



***BLACK ROSE BEACH***  
*by Linndah*

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## ***BLACK ROSE BEACH***

Black Rose Beach, my third summer here—hot steamy days and sizzling, erotic nights. They say the third time is the charm—David, the man I met for the first time this year is a real charmer. So magnetic, with big blue eyes, sandy blonde hair, and unblemished skin as pale and luminous as tonight's full moon. Unusual for a surfer type. How can any man living year round on Black Rose Beach not have a golden suntan? Foolish enough to walk right up to his house last month I got my incredible, shocking answer.

I'm proud that I've built up quite a beautiful tan this year. I know it's not healthy to soak up the sun's rays but I'm careful and I use plenty of sunscreen. Who can forget the feeling of raw, red skin prickling like a thousand needles stabbing all at once while laying upon scratchy cotton sheets afterwards—a foolish sun worshiper's punishment? Back in my childhood I didn't know any better and I'd spend countless hours on a lounge chair in my back yard then I'd ache for days until the top layer of skin peeled away in huge pieces, and the miserable itching began.

Yes, my reckless days in the sun are behind me. Now at the ripe old age of twenty nine I still get a burn and itch sometimes—from another type of affliction. When my unique carnal cravings go unsatisfied first I'm restless, then I sulk and finally I smolder until I think I'm going to flare up and consume just about anyone that's handy, a serious problem while I'm spending summers at Black Rose Beach. Far away from home and my usual haven of partners I have trouble finding someone ready and willing to fill my very special, perverse needs.

Do I sound like a freak? I really do look quite normal. A nicely stacked slim size ten with medium brown hair and interesting cinnamon colored eyes. I'm smart too. Savvy about money—I can afford to spend the summer months in a rented beach cottage, writing my best-selling paperback romance novels. Ah yes, when the men I meet hear what I do for a living they fawn all over me thinking I'm always ripe and ready for a quick fuck. That's not what feeds my hunger. I want their blood. I *need* blood—but I'm not a vampire, not really.

None of my love stories are about vampires because I think they're damned silly. Who in their right mind believes someone can die and come back to life, surviving decade upon decade with blood as their only sustenance? Myth and legend—as bogus as a three dollar bill. Of course that's what I believed with all my heart and soul until I met David... Last month seems like a moment ago or an eon ago—where do I begin?

\* \* \* \*

The night I arrived—at Black Rose Beach. The first day of June and I'd driven twelve hours to get here. Tired, hungry and soaked from a sudden thunderstorm that hit while I unloaded my luggage and summer supplies, I tracked in water and managed to slip on the ceramic tile floor in the entry hall giving myself a huge ugly bruise on my butt. At least nobody would see it since I don't wear thong bikinis. Nearly midnight, I finally finished getting settled and had something simple to eat. Looking out the floor to ceiling window at the glowing indigo sky I noticed the miserable storm had finally passed. Relieved yet still rather edgy, I paced back and forth carving a deep furrow in the living room's shaggy beige

throw rug. Why not go out there and take a walk on the beach to burn off this nervous energy before going to bed?

Stepping out onto the patio I marveled at the bright moon and a billion stars lighting up the short pathway across the grass-covered dunes. I rarely get to look up at the sky at midnight. I'm comfortable enough with an early evening stroll in the first few hours after sunset, but late at night you never know about some of the vagrants that hole up under people's weathered wooden stairways. Antsy, impetuous, with a 'who cares' attitude I took off my shoes and blouse, tossed them on the chair then ran all the way down the path and into the soft sand wearing only my red lycra sport top and black nylon shorts.

My eyes adjusted to the darkness and I stood still for awhile watching the low waves come crashing in one by one—even timing them—about twenty seconds apart. Letting the foamy fingers of trailing water tickle my ankles I turned and walked south. My feet sunk in deep with each step and the warm sand felt wonderful squishing between my strong flexing toes—I've missed this place! My special beach—the third year in a row in the same cottage and it keeps getting better each time.

Still sloshing along in shallow water I promised myself I wouldn't stray very far this late at night yet something kept calling me, almost pulling me and before I knew it I'd journeyed two full miles away from the rental. I always know when I hit the two-mile mark—there's a strange old house sitting a little further back from the shore than the others, surrounded on all sides by a tall reed and bamboo fence, you can just see the second floor and pointed lookout protruding above the barricade. The only house on Black Rose Beach with a thatched-roof tower—it's exotic and so fascinating! I try to take a four mile walk in the morning or late afternoon every day and I always know to make my about-face in front of this special house—my landmark.

