



*Trick or Treat*

*by*

*Hera St. Aubyn*

*(spicy/hot)*

Sliding through the darkness, Natasha entered the cold, quiet house. She ran her hand along the side of the wall, found the light switch, clicked it, but nothing happened.

“Hello? Is anybody here?” she shouted.

Her words echoed back to her in the shadowed emptiness. She stood still for a moment, straining to detect any signs of the presence of the man she’d expected to meet there.

He’d sent a note with a black rose attached. Her favorite. Being a punctual sort, she was right on time for what he’d said would be a night she’d never forget.

Holding her hands out in front of her, she inched forward in the darkness, searching for another room where he might be waiting. She shivered with excitement and fear. The man’s note had been so enticing. Asking her to meet him in an ancient, abandoned house seemed adventurous at first. Now she was anxious. But she *had* told him she liked surprises. Especially wicked ones.

Just as she passed a set of etched-glass windows, the full moon emerged from behind a cloud and illuminated the room. She gasped, pressing a hand to her breast.

A man stood before her. And what a man. He was over six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a muscular chest. The state of his chest was apparent because he wasn’t

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wearing a shirt. His hair was very light and long enough to brush his elbows. He had amazing eyes. They seemed to shift in the ever-changing moonlight that played over his face, flowing from blue to silver and back again. She'd never seen their like before.

He smiled, the corners of his lush lips rising.

Her heart beat like a ritual drum, the rhythm escalating as her breathing quickened. What an astoundingly-desirable man. Almost unnaturally so. Hot juices dampened the silk thong she'd purchased for this special occasion. Her bra-less nipples hardened and pushed through the fabric of her black velvet blouse as her breasts swelled in anticipation.

He wore tight, white pants – the old-fashioned kind that tied up the front – restraining the bulging cock she saw outlined behind the criss-crossing straps. Her rebellious eyes refused to move away. They were locked on that erotic tumescence. She vividly imagined what that beast between his legs would look like as it sprang forth, freed from its enclosure. She balled her hands tight to keep from reaching out. Saliva pooled in her mouth.

In their previous correspondence, he'd described himself as "pleasant looking." She wasn't prepared for the reality of the breathtaking male blocking her path. She'd never had a first date like this before, nor had she ever indulged in such thoughts about a stranger.

She knew she was considered beautiful by some, and hoped he found her appealing. Her knees felt as if they'd melt at any moment. Something about his energy – his aura – was almost overpowering.

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Dry lips made speaking a challenge, but she finally managed to whisper, “Are you Victor?”

His smile spread, exposing white porcelain. And an unusual set of pointed canines.

Instead of answering, he pulled her into his arms, his warm, soft mouth capturing hers. He slid his tongue gently along her lower lip and she opened her mouth for him, moaning. Their tongues danced over and around each other, the kiss becoming deeper as she wrapped her arms around his waist. The point of one of his unusual teeth nipped her tongue and he moaned as the bitter, coppery taste of blood exploded in their mouths. His soft hair enveloped her.

The feel of him against her hands was intoxicating. Hard muscles under soft skin. His erection pushed against her stomach, making her wish she could pull him down to the floor and guide that hard, thick length into her dripping slit.

As if he could read her mind, he growled, “Not yet.”

With one smooth motion, he ripped off her blouse, exposing her breasts to the moonlight. She made a sound somewhere between a moan and a scream. His eyes scanned her aching globes, and he smiled, licking his lips before meeting her gaze again. Hot, creamy liquid slicked her pussy as she mentally readied herself for the pleasure she hoped would come. She couldn’t remember ever being so intensely aroused. So ready to fuck.

He knelt in front of her, sucking on one nipple then the other, his hands stroking her ass through the sheer lace of her ankle-length skirt. He alternated between licking and sucking gently, and pulling on the sensitive buds just to the point of pain. Then, without

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warning, the sharp tip of his tooth punctured the tender skin of her nipple and he sucked harder, making her cry out.

She buried her hands in his platinum tresses and held his head in place, silently begging for more.

