



CHRISTINA J. LOREN

ETERNITY

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Eternity

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Eternity
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*To Humanity —
May we never lose sight of who we truly are.*

Damien Meade jerked his head to the right as a figure darted out of the bushes. If he'd had a physical heart, it would've felt like a tribal dance pounding inside his chest. Instead, his cock twitched. *What is it about getting scared that makes me horny?* He peered at the figure slowly coming into focus.

"Damien?" the man managed to stammer out.

"Maybe? Depends on what you want."

"I'm not very good at these things, so I'm going to hope that I get this right." The figure inched forward. He was about five-six, medium build with short hair, but the shadows hid everything else.

"All right, on with it then," Damien commanded.

"Nathan told me I could find you here. He wanted me to, uh..."

"Wanted you to what? Why are you his errand boy? Can't he come here and tell me himself?"

"Well, see, that's the thing. He wanted me to seduce you—said it was as an apology of some kind."

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"Is that so...?" Damien paused for a moment, sensing a hesitation in the figure's raspy voice before continuing, "Well, I could use a game to cheer me up."

The human stepped closer, revealing his perfectly chiseled face and blue eyes. Very nice. Nathan knew precisely how to please him when they fought. The battle was always about the same thing: men and sucking their blood.

"You came alone."

"Yes."

"It wasn't a question," Damien said, and closed the gap between them. The man's heart drummed inside his head. He could almost taste the sweetness of the human's blood on his tongue. Could almost smell the elegant, rich fragrance. His mouth watered.

The man shivered, and Damien grasped his shoulders.

"I... I'm Jason."

"Nice to meet you, Jason." Damien closed his eyes and inhaled. Succulent blood coursed through the man's veins, and it was his for the taking.

He let his palms drift down Jason's arms and then drop to his warm hands. Damien knew it was only a matter of minutes until the human's warm blood trickled down his throat.

"I didn't come here to be sucked dry." Jason's words jarred Damien from his fantasy. "I came here to suck you."

Damien arched his brow. "Oh, my boy, I'll make the demands." He leaned in at Jason's neck and gave it a lick, drawing a small moan from the human. *Mmm...* Even his skin tasted sweet. Nathan was right about blue-eyed men. They did taste better.

"You like that?"

"I've jacked off to the thought of this," Jason said on another moan.

Damien's fangs throbbed with anticipation as he scrapped them along the human's throat. Jason shuddered, and then a large palm covered Damien's groin. Jason squeezed his growing erection, stretching Damien tenuous hold on his control to a thin thread. Then Damien was the one to shiver as his zipper was lowered, and the man's hand slipped inside. Damien groaned.

"Bite me," Jason breathed.

"I don't know if I can restrain myself from draining you."

"I don't care, just bite me," he said, his tone near desperate. "I want to feel your fangs in me."

"If I do, that's not the only thing that will be inside you," Damien retorted and jammed his fangs into Jason's neck.

Warm blood enveloped his tongue, and Jason's sweet nectar filled every crevice of Damien's mouth. The first swallow of the male's essence made its way to his stomach like a parched landscape receiving its only rainfall. Each droplet of blood tasted sweeter than the last, making his head spin and wetting his appetite for more.

"Damien," Jason mumbled, his words strained.

All Damien could do was moan. His cock throbbed in Jason's tightening grip, then without warning, the human's hand went slack. Damien jerked from his neck. *Shit*. Had he already gone too far?

Grasping the human by the chin, he brought Jason's gaze to his. Jason's glassy stare looked more like a person who'd had one too many than the man, who'd earlier, was ready to fuck.

"Sorry," Damien whispered. "It was hard to pull away."

"It's okay. We should go back to your place and finish what we started," he muttered. "But first... I'll need to replenish my liquids. Someone almost drank them all." Jason released a weak chuckle.

"You're one crazy, horny bastard."

"Like someone else I've recently meet." Jason's lips curled into a sly smile.