Funny thing about this place, in the two years I've walked down Black Rose Beach I've never seen a soul around. I noticed they still have a big brass telescope mounted on the lookout's railing and whoever is lucky enough to stand there can watch ships come in and birds fly by. I laughed thinking they probably just use it to check out all the local bikinis! Nope, never one living person up there. Must be someone's winter home and I always come here in the summer, that explains it.

Tired and more than ready to head back I found myself frozen in place like a startled sand crab, staring up at that narrow balcony thinking I finally saw someone—a wild hunch or maybe I felt someone's presence. Wait! Squinting, looking away then back just to be sure—yes, my psi sense was correct and I actually did see a person. They even had that telescope pointed right at me! Oh my God... They had a clear view of me but I couldn't even make out if it's a man or a woman. Hoping it's a man, preferably an attractive one I reached my hands behind my neck bringing my straight hair up high then I let it drop, shaking my head slowly to straighten my long auburn mane.

My sensual signal now delivered, I waited for their reply. A moment later the figure stepped aside and waved—my heart skipped a beat! Most obviously male, shirtless, moonlight reflected on his pale skin and for a moment I thought the figure was a ghost—especially when he vanished. Considering making a run for it all the way back, my feet wouldn't move. A wide gate opened—two doors—a previously invisible portal within the bamboo fence spread slowly apart to reveal the same luminous figure, beckoning.

During my daylight walks I often stop to talk to my beach neighbors but after midnight so far away from help now I'm hesitant. Sure I'd given him a come-on, a rather stupid idea, what was I thinking? I was thinking about blood... Somehow tonight I just *knew*, like I always know when a person is interested in blood—they give off a familiar energy signature. I've developed a strange instinct about that, from years of experience with kindred souls. Yes, a rare opportunity presented itself on my very first night at Black Rose Beach so I inched forward toward the gate, sniffing the air—crisp and salty yet also sweet with hundreds of night blooming flowers decorating the dunes.

"I'm David." His hand reached out to grasp mine and as he did I felt a strength and vitality so incredible I almost started to drool. "Please, come inside."

"Laura—my name is Laura Mills." Looking at him up close I'm sure my eyes widened with surprise at how pale and thin his skin appeared. "I'm staying up the beach, I just got in tonight." Niceties always help—I play my game and approach potential blood partners the civilized way, unless forced to do otherwise. I'm glad I don't feel the burning need yet tonight...

"I've never seen you before." Walking me over to the patio the young man's eyes sparkled, reflecting the rippling azure water of his illuminated tropical swimming pool.

"This is my third summer at the cottage, but I don't usually take my walks at night." I know he's a night person by his ashen skin tone. "So you're not a sun worshipper like me?"

Looking downhearted his smile faded and he spoke quietly. "I developed a rare sun allergy and now I'm forced to stay inside, except at night."

"That's too bad. So you like to swim?" I can't help noticing he's wearing black trunks and keeps glancing at the pool like I'd interrupted his nightly ritual.

"Yes, I love the water, and the beach." The man's captivating eyes met mine and his arm motioned toward the pool as an invitation. "Swim?"

"Uh, I guess so." I don't have on a suit but what I'm wearing is close enough and a midnight swim sounded like fun. "Say, do you live alone?" I'd better make sure before we get too friendly—this could get me into serious trouble if he had a wife and young kids inside.

"I assure you I'm quite alone." A depressed look reappeared on his face. In the blink of an eye he dove into the kidney-shaped lagoon and surfaced on the other side under an amazing large rock waterfall.

Slipping over the edge and easing myself into the deep end I'm relieved the water is heated, a warm, familiar embrace—I love swimming too. "This is wonderful." Paddling my way over to meet him I stood under the torrent of water gushing from the crevices amongst the boulders. Tipping my head back under the waterfall the liquid highlighted my body's shape and I knew I looked damned sexy—I hoped he noticed.

"You're so beautiful." David noticed. He stepped closer, both of us mere inches from the noisy liquid cascade, thousands of tiny bubbles danced around us, stimulating our bodies. "I'm glad you happened by tonight, Laura—sorry but I'm not very good with words. I'd rather use my mouth for other things..."

His hands grabbed my shoulders and a sudden grin revealed the pointed canines, already aimed for my throat. "Hey—slow down a bit." Confirming my earlier suspicion, David was after blood too. "Let's

take our time and have some fun first!" Slipping down under the water I grabbed his trunks and yanked them off.

