "Now," he rasped, sinking his mortal teeth into the vampire's muscular neck as the vampire pierced Katie's jugular the way Chad wished he could.

He bit down, tasting a drop of vampire blood, imagining puncturing the vampire's vein the way the vampire had done to Katie, taking his sustenance from his lovers...giving sustenance to them. His cock jerked wildly as he spilled burst after burst of slick, hot seed into the vampire's ass.

Spent, he collapsed over the vampire's broad back and buried his fingers in the long fall of his hair. Oh God, he'd had sensations like never before, not even when as a young man of eighteen he'd given in to temptation back home and fucked the new parish priest's tempting ass. He could see why the Greeks had idealized man-love, the homosexual relationships frowned on in the modern mortal world where he must abide.

Most of the time Chad viewed that brief experience as an aberration and Father Andre as one who'd richly deserved the tar-and-feathering he'd received when they'd been caught. Sometimes—now included—Chad saw the priest for what he'd been, less one with a religious calling than one desperately attempting to deny how strongly he was sexually attracted to other men. And he hadn't been submissive by nature, only to God. The two elements together had been impossible for Chad to resist. He feared they were impossible to resist now with the vampire, as well.

Only thing, the stigma attached to submission and same-sex sexual relationships would no longer be there to cripple him with guilt...if he should join his lovers' vampire world.

* * * * *

Once his Master withdrew, Philippe did the same, desperate to have the sound removed before his flesh exploded. He entered the Master's mind, read the self-denial, the shame... the underlying desire to leave the strictures of mortal society and join the world of the undead. And the denial of that unholy wish. Chad was a sexual Dominant who loved Katie, his female slave, with a love that transcended sex, and who desperately wanted not to want the sensations presently flowing through his body – those seemed the only facts of which the mortal was certain.

Tall, muscular in the way of a mortal who passed his days at a gym, the Master was almost as hairless as a vampire. His golden skin glowed from a recent oiling, and his skull gleamed. Funny. In Philippe's world a shaved head was the sign of a male submissive, where in the mortal world the style apparently indicated Dominance.

Philippe fell to his knees. Reaching on the underside of the sound's cap, he retrieved a small tool and held it out in his open palm. "As you said, Master, you control my coming. This opens the barbell so you can remove it and the sound when it serves your pleasure. May you have mercy." He lowered his head once more, tried desperately to ignore the vibrations that rolled with vicious regularity through his male flesh...his entire body.

"I am Chad Lalanne, and I am your Master. I want you to tell me your name, although rest assured I may change it."

"If it pleases you, Master, my name is Philippe. Philippe d'Argent." Philippe waited, barely breathing. He could crush the man's bones with barely a thought. Males of any species were competitive, and Chad would be highly cognizant of their differences in strength. But would he realize that as a Master, with Philippe as a submissive, he had a power over him that transcended vampires and mortals?

"Philippe." The Dom hesitated then reached down and clutched a handful of Philippe's hair. "It pleases me to call you 'vampire'. Stand and I will relieve you of the sound. You've endured enough pain to have earned a moment's pleasure."

"Thank you, Master Chad." Philippe felt his tension ease, even as he instantly wanted to hear Chad say his name. He would have to earn it by working for his Master's pleasure. His love. As Jacques had made him work for it.

The mortal's touch was surprisingly gentle as he unscrewed the cap and worked the barbell out of Philippe's cock. Now free, the sound shot out of his cock head and into Chad's hands.

Chad rubbed the end of the sound against Philippe's nipples, his touch light yet threatening enough for Philippe's muscles to tense. "That's it, vampire. With or without this stuck up your cock, you will come only on my command." He lowered Katie from the side horse and ordered her to her knees. "Katie, suck the vampire's cock. Suck it hard."

When her lips closed over his cock head, Philippe fought to maintain control as he tangled his fingers through her silky hair, held her to his groin. His own flesh throbbed, wanting...

The golden release. The sense of total obedience to a Master's will, of complete concentration on his own flesh, the light rasp of Katie's fangs along the length of his cock. Strong male fingers stroked his back, his buttocks, his inner thighs. Heady smells of arousal filled his nostrils. His ass ached for the Master to fuck him again. When large, strong fingers curled around his balls and pulled, he moaned.

He was going to come... No, he couldn't. Remembered the Master's order. Philippe tried to ignore the urgency, hold back. "Please, Master..."

A sharp tug on his balls brought him back from the brink, practically doubled him over with pain. But not for long. Katie moved on him again, took his cock down her throat. Sucked. Swallowed. Constricted his flesh until he wanted to scream. His Master's grip on his balls loosened, and he shoved his cock back up Philippe's ass. "Come now, vampire. It may be months before I decide to allow you this pleasure again."

As if he had a choice. Philippe's balls tightened. His cock swelled against Katie's throat. His ass contracted around the Master's throbbing cock. Waves of pleasure radiated from both as he came, long, wet bursts Katie swallowed like a dutiful slave. Bursts that matched the Master's steaming spurts up his ass.

As his climax ebbed, Philippe felt a tug on his hair. "You will join Katie and me for a week's journey. If you accept me as your Master, prepare yourself as a proper vampire slave and meet us at dusk tomorrow." He went on to explain that his houseboat would be docked near the gambling boats not far from Philippe's French Quarter offices. "I will spend a week showing you the bayou country where Katie and I grew up."

It was a good while later when it hit Philippe. On very short acquaintance he'd taken this dominant mortal as Master and agreed to spend a week alone with them. It felt damn good to be owned again after spending so long alone.

* * * * *

Katie blinked at the sunlight filtering around the blackout curtains her Master had installed to ensure her comfort. Wake from passing boats lapped at the sides of the houseboat. She liked the swaying motion, found it anchoring in a world that was becoming more confusing each day. It still amazed her that Chad had invited Philippe into their relationship on such brief acquaintance, so much so that she wondered if the other vampire had used vampiric compulsion. "Will he come?"

