



*Slave to the Blood - 1*

## **Slave To The Blood**

~Liron~

"You don't have to do this if you don't want to, Liron. Refusing wouldn't count as one of the three refusals you're allowed per year," said the man I'd served as a royal guard for ten years.

"I know. Silvador explained it to me. But really, Sinn-Rahl, who else is qualified like I am? I know that the... requirements of this assignment bother you, but I'm fine with them. It's a completely different story from when I was a pleasure slave in the public harem," I said.

I leaned against the bulkhead in Sinn and Rune's apartment on the space station we lived and worked on. I watched Sinn-Rahl, once the crown prince of Felrou, my home country, now Fire Lord, frown at me. When Sinn had abdicated the throne to become Fire Lord, I followed him as he followed the love of his life, Rune, an employee of Mayhem, Inc. All of his personal guardsmen went with him when he left our planet, Daehel. He was an easy man to follow, and we all felt we owed our allegiance to him for various reasons.

Rune promised us all jobs at Mayhem, Inc. doing what she did: bodyguard work, bounty hunting, and the occasional assassination. She delivered on her promise, too. I liked the work, as did the other former royal guards. It was more challenging and rewarding than standing around in a palace trying not to look bored for hours on end.

"But this person, Jareth, he'll want to... he needs to...." Sinn stumbled over the idea.

"He'll want to suck your blood and fuck you into oblivion, maybe at the same time. Personally, I think it sounds kinky as all get out. Think he'd let me watch you two go at it?" asked Rune as she slouched on the couch.

"Rune!" Sinn exclaimed.

"What? I watched Zivon's brother Zesiro bang a guy on the dance floor once. It was pretty hot. Guys like watching two chicks go at it. Why wouldn't chicks like seeing two guys go at it?"

I laughed as Sinn scowled and muttered that it wasn't the same thing at all. Rune was completely irrepressible. I'd never met anyone like her before or since. She did what she wanted, when she wanted, and consequences be damned.

"I don't know if he'd let you watch, but I can ask if you want," I offered. I knew damn well that would set Sinn off. Teasing Sinn was a new hobby of mine and one that Rune firmly supported. Being around Rune seemed to encourage people to say and do things they normally wouldn't.

"You'll do no such thing, Liron. I forbid it," Sinn snarled as he surged to his feet and tried to intimidate me with his size. It would've worked if I wasn't almost an entire foot taller than my former prince.

I drew myself up to my full height of seven foot eight and looked down at the man I'd protected with my life for ten years. Even though Sinn was short for a Daehel male at six foot nine, he still towered over almost everybody on the space station. Only those of us who were his former royal guards were taller. I think he'd become used to cowing all the humans around him with his size and sheer presence. I watched as he started to stretch out his dark, leathery wings and let a little smile play around the corners of my lips. Two could play that male posturing game.

I spread my own wings. I was taller, heavier, and had a greater wingspan than Sinn. For sheer size, I had him beat. The solid green and yellow of his eyes blazed and seemed to leak from his eyes to color his cheeks. I felt the prickle of his magic power dance over my skin in almost painful intensity. I dropped my head and placed a clenched fist over my heart, signaling he had beaten me. There was no way in hell that I could compete with him on any kind of magical scale, and he knew it. I just lost the dominance play. It didn't mean I'd back down on taking whatever job I wanted though.

"You aren't the crown prince anymore, Sinn-Rahl. While I'll be forever in your debt for getting me out of the harem and training me to be one of your guardsmen, I'm my own man. And you know that Rune will do as she pleases."

"But wouldn't it be like performing in the harem again? Wouldn't that disturb you? Doesn't being with a man bother you? Having one touch you in that way? Having one..." Sinn trailed off again and looked faintly embarrassed to be discussing sex so openly.

He had never quite understood what happened to me in the harem, and it would take far longer than I wanted to spend detailing it to him. I didn't really owe him any explanations. I wasn't offended by his reaction to my enjoying sex with a man. What was a very taboo thing in Felrou was completely accepted among the people of Vickles, where I spent my childhood and part of my teen years in the public harem.

I supposed I could give him a few crumbs so he didn't feel so bad about my taking this assignment. He still labored under the impression that he had to keep me safe from all manner of sexual harm. Regardless of the fact that he was no longer the crown prince, he still felt honor bound to protect his people from what he saw as harm. Rune said Sinn had an over-developed white knight complex, whatever that was.

"No, it wouldn't. Despite some of the things I endured in the harem, I still like sex. Very much so, in fact. Because of my experiences there, I don't have a preference either way when it comes to the sex of my partners. I enjoy it with both. The blood-donor part of the assignment is a requirement. The sex part is not. If Jareth doesn't appeal to me sexually, I don't have to sleep with him. He doesn't need the sexual energy like he needs the blood to live."

"Oh, for shit's sake, Sinn. He obviously wants to do the job. If he's not bothered by it, keep your fucking nose out of it. Liron has to live his own life. You can't do it for him. Have fun, Liron, and I hope this client is a hot piece of ass so you can get a little action. Take pictures," said Rune with a laugh as she stepped in front of me and pushed me out of the room. "Unless you wanna

watch me jump honeybuns here, you'd better leave. All that testosterone floating around a few minutes ago has made me hornier than hell."

"Rune!" Sinn said in a strangled voice. While I'm sure he was excited by the prospect of having sex with Rune, he was mortified I now knew what he'd be doing shortly.

I left the room laughing. I didn't doubt Rune was going to jump Sinn. She was very open about her desires. Truthfully, I wouldn't have minded watching -- or even participating, but I knew Sinn wouldn't appreciate an audience. He wouldn't want the touch of another male on him during sex either, and he most definitely wouldn't want to share Rune. Not that Rune would share him either. Those two had a deep, abiding love for each other, and neither would let anyone else touch their chosen one. I smiled at the thought of Rune hoping Jareth was good looking so I could get laid. She was brash and shocking, but she really did wish only the best for those she counted as friends. I was lucky enough to be considered in that small group.

I made my way to Silvador's office. I had detailed instructions to follow for my introduction to Jareth. He had very specific requirements for a bodyguard, and Silvador wanted to make sure that Jareth knew he was getting the very best and exactly what he wanted for the insane price he was going to be paying.

I hoped Jareth was good looking, too. While working on the space station that Mayhem owned, I hadn't been able to entice anyone into my bed. It wasn't for lack of trying, but there seemed to be some kind of prejudice about bedding a man who was a virtual giant and looked like a demon.

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~Jareth~

I waited in the tastefully decorated anteroom on the space station and tried to stifle a sigh. The receptionist told me that Mr. Silvador was running a little late, but that he'd be with me in the next fifteen to twenty minutes. I tried to charm her into letting me into his office to wait. She gave me a withering glare and went back to her computer without sparing me a further look. I wasn't used to that type of treatment, and the annoyance quickly turned into a soft laugh when I thought of how spoiled that probably made me. Apparently, physical age didn't mean you outgrew childish tendencies.