"What?" Shocked at my surprise move David actually seemed embarrassed. "Why did you do that?" He backed away, almost frightened.

Surely he wants more than blood, I know I do. David is damned sexy and I'm dying to see what he can do to me with his amazing mouth. "Never on the throat darling, the marks will show." I slipped off my top and tossed it over to the edge of the pool. Stepping back I let the cascade pour over my shoulders and down my bare breasts. Motioning with my index finger I dared him to come have a taste.

"So...you know what I am and you're not afraid?" His black trunks floated away toward the deep end, David had both hands down under the water covering his manhood.

"You're a blood-drinker of course, like me." Delighted to find a proper companion my first day I looked forward to many more night time walks to David's house. "Those are some really cool fangs—do they come out or did your dentist cement them in?" His eyes were glued to my breasts—I fondled them for his benefit.

"No way—you're not like me, I would know." Inching backward he kept sinking deeper until the rising water reached his chin.

This is a strange one, but some blood drinkers are. Perhaps he has male performance issues... "If you mean I don't have fangs you're right, I use this." Holding up my right hand I pointed to an antique gold poison ring which concealed my lancet. "What's wrong?" I watched his bare ass shine as he climbed up the ladder out of the pool.

David reached for a small white towel on a chair then covered himself and sat down. "Sorry Laura, I just don't want to disappoint you..."

I knew it, impotent, darn! "That's all right, don't worry, I'm sure I won't leave here unsatisfied." I walked up the stone steps out of the tropical pool's shallow end then strolled over to David's wrought-iron patio chair. Peeling off my wet nylon shorts, my nude body leaned closer and I dripped all over him on purpose. "Do you have another towel or can I use yours?"

If the man could blush he'd be crimson by now but instead his face grew even paler. "Over there." His arm extended pointing toward a cupboard by the patio door.

"Thanks!" Reaching into the bamboo cabinet for a towel I tried to see inside the unusual house but it was pitch dark. "So you really live here all by yourself?" Wrapping the small piece of terry cloth around my hips below my navel I left my top half exposed and ready.

"I'm afraid so. All my family members are dead and I inherited the place years ago." He stared down at his hands, clasped together in his lap still carefully guarding his jewels. "I don't think you understand about me, Laura."

Scooting my chair closer I stroked his shoulder—smooth, cool, but not very sensitive. "You do like women, don't you?" Maybe he's gay...rats.

"Oh of course I do—I told you I think you're beautiful." His hand stretched out to cup my left breast. "And I'm really glad you came. In fact, I probably drew you here tonight, I'm so thirsty..." Licking his lips, the fangs sparkled in the moonlight.

"That's better." Not gay. What's his problem then? "Maybe you've been waiting here for me all these years and I've finally come to you?" I'm sensing his ego needs feeding as part of his game. "Your power and your prowess saw my beacon and drew me in..." Leaving my chair I knelt at his feet in submission.

Clasping my head in his hands, running his fingers through my damp hair he tipped my face up to stare deep into my eyes. "Yes, of course." The soft voice again.

So close to what I wanted my loins started to throb and I inched my hand under David's towel, moving higher up his clammy thigh. "Now can I play?" He'd resisted in the pool, maybe he couldn't get an erection in the water.

"I suppose..." This time unafraid, David opened up his towel.

Leaning between his legs my hungry mouth devoured his expanding cock. Working faster, gratified that he wasn't impotent, I flicked open my ring and pierced his shaft.

"Ouch!" He startled and his strong hands yanked my head away. "Don't do it! Don't drink any of my blood."

"I won't take much I promise!" His games were no fun. "Must I beg, is that what you want?"

Clutching his bloody penis he glared at me. "Don't you know what I am?"

"I know that you're playing tease-the-vamp and I don't like it!" I stood up and the towel dropped to my ankles. "Do you have a disease I might catch?" He should have said something before we got started.

"No STD's or anything worse, I assure you." He'd cleaned himself off and the bleeding already stopped.

"Well that's a relief!" I'm sure I'd gone ashen myself for a moment. Glad to see him still stiff and ready I hopped onto his lap before he could stop me.

"Oh God!" He winced as his injured manhood slid inside.

Glad this was a sturdy metal chair I held onto the armrests while I slowly rode up and down David's throbbing cock. He grabbed onto my tits, squeezing and pinching. "That's right—yeah—you're so big and hard!" I wanted him fully satisfied so I could try again for what I really need—his blood.

