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The Point

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

THE POINT

Victoria Blisse

Dedication

To my darling husband, without him this story would be without a bar and a title. He's my inspiration. Thank you.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmark mentioned in this work of fiction:

Coke: The Coca-Cola Company

Chapter One

Hugh needed more, and as he thrust inside the juicy cunt beneath him, he knew it wasn't enough. She moaned as he continued to go through the motions. If it were up to him, he'd leave out the sex bit, but it was an essential part of the process. He rolled onto his side, carrying the waif-like girl with him. She laughed and squealed in shock, and he pulled her back down onto his cock. He pressed a practiced finger to the juncture of their bodies and rubbed. Soon, she screamed and bucked in orgasm.

Hugh grunted and groaned as if he'd come, ready now for the thrill he was really after. He pushed her back down onto the bed and off him. She giggled and gasped as he grabbed her long hair and twisted her neck to the side.

"No," she gasped, but her fake fear rang hollow as he flicked out his sharpened teeth and plunged them into her jugular vein. He drank, the vitality of her fresh blood zinging through him. He did not let himself get lost in the ecstasy though. He counted down from ten then ripped himself away.

He felt as if he'd been denied just on the brink of orgasm, but at least, his body buzzed with life even if he wasn't fully sated. He took a wad of twenty pound notes from the pocket of his jacket beside the bed and gave it to the girl.

She smiled, her eyes still blissed out from the effect of the orgasm and the blood loss.

"See you again, Hugh. You're the best, you know that?"

"Thanks." He smiled and pulled on his creased black trousers then buttoned his stiff white shirt. The blonde cleaned herself up. Hugh felt slightly bad that he didn't know her name though he'd fucked and sucked her five times before. He fastened his tie then shrugged on his long-lined suit jacket.

"Goodbye," he said and didn't wait for an answer. He walked from the room, through his club, *The Point*, and out the front doors into the cold air of the night.

Hugh hated what he was but over the years had developed a way to cope with it. He had been just twenty-eight when he'd been changed a hundred and some years ago. He had lived with his rich parents in the country and travelled now and then into the city to socialise

and half-heartedly look for a bride. He had returned from one such trip to find utter devastation in his the living room.

His parents had lain in the centre, dead eyes staring, necks bloodied and torn. He had heard a noise and followed it. Up in his sister's room he had found a man lying atop of her while she struggled to be free. Hugh had yelled, but it had been too late. The foul beast had already drained her and, moments later, was on top of him. Hugh had screamed and yelled for as long as possible but had known it was useless. The house was far away from any other homes. He had greeted the darkness quietly expecting to meet his maker.

It hadn't worked like that. The evil being had brought him back into a new, cruel world where desire sat constantly in the pit of Hugh's stomach and he ached to be filled. He had been a beast in those first months and he carried the shame of that with him still.

Only when he had ripped into the soft, white neck of Lucy, his old friend and secret crush had he realised what a monster he was. He had intended to turn her, to create a long-term mate, but as she had pleaded with him, his heart had melted. He had drained her and let her die because he could not control the blood lust that had run through his veins. He had buried her body and sworn he would never drain another human as long as he lived. And that, he realised, would be one hell of a long time.

He had tried living on animal blood for a while. It had worked, sort of. He had found it better to directly kill the beast and drink its fresh blood. But even that left a terrible gnawing in his stomach, and he was weak and listless.

He had persevered for several years, but one night, he just could not take it any more and he had rolled into town late at night. He'd learned it was a myth that vampires can't go out in the day. Certainly, direct sunlight was uncomfortable but not impossible if covered in clothing from head to toe. Vampires prefer to go out at night because the world is different then. It is filled with criminals and nobodies, the streets are generally quieter and drunken people will explain away anything they might see as being a hallucination or they might never remember it at all.

Hugh found a lady of the night and told her what he wanted to do. She had been a little wary at first, but when Hugh had offered her a king's ransom, her eyes had lit up. She been in her room and naked within moments. He had almost enjoyed the fuck that first night all

those many years ago. He had not touched or been touched in anything approaching a loving way for over thirty years and he had found this woman's practiced touch arousing.

As he had bitten her and the blood had flowed, he had lost himself in the excitement. He had drunk too much from her that night but pulled away before it was too late. He had left her, unconscious, with the large amount of money he had promised tucked into her hand. She had survived, and Hugh had seen Carrie regularly from then on. This is where he discovered that blood from a sexually aroused human was more satisfying than usual and was much tastier after orgasm. He learnt to control his blood lust through the use of sex and found he could go days, sometimes weeks, between feeds like this. She had become his whore and he had fed on her exclusively until she had died in her late forties.

It was then he decided to vary the women he would drink from. It had hurt to watch the woman for whom he had so much affection fade away and die. It had left a jealousy in his heart, as well. He wanted to die, too.

He'd had to adapt as times had changed, but he had kept some things the same. His family home had never been altered past essential repair and his own outfit varied little. It was a comfort to him to wear a suit like he had when he was human. One with a long jacket, black and well cut, and matching creased trousers. A stiff white shirt and cravat finished off the ensemble with shiny black shoes. He was comfortable in those clothes even though the rest of the world had changed and evolved around him. He ignored fashion and he kept to himself except for his once a month feed where he would find a willing woman.

It had become easier as the years passed and when *The Point* opened its doors, Hugh found many willing victims there. It was his club, and at first, he was the only vampire who would sample the blood on offer. He paid a lot of money for the honour and found that many women and many men would let him feed off them for a price.

As other vampires heard about the club, they came to see what it held. Many would walk off in disgust, needing to drain their victims, lost in their blood addiction. But weary vamps came and took up the ten-second rule that Hugh used. It became the golden rule, and no human had been killed on *The Point's* property. It had become a hot spot for vampires and humans alike. Many humans would not make it past the main club. They came only for the thrill of being in a dangerous place. The real action happened in the VIP lounge and the private rooms behind it.

Many vampires had grown tired of the killing and the struggling, the moving from place to place, the witch hunts and the wooden stakes. They travelled from miles around to *The Point*, and Hugh made a great profit from blood lust—vampires who needed it to survive and humans who craved the unique orgasmic experience of being sucked. All paid to enter his club.

His club was a success. He had vampires he could talk to and women he could fuck and suck. But he was still lonely.

Chapter Two

Elizabeth heard birds singing. She didn't know which variety they were, but she was determined to put names to feathers as she went along. There was the whisper of the soft breeze and nothing else. No beeps, no raised voices, no phone tones, no wails, cries, moans of pain or pager pipping. It was quiet. She was alone.

And Elizabeth was as happy as could be. She loved her job, she *did*. She'd always wanted to be a doctor and had worked hard to become one. She loved being on the Accident and Emergency ward because she never knew what she'd be dealing with next. It kept her on her toes, but for two weeks every year, she relished escaping completely from work, leaving her phone and beeper at home and simply enjoying the quiet solitude of the English countryside.

She liked her own company. Even as a child she would disappear into her room for days on end or go off to the local park and not speak to another soul all day. Sometimes, she needed the space just to process things, regroup and pull herself back together.

Sitting in the long grass at the side of a dirt road, nibbling on a cheese sandwich and watching the world go by gave Elizabeth time to get her head around things. She liked this self-inflicted loneliness because she had control over it. If she wanted to, she could drive to the nearest town and be with people. If she so desired, she could go back to the camp site, pack up her tent and go home. It was her decision. She was not at someone else's beck and call. She could truly relax knowing she'd not be suddenly called into work. Her time was her own.

Standing up, she wiped the crumbs from her trousers and picked up her rucksack. She checked her map and realised if she nipped down the side of the next field she could cut twenty minutes off her walk. It would be a little naughty, but the field didn't contain a crop and there was just a scrub of wild flowers and grasses. There weren't any trespasser signs so she squeezed through a gap in the bushes, cursing her big hips and ample bosom with every scrape of the thorny branches.

If she could have magically changed one thing in her life, it would have been her body shape. Maybe she could do something about her wobbly bits if she spent several hours a week in the gym and ate the occasional lettuce leaf, but with her job, there was no time for the former and she needed more energy than the latter would provide.

It wouldn't be so bad if every drunk who came through her care didn't mention the fact she was 'kinda fat' to be a doctor and if her uniform did anything to actually flatter her curves. She always felt such a frump at work which probably explained why she hadn't been on a date in years.

Not that she really needed a man, Elizabeth decided as she delicately picked through the tall grass and over the rocky ground. Men were just a whole lot of hassle. She'd never been very good with them. Her first kiss hadn't come along until she was twenty then her first sexual experience had followed a few years later. She thought she'd found the one, but as it turned out she'd found one of the nastiest bastards in medical school. He'd only fucked her on a dare along with almost every other girl in the class. She hadn't trusted men from that point. She'd been on a handful of empty, boring dates since then only, really, for convention's sake.

She was happier by herself anyway, obviously she was. With her busy and unpredictable work hours, she'd be a shitty girlfriend anyway. So what if she got a little lonely at home in her flat sometimes. She could always get a cat and a cat flap. She just needed a little company, that was all.