Her Master sat beside her on the wide built-in cushioned seat at the bow of the houseboat, his touch incredibly gentle as he stroked her cheek. She loved that about him, his ability to dominate her with his mere presence as well as with his physical strength and the whips he wielded so well at the club. "Yes. He'll join us here in a few hours."

Chad might have told her he'd invited Philippe to join them in order to provide her a source of nourishment. He might have said he was doing this to bring her pleasure.

Katie couldn't deny these things were true. But they weren't the whole truth. When she looked deeply into Chad's thoughts, she knew her Master wanted Philippe as much as he wanted her. Maybe more. Such a pity the mortal world frowned on what came naturally to vampires...sex in all its many forms, without rules. Without the shame that had sent Chad from his home, mired him in the BDSM dungeons of New Orleans. "I thank you, Master."

"Bringing in a third party will serve my pleasure, too." He smiled, his teeth startlingly white against his deeply tanned skin. When he drew her hand to his chest, she realized he'd spent the hours while she slept being groomed by one of the attendants at the club. His taut muscles flexed under her fingers, beneath freshly waxed and oiled skin. His beautifully shaped skull gleamed as though it, too, had been waxed rather than shaved. Without running her hands over every inch of her Master's magnificent body, she knew the only hint of hair she'd find would be the barely discernable stubble on his cheeks and chin. That single gold hoop dangled from his left ear, catching the late afternoon sunlight that invaded through the corners of the blackout curtains.

He'd make an awesome vampire. And she sensed part of him wanted to join her in her new, shadowy world. But Katie would never make him one. She didn't have the right. Or the ability to ensure he'd come through the change with his potency intact. But Philippe was a d'Argent. Perhaps he... No. Chad would remain mortal unless he commanded one of them to turn him.

She slipped a finger under the waistband of his olive green cargo shorts, looked up at him for permission to do more. "Not now, little one. Slide to the edge of the bench and spread your legs. I've brought you a present." He fished inside the bag he'd brought in and drew out a beautifully sculpted double-penetration dildo. "To fill you when I can't." He fitted the heads of the device into her pussy and ass and secured it with a simple pink leather harness she noticed had an empty pouch in front to

accommodate the long, thick gel cock he handed her. "And this is for you to use to fill our vampire's ass when I decide he's deserving of such pleasure."

"And yours, Master?" Katie's juices began to flow when Chad set the vibrator in motion, holding the remote control against one of her nipples to enhance the tingling arousal that was spreading through her body. She recalled a scene at the club where a Mistress had fucked her male slave's taut ass with a similar strap-on, wondered if she'd worn a device similar to the one Chad had just secured to her for his pleasure.

"No." She'd known before asking what his answer would be. Masters fucked. Slaves were fucked. Apparently in this relationship slaves were to fuck each other, too, whenever their Master willed it. She rubbed her finger over the dildo, tracing the ridge at the base of its head before setting it aside. "When will Philippe arrive?"

"You are to call him 'vampire'. Like you, he is my slave. Unlike you, my darling, he has not yet earned the right to be called by name." Chad lit the lamps secured to the walls of the houseboat's main room then turned to Katie. The flickering light caught wisps of smoke curling from brass incense holders set on a central table. A hint of musk and something heavily aromatic filled the air, heightening the sense of dark eroticism that was catching her in its sensual spell. "He will arrive at dusk, and we'll begin our journey then. Meanwhile, I command you to enjoy the anticipation while I check out the boat."

Katie lay back, enjoying the feeling of fullness within her body, the variation in vibrations as the boat swayed from side to side when Chad moved about on the deck. She closed her eyes, imagined her Master and the vampire fucking each other, their hairless bodies glistening, Chad's from the sweat that came with his mortal arousal, the vampire's slick with the oil the Master would have ordered her to rub into his pale vampire skin. Her nostrils flared as incense filled the small room with its heady aroma. And her fangs itched to taste the blood of her fellow slave.

She slipped her hand beneath the curtain of her hair, felt the barely palpable marks above her collar where Philippe had sunk his fangs into her vein last night. It had been

his nourishment, taken on their Master's order. Yet there was the potential for much more. For her and Philippe, but for Chad, too, if he accepted what she knew he wanted, deep inside beneath the mortal machismo, the posturing of an alpha male not yet sure of the extent of his own Dominance. Her arousal growing almost to a fever pitch, she sat up and gathered her hair high up on her head, braiding it into a silken whip she imagined her Master using to enhance their pleasure.

Chapter Three

A soft breeze caressed Philippe's freshly shaved scalp, its feathery touch curling around his ears, teasing the sensitive flesh so long left unexposed, covered by the now absent evidence of his grief. He'd stiffened and braided the severed hair into a short flogger and fashioned a handle from hard leather engraved in gold leaf with his Master's initials. A gift, one he hoped his new Master would appreciate. The new, thicker ring Chad had given him to thread through his piercing bounced against his thigh, a constant reminder that he now answered to a new Master. Eager, Philippe made his way through the darkening streets toward the dock—and Chad Lalanne's houseboat that would be his home for the coming week.

As instructed, Philippe had brought nothing but the gift, his box of sounds, the barbell, a large anal plug and a set of piercing needle and stretchers. Though his vampire intuition was strong, he hadn't been able to discern the purpose for the latter items. His only clothing was the loose gray sweats he had on. And a pair of leather deck shoes. He had the feeling—the hope—the garments would be permitted only for journeys to and from the boat. The air smelled of fish and seawater as he got closer to the docks. His heartbeat, normally so slow as to be indiscernible to most, thumped in his chest.