"You're arms must be tired." Grabbing my waist with one arm he pushed us both up out of the chair with his other until we tipped forward onto the pool deck.

"Oh shit." Now I'm going to have bruises on my knees to match my butt! "Hey boy, take it easy." Once I got him started there's no stopping him! Just when I thought my knees couldn't take the stone surface any more David's long thrusts turned into short stabs and he let out a low growl as he exploded.

Still on my hands and knees I lifted my head to look back just in time to see David's open mouth and fangs clamp down on my bruised derriere. "Fuck!" More intense than any other partner's blood play, this guy wanted to suck me dry. "That's enough already." He still wouldn't stop. Lips plastered firm on my ass, the man's long fingers reached up to manipulate my clit. "Oh yeah—oh *Yeah!*" As I fell forward with my climax my new blood partner finally had his fill.

Rolling both of us back into the pool David pulled me over to the waterfall. The strong stream over my head refreshed my senses and I felt his hand massaging my bruised behind to stop the bleeding. "Wow, that was incredible—I've never had someone take so much before." A little dizzy, I rested my head on his shoulder and reached down to tickle his limp manhood. "I'm thirsty too—remember?"



"No—you mustn't take any of my blood." He almost shouted the words in my ear.

"Well for goodness sakes why not?" After all that he still won't share. "Please?" I'd try the begging game again. "You're so big and strong and I *need* you."

"Laura, you're not a real vampire, but I am." Facing me, he opened his mouth to show off his razor sharp equipment.

"I know some people who've had that done—either filing their canines or having a dentist make them a special set." Does he think I'm stupid enough to believe in the undead beings of myth and legend? "And your sun allergy is all part of why you *think* you're a vampire." Much easier to just stay out of the sun than use pasty white makeup all over your body. "Why won't you indulge me tonight, let me have a few drops?"

"Because if you drink from me you'll also become a sanguivore." Those incredible blue eyes looked deep into mine to convince me of his awful truth.

Wading toward the steps I searched for my red top. Picking it up on the way out of the pool I found my shorts by the chair then got dressed. "I've got a long walk back so I'd better get going." I gave up for tonight on this selfish blood junkie. "Thanks for inviting me in for a swim..." I headed down the stone steps toward the hidden gate.

"Wait." David stood in front of me, blocking me.

"H-how did you do that?" Stammering, shocked at his sudden appearance, no way could any normal man move so fast—getting out of the pool and beating me down the stairs.

"I thought maybe that would convince you of what I am." Holding onto my shoulders he smiled to bare his fangs again.

"Look, I may drink blood but I'm not *that* deep into the vampire fantasy lifestyle." I don't even like to call it vampirism. More like a blood fetish.

"Sorry I couldn't give you what you really wanted, but if you come back tomorrow night I promise you'll leave completely satisfied." He knew I was disappointed, but why would tomorrow be any different? "Promise me you'll come back tomorrow at midnight—please?" Now David was the one begging.

Giving him a quick kiss on the cheek I stepped through the gate. "OK, I'll be back tomorrow." Maybe.

\* \* \* \*

If I thought my first night at Black Rose Beach was strange I had no idea what waited for me the second evening—until I got to David's house. Still tired from last night I trudged the two miles back down the dark, lonely beach. The closer I got the more agitated I felt, like going through that bamboo gate would take me from my safe, predictable world into a whole new sordid lifestyle. My intuition never failed me and tonight it screamed 'stop—go back' but I didn't listen. Could this man be the real thing? How would I prove it either way? Not by drinking his blood just to see if I'd go through some kind of freaky metamorphosis...

The figure in the tower watched me approach, telescope turning to follow me until the last possible moment. David seemed to blink down to the gate again—how does he do that? Wearing the same black trunks he looked gorgeous and ready for more fun in the pool. Tonight I came prepared in my favorite red bikini covered with a black mesh tunic.

"You look even more beautiful than last night!" Eyes aglow with adoration, the man took my arm and whisked me inside up to the patio. "I fixed you a little something." Pointing to the round metal table an assortment of tropical drinks waited. "I wasn't sure what you liked so I prepared a variety—I hope you enjoy them."

Getting drunk wasn't my idea of a good time but I'd select at least one to try since he went to all that trouble. "Thanks, that was nice of you." Choosing the tall glass with what appeared to be a Pina Colada I turned to go sit down. "Uh..." Another girl, lounging on a chaise by the pool! "Hello?" My mouth hung open and I turned back to David. "Are you having a party?" Not what I anticipated.