She felt a cool breeze on her shoulders and looked up to the sky. A huge black cloud was on its way over. If she picked up her pace, she'd be safely in the warmth of her little tent by the time it broke. She stepped forward determinedly and yelped as her foot fell an inch lower than she'd expected and she tumbled over to the side, her foot still wedged in the hole.

"Ouch," she cried. "Fuck, damn it!" She pulled her leg gently out of the offending pothole and winced. She'd twisted it. She could feel her toes and wiggle them, but the ankle was swelling up already. It was definitely sprained.

She took off her trainer and dragged off the sock to discover a bruise already beginning to form, the ankle much wider around than it should be. She yanked her bottle of water out of her backpack and poured it onto her sock until it was wet. It was not as cold as a frozen

pack of peas but it was cool so it would have to do. She wrapped it loosely around the stupid ankle to soothe it.

It was then she wondered how she would get back to her tent. She was still a good mile from the site, and the thought of walking all that way pained her. She was in the middle of a field with no helpful stick or person to lean on. There was no way she could hobble across this uneven ground without doing herself another damage. She had no phone and no way of contacting anyone to help her except by the old-fashioned and embarrassing way. She sighed, took a deep breath then yelled at the top of her voice.

“Help! Help! Please help me!” And she hoped to the heavens that someone was in hearing distance as the first cool drops of water splashed on her arms.

* * * *

“Help!” Hugh heard the shout as loudly as if it had been called from inside his home. “Help! Please help me!”

He concentrated and determined that the voice came from somewhere in his field, out beyond the garden. He never did anything with the field, not needing its nourishment himself or its money. He’d pretty much forgotten about it. It wasn’t part of his life.

A black cloud rumbled overhead and a bright crack of lightning was followed a few seconds later by a loud clap of thunder. He couldn’t leave the poor woman out in this. He let out a disgruntled sigh and walked out his back door. He didn’t bother locking it behind him. No one dared to walk over the threshold into his home.

The voice yelled out again then whispered some colourful swear words almost under its breath. The damsel in distress certainly wasn’t a well-bred lady using language like that. He crossed the long garden in a blink and opened the concealed gate, remembering the days he would come down here as a child to play with the farm kids and watch as they brought in the harvest. He shook his head to rid himself of the image and carried on, impervious to the heavy drops of storm rain, until he found the young lady who sat directly in the middle of his field.

“Can I help?” he said, and she jumped. She had obviously not heard him approach.

"Oh, sorry I didn't see or hear—I didn't expect—yes, I've sprained my ankle, and I need to get back to my tent at the campsite up the road. You know it? I'm sorry to ask, but I'm kind of stuck."

Hugh bent down, slipped an arm under her legs and braced the other around the bottom of her back.

"What the hell do you think—" She didn't finish her sentence as Hugh lifted her as easily as if she'd been a fallen lamb.

"My bag," she called weakly as Hugh turned and carried her back towards the house. "It's still back there."

"I will return for it later," Hugh said in a voice that brooked no argument. The young lady's mouth snapped shut, and her hands grasped firmly to the back of his neck. Her scent was light and zesty with a floral hint that reminded Hugh of a rose garden when it was early in bloom. Her brown curls were flat against her head, and her face was paler than his. Her eyes were downcast, and she nibbled at her plump lower lip. He sensed her blood was good and strong, and he worked hard to erase images of ripping into her tender neck from his mind.

Her heart was beating fast and hard, and Hugh was sure, if she could have run, she would have done. The storm raged as he slowly walked her back to the house. He could have had them there in seconds, but he didn't want to scare her further. When the house came in to view, she gasped.

"Oh, I didn't realise this house was here. Is it yours?"

"Yes," Hugh replied. He was not used to small talk.

"Oh, does that mean the field is yours, too?" she asked, nervously looking up at him.

"Yes, that's right."

"I am sorry. I didn't mean to trespass. I was only looking for a shortcut back to my tent. If I had known—"

He cut her off. "It's okay," he said. "It matters not."

"Oh, right, thanks, then," she mumbled then looked down at his chest again.

* * * *

Elizabeth was scared. This strange, tall man had appeared from nowhere then picked her up as if she were a mere waif. She knew she was not, but he didn't once stumble. He didn't carry her towards the road but away from it, and he would not let her pick up her bag.

This was bad news, and she knew it. This freakishly strong man was going to take her somewhere and do terrible things to her, and there was nothing she could do to stop him. She was helpless. Even if she got free of his strong, cold grip, she couldn't run away. She held on for dear life and tried to think of ways she could escape.

The worst thing was that this curt rescuer was handsome. Yes, he was a little pale, but his dark eyes and hard lips sat beautifully in his thin face, and his long, old-fashioned hair framed his features well. And he was strong. She saw his muscles beneath his white shirt.

It was funny how the storm wailed around them but barely seemed to touch them at all. The odd splash of rain would make her gasp, but it was as if they were walking under a giant umbrella. Maybe she was just so wet and cold she couldn't feel the rain any more.

She was both relieved and terrified when he walked into a dark, old, Victorian house and set her down on an antique settee. He didn't put on a light or anything, just dropped to his knees before her and lifted up her, aching ankle.

His fingers were cold, long and wonderfully gentle. He stroked over the swollen flesh tenderly and smiled up at her.

"You're right. It's only a sprain. I shall see if I have any ice. Wait here."

"I know it's a sprain," she mumbled. "I am a bloody doctor."

"Okay, Doctor. I'll go and get you some ice," his voice echoed through from the corridor, and Elizabeth's cheeks warmed. She hadn't said that so very loud, had she?

Why was she worried about offending some weird, abductor type anyway? Sure, he said he was going for ice, but she was sure he actually meant a knife or some rope or some other tool of death. Now was her chance, she decided. She heaved herself off the sofa with a wince and a sharp intake of breath. She took a step, and it hurt—oh holy hell it hurt—but she had to carry on.

He had left the door open so she managed to get out into the corridor. The kitchen they'd come through was to the left, and a front door was to the right. She went right. It might be a longer distance, but he could be in the kitchen and she would be in trouble. She

hobbled down the corridor as quickly as she could manage. She'd only gotten a few steps when his voice startled her from just over her shoulder.

"As a doctor, you should know walking on that ankle is not a clever thing to do."

"Oh, I was just, erm, testing it a little you know and, ah, admiring the paintings. This one is stunning."

She could make out a smiling woman in a long, red dress that cascaded down to the floor. She clasped a small posy of flowers in her hand.

"Well, thank you. That is a portrait of my mother...my mother's mother. Yes, she was a beautiful woman indeed."

"She's your grandmother, then? She was stunning. I love her dress, too."

"Yes, well, come on." He grabbed her by the elbow and led her back along the corridor.

Her heart sank.

"Let's get this ice on your ankle."

She was thoroughly surprised when he actually produced a tea towel filled with ice.

"I'm afraid it's not much. It's all I could chip out of the freezer. I didn't have anything else."

The cooling effect was soothing, but the stranger's presence did nothing to relieve Elizabeth's fears.

"Now the storm is fading." Elizabeth hadn't heard any thunder in a while. "Do you think you can take me back to my campsite?"

"I don't think so," he replied. "I don't think you can look after this ankle properly in just a tent. You'd better stay here tonight."

"Oh, well, I really wouldn't like to intrude, and I am sure I'd be fine in my tent. It's got all I need, and it's very comfortable." She panicked. She wanted out of this old, musty house as quickly as possible.

"It'd be no trouble." The tall stranger turned, and the full length of his suit coat became obvious.

"Are you going to a wedding?" she asked, his suit looking like something a groom or a best man might wear.

"No, what makes you – oh, my coat." He turned and smiled at her. "No, I wear this all the time."

"Sorry, I didn't realise."

"It's okay." He turned back towards the large mantel piece and lit the two tall candles there to help alleviate the gloom on that dark, cloudy evening then he dropped to his knees. In very little time, he had a fire burning in the grate. "The joy of an English summer." He smiled. "You never know when you might need to light a fire."

"It was such a beautiful morning, too. I've had such a lovely walk."

"You're on holiday, then?"

"Yes." Elizabeth watched him as he walked towards her. She was no longer scared, but she was wary. She was also aware of how handsome this man was and how hot he looked when he smiled.

"I thought I hadn't seen you before." He sat beside her on the sofa. "It is a little foolish to go out into the countryside on your own these days, miss. You never know who might be out there."

"I know, but I do so enjoy the solitude. I shall carry my phone with me in future, switched off mind you, but at least then, I will have it in cases of emergencies like this. Then I won't have to rely on passing, tall, dark strangers for help."

He smiled. Elizabeth blushed then she shivered.

"Stupid me," he cursed then reached out to touch her arm. She was ice cold, and he tutted, "You're wet and cold. We need to get you changed. I'll be back in a moment, and please, please, stay where you are this time. I promise I won't harm you, and I am a man of my word."

