

Dark Miracle

Ashlynn Monroe



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Written by Ashlynn Monroe



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Part One

Darkness, his constant companion, wrapped around him like a comforting cloak reminding him that even in death consistency felt good. Orion stood outside his trendy restaurant, The Bite, watching patrons excitedly swarming in. Just after dark, the business opened each night. The waiting list was a year long, and a good table was a privilege. He was proud of his accomplishment. Even if he could never taste the food he cooked, he knew it was good by the popularity and rave reviews. Orion had last tasted his wonderful Italian cuisine in 1779. The one who had condemned him had raved about a different flavor on that night, the flavor of his blood. He remembered the pain and the greedy look in the man's eyes as he filled himself with the lifeblood of Orion's body.

Pulling himself out of the dark thoughts, he went back inside the kitchen. He no longer did much of the cooking, his chefs prepared everything as he over saw

them, and he knew he was a maniacal dictator in their eyes. Each night he would walk among the patrons and watch them enjoy his recipes, while he inhaled the intoxicating aroma of their delicious blood, unable to partake.

Some nights were harder than other nights for him. He always drank his purchased blood from the blood bank before arriving at the restaurant, but it was not satisfying. He missed the enjoyment of feeling the memories of the humans he drank from as he partook. He missed the delectable flavors of their most recent meal. Before blood banks, he'd always chosen his victims from patrons of restaurants that he would have enjoyed as a human. It was both a joy and an agony to experience the restaurant flourishing.

In his human life he loved to cook, as a vampire he still enjoyed the hobby, even if he could never again truly savor the result. His successful business did, as the humans say, "put food on his table" bringing him many humans night after night. Success also added to his already substantial bank accounts. He was a very wealthy man. Wealth was a hollow thing at times and he remembered growing up poor in Italy, what he wouldn't

have given to have the wealth then, when it could have done so much good.

His parents and sister had died of disease just before his eleventh birthday. It had been a very sad time for him; a skilled baker took him in and taught him the trade. He traveled throughout the country learning from other skilled chefs and eventually he'd begun work for a wealthy gentleman who entertained often. Too late, he'd realized why the gentleman never ate with his guests and never dined at home, even with such talented servants at his disposal. The man had turned out to be a vampire and Orion learned this the hard way as the man drained the life from him, leaving him for dead. Only a small portion of the population possessed the necessary heredity to become a vampire, and he was one of them. He'd risen from his shallow pauper's grave a monster.

Shaking off the sad memories, her scent suddenly filled the kitchen. He inhaled deeply. Jessalyn, his favorite waitress came into the kitchen. She was sweet and beautiful. Once she'd smelled like the warmth of summer sunshine and exotic flowers. Her blood had called to him, making his rule about never tasting his employees hard to keep and tempting to break. Disease,

cancer, now ravaged her body and she smelled of mortality and sorrow. Orion could sense how tired she was and it caused him to pity the woman, a woman he had lusted after for several years. Young and widowed, she had a young daughter to support. He knew that she was in the final stages of her cancer and he'd heard her thoughts, her worries more than once. She feared for the well-being of the child after she was gone.

There were many different types of vampires. He was an energy reader. He couldn't make other vampires, or heal with his blood, but he could hear thoughts and read what some humans called auras. It made him vulnerable to enduring human emotions; it also gave him the ability to indulge in human sensation while he fed. The vampire who made him was the worst kind, a replicating vampire. They felt a consuming need to infect others and to indulge in all things abundantly.

A replicating vamp often lived extravagantly appealing to human id and ego to seduce in prey. Because only a few rare humans carried the gene that would cause them to become a vampire, such as Orion, the rampant killing of a replicator brought unwanted attention to their kind.

The third kind of vampires was rare and beautiful they were healers. These did not ingest blood and instead lived off the inner energy of the humans they encountered. They lived the longest and were the rarest of all vampires. He'd never encountered one younger than a thousand years old. They were amazing ethereal creatures and Orion always felt humbled in one's presence.