Dangers lurked in every alleyway, for New Orleans was in many ways a lawless city, but Philippe paid little heed to the occasional thug who darted back into the shelter of narrow alleys upon being shown his fully extended vampire fangs. Of the many shadow dwellers of the city, only an Owenga would dare challenge Philippe, for his vampire prowess was obvious, undiluted by his equally obvious sexual submissiveness.

There, in the distance, was the dock Master Chad had mentioned. The houseboat straining at her moorings was smaller than Philippe had imagined, an unassuming deck

and cabin riding on pontoons. Its two idling motors churned the water at its stern to a brownish froth.

After stepping on the dock, Philippe hesitated. He sensed his potential new Master was standing in the shadow of the cabin, watching him. He knew what he wanted to do, but wasn't sure how he would be accepted. If he would. There was only one way to find out. He went to one knee, then the other. Then to his hands. Hopeful yet not certain of his reception, he began to move forward that way.

He got halfway to the cockpit before the boat rocked and he saw two bare feet planted in his path. Following his heart, he kissed the tops of those feet then lifted one foot at a time. Being careful to keep his fangs retracted, he drew each toe into his mouth and laved it with his tongue. After paying homage to all ten toes Philippe lay facedown on the ground and lifted one of his Master's feet to rest on the back of his neck.

A sign of trust. Of perfect vulnerability to another's will. Of giving one's self, one's life into the hands of a Dominant alpha male, be he vampire or mortal. Philippe tried to squelch the rush of arousal that threatened his Master's total control over him.

Chad kept the pressure light, his deep voice more a whisper than a shout. "I know you lost a Master you loved. His training and his presence in your memories are honored by your proper act of submission now." He lifted his foot and placed it on the deck beside Philippe's cheek. "On your knees, vampire slave."

When Philippe complied, he felt Chad slip a heavy collar around his neck. The snap when he shut it had a ring of finality, even before he ordered Philippe to lift his chin and fed the hasp of a hefty padlock through the clasp. "Feel it. Tell me if it is positioned so my woman can feed on you."

The collar was smooth, heavy...and positioned low enough around his neck to give Katie plenty of room to puncture his jugular vein and drink her fill. "Yes. She can feed. I thank you, Master, and I will do my best to please you. Take this as a small symbol of my submission," Philippe said as he drew out the flogger and laid it in the Master's hand. The weight of the collar felt good, a tangible reminder he belonged to Chad. Just

as his shaved head let other vampires know his status, the collar announced to the mortal world that he was a sex slave, bound to a mate who controlled his very existence.

"Never fear, vampire, you will please me. Your gift pleases me. Go inside. Undress and plug your ass while I get the boat underway. I am happy you chose to acknowledge me as Master." Chad rubbed his calloused palm over the crown of Philippe's closely shaved head, sending a shiver of hot arousal through his body. "You will find Katie there. Finding our way into the bayou country will require my full attention, so you have my leave to give her sustenance. You may feed on her, as well, for I want my vampires full of energy for the days to come."

"What about you, Master? Do you not need to feed?" Philippe sensed his Master's nagging desire to join the vampire world, wondered if Chad realized how close he was to asking to move to the dark side with his slaves.

Chad laughed. "I bought a Po-Boy and beer on the way back from the club. I'll leave the blood drinking to you. Oysters and French bread are more to my taste." He rearranged the collar so the padlock fit nicely in the hollow of Philippe's throat then extended his hand and pulled Philippe to his feet. "Can you tolerate mortals' food?"

"Some. Very little. A sip of wine...a small taste of forbidden fruit..." He imagined Chad knew that what vampires ate they must absorb since they had no means of elimination.

"I thought as much. Go now. Feed Katie and yourself. And sleep. You will waken in the morning, in the paradise that's Cajun Country."

* * * * *

Philippe was beautiful, almost as breathtaking as their Master. Once he toed off leather deck shoes and shed his baggy sweats, Katie watched the moonlight reflect off the gold collar locked about his muscular neck and the large, heavy-looking ring that dangled from just behind the head of his fully aroused cock. Her mouth watered to

taste him—not just the blood that pulsed invitingly in a vein above their Master’s collar but the smooth, pale column of his vampire cock, the bursts of salty cream he’d give out when he came. When he bent and inserted an anal plug almost as long and thick as their Master’s cock, she noticed the perfectly oval shape of his denuded skull and longed to sample its smoothness, find the erogenous zones that would make him go crazy with lust.

“We are ordered to feed while our Master takes us on this journey,” he said, taking a careful seat beside her on the bench, as though afraid of incurring the Master’s ire.

“I know.” She couldn’t resist. She had to touch him, feel the barely leashed power beneath that pale, smooth skin. Did his heart beat slowly like hers, or after so many years as a vampire did it remain still in his chest? She splayed her fingers over his chest, searching out and finding a strong, slow heartbeat below the surface of his skin. As though to stop her exploration, he laced his fingers through hers and brought her hand to his lips.

“You may feed first,” he told her as though eager to get on with following the Master’s order. “You should have easy access, for he fit my collar loosely to facilitate your feeding.”

“Yes.” If she didn’t know better, she’d say Philippe didn’t want this—didn’t want the intimate contact with her alone. Katie met his gaze, saw kindness there along with confusion. He wasn’t sure he could do this, was silently asking her forgiveness and her help. “Lie back on the bench and let’s play a while. We needn’t feed right away. It will take hours for us to reach our Master’s beloved bayou.”

When he did, she stroked his scalp, found each spot that always seemed to fuel Chad’s lust. Philippe rewarded her with a growl and a thrust of his hips toward her belly. She laid soft kisses on his chest, laved his flat coppery nipples with her tongue. Her own arousal intensified when she wrapped her hand around his steely erection and rubbed it back and forth. “You changed your jewelry,” she said, lifting the large, thick ring and rotating it through the flesh of his cock.

“On our Master’s order. It’s almost as effective a preventative as a locked Gates of Hell.”