"No, not a party with other people. It's just you and me—and Darla." Smiling over at the young girl David draped his arm around my shoulders.

"OK..." Not really OK but what could I say? "Nice to meet you, I'm Laura." Strolling over to the girl I perched on the edge of another chaise. "Have you known David a long time?" I had a strange lump in my throat, my intuition strangled me telling me 'I told you so' but once again I ignored it and took a swallow of the cool sweet beverage.

"Just a few months. My parents bought a house a few doors down and then one night I happened to meet David." Her eyes worshipped him, her voluptuous body obviously his to use as he pleased. Wearing the smallest bikini legally allowed on a public beach this girl was an absolute sex kitten.

"That suit is adorable." I hoped she didn't notice my forced smile.

"Yours is too." She actually giggled.

"Um, David, can I talk to you—in private?" Stepping back over to our host I already knew the answer to my question but I had to ask. "So you thought I'd be willing to a three-way tonight?" I hissed into his ear.

Taking me further aside he tried to convince me of his plan. "I invited her over for you my dear."

"David, I'm not into other women. If you planned sexy fun for me you should have invited another man!" At that moment I decided to leave.

"No!" David seemed to read my thoughts. "I'm sorry Laura, but I'm not interested in men. I had no other choice for us but Darla. She's been my regular donor for the past few months and she's developed such a strong blood-bond that she'll do anything..."

"You're willing to share?" Still standing facing the stairway back out to the beach I'm torn between my growing blood hunger and my repulsion at what I might be forced to do tonight. "I don't know about this..."

Pulling me into the corner by the patio door out of Darla's sight David gave me a passionate kiss. "I don't know what it is about you but you're something special and I want to satisfy you...in every way!"

"Well gee." Licking my lips at the thought of fresh hot blood in my mouth I reached my left hand over to twist my poison ring. "Maybe just this once." So difficult to get any human blood during my summers at Black Rose Beach I decided to take a chance and stay.

We approached Darla. "Are you ready?" David reached out to grasp her hands, lifting the young girl up to a standing position. "Both of you get undressed—now!" He barked the order.

"What?" He keeps changing the game as we play. Perhaps it's a show of power in front of Darla. Frustrated at my lack of control I keep thinking of the blood meal to come so I do as he says. Watching the girl untie the tiny strings on her top I found myself getting wet. Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea...

"Laura, lay down on that chaise lounge." David pointed, expecting me to keep following his orders.

"Hey, I want to know what's going on." That lump in my throat again. Watching David's eyes grow dark and wicked his hands grabbed my shoulders and pushed me onto the green tropical print pad. I hadn't seen Darla move up to the head of the chair until she clasped my hands and held them. The two worked together and the strings normally used to tie the cushion onto the metal frame now tied my wrists and ankles to the pad. "What in the world?"

"Relax." David's hand caressed my face and he leaned down to give me a quick kiss, nipping my lip with his fangs then licking off the blood. "You're going to enjoy this, I promise."

I wanted to curse him but I couldn't. Something about my own perverse nature made me want this strange forced embrace. "Are you a blood drinker too?" I looked up at Darla as she began fondling my breasts.

"No, I'm David's and I do what he tells me." She looked over at her master for further instructions.

"Remember?" Frowning at the girl he must have told her what to do and she forgot. "We're going to satisfy our beautiful guest." David ran his hands slowly down my body from my breasts to my aching mound.

"Please don't do anything to hurt me." At least they weren't both going to feed—only David. I'm usually in control, the dominant, the drinker. Only rarely do I donate. Now I've slipped into a role-reversal, even tied down, virtually helpless while two strangers ravaged my trembling body.

Darla cupped one of my breasts in her hands then brought her sweet hot mouth over my nipple, tickling and gently biting while David stroked my inner thighs and slipped three fingers into my wide open and ready heat. "Oh..." Moaning, I tried to move but the ties rendered me motionless while the pair groped, fondled and licked every inch of my skin.

Quivering with delight at this constrained stimulation they kept teasing my defenseless sex, almost bringing me to orgasm then stopping. "David I'm in agony—I'm burning." Biting my lip I watched Darla bring her mouth between my legs and at the same time David approached my left breast with eager fangs. Working in unison they sucked and bit and brought me to the strongest climax I'd ever felt. "My God!" Sweaty, shivering, drained and dizzy I felt my thirst building and if I wasn't still tied down I knew I'd vamp-out and grab either one of them.