Damien shook his head and couldn't resist his own grin. Yeah, he was right. Jason reminded him of himself a year ago when he'd lured Nathan to his vein. And then into his bed. He slid his arm around the weakened male and led the way back to his apartment. They'd have to stop for some Gatorade along the way.

"Drink this," he said, a few minutes later as he handed a bottle of the chilled blue concoction to Jason who'd waited outside. He pushed away from the brick wall of the convenience store and grasped the offered half liter jug. "It'll help replace your electrolytes and fight the dehydration. Give you some of your energy back." Damien couldn't help but lick his lips.

"Uh, thanks." Jason took a large swig, then added, "You're not going to try and drain me again tonight, are you?"

"I'll try to resist."

Five minutes later, they arrived at the door to Damien's apartment building as Nathan appeared in Damien's peripheral vision.

"Do you have room for another?" Nathan asked right before grasping Damien's chin, turning his head, and searing his lips with a kiss that said he'd definitely been missed.

Slipping away from the kiss, Nathan's gaze then turned to Jason. "I see you've met my present." He stepped closer to the human,

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placed his palm over Jason's crotch, and gave a gentle squeeze, causing both Damien and Jason to squirm.

"I think we can accommodate," Damien replied after catching his breath.

"Great." Nathan released the other man and turned his focus back to Damien before continuing, "I'm glad you're not mad at me anymore. I know you don't like seeing me sucking another guy's neck, but I am working on varying my palette—for you. Maybe tonight will help alleviate some of our...tension." Nathan glanced back at their new friend. "Yes. He is perfect, don't you agree?"

Damien nodded.

All three men entered the building and quickly walked up the two flights of stairs that took them to the second floor. Once inside the apartment, Damien strode into the bedroom, leaving the others for a moment in the living room. He had plans for their third tonight. *Where in the hell did I put it, though...?* After shifting some clothes around in his dresser drawer, he spotted it. Damien reached in and pulled it free. Holding it up, he allowed the straps to dangle free and admired the hand stitching on the leather harness Nathan had gotten him for his birthday. *I always wanted a reason to use this. Tonight will be the perfect opportunity to try it out.* Damien grinned and returned to where he'd left Nathan and Jason.

"My place. My rules," he stated to both men as he entered the room and then handed the harness to Jason.

Like the perfect slave, Jason dropped the harness in the nearby chair and started to strip.

"Not so fast, stud." Nathan halted him mid-zip of his fly.

"We want you to do as we say. And if by chance you're good, you can have your release. So listen up." Nathan placed one hand on Jason's shoulder. "Turn around and bend over."

Jason did as he was commanded. His firm, tight ass filled his jeans to perfection. Damien reached out and massaged one cheek. With his other hand, he slid it around front and undid the button, then the remainder of his fly.

Nathan yanked at the waist band, and the jeans fell free to the floor. Jason's black briefs clung to his toned ass like a Calvin Klein model.

"Now, stand up, and rip your shirt off," Damien demanded.

Jason straightened, grabbed two fistfuls of the material at his front, and tried to tear his shirt. With hands on either side of the neck,

he pulled at the fabric. He managed to start a small tear but failed at completing the task. He sighed and then dropped his hands to his sides, leaving the newly stretched neck to droop around his muscled shoulders. Nathan stepped closer and grasped a section of the shirt in both hands. With a flex of his biceps, the shirt tore as if he were shredding paper.

Jason's wide-eyed gaze lowered to the remains of his shirt. "Wow, thanks," he mumbled.

Nathan reached out and placed an index finger beneath the young man's chin and brought his attention back to him. "Put on the harness." There was no mistaking the vampire's tone. It wasn't a request. A shiver raced down Damien's spine. Damn, he loved it when Nathan dominated with his voice. And obviously so did Jason. The human didn't waste another second stepping into the rigging.

"What are these for?" The clanging of steel told Damien exactly what had peaked Jason's curiosity: he'd found the silver bull-rings.

