



Point Vamp, Book 2

Stopping Point

VICTORIA BLISSE

A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

Stopping Point

ISBN #978-0-85715-314-2

©Copyright Victoria Blisse 2010

Cover Art by April Martinez ©Copyright October 2010

Edited by Delaney Sullivan

Total-E-Bound Publishing

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-E-Bound Publishing.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-E-Bound Publishing. Unauthorised or restricted acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution.

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork.

Published in 2010 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

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

Point Vamp

STOPPING POINT

Victoria Blisse

Dedication

To my husband who never tires of me going on about vampires and writing and is a whizz at making up titles. Without him, I'd have no inspiration.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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

Dracula: Universal City Studios, Inc.
Buffy: Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation
Wii: Nintendo of America Inc.
Google: Google Inc.
Coca Cola: The Coca Cola Company
Vimto: Nichols PLC
Tupperware: Dart Industries Inc.

Chapter One

"Help me, oh dear God, please, somebody help me."

Josh Barnett was not the most heroic of men but he ran into the undergrowth and headed towards where the voice had come from. He rounded the big tree, where he used to hang out as a teenager, and saw a pale lady dressed in black standing with her back to him.

"Erm, are you all right, miss? I heard screaming."

"Oh, thank goodness," she squealed and ran into his arms. She was as cold as ice. "I was so scared."

"It's okay, I'm here. Is someone after you?"

"No, my dear," she said as he hugged her tight. "I was just ravenously hungry, that's all."

Without a moment's hesitation, she ripped into his neck with her teeth. It was Josh's turn to scream. At some point he lost the strength to fight and consciousness flowed from him. He felt a twinge of embarrassment as he slipped to the floor, dripping wet with his own sticky blood. He hoped no one would discover he had been murdered by a mad woman.

* * * *

It was still pitch black when Josh came round. Strangely enough he felt really good. He tentatively rubbed his neck and found no gash, no teeth marks or exposed flesh or bone, and as he sat up, he checked other parts of him, too, and no, they were all fine. Josh sighed and wondered what on earth had happened. Maybe the woman had actually been a junkie and had injected him with something for a laugh? You never knew what drug addled folk would do. He picked himself up and decided to walk the short distance home. He was no longer in the mood to be social.

When he got home he soon realised something strange was going on. His clothes were soaked through with blood and he was pretty sure it was his. He stripped them off and put everything in a black bin bag to dump. It was all ruined, even his brand new pair of trainers. He'd only been out to get them the day before.

He climbed into the bath to clean the dried-on blood and dirt from his skin and, as he scrubbed, he found himself getting hungry. He shrugged it off, after all he'd not eaten a thing since he'd come home from work at five, and had heated up a microwave hamburger and some chips for his tea. He'd make himself a Sarnie or something when he got out, but he thought it funny that when he specifically thought of food, he began to feel sick.

When he found himself taking a handful of reddened bath water to his lips to taste, he freaked out. Why the hell would he want to drink that bloody, dirty water? He doubted it would taste good and he was more and more certain the damn woman had drugged him or something. Determined to sleep the bad trip off, he got dried and went to bed. But he couldn't sleep. He was hungry. Deeply hungry but not for anything he had in. Every time he thought of something he had in his fridge or his cupboards, his stomach heaved. But when he tried to think of other things, his appetite became so strong he felt as if his stomach was tying itself in knots.

At eight a.m. the alarm rang and Josh knocked it off. He'd not slept a wink. He got up, brushed his teeth, which he seemed to think looked whiter and in better condition, and pulled on his uniform. Josh had never been particularly clever in school and hadn't gone to university. He'd only gone to college cos his two best mates had enrolled and he didn't want to be left out. Eventually he had managed to get himself a job, when schooling had finally lost its appeal. All three of them had, at the supermarket in town. They stacked shelves, manned tills and basically did whatever they were told to do. It wasn't a skilled job, or even a particularly exciting one either, but it paid the bills and the lads spent most of their time just messing about anyway.

Josh pulled on his light summer jacket and headed for the door. He'd have to buy a new winter jacket and that would take a fair chunk out of his wage packet. He sighed and locked the door behind him. A storm was raging outside. Rain was falling with determination as the wind howled and rattled tree branches. The gusts whipped up the autumn leaves and danced them around in the air like fairies. Josh barely noticed it at all, and when he got to work, his coat didn't seem to be wet.

"Did you get a lift in then?" Kyle Monroe asked hanging his own dripping coat on a peg.

"What? Oh, yeah."

"Fuck, man, you look knackered. Did you meet a girl last night or something?" Kyle gasped, no doubt taking in the pallor of Josh's skin and the circles of blue-black beneath his eyes.

"Oh, yeah, yeah, I did." Josh was trying desperately to ignore the hot smell of his friend. He had never noticed it before, but Kyle had a definite aura of rare steak about him.

"She must have been fucking wild, man. You look awful."

"Yeah, she was crazy, man," he said with a leer. "If you know what I mean."

"Lucky dog," Kyle muttered. "All I got to do last night was listen to my Gran go on about the price of food these days, whilst my mum fussed over my new fucking tattoo. I hate family gatherings."

"That's what you get for going to your mum's on a Wednesday night, Kyle."

"Yeah, I know, I know, I really know. I won't do it again, dude. I really won't. Have you seen Steve yet?" Kyle asked.

"Nah, bet he'll be late today. He was with Michelle last night, wasn't he? He'll be shagged out." Josh began to walk away from Kyle. The steak smell was driving him wild, and he was thinking about biting him, he smelt so deliciously edible. His head must still be fucked up, he decided, but he had to get away before he did something embarrassing.

"Where you going? There's ten minutes before we clock on yet, mate."

"Oh, Crusty Corbett wants a word. I gotta go over now. I'll see you in a bit." Josh didn't wait for the answer. He swung through the door and tried to clear his head. Luckily, he was on stocking today. So once he'd seen his manager, who seemed to smell like roast chicken, he was able to disappear into the stock room where the weird food smells dissipated and he could think straight again.

He had to check stock levels, the most boring job ever, but he was happy to do it as it kept him away from other people while he suffered through the weirdness. He hoped the effect of whatever drug he'd been given would wear off soon, but he had no idea how long drugs lasted. He'd tried most other things as an act of rebellion back in his teen years, but he'd never done drugs. He wasn't stupid.

Now he knew exactly why. He didn't feel in control at all and that scared him, a lot. Even without the crazy people-food smell he felt hungry to the pit of his stomach but when he was sorting through the chocolate he couldn't take one like he normally would, his stomach simply protested. He hated it, and at lunchtime, it seemed to get a lot worse.

As usual he went up for lunch, got his burger and chips, and sat in the back corner table and waited for the boys. He tasted a fry. He knew he was hungry, but it was just so bland and tasteless, he couldn't be bothered with more.

"Hey, old Crusty put you out back, didn't he?" It was Kyle with his usual bag of sandwiches.

"Yeah, I'm all on my own back there."

"Nightmare, man. I'm on the fricken tills. I hate that."

Kyle sat down and opened his sandwich bag. The steak smell started again and Josh about wanted to cry. He took a bite of his burger instead, but it felt as if he was eating sand, it seemed so scratchy and dry.

"Oh, look, it's the prodigal son back from the whores of some foreign town." Kyle mocked.

"Shut up, Kyle." Steve Johnson sat down and held his head in his hands. "I have one hell of a headache."

"What the fuck were you doing last night, then? Serves you right for going off on a Wednesday, doesn't it, Josh?"

"Yeah, yeah." Josh was trying hard to rid his nostrils of steak and barbequed-meat smells that just made him want to rip into his friend's flesh.

"Oh, she just made some of these cocktails man, you know, between fuck sessions, and bloody hell my head hurts today."

"Gotta go, lads," Josh said and raced away from the table, "feel sick." He could still hear the lads talking, even though he was a fair distance away from them. He paused when he heard Kyle speak.

"I dunno what's got into him today, Steve, he's acting so strange. We'll have to make sure we don't miss next Wednesday at his place I think."

Josh wondered what on earth had just happened as he raced outside to grab a breath of fresh air. It didn't work as Larry the lorry driver was having a fag out there.

"You're not supposed to do that back here, Larry," he said, hoping he'd take the hint and leave.

"Don't care," Larry shrugged. His body flopped up and down and Josh felt his stomach growl.

"No, really, Larry, if you're caught they'll sack you. You know there's a smoking corner over the other side."

"I know. Can't be arsed." He shrugged again and Josh walked up closer. Larry smelt like a buffet of good meats.

"Whatever, mate, fuck off." Josh stood directly in front of the short driver and looked down at him.

Larry flicked the ash from his cigarette and stood stock still.

"I mean it, Larry, I'm in a fucking weird mood today and if you don't move soon..."

Larry didn't move and Josh couldn't take the gnawing any more. He pounced and bit into Larry's neck. Larry moaned and pressed his body into Josh's. He had a hard-on.

"Whoa, tiger, I like it rough but you know, take it slow."

But Josh couldn't take it slow. As much as the feel of Larry's hardness on his thigh made him sick, he kept on sucking because the blood tasted like the best meal he'd ever had. He kept sucking and sucking and sucking until Larry slumped against him and the delicious taste stopped.

As soon as he stepped back, Josh was appalled at what he'd done. He'd killed a man. He'd drunk his blood. He ran a hand over his face and sure enough, blood was smeared across his palm when he looked at it again. He was a monster. He ran to the employee toilets and washed his face. When he looked in the mirror, he could see his teeth were bigger, whiter and fuck, fangs sat comfortably at the top of his mouth as if they'd always been there.

Josh began to put the pieces together and it all started to make some kind of weird sense. He was a vampire. The bitch last night had been one, too, and she'd not just sucked his blood, she'd obviously given him some of hers, as well. That's how they made vampires, well, if anything he'd seen in horror movies was true, it was. So the steak smells, the cravings and the blood sucking of Larry the lorry driver were all connected. He was a fucking vampire. *Shit.*

At least he didn't feel hungry any more. When Crusty Corbett came over to inspect his work, and give him a bollocking for not doing more, Josh was relieved to not feel the pull of hunger in his stomach. It was bad enough he'd eaten bloody Larry, he didn't think he could stoop to nibble on Corbett, too.

Soon after Larry's body was discovered, Josh left for home. He'd politely answered the police officer's questions, first. Yes, he had seen Larry, and had told him to stop smoking

there—it wasn't allowed. He'd even admitted to pushing Larry a bit, but that was all. No, he hadn't seen a rabid dog around, but he had heard some weird snuffling and whining noises when he was in the warehouse that morning. They'd let him leave but he would have to be more careful in future. No killing on the job.

* * * *

He found the fading evening light a little unpleasant on his skin, but he didn't burst into flames as he thought he might. He'd have to get that thicker coat, though, to keep the sun's rays off him. As he walked past the wasteland, he heard a soft, feminine laugh and knew right away it was the evil piece of work that'd turned him. He ran into the undergrowth and found his way quickly to her.

"Hey, bitch, why didn't you tell me what you'd done?"

"Oh, that spoils all the fun," she giggled and walked up close to him. "I knew you would make an excellent vampire, though."

"I am fucking pissed off with you, woman. I just killed a man at work. If they find out, I'll be in the fucking clink forever. I can't eat real food and people smell like roasting meat. It's been a fucking horrid day."

"I'm sorry, my pet, but one has to learn these things naturally. Mummy can't hold your hand every step of the way." She giggled again, this young, blonde sweet-looking girl was as mad as a hatter. "But don't worry about the dead man. We do not have fingerprints or DNA. No one can finger you for that one, my dear."

She came even closer. Josh felt her breasts pushing into his chest.

"Fuck, bitch, get away from me. You're evil."

"Yes, dear, I am, but so are you." She leant forward and kissed him.

Instantly he felt an electric buzz as her cold lips moulded with his. Her hands travelled around his neck and he found himself pulling her closer. His arms wrapped around her waist. There was an uncontrollable urge to be with this woman, to hold her, to kiss her, to fuck her. It was sick. She'd just called herself his mum, but he couldn't resist.

"You're experiencing the call of your blood, darling. It is mine in you and your body recognises it. It's sexy, isn't it? Your cock is hard and straining. Mm, this is as good as they said it would be."

Before he could ask her anything, she was on her knees before him. She undid his pants in one, superhumanly fast action and had his cock in her mouth before he could open his to protest. She was good. Her lips caressed him sensuously as she slid his member deep into her mouth. With each thrust she took more, until her lips were banging off his pelvis as she swallowed him.

"Fuck, that's good," he groaned. He could feel his orgasm building and it seemed to gravitate towards her, as if it was something special about her and not just her blow job technique that was turning him on.

"Enough of that," she growled and pulled him down to the ground next to her.

He yelped, an un-manly sound and probably not too vampiric either. She just laughed again and pushed him back into the soggy autumnal leaves before straddling him.

"Fuck," he groaned as his cock slid into her wet cunt. He felt alive. His whole body was tingling with pleasure as if he'd come already, but he knew he hadn't.

"Yes, baby, yes, this is it. This is what I needed, what I wanted," she groaned as she pushed up and down on his cock. "Fuck me."

Lost in pleasure, he reached out and grabbed at her swaying breasts. He pulled and her bodice ripped. Her ample breasts swung free in the crisp night air. He grabbed them and kneaded them roughly. They seemed to glow in the last pink glimpses of daylight with an ethereal paleness and he thought they were the most beautiful breasts he'd seen in his life. He didn't get to say this as the orgasm he'd been holding back burst forth and he roared as he flooded her. It was like no orgasm he'd experienced before. It was harder, longer and more pleasurable by far. He felt as if a river of ice was sparkling in his veins and he felt invincible, then he realised that, in a way he was. He was a vampire now, which made him immortal.

"Oh, lover," she panted, "that was good, but I'm not satisfied quite yet." She moved quickly and pinned his hands above his head. She was strong and he couldn't shift her as she opened her thighs around his head.

"Lick me," she demanded, "make me come, boy, then I'll let you go. No, no, don't struggle, deary, you're not strong enough. A new vamp like you hasn't a chance against me. Now make me come with your fucking tongue, bastard, before I decided to get my pleasure from torturing you instead."

Josh was not at all turned on by the idea of eating his own jism from inside her, but he also didn't fancy the sound of torture. He couldn't move her. She was right. She was far too strong for him and as much as he'd just enjoyed the best orgasm of his life, he wanted away from this crazy bitch ASAP. So he licked. Tentatively at first, but he found his cum tasted good mixed with her juices, and as their combined liquids flowed down his throat, he felt vitality run through him again. He could feel the pleasure of his orgasm as if in replay.

"Oh, lover, that's it, drink it down. I knew you'd love it. Fuck, yes, you're good at this. I knew you would be. Yes make me come over your face, my boy. Come on now, come on, keep licking, nearly there, nearly there, yes!"

As she screamed, her orgasm hit and flooded him with sweet juices that he drank eagerly. They tasted like expensive beer and fruit pastilles, his favourite Friday night combination, and as she ground down on him, he realised his nose was buried in her folds and he couldn't breathe, but then he remembered he didn't need to and laughed into her wetness. Finally she stopped shaking and released him.

"Not bad for a newbie," she said and brushed her skirts down flat, her big, juicy tits still hanging loose. "Needs more practice, though."

"You're fucking crazy," Josh spat and walked off.

"Good bye for now sweet boy, but we'll meet again soon. You're part of me, darling, you're part of me. You can never escape from me."

She giggled again and Josh rushed to get home. He was amazed to cover the five-minute journey in little over five seconds, then quickly let himself in to his ground floor flat before locking the doors extra carefully behind him.

* * * *

Josh had a lot to think about when he got home, so whilst he emptied his fridge of perishable edibles, he thought. He wondered how many vampires there really were in the world and if he knew any and if vampires existed, what else did? That was quite a scary thought until he remembered he was a vampire now and he would live forever.