I picked up a magazine from the low table next to my chair and browsed through it. I felt a faint niggling in the back of my mind and slowly became aware of a strong mental presence. I looked up but there was no one around. I frowned and was about to go back to my magazine when I felt a heavy tug on the bottom of my pant leg. I looked down to find one of the biggest rats I'd ever seen climbing up my trousers.

"And what are you doing, little one?" I asked softly as the rat made it up my leg and perched on my knee.

\*\*Friend.\*\*

"Yes, I'm a friend. You shouldn't be here though. You'll get caught and maybe hurt."

**\*\*Smart. Found friend. Food? Scritch?\*\***

I smiled at the rat and stroked a finger down his back. His eyes half-closed in pleasure at the touch. I glanced up at the receptionist only to find that she had left her desk. At least that answered my question of why she hadn't started screaming at the first appearance of the rat. It was my experience that women, no matter the species, were prone to screaming at the sight of rodents.

"You should go before that lady comes back. I don't want to see you get hurt."

**\*\*Stay. Help. Brave,\*\*** the rat sent to me as he started to climb up my shirt.

My lips twitched into a smile. He was a determined little guy. I let him settle himself on my shoulder and went back to the magazine. Having dealt with many rats in the past, I knew he would've been greatly offended if I'd picked him up and sent him on his way. Rats were wonderfully loyal and loving, and he had more than likely sensed my presence. I was actually a little surprised that he came by himself. I usually had a whole mischief of them come to me once they sensed me. I allowed him to ride my shoulder. He believed that he'd help me with... whatever it was he thought I needed help with. Even though I was called the Prince of Beasts, I didn't understand all that motivated them to act as they did.

The rat snuggled into my neck and made a bruxing noise with his teeth that indicated he was happy. The receptionist came back into the room a few minutes later and said I could enter Mr. Salvador's office. She never even batted an eye at the large, chocolate brown rat now riding on my shoulder.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Jareth," said the bald man as he rose from the seat behind his desk and offered his hand to me to shake.

"As long as you and your people live up to your reputation for quality work, I'll consider it worth my while," I said, shaking his hand while I stroked the silky head of the rat with my other hand.

Silvador's eyes were drawn to the motion of my hand, yet he said nothing. There wasn't even a flash of curiosity in his blue eyes. I found that interesting. I didn't think seeing someone petting a rat during an important meeting was commonplace. Then again, he probably saw all kinds of strange things in his line of work.

"Our people are the best. The man I have in mind for this position was a personal guard for a crown prince for ten years. He's very skilled at both armed and unarmed combat, and his loyalty is exceptional. He's quite physically intimidating, but he also has the skills to disappear in a room if that is required."

I raised an eyebrow at the description Salvador painted. In my experience, things that sounded too good to be true usually were. I stifled a sigh. Mayhem had come highly recommended after some discreet inquiries, yet what I was hearing seemed overblown. However, I had re-arranged my schedule to make this appointment, and I did need a new bodyguard. I might as well see what Mayhem had to offer before I thanked the man for his time and left.

"Understand, I'm very hard to kill. You could go so far as to say I'm 'immortal.' Still hurts like a bitch when I'm wounded, though. I also need time to heal from my injuries, and I'm vulnerable to further attacks then."

"Yes, I read the forms we had you fill out. I understand you were prompted to come to us because you're having a little trouble with an Empress?"

I frowned at the memory. Usually, I was much better at picking a bedmate. My only excuse was that I was horny, and she was beautiful and very willing. If I'd known she'd be the trouble she turned out to be, I would've never even come within a mile of her. She hadn't even been that entertaining in bed once I got her there. Even the awaited feed from her was barely worth my time. I'd had better feeds in both blood and lust from common tavern wenches.

"She was rather upset that I refused to share the gift of eternal youth and immortal life with her. She's a spoiled bitch. A powerful, spoiled bitch with the resources of an entire continent behind her. There would have been an incident if I killed her like I would have preferred after she had my ship blown up."

"We can provide that service if you wish. Her death wouldn't be traced back to you. It would look like she died tragically in her sleep. Would you like me to draw up a contract for that instead of the bodyguard detail?" Salvador asked.

"While the idea has appeal, thank you, but no. The Empress dying would upset the rather delicate balance of power of that planet. She'll lose interest in me in a few months. She's spoiled, not stupid. I would need a new bodyguard regardless. My last one was still on the ship when it exploded."

Silvador nodded in understanding and gestured to a pot of coffee and a plate of cookies on a small table while he pulled out some paperwork. I poured myself a cup of coffee and was amused when the rat on my shoulder intercepted the cup on the way to my mouth.

**\*\*Wait. Look. Taste.\*\***

His whiskers quivered and he dipped a paw into the mug. He gave a little squeak at the hot liquid and quickly licked the droplets off his paw. Bright black eyes held mine for an instant before he began to wash his nose furiously.

**\*\*Bitter. Not like. Safe. Drink.\*\***

"Thank you, little one," I said with a soft smile I hid behind the cup.

"I can get a saucer for your friend if you want," Salvador offered.

My estimation of the man went up a notch.

"He's fine. He said he doesn't like it."

"He said he doesn't like it? He can talk to you?" Salvador asked in surprise.

"I am known as the Prince of Beasts on several worlds. I can communicate with animals. They seem to know this and seek me out. Just like this little one did. He said he wants to help me, and to refuse his help when he offered it would be rude. Animals do have a sense of pride and worth, and I try very hard not to offend that. One never knows when a little help will be desperately needed. Quite frankly, it has saved my skin a few times."

"Fair enough. I hadn't realized there was more to the title you carry."

"I am not actually royalty. Just as I am not a god even though I am worshiped as one on several worlds."

Silvador nodded his head and glanced down at the papers before him. I didn't think he needed to check the information but instead needed a moment to hide the surprise in his eyes. It was common knowledge that I was the Prince of Beasts. Few actually bothered to find out if I was indeed a royal. Generally, it worked in my favor, so I never corrected people most times. I knew whatever was said in this office would stay in this office. Such was the reputation of Mayhem, Inc. Total discretion.

"The man who will be taking this assignment has agreed to the condition of employment. He knows you not only require a bodyguard but a food source as well."

"He understands I will feed daily? I can go longer, but the more time between feedings, the greater the hunger and the more blood I will need."

"Yes, I've explained this to him. He is willing to serve as your... what did you call it again?"

"Blood Flower. I am a little surprised a man has agreed to take this job. The act of feeding is fairly intimate and quite frankly, arousing for both parties. You've also told him of my other need?" I asked. I had to make sure the man in front of me understood what he was getting one of his employees into.

The rat on my shoulder began to brux again and stood on his hind legs. He patted my cheek and I felt the ticklish brush of his whiskers against my skin. I scratched him absently between the shoulder blades and was rewarded by the furious grinding of his teeth in delight.

**\*\*Help. Watch. Protect.\*\***

"Liron has agreed knowing what you've told me. You did say you didn't have any preference whether your guard was male or female. He also wants to make sure you understand that fulfilling your other need is solely at his discretion. If he doesn't feel attracted to you, he won't serve as your..."