He thought of these healers every time he looked at Jessalyn. Her cancer was killing her; she had no human medical hope. Each day she lived as happily as she could, even with the death sentence hanging over her head. It made him so angry to think of her dead. There was only one way that he could help her, but it would put everything that he had built for himself in jeopardy. With his power and that of a healer, they could cure her, save her, but she would have to be open and pliable to the experience of two vampires making love to her. The act would be so intense that the experience alone might kill her.

Happily, Orion would give her all he had to give, but he'd have to find a healer, and Jessalyn would have to accept the fact vampires existed in the world and be

willing to drink from a healer while Orion drank from her. Most mortals would certainly prefer death to such an act; he would have lacked the courage if such a choice had presented itself during his mortal life. Sweet, beautiful Jessalyn had such a zest for life, and love for her offspring that he felt she might be willing to try it. She didn't seem the type to just roll over and embrace death willingly.

First, he had to find a healer; he'd been looking for months. He'd smelled her disease, before she'd even known she was sick. When she'd told him the news, his heart had broken, as he'd already known there was no hope. Watching her endure painful and debilitating treatments, knowing how fruitless it was in her particular case, had been hell, but how could he tell her to give up? Months of searching the world for a healer had been fruitless and left him feeling despair. Until one happy evening, just as the sun set, when there was a slight knock at the door of his apartment. He'd warily opened the door. For a long moment, he believed he was dreaming, or hallucinating. Cassius, a man he hadn't seen in a century, was standing in all his beauty at the door as casually as if he visited regularly, smiling warmly

in greeting. Claspng his friend's forearm in ancient greeting, Orion joyfully ushered him inside, away from prying eyes. The healer's surreal beauty was bound to draw unwanted attention.

"Cassius, welcome, I see you received my message. How have you been my friend?"

"Happy and hale my dear Orion, happy and hale, I have missed our debates my friend. I couldn't believe that it was you asking for the Rite. You have never had much interest in the well-being of mortals, their eating habits maybe, but never their well-being. This one, she must be special to have caught your imagination. Do you truly trust her? It would be a shame to save her and then have to turn around and destroy her."

"Don't talk of destroying her. She is trust worthy, I have studied...known her for years and I believe she carries a spark of goodness that these times sorely lack."

"Amen to that my friend, do you have the stamina for the Rite? If there is any mistake, your mortal will die. Eternity is a long time to live with that sort of mistake."

"I will not fail the girl. I care for her in a way that I have not cared for another in a very long time. I don't know why, but she is unique, special. When you meet

Jessalyn, you will understand my fixation. She was beautiful before the illness. Her hair was once wheat blonde and caught the light becoming sterling silver. Sweet and of an excellent nature and quality she is intriguing. When she puts her big dark eyes on you, lavender eyes, you will understand.

“If I were a replicating vampire, I would make her for myself, by sheer will if necessary. Alas, I am only what I am, a reader. Even as she has faded, her soul still shines bright with the desire to live. I have never found another mortal that so fully embraced her daily humanity. I am humbled by her and will do all I can, even with my meager abilities.”

“Don’t sell what you are short my friend. Your desire to see her recover will increase your power, you will see. Without you, a healer cannot truly heal, only sooth. We heal all types of creatures, but for a human without a reader the magic fails. For this, she will need strong magic. I’ve never attempted to heal such an advanced disease. Will she take what we offer? Will she accept the life offering without panic? If she will not embrace the dark gift she will die.”

“I do not know my friend, but I have hope. Tonight, as soon as darkness falls, she will be at the restaurant. I will invite her here, to meet with my new-age healer friend. We will see once she is here how strong her desire is for life.”

Nodding with understanding, Cassius accepted his friend's judgment. Dawn was coming. He showed the healer to a vampire friendly guest room and then he retired himself. His last thoughts were of how lovely Jessalyn would look beneath him as he brought her to climax.

Part Two

Jessalyn arrived at work exactly on time. Traffic had stunk and her babysitter had been a little late. Smiling at Juan, the bus boy, she hurried to wash her hands and start seeing to the first of her nightly customers. She loved her coworkers and the excellent tips, but she was losing her steam, it would only be a matter of time before she had to give up her job, as her body gave up.