He moved his hands from her ass to the sides of her waistband, easing the elastic of the skirt down her hips until it fell in a wispy pile on the floor. He leaned away from her breasts, just far enough so that the tip of his tongue could flick against the ends of her hard nipples, then raised his gaze to her face. She watched him with what she was sure was an expression of dazed lust.

He lowered himself, wrapped his arms around her hips and licked the small scrap of material hiding her pussy from view. She heard sniffing noises as he breathed in her scent, and moaned. She tried to spread her legs for him, but he held fast. "Let me," he urged.

The thin strip of fabric became so wet from his tongue that he could easily push it from side to side. He nestled his face deep into her soft pubic hair and slowly extended his tongue inside her pussy lips. The sensation of his soft tongue sliding along her clit while her legs were still tightly pushed together was excruciatingly wonderful. His arms clamped tightly around her hips were the only things keeping her standing, because her muscles had surrendered with the first lick.

She felt herself meeting the thrusts of his tongue with her hips, moving in time with his amazing oral talents. Suddenly, she arced backwards, Victor's strong hands and arms guiding her to the floor.

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He lifted his head from between her legs, and kissed her thighs as he spread them wide. Using his teeth, he ripped the soggy thong away. Raising his head further, he gazed up the length of her body. She lay still as a corpse, her eyes closed, her mouth loosely open and her arms angled uselessly at her sides. Her pale skin shone in the moonlight, her nipples like drops of blood on a white rose.

As if sensing something, her eyes flew open. In an easy motion, he stood.

He walked to a nearby table. She heard the sound of a match being struck, and a soft light emanated from the thick candle he now carried in his hand. Resting the candle on the floor near where she waited, he straightened.

“I want to see you by candlelight. And I want you to see me.”

Her attention shifted to the straps of his pants as he began unlacing them. His fingers moved agonizingly slow, his eyes riveted on her face. As each tie was loosened, more of his cock slid out. She licked her lips, unaware she'd been holding her breath, as the thick shaft emerged. Finally all the ties were open, and his massive erection jutted out like a weapon, rooted in a thatch of soft-looking light hair. He stroked himself, grasping his cock in one hand and cupping his balls in the other. It was a clear invitation. An invitation she was quivering to accept.

He eased his pants down his legs and kicked them aside, finally giving her a full view of his long, muscular body. His beautiful form reminded her of an alabaster statue of one of the gods she'd seen in Europe years ago. But this god was hers for the taking.

He squatted down, staring at her glistening pussy, then began crawling up her body like a hungry predator. Reaching her breasts, he straddled them, guiding the tip of his erection in circles around her nipples, finally covering them in the pre-come that had

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dripped from the head of his cock. Just when she thought she'd go mad, he shifted his hips forward, dangling his erection in front of her mouth. She moaned and stuck her tongue out, flicking the creamy drops still beading from the small slit. Her boneless arms rallied and grasped his hips, pulling him toward her. As his cock slid into her mouth, she sucked it in as far as it would go, laving its muscular length and building pressure, as he groaned in helpless ecstasy. Her pussy gushed wave after wave of hot liquid.

Sucking in a breath, he pitched forward, slamming his palms on the floor behind her head and rocked, his swollen organ moving in and out of her mouth with passionate abandon. His long, silky hair flowed down over her face, caressing her skin like hundreds of tiny fingers.

She loved the salty, earthy taste of him, his pre-come a thick warmth flowing over her tongue. He smelled of dark places, a faint musky aroma that made the muscles of her vagina contract, telegraphing her need to be filled by him.

She heard his labored breathing and felt the muscles in his cock begin to contract as he built toward orgasm. In one swift movement, he withdrew from her mouth and slid down her body so his lips closed over hers. They kissed deeply as he angled his cock along her clit and stroked lightly. She spread her legs wider to give him access to the perfect spot. She was so wet she could feel hot juices dripping down from her pussy between her ass cheeks.

A sharp pain on her tongue was followed by another burst of the bitter, coppery taste of blood. Victor sucked on the tiny wound, obviously excited. She'd never realized what an aphrodisiac blood could be.

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She explored his body with her eager, greedy hands, sliding them down his back, grabbing the mounds of his ass and pulling him closer. She dug her fingernails into his skin and heard him groan, his rhythm faltering momentarily.