"Passion Flower. Understandable. That need is less, and I can usually find someone willing to meet it without much trouble."

I reached for a cookie from the plate, and the rat once more intercepted it on the way to my mouth. He surprised me by grabbing the entire cookie. I gave a soft laugh at his greedy sweet tooth and let him have it. I reached for another from the plate for myself.

**\*\*No. Bad. Sick. Poison.\*\***

My hand froze over the plate. A rat's sense of smell was keener than a dog's, and rats had been known to refuse bait with only a small amount of poison in it. I had yet to find a poison that would kill me, but they all made me very sick and left me open to a physical attack. I raised my eyes to the man smiling at me across the desk and let my hand fall back to my lap. The rat dropped the cookie and wiped his paws on my shirt instead of licking them clean. Further proof that there was something wrong with the food. Rats never refused sweets unless they were sick or the food was bad. His fur bristled.

"He says the cookies are poisoned. He has no reason to lie. I doubt he can. Care to explain yourself before I get offended and rip your heart out of your chest?" I asked in a soft voice that was all the more menacing for its tone.

Silvador remained calm in his seat. Either the man had nerves of steel or he didn't realize just what manner of man he was dealing with. I knew my anger was giving my eyes a glowing red tinge. I could feel my nails starting to lengthen and my senses sharpen. I wasn't very far off from releasing my tightly held control and savaging the man in front of me for daring to try to kill me.

"I didn't think he'd be able to tell. He said he could, but it's not the sort of talent I'm familiar with. I would have stopped you before you actually ate the cookies if he hadn't been able to detect the poison."

"He? He who? The rat?" I asked, confused.

"Meet your new bodyguard, Jareth," Silvador said in all seriousness as he indicated the rat still sitting on my shoulder.

I felt anger surge through me even stronger. I was being played for a fool. I carefully removed the rat from my shoulder and placed him on the edge of the desk. I stood and glared at the man, wondering for the first time in a long while if I was going to be able to control my anger.

"I don't know what kind of game you think you were playing, but I don't find it at all amusing." I was about to literally tear a strip off Silvador when the rat leaped from the desk.



Midway between desk and floor, the rat vanished and was replaced with a crouching man. The man stood, and I found I had to crane my neck to look into his face. When I did, my breath caught in my throat at the masculine beauty I saw. Anger at the poisoned cookies was shoved away by the desire that suddenly flared to life.

He was very tall. Probably a good foot and a half taller than me. His hair was a black so deep that it had green highlights. His eyes were a solid pale green with no whites or pupils to break up the intensity of the color. He had high cheek bones, an aristocratic nose, and a full, sensual mouth that made me automatically wonder how it would feel wrapped around my cock. A black metal choker decorated with precious stones circled his neck. He was heavily muscled like a bodybuilder. I could plainly see the lines of his body under the tight fit of his clothes. Rising over his head were the taloned tips of dark, green-brown leathery wings. He smiled at me, and desire hit me hard. He had the face of an angel, the body of a god, and a smile that was purely carnal. I wanted him with an intensity I hadn't felt since my wild youth thousands of years ago.

"I'm Liron, and I will be your bodyguard," he said as he clenched his fist and placed it over his heart before giving me a short, formal bow.

In the aeons that I had been alive, I had rarely been so surprised. I'd never seen anyone do what Liron just did. He completely fooled me into believing he was nothing more than a large rat. That he was actually going to be my bodyguard... I was more pleased than I could say.

Even though I wanted him physically with a force that was surprising, I needed to make sure that he would be a suitable Blood Flower for me. If he was to be my regular meal, I wanted to be sure that he would be to my tastes. There were only a few times I'd encountered a species I couldn't enjoy a meal from, and I desperately hoped he wasn't one of them.

"That was quite impressive. I think the money I'm paying will be well spent. Before we formalize this deal, I would like to make sure you're to my taste. A small sample is all I need," I said as anticipation hummed through my veins.

"Where is the best spot for you to taste me?" Liron asked as he smiled at me again and spread his arms wide.

I wanted to say his cock, but that was my own desire talking. I couldn't remember ever having such a strong initial reaction to another person before. He appealed to me on so many levels. There was something about him that teased at my brain and made all my sexual responses sharper. He was exuding raw sex appeal like nobody I'd ever encountered before. Silvaldor didn't seem to be affected, so it was possible it was pheromones that only my heightened senses were picking up.

"For this, your wrist will do. I'll take a small mouthful, no more. You'll barely notice the loss."

Liron pushed the sleeve of his shirt up and extended his arm to me. I looked into his eyes and could've sworn I saw desire sparkling there. I'd already had a blood feed earlier in the day, but

hunger started to climb through me again. I could smell the clean scent of his skin, and my mouth actually watered. The comparison of an oral erection had never been stronger at the erotic slide of my fangs as they extended.

"Would you like Silvador to leave the room? I'm told my bite is arousing...." I trailed off. I wasn't sure if I should be alone with him considering how much I wanted to bend him over the desk and fuck him hard, but I had to offer.

"An audience doesn't bother me," Liron answered. "It wouldn't be the first time I've had people watch, and it probably won't be the last."

That comment intrigued me and I made a mental note to explore it later. At that moment, I wanted to find out if Liron would taste as good as I suspected he was going to. I brought his wrist to my mouth and swiped the skin of his wrist with my tongue. I heard his quietly indrawn breath and knew then that he was as affected by me as I was by him. I smiled against his skin and rubbed my fangs on his exposed wrist. The contact made both of us shiver.

I opened my mouth and broke his skin with needle sharp fangs. Liron made no sound, but blood surge into my mouth from the sudden increase in his heart rate. The taste, coppery with a hint of pepper, carried an underlying trace of some kind of magic. I closed my eyes with pleasure and swallowed. He'd do just fine as my Blood Flower. He'd do better than fine. He tasted wonderful on my tongue. I was about to release his wrist when his blood hit my stomach and desire exploded through me.

My eyes shot open, and I sank my fangs further into Liron's wrist. I didn't mean to, but the sudden lust flowing through me caught me off guard. He hissed in pain, but his arm stayed rock steady under my mouth. I took one more mouthful and forced myself to let him go. I didn't want to. I wanted to keep my lips pressed to his skin and drink. I licked the puncture wounds and sat back down in my seat. My cock and fangs throbbed with want.

"You'll do fine as my Blood Flower," I said with a husky voice as I tried to calm the lust washing through me.

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~Liron~

I started to murmur a simple healing spell when I noticed that the punctures were already closing over. Jareth hadn't exaggerated when he said his bite was arousing. I'd initially wondered if the choker I was wearing was losing its power to keep the sexual desire I couldn't help give off at background levels. Sinn made the choker for me not long after buying me from the harem, and there were few people stronger than he was magically.

Sinn had realized in very little time that something magic-wise had been done to me in the harem. I was male, and he felt no attraction to males yet he had a hard time not touching me in ways that were obviously sexual during our trip back to Felrou. That confused him until he'd

checked me out magically. When he discovered what'd been done to me, he was furious. Thanks to a mistake on the harem owner's part and some cumulative magic, I was a walking sex toy unless I wore the choker that dampened the desirability spells which would remain active in my body until I died.