"Those are to tie you up with," Nathan replied, never breaking the heated stare he held with Damien. He nodded for Nathan to lead. Damien grabbed a leash and snapped it to one of the rings. He couldn't miss the way Jason's heart rate quickened, the way his breathing grew shallow the moment metal clicked against metal, making him theirs. Arousal filled the air so thick; Damien could almost come from the scent. Nathan led the men into the bedroom.

Damien tugged on the leather straps and pulled Jason into the room. His cock twitched from the mental image that flashed through his mind: Jason's hands bound at his back while he took both their cocks, one at either end, and was pounded into submission. Nathan waited at the foot of their bed and motioned with a flick of his wrist for the end of the leash. With leather in hand, he yanked the human into his chest.

"Don't look so worried, Jason," Nathan said, and stroked the side of the male's face with his open palm. "This will be fun. Two men for your pleasure and for you to pleasure in return." Nathan slipped his hand around Jason's nape and then yanked him tighter against him. "Now get on the bed slave," his sire growled, then dropped the leash and tossed Jason on top of the black satin duvet that covered the king-sized mattress. The sight of Jason's pale flesh splayed across the midnight backdrop knocked the air from Damien's lungs. A wave of lust and hunger swarmed him. *Absolutely fucking delicious.*

With a quick glance at his lover, Damien asked for approval to play with their new toy; a slight nod allowed him to start. But first,

Nathan was still clothed, and that had to change if they were going to have fun. He stepped closer to the other vampire, and with one swipe, tore the male's shirt from his body, revealing a light sprinkling of hair covering Nathan's hard chest. Damien lowered his gaze and followed the dark treasure trail as it gathered and led to the bounty beneath Nathan's waistband. He dropped to his knees and unbuttoned the elder vampire's pants, his gaze never wavering from his sire's. Damien was ready to plunder.

With his teeth, Damien unzipped his lover's pants. Nathan's lips parted, and his nostrils flared. The slacks fell to the floor with a soft whoosh of cotton against skin. Damien leaned in, and through the fabric of his underwear, caressed Nathan's growing cock with his mouth. Nathan moaned and rocked into him as he playfully bit, stroked, and nibbled at his shaft.

The rustle of satin brought Damien back to reality. He glanced at the bed. *Right. Threesome.* Jason had turned around and now lay on his stomach at the foot of the mattress. Damien reached up and slid the last layer of material down that separated him from Nathan's thick shaft. His thick cock sprang free. Nathan shifted his feet out of the pooled clothing and kicked his underwear aside. Damien shuffled out of Nathan's way, directing him toward Jason's mouth. He'd always fantasized about watching another man get blown.

"Open for your master," Damien commanded.

Jason opened wide, and Damien fed Nathan's cock into the man's waiting orifice. He slowly pushed Nathan's ass forward, sinking the vampire's member deeper into Jason's throat. Nathan pulled out, and Damien pushed him back in. Nathan moaned and rested one hand on the back of Jason's head, steadying the building rhythm.

Damien stood, reached over his head, and pulled his shirt off. He shoved his jeans and underwear down next, and his rigid member swung to full attention, brushing against his lower abdomen. After removing his boots, he pulled the remainder of his clothes from his legs and shoved them aside. He glanced at Nathan and moved in—face to face. His lips were crimson with desire; plump, delicate—and best of all—his to taste. At first, he bit his lover's lip, then suckled and bit again. A growl reverberated from Nathan's throat and into Damien's mouth. With each exhale, the sound intensified, sending vibrations skating along Damien's nerve endings, and making him crave more of the delicious groans that escaped the male's lips.

Noises emanated from the bed, drawing Damien from the sweetness of Nathan's mouth. He glanced down and found Jason sporting

a wide grin as he stroked Nathan's fully hardened cock. Like a pro, he alternated his method between stroking, licking, and then sucking.

"I think he likes play time," Damien said, turning back to Nathan.

"I think you're right." Nathan closed his eyes and threw his head back. "He's good too. God," he groaned. "You need to feel his mouth wrapped around your shaft."

