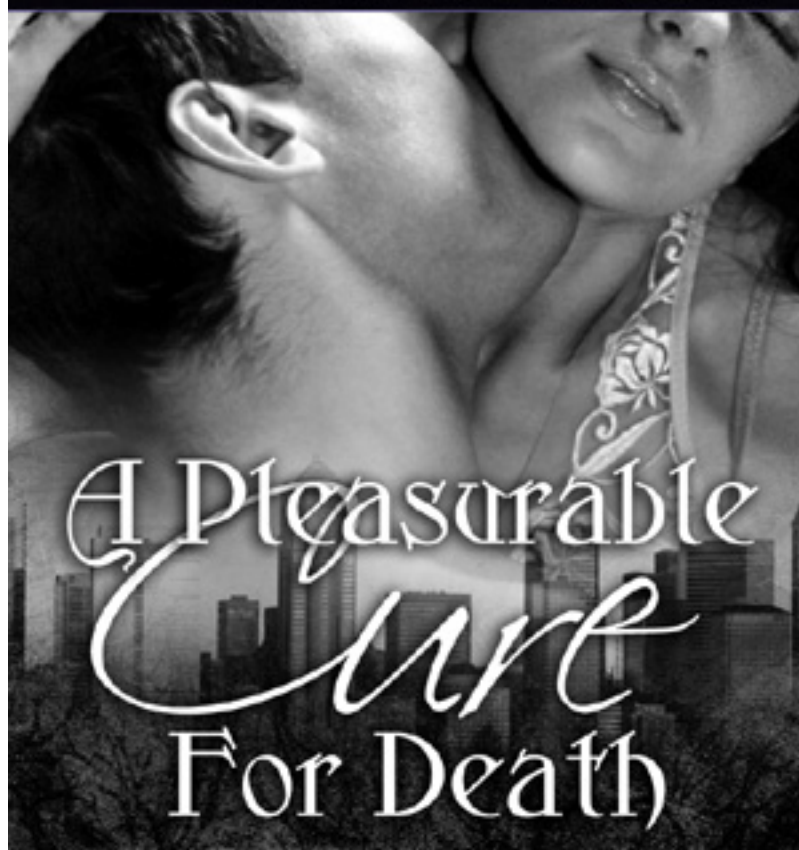


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Tara S. Nichols



A Pleasurable
Live
For Death

A Pleasurable Cure for Death

By

Tara S. Nichols

A Pleasurable Cure for Death by Tara S. Nichols

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

A Pleasurable Cure for Death

Copyright© 2009 Tara S. Nichols

ISBN: 978-1-60088-494-8

Cover Artist: Croco Designs

Editor: Lana Williams

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Cobblestone Press, LLC

www.cobblestone-press.com

Dedication

For my sweet husband; my inspiration, my rock, and my friend.

With just six words my doctor turned my life upside down. Six mind-numbing, gut-wrenching, heart-stopping words.

"You have an incurable brain tumour."

I almost laughed, but this was no joke. I had a month, tops.

Six months ago, I'd had all I could take of the dizzy spells, the nausea, and the sleepless nights. Finally, I broke down and took myself to see a doctor. When they kept calling me back to run more tests, I became a nervous wreck.

Now I had my results. I was only twenty-five, and dying.

My head reeled from the emotional blow I'd just been dealt, and I couldn't sit there a second more in that tiny, sterile office. Teetering precariously, I lurched into the front lobby and bolted through the front doors.

I'd gotten as far as the first block when the sound of hurried footsteps pounded on the pavement behind me. Couldn't whoever it was see I was upset and wanted to be alone? I turned to see Sebastian, the tall, dark, and handsome male nurse who'd befriended me while I sat through all the appointments in the past few months. He rushed after me, waving frantically to get me to stop.

I wish I could say I was happy to see him, but instead all I could muster was bitter sarcasm, and the haughty, self-centered viewpoint of one who felt as though fate were just sticking it to them one last time.

As he approached, I saw everything I'd worked so hard for crumble to dust in front of me. Those extra hours I'd put in at the office, the promotion, the fat bank account I'd never use, all had been for

nothing. It seemed a trivial thing, but one of the things that really bothered me was the fact that the fantasies I'd entertained about Sebastian would never come to fruition.