Well, unless the things with stakes and burning and head chopping were true. Josh sighed. It wasn't as if his human life had been simple and straightforward, but his

frustrations when he was human seemed to pale in comparison with the troubles he was bound to have as a vampire.

He decided, as much as he wasn't sure he wanted to see the crazy blonde vampire again, that she was right. He'd have to find her because she had the answers to his questions. He could sit down and watch Dracula washed down with a series of Buffy, but that was fiction. What was the truth about vampires?

Well the truth was, he was starting to feel hungry again and as much as he'd not liked Larry the lorry driver, Josh did feel guilty about killing him. Larry might have been smoking in the wrong place and lung disease would probably have gotten him in the end, but he didn't deserve to die like that even if he was creepy and had tried to come on to Josh whilst he fed.

But he was hungry and he needed blood. He didn't want to go in to work tomorrow and salivate over the boys again. No, that was just too weird. He'd have to go out and find a snack. He couldn't be munching at work. As much as weirdo blonde vamp—he realised he still didn't know her name—said he couldn't get fingered for the crime, he didn't think it would be a good idea to have the police over at the supermarket on a regular basis. That kind of scrutiny couldn't be good.

So Josh went out and walked around the estate. It was quiet as it was late at night and there was a slight drizzle in the air, not that it affected him much. He didn't seem to get wet. It was as if the rain was avoiding him. He saw a bloke walking a dog and decided that a yapping dog wouldn't be good when he was trying to eat. Nearby, there was a group of giggling teenagers by the park and he slowed to take a good look. They'd been drinking; there were discarded cans and bottles all over the place. There were five lads and three girls. Two of the girls had their tongues down two of the lad's throats and the third was trying hard to fend off the other guys.

"Aw, stop it, Si, I don't want to," she said, slapping a tall, thin lad in the arm.

"Come on, Karen. Jade and Nicola are enjoying themselves," Simon cajoled, his eyes wide with booze and the cockiness of youth.

"No, Si, no. I need to get home. My mum will kill me if she finds out I've been here with you lot."

"Just a little snog, that's all I want, Karen. It won't take long."

"I believe the lady said no." Josh stepped forward into the light. "And I do believe that means the same as fuck off but only a little bit politer."

"Who the hell are you?" Simon sneered, squaring his shoulders.

"I'm the guy asking you very politely to leave the frightened young lady alone."

"Yeah? Well, what if I don't?"

"Then I'll do this." Josh moved quicker than he thought he could and wrenched the teenager's arm up behind his back. He heard something snap and the kid cried out in pain.

"All right, all right, let me go. We'll go, just—ow—we'll leave her alone. Don't hurt me anymore."

The drunken bravado changed to complete simpering fear in seconds and when Josh let the lanky teen go, the whole gang, girls and boys, legged it down the street...bar one. The sweet smelling, and smiling, Karen.

"Thank you," she said, "but I could have handled it myself."

"Maybe you could," Josh smiled, "but I am allergic to cocky young men who try to force themselves on beautiful young women. I couldn't help myself."

"Well, thanks. I better get home now. Mum will go mad. I've got to be in college tomorrow early."

"Let me walk you to your door. I want to make sure you stay safe."

"Oh, really, I'll be okay."

"No, I insist. I won't be able to rest if I let you walk off right now into the night alone."

"Well, okay then. I don't live too far away, just five minutes or so."

"Okay. Lead the way."

He smiled his sweetest smile at her and tried to stop from licking his lips. She smelt so delicious, like a beef burger topped with cheese and pineapple, which had been one of his favourite Friday night take-outs.

"So, do you live round here?" she asked and he nodded. "What are you doing out so late?"

"Oh, I was just on the way back from a mate's house. I have to go past the park to get home. What were you doing out with that lot?"

"I don't know, to be honest. I thought it'd be cool when Jade asked me to come out with them, but it really wasn't. It was just cold and damp, and those boys were fucking annoying. I don't want to kiss them or do anything else with them. They're like kids."

“So you prefer to kiss men?” Josh sparkled or at least he felt as if he did. He’d always been kind of cool and suave, and had always had a way with the ladies. He felt as if his mojo was intensified by the fangs.

“Yeah, I do, actually.”

She turned to him under the streetlight and smiled. He reached out a hand and laid it on her shoulder. When she didn’t scream he leaned in for the kiss. She eagerly returned it, her young, sweet lips pressed against his and she moaned in delight when his tongue fought through and into her mouth. He pulled her closer and her thin arms wrapped around his body. She was definitely the skinniest bird he’d pulled for a while. He preferred curves normally, but this young thing smelt good enough to eat. He trailed kisses down her cheek and along the little strip of neck that was visible just above the top edge of her waterproof jacket, making her giggle.

The burger scent was stronger now and he was salivating. He reached between them and unzipped her coat a little. She gasped but didn’t stop him as he, once again, kissed her lips, then slipped down to her bared throat.

She didn’t scream, not once as he drank from her. She whimpered a little as he enjoyed his meal. She tasted hot, sweet and savoury, just like his favourite Hawaiian burger, and as he drained the last drop of blood, he smacked his lips. He carried her slumped over his shoulder the short way back to the park, then after checking no one was watching, he slipped her into the bushes and left her there.

He walked off whistling. He was full and sleepy. He’d catch a few hours of sleep before work in the morning and hopefully his midnight snack would carry him through the day. He did not want to bite any more of his colleagues.

Chapter Two

The next day passed without much happening. The cops were off on some wild dog chase and the store was abuzz with the sad story of poor Larry and the rabid hound.

Josh was content. He'd eaten well the day before and had he found he could pretend to eat a few fries at lunch to stop the guys asking questions. The lads were their usual chatty selves and he walked home with them after work.

"I've got Michelle coming round tonight, lads, but I'm free tomorrow. She's doing some girly something or other. Shall we take advantage of that fact?" Steve asked with a wide, white-toothed grin.

"Well, if the cats away and all that," Kyle grinned. "What do you think, Josh?"

"Sure, what do we want to do?"

"We could go into town, scope out a few clubs, snog some ladies, have some fun. You know, the usual."

"I will have to abstain from the girl snogging," Steve said, "but the rest sounds good to me."

"You'll be the first to have your tongue down some young lady's throat I bet, Steve. The chicks dig you and your dark, exotic skin and your big cheesy smile."

Josh laughed. "Yeah, I think you're right, Kyle. Besides, having a girlfriend hasn't stopped you snogging the birds on any of the last dozen occasions we've been out together."

"What can I say," he said, laying his Caribbean accent on heavily. "The girls, they all love me, especially the white girls. They've heard the rumours." He looked down at his crotch and the lads roared with laughter.

"So, we'll meet at the Duke at eight thirty tomorrow night, yeah?" said Kyle.

Steve and Josh nodded.

"Oh, I just remembered," Josh said with a click of his fingers. "I've got nothing in. I'm just going to nip back to the shop. I'll see you lads tomorrow, yeah?"

"All right, dude," Steve nodded. "See you tomorrow."

They continued down the road and Josh turned back. He was feeling hungry again. At least his last meal had kept him satisfied for a whole day. Her blood seemed to be more

filling, but Josh couldn't work out why. He kept walking until he came to the wasteland and he heard very loud and exaggerated, 'PSSSSST.'

He looked up to see a white hand with a black sleeve. The hand beckoned to him. It was the crazy vampire bitch lady. He followed her.

"Before we go any farther, I want to know your name," he snapped.

"It's Cara," she replied, without looking back. "I've got something for you."

In the little clearing in the middle of the wasteland was a naked girl. She was strapped to a tree and she was shivering.

"What the fuck?" Josh exclaimed. "You can't leave a poor woman outside, naked in bloody autumn. She'll freeze to death."

"No, no, touch her." Cara smiled, her dark blue eyes shining. "She's fine."

He reached out and touched the girl's arm. The girl moaned. She was warm and she seemed to be enjoying herself.

"I've been keeping her warm for you. She's a wonderful little submissive and she loves to be tied up and used. I told her I had a handsome man who'd come and fuck her and she's been waiting ever so patiently for you. So go on, fuck her."

Josh looked into the brown eyes of the pixie-like chick tied to the tree. She certainly didn't seem scared. She licked her lips as he gazed at her.

"Just one minute please." He smiled and ran a hand through his cropped, blond hair as he walked over to Cara and whispered in her ear.

"What the fuck are you playing at?"

"I brought you dinner, darling. I saw your little snack last night so I picked up something similar for you."

"What? Well, that's kind of nice I guess but the whole sex thing is a bit...icky. I don't usually fuck my steak before I eat it."

"No, but fucking your dinner before you bite supercharges the blood. It leaves you feeling fuller for longer and your dinner doesn't scream so much as you feed. That's why your midnight snack satisfied you more. You heated her up before eating."

Josh wrinkled up his nose but it made sense.

"So go on," Cara continued. "Go fuck her and suck her. I'm just going to sit over here and watch."

Cara took a seat on top of what might have once been a fridge freezer. It was now covered in mud and grass and almost looked like a mound of earth apart from the metal corners sticking out at each end.

Josh looked back at the woman who was still smiling. *Oh, what the heck, he thought, I am hungry and I am somewhat horny. I might as well give it a go.*

He walked over to the tree and ran his fingers gently down the girl's side. She moaned as his fingertips trailed over her tiny breast and onto her lithe hip. She was quite pretty for a skinny chick. Her eyes were bright and her nipples hard, but Josh really did prefer a bit more meat on the bone. However, he leaned in and started to kiss the girl's neck and shoulder as he ran his hands all over her. She was soon mewling and panting quite loudly. He took off his work tie and wrapped it around her mouth before pulling it tight.

"Hush, love, we don't want anyone else coming to this party, do we?"

She winked at him and he pulled open his trousers. His cock was hardening, and when he looked over his shoulder to see Cara with her ample tits out and her hand stroking down her open thigh, it got all the harder.

He had to untie the girl to fuck her. He pulled her to him and held her tightly. She trembled in his arms. He turned her around and tied her with her arms around the tree so her arse was sticking out. Well, what arse she had. He also positioned her so that he could watch Cara as he fucked. She had her dress rucked up around her waist now and he could see her wet glistening pussy as he slid into the girl's sopping wet cunt.

"Spank her," Cara commanded, stroking a finger between her lower lips. "Spank her hard and fuck her."

Josh did. There was something compelling in Cara's words and he wanted to please her. He also found the girl's muffled squeals delightful as he spanked her hard with each thrust of his cock. Cara laughed in delight and forced two fingers inside herself. Josh hardly acknowledged the girl on his cock. He was too busy watching Cara. There was something about her. Something hot, something mysterious and she had such a gorgeous body. Abundant curves, lily-white flesh and she just oozed sensuality.

He hit his orgasm moments later as Cara moaned and shuddered as she came.

"Now," she said as he finished emptying himself inside the girl. "Bite her now."

Josh was confused at first. How was he going to bite her neck with her bent in this position? Then he felt the tug of his vampiric senses pulling him to his knees and to the

inside of the girl's open thighs. A good strong artery ran there—he could sense it. He pressed a finger to the girl's clit and dug his teeth into her thigh. She jumped and groaned, and as he drank, he kept on stimulating her until she shuddered in orgasm and he sucked her dry.

"You're right," he said, standing and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. "It does taste better after sex."

"Of course I'm right," she snapped. "I've been a vampire longer than you've been alive."

"Cara? Can I ask you some questions?"

"Certainly, Josh. I am your sire after all."

"My sire? You're a woman. And how do you know my name?"

"You've not read many vampire novels, have you? A sire is the vampire who made you, dear, and it has nothing to do with that vampire's sex. And I know your name because I hunted you down. I've seen your employee name tag."

"Okay, that's a little freaky."

"You've just fucked a girl tied to a tree and drunk her blood, and you think me looking you up in the supermarket is freaky?" She laughed. "Boy, you're such a newbie."

"Can vampires burn up in the sun?" Josh asked, determined to change the subject.

"Yes, but with high protection sun lotion, good glasses and avoiding high noon we can survive the sun's rays."

"How can vampires be killed?"

"Oh, the usual...stake, beheading, fire. Gunshots and knife wounds are painful for a while, as are broken bones, but they heal. It's no big deal."

"Are there a lot of vamps in the world?"

"Oh, a fair few. It's a minority, really. A small minority compared to humans, but you can expect to find a hundred or so in every major city, a few in every town and the odd one in villages. Mostly, we like cities. More nameless victims to go through."

"Are there other beings, you know, fairytale beings, too?"

"Well, I've not seen any but I don't rule it out. I've heard rumours, though."

"Do you work?"

"No, I don't need to."

"How come?" Josh asked, sitting down on the fridge mound beside her.

"I'm in real estate," she said. "My money makes itself."

"Oh," Josh replied trying to work out what she actually meant.

"I had to work at first, of course. We might not need to buy food, but we still need clothes and a house to live in. Anyway, I started saving, bought my first house and I've been making money off my portfolio ever since."

"How old are you?"

"No, no, no," she laughed and laid a finger on his cheek. "It is impolite to ask a lady her age."

"No, I don't mean that. I can see you're pretty young, similar in age to me, I think. I mean, how long have you been a vampire?"

"Oh, about fifty years now."

"Is that old for a vampire?" Josh asked, trying not to think of Cara as being older than his grandma.

"No, not really. I know a few who are hundreds of years old."

"Wow," Josh exclaimed.

"Yeah, that's quite an achievement. You have to be pretty wily to last that long. The first few years are the toughest on a vamp, but once you get to my age, you know most of what you need to know."

"Cara?" Josh was full of questions.

"Yes, Josh," she smiled and flicked a curl of golden hair behind her ear.

"Why did you pick me? Why didn't you just drain me?"

"Oh, I had my reasons." Cara stood up in a flurry and Josh wondered why she was so obviously flustered. If she'd been a human, her cheeks would have been flushed red, he could tell.

"I'm going to find out eventually, Cara." Josh reached out and grabbed Cara around the top of her arm.

"Oh, you will one day," she replied with a knowing smile. "I'm sure of that."

She kissed him then. It was a long and lingering kiss, and the deeper he was dragged into it, the less attention he paid to keeping his hand grasped around her arm. He was pulled in by the tantalising glimpse of real depth and emotion. He'd just found out he could fuck a girl and suck her without any real connection, but enjoying a long, involved kiss with a mate, made emotions come into play.

She pulled away suddenly and ran a few steps. Her fingers pushed against her lips and she looked confused. As if she realised Josh was watching, she pressed her fingertips to her lips and blew him a kiss.

“Why do you always rush off like this?” he yelled as she skipped away with a giggle.

“I like to keep you guessing,” she said and turned to blow him another kiss. “I’ll see you again soon, my pet. Take care.”

Josh sighed and stood up. He was puzzled. He decided that it was best to hide the girl’s body. Josh knew the teens liked to hang out here and it wouldn’t do for them to find the girl like this. He untied her and found a natural hollow in the ground, then threw her in and covered her with rocks and branches. It took him just a matter of minutes. This vampire super strength stuff was really a time saver.

As he walked home, he wondered about Cara. She was a complete mystery and obviously quite loopy. Why, then, was he so attracted to her? Maybe it was something to do with them sharing their vamp blood, but it seemed more than that. He didn’t think of Cara as a mother figure at all, not at all. She was a hot, young woman with great curves and a sexy smile. Josh shook his head. No, he couldn’t afford to get all sentimental about that vamp. She had proved friendly so far, but who could say if that would continue?

It seemed to Josh that vamp life was feast or famine. He felt uncomfortably full now he’d eaten, which compared to the unholy hunger he’d suffered before, was complete bliss. He needed a way to keep the balance, but now he’d learnt the orgasm trick, that may prove easier than he’d first thought.

At home he flicked on the TV and played a little football on the Wii. He beat his earlier top score by a long way and he realised his vamp skills would mean he’d totally whoop ass the next time he played computer games with the lads.