Nathan pulled away from Jason and placed Damien where he'd been standing. He lined Damien's cock up with Jason's waiting mouth and then moved him forward. Jason's warm, moist lips surrounded his cock, sending a jolt of sensation rushing through Damien. His tongue moved over the underside of his shaft. Damien gasped.

"Fucking hell. So good."

With Nathan at his back, Damien reached behind and grabbed the other vampire's cock. The rock hard member throbbed against his palm as he positioned it at his entrance. Nathan's hand settled between his shoulder blades and pressed Damien forward, leaning him over Jason. Damien dropped one hand to the bed below to steady himself. At this angle, he took the opportunity to lick the vee at Jason's lower back and then trailed his tongue lower, gliding over the man's sweet spot—his tight pink ring. Damien straightened his back, reached behind, and took hold of Nathan's nape with his free hand, drawing him closer. Once the other male was in reach, he licked Nathan's lips before quickly kissing him. As his tongue entered the vampire's mouth, Nathan slid his cock deep.

Damien almost collapsed in ecstasy as Jason continued to swallow his cock while Nathan thrust in and out. Each time Nathan shoved deep, stroking the sensitive tissues inside, he wanted to blow his load in Jason's hungry mouth.

Dammit, but first, Damien wanted to feel Jason's tight ass cradle his cock. Wanted to feel the man's passage deny him entry as he shoved the head of his dick against him, then the sweet hot victory when he'd open and finally allow him to ease inside.

What would it feel like to fuck and get fucked?

"Flip over, Jason. I think it's time I try out your hole," Damien said. Nathan slowed his assault and pulled out. A chill resonated through Damien, a longing to feel Nathan's cock back inside.

"Yes, sir." Jason released Damien's cock, shifted onto his back, and then shuffled to the foot of the bed, so his ass was there for the taking. Damien slipped his index finger into his mouth, getting it nice and wet, and then eased it into Jason's eager backdoor. His bottom

gobbled him up, taking him straight to his knuckle. *Son of a bitch*. His hole was just as hungry as the human's mouth. Damien inserted a second finger, and Jason let out a loud moan, wiggling his behind under the invasion. He slid a third finger inside and worked Jason's tight ring, stretching him to receive his cock.

Out of the corner of his eye, Damien noticed a flicker of movement. Nathan had reached out for the bedside table, going for the condoms when Jason spoke up.

"I want to become a vampire," he said, his gaze tapping Damien's. "When we're finished, can you do it?" Damien withdrew his fingers from Jason and grabbed the condom Nathan had dropped on Jason's abs. A look of pleasure, emptiness, and eagerness filled Jason's gaze.

"You do know what you'll be giving up, right?" Damien watched Jason's face, waiting for the smallest hint of hesitation. "Solid food... Daylight..."

"I understand." Jason nodded, and his expression said he wasn't backing down.

"All right"—Damien tossed the condom to the floor—"I guess I won't need that."

Damien lifted Jason's legs and rested them on his shoulders, positioning his cock at the male's entrance. He allowed the tip to breach his ring first, then pulled out. The head of his shaft dipped in next, followed by a slow withdrawal.

"Oh, God. Damien..." Jason gasped. "Do it. Fuck me."

Finally, he plunged deep inside the warm abyss. Jason cried out and bucked against him. Damien stilled, holding Jason in place as Nathan's hard presence repositioned at his rear, and just as quickly as he'd pulled out earlier, he thrust back inside.

"Fuck! Nathan... You feel so good." Damien exhaled.

In tandem, Damien thrust into Jason as Nathan retreated. An erotic dance choreographed by lust, driven by pleasure. Damien kept his regime against Jason's hole. He slid all the way out and slapped his ass, leaving a red handprint. He grabbed his hips and drove deep. Over and over again, he repeated the maneuver.

Damien's balls tightened, each stroke bringing him closer to release. He squeezed Nathan's rod, then suddenly, Damien was empty. Nathan's large hand tugged on Damien's shoulder. He glanced back, meeting his lover's hooded gaze.

"I want to see my cum drip down Jason's chest and mix with yours."