The choker was made of black metal with gold filigree and had small stones set in it with a large red stone in the middle where the band dipped slightly at the hollow of my throat. The center jewel wasn't actually a jewel but a stone made from my own blood. The black metal was rare and something only royalty could afford. The royal crowns of Felrou were made of the same material. The metal was nearly indestructible and was excellent for accepting magic. The jewels, although small, contained various spells that helped to keep the desire I gave off in check while the blood stone in the center keyed the choker to me. The choker was narrow and secured with a simple clasp that only I could undo. I hadn't removed it since the day Sinn gave it to me. Jareth seemed able to short-circuit the powerful magic of the choker, and I wondered briefly if I was getting deeper into something that I should maybe avoid.

Jareth was a very stunning man. He was on the tall side for most humanoids but still nearly a foot and a half shorter than I was. His hair was either black or a brown so dark that it didn't matter. His eyes were a very dark brown like that ridiculously expensive chocolate Rune had shared with me one day: sinfully smooth and decadent. Jareth's eyes were like that. I had to give myself a mental shake and focus back on the job I was being paid to do. Damn, but Jareth was a sexy distraction.

My reaction to Jareth had been instant. Even while in the form of a rat, I wanted his touch. I enjoyed the feel of his fingers through my fur and the delicious smell of him in my sensitive rat nose. The feel of his mouth against the skin of my wrist had been unbelievably good. To feel his fangs sink into my wrist and his mouth suck at the wound gave me a glass-hard erection. I couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to have him actually feed from me. And how it would feel to join him in his bed.

"Sign here, Liron. Jareth, you need to sign the line beside Liron's name. This is an open-ended contract. Either one of you can terminate it at any time for any reason. All your expenses will be paid by Jareth, and you will have your regular salary deposited into your account. Do you have any questions?" Salvador asked.

"When do we leave and where are we going?" I directed my question to Jareth. He was now my boss and would decide when and where we went.

Jareth smiled, and I felt his sensuality curl into my belly. I was in deep trouble with him if just a smile could do that to me. Not that I really had cause to complain. I'd gone through quite the dry spell recently. My luck was about to change, it appeared.

"Tomorrow. I have an appointment with the president of a mining company. He's known to be a little on the shady side, so be prepared. If we're done here..." Jareth said with a raised eyebrow to Salvador. When Salvador nodded, Jareth continued, "I need to go finalize some details. I'll see you in the morning, Liron."

"I'll come with you."

"I'll be fine by myself tonight. I'd assume a space station full of bodyguards and assassins is safe enough for a client to walk around unguarded," Jareth said with a superior smirk. "I'm not defenseless. I just need someone to watch my back when I'm otherwise occupied. I'm not fond of having to search around for a meal every day either, so getting a bodyguard and a blood flower all in one is ideal. I won't need to feed until tomorrow, Liron. Consider your official duties to me start bright and early in the morning. Until then, Liron."

I watched Jareth walk out of the room and frowned in annoyance. Not much I could say when my client gave me express orders, but I would tail him and keep a covert eye on him. He didn't need to know that. Regardless of what he'd just told me, my duties to him started the moment both our names were on the contract, and I took my job seriously. I exhaled softly when I was sure Jareth was out of hearing range. As gorgeous and desirable as I found him, I sincerely hoped he wasn't going to be difficult. Salvador gave me a strange look and filed the papers I'd signed to become Jareth's bodyguard.

"You sure you want to do this, Liron?"

"After meeting him, definitely. I think I'll like being his Blood Flower. I may even decide to be his Passion Flower. The man has one strong pull of desire going for him even if I think he might get high-handed sometimes." I shrugged. "I've worked with royalty so I should be able to handle Jareth."

Silvador shook his head and shooed me out the door after telling me to make sure I stopped by the armory to load up on weapons. I made my way back to my apartment and packed quickly. I had a client to shadow whether he wanted me to or not and no time to waste. Packing was done in less than five minutes, and my bags were sent to Jareth's ship in the docking bay.

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The next day had us heading out in a space ship that was all about sleek lines and luxury. Jareth laid out some ground rules for me when we met at the ship. Be casual in private because our relationship was more complex than just as a bodyguard and employer, but strictly professional when around others. I was fine with that. Jareth also said the act of feeding was pretty intimate, almost like sex. Going from that little taste test of his the day before, I could believe that one hundred percent. If him feeding from me felt that arousing, I could hardly wait to see what actual sex would be like.

"How do you want me to go into this meeting, Jareth?"

"Excuse me?"

"How do you want me to appear for this meeting? Threatening and dangerous? Grim and deadly? Bored but competent? Or did you want me to change forms? I can look like a regular humanoid

or variations on the humanoid look. Since you're known as the Prince of Beasts, I could change into an animal form."

Jareth stared at me with a raised eyebrow. From his expression, I guessed that he hadn't given it any thought. Most clients didn't. Having a bodyguard that could change shape wasn't something you saw every day. Very few of my clients actually thought to take advantage of my unique ability. "You got a file from Silvador. Didn't you read it?"

"I opened it and saw a copy of the contract we signed, so I figured the rest of the file was just more legal shit. I have someone who handles that type of thing for me," Jareth said dismissively.

I expected that answer, so I popped the disk I'd been carrying into the computer console and opened the file. I clicked on the photo gallery and started the slide show. The pictures showed me in various forms ranging from ordinary dogs and cats to the more exotic tigers and bears to the down-right mythical centaurs, griffins, and mermen. Mastering all the forms hadn't been easy, and I was damn proud of my skills. As far as I knew, there wasn't another Daehel who could do what I did. Not many other species that could either, come to think of it. Jareth leaned forward in his seat once he figured out the various animals were me.

"These are all you, right?"

"Yeah. I'm familiar enough with these shapes so that I can hold them for about twenty-four hours."

"What happens after twenty-four hours?"

"I revert back to my natural form. I need an hour's rest before I can change back to either that form or something new. As long as I take a few breaks between the assumed form and my natural form every couple of hours, I can 'be' something else indefinitely."

Jareth stared at the photos, paying particular attention to the mythical creatures. He stopped the slide show on the merman and tapped the screen.

"Can you breathe underwater when you look like this or is it just for show?"

"I can do the basics of whatever form I take on. With the merman, I can breathe underwater, but I can't make another person do that like the mers of legend could. The same goes for the phoenix. I can't burst into flames and be re-born after a fiery death. I also can't produce poisons like a real snake or stinging animals. I can still bite, obviously, but it would only cause physical damage not any poisonous reaction."

"Why do you have these forms as well as regular ones?" Jareth asked curiously.

"You want the long or short version of my story?"

Jareth looked at me with interest. He glanced at the clock on the console and gave a little sigh. "Give me the major points and promise to tell me the rest later. I have a feeling you've got an interesting history."