"Don't worry, I promised I'd share." David slipped off his trunks and then let me watch him pierce Darla's right breast with his fangs. Moving to my side she bent down over me, her hands holding onto the cushion while her large tit dangled inches from my face, blood dripping slowly into my waiting mouth. As I savored every bit of her delicious liquid chi David came at her from behind, fucking her while I watched.

Incredible. A bizarre, mind-blowing mixture of sex, bondage and blood. I've never felt so satisfied. I saw David manipulate the girl's clit while his strong thrusts brought them both to their peak at the same time as Darla's blood continued to trickle onto my tongue. The girl collapsed onto me smearing her blood across my breasts. David leaned over and licked us both clean then he untied me.

Diving into the pool the man motioned for us to follow. Quite pleased with himself and his two nymphs he dared us to catch him as he swam laps at lightening speed. I relaxed under the waterfall, tranquilized from feeding and being fed. What more could I possibly want? David's blood.

\* \* \* \*

Over the next few weeks I made quite a few midnight trips to David's tropical oasis of bloodlust. Sometimes Darla joined us, other times we were alone. I broached the subject a few times—couldn't I have just a teeny tiny taste of that forbidden substance in his veins? No, never. Insisting his condition was contagious and if I had so much as a teaspoon I'd be turned, the man continued to torment me with his vampire mystique. I believed him and then again I didn't.

Out shopping for some new shoes at the Island Palms Mall I spotted Darla slipping on some strappy sandals. "Hey girl, those are cute!" Sitting down next to her I gave her hand a quick squeeze.

"I don't believe it! I thought you were a vampire, only awake at night." The naive thing was shocked.

"No sweetie, I'm a blood-drinker. There's no such thing as a *real* immortal." I tried to keep my voice low, no need for the whole world to hear about our private lives. "Want some ice cream?" It seemed like fate, running into Darla today.

"All right, let me pay for these first." Whipping out her daddy's credit card the girl paid for the sexy sandals then we walked arm in arm toward the food court.

"So is that what you think, David is an honest to goodness sanguivore?" I had a plan to prove or disprove David's claims once and for all.

"A what?" Stopping in her tracks the clueless girl stared at me.

I forgot, she's not a blood-drinker and her only exposure to the sub-culture has been with David. "That means he lives on blood alone, no other food or drink. And he has to sleep during the day, avoiding the sun like the plague."

"Heck I don't know. I think he's cool and he makes me feel wonderful—I **love** him!" Grinning ear to ear, head over heels for this magnetic man, Darla stepped up to the ice cream parlor counter. "I want a single scoop of rocky road please."

"And I'll have plain chocolate, put mine in a cup." Cones are messy and I like to be in control—usually. Somehow I've grown to love the submissive role this summer...

Sitting down at a table far away from other people I watched Darla slowly lick the melting ball of chocolate. When her eyes met mine I felt the familiar pulse of pleasure between my legs, remembering how that same tongue brought me to climax after glorious climax. Clearing my throat I tried to also clear my head so I could formulate a plan. "Look, I think David is amazing too, and I am absolutely dying to feed from him but he won't let me."

"Aren't I enough for you?" The sweet young girl pouted.

"Well of course." I reached across the table to stroke her soft hand. "But I *need* to drink from David and I want you to help me."

Shaking her head the obedient girl didn't want to upset her strong-willed master. "He won't like it."

Trying to play on her minimal knowledge of the vampiric condition I came up with a line of my own. "I've taken your blood into my body too and I am also your master—do you understand?" Tipping my head down I used my most evil stare, hoping to frighten the girl into helping.

“Uh...” Weakening, the girl slurped up the last of her ice cream then took my hand. “What do you want me to do?”

That’s better. Now I’ll get what I really want. I hope that silly girl can follow my orders...tonight.

\* \* \* \*

Scheduling my arrival a bit before midnight I brought a small tote bag to David’s. If he’s truly an immortal being he’s probably quite strong, I’m hoping the industrial strength tie-wraps I brought will hold him down. Now all I need is Darla’s cooperation.

David didn’t notice I’d brought a bag. As usual he greeted me with a kiss and a slight nip so he could taste my blood and connect with my powerful essence. “All these wonderful nights together—but I’m always the one tied up. I’d love it if Darla and I could make love to you without your being able to move. Would you like that?” Surely he trusted me by now. I kept my mind focused on sex and not my lancet.