She shouldn’t have needed the reminder. Chad was her Master. Philippe’s, too. He controlled their sexuality as surely as if he kept them locked up separately, unless he had immediate need of them to provide his own sexual satisfaction. She gave the ring one last tug and let it go, laughing at herself as she did. “Almost as effective as the plugs we’re wearing. Mine has a vibrator...and he holds the controls.”

Philippe seemed to relax when she made light of their situation, and he tilted his head back, giving her easy access. “Drink up. The sooner we feed, the sooner we can sleep and escape temptation.”

When she put her mouth to his throat and pierced his jugular vein, he framed her face in his big hands and held her to him as she fed. Warmth swirled through her veins, along with the arousal her Master controlled, and as she released Philippe her lust dissolved, replaced by a sense of satisfaction—not quite orgasm, but almost. Her release came later, a slow roll of erotic sensation that began when Philippe pierced her throat and started to feed. Her last memory before slipping off to sleep was of him releasing her, sighing and snoring quietly against her naked breast.

* * * * *

As dawn began breaking, turning the eastern sky to shades of pink and blue and purple, Chad anchored the houseboat beneath the heavy canopy of a huge live oak tree and draped the deck with a net that let in the breeze but kept out the mosquitoes. It shaded the worst of the sun’s rays, too, which would be good for his slaves’ pale, sensitive skin.

Then he lay on a cushion at the stern and enjoyed listening to the murky water lap at the pontoons, the mating call of a bull gator in the distance. A fish broke water, mouth open to take in a bright blue dragonfly flitting along the surface. He loved this primitive and treacherous land, the rivers that changed course from week to week, the

wealth of creatures that made the bayou their home. Shifting his gaze to the starboard side of the houseboat, he watched a pair of water moccasins slither out of the water and sun themselves on an uprooted tree trunk nearby.

As much as Chad enjoyed New Orleans with its dark pleasures, he claimed the bayou country as his own. It would have been better if he'd been able to put it from his mind since he could never go back to Bayou Vert, the nearby fishing village where he'd spent the first eighteen years of his life.

Chad would never forget the shame. The humiliation of being discovered in the rectory with Father Andre on all fours, his bare ass in the air while Chad fucked him. Most of all he'd never forget the shock on his family's faces when they'd heard about it, the disbelief that their son and brother had let another man—never mind a man of God—desecrate his body.

Like the others in Bayou Vert, his parents were simple people, deeply religious, with strong ideas about right and wrong. But they'd stood by him while their neighbors had tarred and feathered the priest. They'd protested Chad's innocence to no avail then tried to paint him as an innocent victim, but no one had bought it. Not even Pop, who'd exacted a promise from Chad never to commit such sin again even as he'd launched Chad in his pirogue and ordered him to hightail it out of there. Mama and his brothers had stalled the townspeople—he'd never figured out exactly how. His escape had taken some doing. For hours he'd slithered like a snake through overgrown streams that sometimes got so narrow he had to carry his pirogue through. It had taken what seemed like forever, but he'd finally reached smoother sailing and made his way to New Orleans.

Nope. He could never go back, stir up all the shit that hit the fan back then and splattered his family with shame.

I'm not gay. I wasn't then, when curiosity made me get it on with the priest. Chad hadn't admitted otherwise then, even to himself, and he wouldn't do it now. After ten years working as a club Dom, he'd seen and participated in every manner of sexual kink

except male on male. He'd promised Papa he wouldn't do that, and he'd kept his word until two nights ago when he'd taken a male vampire as his sex slave. *I did that for Katie. She needs the vampire's blood and his protection. I promised to take care of her when I collared her, and that's all I'm doing.*

But was it? Chad looked down at his bare feet and couldn't help remembering feeling the vampire's soft lips and tongue there. Or recalling the sense of responsibility he'd felt when Philippe had prostrated himself and placed Chad's foot on his neck. He'd submitted as completely as Katie had done years ago, when she'd still been mortal like him. Chad doubted he could trust anybody that much. He knew he couldn't lay his life in any other mortal's hands. Not for the first time he wondered what it would be like to turn his back on his mortality, join the vampire world where his slaves belonged.

If he became one of them he wouldn't have to worry about indulging his sexual fetishes. From Katie he'd learned vampires celebrated their sexuality with abandon. They enjoyed orgies where nothing among consenting adults was off-limits. BDSM wasn't limited to clubs or the privacy of one's own home, but instead was practiced freely by those with a bent toward Dominance and submission. If he became a vampire he wouldn't have to worry much about getting a dread disease, or dying young...

Yeah, there was a lot to recommend going over to the dark side. But there were downsides, not the least of which was the fact Chad enjoyed his beer and crawfish...and another fact that he was none too fond of—the idea of risking his sexual potency to some restorative ritual his new slave's d'Argent clan supposedly had a monopoly on. Chad's cock began to swell and lengthen, as though reminding him how necessary his sexual prowess was to his calling as a sexual Dominant. Would Philippe d'Argent know the secret of restoring a new vampire's potency? Chad forced that question to the back of his mind. It wasn't time. Probably would never be.

When a lazy breeze caught and ballooned the netting, he reached for the remote control and activated the vibrator in Katie's cunt and ass. Soon afterward she showed up on deck, a plate of hot *boudin* sausages and biscuits in hand. The vampire trailed

behind her, carrying the battered tin coffeepot that had come with the houseboat...and a single mug. Chad sat at the helm, enjoying the breakfast his slaves had prepared. How would it feel to see food, smell the mouthwatering aromas but not be able to savor the spicy sausage or let a fluffy biscuit melt in his mouth? He wished he knew. He sipped the sweet chicory-laced coffee, looking over the steaming cup to meet the vampire's gaze.

"Did you drink your fill?" he asked Katie, who sat on her heels at his feet.