The lads. They’d not stay the lads, though, would they? Steve and Kyle would grow up, marry, have children, divorce maybe, have grandchildren and all that stuff, until one day they’d die. And Josh would still be the same twenty-six-year-old he’d always been. How the fuck would he explain that one? And who would be his friends then?

Josh was suddenly depressed. How long could he keep going with his mates before they got suspicious? Could he get to fifty? He could change habits as time went on? He could dress older and let whiskers grow on his chin, but could he really fool them into thinking

that he was aging and did he want to? The answer was no. He didn't want to pretend to be old when he was going to be young forever.

He was going to lose his mates. It was inevitable unless...Josh started to think and to think hard. He had to weigh it up. He would have to bite and drain his two best friends, which was kind of icky, but then, once they'd ingested a bit of his blood, they could be mates on the pull forever. Josh made up his mind and decided on a plan of action. Tomorrow night was going to be eventful.

* * * *

"Get your pint down your neck and let's get going," Kyle said, banging his glass down on the table, making the landlord glare in their direction.

"All right, dude. Some of us like to savour the flavour as we drink," Josh laughed.

Kyle was always eager to get out to the clubs to try to pick up a girl. He quite often failed, but tonight Josh would have to make sure Kyle didn't.

"Yeah, and it's still early. No decent chicks'll be out yet, and none of them will be drunk yet. Be patient, man, be cool." Steve nodded. He took the longest of the three of them to get steamed, but then he didn't need to. He could pull birds in his sleep.

"It's all right for you to say that, Steve, you've got a fucking girlfriend already. Some of us are on the hunt, aren't we, Josh?"

"Yes, you are, Kyle. I'm just looking for a shag." *And a bite to eat*, he added to himself. "I'm quite happy to be single. You're the one desperate for a ball and chain."

"Yeah, well, I'm just a romantic," he grinned and let out an almighty burp. They all laughed.

"I hope that isn't your big romantic move," Steve said. "No wonder you have no luck with the ladies."

"Nah, I stick to the classics like, 'are you tired, you've been running through my mind all night,' and 'is that a ladder in your stockings or a stairway to heaven,' and the like."

"Oh, that explains a lot," Steve laughed. "You gotta be cooler than that, man. Right, Josh?"

"Yeah, those lines just sound so desperate. Talk to the girl and pretend you don't want to fuck her and she'll be yours before you can blink. They like a little challenge. Let 'em think they're in control. It works every fucking time."

"Really?" Kyle would have written it all down if there had been a pen to hand, Josh was sure of it. Kyle was just that kind of guy.

"Really," Josh said and nodded. "There is definitely such a thing as trying too hard."

"Oh." It was as if Kyle had had a revelation. He hadn't though, Josh knew. He and Steve had been telling him the same thing for ages.

"Right, bitches, are we ready?" Steve slammed his empty glass down on the table.

"Yeah," Josh and Kyle roared, and stood up at the same time as Steve, and slapped their hands together.

"Oh, hang on," Kyle added. "I just need to take a slash. Hang on."

"Tell me why we hang out with that dude again, man? He totally fucks up our pulling style." Steve shook his head.

"I know. I think we feel sorry for him or something. I can't explain it any other way."

The two mates laughed. They'd been friends for years. They'd grown up on the same street and had been hunting girls together since nursery school. They were a great team. Steve had been the only black kid in the area, and when he'd started school, he'd gotten some flak for it at first, but Josh had always stood up for him. Even when it meant knocking down the school bully and being threatened with expulsion. Steve was worth it. He was his best mate and no one should be able to get away with calling him a nigger.

They'd made friends with Kyle in secondary school. He was a shy lad and when the bullies had set about him, Josh and Steve had stepped in to break it up. They'd been firm friends ever since. Kyle was definitely the softest of them all, and was often teased by the other two about it. It worked well. They seemed to balance each other out. Steve was the confidence, Kyle was the conscience and Josh was the doer. And he had a lot to do tonight.

"Right. Are you and your bladder ready now, Kyle," Josh said when Kyle joined them again.

"I sure as hell am. Let's go find some ladies."

It was a little easier than anticipated to find Kyle a girl. They bumped into a giggly gaggle of girls and instantly Steve was a hit. He picked his favourite, a skinny brunette with a tongue stud and a leather skirt, and Josh took her busty red-haired friend with green

hypnotic eyes. Thankfully, there was a third in the group. A mousy blonde lass who seemed nervous and jittery, but they all agreed she had a hot bod. Her long legs alone made her shagging material, and funnily enough, she seemed to actually like Kyle.

They danced together on the dance floor and kissed. When Josh saw mousy snogging Kyle he knew the night had been a success. All six of them had drank a lot of alcohol, but Josh was as sober as he'd been that morning. He pulled Kyle and Steve from the girls.

"Excuse us, ladies, a moment. We need to go and dial for a taxi for six," Josh said and smiled as the gaggle of girls giggled. "We'll meet you out front in ten minutes."

"Whatcha doing, dude?" Steve hissed as Josh dragged them into the disabled toilet and locked the door behind them.

"Ringin' for a cab and making them wait for us, dude. You know they're going to be so much easier to shag when they're oh so grateful we turned up." Josh spoke into his phone. "Yeah, taxi for six from Graces club. Okay, five minutes, that's great. Ta, bye."

"Right, we can go now then?" Steve was eager to get back to his girl.

"Not quite yet," Kyle mumbled. "I need another slash."

"Oh, fuck, let's get out..." Steve had said, but thankfully, too late.

Kyle was already pissing. Josh pounced, put his hand over his friend's mouth and drank. He sucked hard and fast not thinking about what he was doing, not meeting Steve's gaze. Josh kept an eye on Kyle, but he was facing the wall and didn't pay a blind bit of notice to what was going on behind him. Josh let Steve slump to the floor, and just as Kyle tucked his cock away, Josh swooped. Again he bit, and again he sucked hard and fast, until Kyle slumped at his feet. He used his teeth to rip into his wrist and dripped blood into Steve's mouth, then Kyle's. He was careful when moving them. He pulled plasters from his pocket and covered the fang incisions on their necks. He splashed them with water 'til they came round a bit.

"You'll thank me for what I just did some day. Now come on, we can't let the girls get away." He picked Steve and Kyle up and dragged their feet along the ground.

Steve groaned. "Man, I am fucked up. I could swear you've got bloody fangs."

Josh cursed, then laughed. "Nah, you must be seeing things, dude." Then he snapped his mouth shut and hoped his fangs receded by the time they got to the girls and the taxi.

"Hey ladies," he smiled as he walked up to them. "Is the taxi here yet?"

"Not yet," Caroline, his redhead replied. "Your friends look pretty out of it. Are they okay?"

"Oh, sure. It's just their usual slump. They tend to have one too many, you know? We'll get 'em home and they'll be right as rain, won't you, lads?"

"Yeah," Steve managed with a weak nod.

"Sure," Kyle added.

When the taxi arrived, Josh bundled each lad into it with their respective girl. They all snuggled up nicely and no one seemed to be too worried about their half-comatose state. Luckily the girls were as drunk as the lads, so apart from the odd grope and cuddle, they weren't up for anything more challenging, like conversation.

Caroline was all over Josh. Her ample curves pressed into his side and her lips nibbled at his ear lobe and neck. He turned to face her, once he was sure the lads were okay and had started to perk up, and she kissed him and kissed him hard. She was good, her talented lips and tongue insistent but flexible. She was just the kind of girl he liked, confident and sexy without being too domineering.

When they pulled up outside his flat, Josh was happy to note that both Steve and Kyle were able to walk for themselves again. They were obviously starting to feel the hunger as Josh noticed them sniffing their partners once or twice as he fished out money to pay the driver. He wrapped an arm around Caroline and led them all into his flat.

"Girls, you can spend some time getting yourselves together. I know you'd like a little while to get straightened up. I'm just gonna take the boys through here and give them a good talking to. I don't want them misbehaving tonight."

"Oh, I don't know," Steve's thin brunette said. "I quite like being naughty."

Kyle laughed, Steve winked and Josh bundled them into the bedroom.

"What's all this for?" Steve hissed. "I could be getting laid right now!"

"I need to explain some stuff," Josh said, "and the girls need a minute anyway. Don't panic."

"What do you need to tell us?" Kyle asked. "It better be good."

"You're both vampires now."

"Yeah, and you just got chosen as pope," Steve laughed.

"No, you are. I'm a vampire, have been for a few days. I've just changed you both in the bathroom at the club, remember?"

"That really happened?" Kyle's jaw dropped.

"Yes, yes it did. Why do you think you've both got plasters on your neck? I bit you. By the way, you can take those off now your vampire blood will have healed the bites nicely."

"Prove it. Prove we're fucking vampires. I think you're pulling my leg."

"Well, I bet your dates smell like meat but if that's not enough, try to touch the ceiling."

The ceiling was pretty high and it certainly wasn't within usual jumping range.

"Oh, come on, you're just trying to make us look stupid," Steve sighed.

"You want proof. Try it and hurry up before the chicks go cold and walk off," Josh snapped.

Kyle jumped first and put his whole hand on the ceiling. "Whoa," he gasped.

Steve jumped a little reluctantly and did the same, leaving a little dent in the plasterboard.

"Shit," Steve cursed. "What the fuck have you done to us, man?"

"You're vampires like me. We're going to live forever. Mates forever. Cool, eh?"

"What about the...well...the blood thing."

"Oh, that's not a problem. It comes naturally. Now we need to get back to those girls so we can feed. You two really need it and I'm starting to feel peckish again. Now, I'll tell you something. Blood tastes better when the person is sexually aroused and is the best when they've come. So go, get laid and enjoy your first vampire meal of eternity."

"You're a twat, Josh, but I'm hungry and horny so I'm going back to Gemma," Steve growled and pushed open the bedroom door.

Kyle followed him without saying a word. Their reactions weren't quite as positive as Josh had expected but he was sure they'd work it out. They always did. They were best friends.

Chapter Three

"We're back." Josh grinned as he walked into the living room. Steve and Kyle were already all over their two girls.

"We're behind," Caroline said. "We need to catch up."

She whipped off her top and embraced Josh. She pulled him in close and kissed him, and the rest of the room melted away. He slowly worked open her bra and pulled it away from her body. She had beautiful tits, big and round and soft. He dropped kisses down her chest bending to reach, then slipped to his knees before her. He pushed her back until she was sitting in an armchair, then whipped off his shirt as he kept eye contact with her. He crawled along 'til he was between her thighs.

She leaned over to kiss him, then sat back again as his kisses trailed down over her breasts. He could properly feast on them now and he did so. She moaned as he sucked and licked, and pressed her hips up towards him. He continued to kiss down her legs, and when he met her skirt, he pulled it up to reveal her skimpy underwear. He moved down and kissed and nibbled on her thigh. He could hear moans and yelps of pleasure coming from behind him. The other guys must have been having fun, too. Caroline slipped down on her chair and pushed her bum to the edge of the seat. Her thong slipped between her wet sex lips and Josh caught the scent of her arousal. He took the less than subtle hint and moved up to her pussy. He hooked the thong strap in his fingers and pulled it to one side before leaning in and lapping at her pooling juices. He licked and sucked, enjoying her taste, then moved up to her clit to arouse her further.

She writhed on his face and just as she got close to orgasming, he stopped. She moaned in disappointment until he stood and pulled down his trousers to reveal his thick erection. She leant forward in the chair, winked cheekily, then slid his cock into her throat. It was his turn to moan as she flicked her tongue around him and continued to bob up and down.

He grasped handfuls of her hair and held on tight whilst she teased and sucked his cock. She was good and Josh could feel his orgasm approaching, but just as he had denied her, she stopped sucking before he got close to spilling his seed.

"Turn around, kneel on the chair," Josh commanded and she did so without further questions.

She stuck her bum out and spread her thighs. Josh stood between her legs and admired the view for a moment before easing his cock into her. He pressed his chest down along her back and held on to her hips as he thrust. She whimpered with each impact and he found his face just at the nape of her neck. He licked and sucked and nibbled there, anticipating the moment he'd sink his fangs in. Noises around him told him that Steve and Kyle were both in similar positions. He could hear both of their girls moaning and cursing, and heard the sofa creaking as they fucked.

Josh kept his grip on one of Caroline's hips, but let his other hand slip and slide down and around to her cunt. He pressed his fingers into her soft folds and found her clit. He rubbed gently in time with their fucking until she screamed that she was about to come. At that moment he filled her, their orgasmic release bathing his body with pleasure, and at the same time, he bit down and started to drain her.

"Hey," he heard her voice after a while, "you're supposed to stop after ten."

Josh had no idea what she meant and kept sucking until strong hands pulled him away.

"What are you fucking doing?" he growled and turned to see his friends with their fangs bloody and extended.

"You heard the lady. We're only meant to suck for a count of ten, then we stop," Steve said.

"What?" Josh was confused.

Steve's brunette stepped forward. She was naked but didn't seem to care. "We've been to your bar before, dude, and you're only meant to feed for ten seconds after you give us an 'O,' but they pay us in there, too. Why didn't you tell us you were vampires?"

"You know about vampires?" Josh asked, dumbfounded.

"Sure," Caroline added. Her skirt was smoothed down her thighs, but she was still bare breasted. "We've been to *The Point* loads of times. We didn't fancy vampires tonight, though it seems we got some anyway."

"So you go to this club to pick up vampires, then?"

"Yeah, it's fun and we get paid too. It's good money for students like us."

"And vampires are wickedly good lays," Kyle's redhead added from the sofa. She started pulling on her clothes.

"So, guys, we're going to go now. Don't do this again, right? If you want to suck you've got to warn the ladies before you do or it's not fair. Maybe we'll bump into you in the club one night," Caroline said with a smile.

All three girls finished dressing and Gemma rang for a taxi. Josh stood in stunned silence. He hadn't thought it was possible to feed without drinking a victim dry. He was certainly satiated enough, but he worried about the new guys. Vampires had one hell of a thirst when they were first changed.

After the girls left he asked the boys if they were still hungry.

"A bit," Kyle said. "But I can deal with it. It's not like real hunger. I just don't feel totally full up, either."

"How about you, Steve?"

"I'm trying to work out what the fuck you've done to us, man. Why did you have to ruin our lives like this?"

"What? I've just made you immortal, dickhead, and this is how you repay me?"

"Yes, yes it is. I had a good life, Josh. A girlfriend, a steady job, a nice place to live and now you've done your fucking sucking shit and I'm stuck with fangs and a blood craving for all eternity."

"What do you think about it, Kyle?" Josh asked, turning away from Steve's anger.

"I don't know why you did it, man. I can't get my head around it."

"I did it so we could be buds forever. To never grow old and to always be able to do this—go out, get some birds and have some fun. This way we'll all be young and carefree forever."

"You're a selfish bastard, Josh," Steve grimaced. "Didn't you think to ask us what we wanted first before just going ahead and saddling us with immortality? And then, well then you tell us to kill those girls. If Gemma hadn't worked out who we were, we would have done it. We'd have dead bodies on our hands, Josh."

Josh sighed. "That's just part of the vampire thing. It's nothing when you get used to it."

"You've killed people?" Kyle gasped.

"Yeah, a few," Josh shrugged. "I didn't know you could do anything less."

"Great excuse for murder that, bro," Steve sneered. "I didn't know I could stop," he mimicked.

"I didn't know there were people who knew about vampires. I mean, I've only been one a few days, myself, and my sire is fucking useless."

"Sire? Oh, fuck like in the films? You're our sire now? That's fucked up, man." Steve shook his head.

"But it's going to be so good, lads, and now that we've learnt about this bar, you won't have to drain people if you don't want to."

"You killed Larry, didn't you?" Kyle chimed in.

"Well, yeah."

"Dude," both lads looked at him in disgust.

"Oh, come on. I was new to all this. I didn't know what was happening, I just knew that people smelt like food, and food smelt and tasted awful. I just did what my instincts told me to do."