Shaking off the sad thoughts, she put on her happy game face, ready to make some money. Just before entering the dining room, she felt a hand on her arm. Turning, she looked up into Orion's beautiful sapphire eyes. His black hair was just a touch too long to be fashionable, but it was perfect on him. He was in wonderful shape, and always dressed well. Any girl with a pulse would crush on him, and she was no exception. A consummate professional, Orion had never had any sort of personal relationship with any of the staff male or female. She'd seen both women and men shot-down in

attempts to flirt with the gorgeous man, but it never stopped her from fantasizing. She often hoped there'd be a kitchen fire and he'd rip off all of his clothing to extinguish the flames with them, saving the day and giving her a nice view of his derrière.

Orion made a request that shocked her all the way to her toenails. "Jessalyn, I would like you to come with me. My friend is a special...healer, he believes he might be able to help you. I will pay you your wage and replace your lost tips, double them, if you will agree to let my friend try. I understand that you might feel uncomfortable; he is not medically licensed, but skilled. Please, come with me you have nothing to lose but much to gain."

She had tried every cure both mainstream and experimental and nothing had helped. Looking into his face, seeing his anticipation, she decided not to disappoint him. If he paid her the lost tips, then she had nothing to lose, and seeing his friend would be easier on her aching body than carrying heavy dinner plates all night so she agreed.

“Orion, I’m skeptical, but what the heck. You really pay me and I will totally take the night off to see your healer friend.”

He clasped his hands together loudly. “Excellent, come with me Jessalyn. If you are not comfortable with my friend at any time, all you have to do is say the word and he will immediately stop.”

She nodded. something in his eye made her feel a little nervous. His words meant something more, she just wasn’t sure what.

She slid into his expensive car and the fifteen-minute drive to his apartment felt like it took thirty. What should she say to her sexy boss? She’d been lusting after the man for years. She hoped he didn’t know. With good looks, a sculpted bod, and money, she doubted that the man ever encountered a straight woman or gay man who didn’t want him. He kept his personal life so separated from the business that she had no idea if he was even married or into women.

Turning off her lust, Jessalyn tried to focus on dealing with the new age witch doctor that she’d be seeing. Over the two years she’d known she had cancer, she’d seen countless quacks - some prayed, some poked and

prodded, some just handed her gross goop to eat or drink, but they all had one thing in common, none of them could heal her. She knew Orion's friend wouldn't be any different, but for the chance to spend a little time with the man of her fantasy and get out of work, she was willing to suffer yet another disappointment.

Pulling up to Orion's building, she admired the excellent neighborhood and the building's architecture. Following him up the stairs, Jessalyn was speechless as he ushered her into the foyer of his apartment. The place was bigger than most houses in the city and exquisitely furnished with countless antiques and modern art pieces that contrasted with a striking stylishness that matched the man they belonged to perfectly.

He led her into a small library, there was a huge fireplace on one wall and the floor lay strewn with furs, they looked real. Countless candles lit the room and the effect was breath taking.

"This is beautiful, but an odd place to meet your doctor friend."

"My friend is a healer, not a doctor. I have more faith in him than any modern doctor. His skill is ancient, powerful. I have to warn you his methods are a bit

different. You have to be open, trusting, and brave. Can you do that for me?"

Searching his handsome face, Jessalyn heard the pleading in his voice. She would try, just for him. "I'll do my best, but please tell me what to expect."

"I have...I have cared for you for a very long time. Bringing you here tonight; I risk all my happiness and safety for you. I have a secret Jessalyn. Can you keep my secret?"

"Yes, definitely I can keep your secret. Orion, please trust me."

"I trust you above all other mortals."

Did he say mortals? That sounds odd!

He continued. "I am a vampire; my friend is also one...of sorts. I drink human blood but I do not kill. I have the ability to see your essence, aura, and I've known your condition before you ever knew yourself. I'd sent messages to all of my healer friends, and luckily Cassius came. He will save you, if you trust him, trust me. I can see where you suffer, but he can repair it. Together we can save you.

"However, you must fully and quite literally give yourself to us. We will bring you to orgasm, Lovely; it's

the only way to increase your energy enough for the magic to take hold, as you are mortal. You will drink from Cassius, while I drink from you, washing you with purity while I suck the poison out like snakebite, do you understand? Can you let go and allow for this? If you say you can, but you can't you will die. It's important to know and admit your limits."