She smiled at him and at the vampire who stood by, ready to refill Chad's coffee. "Yes, my darling Master. I fed on the vampire, and he drank his fill of me. We both thank you."

"You're welcome." His collars gleamed around his slaves' necks in the muted sunlight, reminding Chad the vampires probably weren't enjoying the damp heat of early morning on the bayou—or the sunlight filtering through the oak tree's broad canopy. "All this good food has made me sleepy. Let's go inside."

He might as well have been a creature of the night, he decided as he stepped off the open deck, leaving the sunshine to the swamp creatures. Since leaving home, Chad had worked all night and slept most of the days away, except for occasional treks like this one where he renewed himself in the quiet, sometimes treacherous backwaters of the Mississippi River, communing with fish and fowl instead of his fellow man. This trip, he'd savor the night...a golden moon and starlit sky, the vast darkness that cloaked a thousand forbidden fantasies. A hundred dark desires that never met the light of day.

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A ceiling fan swirled lazily in the center of the boat's main cabin, its four leaf-shaped blades churning the humid air. Lingering smells of strong coffee and spicy Creole sausage hung in the air, not unpleasant yet a sensual reminder of the fact his Master was a mortal. Swamp creatures croaked at each other from the shore, their low, menacing tones punctuated occasionally by loud bellows.

Wild. A little threatening yet irresistibly seductive. Like Chad. Philippe turned toward the cabin door, trying to decipher the unfamiliar sounds.

"You curious? That bellowing's a bull gator's mating call," Chad said. "The bullfrogs are croaking, too. Fishermen'll be out tonight, giggin' them by the hundreds. Frog legs. Almost as much a Cajun delicacy as crawfish."

"You want crawfish jambalaya for dinner, Master?" Katie asked from her perch at Chad's feet.

Chad reached down, laced his fingers through her hair and lifted her to her feet just as Philippe was about to kneel beside her. Then he looked back at Philippe. "*Mais* yeah. You ever taste it, vampire?"

"Afraid not. The smell reminds me of *bouillabaisse*, though. I often ate that before I was changed." Philippe's mouth watered at the memory of the spicy fish stew he'd enjoyed whenever his mortal business had taken him to coastal France.

"How long have you been..." Chad motioned for Katie to take off his T-shirt.

"A vampire?" Strange, Philippe thought, how a lot of humans hated to say the word.

"Yeah." Chad's muscles rippled when he bent and raised his arms so Katie could pull the shirt over his head. "I've often wondered... Never mind, finish undressing me."

"I was changed a little over a hundred years ago." Philippe knelt and slid Chad's cargo shorts off. Gods but the man was hung. Of course Philippe had realized that the moment that cock had reamed his ass during the club scene. He longed to take the thick, plum-shaped cock head in his mouth, suck out the cream that even now pearled in its eye. Instead, for he hadn't been given permission, he rubbed his sensitive scalp against Chad's muscular thigh, sighed.

"Later, vampire." Chad strode to the bench and stretched out along its length. "Get rid of the toys, both of you." Philippe complied first, sliding out the butt plug then

taking the ring out of his piercing. With luck he'd soon have the Master's throbbing cock filling the void where the plug had been.

But it seemed that wasn't going to happen. He knew it before Chad adjusted the blackout curtain above the sleeping bench and told Katie to lie down. Chad stretched out on his side beside her, his cock pressed against the pale skin of her belly, his free arm draped over her shoulder. "Come lie down with us."

Chapter Four

Skin on skin. Silken skin over taut male muscles. Philippe stretched out behind his Master, his cock nestled between the cheeks of Chad's taut ass. To calm his lust he tried to focus on a lightning bug that sparkled against the blackout curtain, its movement a tiny beacon in the dark. Philippe laid one arm over Chad's narrow waist and let his fingers drift up to play with his Master's taut nipples. When Katie moaned softly he realized Chad must have been playing with her nipples, too.

Arousal built slowly, not only in Philippe but also in his partners. Unlike the club scene they'd played night before last where physical sensation had been everything, this seemed real. Philippe sensed the love...the unconditional trust that flowed between Katie and Chad. Love that reached out and included him here in this primeval wilderness of raw nature, unfettered emotions. He felt Chad's need to give pleasure, his confusion as to the path he'd take.

When Philippe delved into his Master's thoughts he sensed again that one part of Chad wanted to join them, give up his mortal existence for one that promised no sexual boundaries, no mortal rules of right and wrong. But he also sensed Chad's fear, his reluctance to leave the familiar for something unknown and more than a little frightening. Philippe understood. He'd felt the same a century before when he'd been dying, but he'd grabbed at the chance Jacques offered to stay alive. Perhaps he'd been a latent submissive even then, undisturbed by the thought of acceding to the wishes of the vampire Dom who'd enthralled him.

It would be so much harder for a Dominant male to put his future into the hands of his vampire slaves, but that was what Chad would have to do if he wanted to make this relationship permanent.

Philippe stretched out behind Chad. Needing to touch his Master, he found the sensitive spot at the base of his skull and laved it with his tongue. Chad tasted good, like fresh herbs and spices—cinnamon and ginger, Philippe recalled from long ago—spread over smooth, slightly salty skin. When Chad moaned and thrust his ass toward Philippe, Philippe slid his hand down and encircled his Master's hard cock. The backs of Philippe's fingers brushed Katie's plump mound, eliciting a whimper and a fluttering motion of her hand as though she sought a stronger connection.

Her small, cool hand found Philippe's, closed over it. She dragged it upward and pressed it against their Master's chest. Philippe scissored his fingers over the rigid nub of Chad's nipple then freed his hand and rubbed Chad's cock along her damp slit, searching for and finding her cunt.

Chad shuddered. "Put me inside her. Now."

As though they'd done this countless times before, Katie slid closer, impaled herself when Philippe positioned their Master's cock within her honeyed slit.