“Well...” Hesitating at first David smiled when Darla came running through the gate to join us. “Laura has an idea, she insists on tying me up so you can both have control for a change, what do you think?”

“Oh I’d love it—let’s do it!” Winking at me behind David’s back Darla padded up the stone stairs.

Shedding our own clothing Darla and I grabbed onto David’s trunks at the same time. “Me first.”

“No me!” Darla yanked off his suit. We both pretended to fight over him—he liked it.

I took his left arm and Darla his right. Pushing him down onto the chaise first we tied his wrists and ankles with the soft nylon cords. Reaching into my tote I slipped Darla two of the heavy plastic ties and we cinched him down tight to the heavy metal chair.

“Hey—what are you two doing?” He heard the tie-wraps snapping and felt the strength of his bonds.

“Now now lover, **we** need to be in control and we’re afraid you’re just too powerful for those little strings you use on us!” I made a pouty face to match Darla’s. “What shall we do to our victim?”

Parading around the chair together he could only stare at our naked breasts bouncing past and we teased him even more by playing with each other’s tits. “Maybe we don’t even need him tonight?” I reached down to rub my own pussy. “Yeah, maybe we should just make him watch.”

“Oh, but look at him, his cock is so big and hard and begging for me.” Darla reached for it and I slapped her hand away.

“No you little bitch I’m first.” I winked at her so she’d know it was only part of the game and I didn’t mean it—she’s so sensitive.

“Hey, get lost.” Darla pushed me into the pool. My sudden splash got them both wet.

“Oh, you’re in trouble now.” Climbing up the ladder I marched over to the chaise where the girl was already starting to suck his cock. The palm of my hand met her bare little ass with a loud smack.

“Ooooh shit!” Glaring at me, Darla backed away.

“It takes a real woman to give proper head, not a silly little girl!” Closer than ever to my goal I watched David grin as I approached his twitching member. This cat-fighting really turned him on. “You can give him blood tonight.” I motioned for Darla to distract him with her breasts, blocking his view.

Taking him in slowly I waited for the girl’s tell-tale moans as she delivered her life force into his mouth. Moving my mouth and hand up and down faster I flipped open my ring ready to strike. In the

instant before his hot juices exploded into my mouth I pricked the skin so I'd get blood at the same time. When the lancet met his flesh David released Darla and pushed her aside.

"No... *No!*" Howling and shouting he couldn't break the bonds to yank me away this time.

Sucking both his cum and also the hot, deep red elixir I almost gagged at the incredible taste. Tart and aged like fine wine the juices made me giddy and I wished they'd flow on and on but his healing power sealed the pin prick much too fast. "Yes!" I raised my head in triumph. "Now I'm finally satisfied." It took nearly a month to get David's blood into my system. Now how long would it take for me to feel any changes in my own body?

"Are you all right?" Darla patted me on the back and wiped off my bloody face.

"Don't I look all right?" I wished I had a mirror in my tote bag—what did Darla see when she looked into my eyes?

"Oh, it's just my imagination. Forget it. Can we let him go now?" Darla reached into my tote for the scissors to cut the plastic ties.

Looking over at David struggling to break free I saw a strange anger in his eyes. "No, wait until I leave, OK? I'll talk to you later. Thanks for your help Darla." I slipped on my clothes and gave the girl a kiss on the cheek, dashing down the stairs to the beach.

\* \* \* \*

Black Rose Beach—the morning after my bloody victory. I puked up my coffee and toast within minutes, nothing would stay in my growling stomach. Chewing on some antacid pills I grabbed a book and a towel, heading down to the sand to relax. Ten minutes later I ran for cover, my skin bright red and covered with blisters.

"Oh Lordy, its true!" Shocked, still sick to my stomach and now deep fried from the summer sun I jumped in the shower and stood under freezing cold water to ease the pain. "What am I going to do?" No amount of sunscreen will protect me now, and what about my eyes? I don't want instant cataracts...

Even worse my mind already heard David's cynical voice hollering 'I told you not to drink my blood!' I didn't believe him—who would? Maybe Darla. Oh I need her right now, the thirst is getting stronger by the minute. The blood cravings of my past seemed miniscule by comparison. "At least I can still see myself in the mirror." I haven't lost my soul to the devil or anything crazy like that. Crawling back into bed I knew tonight I'd have to crawl back to David and apologize, and ask for help...