Ever so slowly raising his lips from hers, still continuing to slide his cock along the side of her clit, he lifted his head, gazing into her eyes. “Do you want me?” His voice was low and ragged.

She moaned and nodded, mesmerized by his sparkling eyes.

He grabbed handfuls of her hair and pulled gently, forcing her chin to rise. “No. I need to hear you say it. Do you want me?”

“Yes, God, yes. I want you. I’ve never wanted anyone more.”

He lowered his mouth to her ear and whispered, “Tell me exactly what you want.”

“I want . . .” She gasped as he slid the head of his cock near her opening.

“What do you want?”

“I want every inch of you inside me. I want everything you can give me. I want . . .”

With one powerful thrust, he filled her, his huge cock riding her slickness. He pounded into her and she screamed. Clutching him tightly, she met every thrust, her hips lifting off the floor to take him deeper.

“Come for me,” he whispered.

“Yes, yes, yes.” She screamed as her orgasm began to crest. As she exploded over the edge, she felt him building – almost there. She flexed the muscles of her vagina, driving him toward peak. Just before he came, he shifted his mouth to her neck and



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pierced the pulsing vein with his sharp teeth. Sucking wildly, he made animal noises deep in his throat. His hips bucked as he spewed his seed into her womb.

She didn't give any thought to what he was doing to her neck. All she knew was that it felt wonderful. Just like when he'd sucked her pussy. She came again, contracting her muscles, milking his cock of every last drop of hot, creamy juice.

He braced himself with one arm and hand, lifted up, and used the fingernail of the other hand to make a slice along his chest. Lines of blood dripped from the cut, racing each other down his stomach. "Be with me. Let me love you. Drink my blood and join me forever. Share my body, my life and my heart." He waited, watching her as conflicting emotions played across her face.

She couldn't pretend to be shocked. He'd been truthful in his letters. She knew what he was. She'd sought out one of his kind because she was dying. He could save her. There was no other decision to be made. She would join him in his dark world.

"Yes."

"Come." He slid his hand under her neck and pulled her mouth toward the bleeding wound on his white skin. She licked the blood trails, then fastened her mouth on the slash. Sucking hesitantly at first, then more boldly, she drank from him, the taste of his blood becoming more delicious with every passing moment. He fell back against the floor, still holding her head to his chest. She wanted to prolong the ecstasy, but he spoke, his voice soft, "That is enough for now. We have eternity to drink from each other and all of humanity."

She raised her head, licked the blood from her lips and smiled. His eyes were pure silver, the color ring shifting like liquid mercury. She stroked his firm stomach and her

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fingers brushed the head of his cock, which was hard again. Offering his blood must have been more arousing for him than she realized.

She climbed on his body, straddled his hips, and took his thickness into her moist slit. The cut on his chest had healed and she licked the drying blood away, beginning to sense the approaching changes in her body that would take her from the world of the living to the realm of the undead.

He clasped her hips and pumped his cock into her, thrusting feverishly until she came, screaming. He exposed her neck and sank his fangs in again, as he climaxed with a low growl.

They collapsed onto each other. Orgasmic aftershocks washed through their bodies, as they lay spent. She felt a trickle of blood drip down her neck from the already-healing puncture marks, and she drew a finger through it, raising it to her mouth.

Lifting his head, he smiled with bloody lips. "Can I show a girl a good time, or what? Happy Halloween, my love."

Natasha stroked his soft, silky hair. "Thank you, my darling. And happy anniversary. How many years have we been re-enacting our first date now?"

"Three hundred years, if I recall correctly."

"Three hundred wonderful years. I love you," she said, patting his cheek.

He pinched one of her nipples. "And I love you."

"Aren't you glad I didn't die?" She coaxed.

"But my love. You did die."

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She paused for a few seconds. “Oh, yes. Of course. So I did! How silly of me!”

She sat up, flicking her hair away from her face. “Shall we retire to the crypt below and prepare for the evening ahead?”

He rose as if pulled by unseen strings, and held out a hand to help her up. “Ah, yes. You read my mind. So many necks, so little time.”

The sound of laughter echoed through the empty mansion.