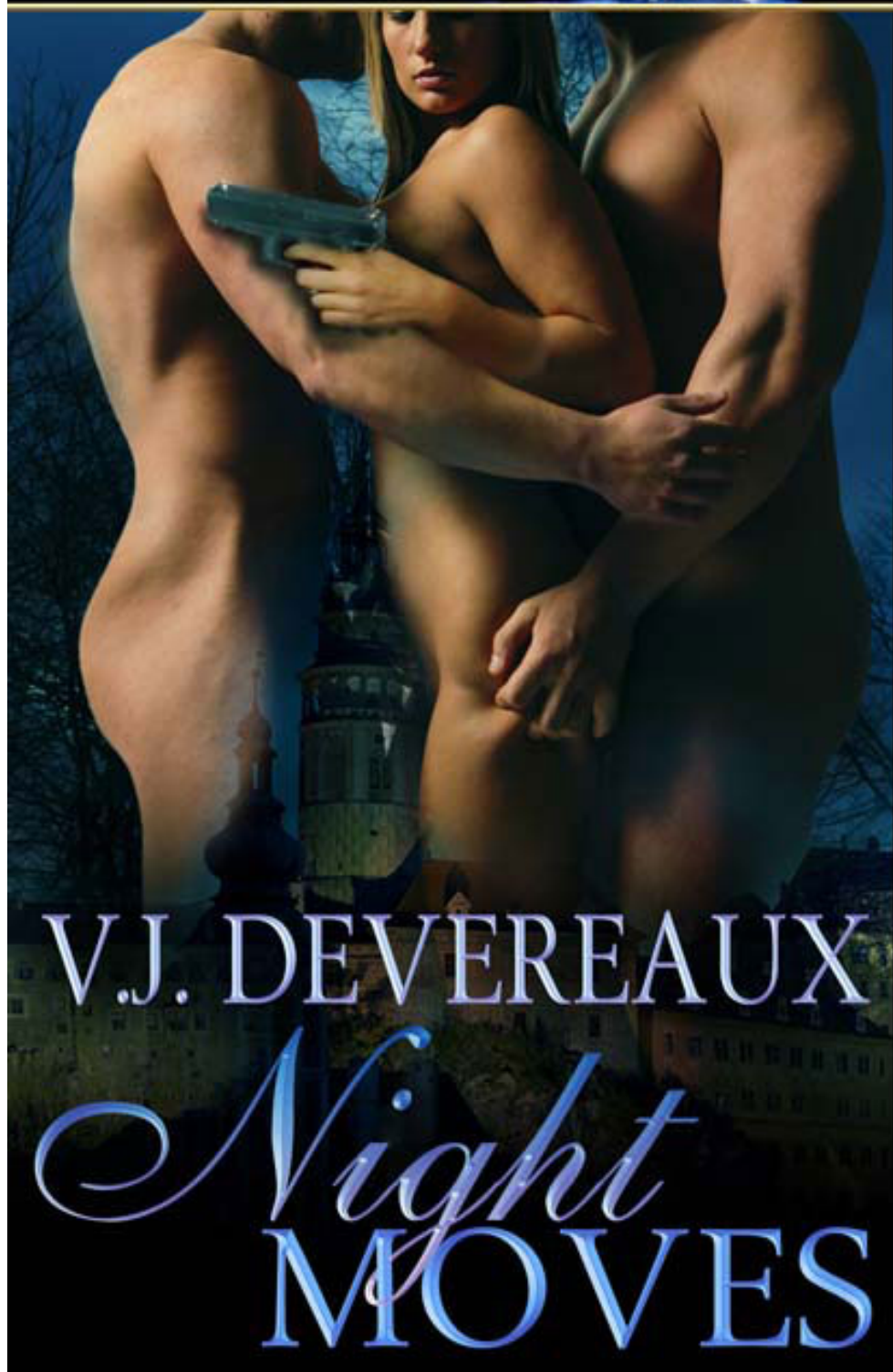


ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



V.J. DEVEREAUX
Night
MOVES

Night Moves

V.J. Devereaux

With her unglamorous job, crappy hours and limited choices, Rafaela finds herself reduced to internet dating. She just wants to meet a man she considers even remotely interesting. Or satisfying.

Her latest match-up is tall, dark and handsome Michael. He and his cousin and companion, Nico—gorgeous must be a family trait—are vampires. They're getting tired of constantly hunting for a good meal and good sex. Too many complications. Too much danger of discovery.

They have decided to offer one woman—the right woman—an interesting proposition. An offer that just might fulfill all of Rafaela's wildest fantasies.

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Night Moves

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NIGHT MOVES

V.J. Devereaux

Dedication

To my Father. I wish he could have seen this. And to Trey, my cat of 21 years, who died in my arms while I wrote this.

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Chapter One

Unlike her last internet date, she was meeting this man in a high-class bar. It was dark, as all bars were, but there was no plastic. The accents were brass, not chrome, and the bar was real wood—soft, warm wood. That was promising. Even better, they had a piano player softly singing old standards as background music, not Muzak or vapid fake jazz.

Raphaela—Rafi to her friends—walked into the room confidently, negligently tossing her chestnut hair over her shoulder, hoping to hide any indication of uncertainty.

She wasn't intimidated by the luxurious surroundings, or even the circumstances. Not really. Though some considered her job blue collar, that didn't mean she couldn't handle herself in these circumstances. She was pretty certain she could handle most situations, certainly in a place like this.

Nor was she uncomfortable with men's eyes on her. She had gotten used to that about the time she had grown breasts. While she had been something of an early bloomer, she had bloomed very...healthily...as someone had put it. She didn't have a problem with it. She liked sex a lot more than most, it seemed. But sometimes men forgot that there was a woman attached to the body, a person.

What was worse though was that it sometimes seemed as if one man weren't enough to satisfy her. She was affectionate by nature and that had become a liability, rather than a bonus. Her love life hadn't been stellar lately and her choices were a bit limited. Her hours were unpredictable and her job not very glamorous.

Internet dating had helped to narrow down the options, except when people lied. They lied a lot. They posted ten-year-old pictures, took off coke-bottle glasses. How could you start any kind of relationship well when you started it with a lie, a lie that

indicated that you didn't like yourself that much? A few extra pounds did not mean looking as if you were trying to smuggle a basketball under your shirt.

Frankly, she was getting a bit tired of it all but she was lonely and there were days when it would be nice to have someone to come home to. And to play with. She was normal, more or less, and healthy, with a slightly overactive sex drive. She smiled a little at the thought.

Still, what was a girl to do? She wouldn't meet anyone remotely interesting any other way.

There was the usual assortment of businessmen of various heights and sizes sitting around the bar, one or two who looked intriguing and were probably married. She wouldn't mind making a little conversation though, if this didn't work out. Intelligent conversation.

One of her favorite songs was playing as she made her way to the bar, sat and ordered a drink.

Michael watched her walk into the bar, pleased to find that there were no surprises there. She was exactly as advertised. If anything, the picture didn't quite do her justice. The camera couldn't capture that slight air of wry amusement. While she wasn't classically beautiful, she was lovely, her eyes very pretty, bright and curious. Those pretty eyes were blue, a little stormy, her mouth finely shaped and firm.

She moved in rhythm to the music, her hips swaying, a small smile playing on her lips as she walked to the bar. He liked that too.

Her body?

He sighed in pure pleasure. That was very nice, just shy of hourglass, her breasts high and firm, hips rounded but tight, proportional. The dress was marvelous—fluid silk in a color to match those incredible eyes. It shifted over her body as she walked, the neckline revealing enough of her breasts to entice. Her legs were phenomenal, shapely and well muscled, with a dancer's taut calves.

According to her online profile, she had eclectic tastes—everything from music to literature. That was important. He liked well-rounded women. He had to be able to talk to them. She liked almost everything he liked—most music but not the kinds he loathed, had read everything from the classics to fantasy and admitted to liking romance novels rather than acting as if she were ashamed of reading them. She seemed fairly open-minded as well as honest. That was also important.

Overall, he liked what he saw. Now, if only he liked what was inside the skin. He watched as she leaned an elbow on the bar to wait.

Michael walked toward the bar as she turned to see him coming.

Now, Rafi thought, that is very nice.

He was tall, a little shy of six feet or thereabouts, with a thick head of wavy black hair that fell nearly to his shoulders. A little long by today's standards but at least he hadn't buzzed it all off as so many men did these days. She didn't want to run her fingers through something that felt like a horsehair sofa or a plush doll, she wanted to run her fingers through hair...and that was hair to run your fingers through.

Then there were his eyes, a brighter blue than her own, beautiful. His mouth was a little full, sensual. His features were aristocratic, his nose slightly aquiline. But that mouth...had she mentioned that she really liked his mouth?

He was undeniably handsome. Then there was his body. She took a breath. He moved loosely, easily, gracefully. That was very promising. Men who moved that well vertically tended to move that well horizontally too. There was a hint of muscle beneath the dress shirt, the suit fitting him beautifully, obviously tailored. She couldn't help but wonder what he looked like naked. What was hiding underneath that marvelously fitted shirt? She wouldn't mind running her hands over that crisp material to feel if those muscles were real.

Sex just seemed to pour off him, from the light in his eyes to the way he stood, the way he moved.

A rush of heat went through her. Maybe she'd get the chance to find out. There was a strong resemblance to the picture on the internet. She'd hit the jackpot. He was walking straight toward her.

It seemed that he was her date.

This would be interesting.

Michael wondered what had amused her, her lips curving in a smile, eyes lighting as he walked toward her.

Tilting her head sideways a little, she smiled more brilliantly, offering her hand, "Michael Niculescu?"

When she smiled, she went from lovely to truly beautiful in an instant and his heart caught a little.

She surprised him by not mangling his last name. Another point in her favor.

Michael smiled too, inclining his head a little in acknowledgement. "Then you would be Raphaella Carteret?"

Those stormy blue eyes assessed him for a fraction of a second.

Rafi was accustomed to making quick appraisals of people, it was necessary in her line of work.

He was handsome but not arrogant about it. There was pride, dignity without conceit, and strength underneath it all. Not just physical strength, although she suspected that he was far stronger than he looked. There was definitely muscle beneath that shirt. To her astonishment, she sensed honor and strength of character in him. This wasn't a man who trifled...or one to trifle with.

His voice was marvelous, just a little deep, with the faintest trace of an accent. Her heart fluttered a little. Still...

"My friends call me Rafi," she said, intrigued.

Lifting her hand to his lips in a courtly gesture that didn't look stupid on him at all, he looked at her with those sexy blue eyes.

His warm lips on her skin sent a burst of heat through her.

“So, Rafi,” Michael asked, a rush going through him, “am I to be a friend, then?”

He watched as her lips twitched in response to the look in his eyes and to his mouth lightly brushing her knuckles.

“Oh, there’s a strong possibility of it,” she said, her eyes twinkling.

Michael very much liked that light in her eyes.

He also liked the slender curve of her throat, the way her hair fell back over it, the way she sat so straightly, so elegantly. So many American women slumped unattractively, most didn’t know how to walk properly either, clumping around in their expensive, uncomfortable designer shoes.

“Will you join me?” he asked, gesturing toward a table by the windows then nodding to the waiter.

No sooner had she sat down than the waiter arrived with champagne in a bucket. He poured the sparkling beverage into their glasses and left. Lifting her glass, she nodded to Michael and took a sip, sighing with pleasure at the taste. He had ordered some very good champagne, very expensive champagne and wondered at her reaction.

She looked at him, one eyebrow lifting.

The look in her eyes was far too wise, that mobile mouth twitching again. She was on to him already, refusing to be impressed by show.

“Oh, I like you,” he said, watching her expression turn impish, a smile brightening her pretty eyes again.

She had a lovely and engaging smile, truly beautiful.

Michael had watched her eyelids flutter at the taste of the wine, watched her savor it and was heartened even more. She was expressive and a sensualist. Even better.

As always in this country, a television played above the bar despite the piano player. Michael lifted his chin to indicate it.

The latest news ran in a scroll across the screen.

He made a comment about the current political situation and she responded quickly, intelligently, with quiet heat. Points for all three, especially the passion. That boded well too.

It was difficult to talk to some women, they seemed to gauge their responses to his. Rafi was forthright and honest. It made for a refreshing change.

Passion, though, was passion. To be passionate about anything meant there was the possibility to be passionate about many things.

He liked her quick smiles, the way her eyes sparkled when she talked, the way she would touch the back of his hand or his arm to make a point.

Rafi hadn't had the opportunity to talk like this in ages and, although the champagne had loosened her tongue a little, there were definitely sparks flying between them.

The conversation wandered until the piano player began to play *As Time Goes By*.

"Dance with me?" Michael asked, his eyes level on hers.

A small curl of warmth went through her at the thought. While the bar wasn't really designed for dancing, the music definitely was.

There was just enough space by the piano. She smiled as he stood and offered his hand. Taking it, she allowed him to swing her into his arms as the old romantic tune played. He danced beautifully, his hand firmly against her lower back, pulling her against him. Rafi's throat tightened as his breath fluttered over her neck and shoulder. She'd learned that a man who danced well usually made love well. He'd just scored major points.

Even in heels, she found herself suddenly aware of her height—or lack thereof—but not in a bad way.

The soft, spicy aroma of his cologne seemed to surround her. Rafi was incredibly conscious of his body moving against hers, of the strong muscle of his shoulder moving

beneath her hand. There was a sense of power in the body that was hidden beneath the crisp white shirt and dark suit. Every part of her was aware of him.

A rush of heat went through her as his lips touched her throat before brushing softly against her ear. She shivered a little, closing her eyes with a sigh, her pulse beating rapidly.

When she opened her eyes, he was looking into them, his brilliant blue eyes intense. Her pulse beat a little faster as his mouth lowered to hers. The kiss was warm, marvelous. He tasted lightly of the champagne. He could definitely kiss, his lips alternately firm and soft, his tongue exploring her, tasting her as well.

Breathing in, Michael found the scent of her skin to be soft, sweet. She moved gracefully as they danced, unconsciously enticing, her hips sliding against his in rhythm to the music. Michael hardened pleasantly just at that. Very nice.

Carefully, he lowered his head to her throat to brush his mouth gently against it. Her pulse beat strongly and rapidly beneath his lips. She shivered and gasped a little.

He closed his eyes and smiled. That responsiveness was another point in her favor. He wanted a woman with passion, desire, one who wasn't afraid to show it.

And when his mouth found hers?

Michael's heart pounded as her lips moved softly, sweetly beneath his. Her heartbeat increased when he drew her closer. She tasted delicious, clean, beneath the crisp tang of the champagne. He loved the feel of her lush body molding against his. It was intoxicating. He had never before responded to a woman with such intensity.

She pulled away a little and he was surprised to find himself feeling a twinge of loss. It shocked him that he wanted her so much and yet he did. After many disappointments, he braced himself for another, looking into those stormy blue eyes.

What he saw there wasn't rejection, but a question.

Deliberately, Rafi drew back, her whole body humming in response to him. When had she felt such electricity in a simple kiss?

Kissing him hadn't been simple, not by a long shot. She swallowed hard, looking into his brilliant blue eyes. Something called to her in his gaze. There was strength in him, not just in his body, a strength she sensed that she could lean on.

It shook her.

Taking a breath, she looked up into his handsome, aristocratic face—evenly, squarely.

He was so beautiful and his body felt wonderful against hers, the sheer power astonishing. She felt a shot of longing, of lust, that went straight to her core. And her heart.

She knew it would be easier to walk away now than it would be later. Much easier for her heart.

"If you're looking for a one-night stand," she said, softly, "I'm not interested."

She'd been there, done that and she was tired of waking up in the morning alone. There were days when it was difficult enough to get up, much less to an empty bed.

"If you're not sure you're interested in a relationship right now," she said, "come talk to me when you've made up your mind. I'm not looking for promises of forever, just honesty."

Looking into her stormy blue eyes Michael almost smiled in relief. He liked and respected her directness. That gaze on his was steady and sure but he could also see in it the vulnerability she hid, even from herself.

"Neither am I," he said.

It was nothing more than the truth. He wanted much, much more.

He drew her gently back into his arms. She felt very good there. With one hand, he brushed back the soft chestnut hair from her face and brought his mouth to hers for another taste of her sweetness and her spice. The taste of her was intoxicating. Already he longed for more.

If it had just been him alone...but it wasn't.

That though was for later, hopefully.

If it had been in him at that moment to pray, he would have.

"Are you hungry, Raffia?" he asked, softly.

The original plan had been for a late dinner, but there was clearly no need for it.

Rafi searched his eyes, smiling at the play on her name. This wasn't a game for him.

That kiss had made her stomach flutter. She was fairly certain she couldn't have eaten a bite, even if the most enticing steak was put in front of her.

"No," she said. "Are you?"

"A little," he admitted, "but I can wait."

Frowning lightly, Rafi said, "Are you sure?"

"Quite," he assured her. "I'm not ready for the evening to be over but I don't know that I want to stay here. Will you walk with me a while?"

She thought the cooler air outside would help her overheated body.

It did and it didn't.

They walked through rain-washed streets, Rafi's arm through Michael's, laughing and talking. She could feel the muscle beneath the shirt, beneath the perfectly tailored suit.

He seemed to enjoy her company, bowing his head now and then to hear her reply.

There were moments when he would unexpectedly swing her into his arms to kiss her senseless and she would feel almost as if she were floating, as if she were...somewhere else.

The first time he did it, it surprised her. Unconsciously she wrapped her hands around his strong wrists as he halted, his unexpected motion bringing her around in front of him as he brought his hands up to cup her face.

By itself, the tenderness of the gesture alone nearly undid her.

His lips touched hers with such obvious delight, such obvious pleasure, that it caught her off guard.

One moment he was laughing and then she was in his arms.

For a moment he drew back to look at her, his hands sliding deeper into her hair, his eyes very intense. The intensity and heat in his gaze set off a firestorm inside her as his mouth settled to hers once again. Every time he did it—looked at her that way—she felt warmer, safer, as though she needed to get closer. He took her mouth deeply as his hands skimmed down her back to pull her closer, to mold her body against his hard one.

She skimmed her hands up into his silky dark hair as his hands settled on her hips. Her body seemed to be one pulse point, throbbing and aching. She had never reacted to a man this strongly, this quickly.

For the first time in a long time, Rafi felt a breath of hope. She had started to become cynical, jaded and she knew it. And hated it.

Rafi found that she didn't care that it was getting late. She wasn't on duty the next day so it didn't matter how late she stayed out. The more they talked the happier she was, the more they kissed, the warmer she got. Excitement raced through her.

They came to a stop and Michael drew her into his arms once again, but this time the intensity and heat of his gaze nearly scorched her as he skimmed a hand into her hair. He studied her face as if memorizing every line of it, seeking something in her expression, in her eyes.

Michael gestured. "My car."

It was a very nice Jaguar, dark green, with soft honey-colored leather inside.

Rafi looked at him, mesmerized.

"If you will trust me," he said, "I would like to show you my home. I like you, Raffia, very much. I want you to come with me."

She looked at him, at his brilliant blue eyes. She couldn't say no. Didn't even consider it. How strange. For a moment she felt disoriented but Michael spoke again and her world righted.

With a slight smile and a small inclination of his head, Michael said quietly, "I can always drive you back, Rafi, or we can call a cab for you."

He wanted her to come far more than he had believed possible. Now, given how intoxicated he was with her, it was rapidly becoming imperative. She was the one.

To his surprise it was nearly dawn. They had walked and talked the night away, which should not have been a surprise. Most of the women he met were far too aware of his wealth. Rafi seemed not to care about anything except Michael Niculescu, the man.