Away from my family and alone in the city, he'd become my main support over the past few months. With his charming demeanour and rugged good looks, the handsome health care worker easily slipped past my highly guarded defences. It was more than that though. He seemed to understand what I was going through, calming me with his soft baritone, and working the knots out of my tense shoulders with his competent hands.

If I wasn't mistaken, he'd paid me extra special attention. I hated to think I was flattering myself, but there were times when I'd catch him staring at me with a look in his eyes of pure lust. In just a few appointments, my fashion sense had changed from sweats to miniskirts, and somehow, he'd managed to make me forget everything I was going through.

The time waiting, in that uncomfortable chair beside the front desk, had always gone by with lightning speed, as he unwittingly filled my head with erotic thoughts. I'd passed the time fantasizing about my mysterious companion instead of dreading the next test, starting at the top, with his lustrous, dark, wavy hair, and working my way to his firm, round bottom. He was a man who made scrubs look sexy, who gave new meaning to the stereotypical nurse fantasy, and whom I'd planned to ask out after all the tests were complete. He was the one good thing about my visits to the hospital, only now he was just another reminder of what I'd be missing out on.

I stood there wiping the tears that streamed down my cheeks as he caught up to me. Now, standing face to face, with the knowledge of my condition hovering between us like a sinking ocean liner, he seemed to grow awkward, as though he didn't quite know how to tell me why he'd chased after me. Even caught up in my own emotional turmoil, my body didn't cease to respond to him sexually. I felt the familiar tightening deep in my belly when I gazed into his warm dark eyes and the flutter of my heartbeat as its pace quickened in his presence.

An awkward smile flashed across his fine features, the nervous gesture emphasizing the prominent eye teeth I'd always found endearing. I searched his eyes for genuine sorrow, and finding none, I realized he didn't look upset at all.

It was then a new idea came to me. Maybe it wasn't bad news. Perhaps they'd given me the wrong information. Maybe I was just fine, and someone else was dying of a brain tumour. I clung to that last vestige of hope.

Then his smile faded, and he said, "Lydia, I'm so very sorry for your loss."

It was the polite thing to say, the clean up, the closure, the karma kiss-off. He rubbed my arm too fast, his motions quick and jerky, and he seemed to struggle with what to say next.

"I was wondering, now that you have your results, if we could get together?"

My mouth dropped open as I stared at him with disbelief. "Now?" I sputtered. "The last thing I want to think about is starting something new. Everything is ending for me, in case you didn't hear. I just want to go home and feel sorry for myself."

He gave a grim nod. "I understand that, but that's not why I followed you out here, well, not the only reason." He looked down at his shoes for a moment, as though gathering strength for what he was going to say next. "I can help you, Lydia."

The laugh that erupted forth had nothing to do with humour. It was harsh and bitter. "What makes you think you can offer me something all those doctors couldn't?"

A sudden gust of wind blew up, sending leaves and dust swirling about our feet. As usual, the streets were nearly empty as a result of a long cold autumn. I shivered, thinking I felt a surge of electricity in the air, something hotter and more welcome than a ray of sunshine on an overcast morning. Sebastian must have felt it too for he glanced over his shoulder and leaned in as though what he was about to tell me was top secret. "I can offer you eternal life, to continue living, forever."

I studied his face for signs that he might be joking, but by the look

of his dead pan expression I believed he was serious. Then it struck me. "Oh my god, you're one of those extreme religious types. I should have known you were too good to be true. Here I thought—and you were just trying to save me!" Words failed me, my mouth drying up. I threw my hands in the air, exasperated, and laughed more than I should have, but I felt played.

He dropped his smile and forced a serious expression back on to his handsome features. "No, Lydia, this has nothing to do with religion. If you'll hear me out, you'll see."

As much as I didn't like hurting Sebastian, or being rude in general, I'd had enough for one day, and decided to take myself home. "Seb," I started, using the nickname I'd come to address him. "I'm a little distracted right now. I need to make a few lists, contact a lot of people, break the news to them, and then get my things in order." With that, I turned my back on him and walked away.

Then he said it, the one thing that could top being told I had a brain tumour. "Lydia, I'm a vampire," he blurted out.

I stopped walking, jarred by his strange admission. Turning around with slow deliberate movements, I fixed him with a level stare. "Well, I never saw that coming." My gaze made a brief sweep over his tall form, taking in his medium length hair, the black T-shirt under his scrubs, and his lean, muscular body. He was yummy, but he didn't fit the stereotype of what I knew of vampires. Where was the cape, the widows peek, the Victorian attire?