Taking in the unbelievable words, she felt angry. Even handling her premature death as well as she had handled it did not excuse the man from playing a sick game with her. Was he really using her cancer to get into her pants? Sadly, she would have gone with him tonight, to his bed if he'd only asked, maybe not for a threesome, but she would have slept with Orion. Now she was just angry, irritated, and ready to leave.

"I don't know what kind of sick game this is, but I'm so getting a lawyer. This is the worst thing ever, it's beyond sexual harassment. I don't even know what the hell I could call this?"

"Jessalyn, please, just hear me out. I'm not lying to you. You've known me a long time. You know I don't just seduce the waitresses or hurt those I care about for fun. This is not a game; I am risking all trusting you. Please

allow me to do this for you; I've been looking for a healer for months. Healers consume energy not blood. You are safe, as long as you let your inhibitions go. Just trust us and when this is done you will be well. If not, I will personally pay for your lawyer."

Genuine pain lay in his eyes. It was clear that he believed every word he was saying. Frowning, she gave in to his plea. She was honestly intrigued with the idea of feeling his large, strong hands on her body. Never one for casual sex, she hadn't had a man in her life since she'd been diagnosed and her boyfriend of the time had broken up with her, unable to handle the reality of her illness. "All right Orion, what do I have to lose."

Joy lit his face and he called out loudly, obviously, they'd had an audience. "Cassius, she is ready."

When Jessalyn saw the beautiful being, she had to force herself not to run from the room. Just looking into the man's almost glowing beauty was enough to add credence to Orion's story. He was unlike anything that Jessalyn had seen. In awe, she reached out her hand to touch his face. Skin that was smooth, but taunt and cold made her pull her hand back with a gasp. He was completely hairless, not even possessing eyebrows; he

seemed to sparkle with a pale light. A smile broke out on his face and he did shine, radiating such a warm feeling of contentment that she sighed, lost in the radiance of the moment.

Orion spoke quietly, sounding a touch jealous. "Cassius consumes energy; because of this he is very powerful. He's also the oldest Healer I have ever met. All will be well, trust us."

When Cassius spoke, his voice was terrifyingly beautiful. She scrambled to obey him for he possessed her with the need for obedience, compliance. His voice held magic too, and she felt filled with it. "Jessalyn, take off your clothes, Sweets. Lay on the rug, open for our touch."

His voice calmed her and peeled away her natural inhibition layer after layer. She quickly and efficiently shed her uniform blouse, and apron, then she peeled her skirt off her hips. Everything fell with a swish to the floor. She undid the stays of her bra. In the back of her mind, she registered Orion's groan. Her panties slide off her buttocks next. She kicked off her shoes and then stepped out of the white cotton panties. Orion groaned again.

Slowly, her hands moved of their own accord and she took the pins from her hair freeing it from her bun. Her hair had grown back surprisingly fast after chemo, it lacked it's once glorious luster, but it was back. She wondered if Orion hadn't had something, somehow, to do with the small vanity, now that she knew he was more than human.

She stood naked in front of one complete stranger and one man who she'd secretly lusted for, and the magic that enthralled her wiped away her shame. Instead of rushing to cover her nudity, she relished their eyes on her body, and the obvious desire she saw there. Even ill, she still had a great body.

Laying down, enveloped in the fur, she planted the soles of her feet onto the floor and opened her knees as wide as she could. With a contented sigh, she raised her arms up over her head and closed her eyes, waiting. A moment passed then two, until she felt hands kneading her breasts. She opened her eyes and smiled up at Orion. He looked down at her with something akin to admiration. Lowering his face to hers, Orion claimed her lips.

Jessalyn wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back with all the years of denied passion. She gasped against his mouth when she felt Cassius between her legs, a moment of panic assailed her. He spoke quietly to her, like she was a skittish animal, but his magic calmed her once again and she opened her legs wider, demanding his mouth return. A small warm chuckle was his response. She felt him licking her clit and nipping it just enough to cause her pain and pleasure that wrung a low moan of joy from her.