More though, was the feel of her hot mouth beneath his, her sweet body so pliant against his. They fired his blood and made him hunger for her in a way he had never hungered for anyone.

If it were only him, there would be no question.

He wanted it to be tonight. He wanted it to be now. For this one, he could not wait. He really didn't like to enthrall his women, the blood and sex was sweeter when the mind was free, but he'd started on Raphaela as soon as they were alone. At this point, she would do pretty much whatever he wanted. She might question—she possessed a very strong will, which made him worry what would happen when he released her—but she wouldn't resist or fear. Or fight what he planned.

What will his home be like? Rafi wondered.

Michael had classic, old-world manners, a Jaguar and very good taste in champagne. Far more importantly, she enjoyed his company tremendously. She also liked the warmth, the desire in his eyes. She wasn't ready for the night to be over. And she was a good judge of character. She had to be.

Surprisingly, she nodded, feeling very secure in her decision.

The Jag was comfortable. He drove it very competently and just a little fast. Was that normal or was he in a hurry?

Chapter Two

His home wasn't a house, it was a mansion. A very long drive curved around the hillside. The house itself was impressive. Broad marble steps led up to a wide slate patio shaded by a central oak and surrounded by planters of Japanese maples and flowering bushes, all of them softly and indirectly lit. Lights glowed warmly in what appeared to be leaded glass windows. Through one of the windows Rafi glimpsed a two-story library filled with leather-bound books. The front doors were grand, brassbound, of aged, carved oak.

His garage, housing several other high-end sports cars, was larger than most people's houses. Her eyes went to Michael, her lips curving again.

With a small shrug he said, "Perhaps I do have a little bit of spare change here and there."

His eyes twinkled.

She looked at him and laughed, shaking her head. A little spare change? A Jag in the garage, a Maserati, and a Land Rover.

"All right," she said, laughing, "I'll admit it. I'm impressed."

Grinning as he opened the door for her, he said, "Good. I was hoping."

That made her laugh again.

He had the impression that she was not a woman who impressed easily. He liked that about her as well.

"Shouldn't you have servants for that? A butler or something?" she asked, giving him a teasing look as he opened the door.

Much entertained, he said, "I gave him and them the night off."

She looked back at him, raised an eyebrow, her eyes sparkling and said, "Anticipating, were you?"

Oh, she was quick. And very relaxed.

There was challenge in her eyes. Good. He didn't want a puppet.

Michael let his hand slide down to the small of her back to guide her, enjoying the contact while trying not to let his nervousness show. He hoped that she was the woman he thought she was.

He liked the look of her.

Chestnut hair spilled over her shoulder as she glanced back, her blue eyes twinkling intriguingly, her lips curving.

That look alone was fascinating, engaging.

Her heels tapped lightly on the intricately tiled entryway before the Persian wool carpet in the drawing room muffled the sound.

"Let's just say that I was hopeful," he said, smiling, enjoying the banter despite his tension as they walked from the foyer to the drawing room.

A laugh rang out, startling Rafi. "Oh, I do like her, Michael. She'll do very well."

She turned to find they weren't alone.

Holding up a hand, Michael said soothingly, "Raffia, don't be alarmed. This is my cousin, Nicholas. Nico, Rafi."

A leaner version of Michael, Nicholas' eyes were a long-lashed dark brown rather than brilliant blue. He was just as handsome, his hair the same—thick, dark and wavy. He was as aristocratic in looks and bearing as Michael though his features weren't quite as aquiline. A glass of dark red wine, a Merlot or Bordeaux, in hand, he stood at the back of the room, eyeing her curiously, as if trying to discern something.

The room was impressive, with heavy wooden furniture that was clearly antique, ancient tapestries decorating the walls and art deco lamps illuminating the room.

Despite the eclectic mix of styles and eras, it all worked. It was lush, plush and appeared surprisingly comfortable.

“Would you like some wine, Raffia?” Nicholas asked. “Or something stronger, perhaps? Please not a puerile white wine.”

“A glass of wine, please,” she said before looking from him to Michael. “If that red is a Merlot or something as rich, a little oaky but not too sweet, I’d like some of it.”

His eyes glinting, Nicholas bowed his head a little.

Michael took her hand and raised it to his lips, smiling.

She smiled back at him, her pulse fluttering.

Dressed more casually than Michael in jeans and a white shirt, Nicholas crossed the floor toward her, a second glass of wine in hand.

Where Michael moved loosely, easily, Nicholas stalked like a tiger and yet Rafi sensed no real threat from him.

There was light tension in the air between them though, an invisible elephant in the room.

Nicholas handed her the glass of wine, bowed slightly with a light smile. There was something in his eyes that she liked. For all his sardonic air she sensed kindness in him. She’d seen more than a few men like him. The ironic tone in his voice was probably a protective device.

She sipped the wine as he walked behind her, leaning near her just a little to breathe in her scent as he went by. A curiously intimate gesture, it somehow made her as intensely aware of him as she was of Michael.

Both were incredibly handsome, very attractive men and her body reacted to them naturally. She felt totally open to them. For once, she felt no restrictions or reservations, feeling that normally ruled her life. Odd but definitely pleasant.

The wine was very good, rich, warming her to her toes.

Looking from one handsome man to the other, Rafi said, "All right, do you want to tell me what this is really all about?"

There was an air of...calculation...about the whole thing. Not that that bothered her much, neither seemed threatening and she rarely went on a date unprepared.

Nicholas burst out laughing and Michael looked nonplussed.

Calmly, Rafi sipped from her glass of wine and lifted an eyebrow, trying not to notice her heart twisting.

The evening had started so well.

"She has you already," Nicholas said, amused as he leaned back against a table.

Shooting Nico a warning look, Michael stared at Rafi intently.

"I want you to know that I liked you from the start and that this is very much about you, Raffia," he said. "About finding the right person. I would very much like that person to be you."

He looked at Nico, who nodded.

More than any other, Nico understood him.

Michael took a breath. This would be the most difficult part.

He liked Rafi very much. She was mercurial, able to go from serious to laughing in the blink of an eye, she was bright and she was beautiful.

Liked her but wanted her more. Much more. Though enthralled, Michael allowed her to reason somewhat, even through the veil. He knew she would not resist but he wanted her to question and learn. He just hoped she would not question too much. That too much fear would not push through. Not tonight.

"We have a proposition for you," he said carefully, trying to find the right words. He didn't want to lose her before they had ever begun.

They had tried before and had learned from hard experience that they needed the right person. Finding her, finding that right person, had proven to be difficult.

His – their – wealth had proven to be a powerful but short-lived aphrodisiac for some women, as he had seen many times over the centuries. He and Nico had little need to work, save to stave off boredom and for the interest their jobs provided them.

Money, however, provided cold companionship as those who loved it rarely had room to love anything, or anyone, else.

It had been painful each time, harder on Nico than on him, something neither of them wished to repeat.

Rafi's eyes were still, watchful, waiting, her gaze moving from one to the other.

It had given him hope that she seemed so unimpressed by it all. This next though, was the hard part.

There was no way to sugarcoat what he needed to say. In the past he had tried euphemisms, had tried to approach it obliquely. None of it had worked.

Michael took a deep breath, looking into her deep blue eyes. And hoped.

Listening, watching him, the earnestness and the care he was taking in choosing the right words, Rafi sighed a little. That wasn't a good start. Her heart twisted a little more.

Propositions though, weren't so bad. Maybe.

She would listen to what they had to say. She liked Michael. More than she should, on such short notice. There was something there, something that made her heart yearn for him and her body ache.

She had liked Nico instantly, his diffidence oddly charming.

"All right," she said, keeping heart and head still for a moment, seeing the intensity in his eyes. "Try me."

"Raffia," Michael said bluntly, "we're both vampires."

There was a long, long, silence.

Vampires?

A little thrill of fear went through her but she had seen and faced a lot in her life.

It wasn't as though vampires were unknown or unheard of.

She looked at them, considering it. In her job at one time or another she had seen it all – the nutcases, the wannabes, the Goths and such.

If you worked the night shift, and she had, then you knew that all myths were based in fact. How accurate those facts were varied.

There were the posers and then there was the real deal. The ones who not only walked the walk but talked the talk. On night shift, you knew about it – vampires, werewolves, zombies and voodoo, all of it. Everyone knew but no one talked about it – not if they wanted to keep their jobs.

There were fakes out there, of course. But not all of them were fakes.

There were parts of the city that even cops stayed out of at certain hours, or certain nights. No one spoke of it, it was just understood.

Vampires and ghouls – a sort of half vampire. Shapeshifters of all kinds. Voodoo and zombies. Walk into any convenience store or bar past a certain hour and you couldn't be sure who or what you'd run in to.

You learned quickly which of the myths were real and which weren't.

Rafi studied them, all of her senses on alert. She relied on instinct and it was usually dependable. Very dependable. She was proof positive of it. She was still alive.

Vampires. Both of them. Two very attractive, very handsome men.

They weren't nutcases, of that she was certain. She didn't know why she was certain, but she was *very* certain.

She wasn't a complete idiot, she'd done her homework before she'd walked into that bar to meet Michael. Just the facts. Enough to assure her that he wasn't a danger to himself or others. There'd been nothing to alarm her. Not even a rumor.

Thoughtfully, she took a breath and went still, looking first at Michael, then Nicholas, an eyebrow lifted doubtfully.

It should be easy enough for them to prove.

With a small shrug and a sigh, Michael smiled a little uncomfortably and let a touch of his hunger show.

There was pain in his eyes.

Rafi watched as his canine teeth slowly lengthened.

She looked toward Nicholas, who shrugged diffidently, smiling faintly as his own teeth lengthened.

It must be the shrugs and sighs that kept her from becoming alarmed. That and the look in their eyes—the obvious pain in Michael’s, the resignation evident in both of them. Nor had either of them instantly leaped to devour her. Although, to her surprise, she found that that wasn’t such a bad proposition, either, coming from these two very handsome men.

In fact, a small thread of warmth went through her at the idea, a trickle of excitement.

She certainly didn’t feel threatened.

If Michael had wanted to harm her, he’d had ample opportunity on their long walk through the deserted streets, or they both could have attacked her as soon as she walked in the door. They hadn’t.

It would have been a lot easier than this.

Whatever it was they wanted must require her consent.

“All right,” she said, slowly, “so, what does that have to do with me?”

Nico looked at her and laughed. “I think we might have chosen well, Michael.”

“Not until you tell me what’s going on,” she said. “And what it is that you want from me.”

Somehow she suspected that she knew, had known from the instant she had heard Nico’s voice and had seen him standing at the back of the room. A strange thrill shivered through her. That was a secret fantasy, one she had never told to anyone.

Where was the fear, the adrenaline rush when she was in danger?

She was used to that in her line of work.

What surprised her was the rush of anticipation instead.

"It's simple," Michael said. "We want a companion who is easy to get along with, whose company we enjoy. It's difficult these days, dangerous even, to find someone who is...willing. Many think they would be. Fewer women than you'd think would actually consider it. If you agree, you would come here to live with us. You will want for nothing. If you like, we could try it for a while, see if you like the arrangement."

We.

Both of them.

A shiver went through her. Once more, that very private fantasy whispered in the back of her mind, sending a shimmer of heat through her.

She looked at him, getting an inkling of what he—*they*—wanted. Her throat tightened a little, his diffidence revealing. That hadn't been her impression of him. From the first she'd suspected that he was a proud man.

"I wanted to speak to you about it now," Michael said, "before emotions become involved and someone is hurt."

His own emotions as well as Nico's and Raffia's.

There had been so much promise in their evening together. Even now, the thought of losing that pained him. He remembered the feel of her mouth beneath his, her lush, limber body against his. How much worse would it hurt if he waited until emotions were more deeply involved? He remembered her directness earlier.

The hunger didn't help.

Unconsciously, Michael licked his lips, running his tongue over his teeth. He took a breath and forced it back. He wasn't a ravening beast, his hunger didn't rule him. If necessary, they could subsist on the blood of animals and had. But it was subsistence at most, a barren existence.

Moving across the floor, Nicholas added, "Michael has a theory."

"And that theory is?" Rafi prompted, watching both of them very carefully.

Michael fought back the hunger that the faint whiff of her flash of fear had raised, bowing his head in the struggle, his jaw tight.

He looked to Nico, who also struggled with it.

This was the part of what he was that he hated, this dependence. He had watched the centuries pass with fascination and wonder, had known and loved many and been loved by them. As had Nico—his cousin, his friend, the one who had stood by him all these years.

"Fear...can be like a spice. Intoxicating. But pleasure is more so. It's richer...deeper...far more satisfying."

Intoxicating. Fear could be that, but it was as empty as a wine bottle once it was drunk.

Just the thought though was enough. Hunger burned in him.

Forcing it back, he took a breath. "We can visit women in their sleep or make them forget but it's...unsatisfying. There are others...the homeless, but..."

In those cases, one had to consider the drugs, alcohol. He sighed.

Michael met her eyes, his own unhappy. "It's not the same."

Rafi was very aware of Nicholas crossing behind her again, his steps slowing, stopping once more to breathe her in, his face close enough to brush her hair. Oddly enough, another small thrill rushed through her. She looked from one to the other, seeing the tension in them, seeing their fangs. She was suddenly very aware that they were predators right now and struggling with it.

Running would not help. Running would make her prey. Some fear was there but she controlled it, looking from one to the other.

"You're both starving," she said, incredulously.

With a sigh, Michael nodded. "Not completely, but close enough."

She looked at Nicholas, whose levity had vanished. Shrugging a little, he nodded.

“And the theory?” she asked, more than a little curious.

She found herself trying not to think of Michael’s strong body against hers when he had been kissing her, or when his mouth had brushed over her throat. He had loosened his tie, taken off his suit jacket and tossed it over the back of the chair. It was far too easy to see what the jacket had hidden.

The thought of him pressing that strong body against her, of his mouth closing over her throat, those teeth sinking in...

A shocking jolt of heat went through her, shooting straight to her core.

With an effort, she tried not to look at Nico. Tried not to think of that long lean body against hers.

As attracted as she was to Michael, she felt a different but very strong attraction to Nico. A hidden fantasy she’d carried around for years. Only this time, here, she didn’t have to deny it, or refuse to act on it.

It seemed that her whole body was suddenly on fire. Her deepest, darkest fantasies might be coming true.

“Pleasure is infinitely more satisfying than fear,” Michael continued, his deep voice dropping seductively. “Better than adoration or less...savory...excitements. Love, affection, those things make everything richer.”

Keeping still, Rafi looked from one man to another, a thrill going through her at the implications of what he was saying.

Both of them.

“The difficulty for us,” Michael said, his eyes lowered, “is that while we enjoy the experience, we can’t have both. We can feed but the moment we do—”

“We can’t fuck,” Nicholas said, bluntly. “The blood goes one place or another. It can’t come in and go south at the same time.”

That *was* a dilemma.

“What about the whole ‘changing into a vampire’ thing?” Rafi asked, half curiously, surprised to find that she was more than considering it, her pulse thudding heavily.

She let out a long, slow breath.

Michael swung around to look at her incredulously. She was almost there or she wouldn’t have asked. Even enthralled, he’d expected a bit more resistance at first.

Ahhh...could this be playing into something she’d thought about before?

“A myth, although there are those who still believe it, who hunt us because of it. Vampire hunters have a much easier job today, with the internet. There have been threats again lately. Another crazy, dangerous man in a never-ending parade of threats. The major reason why it’s better and safer for us to have a single source. They can’t find us as easily. They can’t trace us by who we feed from.”

He sighed.

It had become an increasing problem lately with the resurgence of fundamentalism everywhere. Over the centuries Michael had found that such things went in cycles. Unfortunately, it didn’t make those periods any less dangerous. There had been a woman among those they had tried who’d had second thoughts after being released from thrall. Another who had become too fearful. That was why he was allowing Raffia to question and reason instead of just totally entralling her and taking what they wanted. He didn’t want that to happen again. He wanted her informed and in agreement before he released her. He was increasingly unwilling, as time went by, to take the chance with either Nico’s life or his own. He also hoped it would work in his favor when he released her. Raffia would be very, very angry when she discovered what he’d done. It was a risk he had to take. Even if they lost her...she was special.

The truth was that they were lonely.

It ached in him as he knew it ached in Nico.

They had tried once to separate their lives but had found that they missed each other’s companionship.

A solitary vampire was too vulnerable—another lesson the centuries had taught them.

Michael glanced at Nico, remembering the small, newly orphaned boy trying so hard to be brave who had been put into his care. Something that Michael had taken very seriously.

Both Nico's parents—Nico's mother had been Michael's mother's sister—had been slaughtered in one of the many conflicts that ravaged their homeland in those days.

Times had been harsh then even among the lesser nobility, so Michael had had to share his food and even his bed with the younger boy. Not that it had been much of a trial. The young Nico had hero-worshipped his older cousin, very flattering to a fourteen-year-old just taking up his first real sword. When it had come time for Michael to choose a squire there really had never been any question.

In all the time since, Nico had stood at his back, as Michael had stood at his.

So it had been when they changed.

Turning involved more than drinking the blood of a vampire. He and Nico had not died and been reborn vampire, they had been changed by the blood rite of the knighting ceremony. Their prince had let his blood mix with theirs in the ceremonial cup that contained the ancient wine.

It had been protection of a sort, to know that they could not truly die. That they would rise again.

Michael had never regretted it.

With a gesture, he said, "The bit about drinking a vampire's blood to make the change? That is not how it is done. It simply...preserves you...until you die."

"But the other?" he said, lifting an eyebrow incredulously, amused. "Imagine how many of us there would be if vampires were created the way most think, given the number of people that any vampire must bite to feed?"

There is that, Rafi thought, grinning. Do the math.

"Pleasure though," Michael said slowly, obviously encouraged by her quick grin, "can satisfy us for a long time. You would have two men devoted to you, to your every need."

His brilliant blue eyes fixed on her and her breath caught.

Now she knew for certain what it was he was offering. She stared at him, her eyes widening as breath escaped her once again.

That fantasy whispered in the back of her mind.

"Imagine it," he said softly, "one of us making love to you, touching you, pleasuring you. We can intensify the experience, make it even more pleasurable."

The very thought of it sent a rush through her.

She repressed a shiver...of exhilaration? Fear?

His gaze seemed even more intense. She melted.

Anticipation? *Yes, that's it.*

Nicholas interjected, "If we both feed from you carefully at first, eventually – much sooner than you'd think – your body will adjust so that you can feed us both easily. It is in our saliva. The more we feed, the more we can feed as time passes. It conditions your blood to replenish very quickly. Eventually it becomes imperative that we feed often because your blood will replenish so rapidly. Then everything levels off to...normal. Our normal."

Rafi looked from one to the other, still keeping her purse close.

Both of them.

It would be easier to keep a clear head if they weren't both so damn good-looking but her hormones were raging just at the sight of them. Her hands remembered too well the feel of Michael's muscles beneath them. A part of her wondered what the differences were between Michael and Nico. It was difficult to keep her thoughts straight. Caution warred with desire. Or was it the other way around?

"So," Rafi said, frowning a little, incredulous. "Let me see if I've got this right. I get to have two attractive men making love to me fairly regularly but in return you get to drink my blood? I have two good-looking men for company, this beautiful house to live in and I want for nothing?"

Both of them looked at her.

"Is my immortal soul at risk?" she asked lightly.

With that kind of deal, it had to be. Talk about too good to be true.

She was really considering this.

Both of them.

The thought of it sent a burst of warmth through her, remembering the feel of Michael's strong body against hers, looking at the way his tailored shirt fit his chest. She fought not to look at Nicholas, at his leaner body, and tried not to think of what he would feel like against her. Something about his diffidence appealed to her, a sweetness that he took pains to hide, even as Michael's strength drew her.