"You didn't fuck Larry, did you?"

"Ew, fuck, Steve, no I did not fuck Larry. That's disgusting."

Steve and Kyle laughed until finally Josh laughed, too.

"You're a dickhead, Josh," Steve said. "But I guess we're struck like this now. Nothing we can do about it, so we might as well make the most of it, you know?"

"Yeah, we'll learn about this vampire shit together, all right, lads?" Josh grinned.

"Yeah," Kyle agreed and Steve nodded.

"Just, I want you to know a few things. We are immortal but the whole stake through the heart thing will kill you, as will being burnt to a crisp and being decapitated. Everything else is survivable. There are other vamps. I only know one and she's fucking batshit crazy and my sire, great huh? Oh, and we don't burn up in daylight but you might want to invest in some factor fifty sun lotion if you plan to be outside for any long periods of time."

"Thanks for the handy hints, dude. Now I'm going home to my bed, to process all this."

"Yeah, I'm going home too," Kyle added.

"Okay, lads, see ya."

"Well, that was an interesting experience," Josh said out loud as he walked back into his living room. It smelt of sex and blood and he found the combination to be very arousing. He moved on into his bedroom. He needed to rest and he wasn't sure if it was right for a vampire to wank.

He had a lot to process, too. Kyle and Steve seemed less than thrilled with their new immortal status. Josh hadn't expected that. Of course, he'd expected them to be shocked at first, but then he'd thought it would be back to normal. They were best friends and surely there was nothing better than to be friends forever and to never grow old. That bit especially appealed to Josh.

He felt a little disappointed that the girls had been so knowledgeable about vampires. Now that had come as a shock and a half. He didn't feel hungry, he'd eaten well of late, but he just felt as if he'd not finished his meal properly having not drained her to the very last drop. He'd have to ask Cara about *The Point* and see what she made of it. It seemed weird to have a vampire club where vampires paid for their blood and didn't kill humans. He wondered why? There was little chance of a vampire being caught and he really couldn't see why they'd want to deny themselves the pleasure of a full meal.

* * * *

The next day Josh went out for a walk. It was grey and misty with not a ray of sunshine to be seen, even though it was almost midday as he walked across the estate. First, he dropped in on Kyle.

"How you doing, mate?" he grinned as a pyjama-clad Kyle opened the door.

"Yeah, all right," he answered less than enthusiastically. "You coming in?"

"Sure," Josh replied and followed Kyle into the small, stuffy living room of his flat. It was packed with computers, monitors and computer consoles. It was a geek's wet dream and had contributed to Kyle's track record with the ladies.

"So, how did you enjoy last night, then?"

"Oh, on a scale of one to ten I'd put it at a five. I shagged a beautiful woman and that would have made the night a ten, but some daft git turned me into a blood sucking vampire, so the night lost points for that."

"Oh, come on, you can't still be mad at me. I was only doing it for your sake, so you can live forever. Well I did it for us, so we can live forever. Be mates forever. Don't tell me that isn't appealing?"

"Josh, mate," Kyle said, sitting on a computer chair opposite him, "we'd have been mates anyway. We've always been mates and always will be mates."

"But you and Steve would have aged and died, and I'd have been left on my own."

"So basically you're a selfish bastard who made a decision for us without even consulting us first."

"No, Kyle, no, I'm immortal. I wanted you guys to experience it, too. It's a real trip. I know you're going to love it."

"Maybe, Josh, maybe. But look, mate, I need some time to get my head around this. I'm going to go over to that club tonight, see if I can find a girl to suck. I can't even stomach the idea of killing someone for my dinner. Urgh. I'll meet you there if you want. Now, well, now I just want to be on my own."

"Oh, all right," Josh sighed. "I'll meet you outside at eight. Where is it anyway?"

"Google it, man. The address is there. It's not far out of the city centre, though."

"Okay, I'll go round and see if Steve's coming."

"I wouldn't. He's well pissed at you right now. He's meeting me at *The Point* later. He'll probably have mellowed by then. Leave him be."

"Right, fine. I'll see you both later, then."

Josh was angry. His mates were acting weird and he felt lonely. His only real friends didn't want to be around him and he had no one else he could talk to. Josh sighed. He decided to go home. Maybe he'd play on the Wii or something until it was time to go out.

"Hey, Josh, how you doin'?" Suddenly Cara was walking beside him. She was clad in her typical black dress but she was wearing a large hooded jumper over it.

"Oh, all right, I guess," he said with a shrug. It was the first time he'd seen Cara away from the wasteland.

"What's up? It's dark, it's gloomy and you're immortal. What is there to be so down about?"

"I turned Steve and Kyle last night."

"You did *what*?" she said. "How on earth – why did you – what?"

"Oh, don't you start. I've had enough from them. I thought it'd be good. I thought it'd be fun. I *thought* having my best mates immortal with me would be a laugh, but so far it's caused me nothing but grief."

"Darling, you've got to think really carefully before you turn someone. Just because you feel it'll be good, that it'll all go all right, doesn't mean it's the right thing to do. It's got to be a well thought out process, not just a moment's flick of inspiration."

"Why did you pick me, then?" Josh asked as they strode past the park.

"Well, I gave it a lot of thought. A lot. I'd been observing you for months before I carried out my plan. I watched to see your temperament and your personality. I wanted to make sure you'd fit the bill."

"Cara, you say so much without actually telling me anything. I still don't know why you picked me over anyone else."

"That isn't something you need to know. That's personal, but I decided you were the best bet for a companion and then, only then, did I work out a plan to lure you in."

He found himself close to his flat.

"I'm going home now, Cara, see you."

"Can I come in with you?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Come on, I'm bored and I'm not hungry. I had a feast last night. Please let me come in with you. Please?" She lengthened the please until it sounded like a desperate beg.

"Oh, all right. Come on in, then."

"Oh, this is so crudely blokey, it's charming." She dropped down on his sofa and spread out like a stretching cat. "And it smells of blood and sex, yummy."

"Yeah, well, we had a bit of an after party in here last night. It didn't quite go as planned, but it wasn't a total failure, either."

"Did one escape?"

"All three escaped, actually. They knew about vampires and some club with a ten-second rule. Sounds kinda crappy to me."

"Oh, fuck, you picked up some *Pointers*? Ha. What a dead loss," Cara sneered.

"So you know about this club?"

"Oh yeah, everyone knows *The Point*. It's the cop out for old vamps who can't kill their prey anymore, and young wimpy vamps who can't stand the dead bodies. Total yawn fest."

"You ever been?"

"Oh, once. It was rubbish," Cara snapped and wrapped her arms around her.

Josh wasn't a body language expert, but he knew that meant Cara would not be saying anything more about the subject.

"Kyle and Steve are going tonight and want me to go along, too."

"It's fucking boring, I wouldn't bother. I'll take you to some of my favourite hunting grounds, instead, if you like? Find you something tasty to defile and drain."

She ran her hand down his chest and winked.

"I'd like to, but they are my mates and they're pissed at me. I need to get it all straightened out with them. You understand, right?"

She sighed. "I think you're a fool but, yeah, I understand."

"Thanks, I'm sure you'd do anything for your friends, too."

"I don't have any friends."

"What? Not any at all?" Josh was shocked.

"Nope, not a one. They're all dead."

"Oh, why didn't you turn them?"

"They wouldn't have made it as vampires. They were such kind and gentle souls."

"Well, I'm sorry. It must have been tough to see your best friends die."

"Yeah, and your husband and child. It's not a bundle of laughs, no."

"You were married?" Josh asked, then his jaw dropped in wonder.

"Well, yes I was, thank you very much. I was married at nineteen. We'd been childhood sweethearts and he thought I was gorgeous." She turned her back on Josh.

"No, I didn't mean it like that, Cara. You are very attractive but I just don't imagine you as the settling down type."

"No, neither did I until he asked. It was funny, we were always just friends, then one day he asked me to marry him." Cara's tone was wistful but she still had her back to Josh. "And I surprised myself by saying yes. I'd been in love with him for years, really."

"I don't understand why you didn't turn him." Josh said, still talking to Cara's back. He was getting a strange urge to stroke her hair. It was so bouncy and looked so soft, and he sensed she needed comforting.

"I did turn him," she sighed. "But it didn't go so well. He hated it. Went over to that *Point* place for a while. He died in a house fire when he tried to save a child—our child. Neither of them made it."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Cara, that must have been...shit, I don't know what to say." He laid a hand on her cold back and she sniffed.

"Yeah, well, maybe it was for the best. My George couldn't take being a vampire and he wouldn't let me turn my little boy. He said he deserved a real life. I don't know, but I suspect

it would have been worse to watch my little Stevie grow up and grow old and die without being able to stop it. I just wanted my boy back, you know? I had to leave him when I turned. I couldn't stay around him. I'd be young forever, he'd soon notice. He was a bright kid."

Cara's shoulders shook and Josh moved forward in his seat so he could wrap an arm around her. Poor woman, no wonder she was crazy. She held herself very stiff for a moment, as if she was trying to control her emotions or wasn't happy with his arm around her. Just as Josh wondered if he should let go, she turned to him and buried her face in his chest, still sobbing.

"Shhh," he comforted, "it's all right." He didn't really know what he was saying or what he should do. He'd never been good with emotional women and he certainly didn't know what to do in this kind of situation, but by luck or intuition, he did the best thing he could and that was just to hold her.

"Sorry," she whispered when the tears had stopped. "I didn't mean to—I mean, I don't usually—I don't know what's gotten into me."

"It's okay, don't worry." He squeezed her.

"Thanks, Josh." She stretched her neck and laid a soft kiss on his cheek. "I needed that."

"It's okay," he said again and tipped his head so he could kiss her.

It was such a gentle and poignant kiss. Josh tried so hard to send comfort through his lips to let Cara know it was okay. It took him quite by surprise. He wasn't at all sure when he'd stopped hating Cara and had started feeling for her. She clung to him as the kiss intensified. Comfort escalated to lust, as it often does in emotionally charged moments, and soon she was clawing at his T-shirt to get to his chest. Her long nails combined with her strength ripped the material to shreds but Josh didn't care. He was focused on getting the zip at the back of her dress undone.

When he'd managed to loosen it, he stroked his fingers over the exposed flesh for a moment before pushing the material down her arms. She had no bra beneath the dress—its tight top had acted as a corset—and when the fabric slipped off her shoulders, her breasts spilled forward and pressed against his chest.

He bent his head to nip at her neck as his fingers sought out her breasts and held them reverently, squeezing and stroking, and enjoying their heaviness in his hands. He leaned further forward to kiss them, to caress the flesh on each in turn. He licked and nibbled until

he reached the straining nipple. When he took it in his mouth, Cara mewled with delight. She pushed him back after a moment and he landed with his head on the sofa arm.

Before he could blink, Cara was above him. He moved his legs fully on to the sofa so Cara would have more room, and she split her thighs around his waist. She leaned in to kiss him and continued to trail the kisses down from his lips to his neck and his chest, targeting the naked parts she could reach through his shredded top. As she slipped lower, her crotch rubbed over the bulge in his pants and he moaned at the erotic touch. Her gorgeous large breasts did the same, smothering his cock in their ampleness for a moment before dropping to his thighs.

Cara got busy with her fingers. She undid the button and yanked on the zip of his jeans, then pulled them down, taking his boxers with them. He lifted to let her ease the material away, and he noticed how stiff and aching his cock was now that it'd been released. Cara didn't bother to try to get the trousers much lower than his knees. She moved back up and started to lick and suck at his dick and his balls, her hands and mouth over him in unison. They were never still and Josh moaned when her mouth sank over his cock and enveloped it all between her lips.

It felt so good but it wasn't just because of her technique. He could sense something else, a genuine emotion building up between them. It wasn't only the call of his blood, he could tell that wasn't it. It was something else and he'd barely ever felt it as a human and couldn't believe he was feeling it now with this vampire who he had hated so vehemently a few days before. *They do say love and hate are two sides of the same coin though*, he thought.

He bucked his hips in time to the rhythm she set. He was spiralling nearer and nearer to his orgasm when she stopped, and he whimpered with disappointment. He had been so very close. She moved off the sofa and let her dress fall on to the floor. She giggled nervously as she removed her knickers under his gaze.

"Stop staring," she said and covered her stomach with her hands. "I can't help it. I was turned not long after giving birth."

"You're gorgeous," Josh replied and reached out to move her hands to the sides of her body. "Every inch of you is just perfection. Now fuck me before I go insane with desire."

She laughed and nodded, then she was poised with her thighs split around him, his cock just lower than her cunt. He hadn't seen her move. It had been just a blur, it had happened so quickly.

"Okay, you asked for it," she purred as she lowered herself onto him. She glided over his cock without effort. Her juices slicked his cock as it pushed inside of her until they were pressed together pelvis to pelvis. She stayed like that for a moment and traced patterns over his chest with her nails as he moaned and whimpered and pumped his hips up trying to attain the friction he needed to come.

With a wicked chuckle she began to move her groin up and down. Her hands shifted from his chest to her breasts and he watched her knead them as she fucked him. He gripped her hips at first, then slipped his fingers down her inner thigh and slipped them under the sweet curve of her stomach. He felt out her wet folds and stroked up from there until he found her clit. He kept his finger still as her motion rubbed it up and down on his fingertip.

"Oh, fuck, yeah," she moaned and moved a little quicker.

The friction was getting to her and he knew she would soon come. He fought hard to hold on to his own orgasm. He squeezed his eyes shut and held out as long as he could, but the ecstasy was soon ripped from his body and he screamed with lust through his release. She gasped and stilled a moment later, and he felt her cunt contract. She pulled him tighter into her as she came and flooded his cock with her juices.

"Well, that was good." She swung her legs from around him and picked up her dress. "I'll see you around."

"Oh, you're going, then?" he said, real dejection in his voice.

"Yeah, thanks for the shag." She winked and stepped into her crumpled dress. She was trying to sound flippant but something in her tone just didn't sit right. She was trying too hard.

"You can hang out here if you like," Josh replied. He wanted her to stay. He was feeling emotions he wasn't sure he'd ever felt before and he really did not want Cara to go. "I'm not going out for ages."

"No, thanks, I'm good. See you soon. I promise." She smiled, leant forward and kissed him. It was a brief, but oh so tender, kiss. Josh wanted to blurt out something stupid but he didn't want to lose his one link to the vampire world by saying, 'I love you,' when he wasn't exactly sure that was what he meant. He also didn't know if Cara loved him. He didn't want to spend eternity pining for unrequited love. He'd take kinky satisfaction of lust every now and again over that any day.

And with a soft smile that lit up her face, she pulled on her hoodie and walked out of the door.

Chapter Four

Josh wasn't in a good mood when he arrived outside *The Point*. It didn't look particularly special. It was a large, red brick building. It stretched up, and seemed to stretch back, but the front was nothing extraordinary. A small sign in plain black text rested over the door and that was the only indication this was anything other than a giant warehouse.

It was drizzling, and even though the rain seemed to avoid him, it had always depressed him. Cara had annoyed him and the fact his friends hadn't turned up yet frustrated him further.

"Hey," Kyle grinned when they finally arrived. "We've been talking."

"Yeah," Steve nodded. "We've both been severely pissed at you, but we realise that what you did was actually, in your mind, for our good. So..."

"We're not pissed at you anymore," Kyle butted in.

"No, it's done now and if we're going to live forever, we might as well be friends forever."

"Great," Josh smiled. "Thank you. I should have thought it out more, granted, but I *am* glad you guys are vamps, too. We'll have so much fun together."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Steve shook his head. "You turned us into vamps, not fucking girls, now let's get in this club and find something tasty. I'm starving."