I smiled at that. I didn't think my story was overly interesting, but the people I told it to thought it was. They always wanted to hear stories about what happened to me while I lived in the harem. I think they found it kinky or something. I settled myself in a chair across from Jareth and started the condensed version of my story.

"I was three when my family was attacked by bandits while traveling on a diplomatic mission. I was the only survivor of the attack." Jareth nodded as he watched me intently. I got the feeling that he was memorizing everything I was telling him. "Searchers found the bodies of my parents and servants after several weeks, and I'm told that the authorities searched for me for nearly six months before they were forced to assume I was carried off by wild-life and eaten. In actuality, the bandits took me and sold me to a public harem in Vickles. That's a neighboring country to Felrou, where I'm from.

"The harem treated me fairly well. I was considered a pretty child and the owners saw my potential and their profits right from the beginning. When I was six, they began my training."

I watched Jareth as I spoke. This was usually the part where I got the most reactions to my story. I wasn't sure which side of the fence Jareth would fall on, disgusted and repulsed, or intrigued and curious to learn every detail. Depending on which way he went, he might not actually want me as his Passion Flower. Contrary to what a lot of people assumed, I never considered myself a whore. I was trained to do a job in high demand. Being a harem slave didn't carry a stigma in Vickles as it did virtually everywhere else. I'd been brought up to view what I'd been trained to do with pride. Being a harem slave involved hard work. Poorly trained slaves didn't last long, and the ones that excelled were highly prized.

"What kind of training could they give you at six years old?" Jareth asked with a narrowing of his eyes.

"Sexual. I was taught how to pleasure men and women orally as well as manually," I said simply. Talking about my past didn't bother me, but this little nugget of information always seemed to set the tone for how a person reacted to the rest of my tale.

"They taught a six year old to suck cock and eat pussy? That's disgusting. What kind of place was this?" Jareth asked with a curl to his lip. His eyes were starting to take on a reddish tinge, and I wondered at that.

"A harem. It catered to a wide variety of tastes. At the time, I didn't see anything wrong with it as I wasn't the only child there getting this instruction. It's not like I was penetrated at that age."

Jareth made a noise of disgust, and I was surprised to see anger move over his face. His eyes were now faintly glowing red. I continued on with my story, knowing that if he objected to my initial training, he wasn't going to like the next part either. "At the age of ten, they sold my

virginity twice. Once to a male patron and once to a female patron. I was nervous about the whole prospect, and I protested. Some of the older children didn't like the fact that I seemed to get a lot of attention from the patrons as well as the harem owners. They told me that it was going to hurt so bad I'd wish I was dead. So, when the time came, I sort of started punching, kicking, and screaming."

"I fucking hope so. You were raped at ten. Twice, right?" he asked in a tight, angry voice.

Jareth was really becoming angry over what I was telling him. That hadn't been my intent. I felt no shame over my time in the harem and what I did or had done to me. I had a rather unique skill set thanks to my time there. One that, if I were to be Jareth's Passion Flower, he'd appreciate. When we had more time, I could explain that to Jareth.

"I suppose so. For the male, because I protested, I was tied to a bench where he prepared me in front of an audience before taking me. For the female, I was tied in place because she requested it. I was aroused by another slave for her and she rode me to completion. After my de-flowering, my training as a full pleasure slave began."

"Full training? You were a kid. You should have been playing with other kids and worrying about kid stuff. You shouldn't have been worrying about what random stranger was going to nail your ass or who you'd have to fuck next," Jareth growled as he drummed his fingers on the arm rest of the chair. I could almost feel his anger mounting.

"Would you rather not hear this, Jareth? I didn't think you'd get so upset."

"No, I want to know what happened. Of course I'm pissed. Things like that shouldn't happen to children."

I gave Jareth a considering look. It might have been my imagination, but his nails seemed longer, and there were faint scratches in the material of the arm rest. I'd had people react with horror and some with a degree of fascination, but aside from Sinn, no one else had gotten so angry on my behalf.

"I did play with the other children in the harem. It's not like I was constantly being fucked. I was valuable property to the harem owners. I was an excellent student in the erotic arts and they could charge top dollar for my time." I held my hand up when Jareth opened his mouth for an obviously angry retort. "I'll stop telling you my story," I warned. "I realize now you don't approve but, it was my life and the only one I knew. I was content for the most part."

Jareth subsided with grumbles and folded his arms across his chest. He was not happy, but I could see curiosity in his eyes as to how I ended up in the position to be employed by Mayhem. One of the skills that I learned in the harem was the ability to read people's moods and adjust my own reactions accordingly. Being a good harem slave involved more than just spreading your legs or opening your mouth. You had to anticipate the needs of your clients and give them what they wanted before they thought to ask for it.

"The harem owners had a policy of casting a desirability spell on all the sexual slaves to make the patrons want us more. Makes good money sense when you think of it. My people have a natural ability to use magic, but they also have a natural immunity to certain magics. I'm a little odd in that spells are hard for me to learn, and I don't seem to have immunity to most magics. Basically, believing it would weaken over time as it did with all the other slaves, the harem owners had the sexuality spell cast on me repeatedly, except the initial one had never worn off. The owners noticed after about the fourth time that there was something wrong. By then, it was too late, and the magic couldn't be undone. All those spells were cumulative. I had been turned into a living sex object."

"When I hit puberty, my gift for changing my form manifested. Being able to do that was unheard of. My value quadrupled. Patrons came to the harem specifically for me. They would have even without the desirability spell being so strong. If you wanted to have sex with a merman or a centaur or any other thing, I was your guy. I was very pampered. I was even allowed to refuse anyone I wanted," I said with a fond smile.

"Sounds just peachy keen. It's a wonder you wanted to leave if things were that pleasant for you," Jareth muttered more to himself than to me. I ignored his comment and continued with my story.

"One of my aunts, a necromancer, never believed I was dead. She'd never been able to contact me through necromancy, so she knew I was still alive. She spent years looking for me through private individuals, spells, visions, and conversations with the dead. She was one of Sinn's teachers and somehow managed to convince him to travel to Vickles to a place she saw in a vision. She gave him all the money she had and insisted that he buy me. She was positive that I was her missing nephew. The price was crazy, but Sinn bought me. Good thing he was still the crown prince then, or he wouldn't have been able to afford me. I was fifteen at the time. He's also the one who made the choker that dampens the desire I give off from the spells." I gestured to the band of metal that circled my throat.

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~Jareth~

I sat in my seat and simply stared at Liron. The things he had been through made my blood boil. The utter wrongness of the things that were done to him sexually as a child made me want to tear those harem owners to pieces. To use a child like that... I was beyond disgusted. Not with Liron. He was blameless. The owners of the harem and the patrons who paid money to have a child pleasure them were an entirely different story.

Knowing it was wrong on all sorts of levels yet hearing that Liron was the equivalent of a live sex doll kicked my sexual senses into overdrive. He would make a phenomenal Passion Flower for me. I could feel the need for a sexual feed growing in me. I was more than a little appalled with myself. Taking advantage of him sexually after what I just learned would be so very wrong. Things like this made me think the universe was out to torment me.