\* \* \* \*

So weak from hunger my legs barely carried me the two miles down to David's place. Thank goodness my horrible blistering burn healed during the day as I slept—I looked terrible earlier this morning. I noticed something else—I had incredible night vision. A half mile away I could already see David in the tower, watching, waiting for me. This time instead of meeting me at the gate he came running up the beach.

"I've been so worried about you. How are you feeling?" Genuine concern in his voice, instead of anger. David picked me up and carried me the rest of the way. Placing me on the same lounge where I'd tied him down and taken his life force the man smoothed my hair and kissed me without biting.

"I'm starving." Holding both hands over my aching stomach I stared into his eyes begging for sustenance.

“Now that the deed is done there’s nothing I can do but give you even more.” The man’s fingers carefully opened my mouth to check for the emerging fangs. “Yes, you’re ready.” Kneeling on the patio next to where I lay he leaned closer and brought my head up to his chest. “You don’t need your trick ring any more...”

Amazed that I hadn’t even noticed my new fangs I opened wide to drink from David’s chest, sucking and lapping up the same crimson liquid that forever transformed me last night. I’ve taken blood from donors for years but never like this—consuming human energy as my sole sustenance. Within moments I felt alive again and I sat up. “Thank you.”

“I told Darla not to come over tonight—we need to be alone.” Cradling me in his strong arms David kissed me over and over. “I can’t tell you that I’m sorry this happened because I’m not.”

Confused, my strange new feelings and David’s tender treatment made me feel terribly guilty. “Aren’t I supposed to die and come back to life or something like that?”

“That’s only in vampire fiction. You’ve already turned and now you’re exactly like me—it was meant to be...” David gazed at the shimmering pool. “Our first night together I knew.”

Standing up next to him I touched his smooth chest noticing the bite marks I’d made were almost healed. “You knew I was coming—you wanted me to transform into a real...” I choked before I could say the word vampire. I’ve always despised that parasitic term and all the negative images it evokes in people.

“You must know from your own experience as a blood drinker how hard it is to find companionship. I don’t mean like Darla—that lonely girl fawns all over me like a puppy.” He glanced over at his massive house. “I told you I’ve lived alone for years. A recluse in my private paradise. One night you came walking along the beach and things changed, my needs changed.” David walked over to the patio door and opened it, motioning for me to step inside.

“This is the first time you’ve invited me in!” Delighted and amazed, I could see clearly in near darkness—that new cat-eye vision. “It’s lovely.” I walked around touching everything, exploring the rooms, going upstairs hoping to find David’s bedroom. “Where do you sleep—during the daylight?”

Motioning to the right he opened a heavy wooden door into a windowless room. “There.”

“It’s a regular bed!” Somehow I expected an ornate coffin in a spider-infested basement.

“It’s not like in the movies—but you’ll find that out for yourself now.” David sat down on the end of the bed and motioned for me to join him. “You’re the first person I’ve invited in—to my house and into my bed.”

Beginning to get an inkling of David’s true motives I hoped my intuition still worked. “So the first night when I said maybe you’ve been waiting here for me all these years and I’ve finally come to you—that’s when you knew?” I watched his eyes for a reaction.

Grinning, rather than answering with words he used his mouth to communicate volumes. We undressed then stretched out on the bed where David nibbled his way from my neck down to my breast where he stopped to suck my tit then sink his fangs in deep.

“Oh...that feels even better now that I’m like you.” Tingling with new sensations I felt the true depth of our life-sustaining bite. David’s mouth went down between my legs next and I nearly screamed it felt

so good. “I can’t believe it—you’re incredible.” Breathless, I couldn’t stop trembling, savoring the fantastic experience of my first immortal orgasm.

“I love you Laura.” As he uttered the magical words David thrust inside to complete our first true vampiric union. His eyes and his cock penetrated me with such power and passion I felt us unite in a bond that would go on forever.

\* \* \* \*

Yes, as I said in the beginning my reckless days in the sun are behind me. My third trip to Black Rose Beach was the charm—turning into an endless summer. I moved in with David and now we’re living in our tropical vampire paradise—drawing in donors from time to time off the beach. Oh, I’m still writing romance novels, but now I slip in a vampire love story from time to time because I don’t think they’re silly any more...



## ***ABOUT THE AUTHOR***

Linndah, author of ***Black Rose Beach***, has had a long time fascination with all things paranormal which influences her fiction novels and short stories. She's a contributor to many L&L Dreamspell anthologies.

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