Josh laughed, nodded and headed for the door. It wasn't particularly busy inside the club. It was the time of night where people started to trickle in slowly but surely. There was a big contingent of the Goths dressed in black velvet and long leather coats, but there were also girls in pretty dresses, guys in jeans with hats on backwards, and several geeky looking souls dotted around. This was definitely an eclectic bunch, especially since the music seemed to be leaning towards the dark and sinister. What else would you expect from a vampire bar?

"I'll get us some beers," Josh said and the others nodded.

At the bar, he was served by a black-haired sweetheart. He was surprised to note she was human and wondered if she was up to being his dinner for the night.

"So, what time you working 'til?"

"Way past the time where I'd hook up with you, dear."

"Oh, okay. How does this place work, anyway? I hear it's good for vampires."

"Yeah, well, if you're one of those blood drinkers you'll need to see the boss to get your VIP pass. You can only do that stuff in the VIP lounge."

"Oh, okay. Where's the boss?"

The pretty young thing inclined her asymmetric hair in the direction of a guy in a long old-fashioned frock coat leaning on the other end of the bar.

"Cheers, love." He paid, picked up his beers and passed them to the lads.

"The barmaid said we need to go and see that bloke. Apparently there's no vamp action in here. It's all in the VIP lounge."

"Oh, right. Why do we need to see that fella?"

"He's the boss."

"Hiya. I've been told we need to see you about getting VIP passes?" Josh spoke for the other two who stood beside him looking sheepish.

"Yeah, I'm Hugh and I own this bar." He looked at them askance. His nostrils flared as if he was weighing them up. "How long have you been vamps?"

Josh knew from the look on Hugh's face that he already knew the answer to this.

"Oh, about a week," Josh replied. "And I turned these guys last night."

"Oh, you did? Okay, so do you know the rules here?"

"No killing anyone, sir." Kyle piped up. He called people sir when he was nervous. He reverted back to secondary school.

"Yeah, that's right, erm, what's your name?"

"Kyle."

"Right, Kyle, yes, there isn't killing inside these walls, but there are more rules."

"You can only suck someone who is willing and just for ten seconds," Steve answered.

"That's good..." Hugh hesitated.

"Steve." Steve said his name without prompting.

"Yes, that's good, Steve. Remember those rules gentleman, and there is no feuding on my premises, either. All vamp business is left at the door. Any sign of brawling and you will be forcefully ejected. And it is always polite to offer payment for a sucking. Many girls will do it for free, but some will need the extra persuasion to part with their blood."

"Okay, so can we have our passes now?" Josh jogged from one foot to the other impatiently.

"Yes." Hugh reached into his coat and pulled out three small passes.

"Do not lose these. You won't be allowed into the VIP lounge without them. If you have any questions, just ask for me. I'm around most nights and I'll answer what I can."

"Thanks, Hugh," Josh said.

Kyle and Steve smiled and took their passes, but when Josh went to take his, Hugh pulled a quick vamp trick and the card disappeared before Josh had touched it.

"You're dangerous. I can sense it," Hugh said. "Who turned you?"

"What business is that of yours?" Josh blustered.

"Just answer me, pup," Hugh growled.

"Cara. I don't know her second name. She's a hot, curvy blonde."

"I know Cara." Hugh's face tensed. "Just play by the rules and everything will be well."

"I will," Josh nodded. "What's Cara really like then, if you know her? I can't get a handle on her at all."

"No, no one can. She came here for a while. She was a broken girl but she couldn't keep to the rules so she had to go. I liked her. She had spirit. Give her my fond regards when next you see her. Tell her it's never too late." He gave Josh his card.

"Thanks, mate. I'll pass on the message."

"And Josh, we forgive a lot in here but vamps have long memories so be careful. Look after your friends. They are your responsibility now and well, just be careful with Cara. She's a broken soul. That can be dangerous."

Josh nodded and walked away. He had no idea what Hugh was going on about and now he was hungry. He needed some good eats. Hugh looked like he needed some, too. He'd appeared drawn and pale, even for a vampire. Josh shrugged. He didn't really care. It was interesting to have met someone else who knew Cara. It didn't take much to work out she was broken, though. It was written all over her.

"So guys, what are we going to hit?"

"We were thinking," Kyle said. "That we could find one girl as a group, you know, get her hot, then one of us gets to do the sucking. Then we'd find another one. What do you think?"

Josh was about to the blast the plan to smithereens when he noticed Steve mouthing behind Kyle's head, "He doesn't think he can get a girl on his own."

Josh nodded. He had to look out for Kyle. Josh was confident Kyle would get a woman, but he had to make sure Kyle did. He was Josh's responsibility, after all.

"Okay, dude, we can do that. Who do we fancy?"

The guys looked around the club, then Josh's gaze fell on a red-haired young thing with pale skin and a mouth-wateringly voluptuous body.

"Found her," Josh grinned. "Follow me gents."

He wove his way through the crowd to the redhead in the floral dress. She was perfect for Kyle, Josh was sure.

"Hey, pretty girl," Josh said with a confident smile. "Wanna come in here with us?"

She looked at them for a moment and licked her lips.

"Me?" she asked and all of them nodded in unison with their most suggestive smiles plastered on. "Oh well, yes, I'd love too."

Josh took a quick look around, pushed Kyle 'til he was shoulder to shoulder with the redhead, and made his way to the door at the back of the room. He hoped it was the VIP lounge, not the toilets or something. When they got there, two burly guards confirmed that he'd guessed right. They smirked as the three of them walked through with the one girl. Josh was sure they were judging them to be incompetent newbies. He set his jaw. He didn't like being looked down on, but he'd do it for Kyle. He needed the help. The VIP lounge was a relatively small room that had a bar at one end with an arrangement of seats and tables that promoted intimacy. The room was dark, wood clad and intimately lit. At the opposite end from the bar was a corridor that Josh suspected led to the private rooms. As Josh watched, a smirking lady vamp in body hugging red latex led a young dude in leather pants and a spiky collar down that corridor. She licked her lips and fangs as she walked away from them.

"Steve'll go get her a drink, yeah? Then we'll make our move," Josh whispered to the lads, then smiled at the girl. "What would you like to drink?" he asked.

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

Josh laughed and he heard Steve and Kyle join in. Steve walked off towards the bar to get the drink, and Josh and Kyle each took a hand of the girl and led her to a seat in the corner. Kyle sat on one side and Josh the other. He started speaking while Kyle still looked stunned.

"So, darlin', are you up for a little fun?" Josh smirked.

"What kind of fun?" she replied. She looked wary. Alarm bells went off in Josh's mind but he continued anyway.

"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 just then Steve returned with her Coke.

He winked at Josh and sat down beside Kyle.

"Yes," Josh continued. "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." He had no idea what the going rate was, but Kyle could afford one hundred and, of course, Steve and Josh wouldn't feed from her. He was just saying that for Kyle's benefit.

"I am not that kind of girl!" she screamed, then Josh's face was full of Coke.

It stung and he spluttered. He heard the table bang to the floor, and as he tried to wipe the fizzy liquid from his eyes and face, Steve and Kyle yelled.

"She's running away."

"Fuck," Josh cursed and blinked. He could see again. "Come on lads, which way did she go?"

They pointed down the corridor and Josh sped off in that direction, the lads following shortly after.

The corridor was filled with doors.

"Damn," Steve cursed, "we've lost her."

"No we haven't." Josh's blood was boiling. "We'll look for her. She owes me an apology."

"Steve, you start at the other end. Kyle, you take the right hand side, and I'll do the left. Shout when you find the bitch."

Steve looked as if he was going to argue for all of a few seconds, before he must have realised it wasn't worth it. He nodded and walked up the corridor. Kyle turned the first doorknob on the right and Josh took the first on the left.

It was a cleaning cupboard, but Josh took a moment to check behind the shelves. Each of the next few doors were ajar. The rooms were dark and lifeless. He popped his head in each one, and looked and listened for a moment, but there was nothing. It wasn't until he hit a door marked 'reserved for management' that he sensed life. He knocked at the door.

"Yes," a male voice snapped.

Josh opened the door and walked in. He saw Hugh sitting on the edge of a huge bed. "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 Elizabeth is mine, Josh, so you can leave her here with me."

"Right, okay." He sighed and shut the door. He was fuming but he knew better than to challenge the boss. "I found her, guys," he called down the corridor and in the blink of an eye the guys were with him. "She belongs to the boss, so unfortunately we have to leave her alone." He kicked the wall in frustration and left a significant dent. "I'm sick of this place," he muttered. "I'm going outside. Are you guys coming?"

"No, man." Steve shook his head. "We're going to stay here where there's rules and shit. I don't want to go out there and be tempted to drain some poor girl. No, we're staying here."

"Suit yourselves," he growled. "I'm going to get a proper fucking meal. I'll see you guys tomorrow."

He stormed out of the VIP lounge, strangers staring at him, and ran out of the club and into the cold, cloying air of a late November night. The air was thick with moisture, and as he walked the streets, he found them deserted, although every now and then he got the feeling he was being watched. He couldn't see anyone, and there was only the odd party of friends outside of clubs waiting for taxis. But he couldn't attack a whole group of humans. He needed a girl on her own. One he could take, fuck and eat.

It was just too crowded in town, so he hopped on the bus home. She was huddled up by the window on the very back row at the top of the bus. He sat down on the same seat but on the other side, even though there were many free seats around them. He heard her sigh and wondered why she was so upset.

But mostly, he thought about how she would taste and how she'd feel on his cock. When she sniffed, obviously trying hard to not dissolve into tears, he passed her a tissue from his pocket. As a kid, his mum had insisted that he take a handkerchief everywhere with him, and that had stuck with him, but these days tissues took their place in his pockets.

"Thank you." She smiled weakly, her eyes glassy, as a tear streaked down her cheek.

"You're welcome," he said and scooted a little closer. "Are you okay? Can I help you at all?"

"I'm okay, well, no," she sniffed and pressed his tissue to her nose, "not totally okay but I will be, but thank you, you've been very kind. I'm not making much sense am I?"

She blew her nose and shook her head, making her flat brown hair flop over her face. Then she lowered her hands to rest on her lap.

"It's okay," Josh said and gently laid his hand over hers. "Do you want to tell me about it?"

It was a trick he'd learnt from an older lad at college. One night, at some party, a girl had run out in tears. Dave had followed, and a few hours later, he'd been engaged in lewd sexual acts with that girl in one of the bedrooms. He'd told them later that if you showed a girl some sympathy when she was vulnerable, she would be terribly grateful, usually in a sexual way. And Josh had found that to be true.

"You're so kind." She sniffled and didn't try to move his hand, which was a good sign. "It's silly, really. I shouldn't be so upset. It's just, I'd been looking forward to this all week. I've fancied Ben for ages, and when he asked me out, I was thrilled. We'd arranged to meet in town at eight p.m. I've been waiting for him for two hours. He didn't turn up and when I texted him to see if he was okay, he didn't reply. So, so, so I guess he stood me up." She started to cry again.

"Oh, hush, don't cry." Josh wrapped his arm around her and was relieved when she actually leaned into him. "It's his loss. I mean, who in their right mind stands up such a hot girl? You're better off without him."

"You..." she sniffed, "you really think I'm hot?" She looked up, her head resting on his shoulder.

"Hell, yes. Why do you think I sat here, close to you, when all these seats are empty?" he said as he gestured with a hand to the seats in front. "I wanted to be next to you. You're beautiful."

She blushed and her lips parted slightly. If he had been human, he might not even have noticed that, but his vamp senses picked up on it and he swiftly went in for the kiss.

The girl was pliant and willing. She was so desperate to feel wanted after that shit of a bloke stood her up that Josh reckoned she'd have kissed anyone at all.

He worked his hands under her jacket and cupped her breasts. She didn't protest. In fact she arched up to offer them to him. When the bus stopped he glanced around, but when no one came upstairs, he made his next move. She only had on a short dress and he found it

easy to reach up under it and stroke his fingers over her satin-covered cunt. She gasped into his mouth but didn't stop him. He rubbed over her knickers for a while until he felt her juices wetting the fabric, then with one smooth movement he rolled them down her long legs until they dropped to her feet. She gulped as he pulled away from her kiss to retrieve her underwear. He stuffed them in his pocket and winked.

She blushed but before Josh could continue she had reached out and unzipped his trousers. She slid his cock out over the waistband of his pants and bent to suck him. He leant back with a cheesy smile. This was better than some pre-arranged fucking in some loser club any day.

As he sat back and enjoyed this girl's mouth, he heard footsteps. He glanced to the top of the stairs and was startled to see a figure there, until then he realised it was Cara. She smiled and waved at him.

"What are you doing here?" he mouthed, his brows knit in confusion.

"I knew you'd not last long in that loser club," she replied. "I've been waiting for you. Now hurry up before your dinner goes cold." She nodded down to the brunette head bobbing up and down in his lap.

He sighed and shook his head as Cara knelt on a set of seats just a little further up the bus.

He pulled his dinner up by her hair and she yelped. He pushed a finger to her lips to silence her and knew she'd be able to smell her arousal imprinted there.

He squeezed her tighter and whispered in her ear. "Fuck me, gorgeous."

Her eyes widened and she gasped, but she eagerly climbed onto his lap. She sat facing him, so if anyone came up they'd think they were just canoodling. He wrapped his arms around her waist, lifted her heavy boobs in his hands and fucked her. Her skirt covered up his cock in her cunt.

"You know," he whispered dramatically, as she glided up and down him, "we're being watched."

She stiffened.

"No, don't worry. It's a hot woman and she's watching us intently. I think we're turning her on." He knew Cara would be able to hear him and it turned him on to tease her like this.

He kept his gaze fixed forward on Cara who was staring back with hunger in her eyes. It was not the normal blood lust. She was craving something else.

"Really," the young girl gasped, the air of her breath tickling his neck.

"Yes, really," he replied.

Then Cara was beside them. The young girl didn't seem to notice. She just buried her head into his shoulder and continued to fuck him.

Cara gently pressed her cold lips to his cheek, then sat back. He watched her fingers snake up and under her dress, then he looked up into her eyes—her cold, blue alluring eyes. He was trapped in her gaze. He couldn't look away.

He could see things in her gaze, emotions, warmth, something other than the lust she gave away with her body and her words. It was intoxicating. He forgot about the girl in his lap until Cara gasped and he looked down at her lips.

"Bite her," she commanded without a sound, and he nodded, then bit. Cara shuddered and tensed. She'd obviously brought herself to orgasm.

He drank and drank, and the young lady didn't struggle. It seemed as if she came every time he sucked her blood. Her cunt clenched at his cock as he fucked her, but it was the taste of Cara's juices on his lips, as she fed her masturbating fingers quietly into his mouth, that made him come. Her eyes urged him on. He could see her blood lust in her eyes and he knew Cara wanted him to drain the girl. But he just couldn't. He stopped.

Cara looked down her nose at him in disgust. Josh felt that look stab him in the heart.

"What a waste," she mouthed and shook her head.

Then she was gone, just like that. Josh didn't even have a chance to explain himself, and he wanted to explain himself. He wanted Cara's approval but he just couldn't bring himself to kill the girl. It wasn't fair. He really wanted Cara to understand his actions, to approve of them even. He would have to look for Cara later. He needed to talk to her.

"Fuck, that was good," the girl moaned as he licked up the blood from her neck and shoulder.

"Yeah, you're amazing." He smiled and watched as the bite mark disappeared before his eyes. He wasn't expecting his saliva to be magical but apparently it was. *Cool.*

He took the girl's mobile number after they'd disengaged and waved at her as he ran down the steps to get off at the next stop. He still had a fair walk to his flat but he had to get

off before the young girl talked him to death. He dropped the paper with her number on it into a bin as he walked past. She was just a meal. He wasn't interested in her any more.

What he couldn't work out, as he trudged through the cold, damp air, was why he hadn't drained her. He felt no real attachment to her, and he could easily have finished her, every drop. She hadn't tasted bad. In fact, her blood was delicious. So why had he stopped?