Both of them. Her whole body tightened, heated, just at the thought.

Michael laughed at her wry tone and the lightness in it as relief swept through him in a rush. Not much longer.

"A myth, although there are some who believe that also." For the first time in nearly a century, something within Michael eased. He felt hope, real hope for a real, lasting relationship. If he could control this situation.

He bowed his head in gratitude. "Raffia..."

Michael looked at her and then he looked at Nico, who after all the long centuries was far more than just a cousin to him, more than a friend, more than a companion. They had stood at each other's back for all that time. As hard as it had been at times, it had been harder on Nico, who had never been comfortable in that kind of hunt. For Michael it had been the shallowness that had worn on him. He wanted more than a string of short, empty relationships.

Both of them were one-woman men and it had become clear that only one woman would do. One who would, could, love both of them.

Rafi thought of the endearment—Raffia—that play on her name that Michael had created for her at the bar. It touched her for some reason.

Following his gaze, she turned her head to find Nico standing beside her, his dark eyes brilliant.

Gently, Rafi said in the same tone that Michael had used, “Michael, I haven’t said yes yet.”

To her astonishment, it seemed that she was going to do it. Just the thought had her surprisingly hot and wet, not that she let that show.

“How hungry are you?” Rafi asked, looking from one man to the other.

The instant attention that she drew from them was startling and all the answer she needed.

Whoa.

Michael had slipped up next to her nearly silently. He laid his hands on her shoulders, staring at her steadily.

Looking into his blue eyes, his hunger beat at her almost palpably. She looked at Nico, seeing the same thing reflected in his eyes.

Both of them were clearly suffering.

What would it be like to feel their teeth penetrate her, to feel Michael’s warm mouth close around her throat? To feel Nico’s teeth pierce her skin?

Another burst of heat went through her.

Insane as it was, she wanted this.

Michael’s heart wrenched. The rich scent of her growing arousal filled him. In wonder, he breathed it in.

“We won’t hurt you, Raffia. I swear it,” he said, eyes locked to hers.

When her eyes softened again, she humbled him.

She reached a hand toward Nico—the gesture, the offer, obvious and Michael’s throat locked with gratitude as he looked at Nico.

Nico looked at her in astonishment, knowing what she offered him.

“We can make it very pleasant for you,” Michael promised as his mouth moved over her throat, his lips against her wildly beating pulse. He could feel it throbbing beneath his lips. Hunger moved deeply within him, deeper still because he knew she was willing. “It won’t hurt. If you want us to stop, you have only to say so.”

Nico nodded as his lips brushed over the sensitive skin of her wrist, his dark eyes earnest.

It had been longer since Nico had fed than Michael. Michael knew that he had resorted to the less satisfying blood of animals rather than seeking companionship, risking rejection or coercing acceptance. As hard as it was on Michael, no matter the efforts he took to make it pleasant for those he fed from, it was that much harder for Nico.

He knew the craving had to be nearly painful, yet Nico wanted to be sure, he wanted Raffia to know, as Michael himself did. They had that in common.

Hunger raged, yet neither of them would take until Raffia asked.

This was insane and yet Rafi was committed...almost.

Her heart pounded.

Michael’s hot mouth closed over her throat, his lips so warm against her skin, his teeth poised, ready to strike but giving her a moment to change her mind if she chose.

They had told her the truth and allowed her to choose, each and every step along the way.

She felt his tongue brush lightly over her skin, tasting her, making her shiver.

Heat speared through her like lightning, from her throat to her core, her pussy clenching tightly as her nipples grew hard.

Well, that didn’t help.

His dark eyes luminous, haunted, Nico looked at her, his need plain, his teeth sharp against her wrist as his tongue touched her skin lightly. Another shiver went through her.

That look pierced her.

For a moment, she hesitated.

She'd always lived life on the edge. Fear had never ruled her.

Michael's breath caressed her throat, sending goose bumps racing over her.

She bit her lip, looking into Nicholas' dark eyes, at the pain and hunger in them. At the need there.

For all of Michael's strength, as much as he might deny it, his need was just as intense. She could feel the tension in his body, in the effort he took to keep his hands gentle, loose on her.

That need called to her.

What was the worst that could happen? It wasn't as if she hadn't faced death before. And there were much worse ways to go. But she knew, *just knew*, that wouldn't happen.

Was she really going to do this?

She could feel Michael's teeth, the sharp canines caressing her carotid artery, sending a swift jolt of exhilaration through her.

Her whole body seemed to throb, to be one aching pulse point.

Yeah, she was.

Taking a breath, she let it out and nodded.

Almost simultaneously, their teeth pierced her skin with a gentle pop at throat and wrist, an ephemeral flash of pain. For a moment, there was only the sensation of their warm mouths against her skin. A shiver went through her. It felt shockingly good and then they began to feed, both drawing deeply on her.

Pleasure blinded her, spearing into her depths and she cried out softly in wonder, in ecstasy.

That first mouthful was a wonder, a joy, the first taste of her marvelously rich, sweet and clean. Michael shivered, savoring it, savoring her. Looking at Nico, he saw the same mirrored in his eyes.

So hungry, he was so very hungry and she was so gloriously sweet, so rich, so delicious. He relished her, savored the taste of her as he suckled her. If she was this good now, what would she be like when her blood heated? He shuddered with anticipatory delight.

If she stayed. If she came to care about them enough before she learned the truth.

His gaze went to Nico, watching as his eyelids slid closed with pleasure.

She was so sweet.

Michael shuddered as the pleasure of her, of Raffia, the taste of her thick, rich and so sweet, swept through him.

As he watched, Nico's eyes fluttered with a matching satisfaction and Michael knew he felt that pleasure racing through his body as it poured through his own.

Finally, they could feed without fear.

So good.

He only wished that the hunger, that the need, wasn't so great. They would have pleased her first and part of him couldn't wait to touch her. Even now, as he slid his arm around her slender waist to draw her closer, he couldn't resist letting the back of his hand brush the underside of her breast. A part of him was all too aware of how her body felt beneath his hand, against his own.

The taste of her seemed to grow richer, more vibrant and Michael closed his eyes in wonder, her taste revealing the truth, revealing her growing pleasure at the feel of them feeding from her. Control vanished as she quivered in his arms.

An intense rush of pleasure, of heat, raced through her, shooting straight to her core, her body bucking in reaction even as Rafi heard Michael groan in ecstasy, the vibration of that sound shivering against her throat.

He started to feed, pulling mouthfuls from her, each one sending a shot of electricity through her to her core, to her pussy.

Rafi looked at Nicholas, whose expression was nearly despairing with need and then his mouth closed over her wrist and suckled. Pleasure spiked through her. He started to feed as well, drawing a great hungry draught of her into his mouth. His eyes closed, lids fluttering and seeing the expression on his face, she watched as he savored the taste of her. It sent an odd thrill through her.

He started to drink nearly frantically, his throat working.

Michael's arms encircled her gently but as strong as steel, his mouth working on her throat. Sucking. Sucking hard.

This was real.

And it was wonderful. She trembled, pleasure pouring through her.

She surrendered to it.

Now helpless between them, there was nothing Rafi could do except let them feed and feed...deliriously. Lost in the pleasure of it, she felt Michael's hand on her chest, over her heart, pressing there to feel her heart beating beneath it as she quivered.

Even as it seemed that they were drinking her life away and a touch of fear spiked through her, a deeper, darker pleasure slid alongside it. They could indeed make it pleasurable. Ecstasy shot through to her core, flooding it.

Darkness closed around her vision. With a sigh, she let it take her.

Michael and Nico drank until her knees went weak and her eyelids fluttered – until they were, if not sated, at least not so very hungry. Michael cradled Rafi against him, licking her neck. Nico licked the wound in her wrist closed as he looked at Michael.

Worriedly, Nico said, "Did we take too much?"

When she had reached out for him, offering herself to him, those turbulent blue eyes softening, something inside him had...shifted.

He had watched her as he bit down on her, as her hot blood gushed into his mouth.

Looking into those blue eyes, he could see that she had known, had been aware, had felt his teeth piercing her, his mouth on her, deliriously sucking in great drafts of her blood. And she had enjoyed it, her pretty lips parting, her eyelids drifting closed over those beautiful eyes.

If Michael was right, if she could take them both, they could take her in many ways. Nico wanted her now in another way. With his hunger eased, other needs arose.

Taking a breath, lifting Raffia into his arms, Michael shook his head.

"I don't think so. Not now. The first few days will be the hardest on her. We must drain her fairly deeply, not so much that her veins collapse but enough that her body will begin compensating. In a few days she will feed us both with ease. We simply have to condition her."

It might be pleasant. He hoped it would be and would try to make it so. He hoped she wouldn't change her mind...later.

Gently, he brushed a kiss over her pale forehead.

"I like her, Michael," Nico said.

He remembered her bright laughter as she had come in the door, her compassion at seeing his need.

There had been some—many—over the centuries who had not been as kind as she. He would bear the scars of that forever.

If he had suffered, how much had Michael, who bore greater and deeper scars than his?

Then there was Rafi.

In only a moment he had fallen in love with those clear blue eyes.

They had indeed chosen well. He thought they would all suit each other very well indeed.

Chapter Three

There were far worse ways to wake up than with two warm, hard, sexy male bodies pressed against her to keep her warm, Rafi discovered. Many, many worse ways, especially since both of them seemed to be cuddlers. Michael had his arm around her as she snuggled with her back to him, his hand cupping her breast, a leg curled around one of hers. Her head was pillowed on Nico's arm, Nico's hand on her hip, his cheek against her hair.

She was also very naked, one of her favorite ways to be.

So were they.

That had its pleasures too. She sighed.

Rafi had suspected that they were very well-built, nicely muscled men, the muscles toned, their bodies fit.

She'd been more than right.

They were beautiful.

Of the two, Michael was the more solidly muscled, his muscles more accentuated, the curves of them deeper, more pronounced, while Nico was leaner. Both had excellent pecs, taut abs and long, muscular legs.

Michael's breath was warm against her throat.

Speaking of which...

Rafi did a quick assessment.

Well, she was alive. She had taken the leap and survived.

Again.

A little thrill went through her, remembering them feeding on her the night before. To her astonishment, she already wanted them to feed again. To experience that again.

She was a little weak, a little headachy but both were tolerable.

Michael woke slowly, his mouth brushing Rafi's throat lightly as her pulse beat regularly beneath his lips – to his relief. He placed a gentle kiss there as his hand closed around the curve of her full breast.

He sighed. Her breast felt wonderful in his hand. Almost unconsciously, he stroked it, squeezed it, the lush weight of it sweet in his hand.

His cock was getting hard but he could easily have played with her breast for hours, massaging and caressing her, feeling the nipple hardening beneath his hand, between his fingers.

Still, in all honor, he had to wake her first. She might be in thrall, but even he had his limits. The thrall would wane as the day passed, unless he chose to strengthen it again. He hoped that would not be necessary. He was and would always remain, an honorable man. The centuries might change and honor pass in and out of vogue, but he would not change.

"Are you awake? How do you feel?" he asked, softly. "Are you all right?"

She smiled a little and said reassuringly, "I'm fine."

The sigh of relief that escaped him told Rafi volumes, as did the way his head bowed against her throat.

"You can leave," he said, his deep voice carefully even, "if you choose. We will simply blur your memory."

"Can you do that?"

"Only after we have fed," he said honestly. "It's something that comes with the exchange."

Nico stroked her hip idly. "But we would very much like you to stay."

So Nico was awake too.

She looked up into his dark eyes, seeing the intense look in them. Turning her head, she looked into Michael's blue eyes again. His gaze, to her surprise, was softer, not intense and focused as it had been last night.

With Michael playing with her nipple and Nico stroking her it was difficult to concentrate.

"It would be much easier to say no if you'd stop doing what you're doing," she said. "But I don't want you to stop and I don't want to go."

For once she hadn't awakened alone.

Unsurprisingly, she also had two heavy, very hard male erections pressing against her.

Two.

Heat shot through her.

She looked from Michael's strong, handsome face to Nico's leaner, younger one.

Michael smiled and her heart stuttered a little at the sight of it. Rafi let out a breath. He had a wonderful smile, did Michael. Beautiful.

So did Nico, though his was a little more impish, more playful now.

"You like this?" Michael asked. His hand closed over her breast, trapping her nipple between his finger and thumb.

It felt delicious when he pinched it lightly.

She arched a brow at him as her nipple tightened at his touch.

"What do you think?"

The smile became a grin as he rolled her hardening nipple between his fingers, his leg curling around hers as he let her head settle into the curve of his shoulder. The back of her hand brushed over the deep curves of the muscles of his chest.

Cupping her breast Michael held it instead for Nico to taste.

All the breath went out of her.

Something about that gesture...shattered her. Her throat locked as a burst of excitement speared through her.

Nico slowly lowered his head to take Michael's offering of her, drawing her tightly furled nipple into his mouth to suck on it as Michael brushed his lips over hers.

He kissed her sweetly and deeply as Nico nibbled and suckled on her breast. The combination of sensations was marvelous.

In wonder, she stroked their hair, combing her fingers through the dark, curling, silken lengths.

It is a joy to suck on her, Nico thought, as her nipple hardened against his tongue. He watched in amazement as she responded to their touch.

She held nothing back but her tender gesture sent a wave of gratitude and amazement through him.

Nico sighed, sliding up her body to take his turn kissing her. He had not done it yet and now he found that he wanted to, very much.

As Michael drew away, Nico tasted her lips gently with just a light brush of his tongue. With only that, she opened for him. A part of him thanked the gods for her response to them. Heat rushed through him as he tasted her deeply, finding her tongue sweeping around his in a gentle caress, her mouth moving against his. He sighed again in pure pleasure as he felt her lips curve in a smile at the taste of him.

His blood went instantly hot, his cock going rock hard at the feel of her smile of pleasure even as she shifted her sweet body against his.

It was almost a shock to realize that he could touch her, that he and Michael could both touch her.

She was hardly the first woman he had touched or pleased, but the idea that they could both play with her, they could share her, sent another shot of heat through him.

Watching Michael play with her nipple and then offer her breast to him had been incredible.

Nearly tentatively, Nico began to explore her, heat pouring through him, his cock beginning to ache as she murmured her delight against his mouth.

He brushed his palm over the crest of one breast, traced the shape of it as she shivered, sliding his hand over her stomach to brush the delicate curls between her thighs. The scent of her arousal lightly filled the air, increasing his desire.

Michael's mouth brushed Rafi's shoulder as Nico kissed her, sweetly and softly.

To have Nico's mouth on hers while Michael touched her was an entirely different experience. One Rafi welcomed.

Nico's taste was clean and sweet. Michael's tongue had speared down into her mouth and possessed it, but Nico's asked. His hand drifted over her so lightly that she felt that soft caress as a whisper of electric heat. Michael molded her other breast in his hand, played with it and teased it, shots of heat spearing through her with each pinch and tug on her nipple.

She shivered as Nico's fingers combed lightly through the curls of her mound, so close to her clit, just the lightest touch turning her blood to fire and awakening the ache in her pussy. Dampness flooded her.

Watching them as they both touched her sent heat pouring through her. She could see the growing passion in Michael, in the intensity of his gaze, everything focused on the way their bodies touched, in his hand squeezing her breast more and more tightly. Nico played with the curls between her thighs, coming close, so close, to her clit, his expression almost fascinated as her hips bucked involuntarily.

Her clit throbbed with his fingers there, his touch so delicate.

There was definitely a difference between the two men. Rafi found Michael to be a little more demanding, a little more aggressive, like his kisses. If the example of that was true, Nico was the gentler, more tentative and more fluid of the two, for all of his bold stride and intensity.

Watching as they teased and tormented her was incredible, more erotic than she could have imagined.

Then Michael's mouth closed over her other breast, sucking her nipple into his mouth, pulling a moan from her as her pussy dampened, his leg curling around one of hers to draw her closer to him, his erection pressing against her hip.

Michael loved her breasts. He had always been a breast man. As he'd undressed her the night before he had admired them. They were full, almost lush, firm and nicely rounded, the areola large but not too large, really lovely. The taste of them, the feel of her nipples stiffening against his tongue was delicious. He couldn't resist suckling them, nibbling on them a little to make her quiver. And she did.

That was promising. There was only one question left to answer now.

Soon, it seemed, but there was time first to explore. To savor and enjoy. There was no need to rush. Michael wanted to take his time and explore every inch.

He breathed in the scent of her arousal, his cock as hard as rock.

Catching that stiff nipple between his teeth, he lightly scraped it, drawing upward and he felt her hand in his hair, felt it drop to his shoulder to clutch at him when he nibbled.

Even as he did, he watched Nico playing with her, touching her, and his cock stiffened even more as Nico's hands teased her, making her tremble.

Both men stroked her, caressing her breasts, playing with her nipples, teasing them, rolling and pinching them until it felt as if they were as hard as stone. One or the other of them slid their hands over her stomach, stroked her thighs, dipping their fingers now and then between them to tease and tantalize. Rafi felt as if she were losing her mind with pleasure. Her body quivered and arched to each touch.

She pulsed with need, wanting to be fucked, to be taken.

Michael used just his fingertips, letting them float over her to make her shiver, while Nico's palm drifted warmly just above her skin, barely grazing it.

They took turns kissing her, sucking on her, all of her. Their warm mouths moved over her throat, brushed over her ears, returning to her mouth to taste, to devour, then

to her breasts, down her belly, sucking until she was gasping, wet and aching. Both of them had rigid erections bumping against her, their cocks heavy against her thighs.

Just the thought of one of them penetrating her with those rigid, twitching cocks made her want to moan. The thought that both of them would take her made her pussy clench and ache, her thighs go wet with her juices.

She was on fire, every inch of her skin burning. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds.

Her pussy was drenched, aching. In all her life she had never hurt so much, longed so much to be filled, to have a cock buried inside her.

With a knowing glance and a grin at Michael, Nico bent to kiss her belly as Michael curled his leg tighter around Rafi's, shifting her a little.

Rafi saw Michael grin back.

Almost delirious with pleasure, she gave both of them a wary look.

Nico shifted down the length of her body as Michael's leg drew her more open and she realized what it was that he was doing, what they were doing.

Pure need, desire, punched deep into her belly as Nico carefully parted the curls between her thighs, parted the delicate folds of her pussy and lowered his head slowly to breathe her in, to taste her with just a light dip of his tongue against her sensitized clit.

A sharp jolt of pleasure speared through her at that delicate touch.

She moaned, very nearly cried out as it speared through her.

The two men looked at each other and smiled, Michael brushing gentle kisses over Rafi's face, holding her, playing with her swollen breasts, her tight nipples, as Nico settled in to savor her.

Rafi found that she was helpless, spread for Nico like a banquet with Michael's leg curled around hers to keep her legs apart as Nico gently pressed her thighs open even farther. His mouth closed on her pussy and pleasure poured through her as his warm

tongue laved her deeply. The sensation was incredible. He fucked her with his tongue, something that she had never experienced, sucking on her, suckling on her, devouring her.

Delicious heat poured through her as Nico slid his clever tongue up to curl around her clit, to tease it with quick, light flicks. She wailed softly as torrents of pleasure poured through her.

She quivered as he and Michael tormented her in ways that she had longed for but only dreamed of.

Nico sighed as he lay between Rafi's shapely thighs and breathed her in. Lovely. The musky scent of her pleasure was rich, filling the air. Nico smiled as she twitched in response to the barest touch of his tongue.