Orion broke the kiss and began to suckle her taunt peaked nipples. He drew on them very hard and then softly in a rhythm that left her panting and desperate. She felt the wet heat. Pooling inside, the need clawed and demanded, making her restless and needy. Cassius stuck two long fingers into her pussy and began to caress her while his mouth continued to love her clit, driving her crazy. A tidal wave of orgasm built inside of her and she could almost feel the power between the men humming against her body, strengthening her need and desire. After only a moment, Jessalyn felt the intensity of her orgasm. As it began to die away, she felt her muscles clenching the fingers that still moved within

her. When Cassius removed his fingers and mouth, she felt a keen sense of bereavement.

The power between the men roared with a dark intensity that only kindled her desire for them again. She felt them right down to her very soul, whatever hocuses pocus they were working it felt warm and tender and her gnawing pain started to dissipate. She'd lived with the pain for so long that she hadn't realized how much torture it was until it started to leave. Suddenly, she felt Orion's mouth on her clit and Cassius whispered in her ear.

"Soon, Lovely, soon you will be free of your suffering, but first you have to come for us with all your mortal desire, you have to scream for me, Lovely." His words made her shiver.

Orion stopped what he was doing and he spoke, his voice harsh with desire. "Jessalyn, I want you on your hands and knees. That's perfect, I love your round ass, you are so beautiful. I'm going to fuck you just like this, when the time is right." He gave her a playful slap and she turned to look at him, his eyes seemed to glow with a feral light, she'd never seen him look so dangerous or so sexy. Turning, Cassius was in front of her, his cock

was hard and bobbing just near her mouth. Jessalyn tenderly took the long, thick length into her mouth and suckled. Cassius groaned and she felt his fingers slide into her hair and grip forcefully. The tugging only added to her excitement.

Orion placed a kiss first on one ass cheek and then the other. She felt him nip, and his sharp fangs almost penetrated her skin. She cried out around the cock in her mouth and Cassius spoke half playfully, half worried to his friend. "Orion, don't cause the poor girl to bite, I'd hate to go through eternity without my cock."

Orion chuckled and Jessalyn continued with her tender suckling. She moved and took part of Cassius's sac in her mouth, he cried out with surprised pleasure. When she felt Orion's fingers, it was her turn to cry out with surprise and a new pleasure. Orion wet his long index finger with the essence of her desire then he gingerly inserted it into her anus, while he rubbed her clit with his other hand. He inserted his middle finger into her pussy, twisting the hand that filled her in a unique motion he left her panting and moaning, even with her mouth full of Cassius's sac she still managed to issue the little whimpers and moans that let Orion know that she

was enjoying what he was doing. Cassius's hands caressed her back and neck while Orion's filled her, it was an indulgent sensation and she felt her body growing closer to orgasm.

Cassius spoke and she shuddered at his words. Jessalyn hoped she would find the strength to do as he demanded. "When Orion enters you, he is going to bite your neck." To illustrate his point he moved her hair and held it up and away, exposing her long pale throat. "When he bites you, I am going to hold my wrist out, all you need to do is drink a small amount, but it will be enough to save you, if you don't do this, you will die. I see why my friend is so desperate to save you, I feel what he does, your light and your glorious humanity."

Managing a nod, Jessalyn cried out as Orion's fingers brought her to the brink of pleasure with the harmony of their action. Cassius muttered something in a language that she didn't understand and he spoke sharply to Orion. "It is time my friend."

Orion's voice sounded strained from both need and worry. "Yes, I see it, now Cassius."

Crying out, Jessalyn felt him quickly move his hands and he pulled her back, impaling her pussy on his cock.

Cassius still held her hair and she screamed in short-lived agony as Orion's fangs pierced her delicate throat. He growled for a moment and the fear of it only added to her desire, spiraling her into an intense orgasm. Simultaneously, Cassius placed his bleeding wrist to her mouth and she gagged as he fed her the salty metallic essence of his vampire blood. Determined to live, she chocked down a few gulps before he was satisfied and pulled the gruesome flavor from her mouth. Pain had given way to pleasure, and as Orion drew on her neck, drinking from her his hips bucked into her, driving his cock in and out of her pussy with a fast rhythm that left her screaming. She felt her muscles clench his cock as her orgasm never ceased. Never in her whole sexual experience had an orgasm been so intense or lasted for so long. Keening animalistic sounds emerged from her throat, but she was beyond worrying about anything but sensation.