He didn't really know but he suspected it had something to do with his mates' reluctance to kill a person for their food. He hadn't really thought about it like that, but now that he did, he found it impossible to stomach the idea of killing a human for his lunch. So it looked like he'd be stuck with the stupid ten-second rule. At least he'd discovered he had super powerful vamp spit. He could heal a girl before she'd even realised his fangs had been in her neck.

And who knows, maybe he could convince Cara it was the way to go? She'd looked pretty disgusted when he'd not finished the girl off, but Cara wasn't just a cold-blooded killer, he knew that now. Maybe he could get her to enjoy moderation, too. He really needed her to understand, because as much as he wanted to be with her, he didn't think he could be with a vampire who killed for fun.

He continued home and slipped into bed out of habit more than anything. He thought about Cara, food and the ten-second rule until his mind switched off. He needed the rest.

Chapter Five

A knock on his door brought him back to some kind of consciousness. He glanced at the alarm clock and it was four a.m. He'd not really been asleep. He'd not slept since he'd been turned. He just found that he could switch himself off for a while, like putting a satellite box into sleep mode.

He opened the door and Cara staggered in, covered in blood, some of it hers. "What in heaven's name happened to you?" he gasped and closed the door. When he looked round Cara was sprawled on his floor.

"Shit," he cursed and ran to get a bowl of water and some towels. He was back at her side within a few seconds. He felt for her pulse, then realised she wouldn't have one anyway. She didn't look dead, well, deader than usual, so he started to strip her out of her bloodied clothes.

When she was naked, he bathed her with the towels and water. A lot of the blood loss was hers and the wounds didn't seem to want to stop bleeding. He had an idea and started with the slash on her forehead. He licked at her wounds. Her blood tasted bitter, something to do with the vampiness he was sure, but he forced himself to keep licking until the wound began to heal over.

He moved down to her neck. It looked as if she'd been thoroughly knocked about and the marks at her neck were definitely bite marks. He continued down her body. There was a gash on her side, just below her ribs, and as he licked there, he noticed another on her calf and shifted to that one. He didn't think any of her bones were broken, and even if they were, he couldn't heal those with magic spit.

He checked her over once more and found only one more wound. It was on her inner left thigh, just below her pussy and it was another bite mark. He licked it to heal it, then washed her gently between her thighs. Blood and dirt came off on his towel and he felt anger build inside him. Some fucker had raped her, bit her and left her for dead. He'd fucking kill the bastard.

Cara was still out cold so Josh lifted her and carried her into his bedroom. He settled her under the blankets and hoped he'd done enough to heal her. Then he settled down to wait.

* * * *

"Urgh, my head. Where am I?" Cara groaned as she came round a few hours later.

"It's all right, you're at my house," Josh said from his chair at the side of the bed. "Don't you remember walking here?"

"Mm, no, not really." She sat up and winced. "Whoa, what the fuck happened to me?"

"I'm not completely sure but you were really beat up. I did what I could to heal you but I wasn't sure if you'd – well, if maybe you wouldn't – that is to say if you'd really died, like forever died."

"I'm talking to you so I'm pretty sure I didn't, but I can't remember what the fuck happened. It's like I was drunk but alcohol doesn't do that to a vamp."

She looked confused and in pain. Josh was really at loss for what to do. He was not a natural nurse.

"What's the last thing you do remember?" he asked.

"Hmm, well, I remember leaving you and that girl on the bus. I was just going to go home, then I changed my mind and went for a bit of a walk. I was hungry. I found some pretty young fellow, fucked him and sucked him dry, like a vampire was meant to do," she said purposefully. "It was a good meal. His blood was top quality stuff. Then, well, then nothing. Everything went blank."

That seemed rather worrying to Josh, considering the state she'd been in when she'd stumbled through his door.

"What was I like when I got here?" she asked.

"In a bad way," he replied. "You were covered in cuts and bruises, and had big bite marks on your skin. I did my best to stop the bleeding. You passed out moments after stepping into the flat, though."

"Bites?" she echoed. "Like vamp bites?"

"Yeah, on your neck and your thigh – your inner thigh."

"Fuck." Her face blanched. "Fuck."

"What, have you remembered something?"

"Not as such, no, but I suspect I know who did this to me."

"Really? You think it was someone you know?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed. "This is very like Leopold. He was always dark and dramatic and he had a taste for vampire blood, the freak."

"Who's Leopold?"

"Leopold is my sire."

"Oh." Josh looked blank. "And you think he did this to you?"

"Yes," Cara nodded. "I broke away from his spell. It pissed him off something chronic. This has Leopold all fucking over it."

"I don't get it. He sired you. Why the hell would he...?"

"That's part of why I picked you, Josh. I knew you'd not be like him. He's been a vamp for many years, you can tell by the weird old fart's name, and he's crazy. He picked me, he once told me, because I reminded him of a lady he fell in love with when he was a mortal. She broke his heart. From the moment he turned me, he set about breaking mine."

"But that makes no sense."

"In Leopold's mind it does. It's a fucked up place in there, I can tell you. At first, I just could not break away from his thrall. There's a connection between vampires who share blood, and his blood in me was strong until I started to dilute it."

"Okay, now you're making it sound like a bottle of Vimto or something."

"Well, it's the same kind of principle. I watered down his blood in me. I drained it away and replaced it with blood from other vamps. Bit by bit, so he'd not really notice until one day I could do what I wanted. I left him then. Went to my husband, changed him, took my boy and we ran away. It wasn't long after that they both died. I wouldn't be surprised if Leopold had had a hand in that. I ran again...to get away from the memories and I haven't seen him since."

"So are you sure it's him?"

"Positive. I bet he poisoned the young lad's blood with something, to drug me, the bastard. Then he beat me up while I was unconscious, probably fucked me and the bite marks are a message. He owns me. I am his."

"The more I hear about this guy, the less I like him," Josh growled. "You can't do that to a person. It's like raping some girl after slipping her something in her drink. It's sick. He should be imprisoned for shit like that."

"Yeah, if any prison on earth could hold him. I would just settle for his manky head being cut from his sickening body, but that's just me."

Cara sat quietly for a moment and Josh reached out a hand and laid it over hers.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to leave you, Josh. Leopold knows where I am. I'll have to move on again," she sighed.

"No way." Josh shook his head. "You live here. Don't let that monster get to you. I'll kill him for you."

"Oh, Josh, you're so sweet." She leaned over and kissed his cheek. "But Leopold is ancient and crafty, even you won't be able to stop him, my love. He's too powerful."

"I'll try though, for you, Cara."

"No, sweetheart, *you* will not. I have lost too much to that maniac already. He will not claim your life as well. I'll go."

"But where?" Josh sighed.

"I don't know yet, and I couldn't tell you if I did. I'll have to go home and pack, then visit my solicitor to work out the practicalities with my houses, bah." She looked at the bedside clock. "And that will have to wait 'til the morning. I have to go now, Josh, so much to do."

"Wait, I'll come with you."

Cara looked at him harshly, her jaw set.

"Come on, please? Just so I know you're okay. There's some maniac out there after you. I'd be worried sick if you just disappeared without a trace or a goodbye. Let me come and see you safely off."

"Oh, okay," she sighed. "Just be careful, all right?"

She climbed out of the bed with another wince and glanced down at her naked body. "My clothes?"

"Ruined. You'll have to wear something of mine." Josh looked through his drawers and pulled out a pair of jogging pants and a large red hooded top.

"These should be okay. The top is baggy, so there should be room for your gorgeous boobs, I hope."

"Thanks."

She smiled and sat on the edge of the bed. Josh walked back into the living room to retrieve her shoes. He'd managed to clean them up a bit and save them. Josh was in shock, but he was sure of one thing. He wasn't going to let some big abusive bully run Cara out of town, even if he was old and crafty. Oh, and a vampire to boot. He was going to do something about it.

He tried not to think too hard about the emotions welling up inside of him. It was all a little too much to bear thinking about. She was his sire. He knew there was some power in that, but he was sure that his feelings weren't purely because of that link. Cara had been good to him in her own little way. She was his only connection to the vampire world, his only source of knowledge. Yeah, he could go back to that *Point* place, but he didn't think he could trust anyone there to tell him the truth if he asked questions. And he loved Cara. As much as he tried to deny it, he loved her, and he didn't want her leaving him. That was what it all boiled down to in the end.

"Here's your shoes," he said, re-entering the bedroom. "They're not great but they'll get you home, I think." He passed over the grubby flat pumps, which Cara accepted with a sad smile. It looked as if her eyes were red. Had she been crying?

"Are you sure you're up to this now? You can stay here for the night, you know, or 'til you feel better. I don't mind."

"Thanks, sweetheart, but I have to go. I can't hang around jeopardising you anymore. I have to go."

Josh just nodded and offered his arm to Cara to help her up.

"Thank you." She smiled weakly and let out a long sigh. "Let's go and get this done with, shall we?"

Cara was even weaker than Josh had suspected. They had to walk as slow as a human and Cara still had to lean heavily onto him to keep up the energy to walk. Josh was fuming. Who would do this to a person, well, a vamp and not just any vamp either, one he had sired? It didn't bear thinking about, but still Josh's mind lingered on it, on this beast of a man.

"What does this Leopold guy look like?" he asked.

"Oh, tall, dark and menacing, you know, very Dracula-esque. He wears a black suit at all times and his skin is as white as clouds on a sunny summer's day. He's quick and sly, and

has the slightest of limps from an injury he received as a human. I don't think he needs to limp. I think it's just out of habit."

"Oh, how very vampy," Josh replied.

"Well, yeah. You tend to stay in the clothes you wore when you were alive. It's a connection back to your real life."

"So that's why you wear that dress? I had wondered."

"Yes, it reminds me of my life. I've picked up other things along the way, though. These hooded jumper things really are very practical."

"I didn't think hippies wore black," Josh said without really thinking.

"No, they didn't. I've worn black since my husband died."

"Oh, I'm sorry, that was insensitive of me." Josh wished he'd think before opening his mouth occasionally.

"Nah, it's okay. It was a sensible question. I used to love colour, but I just don't feel right wearing anything bright these days. Although these jogging pants are lovely and warm, and less fiddly to put on than stockings."

"That's why I wear 'em," Josh quipped and they both laughed.

Then they carried on in silence. Josh wondered just how much farther it was to Cara's house. She wasn't heavy, and he didn't feel tired, but he felt vulnerable outside like this, with some crazed vampire killer on the loose.

* * * *

Eventually, they got to Cara's house. It was a lovely little place with the look of a quaint cottage from the outside even though it was on a fairly busy main road. Behind it a cemetery stretched on as far as he could see.

"Quiet neighbours," she quipped when she noticed him staring out of the window. "And it's nice to be near my little boy. He's buried over there."

Josh just nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"I'm going to have to go and lie down. I feel awful. Will you secure the windows and doors as best you can and stoke up the fire? It'll stop anyone coming down the chimney."

"Do you need a hand upstairs?" he asked.

"No, I'll be okay, but will you come up and make sure all the windows and such are shut?"

"Sure."

He followed her up the stairs and went into each room in turn. The windows were double glazed, and all were locked. He also closed the heavy curtains in each room blocking out the light and affording a little cover from whatever might attack.

In Cara's room he was extra quiet as the vampire lay still on the bed. She was resting, the way he did for a few hours each day, and he knew she needed it. He tiptoed out and wandered back downstairs.

It was very weird being alone in a stranger's house. Technically, he wasn't alone, but with Cara recharging upstairs, he began to feel very isolated. He checked all the doors and windows again just for something to do. Then he set about lighting a fire in the living room. It took some time, as he'd never done it before, then he settled down with a thick log from the fireside and a sharp knife.

He'd never whittled before, either, but he just pictured what he wanted at the end in his mind, and let his hands pretty much do their own thing. He was too busy thinking up plans to kill Leopold.

He didn't think beheading was a really achievable option. He'd need a sword or a big axe, and room and time to swing. No, that wouldn't be at all practical. He did, however, have a roaring fire, so burning could be an option, and eventually, he'd have a wooden stake. He thanked his lucky stars that he'd put on his hoodie with the pocket in the front. He could hide the stake there and no one would be any the wiser.

Just then his back pocket began to vibrate. He fumbled for his phone and set it to his ear.

"Hello? Oh, hi, Steve. Yeah, no I'm not home. That's right, I'm at Cara's. No, no, I'll go home eventually, it's nothing like that. Yeah, Cara just needs me. She was injured badly. I have to protect her. Yeah, it's one of the cottages that backs onto the cemetery. Yeah. No worries, mate. I'll catch up with you soon. Yeah, all right, bye."

Steve could be quite the worrier when he put his mind to it. Obviously, they'd bobbed over to check that Josh was okay and found his flat empty. Josh was just glad they hadn't insisted on coming round. He couldn't have them in danger, too.

He tried not to think about that too much and continued to carve his thick stick into a stake. When he had finished, he pushed it into the pocket at the front of his jumper and waited.

Josh went upstairs every hour and checked on Cara. He didn't know what he was really looking for, but he knew she was injured and he worried about her. She kept on resting right through 'til the daylight hours and on into the afternoon. At three o'clock, he walked in again and she was stirring.

"Cara, you okay?"

She sat up with a start. "Oh, it's you. Yeah, I'm feeling much better now, thanks. I'm hungry, though."

"I'm a bit peckish, myself," he said. "Shall I go out and..."

"No, don't," she interrupted. "I mean, it's too dangerous. We'll order in."

"You mean there's some kind of vampire deliver service?" Josh's mind boggled.

"No, you idiot. We'll order pizza."

"Oh, right." Josh was still confused as human food had a way of sticking in his throat. He really couldn't see how a large pepperoni pizza would sate their lust.

Then the delivery boy arrived and Cara pounced. Josh realised what was going on as Cara sunk her fangs into the young guy's neck. She paused just long enough to nod his way.

"You can use the other side."

Josh was hungry, so he took a few gulps, then before Cara could drain the pizza guy, Josh pulled the boy away.

"What are you doing? There's still loads left!"

"I know, I know, but I don't think it's right, Cara. It feels wrong to take someone else's life just to quench my thirst, you know? I think it's killing that makes vamps go crazy and evil."

"Are you calling me crazy? I want more."

"No, no, not really. Well, yes, I am I guess, but you can stop it. You don't need to drain this guy."

"No, but I'd like to and it causes less complications than your wimp-out way."

"What? The guy's out stone cold," Josh said between licks. He was healing up the guy's battered neck. "I'll pop him back in his car. When he comes to, he'll think he blacked out or something."

“Right, fine, go on,” she snapped. “Whatever.”

Josh knew she wasn't happy about it, but she obviously didn't think it was worth fighting over. Josh stepped out of the house, pizza guy leaning heavily against him, and carried his unconscious body over to his car. Josh stuffed the pizza guy in the driver's seat, apologised, then walked back into the house, re-locking the door behind him.

“Right, that's that done. He'll get a ticking off from work I'm sure, but that has to be better than being dead, right?”

Josh walked into the living room expecting to see Cara sitting on the sofa. What he found was something far more disturbing. He dug his hand into the pocket of his top and gripped the stake he had hidden there.

“Ah, your young pup is here,” said the tall, dark man holding Cara by her throat. “You really should have gotten yourself a more competent body guard.”

“What the fuck are you doing, man?” Josh yelled, very aware of this guy's presence.

He was easily six-foot tall and, although he was thin, Josh knew he was one of those lithe bastards that had all the muscle he needed in that compact packaging.

“I am taking back my wife,” he said.

“But she isn't your wife, dumbass,” Josh snarled, trying hard to keep the guy distracted long enough to actually formulate a plan.

“What do you know about it, boy?”

“I know the woman you married in life is dead now. I know Cara was born ages later, hundreds of years later maybe, and I know you're a crazy prick with some serious anger issues. Now put Cara down and get the fuck out.”

Leopold laughed and tightened his grip on Cara's neck. “I could snap her spine in two with one squeeze, child. You can't stop me and you're in no position to barter.”