He buried his mouth against her heated core, his tongue spearing deep, feeling her whole body buck in reaction and found that he loved the taste of her there as well as he lapped lightly between her pussy lips, each slide of his tongue between them gathering her cream, making her quiver.

It was obvious that Rafi had never experienced anyone like him.

Nico smiled, blessing the men of this time who did not know the pleasure of eating a woman's pussy.

Delicately, he swept his tongue slowly and deeply between the folds, driving a low moan of pleasure from her.

Happily, Nico began to lick at her as a cat licked cream while she and he both trembled with pleasure.

Nico truly loved eating pussy, but to his delight, he found that he loved eating Rafi's pussy even more. He loved giving that pleasure to Rafi?

Each slide of his tongue over her slit made her tighten, her back bow, her breath catch. Her body quivered at each flick of his tongue on her clit, the muscles in her belly and thighs twitching in time.

She was lost in what he did to her, her eyes blind, clinging to Michael with one hand while her other hand clutched futilely at the sheet.

He savored her, the rich cream of her, the musky scent of her arousal only inciting him, enticing him. Sliding his tongue deep inside her as she moaned, he suckled her to draw it out. It was incredible. With each motion of his tongue, he watched vibrant color sweep beneath her skin. No woman had ever responded to him as freely as she did.

What would it be like to tie her down so that she could not wiggle and writhe as she did now? If she were spread, helpless to prevent him, with every muscle taut, her hands clutching the ropes or scarves as he devoured her?

He watched her come, delighted as he felt the muscles of her taut belly tighten, her thighs quivering with each stroke of his tongue across her clit. Moans and soft cries escaped her as her body strained against Michael's implacable grip while Michael's fingers tugged on her distended nipples.

Settling his mouth over her clit, Nico pushed two fingers inside her and found then stroked her g-spot. He took a breath and drew her clit into his mouth again, suckling.

Rafi's eyelids fluttered, her body shuddering helplessly.

Nico wanted to hear her scream in ecstasy again, her body spread before him in offering.

He would take her soon knowing that Michael would watch as he did it.

Deliberately, he swirled his tongue around her sensitive clit where his teeth held it trapped.

A long low wail escaped her, building as he sucked at her.

Rafi surrendered to him, smiled at him as her orgasm built, as she lay spread for him, her body quivering helplessly.

"This can be just for your pleasure," Michael said against her ear.

Rafi trembled, nearly speechless at the thought of him feeding from her at the same time that Nico ate her pussy. She curled her hand around his head to draw his mouth down against her throat.

"Please," she whispered, need rushing through her.

She wanted was that delicious ecstasy again as Michael fed on her, as he ate her with hard pulls at her throat. And with Nico eating her pussy? She was in heaven as each stroke of Nico's tongue sent shots of heat ripping through her.

Pressing a kiss against her hammering pulse, Michael breathed, "Thank you. Maybe...just a bit."

No...thank you, she thought as his mouth snuggled against her throat.

He didn't stop playing with her nipples, for which she was grateful. His long fingers tugged and pinched them gently as his strong hand still held her immobile.

She quivered helplessly, her body instinctively trying to escape the carnal torture that drove cry after cry from her.

Each flick and sweep of Nico's tongue over her clit and his fingers in her core, stroking her g-spot had her muscles jumping in response, each giving her a sharp burst of pleasure, each building on the last, growing, swelling within her.

Rafi nearly wept from the pleasure that swept through her.

Sensation from Michael's hands deliciously teasing her breasts, Nico's mouth on her clit, his fingers inside her, streamed through her, pooling, building.

Her mind went blank, her entire body awash as ecstasy gathered within her. She cried out as Nico's tongue flicked her clit. Ecstasy burst free, roaring through her. She went rigid, shuddering, crying out as Michael bit into her throat, the sensation of his mouth on her, his teeth penetrating her, adding another layer to the erotic mix.

It seemed to Rafi that her orgasm would never stop, pleasure rolled through her in huge, deep waves as she quivered wildly with each swallow, each soft tug on her throat from Michael as Nico sucked at her pussy.

The look on Michael's face as he fed was all the answer that Nico needed to know his pleasure. But Nico was hard, incredibly hard, and the taste and sound of Rafi's pleasure was driving him crazy. He loved that she would let them hear it.

Surging up, Nico drove his cock deep into the hot, tight wetness where his tongue had been, his fingers had been. Her slick internal muscles clenched around his cock as he thrust deeply into her. It felt incredible.

He buried his cock inside her all the way to the hilt, balls-deep.

It...she, was wonderful. So tight, so hot and so very wet.

Nico smiled as she tightened around him, the muscles within her stroking him.

Her muscles were still spasming from her orgasm. All he wanted to do was fuck her, pound into her and he did, her cries of pleasure like spurs to his thrusts, driving him onward.

His own orgasm erupted through him as he emptied into her.

Marvelous. She was marvelous. Sweet and intoxicating.

Michael had to force himself to take very little while feeding, just enough for the pleasure of the taste of her and the rush that her ecstasy gave him as well as her. Nico would take even less. Today, they would be careful, but she was already adapting. Michael could taste the change.

Licking his lips to savor her for just a moment longer, Michael held Rafi gently as she shuddered with pleasure. He watched Nico as he took her. Nico's eyes closed as his body arched and he thrust inside her, his cock buried deep, his hips pistoning into her.

Soon, Michael's would also take her sweet pussy.

Michael looked at Rafi, her lovely eyes closed, her expression ecstatic. She smiled as Nico pumped his cock into her.

Another cry of pleasure burst out of Rafi at the sensation of Nico's cock, so long and so deep inside her.

Opening her eyes, Rafi saw Michael looking at her tenderly, Nico poised above her like a beautiful marble statue, his cock buried deep, his gorgeous body taut as he grimaced and froze, his hips locked to hers as he pumped his hot cum inside her. Every lean muscle of his beautiful body was tight—the muscles of his strong shoulders bunched, his head thrown back. As incredible as he felt inside her, he looked even more beautiful above her as he emptied himself and his heat filled her.

A breath shuddered out of her.

Michael dropped a light kiss on her lips and then Nico did too, after his orgasm released him.

She reached up to touch their faces, her fingers trembling.

“That was incredible,” she said.

Nodding, Michael said, “Definitely. You are marvelous, Raffia, on many, many levels. But we’re not done. It’s my turn.”

Michael shifted and Nico moved to take his place.

“I can’t,” she said. “It’s not possible. I’m too wrung out to move.”

Michael looked at her as some men would eye a good steak or fine caviar. A shot of lust burst through her.

Again? So soon? Be careful what you wish for, was all she could think, laughing to herself.

With a smile, Michael moved down to slide his hands between and beneath her thighs to cup her bottom and lift her, angling her for his own pleasure.

As always, Nico had done a good job—her clit was still swollen. It would be extremely sensitive.

Watching had been maddening. His cock was like iron—thick, throbbing.

His breath feathered lightly over delicate tissues. Michael felt her quiver and smiled.

“We will know very soon,” he promised.

He was hungry for the taste of her. The scent of her satisfaction was ripe in the air. Michael breathed her in, closing his eyes in pleasure as Nico pressed a gentle kiss by the corner of her eye, his long fingers playing over her breasts, her nipples tightening.

She watched Michael as he lowered his mouth to her clit, giving it a gentle brush of his tongue as he slipped two fingers up inside her, deep inside her, to stroke at first gently and then with more pressure. His eyes never left hers.

He wanted her to see, to watch him eat her as Nico played with her nipples, Nico's mouth soft against her throat, his tongue tasting her skin.

She pressed her hand over his, over the one on her hip, the one holding her still, and brushed her other hand across Nico's muscled chest as she turned her head for Nico, presenting her throat to him.

Offering herself to Nico as she had to Michael.

Michael watched her eyelids flutter, the muscles inside her jumping with each flick of his tongue. He wanted her now, intensely. Wanted her heated pleasure to close around his throbbing, aching cock. In all his long life he could not remember being this hard. The need to possess was nearly overwhelming.

He licked her, lapping at her clit, swirling his tongue over it, driving her up, his fingers inside her stroking as Nico's fingers played, tightening on her nipples.

Michael's tongue touched her already sensitized clit and she arched. He held her in place as Nico's teeth pierced her and ecstasy shot through her again.

Nico quivered as the glorious taste of her exploded in his mouth. She was incredible, better than he had thought possible. He watched Nico as Rafi's blood burst into his mouth and he drank her essence.

The sight of Rafi's beautiful body quivering with pleasure, the pleasure that they had given her, was more than Michael could bear. He had to have her, now.

Surging up, Michael did as Nico had and drove his cock deep inside her in one long, hard thrust, her wet heat clenching around him.

Rafi cried out as Michael took her fast and hard. He filled her, stretching her more than Nico had, his cock thicker as it rammed up inside her. She moaned with pleasure as he stretched her, smiling as he hammered into her while Nico slowly, delicately fed.

It was intense, shattering, to have both of them taking their pleasure of her this way.

Michael thrust into her deeply.

This. This was what she had been looking for all these years.

It was as if she had died and gone to heaven.

A delicious lassitude swept through her as she trembled and shook, as Michael swelled inside her, stretching her further. She cried out as another orgasm shot through her.

Her eyes opened at the sound of Michael's groan, to find him arched above her as Nico had been, buried inside her, his broader, more muscular body sharply defined as he went taut. He was glorious, primal. It was like being taken by some ancient Sumerian god.

Michael drove up hard inside her, his strong body shuddering as he erupted, filling her with his hot cum, a long low groan escaping him.

The second burst of her pleasure was even better than the first. Nico moaned as he took a single drink from her, filled his mouth with it. He lifted his lips from her and brushed a kiss over her temple.

She shivered a little.

"Raffia, love?" Michael said.

Rafi smiled at him.

In all her life she had never felt so completely sated, so totally and wonderfully used. Her heart still pounded but she supposed that was to be expected.

"I think she liked that," Nico said, smiling in return.

Rafi looked at him, tried to speak and had to clear her throat before trying again.

"You could say that," she said, her voice a whisper.

Michael chuckled. "So, you'll be staying, for a while at least?"

Clearing her throat again, she said, reasonably, "I'm willing to give it a try if you are."

"Oh," Michael said, lifting an eyebrow. "I think we are more than satisfied with the arrangement."

He looked at Nico, who grinned.

"Most definitely."

To her astonishment, they both washed her, Michael carrying her into the bathroom as Nico went ahead to start the water running in the huge marble tub. She was too weak to stand, much less wash herself. The warm water was heavenly, as were their soapy, slick hands on her body.

It felt wonderful.

"Don't get too used to this," Michael teased, kissing her on the nose. "We won't need to do this once you become conditioned to us."

She grinned. "But you don't mind if I enjoy it now?"

"Oh no," he said, his hands slipping over her skin. "No, not at all."

Chapter Four

The house was simply immense. Rafi wandered the halls, shaking her head in sheer astonishment. None of the bedrooms other than the one they had shared that morning seemed to have been occupied in some time.

Opening another door, this one on the lower floor, she found a long, wood-paneled room with high clerestory windows. A long, clearly antique refectory table occupied the center of it and could easily seat twenty people. Beneath it was another thick Persian rug over a wood floor.

The next room simply took her breath away.

Circular, it stretched up two stories with floor-to-ceiling windows and a narrow balcony that encircled the second floor. Between the windows were bookshelves. Lots and lots of bookshelves. The air was redolent with the scent of leather bindings and paper. Rafi had never seen so many books outside of a library or a bookstore.

Brilliant sunlight filled the room.

Yet this was where the butler—a butler, for heaven’s sake—a very nice man by the name of Adamson, had told her she would find Michael.

The library.

And find him she did.

He was standing off to one side of the room, his handsome dark head a little bowed, a book in his hand.

Once more her breath caught, this time at the sight of him.

He was simply beautiful.

Sunlight gleamed brilliantly from his black hair and illuminated the strong features of his face and his full mouth. He wore a silk shirt loose and unbuttoned over a pair of

matching lounging pants, the open shirt revealing the deeply curved muscles of his chest and his washboard abs.

Her mouth watered almost instantly, just looking at him. She wanted to devour every inch of that body. She went hot and wet in an instant, remembering the feel of his cock inside her, the way it had stretched her, filled her.

At that moment, he looked up.

Whatever apprehensions she might have had about the situation fled in the face of the warmth in his eyes, his smile when he saw her standing there.

Instantly he set the book aside and came to her.

“Raffia,” he said, a moment before he slid his hands into her hair and took her mouth.

That kiss eradicated the last of her doubts.

He didn’t just kiss her, he devoured her, that incredible mouth of his covering hers, possessing it, his tongue going deep as one hand remained curled in her hair, the other sliding down her back to draw her body close and hard against him.

Rafi let out a long sigh and simply drowned in the taste of him, her tongue tangling with his, every inch of her body going hot as she slid her hand up into his silky hair to pull his mouth down harder against hers. She could feel the strong muscles of his chest against her breasts, separated from her only by the silk dress someone—probably Michael—had laid out for her. Her nipples pebbled at the feel of those hard muscles against her.

Clearly reluctant to do so, he pulled just a little away to cup his hand lightly around her cheek.

“How do you feel?” he asked, hope clear in his crystal blue eyes.

Those incredible eyes were going to destroy her one day, she knew.

With a little shrug, she said, “Not much different than when I’ve given blood.” She felt a little weak, a little achy, but much, much better standing in his arms.

The relief in his eyes was equally clear.

"The sunshine thing?" she asked, waving at the sunny room around her before returning her hand to stroke over his chest.

"Another myth," he said, smiling, keeping his arm around her waist, his muscles tightening to draw her closer as she caressed him. "It's only a problem if we haven't fed in a very long time."

His blue eyes heated as his gaze went to her hand where she ran it over his chest, spreading her fingers to try to span the broad muscle there. She couldn't, it just wasn't possible. Her hand wasn't big enough.

"I love your chest," she said, her pussy growing damp from the pleasure of touching him.

Amused, laughter lighting his eyes, he said, "As I love yours, Raffia," dropping his gaze to admire the curves of her breasts revealed by the deep V of her dress. Her nipples stood out clearly against the thin material, already hard. Between her thighs she could feel clear evidence of his attraction—his long, thick cock rigid against her mound.

He shifted his hips a little and she looked up at him with a grin, knowing he wanted to be sure that she felt it.

Nico walked in, his face brightening when he saw her and Michael and he came over to kiss her too. Michael kept his arm around her so that she was sandwiched between the two of them as Nico's mouth covered hers, his hand curling around her waist.

His firm lips moved on hers gently, his tongue dancing lightly over hers and she opened to him. His tongue plunged deep as the fingers of his other hand slid into her hair to cup her head and hold it as he gently devoured her, his mouth as talented here as it had been when he had eaten her pussy. She'd be hard pressed to say which of them was the better kisser.

Even as Nico kissed her, Michael's mouth moved over her bare shoulder, his hand sliding the silk down to expose it, his lips following the fabric.

Obligingly, Nico tightened his hold on her waist as he kissed her so she could arch back a little against him as Michael's free hand slid beneath her breast to cup it, his thumb brushing across her hardened nipple beneath the silk. Nico shifted to settle his hardening erection between the cheeks of her ass, his hips undulating against her, driving her hips into Michael's.

She sighed with pleasure, looking from one to the other, puzzled, questioning. It amazed her that there seemed to be no jealousy between them.

With a shrug and a smile, Michael said, "We grew up together. Nico was the younger brother I never had. We shared almost everything. This is no different. Over the centuries, we have only grown closer. This was what we were seeking."

His fingers traced the line of her jaw.

"Besides," Nico said, brushing his mouth over the curve of her throat and shoulder, "we both like you very much."

She shivered with pleasure at the feel of his soft mouth on her, reaching up to curl an arm backward over his neck. His free hand slid up her thigh beneath the dress. She felt his lips curve against her throat as he found nothing there to impede him.

Heat flooded her pussy with his fingers so close.

"As I like you both very much," she said, sliding other hand over Michael's hip to close around the tight curve of his ass and pull him closer.

Michael groaned, his cock as hard as steel. "Gods, Raffia, do you know how much I want you?"

Leaning back, he showed her, the thin silk tented over a very impressive erection.

Watching her expression as she reached for him—the wonder, the hungry look in her eyes as she stroked her fingers down the length of his shaft nearly drove him mad. The heat in her eyes as she looked at his cock beneath the thin material nearly made Michael come where he stood.

He had been delighted and astonished to watch her walk into the library still clearly weak, her face a little pale, but on her feet and under her own power. Her resilience and strength surprised him, giving him hope that this might indeed work. Her blood was obviously responding, replenishing quickly to allow her to feed them both. Very soon, they could drink their fill...fuck and feed to their ultimate pleasure.

The look on her face, the light in her eyes as he went to her gave him more than hope. To feel her mouth beneath his, as hot and avid as his own, gave him still more. The feel of her lush body against him was intoxicating. He remembered all too well how tight she had been around his cock, how hot and wet, her pussy clenching around him.

But this...

Her fingers touched the crown of his cock, traced it beneath the silk of his pants, and slipped over the bead of pre-cum. It felt wonderful. She reached for the drawstring. His cock was rigid, throbbing.

"Raffia," he said.

She looked up at him, those stormy blue eyes bright. "I don't feel that bad, Michael." Her gaze turned mischievous. "Besides, I want to taste you."

Every muscle in Michael's body seemed to lock at her words, at the image in his mind, at the thought of her lovely mouth around his cock, sucking him.

Abruptly, those stormy eyes closed as she gasped then quivered.

Behind her Nico grinned. "She truly doesn't, Michael."

The scent of her arousal came to him as Nico held up his glistening fingers. Now Michael understood the shudder. He gave Nico a look.

A tug distracted him and he looked down to find Raffia pulling the waist of his pants down. Sliding her hand over his shaft, she curled her fingers around his cock. Her gaze rose and fixed on his, her eyelids fluttering a little. As he watched Nico's hand slide beneath the dress, stroking once more, he understood. Just the thought that Nico

was finger-fucking her beneath her dress made him harder. His cock swelled in her hand as he reached out to grab a handful of her hair and dragged her mouth to his.

Rafi was in heaven, caught between them as Michael's mouth devoured hers, his long, thick cock throbbing in her hand as she pumped it. Nico's arm spanned her waist, holding her tight against him as he ground his cock on her ass, his free hand beneath her skirt, fingers gliding over her clit, down and into her soaked pussy, then back up again.

Hot sensation poured through her as Nico tormented her.

With Nico holding her still, Michael had a hand free to close over her breast once again, to slide beneath the material and draw it out to squeeze, caress and admire. His long, strong fingers teased her nipple, playing with it, swirling lightly, pinching it to make it harder.

She was intensely aware that there was staff in the house while she was being taken, deliciously tormented by both men, her breast exposed, her cries and gasps of pleasure seeming too loud in the room. Somehow that knowledge made it a little more exciting.

Michael's tongue speared deep into her mouth, while Nico played with her labia and clit. In her hands, Michael's cock throbbed and twitched.

Then Michael's arm slid behind her back so that Rafi was wrapped in both their arms as Michael's hot mouth brushed soft kisses over her face, traced the curve of her ear and down her throat. Each hot kiss, each nibble, left a trail of fire.

His mouth hovered just above her nipple. She could feel his warm breath over her hot skin. Raising her heavy eyelids, she found him watching her. He ran his tongue around her taut, aching nipple as she watched. Her pussy creamed as Nico slowly slid two fingers into it. Just as slowly, Michael sucked on her breast, drawing her nipple into his mouth.

She moaned at the sensation of Nico's fingers sliding deeper and deeper into her pussy.

Then Michael suckled hard and Nico plunged his fingers deep, finger-fucking her once more.