"Why did you agree to be my bodyguard when you knew I would also like you to serve as my Passion Flower? I'd think that would be too much like being a pleasure slave again for you to even contemplate it."

Liron sighed and ran his hand through his shoulder length hair. He looked annoyed with the question, yet I had no idea why. I thought it was a perfectly logical thing for me to ask.

"Why does everybody assume that because I was a pleasure slave for twelve years that I don't like sex? I love sex. I miss fucking every day. That desirability spell works both ways. It makes me damn near irresistible to others as well as making me very aware of the interest of others in me. The spell makes me want to fuck when I know somebody is interested in me. There's only so much relief you can get from jerking off. I was hoping you'd stir my interest. I've been going through a bit of a dry spell lately."

Liron caught me completely off guard with his answer. His frank attitude was something I didn't come across too often with regards to sex. The very idea that he took this assignment in the hopes that he'd get laid on a regular basis spiked the need moving through me. I'd yet to take a blood feed from him, but considering how tied that was to the sexual feeding and the fact that he'd just told me he wanted to get laid...

I gave a low growl. "Are you saying you'll let me feed from you sexually, too?"

"Depends. Look, I'll be very up front here. I want to get laid on a regular basis. I probably could have on the space station, but I would have had to change forms. I don't mind that, and it adds a certain kink to some encounters, but I don't like it as a steady diet."

"I'm not sure I follow you," I said, a little puzzled. Liron was a beautiful man. He aroused me just by sitting there. Part of that was probably the spell he told me about, but a good portion of it was just the man himself.

"Um... I'm kinda on the large side. I've also been told I look like a demon with these wings of mine. I frighten potential partners, both male and female."

"Why do you frighten them? The wings? Your height? Do you scowl or something?" I asked curiously. I just couldn't see what was so scary about Liron.

Liron gave me a look. When I only returned his gaze and waited, he stood up and walked to where I sat. He towered over me and seemed to be waiting for some kind of reaction. When I didn't flinch, press back in my seat or react however it was that he expected, he sighed, and a smile quirked his lips.

"Guy to guy, Jareth, what do you think I am based on just my appearance?"

"I'm not sure..." I began.

"Am I top or bottom based on how I look? What's your guess?" Liron asked as he spread his wings out as far as he could within the confines of the room. I was guessing his wing span had to be close to seventeen feet.

I carefully looked him over. He was wearing form fitting pants and a vest that left a lot of flesh exposed. His body was a spectacular sculpture of hard planes and clearly defined muscles. His skin was a coppery color, and I couldn't see any scars on his exposed arms and chest. A kinky portion of my soul loved the dark, green-brown leathery wings. I'd never had a lover with wings. I liked what I saw very much. My gaze lingered on his crotch, and I found myself wondering what he would look like naked and aroused. The bulge he had was a good size, and I felt my heart-rate speed up thinking about his cock.

"Jareth? Top or bottom?" Liron prodded.

"Whatever the other person wants you to be," I found myself answering.

Liron looked a little startled. He folded his wings back and narrowed his eyes at me. "Are you using some freaky mind shit on me?"

"No, it just seemed to be the right thing to say. Are you whatever someone wants you to be?"

"Yeah. I prefer to bottom, but I will top a guy if he wants. It doesn't happen often though. Unless the guy is... adventurous."

"Adventurous, eh? Why Liron, are you telling me you're big all over?" I teased. I'd assumed he was proportional. I was pleased my assumption was correct.

Liron smirked and shocked me by undoing his pants and stroking himself briefly before drawing his now erect cock out. I knew I couldn't keep the surprised look from my face. A thread of curiosity wound through me at what it would feel like to have something that size inside me. I felt my fangs throb and start to descend.

"I'm about average size for my people in both height and equipment size. I'm huge compared to most humanoids. Rune got all us guardsmen hammered one night and had a cock measuring contest. Word to the wise, don't ever drink with that woman. It just leads to all kinds of trouble, arrest, fines, and possible banning from entire cities."

I snorted with laughter at that. This Rune woman sounded like fun. Liron smiled and continued to stroke himself absently. My eyes were drawn to the motion of his hand, and I felt the need to feed rise higher.

"So, what was the result of this contest?" I asked as I tried to ignore the erotic sight right at my eye level.

"I wasn't the biggest. Gis was. Man, has he got a beautiful cock. Too bad male sex is so taboo in Felrou. I would've loved to feel him up my ass. Actually, seeing all that hard cock when I'd been having this dry spell was torture. Rune says I'm fifteen inches. She was quite impressed."

I watched Liron stroke himself and knew he wasn't doing it consciously now. He was simply a very sexually responsive man, and he only did what instinct demanded of him. I didn't think he realized what seeing him masturbate would do to me. Only a millennia worth of iron control kept me from lunging at him and pinning him to the floor while I satisfied my needs. "Liron, if you keep doing that, I'm going to have to feed from you and for more than just blood. I only have so much restraint."

He looked startled for a moment and stopped stroking himself. I could feel my fangs rub against the insides of my lips and my cock harden and ache. I wanted to feed. I hadn't had blood or sexual energy that day, and it was now playing havoc on my control. I could smell Liron's growing arousal, and that was turning me on. My arousal triggered my desire for blood and sexual energy. I'd need to feed shortly, and keeping that hunger in check when I had a feast right in front of me almost begging me to indulge my desires strained even my control.

"Do you need to feed right now? How often do you feed?"

"I want to feed right now. I don't need to, at least not yet. I was going to wait until after this meeting, but it's probably not a good idea for me to show up to the meeting with my hunger as apparent as it is now."

Liron managed to look a little sheepish, and I wondered why. He looked down, and I watched in fascination as a light blush crept into his cheeks. He cleared his throat and looked embarrassed. "I'm sorry, Jareth. I didn't mean to... well... make you hungry like that. It was pretty unprofessional of me. I just... I mean..." He sighed and finally looked me in the eyes.

"Jareth, I'm used to intimidating people just by being me. I'm not used to guys returning my sexual interest so openly since my time as a pleasure slave. At least, not while I look like this. After all that time in the harem and the effect of the spell, I can tell when I'm desired. It's a pretty good feeling to know somebody wants me. But you also want me like this with no kinky transformed shit."

I rose from my seat and stood in front of Liron. I reached out and touched his chest with just my fingertips. Warmth radiated from him, and I stroked my hand across his chest. My eyes closed as my sharpened senses allowed me to hear his increased heartbeat, to smell the rich blood flowing just under the thin barrier of skin and to taste the arousal he was giving off on my tongue. "Will you let me feed from you for more than blood, Liron? I need to know before I do anything. It's very difficult for me to stop once I've started."

"You can't take a lot from me right now. I can't be weak and still do the job you hired me to do," he warned.

"I'll only take enough to ease the craving. I can take more blood and sexual energy later if you're willing."

"What about the sex part? The feeding on it, I mean. How's that work?" Liron asked with curiosity and excitement in his voice.