"You sure don't look like a vampire." I voiced my thoughts.

He smiled and scuffed his shoe along the concrete.

Even then, looking all coy and bashful, he was dreamy. I fought the urge to throw myself in to his arms and let him tell me any lacy lie he wanted to. This was probably just that, some lame attempt to get me into bed. Immediately I felt ashamed of those thoughts. Sebastian wasn't that type of guy. In the short time I'd come to know him, he'd been nothing but genuine.

His brow creased showing his earnest intentions. "I know this is hard for you, and I'm not a lunatic. I'm quite serious. Maybe if you could

just hear me out?"

I crossed my arms over my chest, challenging him. "I'm listening."

He took a deep breath before plunging on. "Thirty years ago, I was a victim of a hit and run. A car came around a corner while I was out jogging at night. Clearly they didn't see me, but, then again, they didn't stop after they collided with me either. The heartless bastards left me there, lying in the middle of the road, while I watched their red tail lights speed away from the scene."

His eyes focused on something in the distance, but I suspected he was reliving the scenes in his memory.

"I can remember the pain as the life drained out of me, and then, out of the darkness, Joe appeared."

"And who, pray tell, is Joe?" I enquired, but Sebastian was too wrapped up in the retelling of his story to take notice of my cynicism.

"He'd dropped down onto the road from a cliff high above, landed as light as a feather from an impossible height." Caught up in his emotional tale, Sebastian's hand raised toward the sky.

I looked up half expecting to see the great looming cliff face.

"Joe circled my broken and bleeding body as though deciding what to do with me. I think I laughed, believing I was delirious from the blood loss, my mind conjuring up demons come to take me to hell. He certainly looked the part, all haggard and ghoulish, gaunt and spooky, as stereotypical as I've ever seen." A low chuckle sounded deep in his throat. "But I could see what he was."

His fiery gaze sought mine. He'd become so wrapped up in his memory of the event that I wondered if he remembered I was there. He blinked a few times and continued. "He didn't hide it very well, fangs the size of tusks protruded beneath his upper lip. Looked absolutely ridiculous, poor guy." He shook his head and chuckled. "No vampire should be saddled with such a weapon. It almost rendered him incompetent in the blood sucking department."

Sebastian seemed to come back to the point of his story with a start. "The point is, I wasn't afraid, probably because of his oversized fangs. Besides, I was too far gone for that. I didn't care when he knelt beside me

and bit me on the neck either. I'd seen the pity in his eyes. He did it out of mercy." A brilliant smile washed away the seriousness of his tale. "Thanks to Joe, I'm standing here before you today, and it was because of him that I got the idea to help other people the way he helped me."

Closing my eyes against the strange image Sebastian had just invoked, I struggled to be patient. "Let me get this straight. You're a vampire, who seeks out people like me, who are dying, so you can bite them, and therefore...save them?"

Sebastian winced. "Yeah, that pretty much sums it up."

"What a devious deed, seducing those with nothing else to lose."

His mouth opened in shock as my brazen words cut him to the quick. "I like to think I'm offering hope, too," he interjected.

I fought the urge to roll my eyes. What he was offering was a fairy tale, or perhaps a nightmare. My suspicious nature questioned his motives, poked holes in his theory. The chances that it was true were slim to none. Only a fool would fall for something so ludicrous. The world was full of crooks who were experts in the con artist department. I'd always believed myself beyond such tricky; now I started to question my earlier presumptions. Looking at my sexy companion I wondered what other lies he'd told me. "And what do you gain from this?"

"Well, my clan is strengthened, and if you take this next step, they will be your clan too, your kindred. You will stay as you are, youthful, powerful, and beautiful, forever." He closed the distance between us, his hand sliding possessively around me, drawing me against his chest. He smelled of spices, and unmistakable lust. "Best of all," he spoke in a voice so low and husky I could scarcely hear him. "We could be together." His dark eyes smouldered with passion as he looked at me through a shutter of dark lashes. He'd never been so forward before. It was something I'd longed for, yet the timing couldn't have been worse.

In all honesty, I'd have liked nothing more than to believe everything he said, everything he promised, to have him hold me as he was forever. Despite my negative conscience, he offered up good logic, making it nearly impossible to dispute, and I felt flattered that he wanted me bad enough to make up such an impossible story. My body ached to

feel what it would be like to be with him. *Could I die never knowing?* Yet his offer seemed outrageous, and I was vulnerable.