With a cry she came, her knees buckling.

Michael swept her up into his strong arms and carried her to the couch to cradle her in his lap. It was strange to have someone so concerned with her well-being.

His cock though had felt like suede-covered iron in her hand. He hadn't been far from coming, nor had Nico, she knew, yet neither of them mentioned it.

Well, she wasn't a fragile flower.

Every one of her muscles trembled but she was hungry for Michael, for his body, for those rounded pecs, for those ridged abs and for that long, thick cock. She hadn't had the chance to play with Nico yet. The two of them had only piqued her hunger. She wanted to suck on Michael's cock, suck on Nico's cock, and she wanted one of them to fuck her. Looking up into Michael's brilliant blue eyes, she was grateful to be sitting down, but she wasn't ready to stop yet.

Watching those hot blue eyes as she reached out for Nico, she pressed her mouth against Michael's strong, hard chest and tasted his skin with a flick of her tongue.

Obedient to that reaching hand, Nico followed, his cock throbbing, growing even harder as he watched Rafi's mouth moving on Michael, those pretty lips closing around Michael's nipple as he shuddered with pleasure, his eyes closing.

Stroking the long line of her back, the curve of her tight ass while fisting his cock with his other hand, Nico watched Rafi. Nico could see that Michael fought the urge to force her downward.

Down she went anyway, her mouth avid, trailing kisses before pressing it against Michael's groin, her long chestnut hair trailing over Michael's shaft in what must have been sheer torment as she suckled him.

Michael groaned, his body going taut.

Sitting back a little on her heels, Rafi lifted her head, drawing her hair back with one hand so that they both could see, so that they could watch. She waited, her eyes on Michael.

When his eyes flicked open, her tongue darted out to slowly sweep across the mushroom-shaped head of his cock to gather up the pre-cum pearled there, driving another deep groan out of Michael.

Nico saw the muscles in Michael's body flex, his hand clenching even more tightly in Rafi's hair. Nico could imagine that soft tongue sliding across his cock. His balls drew up tight and his cock throbbed.

Rafi smiled, sliding her tongue around the head of Michael's cock as she watched him. Michael's body stiffened even more. Then she slowly took his cock head into her mouth.

Nico thought he couldn't get any harder but he did as he watched those pretty lips close around Michael's cock. Then Rafi shifted her hips in clear invitation.

To him.

Nico went white hot, his cock nearly exploding with the need to be inside her. He positioned himself behind her as Michael looked at him, the movement drawing his attention, his blue eyes going hotter too.

Slowly, so slowly, because he knew he would explode if he went any faster, Nico sank his cock deep into her sweet pussy. She was tight, so tight around him, her inner muscles flexing. It was beyond pleasure as he sank his cock in her to the hilt, balls-deep.

She moaned softly and Michael quivered.

The wet sound of her mouth on Michael as she sucked him drove Nico wild.

Nico fucked her as her head began to bob, her lips around Michael's cock, Michael's hands spearing deeply into her hair.

For Michael, the feel of Raffia's hot, wet mouth on his shaft was intoxicating. It took every ounce of his strength not to demand more, not to grip her head and fuck that pretty mouth hard. Not to plunge his cock deep into her throat.

His control nearly shattered though as she moved, offering her beautiful ass to Nico. And when Nico took her? Michael tried not to come as he watched Nico fuck her, as Nico's cock plunged into her. The feel of her mouth around his own shaft was delicious. Maddening.

Watching her lips slide over the head of his cock, her lovely eyes closed, one hand curled around his shaft or caressing and cupping his balls, was shredding his precarious control.

Then she looked up at him, her gaze sultry as she took a deep breath and swallowed him deep, so deep he could feel her throat muscles working around his cock head as she sucked him.

His control snapped, shattered completely. Michael locked his hands in her hair as he drove his cock deep into her mouth and fucked it.

Rafi knew the moment Michael's control broke and quickly took a deep breath as his hands tightened, his cock plunging deep into her mouth. She heard Nico's swift intake of breath, knew he was watching, his long cock spearing her pussy, his hips slamming against her, driving his cock against her g-spot. His hand came around her hips to find her clit. She almost sobbed with the pleasure of it as he pinched and tugged on it as she sucked wildly on Michael's driving cock.

Rafi moaned and pleasure poured through her. Nico's expert fingers sent her over the edge, making her cry out around Michael's thrusting cock.

That sound was enough. His cock swelled in her mouth, throbbed, and with a deep groan he erupted, his hot cum gushing down her throat and she swallowed frantically, taking him as Nico hammered into her pussy. With a shout, Nico filled her with his cum as well, spurting into her, his hips jerking against her as his cock emptied.

With an effort that even she could see, Michael hauled her up into his arms, his body still quivering against her. Nico braced himself before lifting her legs and sliding onto the couch to join them.

For a moment, none of them could speak.

“So,” Michael said, with a smile. “I take it you’ll be staying?”

Rafi laughed, happy. She had no idea how short-lived that happiness would be.

Chapter Five

Michael came out to join Rafi where she lay by the huge pool, a monstrous marble thing the size of a pond, brushing a hand over her hair as he came to sit beside her. She knew he was so glad to be able to do that again. He'd told her how much he'd missed it. So had Nico. Gestures of affection seemed to come naturally to them. One or the other was always brushing a hand over her shoulder, tugging gently at her hair, or kissing her as they passed.

She had just returned – come home, really.

When Michael had told her the truth about her enthrallment those first few days, anger had consumed her. How could that happen to her? Her of all people? She'd known something was not right that first night. She was never trusting and malleable. But she'd been helpless against it. Against Michael.

She'd felt used, defiled.

She'd been with them for several days before Michael had released her from thrall and told her. He – they – wanted her to stay, but they also wanted her to want it.

Rafi had left immediately. She had soon realized though, that she missed them and what they offered her. Especially that. She could hang on to her pride and defiance, or she could...give in, maybe be happy for once. Forgive and start over.

It had taken a while but she had finally accepted the reasoning behind what Michael had done and had come to terms with it. She was not stupid enough to give this up just because she'd been "nudged" a bit.

She had been gone all of four days. Now she was back. She was free to leave at any time but that was no longer an issue.

She was in control again. The choices were hers.

Michael caught her eyeing him, just admiring the sheer beauty of him, and a rush of pure lust flashed in his eyes, setting off a burst of heat inside her. It was a feeling to which she was becoming addicted. It was almost too good to be true. Could this be real? Could she find happiness with these two gorgeous men? Goose bumps raced over her skin but she shook it off and returned Michael's smile.

* * * * *

She'd been with them for several weeks and liked the arrangement very much. She was becoming very attached to them, Michael for his warm strength, Nico for the quiet shyness that hid behind his apparent boldness.

Michael had explained to her about her blood and their affect on it. The change had occurred rapidly and she could now feed them as often as they needed. Or wanted. Fucking was always better with feeding. And it really didn't take that much blood to achieve a lot of pleasure.

She watched Michael, clad in swim trunks, a towel tossed over his broad shoulder and her body tightened automatically. Just looking at either him or Nico did that to her and time didn't seem to be muting it one bit. In fact, it just seemed to be getting more intense.

Both of them had jobs, Michael in investment banking, as she had known from when she had checked him out, and Nico in computers.

For a very brief moment she had considered quitting her own job but decided that she'd get bored if she did. Besides, she liked it, she was good at it and it needed doing. She did wonder what the people at the station would make of this arrangement but she was careful to keep her work and play separate. Very separate.

Leaning down, Michael gave her a kiss as she smiled up at him before lifting her hand to brush his lips over her knuckles, looking at her in question, his eyes gleaming a little hungrily and not just for her blood.

A little thrill went through her as it always did now, sometimes at the mere thought of them feeding from her as much as thinking about them fucking her. It made her hot and wet just to think about it. She nodded and smiled, heat flooding her.

They always asked. They never just took. And they didn't always make love to her just to feed. One or both of them sometimes made love to her just for the pleasure of it, as well. With a steady source of blood, they had little need to worry about feeding, sometimes going for days on just these little snacks.

Fucking, though, was another thing entirely. Now that they could have sex as often as they wanted, they did.

Nico had told her it was the first time in centuries that they could simply just fuck for pleasure as often as they wished, without having to worry about feeding, which explained why they fucked her so deeply and often.

Not that she was complaining. She thought she was in heaven, to tell the truth.

Michael turned her wrist to brush his lips over it, inhaling her scent as he would inhale the aroma of a fine wine.

She smiled. He always did that before he fed. For some reason she found it incredibly erotic.

Nico liked to taste her first, a little flick of his tongue over her skin.

With a brief flash of pain, Michael's teeth sank into her wrist, his warm mouth closed over her and he sucked on it, slowly, steadily, as a burst of pleasure coursed through her, shooting straight to her pussy. Her vision blurred a little in a surge of pure bliss. There were times when she thought she could come from just this, from his or Nico's warm mouth drawing on her, each pull sending a jolt through her.

She now had almost invisible, small whitish scars on her wrists and throat from where they fed.

She loved to watch Michael or Nico's mouth suck on her, enjoying the pleasure they took in it, in her. It had grown very clear too, that it was her they enjoyed. Neither of them had gone hunting for other sources since she had come to live with them.

With a sigh of pleasure, Michael drank her in, the scent and taste of her intoxicating, just a quick snack to satisfy the craving that he had for her sometimes. The rich taste of her shifted with her moods, more intense when they pleased her, sweet like a dessert wine when she was relaxed, as she was now.

Watching her eyes, he saw them blur with pleasure as he drew on her and that was the most remarkable part, that she so enjoyed them feeding on her. More than once he had caught himself just watching her as Nico fed. Watched her tremble, her eyelids fluttering, the moment so intimate, her pleasure so intense that it had him hard and fisting his cock.

"Ah, Raffia, love, sometimes I can't get enough of you. Any part of you."

Especially since she could now feed both he and Nico with no problem. Both of them were well satisfied and with more than just her sweet sustenance. They enjoyed her company. Michael was pleased to be able to introduce her to his world, to the pleasures of the opera and the symphony.

He had begun to relax his guard a little, Raffia and her presence insurance against many of his concerns.

She cupped his face in her hand, looked into his eyes and said, "Sometimes I can't get enough of you, either."

The look in her eyes warmed him, as always.

He turned his face to press a kiss into her palm. "Nico is having the same problem. We don't always want to take turns."

Speaking of which, Michael saw Nico's dark head beyond the fence, coming toward them from the garage. Nico smiled when he spotted them, turning to join them by the pool.

Michael smiled in return. "Nico, I was just talking to Rafi about your complaint the other day."

"I'm guessing you have a suggestion?" Rafi asked.

Nico bent to kiss her warmly before he stripped his shirt over his head in relief at being able to take it off after a long day at work.

Her breath caught, just looking at the beauty of him, at Nico's lovely long, lean body. Nico's muscles were firm and flat, his abs rippled. Nico was beautifully made.

The idea of finding a way to share definitely had its merits.

They had played with toys, the three of them having a grand time in an adult shop, finding dildos and vibrators to play with, including one that provided dual stimulation and another that introduced her to the pleasures of vibrating bullets. They had trimmed the tight curls between her legs close, but not too close. It had been strangely exciting.

They had played with her for hours, experimenting, driving her insane with pleasure, one or the other of them sliding a dildo inside her or running the vibrator over her while they nibbled on her breasts or fed from her. Michael had found a spot at the base of her spine that was exceptionally sensitive. He had kissed that spot while sliding a vibrating bullet inside her as Nico had nibbled on her breasts and applied another vibrator to her clit.

She had come so fast and so hard that neither of them had had time to feed so they'd had to do it again.

Her stomach and legs were much more toned from all the exercise they were giving her. She was a lot more limber too.

Michael looked at Nico and Nico grinned.

"Maybe," Nico said.

Rafi looked at the two of them and then around her. They were shielded from the house by hedges. "If anyone is watching on Google satellite," she said, "they're going to get an eyeful."

That thought was a little exciting. Already her heart rate had increased. This promised to be interesting. Both of them were very inventive.

Apparently Nico agreed. "I'll go get what we need."

Shucking his swim trunks, Michael turned to her, stroking his hardening cock. "I'll get things started out here."

Michael was definitely magnificent naked, his body as beautiful as Michelangelo's David, his skin tanned, the muscles sharply defined, tight and taut everywhere. His dark hair gleamed, brushing his powerful shoulders, and his long, thick cock was rampant, hardening as she watched. He was simply incredible.

Lust and heat poured through her, her nipples going instantly hard as her pussy creamed just at the sight of him.

Michael reached out to hook the front of Raffia's bathing suit top with the fingers of one hand to pull her toward him, her lovely eyes brilliant as she looked at him. Kissing her, he reached around behind her and unhooked the top, letting it fall away as he filled his hands with the full ripe globes of her breasts.

He liked looking at them in the sun, so lush, so round. Truthfully, he just liked looking at her naked.

She was beautiful with the light pouring over her, her skin like the finest alabaster, her breasts glowing like pearls in the sunlight, her wavy chestnut hair spilling behind her as the sun picked out the red and gold highlights in it and illuminated her fair skin.

His cock was hard at just the thought of what they were going to do to her and he stroked it as she watched, hardening even more as she eyed him and licked her lips hungrily.

Leaning forward, he kissed her, her lips curving in a smile as she kissed him back while his thumbs brushed across her taut nipples. He loved the feel of those little peaks stiffening at his touch, almost as much as he liked the feel of them hardening against his tongue.

Michael trailed his mouth down the slender column of her throat, pausing a moment to feel her pulse throb against his lips. She quivered as he continued the journey of his mouth over her smooth skin and leaned back until she was propped on her hands behind her. Now there was nothing to get in his way.

His mouth went from one full, lush breast to the other, sucking, licking, teasing and nibbling until her nipples were peaked, rigid and distended. She moaned as he teased her, as he suckled her. He caught the bottom of her swimsuit with his thumbs, drawing it off and down her lovely legs just as Nico returned, revealing all of her to them.

Sunlight sparkled on the damp curls between her thighs, making them glisten gold and red. She was beautiful, her skin lightly flushed, her labia a deep rose.

"You'll have to trust us," Michael said.

She gave him an incredulous look. He smiled.

He coaxed her to kneel on a towel and then to lie across the cushioned lounge chair on her belly.

"Now, Nico," Michael said, running his hand over her pale, toned bottom, "isn't that a sight to see? Like fine ivory. Beautiful, isn't it?"

Nico grinned as Michael bent to kiss each firm, rounded globe.

"Raffia, my love, you can never say that I have never kissed your ass," Michael said.

Looking over her shoulder at him, she laughed and grinned back.

Not to be outdone Nico did the same but then he nipped one rounded cheek lightly just to hear her yelp.

"Okay, Rafi," Nico said, "this might be a little uncomfortable at first but we have to prepare you to see if this will work. We'll try to make it as easy for you as possible."

"If you don't look it will be easier," Michael said, "so you won't anticipate. Just try to relax. We don't want to hurt you."

Settling beside her on one side with Nico on the other, Michael picked up the dual vibrator, turned it on and slid it inside her — knowing by the way she tightened that he had found the right spot.

Rafi relaxed as Michael angled the vibrator to touch her g-spot and her clit, moaning as he teased her with it.

She was aware of Nico's fingers by her anus, applying warm lubricant and it added to the thrill of what Michael did with the vibrator. Something slender and rounded probed around her tight little hole, pressed, the pressure a little uncomfortable but oddly exciting, the lubricant easing any resistance as the thing pushed a little inside. It was a little uncomfortable, but not bad, as Nico worked it around and in and out gently.

Heat moved through her, pleasure gathering deep in her belly, pooling, sliding through her limbs, her body adjusting to the odd invasion as the vibrator brought her to the edge of ecstasy.

Michael bent and lightly tongued that spot at the base of her spine, angling the vibrator against her clit and she came with a cry, shuddering and going limp.

As soon as her muscles went lax, Nico gently slid the thing deep inside her ass.

She groaned as it filled her, stretched her in ways she had never been stretched.

Michael stroked her back, soothing her as he played the vibrator over her clit, over her plump vaginal lips, probing a little, the vibration easing things, pleasure building again.

With a nod from Michael, Nico squeezed the little hand pump very slowly, so the probe within her would expand, stretching her gently.

There was a sense of swelling within her, a growing fullness, even as the vibe slid over her clit. She tightened around the toys a little more as Nico moved the thing inside her very carefully while Michael continued to tease her. Pleasure built. She moaned a little as it washed through her again. A little more pressure built inside her, Nico sliding the thing in a little, out a little, as it swelled and he slid it deeper. It was like being fucked in the ass, although she had never done that.

She shivered.

Now, suddenly she wanted to—bad.

The idea became exciting as the fullness within her grew. What would it be like to be that full of their cocks? Which one would do it first—take her in the ass—Michael or Nico? Her pussy, already drenched, tightened and grew wetter. Usually what one man did, the other would. Nico wasn't as thick as Michael. He would break her in gently.

Just the thought sent a thrill went through her.

His eyes gleaming, Nico looked at Michael, sliding the little probe out and putting it aside.

"Raffia, love," Michael said, "are you ready?"

She bit her lip and nodded.

Nico gently slid a lubricated vibrator up inside her ass as Michael continued to tease her with the other.

It was maddening, at first feeling too full, then heat filled her, the vibrators making her crazy but not taking her to satisfaction. Pleasure gathered. Nico moved the one inside her ass around a little. Her body was a pool of growing need, aching to be filled, to be used, to come. She couldn't even think as the pleasure gathered deep in her belly, turning her skin hot. Sounds came from her that she had never heard before, her core aching and dripping wet.

Michael leaned down to whisper in her ear, "I love to hear your pleasure."

Her whole body shuddered at the words, going hot, her pussy flooding.

When Rafi quivered with need, nearly mewling with desire, her inner thighs glistening with her own juices, Nico looked at Michael, who nodded. Nico withdrew the vibrator from her ass.

That tight little hole wasn't quite so tight now.

Although there was lubricant in her, Nico lubed his cock as well, stroking his shaft, almost ready to come at the thought of taking Rafi this way. He reined himself in with an effort.

Nico and Michael had discussed this, both of them getting hard just at the thought. Knowing how much Michael wanted to take Rafi's ass first, he knew how hard it had been for him not to, but it would be easier for Rafi this way.

Michael stroked her hair as Nico settled into position with the crown of his cock against her anus.

Nico pushed inside her, the lubricant helping him past the tight sphincter. She was still very tight, beautifully, incredibly tight. The head of his cock was just inside her. For him the sensation was amazing as he continued to press into her delicious, nearly painful tightness.

Shivering in anticipation, Nico's cock sliding into her ass, Rafi forced herself to relax. It was a little uncomfortable at first, forcing a groan from her, but Nico was filling her and somehow it was still exciting. Now she wanted—needed—them to do something, to fill her with more, deeper. She wanted to come with them inside her. Both of them.

Full, so full. It was a little uncomfortable and yet, it was Nico...and it felt good, right.

"Don't stop," she moaned, looking over her shoulder at him.

Nico bit his lip, settled his hands on her shoulders and thrust steadily into her as she shuddered with pleasure. He carefully withdrew a little, slid in a little, to get her used to his cock moving the lubricant around inside her.

It was a pleasure to simply watch Nico take Raffia's ass. Michael was hard as a rock. It was beautiful, intense, watching Nico's shaft slide into her.

Forcing himself to concentrate, Michael settled the vibrator against Raffia's clit, teasing and tormenting her, knowing just the way to do it to drive her to distraction.

He could see Nico struggling for control as she started to tremble and quiver again.

Nico closed his eyes, mastered himself and pulled out slowly.