Shit. How could he resist a visual image like that? Damien withdrew from Jason, dropped to the bed beside the human, and wrapped his hand around the sensitized flesh of his aching cock. Nathan positioned himself over them, and Damien squeezed his shaft, stifling the release that boiled in his balls. But he couldn't halt the groan that rolled from his throat from the pleasure-pain.

"Come here slave. Suck it," Nathan demanded, waving his hard shaft.

Jason came forward and devoured Nathan's member like an apple tree consumed the rain. The look of hungry appreciation on the human's face had Damien's mouth watering for a taste of his sire as well. He knelt beside Jason and sampled one of Nathan's balls with his tongue. Sweet and salty.

He made his way up to where Jason worked on the head of Nathan's shaft. He licked at the base then started up the length as Jason moved lower, taking over where Damien had left off at Nathan's sac. Damien slid his lips over the crown, relishing the feel of the velvety smooth skin as it glided inside his mouth. He dipped the tip of his tongue inside the slit, gathering the traces of precum onto his taste buds. *Mmm...* He always did love Nathan's flavor: silky against the tongue, salty yet smooth. A tremor rolled through the male's body followed by a guttural moan that rumbled from his chest. So fucking hot.

Unable to resist any longer, Damien engulfed Nathan's rod, then worked back up the shaft, hollowing his cheeks along the way. At the head, Damien released the suction and kissed the tip as it passed through his lips.

"Fuck!" Nathan jerked out of Damien's hold. He stroked his cock twice, reared his head back, and roared. Thick streams of cum shot from the end of his cock and hit their mark on Jason's chest.

Damien stood and started to stroke his cock, keeping his gaze pinned on the human—and his mark. He pictured his warm cum traveling down their slave's chest and mingling with Nathan's. A tingling sensation washed over him, and his back arched. He shuddered, and Jason's face lit with anticipation. Warm strands of cum jetted from the end of his shaft and landed in the center of the human's abs. Each wave of his orgasm felt like a kick-start to his heart. His breath hitched. But it was only an illusion, because as the last drop of fluid left his cock, the cool stillness within his chest returned. And so did his dark reality.

Jason's chest and abdomen were covered in the remnants of his vampire lovers' pleasure. Damien watched as Jason leaned back onto his hands in invitation, and Nathan answered. He crawled over top

of him, straddled Jason's thighs, and grabbed hold of the man's cock. Damien kneeled on the bed and made his way to Jason's throat, while Nathan began a slow stroke of the man's shaft. Jason moaned and fucked Nathan's hand, his hips falling into their own rhythm.

Damien leaned in and licked the puncture marks he'd left behind on the blue-eyed man's neck. The unique sweetness that was Jason zinged across his tongue, and hunger renewed its hold on his gut. He straddled Jason's chest, needing to be closer—to feel the human's heat seep into his pores as he fed. Damien curled his lip back, dove, and sank his fangs.

Jason gasped followed by a desperate moan, and his back arched. But with Nathan's weight positioned over his legs, he kept Jason pinned right where they needed him.

Nathan continued to stroke Jason's cock as Damien sucked Jason's vital life juice. He stopped himself before his donor went unconscious and lifted his fangs from the man's neck. He glanced back toward Nathan.

"Shall I turn him or you?"

"You can have the honor, my love," Nathan replied with a smile.

Did he just say love? Damien's cock twitched like his heart should have—if it were possible. He turned back to Jason.

"This won't hurt. I promise," Damien said slyly.

He bit into his wrist, and cold metallic blood filled his mouth where Jason's sweet nectar lingered. He brought his bleeding wrist to the human's mouth. As Jason took hold of Damien's vein and began to suckle, something warm splashed onto Damien's back. He swiveled his head and found Jason hips straining against Nathan's hold with cum surging from his cock.

A few moments later, Damien pulled his wrist from Jason's mouth. He was a bit dizzy, but the feeling was quickly subsiding.

Damien reached up, closed Jason's eyes, and leaned close to his ear. "Now that you've drank my blood," he began, "I have to end your human life. But don't worry; you will awaken to your new life." Damien leaned in, placed his lips over Jason's, and gifted the human his wish: the kiss of death.