The Master's silent order might as well have been shouted for all to hear. *Fuck me, vampire. Fuck me while I fuck Katie.* Philippe wanted to obey. His cock throbbed against his Master's ass cheeks. But while he read Chad's desire loud and clear, he also sensed his ambivalence. The fear that kept the Master from coming out and demanding what he wanted.

He nipped Chad's neck, careful to keep his fangs retracted. "Do you want this?" he asked, moving back slightly and shifting so his cock pressed tentatively against the Master's tight hole. "I know you do. But I need you to ask for it. Please, Master."

"No... Yes, damn it, fuck me."

Philippe took his time, entering Chad's tight ass inch by inch. "Like this, Master?" he asked, rocking slowly in and out of Chad while Chad fucked Katie.

"Yeah. Oh God. Don't stop." Chad's skin grew hot, damp as he approached his climax. His inner muscles milked Philippe's cock while Katie's milked Chad's. Slow

motion. Two loving slaves fucking their loving Master, one Master pleasuring both of his beloved slaves.

As though they'd choreographed the move, Chad rolled Katie to her back and rose above her while Philippe followed, never losing the connection...the sense of oneness. Chad stiffened, growled, shot burst after burst of semen into Katie's womb as Philippe felt his own release teetering on the edge. "Come, slaves," Chad ordered just as Philippe knew he couldn't hold back much longer.

* * * * *

When the sun had practically disappeared on the western horizon, Chad called his lovers out onto the deck. "No. Sit here with me," he said when Katie was about to kneel at his feet. "You, too, vampire."

Philippe rose gracefully for one so large. As though unaffected by the Master's offhand order he settled onto the bench at Chad's other side. Katie knew, though, that he longed for the dignity of a name.

She was a vampire, too, but Chad called her by the name she'd had when she was mortal like him. Her mind attuned with her partners, she rested her head against the canvas boat cushions and watched a pelican fish for his supper. Like Chad, Katie was a child of the bayou—but one who'd left of her own accord when she turned eighteen, determined to escape a domineering father who'd wanted to keep her as unpaid labor servicing his customers in the back room of his dingy crab shack. Now, with Chad and Philippe at her side, the bayou represented peace it never had when she'd lived there. Then she'd viewed it as a prison without bars, a place from which she'd only wanted escape.

"Tell me, vampire, what is it like to make the change." Katie sensed that Chad's mind was churning, first urging him to join them in their world then holding up, enumerating his doubts and fears. To ease him, she laid a hand on his thigh, traced the

pattern made by the setting sun shining through the leaves of the live oak tree. She noticed Philippe had reached out, too, his large hand draped over their Master's knee.

Philippe spoke slowly, seductively. "The feeling is indescribable. Like I always imagined it would feel to die and be reborn. I came as I never did before or since...and then I slept. When I woke I was no longer Philippe Simon but rather Philippe d'Argent. A vampire. Submissive lover to a Dominant vampire and member of a vampire clan whose members embraced me, made me whole again."

"Tell me exactly how they did that." Excitement coursed through Chad's body into Katie's hand, but she still felt his doubt.

"My lover—Jacques was his name—turned me. Then he swept me into the air and took me to the seat of his d'Argent clan for the ritual that restored my potency." Philippe made a brief explanation of the preparation and the ceremony itself. A quick visit into Chad's mind let Katie know he was intrigued yet still afraid.

Chad cleared his throat. "Is this ritual foolproof?"

"I've never known it to fail, Master." Philippe grasped Chad's cock, stroking it to full erection. "By the time the ritual began, the pain from my piercing was long gone."

"Do you want to join us for eternity?" Katie had to ask. She had to believe Chad had conquered his doubts before she'd encourage him to come over to the vampire world she'd quickly learned to appreciate.

He took her hand, brought it to his mouth and nibbled at her knuckles. "I don't want to lose you. Or you," he said, turning to Philippe and kissing him full on the lips. "I want to love you both and not be riddled with guilt. To feel no pain, only love and lust. And I want the superhuman strength I need to offer you both my protection."

Philippe laughed. "That strength takes time and effort to develop, just as it requires a certain amount of practice for a vampire to move smoothly through space and time. As you once were an infant mortal, you will be a fledgling vampire for a good time after you've been made."

A fledgling vampire. Chad mulled over the words, imagined himself submitting to vampires older and more experienced than himself. No. Chad Lalanne submitted to no one. He hadn't since that awful day he'd let the elders of Bayou Vert send him running from the only home he'd known, like Papa's old hound dog when it had been caught one Christmas, gobbling up Mama's roast turkey.

Or had he? For ten years now he'd lived in the shadows, feeding his kinks by performing for members of *Club de la soumission* not so much for his own pleasure as for money. He'd met Katie there, but instead of taking her home to meet his family and putting a ring on her finger, he'd made her his sex slave and allowed her to keep working at the club. If he hadn't, she wouldn't have encountered the vampire Dom. She'd still have been mortal.

Perhaps the club had simply been the gateway, his preparation for a world even more on the shadowy outskirts of the mortal world than BDSM. Chad realized it now. He might call the bayous home, but he'd never truly belonged in Bayou Vert with its rigid notions of right and wrong, natural and unnatural. He belonged to Katie, perhaps also to Philippe. He belonged with them. He'd learned to live without his family and friends, but he couldn't survive without his lovers.

Doubt faded in his mind, replaced with eagerness. Eagerness to join the female vampire he'd always loved and the male vampire he knew he was falling in love with in an unbreakable bond. A bond as sacred as any marriage lines spoken before a mortal priest.

"Turn me."

* * * * *

For five days they'd explored the bayous. Chad had gorged himself on the sights and smells and tastes of his childhood, seeming to enjoy them more because he knew the tastes at least would soon be forbidden to him. As though preparing for a vow of marriage, or celibacy, he slept alone on the deck after taking his slaves one by one,

leaving Katie and Philippe to feed on one another – and prepare for the transformation Chad had determined would take place at the end of their journey.