“Are you all right, Rafi, love?” Michael asked. He gathered her into his arms, looking into her flushed face.

Those blue eyes met his and she smiled a little, looking from him to Nico, who was clearly not finished, his rigid cock twitching.

“Both of you, I need both of you,” she said, kissing Michael, then Nico.

Just the thought had Michael’s balls tightening, drawing up, his cock aching.

They had gotten so lucky with her.

With a smile and a look of relief, Nico settled back on the padded lounge chair and applied a little more lubricant to his cock in preparation.

The idea of both he and Nico taking her at the same time added to Michael’s excitement. There were so many possibilities.

Michael drew her into his arms as he slid his hands beneath the firm globes of her ass and lifted her so that her legs could wrap around his waist. He let her drop down his body, his cock so hard with anticipation that he didn’t need to guide the head into her hot, wet pussy, he simply let her impale herself on his throbbing shaft as Nico stepped up behind her. A shuddering breath of pleasure escaped her as he filled her. Her channel gloved him, stroking him as he pierced her. It was absolutely glorious and there was more to come. He smiled as her delicious, tight heat surrounded him.

“Oh God,” Rafi whispered as his cock filled her, sliding her arms over his shoulders, clutching at him. “I love to feel you inside me.”

Smiling, he pressed a kiss to her throat as he cradled her ass in his hands, parting her cheeks for Nico.

“As I love being inside you.”

Nico came to stand behind her and settled the head of his cock against her ass.

“Rafi?” Nico asked.

Another shuddering breath escaped her. "Please."

Pressing steadily, Nico slid his cock head inside her as she groaned softly, the pressure driving the sound from her. Both of them were inside her. Incredible.

Her mind nearly went blank with the intensity of it, the pleasure of it.

It wasn't enough, there wasn't enough of Nico.

"More, Nico, please," she begged.

"Gladly," Nico said, smiling and settling his hands on her hips.

Slowly, he thrust more deeply into her as she moaned with each inch of him that filled her. Deeper, deeper, until he was seated all the way inside her. It felt wonderful. She was so full, both of them stretching her, drawing all her awareness to them buried deep inside her.

As if they had practiced it, they thrust up into her in a rocking motion. Rafi marveled at being impaled on both of them.

It was sublime, especially as Nico groaned in pleasure, his head falling against her neck to press a kiss there. Michael's eyes glowed and then his mouth was on hers and he groaned as he kissed her.

She was so stretched, so full of them...intoxicated by them.

Then Nico lifted her arm over his head so that she twisted between them, her arms over two muscular shoulders, her back arched, giving them access to her breasts. In an instant her nipples ached, longing to be sucked.

It was a little awkward until Michael's head lowered, sucking her nipple into his mouth, as they thrust up into her. It was electric, her body bucking, pussy clenching with each motion of his mouth on her, each thrust of their hips driving their cocks deep. An enormous wave of pleasure built inside her, intensified, a moan escaped her as sheer bliss nearly drowned her. Rafi thought that she would lose her mind she was so full of both the men she loved. She tightened even more, ecstasy building as they thrust, driving deep.

Michael could feel Nico inside her, separated by the thin membrane within her as she tightened on their cocks, their shafts rubbing against each other as they fucked her, watching her eyelids flutter, her lips part.

Nico thrust in time with him, the two of them pleasuring themselves as deliciously as they pleased Raffia. Michael, listening to her soft cries, thought that it didn't get much better. He had wonderful ideas if they could get her used to this.

Hunger filled him. If they came first...

Nico's eyes shot open, knowing him so well it was like reading his mind.

Attuned to their needs, Raffia's eyes fluttered open.

She shuddered. Michael was astonished as she closed around them, quivering in the effort to hold back her own pleasure. Quickly Nico guided her arm back over his head once again and pressed his lips against the side of her neck.

Pressing his mouth, his teeth, against her pounding pulse, Michael settled against her. Her pussy clenched and flooded around his throbbing cock, pulsing with need.

Michael could tell she was fighting for control as they swelled inside her, stretching her even further. She moaned, her head tossing.

At the sound of her moan, her sweet, tight pussy clenched on Michael, pulsing with her need, tightening. Nico erupted with a shout and then Michael, his hands clenching around her ass, came too, his pleasure jetting inside her.

It was incredible, knowing that Nico was gushing inside her even as he did, while Raffia moaned deliriously between them. Nico's eyes reflected the same astonishment as Michael's.

Raffia's orgasm exploded through her and she shuddered wildly. Both of them struck, their teeth piercing her as their hot mouths closed over her throat and they suckled hard, their arms tightening around her.

Michael was drunk on her, the taste of her was wildly delicious, rich and heady. In all his long life he had never tasted another as good.

More. God, more.

Heat raced through Michael as he drank from her.

It seemed to Rafi as though her orgasm would never end, she shuddered, her hips pumping in time to the draw of their mouths. They devoured her as her heart raced to pump more to them, bucking each time their throats worked.

She went limp between them as that sweet lassitude filled her.

For a moment she just looked at them breathlessly, still wrapped in their arms, still impaled on their softening cocks.

Could she love two men, two such very different men, equally?

She did.

Did they love her?

With a sigh of pleasure, licking his lips, Michael realized Rafi watched him and something in her eyes caught at him.

She shivered, a smile curving her lips.

"I love that you do that," she said. "Savor the taste of me."

That wasn't it and that wasn't all. Looking into her stormy blue eyes, Michael saw the shadows there, the words she couldn't say. He looked at Nico, who tightened his arm around her even as Michael did, pinning her between them.

Cupping her cheek in his hand, intent, Michael touched his lips to hers.

"I love you," he said softly as Nico whispered the same thing in her other ear.

They weren't talking about her taste.

Chapter Six

It was late, or rather early. The first light of dawn had yet to touch the sky. At any rate, it was still dark when Rafi got home. It had been a long, long, night. Both Michael and Nico were sprawled on the bed asleep, naked. As close as they were to each other, they only cuddled her. Both were mostly on their sides facing each other, curled around pillows. She smiled. They were very similar but Michael was broader, stronger, Nico leaner, sleeker.

Smiling, she decided to give them a little surprise.

Careful not to wake them, she slid up the bed between them. Both smelled of clean male bodies. They were close enough together that what she planned would be possible.

Lying between them, Rafi found Michael's soft cock and slowly, carefully, drew it into her mouth.

He sighed a little.

So did she.

She released Michael's cock and trailed her fingers lightly over his sac and the delicate skin of his shaft then turned to Nico, drawing his cock slowly into her mouth. Her heart thundered, delight dancing through her. Michael hardened in her hand. Playing with Nico now, she returned her mouth to Michael's cock, licking around the glans, touching her tongue to the tip lightly, teasingly. He moaned slightly, stretching, still asleep. She returned to Nico, to do the same. His breath hitched as he shifted.

This was fun.

She grinned, turning back to Michael, licking the tiny drop of slightly salty pre-cum at the tip of his nearly rigid cock.

A moan escaped him as she took him into her mouth. He was so large. The musky scent of him filled her. She stroked both of them, filling her mouth with the taste of Michael again as her fingers wrapped around Nico.

Michael came awake, his body tight, a hot, wet mouth around the head of his rigid cock. Pleasure moved through him softly and sweetly, bringing him slowly to awareness. For a moment, his sleeping mind couldn't comprehend it. He opened his eyes. In all his long life he could not remember ever having been awakened this way.

Raffia, her chestnut head bowed over him, closed her mouth around the swelling head of his cock, taking him deeply as she caressed him and Nico—whom she clearly had been fondling as well because his cock was stiffening in her hand as Michael watched. She was generous that way, never playing favorites.

He loved watching her hot, wet mouth sliding over his cock head, working him deeper until he could feel her throat against the crown of his cock. It was an effort for him to hold still.

He waited and watched to see what she would do, saying nothing, biting back a groan as her mouth left him to return to Nico and make him as just hard.

Watching her lips close over the crown of Nico's shaft, seeing it disappear into her pretty mouth, her hand still stroking Michael's own cock, tightening around him, hardened Michael further. He ground his teeth to hold back another groan as she stroked him. It was a particular joy to watch as she pleased Nico. Especially as Nico came slowly awake too, his head falling back in pleasure as Raffia's mouth worked him, taking the length of his shaft, her head bobbing.

It had been Michael who had initiated Nico into the ways of pleasuring women and being pleased by them. Watching them now brought that all back.

The wet sounds of Raffia's mouth on Nico heightened Michael's own desire. Watching her suck Nico, her eyes closed, humming in contentment, there was no doubt in Michael's mind that she did what she did for sheer enjoyment. As she did for him.

Her attention was on Nico at the moment, but her hand was closed tightly around Michael's cock.

With a sigh of pure bliss, Rafi returned to take Michael into her mouth, swirling her tongue over the spurt of salty cum on the broad mushroom-shaped head of his cock, tasting him with a smile. She liked knowing that she could give him this, both him and Nico.

There were times when she came home just too tired, too wired, to relax easily. Times when, after a long day of dealing with ghosties and ghoulies and things that go bump in the night—and those were the people—she was just too restless to sleep.

She couldn't think of any way to relax better than this and ran her tongue over the slit of Michael's cock again, stroking up the little indentation in the cock head, tracing her way around it before taking it slowly back into her mouth again.

She knew that Michael was awake when his hands stroked into her hair, closing gently around her head, guiding her to find his rhythm. He turned slightly so that she could take the long, thick length of him more easily. He held her there as Nico moved away from her hand, curling instead up against her back to cuddle into her, his long cock sliding between her thighs, through the moisture there. She loved the feel of Nico there, both comforting and soothing. He stroked her from shoulder to hip, petting her, easing her jangled nerves, before curling his hand around her breast.

This was her refuge, here between these two men. Here she could let go of the alertness, of the watchfulness.

With a sigh of contentment, she drew Michael's long shaft into her mouth, the slightly musky taste of him filling her as his hand alternately stroked and tightened in her hair.

Michael groaned softly as she took him to the back of her throat. She swallowed deliberately and began to suck on him, feeling him swell even larger in her mouth.

At her back, Nico's thrust against her bottom, his rigid penis sliding between her thighs to glide through the moisture and slide between her labia. His agile fingers played lightly with her nipple.

Nico pressed a kiss to her shoulder as his hips worked in a steady rhythm to match the rhythm of her mouth on Michael.

A soft hum filled the air and Rafi smiled around Michael's cock at the familiar sound of a vibrator.

Waking, Nico had thought that he had died and gone to heaven. It was delicious, delirious to have awakened this way, with Rafi's hands and mouth on him. He had opened his eyes when she moved away only to find her doing the same to Michael.

Watching her go down on Michael, take Michael's long, thick cock between her lips, suck him in, always sent a shot of pleasure through Nico. There were times he would just sit and stroke his cock while watching her mouth slide up and down Michael's shaft or while watching Michael sink his cock deep into her.

Just as he knew that Michael got a similar pleasure from watching Rafi do the same to him, or from watching as Nico worked his shaft into her.

He could feel the tension in her body nevertheless, having become accustomed to her. She was always more tense after she came off the night shift. It was simply more dangerous at night anywhere but particularly in the city.

Knowing that, he curled up against her, stroking her as much for his own enjoyment as to comfort Rafi as he slipped his hard shaft between her smooth white thighs. A shiver of pleasure went through him. Stroking her, soothing her, he loved the feel of her smooth skin beneath his hand, the taut curve of her belly as he drew carefully closer, her ass nestled tight against him. The full, sweet weight of her breast filled his palm. He teased her nipple lightly, pressing his mouth against her shoulder, a rush of warmth going through him. He loved the feel of her in his — their — arms.

Nico's shaft twitched almost in time to the sound of Rafi's mouth on Michael.

Michael's expression was ecstatic and yet at the same time Nico could see tension in every line of Michael's body as Rafi drove him slowly mad.

Slowly mad?

A grin spread across Nico's face as he reached for the nightstand drawer, quietly pulled it open and drew out some of the toys, remembering the day they had bought them. His grin broadened.

Carefully, he coaxed Rafi's hips over a little, urging her thighs apart with gentle yet insistent caresses, watching as her mouth slid over Michael's shaft in a steady rhythm, heat washing through him at the sight of it on Michael's cock. The wet sounds her mouth made around it were a delicious torment.

Very gently he laid the tip of the toy against her clit and turned it on.

The vibrator whirred and she trembled.

Nico swirled it around her sensitive vaginal lips and back up to her clit then down to her folds again to slip between them and pierce her just a little. He teased a little at the entrance to her pussy, dampening the vibrator with her own cream. He smiled when her hips pumped and he heard a sound deep in her throat. Slowly, he slid the other vibrator up into her ass. She moaned around Michael's thrusting cock. Nico got the Rabbit, its little ears twitching.

Eyes fluttering, Michael groaned and his hand clenched tightly in her hair. His body went taut, and his hips thrust at the sound of her soft moan. Nico tightened, knowing just how it felt when Rafi moaned. There were reasons some called going down a hummer.

Deliberately Nico toyed with Rafi, playing the vibrator over her tender, rosy pussy lips, then up to her swollen clit as she softly moaned, driving not just Rafi crazy, but Michael.

There was a certain satisfaction in this for Nico, seeing normally strong, controlled Michael being tormented this way, his body tightening as Rafi's mouth drove him sweetly insane.

Nico tortured them both, enjoying watching Rafi's body undulate, her hips seeking the pleasure he wouldn't complete while keeping her mouth on Michael as she softly moaned and groaned. The vibration around Michael's cock would be maddening, Nico knew, having experienced it himself.

Michael's eyes met Nico's, nearly pleading. He looked as if his control was ready to snap.

Still...

With a grin, Nico took mercy on him, nodded and slid the Rabbit up into Rafi to touch her g-spot inside and her clit outside as his mouth closed over her nipple to suck hard, knowing now just how to bring her to orgasm.

She shuddered with need, her soft cries muffled by Michael's thick cock.

As her pleasure grew, Michael became rock hard in her mouth, throbbing, his hands locked in her hair. Her body jerked with her orgasm and his own release took him. He thrust his cock deep into her throat as she trembled and shook.

Helpless to do anything else, Rafi took it, took him, swallowing him as he fucked her sweet mouth, her throat working to take all of his cum as her own orgasm shuddered through her.

Michael released her, brushing the hair back from her face as, immense satisfaction swept through him.

"Thank you," he said, kissing her.

Nico hadn't removed the vibrators. He had merely turned them off.

What she did for one, Raffia always did for the other.

With a smile she licked her lips, savoring the taste of Michael and then she turned to take Nico's rigid cock into her mouth.

Michael turned on the vibrator in her ass once again, stroking it into her, working it so that she groaned and moaned around Nico's cock, returning tit for tat, more or less.

Both of them loved the sounds of her pleasure, the more, the louder, the better because it vibrated around their cocks. It was maddening, Michael knew. He watched Nico shiver as Rafi hummed around his cock, as he himself had experienced only moments ago.

Raffia had become used to anal sex quickly and happily since it allowed them to take her at the same time.

He had found that he loved to fuck that tight channel, loved listening to her moan as he drove his cock up inside her ass.

Michael applied more cool lubricant to the anal vibrator then found the dual vibrator and turned it on again. He used it to tease her as Raffia's mouth stroked Nico's cock. He looked questioningly at Nico as he used the lubricant to stroke himself hard again. Watching Raffia with Nico, he wanted to take her again.

Michael knew Nico was close to coming. Nico just smiled, eyelids fluttering, completely unrepentant.

Michael had expected no less.

Sliding the anal vibrator into her again, Michael worked it around to make sure that there would be plenty of lubricant inside her.

Then he removed the anal vibrator and angled the other against her clit. He buried himself fast and deep in her tight ass as she came with a shriek while Nico drove his shaft into her mouth as he came, her throat working as she swallowed him. She shivered and shook between them as Nico pumped his cum down her willing throat.

Pulling her up into his arms, he and Nico cradled her between them and snuggled close to her.

With the taste of both of them in her mouth, Rafi smiled and licked her lips.

Michael smiled at the familiar gesture, one that she had watched them do so often – savor the taste of her in their mouths.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” she said, a little hoarsely.

"It definitely is," Michael agreed as he kissed her forehead.

Nico grinned. "Most definitely, Rafi." And kissed her too.

Deliciously spent, neither of them particularly hungry, they curled into her and around her.

"Rough night?" Michael asked.

She burrowed against him and Nico for comfort. "Um-hmmm."

After working so late and then giving them such a treat, he knew that she would be deeply asleep very quickly. So would he and Nico.

* * * * *

After having given them such a delightful awakening, it seemed only fair to Nico to return the favor. Rafi was sprawled between them, their legs tangled together. He looked at Michael, who smiled and nodded.

She would have very sweet dreams.

With a sigh of anticipation, Nico slid down her body, gently coaxing her legs apart, spreading her thighs, cupping her bottom to raise her to him. He settled his mouth over her, tasting her with his tongue, sliding it up inside her.

She moaned softly in her sleep.

Nico watched as Michael lowered his mouth to one of her gorgeous breasts to suck and nibble.

Nico feasted on her pussy, fucked her with his mouth and tongue, licked and savored her clit.

In sleep, Rafi shivered as his hot tongue invaded her, swept over her clit then tantalized it with just the tip, stroking it, sliding down to pierce her, to lap at her juices. Michael suckled at her breasts, used his teeth to tug on her nipple, scraped them over it.

Her hips pumped, begging for more, for completion.

Smiling, Nico devoured her, working his tongue inside her to lick her cream.

Her body grew tight and then froze as her orgasm burst through her and he drank her in, her pleasure erupting into his mouth.

Michael's mouth closed over her throat, Nico's over her wrist as they breakfasted on her, a soft sigh escaping her as their teeth pierced her. That she truly enjoyed them feeding on her was just another layer of joy over all of it.

Barely awake, Rafi wallowed in the pleasure of it. Her sleepy mind and body were awash with pure bliss as they fed deeply on her, knowing that she'd sleep for hours after working the late shift and replenish. She loved this. Sighing, she let the darkness close over her again as they each kissed her lightly and slipped away.

The sun was high in the sky when she awoke and the house was still.

Rafi knew the servants were around but they were quiet.

She'd become friendly with all of them. She knew that Catera would be in the kitchen and there would be a breakfast waiting for her. Everyone knew her schedule. She also knew that her breakfast would be heavy on lean protein, iron, vitamins, Omega 3 and amino acids to accommodate her human needs as her blood changed to feed her vampire lovers, though she doubted Catera would ever suspect the reason for her change in diet.

An omelet, full of the stuff that she liked and a fresh salad topped with feta cheese and walnuts, awaited her.

"Catera," she said to the chubby, bustling, five-star chef Michael employed, "that's perfect."

With a grin, the Creole chef said, in her lilting accent. "I know what you like, Raffia, girl, that's all."

Only she of all the house staff had picked up Michael's nickname for her, but it sounded lovely with her accent.

Happily, Rafi settled into her meal, hearing the distant ringing of the doorbell.

The butler, Adamson, came into the kitchen, clearly put out.

"There is a gentleman at the door," he said, clearly using the last term loosely, "named Josiah Godwin who insists on speaking to someone in charge here. I have assured him that both Mr. Niculescu and Mr. Vironin are not present."

"So, that someone would be me." Rafi said. "Okay, Adamson, I guess I can see him. Do I look all right or should I change?"

Smiling, Adamson inclined his head. "Madam has excellent taste and her attire should be fine for the gentleman in question."

Graciously, Rafi inclined her head. "Thank you, Adamson."

Adamson, Catera and the rest of the staff had been enormously helpful when Michael had held an important dinner party, making certain that she was properly dressed and helping her avoid critical mistakes.