“Ah, but you won't. No, because in weirdo-cuckoo land, where you live, that would be too merciful. You need to punish the cheating whore for what she did to you when you were married, right? So you're not going to break her neck.”

Cara winced. Obviously she wasn't convinced that Josh could pull this off. That would make all three of them. Just for the barest moment, he wished Steve and Kyle were there with him. He was sure they'd work something out between them.

“Oh, yes, are you willing to test that theory, boy?”

Josh looked at Cara and knew then and there that, no, he wasn't. He didn't want to lose her.

"Why should I?" He faked indifference. "You'd be doing me a favour if you got rid of her anyway."

"Pardon? This unholy woman is your mother, son. You can't go saying things like that."

Leopold looked genuinely infuriated. Josh continued to bait him.

"No, no, not my mother. I don't fuck relatives. She's just some weird woman who bit me. She's a burden to me. You know what it's like. I'm at her beck and call, day in day out, and how does she repay me? By going out and fucking and sucking without me. It's a disgrace. I'd have a much happier unlife without her, I'm sure."

Cara looked shocked and a tear dribbled down her cheek. Josh would apologise later. He hadn't meant a word of what he'd said.

"You are a disgrace," Leopold spat. "In my day, young vampires knew their place and would serve their sire faithfully. You, well, you are a waste of space. Trust Cara to pick a dud to sire."

Just then a loud knocking erupted from the front door.

"Josh, are you all right?" It was Steve's voice.

"Josh, answer us," Kyle's higher-pitched cry added. "Are you in trouble?"

"Answer them," Leopold hissed and so Josh did.

"Guys, it's all right, totally. I'm just having fun like that night at Kelly's. You remember that, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah, yeah, okay, well, if that's the case we'll leave you to it," Steve said and the hammering stopped.

"Right, so where were we Count von Count?" Josh smiled.

"I do believe I was about to kick your disrespectful arse from here to the fucking Great Wall of China."

"Oh, right."

Josh sensed his friends outside the window just before it shattered into a zillion tiny pieces. As they leapt in, Josh jumped at Leopold but dropped the stake from his pocket. He didn't have time to curse because Cara, with lightening quick reflexes, shoved Leopold in the

ribs. As his grip on her loosened, she ran away and Josh grabbed Leopold's arms, using his body weight to continue the good job Cara had started.

Leopold fell into the flames of the log fire and screamed like an old-fashioned kettle. He pushed to try to get up but Josh held him down. The skin on Josh's arms began to blister and Josh could feel the searing hot pain, but he had to keep Leopold in the flames long enough for the fire to destroy him. He couldn't let him go until he was dead.

Just at the point when Josh felt he would have to give up, Leopold exploded in a shower of ash and dust. Josh whipped his arms out of the fire and screamed once before he collapsed and saw nothing but darkness.

Chapter Six

Josh groaned and struggled to move.

"Hush, darling." It was Cara's voice. "Don't fight it. It's all right. You're just healing. I'm here, rest."

Josh stilled and tried desperately to move his mouth but he found it too difficult as if the air had turned to syrup around him.

"Hush, love, really, just rest. Lie still. I know it's difficult but this is the best thing for you. Let the vamp blood do its work."

Josh gave up struggling and sank back into unconsciousness, happily knowing Cara was there, alive and well, and with him.

* * * *

The next time he woke he found it much easier to open his eyes and to shift around. Although his arms felt stiff, he found the rest of him moved all right.

"Cara," he called, "are you there?"

"Right here," she said and he felt her gentle touch on his chest. "How are you feeling?"

"Like someone has dribbled acid on my brain and I have two elephants sitting on each arm."

"Oh, good," Cara giggled. "That means you're going to be okay."

Josh just groaned.

"He is dead, right? Leopold is dead?"

"Yes, you incinerated him," Cara replied.

"And you and the lads are all safe and okay?"

"Yes, we're all fine. Steve and Kyle will be back in a bit. You can see them then."

Josh turned his head and looked at Cara. She smiled and touched his cheek.

"You're a brave man, Josh. Stupid, too, but brave none the less. Thank you for saving me."

"Oh." He tried to shrug but found it hurt too much. "You're welcome. Anything for you." And he quite meant it. "You know that nasty stuff I said about you was just lies, right? To bait Leopold."

"Yeah," Cara replied, "I worked that out, don't worry about it." She leaned in and kissed his lips. "We didn't know if you'd make it," she said with a sigh and brushed a finger across his forehead. "As I'm sure you can tell, you suffered horrific burns to both your arms, your chest, your legs and your face, too. Your face has healed nicely. Your chest and legs are almost back to normal, too. It's just your arms now, but they do look a little better each day. Kyle, Steve and I have been taken turns watching you, feeding you and keeping you company."

"Why? How long have I been unconscious?"

"Today is the fifth day," Cara said. "There were several times we thought you wouldn't make it."

"Wow, I had no idea. Thank you for looking after me."

"What else could I do?" She smiled. "After all, you took on one of the oldest, most experienced vampire for me. A little nursing seems like nothing in return."

Josh smiled drowsily. He felt sleepy, something he'd not felt since being a human.

"Just before I drift off again," he yawned, "can a vampire ever be permanently scarred or crippled by something that happens to them as a vamp?"

"Permanently, no," she said. "But some wounds can take years to heal."

"Oh," Josh replied. "Well, least I know I'll get the use of my arms back eventually."

"Yes, my love, you will. Now don't worry, just rest."

And he did. He couldn't fight the weight of his eyelids.

* * * *

Next time he came round it was Steve sitting beside him.

"Hey, man, how you doing?"

"Oh, not so bad." Josh moved his toes and found them to be nothing more than a little stiff so he moved on to his legs. "How're you?"

"Good for seeing you awake. We've been worried about you, bud."

Josh decided he might be able to sit up and so he tried it. It took a moment, and a little help from Steve, but he got there in the end. His arms still felt pretty useless. He looked down at them but they were covered in bandages.

"Cara said keeping them out of the light would aid the healing process," Steve explained. "They are healing, though. Each day they get better. The burns are all but gone above your elbow, now."

"Hey, you're awake!" Kyle walked in carrying a tray with a teapot and mugs on it.

"You're drinking tea?" Josh said, amazed.

"Oh, yeah," Kyle said. "Even as a vamp I need my brew."

"Hey, one thing I don't understand," Josh said as Steve and Kyle fussed around with the teapot, "is why you two came hammering on the door when you did."

"We knew you were in trouble, and we just followed our gut instinct to find you," Kyle said.

"Wow, I remember thinking about you guys when I was facing that crazy bastard. There must be some strange vamp link between us," Josh exclaimed.

"Yeah," Kyle said. "Cara did try to explain it to us, but it was all too much like gobbledegook for us to actually understand it."

"Where is Cara?"

"Oh, she's out picking you up some blood," Steve replied. "To keep up your strength."

"Oh, right," Josh replied.

"Don't worry, it'll be fresh. She goes over to *The Point* and asks for donations. We take it in turns each day and bring you a vial home with us."

"You've got Cara to go to *The Point*?"

"Yeah, she suggested it, actually."

"Oh, right." Josh still felt a bit fuzzy headed, but he was sure Cara had hated that place with vehemence before.

"By the way, your code was genius," Kyle said. "We've said it loads of times since you roasted Leopold."

"Well, thanks, it just sort of came to me, that's all."

"Don't you remember that night?" Steve laughed. "What a palaver that was!"

"I know. I had to dump her. She was driving me crazy. It probably wasn't the best time to do it on our sixth-month anniversary. I mean, I knew Kelly would take it badly, but I didn't realise she'd take it *that* badly."

"If we hadn't been in the car down the lane waiting for you, you'd still be locked in that little allotment shed to this day," Steve added.

They all laughed at the memory.

"And that door was far more solid than expected," Kyle added.

"Yeah, and I bet old man Sheppard wasn't happy when he found his window all smashed in the next day," Steve exclaimed.

"I can't believe Kelly didn't tell him, but then I guess she'd have had to explain why I was locked in there, and that could have gotten all kinds of awkward." Josh chuckled. "Especially as he hated me with a vengeance."

"He never knew you and Kelly were an item, did he?" Steve chuckled.

"No," Josh shook his head. "She wanted us to keep it a secret."

The three laughed the first genuine laugh since Josh had made them into vampires. After a moment, Josh continued to speak.

"I've got to say a big thanks to you guys. If you'd not come round, well, I don't know what would have happened. I know it would have been nasty, though. You saved my life. Thanks."

"Aw," Steve looked down at his shoes, "no problem, man. You'd have done the same for us."

"Still, thanks, guys. You know, well, you know I—well, we'll always be friends, right? Best friends."

"Yeah." Steve smiled and gently pressed his palm to Josh's arm. "Best mates."

"Aw," Kyle sniffed, "I love you guys." He launched himself at the other two and wrapped them in a big, bone-crushing hug.

"Yeah, we love you too, Kyle, now let us breathe," Steve joked, and Kyle let go.

"Oh, yeah, sorry guys. I didn't hurt you, did I, Josh?"

"No, no, I'm okay." Josh smiled. It had been a little uncomfortable, but he didn't want to hurt Kyle's feelings.

"Hey, guys, can anyone join this love in?"

"Hey, Cara, look who's in the land of the sort of living?"

"I noticed." She grinned. "Now you guys can go, scoot. It's my turn to play nurse." "

"Okay, see you in the morning, Josh, Cara," Steve smirked as he dragged Kyle from the room.

"Hey, how're you doing?" Cara came in and sat on the bed beside Josh.

"Hiya. I'm – well, I'm still undead. That's something, right?"

"Right," she said. "I brought you some blood. You should drink it now whilst it's still kinda warm and fresh." She brought out a little plastic Tupperware tub with a mustardy-yellow top. It seemed a little surreal. She held it up to Josh's lips. When he stopped gulping he pulled a face.

"Urgh, it doesn't taste right at all."

"I know, love. It's why we vamps usually drink directly from the source. It doesn't taste right otherwise, but you're in no state to be sucking on humans, yet, so you'll just have to bear with the ready meals. Just for a day or two more. You're looking much better today."

"Yeah, well, I'm conscious so I'm guessing that I am doing better. I still seem to have no movement in my arms, though."

"No, they'll take a long time to heal. We're not really alive, so when we're badly damaged it takes our bodies a lot of time to heal. The small stuff is dealt with by the regular ingestion of human blood, but the more major injuries need a regular intake of both human and vampire blood, and a little patience."

"Vampire blood? I've drunk vampire blood? Whose?"

"Well, Steve, Kyle and I all contributed. You needed some every day early on in the process."

"Oh, how long have I been out for?" Josh asked.

"Ten days now," Cara replied, and Josh's eyes widened with shock. "It was day five when you opened your eyes for a bit and I was expecting it to be a few more until you properly came around."

"Blimey, and you lot have been feeding me blood for all that time?"

"Yeah."

"Wow, thank you."

"No, thank you." Cara smiled and placed a hand gently on his chest, and Josh found it comforting and arousing all at the same time. "You saved my afterlife, you did. If Leopold

had taken me, had captured me again, I don't know if – well, thank you. Thank you so very much."

Cara pressed her lips to his and Josh flowed into the kiss. He needed it. He wanted to let her know he'd do anything for her and not just because she was his sire.

"Now," she pulled away with a coy giggle, "that's enough of that. We don't want to tire you."

Josh was surprised to realise he did feel tired.

"Now that you mention it, I do feel sleepy again. I was just getting used to not feeling sleepy, too, you know?"

"I know. It's a safety mechanism when we're injured. We heal better when we're not moving around." Cara carefully tucked the blankets in around him as he slid back down on the bed. "Rest up, love. You're well-looked after."

* * * *

Josh came round a little each day and each day he felt stronger. It wasn't until three weeks had passed since his fire heroics that he began to have some control over his arms and felt able to get out of bed for the first time.

"You mustn't do too much. You'll tire yourself out." Cara fussed around him.

"Cara, I'm fine. I've been in that bed far too damned long. I need some fresh air."

Winter had arrived in the three weeks he'd been convalescing, as Cara called it, and there was frost on the ground as they crunched up the gravel path from Cara's home to the road. The street lamps glowed welcoming orange as they warmed up to their full brightness. Josh took a deep breath, even though, technically, he didn't breathe, and enjoyed the sharp scents of cold and diesel and life. "Oh, it's good to be out."

"Just not too far, Josh, remember, please?"

"Yes, Nurse Cara." He grinned and she laughed.

"I'm sorry, but I don't want you overdoing it, and ruining all the hard work me and the lads have put in to getting you well again."

"Just a walk to the end of the road and back, Cara, I promise. I really need to do something. I've been going crazy in that room not being able to move or do anything. I want to feel and see and walk for a little while."

She nodded and pressed a hand to his back. His arms were still sore. They were healed over a little, but the skin was still red and angry and blistery in places. Josh knew Cara avoided touching his arms as much as possible because she obviously was aware that the slightest pressure would still cause him pain.

"Well, fair enough, I just worry, that's all."

"Thank you." Josh turned and smiled at her. "I appreciate that, and all the hard work you've put into making me better."

"Well, it was the least I could do considering I'm the one who got you hurt in the first place!"

"No, that was that psycho Leopold, love, not you."

"No, it was me," she insisted. "I shouldn't have sired you knowing Leopold was still around. I should have known he'd track me down eventually and you'd get hurt."

"Oh, come on," Josh said and gingerly moved his hand to touch hers. "You couldn't possibly know what a nutter like Leopold would end up doing. Don't blame yourself, all right?"

He let his hand drop back to his side. He had to keep moving his fingers and arms but it was still painful to do so.

They got to the end of the road and crossed over in front of the corner shop. The Christmas decorations in the window made him think.

"Hey, it's nearly Christmas, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it's only a few days away." Cara nodded. "I don't bother with it anymore, though."

"Oh." Josh was disappointed. "I was just going to suggest helping you decorate the house. I know I won't be able to do much, but hanging a few decorations on a tree wouldn't be too difficult, and it'd be kind of fun."

"Well, I guess I could get a tree and a few decorations. You do realise we can't have turkey on Christmas day, though, right?"

"Of course not, but we can still pull Christmas crackers and open presents and watch twee Christmas movies." He grinned. For the first time since he'd been injured, he was actually excited about a future event.

"I don't know if Father Christmas visits vampires, love."

Josh laughed. "Nah, I mean you, me and the lads exchange gifts. It'll be a laugh."

"All right then, for you." She smiled. "I'll go to the shops tomorrow to pick up the decorations."

"Thanks. Cara, that's great. I love Christmas."

"I did too, once, but it got too filled with painful memories for me, so I just ignored it for many years."

"Oh, I didn't think about that. You don't mind, do you? I don't want you to get upset."

"No, no, I'll be fine. It's time I moved on, anyway. My George would hate to think I was sulking around pining for him, and my son loved Christmas. Well, all kids do. I should do it to celebrate their memories now that the pain of their passing has sunk to a just about bearable level."

"I am sure they'd approve." Josh laughed. "We'll make it the jolliest vampire Christmas ever."

"Ha, now there's an image," she laughed. "Jolly vampires in Santa suits, oh boy."

Josh joined in. It was good to see her laughing. She'd looked far too serious for far too long. He liked the way her laughter sounded. It soothed him and her eyes sparkled when she smiled. It lit up her pretty face. Josh shook himself out of his daydream as they came back round to her front gate.

"Come on back in," she said. "You've had your walk, now."

"All right, boss." Josh was happy to acquiesce. He felt as if he needed to rest again, anyway. His bones didn't ache like he seemed to remember them doing when he was human, they just seemed to weigh more and his mind was foggy. He was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

* * * *

It was painful to hang each ornament on the boughs of the tree, but Josh persisted and insisted to Cara and the others that he was fine. He was enjoying himself for the first time in ages. The tree was a real one and that in itself was a novelty. He'd always had an artificial tree at home when he was a kid with loads of baubles and trinkets to hang, and ropes of thick, glittery tinsel to finish off the look. Then, of course, there were the twinkly fairy lights.