He did have some funny turns of phrase. Sometimes he sounded as if he were as old as the house she sat in. She stayed seated this time. As daft as it was, she was beginning to trust the guy even though every sensible fibre in her body screamed that she should not. She relaxed back into the seat of the sofa and enjoyed the heat of the fire as it penetrated the cold that wrapped around her. Her eyes began slowly to close. She was so very tired.

Chapter Three

"A human in my house. I must be mad," Hugh muttered as he jogged upstairs. It was asking for trouble, and he knew it. A human hadn't been through the door of his home for decades, and that was the way he liked it. But damn his stupid hero complex. There was no way on God's green earth that he could have left the poor young woman out in the rainstorm or even to fend for herself in a flimsy tent.

He ran along to the third bedroom, took a deep breath and walked in. At least, it no longer smelt of his mother's perfume. He walked over to the chest of drawers and pulled open the bottom one. The towels still sat there, a little musty with age, but he pulled one out and shook it. It was not as soft as he'd have liked, but it would do. He folded it again carefully and hung it over his arm.

She was a beautiful thing, this girl, all rosy and bright and full of the kind of curves a man could enjoy getting lost in. She would taste fabulous, he could tell. She had a lot of life in her, and if he were to drain her, he'd not need another meal for a month. But no, he must not even think like that. His brows wrinkled as he mentally scolded himself. He did not feed on random girls. No, he only sucked those who wanted to be sucked at the club. No one else, nowhere else. It was the rules. His rules and he would not break them.

He opened the wardrobe and took a moment to steady himself. All of his mother's clothes hung there, as pristine as they'd always been with only the dust of ages to sully them. He pulled out the first that came to hand, shook it then laid it across his arm. His mother would not mind him using her clothes. She had always been a charitable soul. Thinking about his mother made his heart ache, so he shook his head and purposefully strode down the landing to the stairs.

When he walked back into the warm sitting room, the girl did not look immediately to him. He walked closer and realised as he glanced down that she was sleeping. Her face was peaceful, and he wished he could leave her like that, but she was still a little damp and a lot cold. He would have to disturb her.

"Erm, hello?" he called, and her eyes fluttered open.

"Oh, yes, sorry. I must have dozed off." She smiled in her disorientation then took the towel he proffered for her use.

"I'm sorry I had to wake you, dear lady, but I do not want you to catch your death of cold."

He laid the dress down over a single chair close to the fire and went to help her with the towel.

"Oh, gosh, I couldn't possibly wear that, I mean, it's antique, isn't it? It's like that beautiful dress in the portrait, and I really don't think I'd fit in it anyway."

"It will fit you perfectly," he replied, "and you could not wear any clothes of mine. This is all I have in the way of suitable clothing for a lady. Now we need to get you out of those wet things." He knelt at her feet and started to untie the one trainer she still had on.

"I can undress myself," she screeched.

"I know you can, dear woman, but you have a twisted ankle. You cannot do this without aid today. Do not worry for I will not force myself upon you. I will aid you and nothing more."

"I know," she sighed. "I know. I'm a little sensitive about anyone seeing me, you know, unclothed. I'm not particularly beautiful with my clothes on, and with them off, I look considerably worse."

"I cannot believe that is true," he said. "You are more than pretty as you are."

He put the trainer to one side and delicately plucked off her sock, gently smoothing his hands down her soft skin. "Do you need help with your top?"

Before she could answer, he stood and reached down to her waist. Her hand hovered just over her stomach for a moment then she raised her arms. Hugh lifted the clinging, damp material up and over her head.

"What's your name?" she blurted out. "I mean, you're undressing me, and I don't even know who you are."

"I am Hugh Jacobson," he replied then picked up the towel and draped it around her shoulders, his gaze concentrated on the luscious mounds of her breasts as he did so. They were like scoops of cold, tempting ice cream in their lacy shells.

"And I'm Elizabeth Chapman," she said. "Doctor Elizabeth Chapman."

"A pleasure to meet you," he said as he rubbed the towel up and down her arms. "Although, I am sorry our meeting was under such circumstances."

She flushed as she reacted to the weight of his hands over the towel on her back and her arms. It had been hard enough not to moan with pleasure as he'd stroked her feet, but the erotic tension in her body was escalating with every touch.

His fingers inched down from the towelling around her shoulders and stroked at the lace of her bra. She gasped, not sure whether to scream, slap him or beg him to continue.

"It is wet, I am afraid, Elizabeth. It will need removing."

"No, I mean, I'll be, you know, nearly naked." Her voice was all high pitched, and she felt as vulnerable as she had when he'd first scooped her up without effort into his arms.

"I know," he rested a cold hand in the middle of the back, "but if you keep this on you know you're going to get ill. You're a doctor." He went to pull apart the fastening, and she sighed.

"I guess you're right." Her heart thumped so hard she could hear it as her breasts fell forward naturally, and he pulled the material down her arms.

"You have no need to worry," he said as he pulled the bra from her body and pushed the towel farther over her shoulders to cover her chest. "Your breasts are beautiful. You should be proud of them."

Elizabeth didn't quite know how to reply to that. She was certain she should be offended in some way, but she was actually thrilled by the compliment. He was after all a hot, tall, dark—if a little menacing—stranger, and a compliment from a handsome man wasn't something to be sniffed at.

He rubbed gently at her back as she towelled her front. The towel held a musty, old smell, but she put it down to single man syndrome and tried to ignore the scent. She was aware of every rub and movement as her nipples hardened, wrinkling up with pleasure at such a sweet compliment and such sensual touches.

"Now, we need to remove your trousers. Do you think you could stand up if you used me for a support?"

"Yes, I think I probably could," she replied, and he placed a hand under her right elbow and pulled her forward. She pushed up on her good side and completely forgot about the towel covering her torso until it slithered down her back and fell onto the sofa. She took a

deep steadying breath and looked up. He smiled at her, and her tummy rolled, making her feel light headed and a little bit sick as if she'd been in a stuffy car too long and she needed to get out and drink in some fresh air.

"If you just slip them off your hips, I can pull them down all the way once you're seated."

"Yes, of course." She took her left hand and pushed down at the top of her light trousers. She held his waist for dear life with one hand and she found it frustratingly difficult to slip the pants off with just the one hand.

"Here," he whispered huskily, "let me help you with that." His big, strong hand rested on her stomach and he hooked his fingers into the waistband. She held her breath. She wanted to scream, she wanted to moan, she wanted to beg him to slip his fingers inside of her. She felt so aroused, giddy from the proximity of this mysterious man. She wanted desperately to fuck him, well more correctly to be fucked by him even though they'd only just exchanged names.

He pushed down, grabbed the loosened material and dragged her trousers and knickers down around her thighs. At the same time, she could have sworn his lips caressed her neck.

"Just put your hand on my shoulder a moment, Elizabeth," Hugh said, and after a second, she actually managed to follow the instruction. He bent at the knees, and she wobbled a moment. His hand shot out and clasped her naked thigh. His touch was cold, but it sent her temperature soaring. He let go when she was still and, with both hands, pulled down her trousers.

"Lower your leg a little so I can slip these off."

She did. She let her foot droop until the toe almost touched the floor. He very delicately pulled the trousers away from her legs. She felt his hand brush past her thigh again as he took the towel from the settee and started to dry her calves.

He was eye level with her pussy. He could see her dark almost black curls, and he'd be able to smell just how aroused she was. He might even be able to see the gloss of her excited juices covering her inner thighs.

He was so gentle in his ministrations. He started at her ankle on the left and moved up her legs. She suddenly regretted her decision not to bother to shave them before her holiday.

She just didn't see why she would have needed to. He made sure he covered the whole knee before sliding higher up her thigh. His hands stopped a finger's width away from her cunt.

Her face was so hot she knew she must be as red as a London bus and as the soft material pushed and stroked at her aroused sex. She couldn't help letting out a pleased mewl. He moved on to her second leg and repeated the drying actions but in reverse.

"I'm going to stand up again now, Elizabeth. Just slide your hand down as I move up."

She did as she was told and ran her hand down his hard chest over the soft, expensive material of his suit jacket until he was upright again, and she could grab hold of his waist once more.

"Now to dress you." Hugh looked over to the chair where he'd left the clothes. "Ah, I have an idea. Elizabeth, do you think you can balance on your own for a moment?"

"Erm, yes, I think I could." Elizabeth was far too caught up in the fact that she stood naked on one foot in front of a man she didn't even know to really answer any question competently. "Just please do it quickly. I feel ridiculous standing here in the nude."

"Certainly, certainly," Hugh replied then stepped away from her. He watched her for a moment as she wobbled, and when he was satisfied she was balanced, he walked away. "This will be the first time I rush to get a beautiful girl back into some clothes," he chuckled, and Elizabeth joined in.

"Well, I'm not so much of a beauty. I'll look better with those clothes on. If they'll even fit."

"I respectfully disagree," he said, lifting the chair and carrying it over to her. "If I were a painter, I would have you pose for me and I would capture your attractiveness on canvas."

Elizabeth had never received such a compliment, and she really wasn't sure how to respond to it, so she just kept quiet. Hugh placed the chair in front of her and pulled the dress off its back.

"Here, you can hold on to this now," he said, "whilst I help you into the dress."