Tonight the full moon hung in the sky, lighting her Master's way to the dark side.

"We'll join in an eternal triangle." That's how Chad had taken to calling the event that only Philippe knew exactly how to orchestrate. The one Katie could only fret about as she scurried around tidying the houseboat. She couldn't help recalling times she'd enjoyed with Chad on the boat when she had still been mortal. They'd fished for their supper, celebrated the wealth of nourishment teeming in the water and on land.

Tonight there'd be no pungent smell of jambalaya, no shared bottle of wild muscadine wine from a winery they'd discovered in Gonzales on a rare car trip from New Orleans to Baton Rouge. A tear made its way down her cheek, for the many mortal pleasures Chad had savored that soon would exist only in his memories.

"Don't cry, little one." Philippe joined her, rested his hands on her shoulders. "It will be all right."

"He still will be our Master? You're sure?" She couldn't imagine Chad as a submissive, or her or Philippe as Dominants.

Philippe laughed, a deep rumble that echoed around the room. "I've never known a changing to turn a Dom into a sub, or vice versa. I imagine our Master will be the same as he is now, except that he'll be a vampire."

Katie wished she were as sure, but then she supposed Philippe had gotten plenty of experience in his hundred-plus years in the vampire world. "I hope so."

They'd lie down together tonight, and sometime after midnight Chad would order them to turn him. In spite of her misgivings, Katie felt her fangs elongating, anticipating...

* * * * *

He loved them. Both of them. But was it enough? Chad stood on the deck, naked as the day he was born, staring up at the full moon. Stars sparkled in a black sky, and an occasional fish jumped in the dark water, its scales catching the silvery moonlight.

When he walked back in that cabin he'd be walking away from life as he'd known it. Laying his life and future in the hands of his beloved slaves, trusting they'd guard him on the journey they'd both taken. Was he ready?

Yes. He didn't understand the mechanics of it, but he was ready. Chad said a silent *adieu* to the life he'd known and strode into the cabin to Katie, Philippe...to an incredibly seductive prospect of completing their eternal triangle.

They met him on their knees as proper slaves. Moonlight streamed through the open cabin door, illuminating their golden collars when they bent and kissed his feet. Touched, for he'd never stood on such ceremony outside the dungeons, Chad reached down, raised them to their feet. "Tonight we are equals."

Philippe smiled then laid his hand on Chad's chest. "Come. We will make love, and then..."

"Then you'll become one of us." Katie stroked his cheek and laid her head on his shoulder.

Chad took them both by the hands, led them to the bed where they'd made love each night since coming to the bayou. Where they'd bonded physically and included Philippe in the emotional bond that had cemented Chad with Katie for so long. Determined not to relinquish control before the very end, he drew them down on either side of him, kissed Katie first and then Philippe, plunging his tongue deep, welcoming the slight abrasion of their fangs on his flesh when he withdrew.

They stroked him, searching out and teasing the sensitive spot at the base of his skull...his nipples...the dimples at the base of his spine. With each touch Chad relaxed, a willing victim of the vampiric compulsion he'd invited. When Philippe slid down and sucked his cock, Chad squelched the twinges of mortal guilt he felt when his male

slave's wet tongue excited him as much as Katie's. Her damp, swollen cunt beckoned his own mouth when she pushed him to his back and straddled his face.

He was eager. Eager to make Katie and Philippe come and come and come, until they couldn't come any more. Eager to come in them over and over, filling them with his essence. With himself. Chad drew Katie down on his mouth and sucked her sensitive clit between his teeth, reaching up and twisting the hard nubs of her nipples until she squealed with pleasure.

Philippe cradled Chad's scrotum while he deep-throated his cock. With strong fingers his slave massaged Chad's testicles. God but it felt good. So good Chad wanted to complain when his lovers changed places and Chad found himself taking Philippe's hard cock down his throat while Katie impaled herself on Chad's erection. He raised a hand, slipped one finger up Philippe's ass while Philippe reached down and finger-fucked Katie's tight rear entrance.

His first climax rippled through him, out of control. Chad clamped down on Philippe's cock, sucked for all he was worth. Vampire semen shot down his throat as he let go and came in long, hard bursts in Katie's womb. From the feel of her steaming wet cunt and the way her inner muscles clamped down on him, Chad knew she'd come, too.

"It's time, Master." Philippe untangled himself from the heap of arms and legs. The way they'd planned, Katie lay on her back. Chad knelt above her and fit his cock into her steaming pussy. He felt Philippe's steadying hands at his waist before Philippe slammed his full eight inches up Chad's ass. Their balls collided. Philippe's slow, cool breath tickled Chad's neck from the back while Katie's teased his Adam's apple. He fucked Katie, and Philippe fucked him. Slow. Deep. Incredibly arousing. His ass burned. His cock felt ready to burst.

"Give me your throat, Master." Philippe's deep voice rumbled against Chad's ear, its tone compelling. What had once seemed so fearful now felt right. Inevitable. Chad turned enough to expose his jugular to Philippe and felt sharp fangs pierce him there.

On his other side Katie also was giving him a vampire kiss. Two lovers, one male, one female. Both vampires, both his lovers. Both his slaves.

As they drank from him, Chad's senses rushed. Arousal, lust, the need to come. All those feelings flashed through his mind, but the overwhelming sensation was love. Commitment as strong as any a religious man might feel for the Church, as deep as what he'd felt for Katie from the moment they first met. For Philippe as well. As Chad lost consciousness he came again, each burst of semen longer, harder, more satisfying than any he'd ever known.

When he woke he found the ritual had begun.

Chapter Five

Katie, Philippe and Chad stood in the main salon at the d'Argent family's Paris townhouse. Her heart pounded in her chest, full of pride in her newly turned Master... And fear that something about this ritual Philippe seemed so confident of would go awry.