Reaching up, he cradled my face in his hands. I observed his advances with a cool numbness, fighting to remain coherent, forcing myself to be logical, and not be swept under in his intoxicating gaze. As his mouth lowered down onto mine, I tried to close my mind to the nagging doubts, the warning bells, and the heart ache of my loss, and just enjoy the presence of his lips as they brushed against my own, but I couldn't.

"Lydia?" his voice broke into my thoughts, and I opened my eyes to look up into his exquisite face. I saw genuine concern there, concern that I might reject him, and that alone almost softened my resolve.

All at once I felt overwhelmed, not trusting myself to know what was right. "I'm sorry. I just can't deal with this right now." My tone came out harsher than I intended.

He nodded but held on to my fingers as long as he could before I stepped out of his reach.

"I have to go," I insisted.

He didn't try to follow me this time, only looked at me with sorrow-filled eyes.

"If you change your mind, or if you just find you want some company, I'll be here." He inclined his head to indicate the alley between the two brownstone buildings.

I glanced at the strange rendezvous point. "Here?"

He nodded, "Yes, right here."

* * * * *

It felt ridiculous to return to the alley, but I kept my chin up and walked right to the end. As I suspected, he wasn't there. Why would he be? It was all just a lie.

After I'd gone home, I couldn't get comfortable. Instead of starting in on the unpleasant task of informing my friends and family of my impending doom, I paced the floor. Looking to the photos I'd hung on the

wall, I knew I didn't want to die surrounded by relatives. It would be suffocating, and they'd probably cry every time they saw me. That was no way to spend my last month. Being pinned beneath Sebastian's rock hard body sounded like a lot more fun.

Sebastian had really thrown me a curve ball. There I was weighing the pros and cons, and seriously considering what he had to offer, when I should have been out shopping for a last testament and will. Perhaps it was just part of the process of the denial stage, but I knew better. I already missed his witty repertoire, and the way his dimples showed when he smiled.

As I'd sat there feeling morose and sorry for myself, things started coming together. I remembered things that at the time seemed normal, but looking back, they corroborated Sebastian's story. Most often he was the last person to have visited a patient who had died, their face caught in a mask of terror or absolute confusion. At the same time, he was also around just before a patient made a miraculous recovery. He'd acted peculiar, avoiding reflective windows, those with pungent garlic breath, and the priests who came to give last rites. He rarely smiled with an open mouth, making my earlier doubts moot. For all I knew Sebastian could very well be what he claimed. I had no evidence to prove otherwise.

An icy chill crept over my skin, the same as I'd felt when I'd decided Sebastian had claimed vampire citizenship. What he offered me was far better than any lottery.

Within seconds I'd leapt off my couch and raced back toward the clinic.

Now, standing just inside the mouth of the alley, I felt foolish once again. There I was, out and about, after dark, alone, and dressed as though I expected a warm Chinook to round the corner any minute when I knew full well a winter blizzard awaited me. My mini skirt and thin rayon top were better suited for a bar scene than a cold, brick back alley, and the guy I hoped to bump into was the same man who offered me a quick and painless death. I should have run back home with every ounce of energy I had left in me, but I didn't. I chewed my lip and checked my watch every few seconds or so.

Just then the wind picked up and I turned around. There, blocking the exit, stood the sexiest man I'd ever seen. Dressed all in black, he'd discarded his uniform and now looked the part of heart throb and soul stealer. His eyes glinted with a devilish charm and when he looked at me with that mixture of hunger, lust and determination, the hair at the nape of my neck stood on end.

My breath caught in my throat a moment before I found my voice. "I suppose you were waiting just around the corner, in hopes that I'd show up?"

"No." His lips formed a wry smile. "But I knew you would come."

In five quick strides, he came to stand in front of me, his all-consuming gaze locked on me alone. His eyes made a brisk sweep across my chest, taking notable delight in the fact that my nipples jutted prominently beneath my tightly stretched T-shirt.

I shivered under his intense scrutiny, but did not back down. Steeling my resolve, I looked him straight in the eye.

"Okay," I started. "I believe you. At least, I want to believe you."

Relief flickered across his handsome features.

"But I have a few questions first," I continued, keeping my tone firm.

"Anything," he said holding two fingers up. "Boy scouts honor."