"I really don't think it will fit. My waist isn't that sculptured."

"You will fit," he said and set the dress down over the chair seat. He still held a garment in his hand. "I will fit you into this first then I will put the dress on you."

"Oh, right, a corset." She was completely bemused by the situation now. It was so out of the ordinary she had given up on trying to make any sense of it. Hugh walked around

behind her, and she found her anxiety all the worse. She had to lean forward a little to hold on to the chair with her breasts hanging free, which was embarrassing enough, but she knew from the back he would see her enormous arse. Even though he'd said she was beautiful, she doubted he would think so from behind. Chris, the only guy she'd ever gotten sexual with, said her bum was horrible, that it was too fleshy and too big. He wouldn't touch it. But then he'd barely touched anything else either. She found out later he was only going out with her on a stupid dare anyway. He was seeing if he could shag all the girls in the class, but he had to do it more than once to count. They'd done it twice. In total, the experiences lasted fifteen minutes.

Elizabeth was jolted back to reality when Hugh's cold hands brushed against her back.

He pulled the corset tighter, and Elizabeth felt it wrapping around her breasts.

"Can you stand up straight a moment?" he asked, and she did so. Hugh's hand stayed at her back until she had balanced. It surprised her how comforting his touch was.

"I just need to make sure you're comfortable," Hugh said close her ear. She licked her lips.

"Sure," she replied.

He walked round and squeezed in front of her, his back against the chair. He pulled at the stiff material then with his gentle, chilling fingers, he scooped up her breasts and settled them properly in the confines of the corset. She bit her lip to hold in a moan of delight and hoped he could not see how hard her nipples were.

"Done," he said and smiled at her. Their faces were so close that she couldn't help looking up at his lips. They curled into a little smile, and she knew she only had to lean forward and they would kiss. She leant forward, not out of choice but because she had lost concentration. Hugh's hands came up to her sides to steady her body, and his lips came down to agitate her spirit.

She gasped. His lips were as icy as his hands, and they were demanding. They undulated and coaxed the kiss from her own lips. Her mind spun as her body reacted. Her hands ran up and down the front of his body. They slipped under the heavy material of his jacket then traced his hard torso through the silken material of his shirt.

He pulled away suddenly. She almost fell, but he kept her steady, his hands braced around her waist.

"Now, you need fastening." He seemed shaken up too. He spoke fast, and his hands shook at her waist as he slipped behind her, sliding his hands around her to keep her steadied.

"Yes, fastening, yes," she said. She made no sense and realised it, but she could still feel the pressure of his lips against hers and her fingertips tingled. She was completely undone, and she didn't mean just the corset.

"You should feel a gentle constriction, Elizabeth. If it feels too tight, please tell me."

She might have been mistaken, but she was sure Hugh's hands shook as they tweaked and twiddled strings.

The two sides gradually started to pull farther around, and Elizabeth started to feel the constriction. As he pulled tighter, Hugh got closer until he stood behind her with his trouser front pressed into the flesh of her buttocks. She felt him through the thick material of his pants. He was hard, really hard. She pushed back her hips and was rewarded with a strangled, gasping groan. Now, she was sure of it. He was as aroused as she was.

"Right," he said. His hands rested on her hips. "I think you're secure now. Stand up straight against me so I can check." She pushed up and wobbled a little, but Hugh's hands stopped her from tumbling over. "How does that feel?"

"Okay," she replied, her voice barely more than a whisper. "Not too tight."

He ran his hands around her waist, until his hands cupped her breasts through the material.

"Nothing bites or digs in?" His chin rested on her shoulder, and she knew he was looking down into her impressive cleavage.

"No," she said then he pressed his lips to her neck, and she moaned as her leg nearly buckled under her. "It feels remarkably good."

"That's good," he whispered. His lips leant on her flesh as if he were undecided what to do next. "It feels good." He ran his fingers down her sides and to the very edge of the corset and traced along the border between skin and clothing. She shivered as his touch slipped lower and wondered what he was doing. She wanted to move his hand away, not because she wasn't enjoying it but because she was afraid that he would be turned off by what he felt. She did nothing to stop him though. She was hypnotised by the gently undulating kisses on one spot of her exposed neck, and she let him run his fingers over her freely. He explored her

hip and thigh. Smoothly, he moved inward, and she knew her flesh was slick as she was aroused to a level she had not experienced before.

He stroked down first, she was disappointed until the upsweep carried his fingers to the very edge of her pussy and his fingers curled and teased her pubic hairs.

Delicately, he pressed in, felt her swollen lips and insinuated his finger between them.

She couldn't think. She knew that something about this was wrong, very wrong, and she shouldn't be letting it happen, but as Hugh ran his fingertip over her clit, she forgot everything but the pleasure radiating up through her body. He played her like a professional. He knew just where to touch and how hard. He dipped his finger inside her, scooped up more of her fresh juice and trailed it back up to her clit to aid his exploration. As he rubbed, she moaned. She was blown away by the eroticism. Her body zinged with sexual pleasure in a way she had never dreamed existed. He was so in tune with what she needed that, within a matter of moments, she was quivering and panting. She was on the brink of the most outstanding orgasm of her life when she wobbled and put down her right foot. The pain exploded, and she yelped.

Hugh pulled his fingers from between her thighs and helped to steady her once more.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left you standing so long."

"No, really, don't apologise. I was enjoying it," she said then blushed. She was sure good girls didn't admit such things, but then good girls didn't let cold, dark strangers finger them to the brink of orgasm, either.

"So was I. Let's get you comfortable." He picked up the dress, fed the arms up and over her hands then helped her pop her head through the correct hole. The dress smelled historic, musty but in an exciting way. He smoothed the material down over her waist and hips, and although she was somewhat disappointed to be covered from his sight and touch, she delighted in being dressed in such Victorian finery.

Hugh smiled. "You look like a princess."

"I feel like one," Elizabeth replied. "I can't believe you're letting me wear your grandmother's dress."

"It is the only female clothing in the house," he admitted, "and you look beautiful dressed like that."

"Thank you," she said. "I will always remember this. I feel like a proper lady now."

"You are a proper lady, Elizabeth. Now let's sit you down. You've been balanced on that one leg too long."

Hugh wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and she gripped him around his slim waist and turned around. She hopped the few short steps back to the sofa. Hugh helped her turn, and she sat down, careful to tuck the full skirt under her as she sat.

"Let's just check that ankle," Hugh said then sank to his knees before her. Her mind exploded with fantasies that involved her as the lady and him as the slave. He picked up her leg and gently rested it in one hand, the other stroked softly over the injury and down to manipulate her toes.

"It's looking good," he said and leant over to the side of the sofa. He pulled an old-fashioned footstool with him and set her foot on it. "How does that feel? Would you like a cushion?"

"It's fine there, thank you. It's good to have it elevated. You've been so incredibly good to me."

"My pleasure," Hugh replied, still kneeling at her feet. "It has been the least I could do."

Hugh reached up, and Elizabeth assumed he'd pull down the skirt and level it out, but he didn't. He took hold of the edge, and after a split second of hesitation, he pulled it higher.

"What are you doing?" she asked, hoping she already knew the answer.

"Finishing what I started," he said with a wicked grin and he pushed the skirt up higher.

"I hoped you'd say that." She slid forward on the sofa cushion and carefully avoided putting weight on her bad ankle. She didn't want that to stop things again. She was so eager to feel his touch once more, so desperate to orgasm, she forgot everything else. All modesty flew out of the window. She lewdly pressed forward as he lifted the heavy, red skirts to her waist and presented her wet, juicy cunt to him. He growled, and the sound vibrated through her body and excited her.

His fingers crept up her thighs and gently prised them farther apart. She lifted the bad ankle and moved it along the footstool. She lewdly displayed herself to him. She was sure he would be able to smell her fresh, musky scent as she clearly could smell it herself. Her cheeks were on fire with a blush, not from embarrassment but from lust.

She was surprised, but pleasantly so, when he bent his head down and lapped along the length of her slit. She'd never experienced oral sex but had heard of its awesomeness. This first lick turned her mind to mush and her cunt to a burning pit of desire. She was already convinced of the joy of cunnilingus.

His tongue was magical, she decided. When it moved, it brought bliss. It swirled in circles over her clit, and she thought she would pass out from the pleasure. It pressed into her, seeking out more of her juices, and she squealed with delight. She did not know what to do with her hands. She fisted them by her side one moment then squeezed her breasts through their support the next.

She was noisy. Noisier than she'd ever been or than she'd ever thought she would be even as his mouth teased her to the brink of orgasm. As her hips moved of their own accord and her yelps and moans became more urgent, he focused his attention on her clit. The constant, expert strumming of his lips and his tongue led to the hardest and longest orgasm Elizabeth had ever experienced in her life.

She screamed, her legs shuddered—the pain in her ankle barely registered—and she exploded in ecstasy as he lapped, licked and sucked eagerly at her juices.

"I need to fuck you," he gasped when he at last disengaged from her sensitive pussy.