The effort had been worth it when she'd seen the admiration in Michael's eyes and Nico's nod of approval.

So the simple cotton sundress and plain sandals that she wore would do.

"Put him in the parlor. I'll be right there," she said, looking longingly at the meal she was leaving. She'd grab a couple of bites, then go.

The parlor was a formal room for uninvited guests. It wasn't a particularly inviting room. The furniture was antique but they were some of Michael's least favorite pieces.

Rafi walked into it as its sole occupant turned to look at her, his expression as he examined the room, one of disapproval.

Some people were ascetic in appearance but not by nature. Others were ascetic by nature and fought their bodies. This man was one of those, thin although he was big-boned and could easily carry more weight. He looked like a cancer patient, his face cadaverous, his eyes too bright.

"Mr. Godwin?" she said. "I understand that you want to speak to someone? Neither Mr. Niculescu nor Mr. Vironin is here. My name is Raphaela Carteret. May I help you?"

He turned to look at her as she walked across the floor toward him, holding her hand out politely. His gaze sharpened. Suddenly his face went dark and he strode out without a word.

A little surprised and unsettled, she watched him go, puzzled. It was curious enough that she told Michael and Nico about it when they returned from work.

Michael shook his head, frowning little. "I don't know anyone named Godwin, do you, Nico?"

"No. And no one by that description," Nico said, exchanging an odd look with Michael, who looked as if he were about to speak, but hesitated then said nothing.

A chill raced down Rafi's spine. She didn't like that look. But both men assured her there was nothing to be concerned about.

Dinner was the usual, heavy on protein for all of them. Neither Michael nor Nico took sustenance from food, their bodies didn't process anything that didn't contain blood. They still enjoyed the taste, though. It had become their habit, over dinner, to talk about how their days had gone, headlines in the newspaper, debating and discussing current events.

It was interesting to talk with two nearly eight-hundred-year-old vampires who knew history firsthand, having lived it. Rafi was fascinated with some of the tales they told.

Dinner was entertaining, as usual, and Rafi forgot about the disquieting visitor.

Chapter Seven

Curled up on the couch in the library, Rafi wasn't particularly concerned when Michael was late although he hadn't said anything to her about it when she'd stopped by his office to have lunch with him and Nico, who had been setting up a difficult network. So she wasn't too worried when Nico didn't come home at his usual time either, until it got late.

Neither had ever been that late before without calling.

For a brief moment she wondered if they had gone hunting. If they had finally gotten tired of the same "dish" every meal. There'd been no sign of that though. And if they had, it would be she who would be leaving, not them. Her heart still caught but something else bothered her—the connection between her and the two of them. Something was wrong she could feel it.

They were both ancient vampires, old and experienced, for all of Nico's apparent youth. Both were smart and extraordinarily strong. They were fine, she assured herself.

Still she paced as the evening grew later until no excuse or explanation fit. Calling their cell phones got no answers.

Concerned, she went out to the streets, stopping at their favorite haunts to see if they were there, but if they had gone out they would have answered her calls.

The building where Nico had worked that day was completely dark.

Now she was seriously worried.

Fear sparked and nibbled at her nerves but she knew better than to let it get away from her.

Suddenly their strange visitor came to mind. The connection was too close to ignore. Rafi hopped on the internet to do a quick search of his name.

She sat, frozen, staring at the screen.

A chill went through her. She buried her face in her hands as the web page came up.

Swearing softly, she wanted to kick herself. She knew better. She should have done this first.

Godwin was a vampire hunter. Though he was assumed to be a nutjob, Rafi knew better.

Listed on his website were methods for killing vampires—a stake through the heart and decapitation being his personal favorites. He claimed to know of many vampires who had met their fates from these methods.

Shuddering, she went cold.

They were smart. They had survived for hundreds of years.

They might be hurt. Both would have thought they were safe, living in a civilized age where laws protected the citizens. There were definitely laws against that sort of murder and mayhem. But nothing protected anyone completely.

Where would Godwin take them if he'd gotten hold of them? There were only so many places in the city where something like that could go unnoticed. Her heart ached. She fought the fear, the despair and grief. That wouldn't help Michael and Nico. She prayed that Godwin didn't have them and if he did that he hadn't already killed them.

She started calling the hotels where a man like Godwin might stay until she finally hit the jackpot. She asked to be connected to his room but he didn't answer the phone.

There were a number of possible ways of handling it but most of them would be even more dangerous for Michael and Nico. Preparing quickly, she ran to the garage. In her mind's eye she could see their faces. Michael, Nico. Her heart wrenched and for a minute she fought the urge to weep. It wouldn't help.

Debating a number of possibilities, she took Michael's dark green Jag, the least conspicuous of his cars, and drove to the High Point Motel. She found a place in the parking lot to tuck the car away and wait.

What was happening to Michael and Nico? Terror shot through her. Her breath came in gasps. Ruthlessly, she locked down control. It would do them no good if she lost it. If they were in trouble, they were depending on her.

* * * * *

Dazed, confused, Michael looked around. The room was clearly in a cellar somewhere, the walls stone with iron rings driven securely into them. There were shackles around his wrists, the chains connecting them to the wall were very thick. A thousand old memories tormented him. How many times had he found himself like this over the centuries? He'd thought that those days were over. And Nico? If they knew about him, did they know about Nico? Was he all right? And Rafi? Would they have gone after her? Fear whispered through him.

He hadn't expected anything, hadn't seen this or them coming. Or the blow to his head that had taken him down.

Fear burst through him.

If they hadn't taken her as well, he knew that Rafi would be looking for him, he knew her well enough to know that.

He might have broken free eventually but then the door, clearly a new installation—iron, thick, designed for someone like him—opened and a man stepped inside.

In an instant, Michael recognized him. Godwin. Raffia's description had been astonishingly accurate but then it would be.

A little shorter than six feet tall, the man might well have once carried more weight on him, his shoulders broad and his chest deep, his hairline receding. There were deep grooves around his thin mouth and a large cross dangled from a chain around his neck.

Michael fought the chains in rage and despair. If there was time, he could break them but would there be time?

To his fury and horror, several armed men entered the room, two dragging Nico between them, battered and bruised. They chained Nico to the wall as well. He had clearly tried to fight them.

His heart burned for Nico. The bastards.

"Nico?"

Raising his head, Nico looked at him and nodded to let him know that he was all right. It was a small measure of relief.

One that didn't last long.

"Do it," Godwin said.

They went to Nico first because he was closest. Michael fought against the chains as they drew their knives and opened Nico's veins.

Nico fought furiously as the blades cut. His blood spilled to the floor, soaking into it, the smell ripe in the air.

"They can't die," Godwin said, "they are already dead. Remember that."

"No," Michael shouted. "No, goddamnit. Bastards."

They ignored him.

And then it was his turn.

Michael fought them madly too, but in the end they opened his veins as well. As his blood drained away so did most of his strength.

After they'd lost a copious amount of blood, rendering them virtually helpless, the men unlocked the chains and quickly fled. Michael's wounds were already closing on their own due to vampiric healing, regardless of his massive blood loss.

Michael cursed slowly and steadily.

Despairingly.

Nico's jaw tightened, a hopeless expression in his eyes as he fought the chains. The hunger would already be growing in him. As it would for Michael, very quickly.

By morning they would be ravenous. A few hours after that... Despair and fear settled around his heart.

Cursing wasn't enough. He grew rapidly weaker...and hungrier. Very hungry.

Chapter Eight

Watching from the Jag, Rafi saw the car drive in, recognizing the driver as Godwin. He wasn't alone. He had a few bullyboys with him. Facing Michael and Nico, he would have needed them. Her plan was a gamble but she thought it would work. She hoped and prayed that it would, that she wasn't condemning Michael and Nico to a terrible death. Though a lot of vampire lore was myth, a stake through the heart would be fatal. Just the thought made her shudder.

It had been a long night and dawn was just breaking the horizon.

Godwin and his people went into one of the rooms.

The thought of Godwin driving a stake into Michael and Nico's hearts, then cutting their heads off was maddening, terrifying. She buried her face in her hands for a moment. With an effort, she pulled herself together, got out of the car and strode across the parking lot to the hotel desk.

If they had, they'd regret it. She'd dedicate herself to hunting Godwin down.

This was the first part of the gamble. Godwin had seen her at the house. She had spent the previous day in their gated home, unlike Michael and Nico, so he hadn't been able to get to her if he'd wanted her too.

Her eyes burned.

Michael. Nico.

Rafi needed Godwin to take her to them but it had to seem to be his idea. A direct confrontation would make her seem more of a threat. Then she'd get nowhere.

The door to the hotel lobby had a bell and the clerk hurried out, the smile not reaching his eyes. He was an older man, clearly worn down by life, his hair graying, a perpetually dissatisfied expression on his face.

"Can I help you?" he said, by rote.

He was not the one she had talked to earlier. She didn't recognize the voice.

"Yes," she said, "I'd like to talk to Mr. Godwin. I understand that he's staying here?"

"There's no Godwin here," he said. "You've come to the wrong place."

It didn't surprise her. It had been a risk. The other clerk must have mentioned the call to Godwin.

Shrugging a little, she said, "I just want to talk to him."

His eyes lit up at the fifty she slid across the desk.

"You a cop?"

Looking down at her clothes, jeans and a heavy old hooded sweatshirt from college, her feet in deck shoes, she looked at him incredulously. "Do I look like a cop?"

"There might be a Godwin here," he said, taking the fifty. "Let me go check the book."

With luck, he was actually going to call Godwin, warn him.

Her breath came short.

This would hurt, she was sure. Fear shot through her but she pushed that back too. It was for Michael and Nico.

The man came back, shaking his head sadly. "Sorry, can't help you."

It was the answer she'd expected.

Sighing dejectedly, she said, "Are you sure?"

Angrily, defensively, he said, "Yeah, I'm sure."

Raising her hands helplessly, she nodded, turned and walked out the door toward the Jag.

They waited until she was out of sight of the office before they grabbed her. She didn't fight it, she wanted them to take her to Michael and Nico so she only reacted defensively. She allowed them to restrain her, only fighting enough to be convincing

Godwin appeared in front of her and snatched a fistful of her hair. He looked at her.

"Harlot," he spat at her. He slapped her. "Both of them?"

Startled, she stared at him. How did he know?

And then she closed her eyes—the tiny scars on her wrists and throat.

His eyes narrowed speculatively. Slowly he nodded and smiled. "It's a sign. Clearly, God has delivered us our proof. No innocents need die. Let us return her to her companions."

There was something in his words and voice that Rafi didn't like. What had he done? What did he plan?

They drove her to an old broken-down part of the city. An industrial area that had fallen on hard times. The buildings in this section of town were decrepit, some in slightly better condition than others. Rafi knew it well. Abandoned, an eyesore, it was desolate and deserted. The big four-wheel-drive SUV they were in was the only vehicle in sight as it humped and swayed over the rutted remains of the streets.

They came to a halt by a building, hauled her out of the car, dragging, pushing and shoving her down into what had been the basement where there were still intact rooms. Refuse and old bottles littered the corners.

In the center of room was something that looked like an altar, complete with white and purple satin draped over it. Beside it was a table. A large mallet and two stakes waited there...and a saw. Terror shot through her but there was no blood on any of it. Not yet. Rafi closed her eyes, trying to block out the horror of it.

Two of the men disappeared from the room.

Where were Michael and Nico?

"Tie her hands," Godwin said. "And gag her."

Her heart pounded. That hadn't been part of the plan, but it was the risk she had taken.

"No," she shouted, fighting them, but she was outnumbered.

Godwin smiled. "Would you like to see your friends? You know what they are. Vampires. Did you think you knew them? Truly knew? You're about to find out."

His eyes met hers.

She went cold, fear and horror threading through her.

"You won't enjoy it. You see, we need to prove that vampires exist. For the world to know, we need them to show their true colors, so..." his smile broadened, "we drained them. They are very, very hungry now, I'm sure."

Drained?

"No," she whispered.

What would that do to them? She had seen them when they were hungry and called it starved. What would it be like if they really were? If they had been driven to complete starvation?

Fear shot through her, for them and for herself.

They dragged her toward a door, opened it and threw her inside.

Rafi sprawled across the floor, her hair tangled about her face. The door slammed shut.

She tried to clear her hair from her eyes. It was too dark to see as they closed on her like silent wraiths.

Her beloved Michael and Nico.

Michael scented along her skin as he always did and Nico's tongue tasted her. Neither spoke. She nearly wept as they held her pressed against the floor. The sounds they made were evidence enough of the madness and hunger so ravenous in them.

Her sweatshirt was ripped off, literally torn away to be tossed aside into a corner.

At some point, somehow, her hands came free but they were feeding on her, their teeth piercing her, ecstasy pouring through her as they fed, sucking and drawing great draughts of her blood as she shivered with pleasure at each long, hard pull of their mouths on her skin. They fed deeply, so very deeply. She shuddered with pleasure and grief as they fed from her.

Her heart thundered in her ears, fluttered in her chest. Rafi ached in every joint, every limb.

They'd blame themselves, she knew.

Instinct drove Michael. He struggled for reason, fought the hunger. Something familiar in the taste, the scent, something... An alarm went off in the deep recesses of his mind. There was something horribly familiar about the limp body in his hands. That taste, so sweet, so marvelous...

He hadn't fed mindlessly like this in centuries. Not since the last time he'd been imprisoned. Memory started to return...and fear pierced him.

He knew Nico fought it too.

His heart shuddered in fear.

Michael turned the woman's head toward him and touched her face, pushed her hair back and found the gag. He groaned as he removed it, pulling her up into his arms.

There was only one reason for a gag. So she couldn't make sound. So she couldn't tell them who she was, couldn't call to them, bring them to sanity, even if she'd had a prayer of doing so under the circumstances.

He knew the face he touched. "Raffia, my love," he whispered.

She had come, after all.

God, if he survived, if he got the chance, he would kill the ones responsible for this. And for what they had done to him and Nico. But especially for this.

A hand touched his jaw – Raffia’s – her fingers trembling even as she reached out for Nico. That she loved them both so much, that she reached for Nico even as she reached for him...

Michael swore softly.

“My choice,” Rafi whispered. “Love you. Michael, Nico, please, I’d rather die than be without you.”

Nico took her hand. “Rafi...”

“Please,” she said, “it’s not your fault.”

Beneath Michael’s hand he could feel her heart shudder. Had they taken too much? Enough to kill her? His head bowed. If she died... He didn’t want to live without her either.

He knew Nico felt the same.

The door opened and men with guns appeared there.

Rafi’s face was pale. There were dark circles beneath her eyes and her eyelids seemed nearly transparent. She was completely limp, sprawled loosely in his arms.

“Finished? Did you enjoy your last meal? And hers?” Godwin asked. “Try anything and we’ll shoot her. If she still lives.”

“You bastard,” Michael said bitterly.

“Didn’t you enjoy it? You certainly seemed to. By the way, we videotaped it with a night vision camera.”

Fury burst through Michael but he wasn’t able to fight them.

He watched as Nico fought the rage that burned inside him as well.

Strength slowly returned with Rafi’s blood running through him but not enough, not yet. Michael’s head still swam.

His heart wrenched. He wasn’t ready to fight, but for Rafi, for Nico, he would try.

Pointing the gun at Rafi’s limp body in Michael’s arms, Godwin said, “Drop her and get back against the wall.”

With Rafi's life at risk, neither of them dared to try anything. Even knowing that what came next would very likely be terrible. There was an awful purpose here. This man had videotaped them feeding on Raffia. His mission was to expose them as vampires and therefore the whole vampire community.

Reluctantly, Michael put Raffia down and moved obediently back against the wall, his jaw locked in helpless rage.

One of the guards kicked Rafi negligently as he went past, shackles in his hands, and Michael nearly went for him despite his weakness, even as Nico snarled in impotent fury.

She didn't flinch.

He and Nico stared at each other, their hearts twisting.

Looking at Rafi's limp form on the floor, Godwin said, "That takes care of another problem."

The men shackled them again and dragged them out to the other room.

More men waited there.

That hardly mattered.

Both of them stared in horror at the altar and the tools beside it. Stakes. And a saw.

Neither of them were strong enough to fight yet.

Nico tried to fight them anyway, weakly, as they dragged him to the altar and onto it. Going wild, Michael struggled against those who held him.

In despair, Michael watched as they prepared to drive a stake through Nico's heart.

Nico. The last of his family, the man who was closer to him than a brother. The one who had stood beside him for centuries, who understood him better than anybody. And Raffia...who might be dying even now, alone in that cell. Raffia.

Strength, Rafi's gift to them, was returning but would it be in time for him to save Nico or her?

Desperately Nico fought them, fear lending him some strength. The thought of it...of Michael having to watch...

They held him anyway.

Godwin centered the stake on his chest, the dull point of it pressing against his breastbone, raising the mallet as Michael yanked and fought the chains, trying to get to the men who held him. In horror, Nico tried not to think of the next few moments, of the crushing force of the stake driving through his chest...

Chapter Nine

Clearly and with unmistakable authority, a sharp voice snapped from the doorway, “Metro Police. Detective Lieutenant Raphaela Carteret. Put down the weapon, Mr. Godwin, or I will shoot. Piss me off and I might shoot you anyway but if you harm one hair on Nico’s head, I will fucking kill you.”

The last was a snarl.

Everyone’s eyes shot to the slender figure braced in the doorway, the gun in her hand pointed directly at Godwin as she flipped open a badge with the other. Her picture on it was clear, as was the shiny gold detective’s shield beside it.

The sight of her sweet Nico with a stake over his heart was nearly more than Rafi could bear. The despair and fear for Nico and for her on Michael’s handsome face was almost as bad. Along with the sure knowledge that Michael would have been next.

Crawling across the floor of that horrible room, scrabbling to find her hoodie in the dark, her badge and weapon concealed in it—a relic of her undercover days—had been terrible, knowing what they would face in this room. Desperate, trying to find the strength to make it so far with her heart hammering inside her. She was so weak. She had forced herself to keep moving, seeing Michael’s face, Nico’s, in her mind, wanting something more than memory after the events of this day.

She didn’t dare look too closely at either of them but she knew with every cell in her body where they were in the room.

Even pinned to the altar by the hands of Godwin’s men, with fear and fury burning through him as he struggled to free himself, Nico’s eyes went to Rafi in the doorway, his heart shattering to see her so pale, battered and bruised, her gun locked now in both hands, her dark blue eyes desperate but resolute. Furious, terrified.

For him.

And for Michael.

Still, relief shot through him, a whisper of hope that he might see the sun rise again, that he might see another day, that he would make love to her again.

If they survived this.

There were deep shadows beneath Rafi's eyes and he could tell that she was using the door to brace herself.

Fear for her warred with that relief. She was so weak and she was pushing herself too hard. What point was there in surviving if she died?

He looked at Michael and saw the same fear mirrored in his eyes.

In the face of his fear for Nico and his anger at himself for letting his guard down, Michael's heart leaped at the familiar sound of Raffia's voice. It was wrenching though, to see her leaning against the doorjamb, her gun braced in both hands.

Raffia. His heart.

She was so beautiful.

Her blue eyes blazed furiously, even as she panted with the effort it had cost her to come so far in her condition, so drained, her jaw tight against the pain and weakness that had to be running through her. That courage...

Michael could see her clearly in the thin fluorescent light. A bruise darkened one side of her face and she hunched a little against pain in her ribs. There was blood on her throat.

His jaw tightened, grief and fury raging in him.

That fury gave him another burst of strength, not enough yet, but more. He set himself against the chains. Once he had been a warrior, and in many ways still was. All he needed was time to get his full strength back, just a little more time.