He looked so sincere, the image of innocence and goodness, that I almost forgot the questions I needed answers to. If it wasn't for the lust burning beneath his hooded lids I might have let him talk me into a trip to the moon. He may have been a boy scout at one point in his life, I reminded myself, but if what he'd told me was true, he was still a vampire, the villain of many horror flicks. I gave my head a little toss to snap out of the delusional trance I felt every time I stared into his eyes.

"Why me?" I blurted. "I mean, after...after you bite me, what then? Will I still be—" I hated the unsure tone of my voice, but I needed to know that something more awaited me if I let this man, this undeniably delectable apparition, turn me in one of the living dead.

"Interesting to me?" He finished where I'd trailed off, pinpointing my nagging doubt with astounding accuracy.

I dropped me gaze, suddenly shy. "Yes. Will you still want me then?"

I felt his hand come to rest under my chin. I looked up to meet his dark eyes. "Oh, Lydia, even more so." His voice came soft, blowing hot against my cheek. "Since the moment I laid eyes on you, I've wanted you." His fingers brushed as light as feathers against my cheek. "Along with immortality comes the ability to recognize death in others, and, for the first time, I was happy someone was dying. The thought seemed cruel, to find joy in someone else's misery, but if there was a chance you would accept the offer I was sure to present to you, then I could hope to find love that might last forever. Before Joe's lethal bite, I never considered all that immortality offered, and everything it denied. I knew falling in love with a mortal would be torture, and it turns out I was right. The idea of watching you, the one I've come to love and cherish, age and die would only make me wish to be alive again, just so I could really be with you. I longed to tell you who I was the more I got to know you, and believe me, this feeling is so powerful it will never fade no matter what other necks I must bite."

My heart swelled with his confession. He couldn't help what he was. He'd been given the same chance as he was offering me. If it had not been for Old Joe, I never would have met Sebastian, never felt adrenalin pump through my veins as it did when I thought about my next appointment where I might see him. Sebastian would have died out there on that dark cold road if it weren't for a kind-hearted vampire and I would soon follow, but we never would have met. Now he was telling me, no, both of us, we had a second chance. We were as close to alive as we were ever going to be once the brain tumour finished me off. How could I pass up the chance? Sebastian made my heart sing, and I discovered I was ready for him, for whatever he was offering.

"So, how do we go about this?" I blurted, always the tear-the-bandage-off type.

A low chuckle rumbled deep within his chest. "You can have longer to think it over if you need."

"No. I admit this is strange for me, but I want to," I whispered.

Sebastian's face suddenly turned mischievous. "I can't say I'm disappointed." His voice was husky, and his salacious look pierced me.

He pressed his hips against mine. A noticeable dampness had pooled on my sheer panties, and I was acutely aware of his intoxicating presence.

Moving a hand to the small of my back, he urged me towards the rear of the alley so we were concealed behind an empty dumpster. Guiding me backward, I felt the cold brick wall against my shoulders. His hand came to rest at the nape of my neck, and his fingers gently entwined in my hair. Easing my head back, he bared my throat to his hungry gaze.

"I usually ask my victims to offer up their neck, but in this case—" He broke off to run the tip of his tongue across his upper lip. "I'd like to ask you to offer up a little more." Although his voice was sure and soothing, it was heavily laced with sexual intentions. His mouth opened slightly and, at the sight of his extended fangs, my doubt and panic returned. Sharp white points that would pierce my flesh hovered over my rapidly beating pulse. Goosebumps developed along my skin and I couldn't stifle the shiver that swept across my body.

I bit my lip to hide my fear. "Is it going to hurt?"

A sinful twinkle sparked in his eyes and a smile full of wicked promises spread across his sensuous mouth. "I'll do my best to distract you." His rich voice, saturated with lust, ignited my own long neglected desire, and I experienced a rush of longing to feel his hard body grinding with abandon against my own.

Butterflies blossomed in the pit of my stomach from the possibilities he conjured up. At the same time, I felt a tightening deep in my abdomen, a response of my aching need to feel him inside of me.

He leaned in, his lips hovering over the pulse point that beat at my throat. I held still, my breath coming in shallow puffs, anticipating the pain when his teeth would puncture my flesh, but the warm wet heat of his tongue slid along my skin instead and my knees threatened to buckle as he licked with long slow strokes. I let the air out with a measured sigh. Everything he did felt delectable, so good it was sinful.