"I need you to fuck me," she gasped back. The orgasm had been good, amazing even, but her cunt ached with the need of filling. She wanted him inside of her. He stood and threw off his jacket. His eyes were ablaze with lust, and it almost scared her. He took on an air of violence and danger as he threw away his shoes and ripped off his trousers. His hard cock pointed at her, and she knew she was going to be well fucked. She was anxious and excited all at the same time. He lifted her injured leg gently and pushed against the other. She swung around until she was lying down the sofa, the good leg against the sofa back, the other still cradled in Hugh's hand. He was between her thighs.

"I have a violent lust for you," he growled, poised between her thighs, "but I will try my hardest not to aggravate this injury. If at any point you feel pain, tell me and I will force myself to stop. Okay?"

"Yes," she said. "Now hurry up and fuck me."

He smiled. His eyes burned with dark-brown flames as their gazes locked. His still chilly hands ran down to her thighs. He pulled her against him, his other hand guiding his

cock between her lips. He slipped inside with ease. She was so wet, eager to pull him deeper. He was cold, all of him, and she wondered about his blood circulation for just a moment before his hardness inside of her proved too much of a distraction.

He stilled for a moment, his eyes closed, and Elizabeth held her breath. He felt so good inside of her, but maybe, it didn't feel pleasurable to him. The only other guy to fuck her did so on a stupid dare. Maybe that was the only way she'd get laid. She was so scared she would disappoint Hugh.

"Damn," he whispered. "Elizabeth, your cunt is perfection." He opened his eyes and she smiled with relief. "Absolute perfection."

He gently undulated his hips. One hand rested on her hip, the other on the back of the sofa, and he moved. She knew he was holding himself back, checking that she wasn't in pain with her ankle. She wasn't. All she could feel was the ecstasy of him inside of her.

"Yes, fuck me harder," she gasped after a few minutes of slow, teasing thrusts. She needed more. She needed to feel the violence and the lust she'd seen in his eyes moments earlier. She wanted more.

"Your wish, my lady, is my command." He leant over her then, his arms came to rest level with her chest, and she lifted her arms straight over her head to accommodate them. She felt so wanton as her breasts lifted higher in the corset, displaying more of her delicate moons to him. She took great delight in feeling his lips press briefly to one then the other before he started to thrust in earnest.

She yelped and mewled. She wanted to speak, but all sensible thought was knocked from her mind as he fucked her hard. She wrapped her hands around his neck and raked her fingers through his hair. He was rough, and she loved it. Every thrust made her body vibrate and her cunt clench to hold in the pleasure, to squeeze his cock and make him groan and pump harder.

"Elizabeth," he gasped, and she opened her eyes. He was looking down at her, and their gazes met. His look was hungry. He wanted to devour her, and she felt as if she was his prey. "Elizabeth, I'm losing all control, oh God Elizabeth, I can't hold back any more."

He kissed her then. His hips still pumped in a frenzy and his kiss matched his cock in its ferocity. He took her breath away, and his lips slipped down her cheek to her chin and landed on her neck. He started to nip and to nibble, he sucked and he bit. She felt as if her

skin had been punctured by fine shards of glass, and as he sucked and he fucked her, she came violently without warning, her juices flowing freely.

In the maelstrom of intensity, she felt Hugh still, his cock pressed deep inside of her as his body shuddered in an echo of her orgasm. It was only then she found the ability to think once more as the sharp, arousing sting at her neck retracted.

"I'm sorry," he panted, scrabbling away from her. "I got carried away." He was so filled with lust that, at the height of his ecstasy, he had bitten and sucked her. She was like the finest wine. Her blood was the best he had ever tasted. He had to drag himself away from her. She was so good, it only took a few drops to satiate him, but he still wanted more.

"It's okay. It's only a love bite." She reached up and touched the tender flesh, and Hugh saw surprise register on her face as she discovered blood on her fingertips. "Oh, my skin must be a bit thin," she said.

Hugh pushed a handkerchief into her hand as he licked his lips and removed all traces of his mistake from them.

"I am sorry, Elizabeth. I shouldn't have —"

"I enjoyed it," she said. "I've never — well, not like that. I mean — oh I don't know what I mean, but it was good, so good, for me anyway. Was it not so for you?"

Her eyes glittered with unshed tears, and he felt how unsure she was. He had hurt her, and as he struggled into his trousers, he tried to soothe her.

"It was good for me, Elizabeth. Better than good. I lost control for the first time in a long time. I shouldn't have."

"Oh, it's okay. There are worse things than a little bite given at the height of passion. I should be able to hide it okay. I don't mind at all, really."

He sighed. She didn't understand and wouldn't unless he explained, and he didn't want to do that. He just smiled.

"Well, if you say so, my lady. I will stop apologising now. I'll get you some blankets. You will have to sleep there, I think. I don't think you'll be able to get upstairs, but it's late and you should sleep." He shrugged on his jacket.

"Oh, yeah, I suppose so."

He could see the disappointment in her eyes. He knew it sounded as if he were giving her the brush off, but what else could he do. If they had sex again, he might just rip out her jugular whilst at the height of passion. He could not let that happen.

He walked over to the sofa and knelt beside it.

"Look." He took her hand in his and tried to ignore the inviting thump of her pulse. "You are beautiful. You're also, if you will excuse me being so crude, the best fuck I've ever had, but I am a strange, cranky old man and this—me being weird like this—is just me. It's not you, Elizabeth. It's not. I wish I could be all you want and need. I wish I could be, you don't know how much, you really don't. But I can't. I'm a dangerous man, Elizabeth. I don't want to hurt you, but please don't doubt yourself, don't. You're amazing."

He pressed a tight-lipped kiss onto her lips. They parted and gave, and he wanted to fall into their honey trap, but with a great strength of will, he pulled himself away.

"I'll get those blankets," he said and left the room.

He berated himself all the way to the linen cupboard. He shouldn't have lost control, not at all, not even for a moment. He hadn't in years, decades even, and to throw it all away because of a pretty lady was just irresponsible.

Certainly, she was exceedingly attractive, and she had tasted glorious; both her sexual juices and her ruby red blood that tasted like jewels yet slipped down like a favoured tippie at the end of a long day. It was instant balm and slow torture. Now that he had tasted her, he would compare every other girl to that flavour and they would fall short, far short, he knew that already.

If he'd just resisted, he'd not be in this mess, hurting her and denying himself but he would also have missed the most perfect experience of his whole existence. He couldn't win.

He pushed open the living room door and heard a slight sob.

"Here, I hope there are enough blankets."

Hugh saw her wiping her eyes on the backs of her hands.

"Yes, thank you. I'll have to sleep in this beautiful dress. I won't ruin it, will I?"

"Oh, no. I can get it cleaned and what not. Don't worry. Do you need any help?"

"No, no, it's okay. I'll manage. Goodnight, Hugh." Her eyes were rimmed with pink, but as they held his gaze, he saw strength and determination behind them, and it broke his heart.

"Oh, right, yes. Goodnight, Elizabeth. Sleep well." He desperately wanted to step closer and kiss her and hold her and make everything all right, but he knew he could not. So with a sad sigh, he turned and walked out of the room closing the door behind him. He walked out into the cold night. The cool dampness of the after-storm clung in the air and matched his mood. He stared out into the garden and wallowed in regret. He wanted her to love him. Deep inside it was all he wanted, but he was a vampire, a monster. He shouldn't have given in to his lust. Stupid, stupid man.

He hadn't moved. He was in the same spot in the garden as the sun crept into the sky.

"Hugh?" He turned and there she was, dressed once again in her own clothes and leaning on the old walking cane from the hat stand in the hall.

"Oh, you're up and about then," he said and smiled. He wanted things to end at least amicably. She did not smile back.

"Yes, I can hobble quite well with the aid of this, and I think I should make it back to my tent now if you don't mind me borrowing this stick. I will post it back to you when I get home." The words stumbled from her mouth.

"Keep it," Hugh said. "I don't need it."

"Right, well, I'll get going then." She shuffled forward.

"No, you can't limp all that way. I will take you."

"You don't have to," she said, shaking her head emphatically. "I'm sure I can do it now. It's only a twisted ankle after all."

But before she could take another step, Hugh scooped her into his arms again.

"I'll take you," he said. "It's the very least I can do."

He carried her through the front garden and down the path to the road. He walked slowly, so she wouldn't suspect, but even so, they reached the campsite within a matter of minutes. It felt like a silent eternity as he held her close, but she had completely withdrawn from him. She did not speak a word until he reached the campsite entrance.

"Oh, I thought it was farther away than this," she remarked then gave him instructions on how to reach her tent.

"Well, thank you," she said as he gently put her down by her small green tent. "Again, you've been a great help."

"It's been my pleasure," he said awkwardly, barring the way to the tent, "but I am sorry that I have hurt you. I didn't mean to."

"Well, yes, quite, whatever," Elizabeth flustered. "Bye, Hugh, and thanks once more."

She went to duck around him and into her shelter, but he caught her arm and pressed his lips firmly against hers. He had to kiss her, had to focus all this emotion into his lips in hopes she would understand, that the kiss would act as translator and she would know how much she meant to him.