"This is going to look like some kind of freaky seventies drug trip by the time we've finished," Steve commented and Cara laughed.

"It's supposed to," Josh replied. "The tackier, the brighter, the twinklier, the better when it comes to Christmas trees."

"If you say so," Steve sighed.

Josh was sure if Steve had been left to his own devices, he'd have all matching baubles and tinsel and plain boring lights. Josh was glad he was the one in charge.

"Do you want to put the angel on the top?" Kyle asked and Josh nodded.

"Will you be okay reaching up?" Cara asked. She knew his arms were still very sore.

"Oh, yeah, the tree isn't that tall."

Josh took the white dressed angel in his hands and looked at her shiny blonde hair and her smiling face. She looked a bit like Cara, but rosier, and Josh decided Cara was the more beautiful of the two. He reached up and held in a wince as his healing arms complained at the action.

Cara said nothing but put a hand on his elbow as Kyle did the same on the other side. They both gently pushed up and Josh managed to get the angel that inch or so higher to hook her on the top branch.

"There." He smiled at Kyle and Cara. "Finished. Steve, mate, turn off the big light."

Steve nodded and reached out a hand. As he flicked off the main light, Kyle switched on the Christmas tree lights, and the room was bathed with a warm inviting glow that twinkled off the sparkly tinsel and decorations.

"Perfect." Josh grinned. "Now, I'm going to sit here and admire it."

"I'd like to do the same, mate," Steve said, "but I've got to get home. Michelle'll kill me if I don't get home soon. She's cooking some special Christmas Eve meal or something."

"All right, Steve. You coming over tomorrow, though?"

"Yeah, I'll try to make it over in the evening, mate. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Steve," Josh replied.

"I'm going too, Josh," Kyle added. "I stay at mum's Christmas eve to help with the preparations and to keep the grandkids happy. Sharon's down from Scotland with 'em."

"All right, Kyle, we'll see you tomorrow."

"Yeah, I'll pop in tomorrow. See you, mate. Merry Christmas."

"Bye, Kyle, Merry Christmas," Josh said then laughed.

"What's so funny?" Cara asked.

"Oh, it's just we all sound like something from a family-friendly Christmas movie, but we're all blood sucking vamps. It struck me as funny."

Cara chuckled. "It kinda is, really, but just because we're vampires doesn't mean we can't enjoy indulging in childhood traditions, does it?"

"That's true. You all right? I know you said the other night you don't do Christmas."

"Yeah, I'm okay. I thought it'd be more painful but I remember the good stuff. My little boy hanging his favourite decorations on the tree and his smile when the lights were switched on. I remember all that and it makes the ache of missing him a little easier to bear. Does that make sense?"

"Sure it does." Josh grinned and squeezed Cara's hand. "I'm glad you're enjoying it, too."

"Are you okay? Do you need some blood? You've done a lot today."

"Well, I am a little peckish, but, urgh, I don't think I can stomach another ready meal."

Cara chuckled. "I know, I know, so I've got a treat for you. I'll be back in ten minutes or so. I've got to pick something up, all right?"

"Yeah, sure." Josh's brows wrinkled. He wondered what she was up to.

After Cara left, he stared long and hard at the Christmas tree. He'd always loved Christmas. It'd been a good time for him and his mum. She'd go the whole hog at Christmas. She'd bake all these Christmas goodies for him and their friends and neighbours, and they'd bring out the same tree and the same ornaments year after year. It was a delight and he didn't mind that it had been the same every Christmas. He'd liked that.

She'd always had a full house on Christmas day, even though it was only the two of them at home. She'd collect people who had nowhere else to go and they'd all enjoy a big, turkey dinner and watch the Queen's speech together. They'd play charades and other games that didn't need special equipment and everyone would enjoy themselves and go home with a little something—be it Christmas cake or left-over turkey, or a knitted hat that his mum had made.

He'd never gotten much in the way of presents. At school, kids would boast of the haul they'd gotten from Santa, and they'd laugh at him when he said what he'd received. That had hurt a bit and he had to admit that he'd wished for more sometimes, but he knew that Christmas wasn't all about the presents.

He'd get a toy and some colouring books, a selection box of chocolates and a new model plane to make and add to his collection. And his mum always knitted him a jumper. They were horrendous and Josh never wore them when he knew his mates would see. But on Christmas day, he'd wear it with pride. On cold winter evenings when they had no coal and only their jumpers and blankets and mugs of hot chocolate to keep them warm, he'd be thankful for the ugly jumper's warmth and the love that his mum had knitted into it with every stitch.

A tear dripped down his cheek. He missed his mum. She'd lived a good life, a full life, and she'd never once complained as the cancer had carried her away. He smiled. He always imagined her at this time of year, organising a big Christmas party in heaven. Knitting things, cooking and singing Christmas carols, and making sure everyone had plenty of food on their plates. Heaven's Christmas would be all the better for having his mum there, he was sure of it.

He grinned, then heard the front door close. Cara was back. He must have been daydreaming for ages.

"Merry Christmas, mum," he whispered, wiped his eyes and smiled.

Chapter Seven

"I've got your treat." Cara grinned, as she walked in. "But I just need to prepare it properly for you, all right?"

He nodded.

"It won't take long, I promise, and I think you might enjoy watching anyway."

Through the door walked a young lady. She had long red hair that was tied up in a ponytail and she was naked, very naked. She had gorgeous curves. Her breasts were large and heavy, and the peaks were hard. Her hips were generous as was her buttocks that bounced attractively as she walked past.

When Josh next looked at Cara, she, too, had shed most of her clothes. Her bra and knickers were still in place, which was a shame, but Josh devoured the naked flesh that he could see. He'd been so caught up in getting well, spending more time resting than conscious, that he'd barely thought about sex in the weeks he'd been recovering. His libido woke up and it was very hungry...very hungry indeed.

His treat took a seat on the armchair closest to the fireplace. Josh angled his body in the corner of the sofa so he could get a better view. Cara knelt on the floor before the girl, between her spread thighs, and they kissed. The treat moved forward and Cara craned her delicate neck to reach up to the woman's lips. Their eyes were closed and their hands roamed over backs and sides and cupped breasts.

Josh wished he could see more, but there was only the twinkling Christmas lights illuminating the scene. However, he was pleased with what he could see as Cara kissed across the girl's neck and onto her chest. She continued down to her breasts where she sought out the girl's large nipples and as Cara's hands kneaded the heavy flesh, her mouth sucked and licked at each nipple in turn.

Josh fumbled for the zip on his trousers. He was still getting the hang of fine-motor skills, but eventually, he managed to release the pressure on his hardening cock. As Cara's mouth slipped down onto the redhead's soft stomach, he took as tight a grip as he could on his cock. His hand hurt a little but he was so aroused that he barely noticed the tightness of his skin.

Cara pushed the girl back with a yelp and pulled her to the edge of the chair so that Cara's face was just above the woman's cunt. Cara studied it for a while, then gently lapped the length of its plump folds and slurped up the juices within. She repeated this action a few times as the girl purred with delight, then with a grin, Cara pushed her whole face into the intimacy of the girl's pussy and began to lick and slurp with great gusto.

Josh was so turned on he thought he would explode, but he found that he couldn't give himself the tight friction he needed to get off. He just gently stroked himself and watched, but wished he could wank properly as before him was a scene from a real-life porno with surround sound and scent. The smell was intoxicating. He could distinguish two quite separate aromas—one from the treat so light and sweet like melon juice with marshmallow—and another, deeper, earthier scent like expensive truffle oil and dark chocolate, which he knew was Cara's personal scent.

He watched as the girl bucked and moaned, then she yelled at the top of her voice and shook as her orgasm ripped through her. So quick that Josh caught only a glimpse of her, Cara pulled the girl up out of the chair and pushed her into Josh's lap. Cara positioned the girl right over his cock and she slid onto him with a gasp. He pulled her head back and exposed her throat. He was hungry, starving, and as he buried his fangs into her throbbing flesh he fought to keep a little control of himself.

He wanted to thrust up inside of her, but the position they were in held him down. He counted as he drank and reluctantly, very reluctantly, withdrew when he reached around ten or eleven. He knew he couldn't be a killer again. He would not kill simply for his gain. He didn't want to turn into a Leopold.

The girl smiled and kissed him on the cheek.

"Merry Christmas from *The Point*." She grinned and pulled herself off him.

He was still hard and needy, and now that he wasn't as hungry, his sexual desire deepened.

"Well, thank you and Merry Christmas back." He smiled and Cara waved as the girl left the room.

"I'll see myself out," she said from the hall where the scuffling and bangs indicated she was getting dressed again.

Cara sank to her knees before Josh and licked her lips.

"Do you need some help, love?" she teased as she trailed her fingers up the inside of his pant-covered leg.

"Oh, fuck yes, Cara, please."

"Mm, I do like to hear a man beg." She grinned. "And I'd tease you further but I'm desperate for you right now."

She sank her mouth over his hard, sticky cock and sucked. Josh could feel his release rapidly approaching.

"Tasty," she gasped as she pulled her lips away for a moment. "I want it inside me." Cara stood and quickly removed her knickers then she climbed up onto the sofa and straddled his thighs. She kissed him and he could taste the redhead's sweet juices with a slight bitter hint, which he assumed was the taste of his own pre-cum. He groaned as Cara impaled herself on his cock and started to press herself up and down, their mouths still joined, her hands braced on the back of the sofa.

He knew he wouldn't last long and he whimpered as her cunt clenched around him. He was immersed in pleasure. This was where he wanted to be. This was, he realised, the woman, the vampire he loved. He loved her. That is why he had fought Leopold, and that was why he hadn't wanted to lose her.

"Cara," he gasped. "Oh, Cara."

She crooned and slipped a hand down between them. "Hold back for me," she gasped and Josh felt her fingers press against his flesh and rest just above where they were joined. "I want to come with you."

"Yes, Cara, come for me. Come with me, fuck yes. Cover me with your juices," Josh babbled. He wasn't thinking, he was feeling and the words were just dripping from his lips.

"Yes, my lover, yes. I'm close, so close, fuck, you're so good."

He could feel her fingers against his pelvis, rubbing hard as her hips slipped up and down to pump his cock. "I'm going to come," he gasped. "I need to come, baby."

"Yes, come, Josh, come. Come with me, yes!" She held the endnote as she convulsed, and Josh let out a long, low growl of pleasure as the pent up energy exploded through him.

"Wow," he gasped. "I needed that, thank you."

"Me, too."

She smiled and kissed his lips. As they pulled apart an uneasy silence settled. Josh wanted to say something. He wanted to explain the conclusion he'd come to, but he was

worried that maybe it'd be too soon, that maybe Cara would freak out if he told her that he loved her.

"Josh," she whispered, "can I tell you something?" It was as if she was scared to break the silence.

"Sure," Josh replied as she slipped down onto the sofa beside him, resting her body against him. He moved his hands into his lap so she could press against him without it hurting.

"Okay, well, I'm just going to say it. It's a bit crazy, and I hope you don't mind, but it needs to be said." She took a deep breath and Josh smiled encouragingly as she looked up at him.

"It's just, I promised myself I'd tell you when I spent all those hours, all those days, watching your cold, lifeless body, willing you to come round, to speak to me, to say something. I promised that I would tell you what I'd worked out."

She paused and squeezed his thigh with her hand.

"I...well, I realised something. I was miserable, Josh. I was miserable for so long when my husband and my boy perished. I just dwelt in the pain and the anguish. I believed I deserved it, I did. And when Leopold got me again, well, it compounded that belief. One day though—oh, I hope you don't mind me going off topic a bit. I promise I will tell you what I need to. This is part of it."

"Sure, sure, take your time. Tell me whatever you want to." Josh wondered where all of this was leading, and why she looked so very nervous and timid. Something he had yet to associate with her.

"Okay, one night I dreamt George, my husband, was there, and he said he didn't want to see me sad any longer. I had mourned for too long, and that he and my son wanted me to find my happiness once more. It broke their hearts to see me so sad. He told me to escape and that I had to get away from Leopold. He finished by saying he loved me and I had to live, instead of avoiding living like I had been."

She smiled up and Josh nodded his head. He was good at listening. He'd learnt that from his mum. Listening is all a woman-in-need wants. Listen and you will unlock many of a woman's secrets. Not for the first time, he thanked the heavens for his mother's wisdom.

"So, when I woke, I ran. I literally ran away. I ran until I had no energy left, then I fed and I stole a man's wallet. I didn't stop. I kept on going, stealing, borrowing and begging

until I felt I was far enough away from Leopold. In the end, I just got fed up of running, to be honest. I settled here and began rebuilding my, well, I can't call it life, I'm dead, but you know what I mean."

Josh nodded again. He still had no clue what she wanted to tell him.

"And I got lonely. I heard about *The Point*, but my mind was jaded by Leopold and I thought they were wimpy. I thought they were outcasts for not draining. I know I got that wrong now. I've seen enough death, Josh, you know? An orgasm-filled ten seconds of human blood is enough to satisfy me. Anything else is just greed, I know that now, but anyway, that's getting ahead of myself. I was here and I was settled, but I was lonely. Well, really I realised I'd been lonely for such a long time and that I had a heart-felt desire to change that."

Josh realised that maybe now they were getting closer to the point, if there was, indeed, a point in all this. He thought maybe it was just a relief for her to get it all off her chest.

"So I started looking for someone. I needed someone physically fit. I had to have someone who could protect me against Leopold and someone with a bit of brain so that Leopold couldn't dupe them. Someone who seemed faithful, what's the matter?" Cara had noted the frown that pulled down on his lips.

"Well, it sounds like you got me in as some glorified bodyguard. I was hoping —"

"No, oh no, no, just listen on. I didn't pick you just for that. I liked your humour and your easy manner, your politeness, your eyes. You have gorgeous eyes."

"Thanks," he said and looked down, abashed at the compliment.

"Well, it's true. I picked you out from several different possibilities because you had something different. I liked you."

"How long did you follow me for?" Josh asked, jaw agape.

"Oh, a few months, I guess."

"And I didn't notice?"

"Nah, I'm good at blending in," she giggled. "And I had fun changing my appearance regularly, so you'd never catch on."

"Oh, right."

"But finally, I'm getting to the point. I turned you and I knew it was a good choice. We clicked so early on, even though I know you were scared of me at first."

"Just a little," he acknowledged.

“And when Leopold turned up I knew I didn’t want him and you meeting. I didn’t want you to get hurt. I couldn’t let Leopold get to you, and when he confronted us and we were put in that position, I was so scared it physically hurt. Then you did what you did for me, just for me and—well, I decided I’d tell you when you woke, if you woke, so—”

“Yes.” Josh looked deep into her bright blue eyes, encouraging her to say more.

“I love you,” she gasped and Josh smiled as he kissed her. The passion blossomed between them.

“I love you, too,” Josh said as their lips parted. “I knew it when you told me about Leopold. I’ve only really acknowledged it tonight. But I do love you.”

“I don’t ever want to lose you, Josh.”

“No, I want to be with you forever.” Josh reached out a hand and placed it on her arm, his movements stilted by the burnt, yet healing, flesh.

“Forever is a long time for a vampire,” she replied with a cheeky smile.

“I know,” Josh confessed, “but forever without you would be unbearable.”

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.

Email: victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk

Victoria loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

Also by Victoria Blisse

Christmas Spirit Warms the Heart
The Festive Handbag
Travel Delight
Sexier Side of the Hill
Point Vamp: The Point
Over the Moon: Moon Shy
Night of the Senses: Spiced Vanilla
My Secret Valentine: Secret Surprise

Total-E-Bound Publishing



www.total-e-bound.com

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™
erotic romance titles and discover pure quality
at Total-E-Bound.