Unconsciously, I craned my neck further to allow him easier access.

His hand dipped beneath the thin fabric of my shirt, and slid up the length of my body until he found my breast nestled tight within my bra. Cupping it, he kneaded the warm flesh, sending shivers of pleasure rippling throughout my body.

My breath became ragged with my desire and I writhed against him, arching and twisting like a cat in heat.

Our passion built, rising to a crescendo, a mouths locked, our tongues entwined, occasionally bumping against the sharp points of his fangs.

Tearing my top open in his haste, he exposed my breasts to the cool night air. My eyes widened incredulously. My nipples pebbled into tight peaks instantly. He answered with a shameless grin. He brought his mouth down upon one, and rolled the tip of his tongue around it.

After a moment he pulled back with a smile. "I've wanted to do this since that first day I saw you."

I fought back the giddy urge to giggle but couldn't help teasing him. "I'll bet you say that to all the dying patients."

He laughed, a low resonating chuckle that came from deep within his chest. "Certainly not."

I couldn't help but feel relived. Catching my lip between my teeth, I looked up into the eyes of this man whom I'd learned to trust. "So I really am special then, aren't I?"

"Very. You are the only one who has ever made me feel this way." To accentuate his point, he gripped my wrist and brought my hand down to his groin. He was as hard as iron.

With a groan he resumed his impassioned kisses, but I felt his fingers working the hem of my skirt up with growing urgency. His tongue invaded my mouth, his growing hunger for me obvious, as he stripped my panties away, revealing my naked body beneath the distant glow emitted from the street light.

Pulling back slightly he smiled, liking what he saw. He slid one hand between my thighs, and located the hard nub that pulsed with my desire. Following my curves, he burrowed his fingers along my wet groove, his fingers curling and straightening, teasing and demanding.

I widened my stance and braced myself with my hands at my sides, palms flat against the wall, as one finger, then two, delved deep inside. My posture was submissive, allowing him to explore me as he wished, yet in that new position, I discovered I could control the pressure he applied, making it fast or slow, or as hard and soft as I pleased. The tension coiling in my sex intensified beneath his hungry gaze, and I writhed beneath his dancing fingers like a puppet. Arching my back away from the wall, I thrust my exposed breasts to the cool air, no longer caring if anyone passing by saw.

A dark smile, full of sin spread across his face, and I could see that he enjoyed tormenting me. Uttering a low growl, he withdrew his fingers from my slick passage and brought them to his mouth, sucking them clean. Then, keeping his gaze on my face, he braced his hands against the wall, enclosing my smaller body beneath him. His hips framed mine, and I felt the unmistakable presence of his erection as he ground it against me. At that moment, all I wanted was to feel him thrusting inside of me. Tilting my pelvis to meet him, I bore the brunt of his hardness against my swollen labia and clit, nearly driven mad with lust.

I reached between us, and fumbled with the fastener holding his jeans closed, and coaxed his jeans off of his hips. Pulling him out into the light, I gasped at the sight of his impressive member hanging heavy between his legs.

“I want you so much I ache with need.”

“Then what are you waiting for?” I writhed against him, urging him on. “Take me.”

His indulgent gaze swept over me as though he was deciding where to start. Then, gripping my thigh, he wrapped one of my legs about him and brought the head of his cock against me. Urging it in, he groaned with pleasure, and I accepted his intrusion with an answering groan. His expression was feral as he pulled out then sank it deep, shooting pleasure straight to my core. His mouth opened in ecstasy, once again revealing the sharp points of his teeth. This time I was not afraid. This time I found the sight enticing, erotic, and primal.

My walls drew tight around him, aroused at the thought that he

would take me in such a way.

A laugh escaped me as the truth of the moment washed over me. Instead of feeling fear for what was about to come, I embraced it, harnessed the knowledge that I, too, would grow fangs and lust after another's blood. Sebastian, the man I'd come to know, hadn't lied; he truly could save me in his own way. Looking into his coal black eyes I felt the bond between us grow, and I gave my body over to him. Raising my other leg until all my weight bore down on his cock, I encouraged him to embed himself deeper, push harder. More than happy to oblige, he pumped into me until I thrummed with pleasure, my whole body responding in ways I'd never known.