"You'll feel like you've had the best orgasm of your life. You probably won't be able to get an erection for awhile afterward though."

"I wouldn't put money on that," Liron said with a laugh. "But since I don't need or want a hard-on while I'm working, that sounds fine by me. Your room or mine, Jareth?" Liron asked as he tucked himself back into his pants.

I couldn't help the smile on my face. I turned and started down the hall, back toward the berths of the ship. The autopilot would get us where we needed to be and hold orbit until I changed the commands. Liron followed me to my room and palmed the door closed behind him. He started to strip as he walked toward me. I raised my eyebrow at him and got a cheeky smile.

"I'm horny. You're hungry and horny. We don't have a lot of time, and I don't think either of us wants to spend time with a slow session. We can do that some other time if you want. Right now, we both need to fuck. How do we do this feeding thing? It wasn't exactly covered in my harem training."

"Just regular sex, Liron. I'll feed off the sexual energy of the act. For the blood, I'll probably bite you when I'm close to orgasm. Blood feeding produces sexual feelings in me as well as in whomever I'm feeding from. Taking blood during sex makes for a richer feed for me. Not to mention the fact that it'll be good for you, too."

"Okay, let's get started then."

Arousal spiraled through me. Liron was a beautiful man, and he was refreshingly frank about his needs. I knew at that moment that we'd get along exceptionally well together. I shed my clothes, not caring where they fell. I stood before Liron and let him look his fill. I knew I was pleasing to the eyes. I'd been told so by many of my former bed-mates.

My hair was a sleek brown so dark as to be mistaken for black. I was pale but had a nicely toned body. I'd been told I had the looks of a model although I didn't see it. I could admit to being handsome and recalled one bed partner telling me I had a mouth made for doing sinful things. I thought my eyes were my best feature; they were a very dark brown that held a tinge of red, giving them an otherworldly glow. I saw Liron's eyes widen as he looked at me and wondered what surprised him. "Liron?" I asked when he continued to stare at me.

"Sorry, Jareth. I've never seen a cock like yours before."

I blinked in surprise and looked down at myself. I wasn't the size of Liron, but I was nicely hung. Actually, I'd never seen anyone Liron's size. If he was average in size for his species, I wasn't sure what it was about my cock that he'd never seen before.

"You're going to have to tell me what's different about my cock, Liron."

"Well, I read about it and I've seen pictures, but I've never seen a real one."

"A real what?" I asked, starting to feel a little self-conscious.

"Rune said I'd probably get a kick out of sucking an uncut dick. I had to look that up because I had no clue what she was talking about. She had no idea that this is the way a Daehel cock looks like from birth. This is so cool," Liron said in an excited voice as he dropped to his knees in front of me and stroked his fingertips over my cock gently.

I shivered at the delicate touch. Liron gently pulled the foreskin back and rubbed the pad of his thumb across the head. I groaned and felt my nipples tighten into hard little buds. The head and part of the shaft of my cock covered by the foreskin was very sensitive to touch. I immediately fell in love with the soft touch of his fingers. I moaned when he closed his mouth over the head. He played his tongue over me before backing off. Liron let the skin slide forward again and leaned in to dip his tongue between the fold of skin and head of my cock.

"Oh, fuck," I breathed as my skin tingled where his tongue teased.

I felt him smile and looked down to watch him suck my cock. His fingers glided over my cock, pulling and releasing the skin. He seemed utterly fascinated with my foreskin. He stroked his fingers over it, pulling and playing with the loose skin and driving me pleasantly crazy. For someone who had never seen a cock with a foreskin before, he was an amazingly fast learner in what to do with it to give me pleasure.

"It's so soft," Liron said as he stroked and played with the skin, happy as a kid with a new toy.

I shuddered when his tongue curled around the head again and sucked in a sharp breath. I ran my fingers through his hair and pulled him off me a little. He looked at me with a question in his eyes. "It's really sensitive, Liron. That feels fantastic, but I can't stand that much pleasure for very long."

The slow, sensual smile he gave me was breathtaking. He moved his mouth back over my cock, pulling the foreskin back. Wet heat engulfed the head and slipped down the shaft. My breath caught as Liron took all of me into his mouth and down his throat. I both heard and felt the growl of pleasure from him and answered with one of my own. I felt my fangs lengthen and I ran my tongue over them, enjoying the erotic feel. Liron began leisurely moving his mouth over my cock. His large hands gripped my hips and encouraged me to pump his mouth. My fingers were still tangled in his soft hair, and I groaned at the feel of his mouth on me and the silky softness of his hair under my fingers. I wanted to protest when he slowly backed off my cock.

"Lube? I can get myself ready while I suck you," Liron said in a husky voice as his eyes kept wandering to my cock.

I moved away from him to retrieve the lube from the dresser. I was back in front of Liron before he would've even had time to register that I'd moved. He looked a little startled when I handed him the lube, but he recovered quickly. I figured he'd have a question about that little move later. I watched intently as he slicked his fingers and moved them between his legs. His soft sigh of pleasure was one of the most erotic noises I'd ever heard. Liron leaned forward and groaned his delight when he took my cock back in his mouth.

His tongue teased and stroked around the sensitive head, making me gasp. When he hollowed his cheeks to suck, I couldn't help the little thrusts of my hips. He hadn't exaggerated his claim of being an excellent student of the erotic arts. The man was damn gifted with his mouth. My balls started to pull snug to my body and I knew my peak was fast approaching if I didn't stop him soon. I pulled back from his mouth, and he protested. I smirked. I think Liron liked sucking my cock.

"Get on the bed. Can you lie on your back without hurting yourself?" I asked as I gestured vaguely to his wings.

He nodded and removed his fingers from his body with a little shiver. He lay back on the bed with his wings slightly stretched out. He braced his feet and spread his legs. The hand still slick with lube pressed back between his legs. Liron cupped his balls with one hand and held them out of the way so I could watch as he slipped the fingers of his other hand in and out of his ass.

I began to stroke my cock in time with the arousing sight of him fingering himself. A groan of need left Liron as he watched me jerk myself, and his hips began to pump slowly. As his hips pumped, his wings would twitch as if he wanted to flap them. I wondered briefly if he could fly and have sex at the same time. The rich color of his eyes seemed to flare, entrancing me. The green bled out across his copper cheeks. He panted harshly when he pulled his fingers free of his body.

"Jareth, I want..." he moaned as he fixed his eyes on my cock.

I moved between his spread legs and grabbed the lube that had dropped beside him, coating my cock and pressing it against his slicked hole. Liron moaned in pleasure as I pushed inside him. My cock sank in smoothly, and I closed my eyes at the feel of his tight heat clenching my dick. I remained motionless for several seconds before I opened my eyes and stared at him with growing lust.

"Oh, fuck that feels good," Liron groaned as his lube slicked hand closed around his erection and started to stroke.

I hissed a reply as I began to move in and out of his ass. He jerked his hips with every thrust of mine, and his free hand ghosted over my chest. Every now and again, his wings would shake when I thrust into him, accompanied by a low, desire filled moan. I gave a little growl of

pleasure when his fingertips grazed my nipples. Instantly, he reacted by pinching and plucking at them. That pulled a deep groan of pleasure from me and made me speed up my thrusts.