Tears flowed from her eyes as she rode the wave of pleasure to its blissful zenith. Her body was on the verge of collapse when Orion's cock finally filled her with his essence, and he carefully slipped it from her body. Somehow she'd found herself in Cassius's arms and he

supported her collapsing weight. Darkness claimed her and she felt helpless against it. Her last thought was of how strong Cassius's arms were as he picked her up.

Part Three

Morning light filtered into Jessalyn's bedroom window waking her up. She was naked; it was strange because she never slept naked. Yawning, Jessalyn felt sore and exhausted, albeit better than she had in longer than she cared to contemplate. Her gnawing pain from the cancer was completely gone! She'd had an odd dream, a hot dream, but it was a disturbing dream about Orion. Smiling and blushing, she was amazed that her mind had conjured such a dream. Slowly she sat up, a bit dizzy. A note on her bedside table made her gasp. Orion's handwriting, perhaps it hadn't been a dream after all. With a shaking hand, she picked up the paper. Reading the words, she felt a little thrill as her heart pounded frantically.

*Darling Jessalyn,
I brought you home and
told your sitter that your car
broke down and that you fell
asleep on the drive. The*

woman invited me in. If you choose, you can recant her invitation, but I hope you will not. I felt she thought nothing of me carrying you inside, because of your illness. She offered to put you to bed, but I assured her I would just lay you down. I hope you don't mind that I took the liberty of cleansing your body and laying you in your bed. I must admit tonight more than most nights I wish I were a human man, to wake with you in my arms would be a taste of Heaven. I will come to you at sunset.

Your servant,

O

His old worldly charm was a bit over the top, but she had to admit she liked it. Her daughter woke up and she spent her day enjoying activities that she'd been too sick to participate in like bike riding and playing in the park. It

was a wonderful day. She felt well, she felt hope, for too long death had been lurking but now free of its shadow she just let herself live. She owed Orion and Cassius so much, how could she ever thank them enough? She took her daughter to her mother's home and asked if she could leave her overnight. She explained she had a doctor's appointment right before work and didn't want to bother her sitter for extra time. Joyfully her mother agreed.

Jessalyn sat at the doctor's office, she was there so often that the nurses all knew her well. Minnie, her favorite nurse immediately saw the difference in her.

"Wow, you look great! What are you doing?"

"I just feel really good this morning, that's why I made the emergency appointment."

Minnie looked confused; usually it was the other way around. She shrugged and smiled before finally leaving Jessalyn alone with her thoughts. When it was her turn to see her doctor, she delighted in the wonderment on the man's face. He ran every test she would allow and they all came back happily indicating her cancer was not just in remission, there was no sign of it at all!

The doctor begged her for more tests, but Jessalyn agreed only to make another appointment for the next month. She didn't know how to explain her miraculous recovery, but she knew it was not something that the doctor could duplicate with other patients. Sadly, she wanted to help others, but her recovery was a dark magical gift, not medicine.

When she arrived home, she still had energy, and with delighted surprise she began tidying up her small apartment. It had been so long since she'd had the energy to do it that soon she lost all track of time as she cleaned and organized. The knock on her door finally broke through her cleaning frenzy and she realized it was dark. Orion had arrived. When she opened the door, all she could do was just stare at him, in awe.

"Please come in, Orion." Unable not to sound formal she stepped back, making sure he knew she was not afraid to let him into her home, vampire or not. He entered and she found herself in his arms, thoroughly kissed. It was wonderful. When he finally stepped back, she spoke quietly.

"You saved my life. The doctor told me the cancer is gone. How can I ever thank you, repay you?"

“I love you, Jessalyn; I have for a long time. Seeing the life in you is payment enough for me. Come into my arms, Lovely, and let me kiss you again.”

She stepped into his embrace and knew she never wanted him to let go.