He felt her tears trickling off her cheeks and onto his. He wished he, too, could cry, but as they wrenched apart the only moistness on his skin was from her tears.

"I'm sorry, Hugh. I can't do this. It was... Well, it was amazing. I'll never forget it. I am sorry, really, but I have to go now, or I'll make a fool of myself."

He moved from the doorway and let her past. Once she was in, he began the long walk home, the taste of her kiss still on his lips, the dereliction of their relationship weighing heavily on his mind. He wanted a whisky. It wouldn't get him drunk like it would have back when he was human, but maybe, he could pretend and forget the ache in the pit of his stomach for a little while.

Chapter Four

"Welcome back, Elizabeth," Sarah said as Elizabeth walked once more into her role at the A&E department.

"Hiya, Sarah. Is it busy today?"

"As busy as a one legged man in an arse kicking contest, love."

"Oh, a nice easy one to ease me back in then."

"Exactly." Sarah pressed a pile of files into Elizabeth's arms. "Get started on these, would you? I've ordered them for you. After shift ends, maybe we can go for a drink and catch up?"

"Not tonight, Sarah," she replied. "I'm going to be knackered by the time I finish."

"Oh, all right, another time. Anyway, I have to dash. I've got to see to the broken arm in seven."

"See you later." Elizabeth picked up the first file and opened it. She worked on automatic pilot. She called the guy's name and sat him down. She asked him a few questions about how he'd hurt himself and prodded around at his injured wrist and sent him for x-rays then moved onto the next patient and the next and the next.

She tried to keep her mind on the job. She really wanted to get all the other shit out of there, but she just couldn't get Hugh out of her thoughts. The bastard. He'd said so much that seemed so positive then he'd let her go just like that as if he'd regretted it.

He'd said he'd enjoyed himself and that she was good, but if that were the case, why would he abandon her like that? It just didn't make sense. Maybe he was just trying to let her down easy. She'd cried all night in that house and hadn't slept a wink. As the sun had begun to rise early in the morning she'd gotten up. She'd gotten herself out of the dress. As beautiful as it was, the garment had made her sob every time she'd looked at it. The corset had been quite a challenge to get off, but she'd managed it in the end and had hobbled over to the chair to put her own clothes back on. She'd found the walking stick and decided to go.

Unfortunately, Hugh had been outside the door and she'd been unable to just slip away. He'd carried her again. She'd hated how comfortable she felt in his arms, how good his hard body felt against her. She'd hated how his grip turned her on.

She'd cried for two days straight in that tent. He'd ruined the last few days of her holiday, and she had been relieved to pack up and go home when her ankle had healed enough to let her do it.

It still was a little sore and every time she felt it twinge, she thought of him, the cold fucking bastard. Why did she always fall for the bad ones? Chris might have been dating her for a dare, but she was thoroughly in love with him at the time. He'd broken her heart, and now, she'd let some strange guy she barely knew break it again. She was pathetic and destined to live her life alone.

Paramedics rushed in with a patient on a gurney. She raced alongside and got the run down. The girl had lost an awful lot of blood and needed a transfusion. They ran her into one of the cubicles, and Elizabeth shouted orders for blood and equipment and took the girl's pulse. It was weaker than it should have been, but she would be okay if they could stem the bleeding and get more into her.

The wound was on her neck and covered with a huge wad of dressing. It had soaked through the bandage.

Elizabeth grabbed a new dressing and then carefully removed the old one. The wound was fresh and very bloody. It took her some time to wipe away the dried-on blood.

"No, stop, no more." The girl struggled, and Elizabeth stretched her unused hand down to grasp her hand.

"Hush now, love. You're in hospital. We're looking after you. Just lie still and everything will be all right."

The girl calmed down then for a bit and Elizabeth continued to clean the wound, well actually it seemed more like two wounds, two puncture holes connected together with some very tender bruising. Elizabeth had never seen anything like it before. She cleaned it the best she could and put on the new dressing. The young girl smiled wanly at her as she finished. A moment later, an out of breath Goth dude popped his head around the curtain.

"I'm with her," he said before Elizabeth or any of the others could tell him to go. "I need to be here. Jenna, Jenna, are you all right?"

"Wayne? Yeah, I'm going to be okay." She smiled weakly as Wayne held her hand. Elizabeth smirked. Wayne, what a name for a cool, dark clothed, serious guy? She was sure he cursed his parents for that one.

Once Jenna was stabilised, Elizabeth moved on to other patients. It was about forty minutes later when she popped back in to check on Jenna. A police officer was with Wayne and they both looked up as she walked in then smiled and dismissed her presence as they continued to talk.

"So you were at that *The Point* place, correct?" the police man asked, scribbling things on a pad of paper.

"Yes, we were, and she went off with one of those guys, you know. I thought they were just dancing. She could only go for the dancing, no alcohol nor nothing 'cause she was already a bit weak. We'd been out the night before, too, you see."

"And where were you that night, Wayne?"

"*The Point* again, sir. We like it in there, and they have good deals on drinks. Well yesterday, Friday night, she disappeared off late in the night, said to go home without her. Next day, when I saw her she was dead pale and looked as if she needed a good sleep, but she said she felt all pumped up and she wanted to go back. I couldn't refuse her, no, so we went back, but I said she wasn't to drink anything, but Coke 'cause I thought she was still wasted from the night before, you know? Well, she did it again. She disappeared off but didn't tell me where or with who so I panicked and started searching the club for her."

Elizabeth had done all she really needed to do, but she held the girl's wrist for a little longer, pretending to take her pulse while she listened in on the conversation. She knew it was wrong, but it was fascinating.

"She was nowhere to see, but some bloke said she'd gone into the VIP section with some old-fashioned bloke. So I got myself in there with this guy I know who has a VIP pass, and I looked for her. She was in this room. It had a bed in it. This guy was on top of her, and she was screaming for him to stop, that it was too much. I ripped the dude off her, and his face was covered in blood. He looked at me, and his eyes were all crazy, man. I mean, they looked like he was on something and his skin was so white. I was gonna hit him, but he moved too fucking quickly."

"Can you describe the man in question, Wayne?"

“Yeah, he was tall and thin and freakily white. He had on this weird old get up. Like he’d just walked out of a fuckin’ sepia picture.”

Elizabeth covered a gasp by mumbling random numbers and looking at Jenna’s record. This guy sounded just like Hugh.

“Yeah, well, he had on black trousers and a white shirt with a dark tie and this long black jacket like they wear at weddings sometimes, you know, with the tails and everything.”

It certainly sounded like Hugh. Elizabeth smiled and left the cubicle. What was Hugh doing in a club, covered in that girl’s blood? Elizabeth’s fingers moved to her own neck where a bruise remained, and in the centre, two small circular scabs sat as a reminder of that night of passion.

Elizabeth shook her head, no, it couldn’t be? The only explanation she could come up with was ridiculous in fairytale proportions. It probably wasn’t Hugh. Maybe it was some hyped-up groom on his stag do or something. She continued to the end of her shift, but she didn’t sleep well that night. She would have to see for herself. She’d have to go to *The Point* to put her mind at rest.

* * * *

“What am I doing?” Elizabeth said out loud. No one heard her over the thumping, growly music. The club had been fairly easy to track down, and when she’d gotten a little lost, she’d just followed a crowd of leather-wearing students and ended up at its door.

She got a few raised brows on entry. She was dressed conservatively in a floral dress that ended just below her knees and her makeup was minimal. She stuck out like a sore thumb in a club full of black and white and dramatic makeup.

Hugh was not on the general floor of the club. This she was certain of as she’d been around it twice already. It meant she had to get into the VIP section, and she had no idea how she was going to do that.

“Hey, pretty girl.” A voice at her ear made her jump. “Wanna come in here with us?”

Three tall men stood in front her in a semicircle, and between them, they wore more leather than your average cow.

"Me?" she asked, and all of them nodded in unison, the same wickedly sexual smile etched on their faces. "Oh well, yes, I'd love to," she flustered. She really didn't want to go anywhere with them, but she had to find Hugh—or the person who looked like him but wasn't him—to put her mind at rest.

They walked past two burly men who smirked and laughed as she was escorted through, surrounded on all sides by tall men in leather. The VIP section turned out to be a small room with a bar. At the far end, a corridor led off into what she guessed were private rooms. It was dark, wood-clad and enclosed. Some people might say 'intimate'. The guys around her talked among themselves a moment, then one leant in and whispered in her ear.

"What kind of drink do you want before we, you know, get more intimate."

"Erm, just a Coke please, I'm driving."

They laughed, but the one closest to the bar walked over to order and the other two took a hand each and led Elizabeth to a little table in a dark corner. The music was quieter here.

"So, darlin', are you up for a little fun?" The leader of the pack smirked. He was the one who'd spoken to her before, and he was the one sitting closest to her.

"What kind of fun?"

"Oh, you know the kind. It's the kind that takes place behind closed door in a private room. Just you and us and a big, comfy bed."

"That kind." She gulped and was relieved when the errand runner came back and slipped a drink into her hand. She took a sip of her Coke, and immediately, she suspected it had been spiked with something. She put the glass down.