His mouth sought mine, and our tongues thrashed in our mingled passion. He was merciless in his pursuit, kissing my lips, my face, the hollow at my throat, leaving me breathless, and I knew I wouldn't be able to last much longer. My orgasm burned at the edge of my consciousness, teetered on the brink of release.

A momentary sharp pain was my only indication that he'd bitten me, but even that passed swiftly as a rush of blood roared in my ears and such intense pleasure as I'd never felt before tore through my body. I ground my hips against him as he drove me to a fever pitch, matching each of my thrusts with his own, devouring me in more ways than one.

He seemed to grow longer, harder, filling me beyond the limits of my body. I felt the glorious drag and glide of his cock all the way up through my abdomen, my chest, and to the point where his teeth punctured my throat. In my mind, I knew it to be impossible, no man could be capable of such length and no woman capable of containing him, yet the feeling was complete. Since I felt no pain, I rode him hard, my pussy clamped down tight on his monstrous shaft as it penetrated me to my core.

I climaxed hard and, even as the blood rushed out of me, felt my limbs grow cold. Suddenly he grew still with his teeth sunk deep in my neck, I felt a burning rush of liquid pass through me as he came, flooding me with his desire.

He groaned, sighed, and slackened his jaws, then tenderly kissed

the place where his teeth had sunk in.

His bloodstained mouth lifted away from my neck, his teeth dripping with venom, a clear liquid I knew he had injected me with. I sagged in his arms, my body tingling from fingertip to groin, and only vaguely aware that he drew his tongue over the two small puncture marks. He lapped at a droplet of blood. Catching it upon the tip of his tongue he brought it to my mouth. It mingled with my saliva, swirling like the richest wine across my palate. It tasted good, and I felt something powerful take hold.

Arching my back, I wound my fingers into my lover's dark hair, and felt my own fangs descend and my own brand of venom course through my veins like mercury. I became aware of Sebastian's still rigid cock, dammed up inside of me, his hips rocking slowly, and he resumed as though he'd never even come. I glanced down to see his shaft spread me wide, my lips drawn taught because of his size. It was no dream.

The friction increased as the tension built like wild fire, and to my delight I came again, my body thrashing with violent spasms. My sight went dark, and then burst into a searing white light before it faded back to normal again. I groaned with ecstasy when my gaze fell upon the pulse beating mere inches from my mouth and I dropped down upon my lover's throat as though I were paying heed to an unfamiliar call with the very marrow of my bones. Drawing up as much as instinct allowed, I welcomed the warm tide of blood that returned to my body.

Only when Sebastian's delighted laugh rang in my ears did I return to the present and finally pull away. I sat there, still perched upon his erection, as he held me aloft, a contented smile splayed across his lips.

I smiled back, bold at first, then growing shy. My gums ached, then itched, and I touched them gingerly. "Oh my," I uttered with a soft laugh.

"You are immortal now." His voice lulled me. "It takes getting used to." He looked at me with such tenderness I couldn't help but relax into his embrace.

"It's funny, I never expected to feel so alive." And truly I did. My heart sang as though it could burst, and I was intrinsically aware of the vibrancies of life all around me.

“There is much to learn, and many new people to meet, but we have all the time in the world, and I’m in no hurry to share you just yet.” Sebastian’s tone revealed his true feelings. I could see that he was elated, and his mood was contagious.

“All the time in the world,” I repeated, awestruck by the gift he had given me. “Then we better not get sick of one another.” A giggle escaped me and he hugged me tighter.

“Not a chance. There’s no end to the mischief we can get up to.” He waggled his eyebrows in a suggestive manner. “For now let’s go to your place and work this extra energy off. You can meet the family some other day.”

He held his hand out to me, and I slid mine into his. With his face to the sky he treated me to yet another thrill, as we rose up into the night sky, together.

My laughter echoed off the walls as he led the way back to my apartment and I knew at that moment I had made the right decision. With my hand in his I looked forward to the rest of my life with Sebastian, the immortal with a most pleasurable cure for death.

The End

Author Bio

Ever since Tara Nichols was a little girl she has had an affinity for romantic adventures. With crushes on the likes of Tarzan and Hans Solo she grew up looking for the perfect gentleman rogue. When she is not writing about romance, erotica or paranormal fiction, she can be found tending her garden, keeping bees, or reading a spy novel. Tara roams free on the flat prairie land in Manitoba, Canada where she lives with her young son and husband. She currently has ten published stories, and many more in the works.