The journey had been quick, from the dock in New Orleans, where she'd brought the boat while Chad had slept and Philippe had prepared him, to this elegant home. She and Philippe had supported their Master on his first vampire flight. Now her pussy creamed as she watched her Master and her fellow slave standing side by side, identically pale. Identically naked but for the wide collar that proclaimed Philippe his Master's slave, the single earring that marked Chad a Dominant. Their cocks jutted forward, the flesh filled with sounds held in place by the gleaming rings dangling from their Ampellang piercings.

"Sorry I couldn't be downstairs to greet you when you arrived," said Claude d'Argent, the clan's new leader whose prominent fangs were evident when he smiled. "My bride just presented me with a bouncing baby boy."

Philippe had filled them in on the flight over the Atlantic, so the birth came as no surprise. Rare among vampires, Claude's fatherhood at such a young age seemed practically a miracle. "Congratulations, sir," Katie said, hoping the brief delay in performing whatever the d'Argent ritual was wouldn't keep Chad's potency from being restored.

Claude shot her a cocky grin. "Never fear. Your mate's potency will be safe with us. We're about to begin. Chad, are you ready to join our clan?"

"I'm ready." Chad's eagerness to have his sexual potency back didn't require special vampire skills to discern.

"Then let's get started." Claude gave a signal and a door opened. A handful of d'Argent vampires surrounded them. "In the year of our Lord 935, Alain d'Argent was born a vampire..." Claude told the incredible story of the d'Argents' beginnings then instructed everyone to shed their clothes. "Tonight if the fates are with us, we will restore the potency of Chad Lalanne so he may be Master to Philippe and Katie."

One of the vampires—Katie thought Claude had introduced him as Marisa's brother Raul—knelt and sucked Chad's cock while Claude's cousin Stefan fucked his ass. Stefan's wife, a gorgeous blonde American who looked not far from her own delivery, stroked Chad's satiny skull. When he began to come, she steadied him and sank her fangs into his throat, a tender vampire kiss. Claude moved forward, kissing Chad full on the lips and welcoming him into the d'Argent clan.

"Remove the jewelry from their cocks, Katie." Claude stepped back, giving her space. Trying to control the trembling in her fingers, she removed the jewelry and the sounds. Then she knelt, took first one hard cock then the other in her mouth, felt the hard flesh grow warm. The first drops of semen seeped from Philippe, then from Chad. Their balls tightened against her fingers when she swirled her tongue along each pulsating shaft.

The d'Argent vampires backed away, sought their own partners as Chad took over, bringing Katie to her feet and enclosing her and Philippe within his strong arms. "Let's get the hell out of here." Taking to the air, he tossed a heartfelt "Thank you" over his shoulder as they floated into the night.

A few minutes later they landed back on the houseboat, on the wide sleeping bench from which they'd left on their journey the night before. Chad lay on the bench, his lovers hovering over him as though they thought he might vanish before their eyes. "I'm here. And I'm hungry. Come here and let me feed."

* * * * *

Once again the Dominant Master, Chad sank his fangs into Katie's throat, sipping the pungent fluid that now sustained them all while he thrust into Philippe's inviting ass. Philippe positioned Katie's damp pussy and licked her, his cock throbbing. He wouldn't come yet, no matter how fantastic it felt to serve the Master's pleasure, no matter how the sweet smell of female sex aroused him.

No matter how the sting of the flogger he'd given his Master made him ache for Chad to fuck him harder, make him come and come and come.

Over the coming hours they changed positions, all of them sampling every hole, every inch of smooth vampire skin. Philippe wound Katie's silky hair around his hand, positioned her for a vampire kiss as Chad jerked his cock and sucked his balls. Katie raked her long nails over Philippe's nipples as he sank his fangs into her and drank his fill.

None would be denied. Katie fed on them both then laved their cocks, the way she'd done during the ritual that restored their Master to her...and Philippe.

The Master spoke, his voice tight with passion. "Fuck us, Katie. Both of us. You, my darling Philippe, lie back and let her ride you. Now, for dawn's breaking over the river and you soon will need to sleep."

Philippe doubted this was the time to remind the Master he, too, was now a creature of the night, so he obeyed, stretching out on his back and loving the feel of Katie's hot pussy surrounding his shaft, milking it. When Chad knelt behind her and filled her rear end, it felt almost as if he or his Master still wore the sound. Delicious sensations flowed among them, building to a fever pitch as they moved faster, harder. "Come, damn it, come now. Oh, yeah, I'm coming."

The Master's climax triggered Philippe's. Katie's, too, if the way her pussy rippled around his spurting cock was any indication. Waves of sensation still coursed through his veins as they rolled to their sides, still joined as they now would be as long as they all lived. An eternal triangle bound by love.

About the Author

Ann Jacobs is a sucker for lusty Alpha heroes and happy endings, which makes Ellora's Cave an ideal publisher for her work. Romantica®, to her, is the perfect combination of sex, sensuality, deep emotional involvement and lifelong commitment—the elusive fantasy women often dream about but seldom achieve.

First published in 1996, Jacobs has sold over forty books and novellas, some of which have earned awards including the Passionate Plume (best novella, 2006), the Desert Rose (best hot and spicy romance, 2004) and More Than Magic (best erotic romance, 2004). She has been a double finalist in separate categories of the EPPIES and From the Heart RWA Chapter's contest. Three of her books have been translated and sold in several European countries.

A CPA and former hospital financial manager, Jacobs now writes full-time, with the help of Mr. Blue, the family cat who sometimes likes to perch on the back of her desk chair and lend his sage advice. He sometimes even contributes a few random letters when he decides he wants to try out the keyboard. She loves to hear from readers, and to put faces with names at signings and conventions.

Ann welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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