"You should have searched me, you morons," Rafi said. "Now, put down that mallet, Godwin, or I will shoot you."

"They're vampires!" Godwin shouted at her. "They fed from you, so you know that. They deserve to die. You're a cop, it's your job as a defender of the law."

Her vision swam but she refused to appear weak. "No shit, Sherlock, except that it's not against the law to be a vampire. It is, however, against the law to pound a stake into a man's heart. As you apparently intend to do. But if you hurt Nico, cop or no cop, I will kill you, so I'm telling you once again to back up and drop the mallet."

The sight of Nico with the stake against his lean, muscled chest was sheer torture for her and in Michael's blue eyes she could see that fear mirrored along with his pain.

"We can prove they're vampires!" Godwin shouted, furiously. "We can prove it! We videotaped them feeding on you."

She slowly shook her head, her gaze locked on Godwin, aware of his men separating, spreading out.

"They didn't do anything, you did. You assaulted them and you assaulted me, an officer of the law. Even if you did get the case to court, it was you who attacked and drained them. You were the one who threw me in there knowing what you'd driven them to. That's attempted homicide at the worst, reckless endangerment at the least. On you, not them. Vampires? In this day and age? Who'll believe you anyway? A case can be made that you're crazy, a religious fanatic, that you did all this to support your insanity because the only blood the forensic people will find anywhere in here is mine. My DNA. Theirs isn't transmuted and won't register as human. So, you can't prove anything."

"You can't take all of us," one of the men said, bravely.

Rafi narrowed her eyes at him. "Okay, try me. Who wants to take a shot and die first?"

Michael tested the chains, stretching them. It appeared the chains were giving.

Her vision blurred but Rafi concentrated on keeping her gaze and the gun level. It didn't matter if she couldn't see as long as they didn't know it.

"Let him go," she said. "Nico, move away, now."

Her voice sounded thin, even to her ears.

Godwin started to move, to bring the mallet down. Fear shot through her and suddenly everything was crystal clear.

In the small space the gunshot sounded incredibly loud, the bullet striking the mallet on the swing.

Nico wrenched free, slid off the altar beside Michael, scrambled to his feet and spun around to face those in the room.

Safe. Almost. Rafi nearly cried.

Color was returning to Michael's face. She could see his blue eyes blazing with fury. Nico didn't seem quite so white as his strength returned. She had to keep Godwin distracted until they were stronger because she couldn't go any farther.

"Walk away people," she said. "End it here."

"They're vampires!" Godwin shrieked.

"My vampires," she said. "Mine. All I have. You won't take them from me. I love them more than life itself and I will until the end of time."

She was a good cop. She had fought long odds before and saved lives. She would not lose Michael and Nico.

Michael looked at her standing there in the doorway and he loved her in that moment so intensely that he almost couldn't bear it.

To the end of the time.

He had lived for centuries and didn't want to live another day without her. Glancing at Nico, he could see the same determination in his eyes.

There was a way...if they survived. If she survived. She was so pale, so weak, and getting weaker.

Strength—from her blood—was returning. Twisting and turning the chains, he felt them weakening. Almost. Almost.

"If that end of time for me is today," Rafi continued grimly, eyeing those in the room, "and you hurt them, I swear to God that I will take some of you with me before I go, cop or not."

The thought of her dying nearly destroyed Michael and lent him a desperate strength. Not today, he swore, not ever, wrenching at the shackles.

Her voice broke a little, a dangerous sign of weakness in this place. He knew she fought exhaustion but would never give in to it.

Godwin saw it in her eyes.

Raffia swore.

"Take her," Godwin said.

At his words, Michael's blood went cold.

Slowly but steadily the men with Godwin had been separating, putting distance between themselves and their companions so that Raffia couldn't hit more than one of them quickly. There hadn't been anything she could do about it. The tipping point though, had come.

They circled her and began to close.

She was almost too weak to lift her weapon, instead of rising it sagged and her muscles trembled.

Fear for her and fury were enough for Michael to snap the now thinner chain between the shackles as Nico did the same. Two very angry vampires were now loose in an enclosed space.

Michael's rage had a close target as he threw off the men who had been restraining him to send them staggering back against the wall. Grabbing one of Nico's guards, he lifted the man and tossed him into the others.

With a snarl of fury Nico took the other, tossing him across the room as well.

Raffia looked at Godwin, laughing a little as she slid down the doorjamb, too weak now to stand.

"You fed them, you idiot," she said. "With me. Payback's a bitch and so am I. All I needed to do was buy them some time."

One of the thugs reached for her, lifting her by the throat. She tried to bring her gun up but she simply couldn't, she was too weak.

Then Nico was there, curling an arm around Raffia's waist to support her, snarling at Godwin even as he threw a punch that drove the man staggering across the room.

"Go," Michael shouted, picking up the altar and throwing it at the remainder of the men, then covering their rear.

Nico nodded, sweeping Raffia up in his arms with Michael right behind him.

Both were a great deal faster than ordinary men. They were up the steps and out into the early morning light before the men below could recover.

The big SUV waited outside.

"Is it too much to hope that the keys are still in it?" Michael asked.

A soft voice said. "Can't. Stealing. That's a no-no."

Michael looked toward Raffia cradled in Nico's arms and smiled. Her eyes glinted at him. That was his Raffia.

He was terrified that they'd lose her.

A weak smile glimmered back at him in the thin light.

"Emergency?"

She considered it. There weren't too many choices. "Okay. I'll figure something out."

Michael chuckled, smashed the driver side window and opened the door. "Get in. I can hotwire this in a second."

The relief at escaping was enormous.

Michael carried her when they reached the house as Nico ran ahead to open doors until they reached the bedroom. They had to get her warm. Rafi was still so pale.

"Raffia, my love," Michael said, settling onto the bed, pulling the covers around her. Nico sat beside him and held her hand.

With a clear effort, her eyes opened, brightened as her hand tightened a little on Nico's fingers, her other hand going to Michael's face. Her fingers were cold. Raffia was never cold. She needed blood to warm her.

She was so weak.

Rafi opened her eyes, smiling a little when she saw them. Safe, they were safe. Relief spread through her in a warm wave.

Her heart thundered in her ears. Weakness washed over her at the relief that they were alive and safe. She would have wept but she didn't have the strength for it.

In that moment, she knew she was dying.

"Don't go," she said. "Don't leave me again..."

She didn't want to die alone.

"Never." Michael's throat tightened, his mouth touching hers lightly. She thought she was dying. He didn't share her fear. They could save her. The thought that he'd had earlier in that dark cellar, whispered through his mind. Michael looked at Nico for confirmation.

Knowing his mind, Nico smiled and nodded.

"Raffia, my love," Michael said, "Will you marry us?"

Her mouth twitched a little, her eyes sparkling but regretful. "In a heartbeat. Sorry, bad pun. Can't, though, not legal."

"Vampire marriage."

Her eyes looked at him and then looked at Nico.

"Until the end of time," Nico said, bending to her and brushing a kiss over her lips.

She looked at him, seeing the truth of it in his eyes.

Those blue eyes lifted to meet Michael's.

"Until the end of time, Raffia, my love. You've tied me in knots from the beginning. I can't be without you either. I love you."

Nico pressed her knuckles to his lips. "As do I. You are ours, Rafi. Ours."

"Yes," she said. "Love you...both of you."

Taking a breath, Michael nodded.

Nico stepped away and came back with what they needed.

"Drink from us, Rafi," Michael said.

Just the thought of it made him go hard and hot.

Rafi blinked in confusion, her lovely eyes widening, her lips parting on a gasp of surprise. It was enough.

Quickly, Nico nicked Michael's jugular and Michael raised her to press her mouth against his throat, his hand cupping her head. With her mouth against the wound, she didn't have much choice except to swallow but she could see in Nico's eyes the need for her to do it.

Her beloved Michael's blood gushed into her mouth, hot and warm whether she wanted to swallow it or not.

She suddenly found that she did want it, wanted him, needed and craved him as the taste of him filled her mouth.

That first mouthful sent an incredible rush of desire and astonishing pleasure through her, nearly blinding in its intensity. He didn't taste coppery but spicy, sweet, rich and strong like a good red wine, or well-aged scotch. Magnificent. Heady and potent. It was no wonder that she loved him so much.

She slid a hand around his neck and drank from him deeply, tasting all of him, each mouthful a wonder. Michael. Her strong and proud Michael.

Intense pleasure shattered him as her lips moved over him, as her mouth closed on him, fed from him, sucking weakly at first and then wildly. Michael's mind went blank as ecstasy exploded through him. He lost himself in it.

Delirious, Michael thought he'd lose his mind, as well. Pleasure burned through him as Raffia's mouth moved on him, drawing on him. It was like an endless orgasm, his body shivering with it. His cock went rigid, quivered. Curling his arms around her more tightly, he pressed her mouth harder against his throat to lose himself more deeply in the feel of it as Nico steadied them, his arms around them. He wished it could go on forever but they hadn't had enough time to fully recover after feeding from Raffia. He could only afford to lose a little blood now. But it would be enough, combined with Nico's.

With an effort, Michael fought and strained for control and said, "Enough, Raffia, lick it so it will close, as you've seen us do."

Obediently, she did. He shivered at the touch of her tongue sliding over his skin.

"Michael," she whispered, licking her lips to taste him on them. "My Michael. So lovely."

Her words swept through him and his cock stiffened even more. It made him shudder with delight to see her lick the last taste of him from her lips. He wanted to make love to her, passionately.

Instead he passed her to Nico, who curled her into his arms with her mouth close to his throat, smiling in anticipation.

Michael started to say something but there was no way to prepare Nico for what he was about to experience.

Cupping Rafi's head in his hand, Nico nodded and turned his head.

Michael nicked Nico's jugular and Nico swiftly put Rafi's mouth to the wound. He saw Nico shiver, his eyes closing and knew he now understood completely.

No encouragement was necessary this time. Having learned her lesson from Michael, Rafi's mouth closed on Nico's throat and she drank deeply.

The sensation of it took Nico like a brilliant burst of light exploding within him. It was like lightning, glorious and vivid, just like his Rafi, their Raphaela. He was in ecstasy, trembling with pleasure as she suckled at him, as she drew on him.

Nothing in his life had ever felt so good.

Rafi's mouth began to warm against his throat and Nico shivered with the pleasure of it, pressing her head against him so that she would take more of him. A part of him wanted her to keep drinking from him forever, the pleasure of it quivering in his gut, tugging deep, making his dick as hard as steel. He knew he couldn't. Not this time.

Rafi reached for Michael. She had kept her hand in Nico's when it had been Michael that she drunk from.

"Lick me, Rafi," Nico said, nearly begging her to do it.

Her lips curved in a smile against his throat and he fell in love with her all over again. Her tongue slipped lightly over his throat and he nearly came from that alone.

This was Nico, her dear sweet Nico. Rafi loved him and craved him as completely as she did Michael, the hot warm taste of Nico filling her, warming, slightly sweet, as he was, creamy like an excellent sherry or Irish cream. Warm, wonderful and delicious.

Cradled now in their arms, Rafi looked up at them, color beginning to bloom again in her cheeks, her eyes looking less hollow, less drawn.

Strength flowed back into her rapidly.

They were all filthy, battered and bruised.

Now that she wasn't going to die, reality intruded.

"I've got to go down to the station and fix this mess," she said with a sigh of resignation. That would take a while. She almost wished she had died. "I'll take the truck with me and come up with some kind of explanation. In the morning."

Her Captain was going to love this.

Chapter Ten

It has to be done, Rafi thought, smiling as she walked into the bedroom, looking at the two handsome men she loved so much as they turned to look at her. There were too many shadows, too many memories. And she needed the break after all the hours at the station. Godwin had gotten away but they were now out looking for him. He had left plenty of evidence behind him. The videotape images were not sharp enough for identification but the audio was damning.

A little checking had tied Godwin to a string of murders across the country. Men and women, most of them with the same type of wounds. The pictures had made her shudder, thinking about how close Nico had come.

Nor were they themselves finished with Godwin, personally. He had picked on the wrong vampires. And the wrong cop.

It also seemed that Michael was considered something of a prince among the vampires and he was pissed. So was she. Between them and each of their sets of contacts, they were tracking Godwin in his flight to escape the country.

The good thing was, she was suddenly in with the vampires. Saving Michael and Nico, although she had done it out of love, had scored her major points with the vamp community. Now those areas of the city where even the cops couldn't go, she could. Even the werewolves wouldn't tangle with the vampires.

Not that she could tell anyone about it, not even Frank, her partner, whom she would have called for help, even with the risk of exposing Michael and Nico. Except that there had been a full moon that night and Frank had been busy.

Few in the department knew that Frank was a werewolf and not even Frank knew that Rafi was aware of his secret. The department frowned on that sort of thing, in the same way that no one spoke of vampires.

The only thing that really matters, she thought, looking into Michael's brilliant blue eyes, Nico's soft brown ones, is that they are alive and safe.

Speaking of which...

"We've all got some bad memories," she said, kicking off her shoes. "I've found that the best way to get rid of bad memories is to get back on that horse and ride it hard, putting good memories in their place."

It was true enough, as she had learned the hard way.

Even as she spoke Michael was already walking toward her, Nico close on his heels, both of them smiling. At her words Michael's blue eyes went hot and Nico grinned. Rafi grinned back.

His Raffia stood in the doorway, all five-feet-four of tough Metro cop, wearing her dress blues, her chestnut hair gleaming, the expression in her dark blue eyes bright and daring, head tilted and hip cocked, her handcuffs dangling from one finger.

Their cop.

Her phrasing was intriguing, an interesting mixing of metaphors, but looking at the handcuffs swinging from her finger, Michael thought he was up to the job. It seemed that Nico thought so too.

"So..." she said, looking up as Michael unbuttoned her uniform shirt—put on just for this occasion—and kissed her, Nico coming up behind her, his nimble fingers unbuttoning her pants and drawing the zipper down. The pants puddled at her feet. "Which one of you wants to put these on me?"

They both did. Michael smiled and held her arms behind her as Nico snapped the cuffs on her wrists. They blindfolded her with one of Michael's ties.

Blind and helpless, all she could do was lie there on the bed they shared with her.

Michael glanced at Nico and grinned. Nico grinned back, clearly thinking the same thing as Michael.

She did make a pretty picture, lying there like that.

With her hands cuffed behind her, it forced her to arch her back so that her pretty breasts pushed up, her knees bent and spread so that she was exposed to them. Her gorgeous hair sprayed wantonly across the pillows. She squirmed a little in anticipation. Already her sex was dewed. Now she wasn't the tough cop, she was a beautiful woman who needed to be fucked.

Hunger wasn't an issue, depending, of course, on which hunger you were talking about.

Michael was hungry for Rafi, for her sweet cries of pleasure. There was an advantage in making her wait a little though.

He looked at Nico again. Smiled.

Both of them closed on her, moving silently as only vampires could, dragging the moments out before they pounced.

Rafi was already hot and wet, obviously enjoying her helpless state.

Michael wrenched her knees apart and licked her clit, driving his fingers up inside her while Nico ravaged her breasts. She cried out as their mouths worked on her, suckling and biting. She came fast and hard. They didn't stop, but continued to bite and nibble, driving her up again relentlessly.

Rafi was helpless, at their mercy.

Michael loved to hear her soft cries, to watch her quiver with pleasure as Nico took his turn between her thighs, drinking her in as another sound of pleasure built in her throat. He watched as he poured lube into his hand and stroked his cock.

Their eyes met over the woman they loved.

Surging up her body, Nico took her, filling her with his cock, rolling her on top of him, his mouth brushing over her throat, as he slammed his cock up into her sweet pussy. His legs drew hers apart as Michael stretched out over them, braced on his arms to take her ass. He drove his long thick length relentlessly into that tight, tight channel,

heard her groan and shudder with pleasure as he slid deep inside her ass with Rafi sandwiched between them. Both of them thrust deeply into her.

Nico's mouth locked on her throat, Michael's on the side of her neck and they began to feed. She shivered with the pleasure of it. She came again just from that, trembling between them, her blood pouring down their throats as they fucked her.

Michael was pretty sure they had banished that nightmare fairly thoroughly. From the look on Rafi's face and in Nico's eyes, it seemed so.

It was their turn. Michael glanced at Nico, who reached for the knife.

He drew Rafi into his arms, still handcuffed, as Nico nicked his vein and then Michael pressed her mouth to his throat. Ecstasy flooded him as she nuzzled there, her warm mouth on him, drinking from him slowly, quivering with a pleasure that matched his own.

Nico slid up behind her carefully his hand going between her thighs to find her clit and stroke. Rafi quivered with delight.

If it had been incredible before, Michael found that it was deliriously so now as her mouth drew on him, Nico making love to her as she did. Now they were complete and Michael let the orgasm take him. Ecstasy raced through him.

Rafi moaned as she suckled on Michael's neck, his pleasure bursting into her mouth as his orgasm raced through him. She thought she'd never tasted anything so wonderful as his ecstasy.

There was an effervescence to it, a sparkle, that filled her. It got better each time she did it. She hadn't thought it could really be as good as she'd remembered, yet it always was. It just got better.

For her, Nico making love to her, his hands gliding over her, stroking her, only added to the joy of it as pleasure washed through her in steadily increasing waves.

Watching them as he loved to do, Nico went hot all over. Seeing the expression on Michael's face, the pure ecstasy there, Nico understood now, remembering the first time

she had drunk his blood. Now he knew what it was to be on the other side of it. He unlocked the handcuffs.

Michael helped her settle in against Nico to feed.

In all his long life, Nico thought he'd never experienced anything so incredible as Rafi suckling at his throat while she stroked him. It was marvelous. He couldn't get enough of it. Pleasure built and rapture took him.

Watching as her mouth covered Nico's throat, Michael saw Nico's look of ecstasy as she stroked him.

This was something else entirely. The last time there had been little time to take in the moment, when he had been so concerned about Raffia. Now that he had time to appreciate it, it was unbelievably erotic to watch and he found his cock hardening again.

No surprise, he thought, sliding up inside her, closing his eyes at the pleasure of her hot, wet tightness around him. She felt wonderful. He would never get enough of her, not in a hundred years. Or a thousand.

Intoxicating, addicting, Rafi drank in Nico's pleasure as she had Michael's, shuddering as the taste of him burst into her mouth, her pussy tightening around Michael's cock inside her, delirious with their blood.

She wasn't a vampire. From what Michael and Nico had told her she wouldn't be one for a very long time. If she were, they couldn't feed from her or her from them, and none of them wanted that.

Unless of course she actually died, which in her line of work was a definite risk. Because of all the vampire blood she had consumed, she would be reborn as a vampire.

Drinking from them had other unexpected side benefits as well. It had turned her into something of a bionic cop, giving her increased strength and speed, rendering her nearly invulnerable unless the bullet hit either her head or her heart. Or they clocked her upside the head, knocking her unconscious as Godwin's men had Michael and Nico.

It also gave her a much longer life span. As long as she drank from them now and then, she'd stay this age virtually forever.

With them.

Until the end of time.

About the Author

V.J. Devereaux currently keeps company with two dogs, two cats, a ferret (since moved, sniff), an African clawed frog and a very forgiving (and sometime inspiring) spouse. He loves the research. The spouse, that is, not the frog.

She self-published and illustrated her first novel on dinosaurs at eight (and got an A) and has been in love with writing ever since.

An avid reader (clocked at 365 wpm; why, no one knows), she was accused of being so desperate to read that she would read skywriting or cereal boxes. But next to those she reads and writes fantasy, mystery and romance novels, and all their marvelous combinations.

The author 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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