"Yes, the special kind you get here in this club if you know what we mean. We'll make your kinkiest fantasies come true babe, and we'll pay you one hundred quid each for a sucking."

"I am not that kind of girl!" She threw the drink in main guy's face and bolted in the ensuing craziness. She ran for the corridor and ignored the shouts behind her. The first doors were all ajar, she assumed this meant they were free, she kept going until she hit a door that was different from the rest. It said 'reserved for management' in golden letters on it, and that door was closed.

She had no time to think so she yanked it open and walked in then she shut it behind her. The couple on the bed was too engrossed in their sexual act to notice her slipping in. The guy was on top, pumping into the girl below. She writhed, panted, and clung onto his shoulders for dear life.

Elizabeth watched in stunned silence as he muttered in her ear and she moaned loudly, "Yes, come for me."

And the guy stilled. She couldn't see details. A few tall candles lit the room, and she was in the shadows as she made her way round to the far side of the bed just in case those mad guys came in looking for her. Maybe there would be another way out of the room.

"Now do it," the girl begged.

Elizabeth thought that was weird. He *had* just done it, quite obviously. What more could the girl be wanting? As Elizabeth wondered, the guy leaned in and bit the girl's neck. Hard. She yelped then moaned and started to babble incoherently. She didn't try to pull him away as she arched up to him.

Elizabeth couldn't believe it. This girl was letting some bloke suck her blood, enthusiastically so in fact. Elizabeth took a step forward. She didn't want another one ending up in A&E with blood loss. As she moved, his head turned and his dark eyes fixed her.

"Hugh!" she gasped. Her eyes bulged with shock, and her hand rose to her mouth of its own accord.

He pulled his mouth from the girl's neck. "Elizabeth!"

She saw the blood around his lips, the fangs obvious, sticky and red in his mouth.

"What are you doing here?"

"I don't really fucking know," she yelled, "but I really wish I wasn't here." And she really didn't. She couldn't get a grip on what she'd just seen, she was completely numb with shock.

"You finished then, Hugh? You only got to eight," the girl said.

"Yeah, you can go," he replied and lifted up. The girl scooted from beneath him, slipped into a black dress, picked up some cash of the table at the side of the bed and left.

"What in heaven's name are you?" Elizabeth shook her head. It was dizzy with shock.

"Oh, Elizabeth," he sighed. "You really don't want to know."

"Yes, Hugh. Yes, I bloody well do." She ran a hand through her curls. "A girl came into my hospital yesterday, and she had lost so much blood from a wound at her neck. She'd been bitten, the police were told, by a guy dressed in old-fashioned gear—a long black coat like the one they wear at weddings. I knew it was you. I knew it, and I had to come here to check for myself. What are you Hugh? What kind of sick bastard sucks the blood of girls?"

"This kind," he sighed. "I am a monster, Elizabeth. I need human blood to exist."

"That's stupid," Elizabeth shook her head. "You've got all the damn blood you need inside of you. You don't need any more."

"No, I don't. Blood hasn't run through my veins for over a hundred years."

"Now, I know you're talking shit. You can't be more than I dunno, thirty. You are certainly not over a hundred years old."

"I have the body of a twenty-eight year old man," Hugh sighed. "But I have looked like this for one hundred and nineteen years. I was attacked by a monster who made me in to this, made me into the freak of nature he himself was."

"Are you really telling me what I think you're telling me?" She shook her head, her heart beat hard and fast inside her, and she scolded herself for staring too long at his hard, sculpted chest.

"I am a vampire, Elizabeth." He sighed and looked right at her.

"You can't be. I mean they're a fairytale to start with, but discounting that vampires kill, you've let three girls go that I know of. You shouldn't be able to go to in the sun, your eyes should look funny and you should be icy —"

She stopped. He was icy cold to the touch. She'd been aware of it all the time when they were together, but she had been so heated by lust that she'd not fully registered it.

"I am not proud to say I have killed, but I don't any more. I drink only enough to semi-satisfy my blood lust. I count to ten then I let go."

"And do you fuck all your victims first? Is that part of your twisted little game?"

"Post-orgasmic blood is teeming with life. I can be somewhat satisfied with ten seconds of that super-charged essence. It makes it easier for me to let go, to not drain them."

"You...then you...you sucked my blood." Her knees started to feel weak, and her head started to spin.

"Yes, but I didn't mean to and I didn't take..."

She didn't hear the rest of his excuse. Everything went black as she passed out on the floor.

"Shit," Hugh cursed and leapt up. He lifted Elizabeth gently in his arms and carried her to the bed. Her scent was intoxicating, but he shook his head and laid her down gently. He had to concentrate. He had to make sure she was okay.

A knock on the door disturbed him.

"Yes," he snapped. One of the newest vampires opened the door and stepped part way inside.

"We're looking for a girl, boss. She ran off from the VIP lounge." He looked down onto the bed.

"Oh, you found her."

"Yes and she's mine, Josh, so you can leave her here with me."

"Right, okay." He sighed and shut the door. That guy was going to be trouble. Hugh could feel it in his old bones.

He looked down on Elizabeth. Her eyes were closed and her face was pale. He stroked a strand of hair off her face and tucked it behind her ear. She felt cold, so he pulled the blankets over her legs.

She would come back round in a moment. Her breathing was even, and Hugh grabbed her limp hand in his and took her pulse. Her heartbeat was strong. He dropped her hand as if it had burnt him as the pumping of her blood aroused him. He could not touch her, he could not have her and he certainly wouldn't hurt her.

Hugh moved to the vacant side of the bed and lay down. He remembered he was naked as he felt the soft sheets against his skin. He slipped beneath the covers for decency's sake and waited.

He had missed her from the moment he'd left her in that tent. She'd stayed in there for days. He knew because he'd gone back at regular intervals to check. The first time he'd left her backpack outside the tent door. The next day, she'd taken it in. He'd heard her sobbing and had wanted so much to comfort her but had known he must not.

When she'd left to go back to the city, Hugh had gone mad. He'd headed for the club where he'd danced and drank for hours. He took several girls back to his private room that

night. His one girl a month limit went right out of the window. He needed blood, he needed numbness, and he needed satisfaction. It never came.

He was out of control, he knew it, but he didn't know how to stop. He was haunted by her, and no one but Elizabeth would do. Now she was here in the room with him, but she seemed the farthest away that she'd even been. She was scared of him.

She made a little gasping noise, and Hugh looked down on her. Her eyes flicked open wider and wider, and her mouth dropped open as if about to scream. He quickly put a hand over her lips.

"Shush, hush, sweet lady. You merely fainted."

He pulled his hand away as recognition lit her eyes, and he felt her mouth flutter close, the caress of her warm lips on the palm of his cold hand making his cock jump.

"Are you all right?"

"All right?" she muttered, trying to push herself up, but she was too dizzy to do so. "No, I am not all right. I am tucked up in bed with a naked fucking vampire. I'm scared out of my mind actually and wishing I had a damn crucifix or something."

"It wouldn't do much, I'm afraid. That's kind of a myth." Hugh smiled and Elizabeth shook her head.

"Oh no, you don't. Don't you dare try your charm on me, monster. I saw what you did to that young girl. She was holding on to life by a damn thread, you bastard, a damn thread."

"That was a mistake," he sighed and Elizabeth tutted. "Really it was. I've been crazily out of control of late, and I didn't realise she'd already been sucked until it was too late, when I could feel she was low and I was close to draining her. I stopped and called the ambulance."

"Why, Hugh? Why? I just don't understand."

"Elizabeth, I don't understand either." He sighed. "I was a young man, in my prime. I had been away from home, partying and being thoroughly irresponsible. I came home to find my parents murdered and my sister being raped. I was too late. He killed her then he set about me but didn't kill me. He changed me. Wiped his blood on my mouth and just that drop turned me into this. I hate myself, Elizabeth. I have killed innocent people for my own needs. I've not killed a human in eighty-nine years, not one. Still I use them like prostitutes to satisfy my desire, but I feel so empty."

She turned onto her side and looked up at him. He felt the weight of her stare on his cheek, but he kept looking up at the ceiling.

"When I heard you crying out for help last week, my thought was just to get you away from my home, but when I felt you in my arms, when I inhaled your sweet scent and felt the rhythmic dance of your heart, I was intoxicated. I took you into my house. You are the only human in oh, heavens knows how long, to go into that building. I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't understand but I wanted you near.

"I should have picked you up and taken you away when I realised you were trying to escape. I should have let you. It would have saved so much pain and suffering for both of us. Yet if I had have done that, I would have missed out on the best moment of my life. My life and my unlife, in fact. Being with you that night, tasting you, fucking you, being wrapped in your embrace is something I'll never ever forget, and Elizabeth, I will live forever. I know I will never forget it, and I will never forgive myself for losing control. I should have kept my fangs to my fucking self but," Hugh sighed deeply, "but oh, one taste of your blood, the tiniest drop on my tongue was perfection. I came so hard, it was as if all the orgasms I've ever had were rolled into one. I just needed a drop. I drank a fraction of what I would normally need, and I felt full. I felt satiated. I've not felt that since...well, since back then.