"Oh, yeah. That's it, Jareth. Faster. I'm gonna come," Liron panted as he jerked himself hard.

I did as he demanded and quickened my pace. Moans and garbled words of pleasure fell from his lips. I watched him intently, senses alert for the slightest catch in his breath and sudden tension in his big body that would tell me seconds before his peak caught him. As much as I wanted to, I wouldn't feed from him at the moment of orgasm. Control was too easy to lose with that much richness running through the blood. Liron's wings spread as much as possible on the small bunk, scraping the wall on one side and spreading over the floor on the other. Sexual energy rushed into my body, and the need to feed whipped through me. Liron's back arched, and he cried out in pleasure as his cock pulsed in his hand. His wings moved erratically as he came, twitching and shaking with every pulse of his cock. It was an intensely erotic thing to watch.

My fangs throbbed, and I knew my own release was only moments away. I stared at Liron and gave a little snarl of frustration as I realized that I couldn't reach the big vein in his throat. I could hear the pounding of his heart under the soft moans of completion and drew my head back to strike. I sank my fangs into his chest over his heart and dimly heard Liron's startled gasp turn into a whimper of ecstasy.

I sucked strongly as my fangs extended to their full length. Liron's coppery, spicy blood filled my mouth, and I greedily swallowed. I pumped my hips one last time and let my orgasm rush through me as his blood hit my stomach. A groan of delight rumbled in my chest as the oxygen and pleasure-rich blood flowed into me. The magic in Liron's blood swamped my senses and made my head spin. I felt my control slip and was powerless to stop myself from gripping Liron with nearly bone-crushing force. He grunted in pain and covered my hands with his. I dimly heard him call my name. Still, I fed from him, reveling in the high that was better and harder hitting than any drug I'd ever tried.

I forced myself to stop feeding before I gorged myself and drained Liron dry. My head felt light, and sounds were very distant. I could hear Liron as if he was speaking from the far end of a long tunnel, and my vision started to blur. I tried to move but instead collapsed bonelessly over Liron's chest as blackness steamrolled over me.

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~Liron~

As fast as it had been, Jareth was one of the best fucks of my life, and that was saying a lot. If it was going to be this good every time, I was going to have to think about paying him for the privilege of screwing him. He collapsed over my chest, and all his muscles went slack. My hips and arms ached where Jareth had gripped me. I could almost feel the nasty bruises forming, but it had been very much worth it. I'd no idea Jareth was so strong. I let him lie on me and tried to catch my breath. I felt a little light headed but completely relaxed. Jareth's bite had felt so good I

was surprised I hadn't come again from it. I skimmed a hand over Jareth's back and noticed then that he didn't seem to be breathing.

"Jareth?" I called as I pushed his dark hair away from his face.

He didn't respond, and there was no tell-tale rise and fall of his chest. I shifted him off my chest onto his back and sucked in a quick breath at the feel of him leaving my ass. My body still hummed with the pleasure he had given me. If it hadn't been for the tiny fact that he wasn't breathing, I could've happily let him stay where he was.

"Jareth?"

He still didn't respond and I was starting to get worried. I felt for a pulse at his throat and couldn't find one. Unease started to wind through me. I pressed my ear to his chest and listened for a heartbeat but heard nothing. Dread flooded my system along with the beginnings of panic. I didn't know what went wrong, but I'd just killed my employer by having sex with him. Unless he really was one of the un-dead and this was normal for him.

Fuck.

I got up from the bed and paced back and forth. My eyes kept darting to the bed where Jareth lay. I wasn't sure what to do. Nothing like this had ever happened in the harem, and Mayhem didn't exactly have instructions on what to do if you fucked your client to death. I knew I needed to call in, but I was oddly reluctant to leave Jareth just lying there. I stood over his still form and bit my lip in indecision.

I nearly jumped out of my skin when Jareth groaned and opened his eyes. "Fuck, that was good," he said in a husky voice as his gaze met mine. His eyes were completely red, and his fangs longer than I would have expected.

"Jareth, you're okay," I said with relief plain in my voice. "You scared the shit outta me. I thought I'd killed you."

I knelt on the floor and placed my hand over his heart, relieved beyond belief that I felt a steady thumping.

"What? Why?" he asked lazily as he brushed a hand over my cheek.

"You weren't breathing. You had no pulse and no heartbeat. You were lying there like a corpse."

"Oh. That. Sorry," he said softly. "I was stupid and took heart blood from you. That always knocks me for a loop, and your blood has the extra kick of magic in it. Think of it like getting really drunk and passing out. I also took more than I planned. How are you feeling?"

"A little light headed but okay. Jareth, you weren't breathing. No heartbeat. No pulse. That's more than passing out drunk. That usually means dead. Or are you the living dead?"



Jareth laughed and pulled me effortlessly to him. I couldn't keep the surprise from my face. I was three hundred pounds of solid muscle yet he moved me around as if I weighed no more than a child. He ducked his head and licked at the puncture wounds on my chest and sighed with pleasure. I felt my cock try to stir to life from the simple touch of his tongue on my chest.

"No, I'm not dead. But if I get overwhelmed when I feed, my body will drop into a hibernation state for several minutes or even half an hour to deal with it. That usually only happens if I drain someone dry, but I haven't done that in very long time. I feel great now."

"You coulda warned me," I said with a scowl.

"I never even thought about it. I haven't slipped into that state in a long time. I'll be more careful in the future. I couldn't reach the vein in your throat and, at that point, I just needed to feed, so I aimed for the closest spot. You've got some potent stuff flowing through your veins," Jareth said as he stroked a hand down my hip.

I couldn't help but wince at the touch and Jareth frowned when he saw the finger marks that were fast becoming ugly bruises. He cast a critical eye over my body and scowled at the marks left by his fingers.

"You're very bad for my control, Liron. Next time, tell me when I get that rough. I'm usually very good about watching my strength. I could have broken bones."

I looked at Jareth in surprise. I again wondered just how strong he was. I also wondered what else was unique about him, aside from being phenomenal in the sack. "Break bones? How strong are you, and if you're that strong, why do you need a bodyguard?"

"If I want to, I can lift a car easily. I'm not immortal, Liron. If someone catches me in a weak moment, I can be killed. I've learned a few things in the millennium I've been alive. One of those things is the fact that I'd like to continue to live a little longer."

"Millennium? How old are you, Jareth?" I asked as I stared at the man who I would swear was in his thirties.

"I stopped counting after three thousand or so. Somewhere around four and a half or five thousand, I think. I'm robbing the cradle with you, aren't I?" he asked with a laugh as he drew my head down for a fast kiss.

I couldn't help it. I burst out laughing and kissed him back. I just couldn't believe my good fortune. I was getting paid to bang a beautiful man who wasn't afraid or intimidated by me and was attracted to me just as I was. Some days, Lady Luck just showered me with attention.

Slave to the Blood  
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