Three hours had passed before Damien noticed Jason stirring. Both Nathan and Damien had bathed and dressed, while Jason had undergone his transformation. He crossed the room and assessed his fledgling. Jason's eyelids fluttered, right before brilliant blue irises appeared from behind closed lids.

“Good morning,” Damien said as Nathan’s footsteps approached from behind. “Well, I take that back. It’s two in the morning. That’s mid-day for us.”

“Am I...?” Jason blinked rapidly as if clearing his vision. “Did it work?”

“Yes, it did.” Damien brushed away a few damp brown strands that had clung to Jason’s cheeks. “But you’re still pretty weak. We all are after what went down earlier—or should I say, who went down earlier.” Hands cupped Damien’s shoulders, and Nathan moved in beside him.

“You’ll show me the ropes and take me out, right?” Jason’s gaze darted between both males.

“Of course,” Damien said. “But first, you need to take a shower and get dressed. No one wants to see a naked vampire, even one as hot as you.” Jason tossed back his blanket and slowly rose to his feet. “You’ll give the rest of us a bad name.” Damien laughed and elbowed Jason as he edged past him. Naked, his new vamp weaved across the room before slowly making it into the bathroom. Damien turned to Nathan. “Was I that cute when you turned me?”

“Nope.” Nathan shook his head. “You were better looking, my love,” he said with a smile.

“There’s that *L* word again.” Damien narrowed his eyes on the older vampire. “What are you trying to say?”

“I think what I’m trying to say is that I love you.” Nathan moved in and placed his palm on Damien’s cheek. “Tomorrow will be our six month anniversary, and I’ve already decided that I love you.”

“Is that so?”

“What...? You don’t love me?”

“I didn’t say that.” He shrugged. “You just didn’t give me enough time to respond.”

“Well then out with it.” Nathan smirked.

“I love you too.” Damien glanced at the open bathroom door, then back to Nathan. “I suppose we have some teaching to do. But first...” Damien leaned over and devoured Nathan’s lips with his own. He backed off gently and then nibbled his sire’s bottom lip. Damien plunged back into another passionate kiss, and for the first time in his life, it was a kiss filled with more than just lust. Nathan loved him, and Damien loved him more than his own life. This was going to be a long eternity, but he’d found someone to share it with that he loved.

“Uh, I hate to interrupt,” Jason said, drawing Damien away from his lover’s lips. Their new protégé sauntered the rest of the way into

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the room, tucking the ends of a low-slung towel around his narrow hips. "I hate to be the harbinger of bad news," he went on to say, "But I kind of broke your shower door. I'm sorry." A quirk of a smile formed on the vamp's full mouth. "I guess I don't know my own strength yet."

"It's all right," Damien said, rolling his eyes. "Just get dressed, and let's go find your first meal."

Biography

Originally from North Carolina, Christina Jade Loren traveled around most of the United States. Her father was in the military, so her household was always well organized and put together. When her family moved to California, she fell in love with the countryside, beaches, and the people. After her 23rd birthday, she moved out onto her own in Los Angeles.

Living on her own proved harder than initially thought. Her newly formed friends were there to guide her through the rough patches and see through the smog. Living in Los Angeles has proven one of her best decisions. She has met countless wonderful people and learned to rollerblade. On sunny afternoons, she can be found on beach paths or lost in a book on the beach.

Some of her favorite things include sunsets at the beach, listening to the waves breaking on shore, cats, and most of all girls night.

Christina loves to write stories. Most times, they only appear as a few paragraphs and nothing more. However, those small gems that grow into something larger is where her passion can be seen. She draws from her mind and her best friend, who happens to be gay. They pass around ideas and thoughts for stories; what would work, terminology, language.

She has been writing for almost a decade and finally had the urge to send some to a publisher. Her very first contract was for Break and Enter. And her second was for a running series, the first story called Turned. Check out her Books page for more details on those.

Visit her at ChristinaLoren.com

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