"But I knew I'd done wrong. How could I tell you what I was? How could I expect you to understand? You were so sweet, so caring, and all I wanted to do was tell you everything, but I couldn't. I drew away, hurt you and that breaks my heart even now. I've been crazy this last week, Elizabeth. I've missed you so much. I've been a broken soul, and I'll be a broken soul for as long as I exist without you."

A tear, an icy cold tear dripped down his cheek. He hadn't cried since the night he'd seen his family murdered. He hadn't thought a vampire could. Now he felt he might never stop.

Elizabeth had been scared. She'd come around, seen his face looming over her, and remembered what he was. She had thought her time had come but then he'd reassured her. Asked if she was okay. He didn't touch her, though he was under the blankets next to her, naked. She was very, very aware of his lack of clothing and found it disturbing that it aroused her.

As he spoke, she listened. She turned to look at him and watched the emotions dance through him. She couldn't see his eyes, but she saw the fingers raking through his hair, the hands worrying at each other in his lap and heard the heartbreaking sigh that fell from his lips then she saw the tear as it dripped down his cheek. She didn't think. She just reached up and wiped away that tear. He sobbed, and she dragged herself up, the dizziness forgotten and pulled him into her arms.

She cradled him as he cried. He wasn't a monster. She had known that all along really. How could he be? He had given her such pleasure, he had rescued her and he had just said the most beautiful things about her. She wasn't scared any longer she was just sad that she'd hurt him so badly.

"Hush now," she said, stroking his dark, thick hair as his ice cold tears bathed her shoulder. "I'm here, sweetheart, I'm here. I still don't understand, but I'm not scared now, I'm not. You're not a monster. I've always known that deep down inside. I'm here, Hugh, and I'm not leaving."

She kissed the top of his head and ran a soothing hand down onto his back. He was cold. She wanted to warm him but knew it was impossible. She still boggled at the realisation that vampires truly existed. She wondered if dragons did, too. She'd always wanted to ride a dragon. She'd ask Hugh later. He'd know.

"Elizabeth." He pulled himself away.

Her hands slithered over his skin and came to rest on his shoulders.

"You can't possibly stay. I mean, I appreciate the sentiment and oh, I wish, wish you could but we're not the same. We can't go out. We can't have a relationship. We can't."

"Why not?" she asked, her brows wrinkled with confusion her hands holding tight to his shoulders.

"Because, well, because, you have a life. I can't go out in the bright sun, I certainly can't enter a hospital with all those bloody wounds around, and you deserve better."

"Pfft, what can be better than perfection?" she replied and closed the space between them. "You don't have to enter the hospital. I can visit you if it's too hot outside, and I hate the heat so won't miss being out on blazing hot days. I have the answer to all your excuses."

"Elizabeth, I can't. What if I lose control? I can't trust myself enough."

"I trust you," she whispered and leant in that tiny fraction more to kiss his lips. She felt him backing away, so she dug her fingers into his shoulders to hold him in place. She poured all her emotion into that kiss. She tried to convey, through the confusion and hurt, the love and the lust she had for him. She wanted him to know she was more than willing to make sacrifices to be with him.

"Elizabeth, we can't—I can't, please—"

His begging stopped as she recaptured his mouth once more. She pulled herself closer and wrapped her arms all around him. She held him tightly in her grasp. She captured him. He responded, his lips undulated and his body slackened. She was wearing away his defences. She kissed him harder, pressed her tongue into his mouth and gently teased his own into action. She engaged his whole mouth in a dance of passion and held on as dizzy excitement filled her and her body exploded with flames of lust.

When his hands wrapped around her waist, she knew she was making progress. She loosened her grip on his shoulders and traced her fingers down his hard, naked chest, as she'd wanted to do since she'd walked into the room.

"What are we doing?" he panted as their lips parted for a moment.

"Well that was kissing," she said and smiled with a wicked twinkle in her eye as her hand slipped below the sheet and squeezed his hard cock, "and that was copping a feel. Are you abreast of the situation now?"

"You minx," he laughed, and she giggled as he pressed her back down onto the bed and held her there. "My turn," he said, and he literally ripped the dress covering her body with his bare hands.

"Hey," she yelped, but as his hands grabbed at her bared bra-clad breasts, the protests lost momentum, and as he lifted her warm flesh from their cups, everything condensed into a lustful moan.

Their gazes locked a moment. It was his turn to raise a wicked eyebrow and smile then he lowered his head and captured an eager nipple between his teeth. Elizabeth gasped then moaned and lifted her hips high to push against his pubis as he nibbled and sucked and teased her mercilessly.

"Fuck, Elizabeth," he groaned and ran a hand down over the undulation of her stomach to the juncture of her thighs. She spread her legs wider for him as he rubbed a finger up and

down the damp crotch of her black, lacy knickers. "I need to fuck you." He pushed the flimsy material to one side and thrust a finger inside her. She accepted him with a growl. Her aroused pussy begged for more.

"Yes, Hugh, you do. Fuck me." She begged then felt the hard thickness of him press against her between her plump lips. He pushed forward, guiding himself inside her slowly. She felt her cunt open as he pushed farther in. She looked up, and his eyes were closed, his head thrown back. He was completely absorbed in the joy of his dick penetrating her.

Slowly, he built up a rhythm, and Elizabeth had to close her eyes. She was completely lost in lust. She pushed back as his pelvis met hers with a bang and groaned as the shockwaves through her clit made her feel divine.

"Elizabeth," he groaned as his bucking became more frenzied, and she opened her eyes.

"Yes," she gasped back.

"Elizabeth, I really want to..."

She saw his dark gaze drop to her neck.

"I need to taste you, can I, Elizabeth?"

She nodded, but still he hesitated.

"Yes," she articulated as jolts of pleasure shot up from her cunt. "Yes Hugh, suck, drink, take what you need."

He did not waste a moment, his fangs pierced her skin almost instantly but the pain did nothing to dull the pleasure. It increased it, and as she felt him sucking at her essence, she felt the pleasure building inside of her.

Hugh quivered as he thrust. She could see that he was struggling to hold on, to make the moment last, but as he took one, deep gulp of her blood, he stilled deep inside of her, and she felt him release inside of her. Her cunt squeezed tight and sent pleasure waves through her whole body.

Hugh disengaged from her neck, and as she glanced to the side, he began to lick up the blood that had dripped over her skin.

"Perfection," he whispered as his gaze met hers. "You satisfy me, Elizabeth. Now it's my turn to satisfy you."

She wondered what he meant then she felt his fingers between her outspread thighs, and a moment later, two of them were inside of her. She could feel the wet give of his cum

inside of her as his fingers plunged in and out. His juices combined with hers to make copious lubrication as his thumb sought out her clit.

She screamed as her body suddenly jerked to the side. Hugh's vampiric strength turned him over and pulled her down on top of him without even a grunt of effort. She found herself poised above him, her thighs spread around his hips and his fingers inside of her.

"You're a wicked man," she gasped and slapped him in jest. He rubbed his thumb over her clit in response and winked. Her eyes closed, although she was aware of him watching her face as she rocked back and forth on his fingers desperate for a deep, satisfying orgasm.

As she shifted back and forward, she became aware of the development of a droplet of blood on her neck. It dribbled down her chest and onto her breast. His tongue was on her skin, lapping before it could drip from her to him. He trailed his tongue up her breast and to her neck. She could feel her orgasm. It was forming between her thighs, and with one last determined thrust of her hips and stroke of his thumb, she came. His lips on her neck gently butterfly kissed there as she roared and shook. A week's worth of heartache and bitterness exploded and shattered as the orgasm washed through her with the power of a mighty flood. Her knees weakened, and as he pulled his hand from her, she collapsed onto his chest.

"Thank you," he whispered and kissed the top of her head.

"No, thank you," she panted. "That was..." Words failed her. "Wow."

"Elizabeth," he whispered as she kissed the cold, hard flesh of his chest.

"Yes," she replied, enjoying the coolness of his skin against her heated cheek.

"What now?"

"Well, you'll have to give me a few minutes to recover," she joked but he just sighed. "Sorry, I was just trying to be a bit light hearted. Hugh, I want to be with you. I don't know anything else. I'm not sure of practicalities, and I don't have a long term plan, but can't we just do like most people do and make it up as we go along?"

"You're willing to get involved with a vampire then?" Hugh asked.

"Well, not just any vampire." She tilted her head and smiled up at him. "I want a relationship with you."

"You know it's not going to be easy, don't you?"

She nodded, still looking up at him. "Yes, but it is what I want. I want you, Hugh. Do you want me?"

“More than anything,” he said, his dark eyes shining, “and I guess, really, that is the crux of the matter, isn’t it? We’ll make it work, yes?”

“Yes, we will.”

Hugh’s kiss met Elizabeth’s lips, love flowed between them, and that, my friend, is the point. Love conquers all.

About the Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life. If you want to know more about Victoria and her brand of rosy, raunchy romance please check out her website: <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk/>

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