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LITTLE RED
AND
THE BIG BAD VAMPIRE

Laura Guevara

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To all the Halloween enthusiasts out there, happy
reading!—Laura

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CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.

CHAPTER ONE

It was the worst Halloween day ever. Instead of having Saturday off, as was on the schedule, Naira had to come in for a sick coworker. If Naira didn't like Mary, she would have said hell no when she'd received the phone call earlier that morning. After a shitty day at the library, she rushed to the bakery to buy a cheesecake for tonight, and then go home to shower and change. Naira had called the bakery earlier to let them know she would be there, but since she got off of work at six p.m., she would be late. She got to the bakery at eight minutes after six. Screeching to a halt, she turned off the car and barely remembered to take her purse with her as she made it to the door. Naira ignored the CLOSED sign and knocked on the door. A worker opened the door for her and let her in.

"Thank you so much for waiting." Naira was a little out of breath. Yeah, she needed to go back to the gym. "I thought I could get away from work today, but we were short-staffed and swamped."

"Not a problem. Here it is." Naira looked at the cake and wanted to eat it then and there. The strawberry cheesecake teased and tempted her to take a bite. It was her favorite type of cake, and after the day she'd had, she could so eat every delicious crumb.

The clerk boxed it up while she dumped half the contents of her purse on the counter looking for her damn credit card. After finding it buried at the very bottom of her purse, Naira paid the clerk and rushed out to the car.

When Naira went to turn the ignition, nothing happened. She paused, took a deep breath and once again turned the ignition.

Nothing.

“Okay, just stay calm. Take a deep breath,” Naira told herself. After counting to ten, she tried it again. The car didn’t make a sound. “This is the last fucking thing I need!” She slammed her hand down hard on the steering wheel in frustration. The clock on the dashboard read 6:22. Still cursing, she dialed her friend and roommate Lizzie. The phone rang five times before Lizzie picked up.

“You need to come get me. My stupid car won’t start, and I just want to go home and eat my cheesecake.” Naira had almost broken down in tears by the time she finished.

“Oh babe, okay, don’t worry. Where are you?”

“At Janet’s Bakery.”

“Okay, on my way. Just hold tight and don’t touch that cheesecake,” Lizzie ordered before she hung up.

Naira wouldn't be able to stop herself. The cheesecake would be gone before Lizzie arrived. Then she remembered she had a wrapped plastic fork somewhere from the takeout she'd bought last week. As she looked for the fork, she noticed the gear shift was in drive instead of in park.

"Fuck!"

Shifting the gear to park, she tried the car again. The car roared to life. Naira didn't know if she should scream at her stupidity, cry, or be happy she figured out what the hell was wrong. She grabbed her phone and dialed Lizzie again.

"Turn around—my car started. I'll explain when I get home." She ended the call before Lizzie could question her. The whole trip home, Naira called herself every kind of idiot in several languages. How in the world did she forget to put the damn car in park!? She was not a mechanic, but she knew that couldn't be good for the engine. It was a good thing she always put the emergency break on.

Several deep sighs later, she arrived home and parked beside Lizzie's car in the driveway. She and Lizzie shared a three bedroom, two-and-a-half bath house. They'd grown tired of apartment living and decided to rent a house instead. It was so much better.

With the cake in one hand and her purse in the other, Naira saw Lizzie waited for her at the door.

“Okay spill it.” Naira did. Then she wanted to smack her best friend, whom she’d known since the second grade, to shut her up. Lizzie doubled over, laughing her ass off. Ignoring her, Naira went into the kitchen to put the cheesecake in the fridge until it was time to leave. Walking past a still laughing Lizzie, Naira stomped up the stairs and slammed her bedroom door closed. This was one of those situations where you would think back on it years later and laugh. Right now, she didn’t feel like laughing. Instead she hopped in the shower.

Two and a half hours later, after putting on her makeup and curling her hair, she was ready to put on her costume. Now that her hair was almost to her waist, it took twice as long, but it looked good. Still in her robe, she walked over to the closet and pulled out the plastic garment bag.

Lizzie and she had decided to go as book characters since they were both librarians. Naira decided on Little Red Riding Hood. Lizzie chose Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz*. Though, taking a look at the outfit she pulled out of the plastic bag, she had to admit this was an adult version of Red Riding Hood. In fact, the Halloween party they were attending was an adult party where sexy costumes were mandated. There would be a contest for the sexiest costume for

the night. Naira planned on entering. Pushing the robe off her shoulders, she dressed.

The costume consisted of a one-piece peasant-style dress, with a black under-the-bra corset that could be adjusted to a person's waist size. She would need Lizzie's help for that. Pulling the short, ruffled white sleeves off her shoulders, she walked over to the bedroom door and called out for Lizzie. The damn wench was still laughing at her.

"Would you stop already? It's not that funny."

Her response was to laugh harder. "Okay, okay, sorry, but for real, Naira, what the hell were you thinking?"

"I don't know. That's exactly why it happened. I was rushing to get over there to pick up the cake and didn't even notice. Now shut the hell up and tighten this corset."

"How tight?"

"Tight enough to give the *girls* a boost, but not so tight I'm going to need a fainting couch."

"Okay then, suck it in." Naira did, and Lizzie gave a hard tug on the laces. Several yanks later, Lizzie finished the torturous task of lacing her up. Something that Naira thought Lizzie enjoyed immensely. Taking in a few cautious deep breaths, Naira was satisfied with the fit.

“Okay, that feels good. Not too tight and not too loose.”

“You’re sounding like Goldilocks, not Red Riding Hood.”

“Shut up and go get dressed. You’re going to make us late.”

“We still have plenty of time. Besides, I’m almost done.”

“Not when you take like three hours just on your makeup,” Naira called out. Lizzie just laughed as she made her way back to her room. Going over to the bed, Naira picked up her fishnet stockings. Perched on the edge of the bed, she pulled the thigh-highs on first one leg, then the other. Standing back up, she hooked them up to her garter belts. Walking back to the closet, she pulled out the four-inch black stiletto heels she’d bought just for the occasion. They would complete the sexy outfit. Pulling them out of the box, she set them on the floor and stepped into them. At five foot two, she needed the extra height. Going back to her full-length mirror, Naira took stock of her outfit.

The corset gave her awesome cleavage. Naira would have to be careful she didn’t pop out of it as the night progressed. Settling her hands on her waist, she loved how her hourglass figure was more visible with the help of the corset. The short skirt rested about mid-thigh. Just long enough to cover the garters.

Again, she was going to have to be cautious and not moon someone. No matter this was an adult party, and they probably wouldn't mind, but she didn't want to be showing her goods to just anybody. Hopefully there would be a sexy werewolf around who could eat her.

Naira mentally slapped herself. She couldn't believe she'd just said that. She smiled and went back to the bed to get her red cape. The cape came down to the edge of the skirt. After she tied the strings of the hood into a nice little bow, she was ready for a night of trick-or-treating, adult style.

CHAPTER TWO

Walking into the party, Naira and Lizzie smiled at their hostess, who was dressed in a nurses' outfit so short and tight nothing was left to the imagination.

“Ladies, welcome. I think we have a werewolf or two running around, Red, so you'd better watch out,” she joked and turned to greet another guest. Laughing, they entered Katyana's house. She had a huge two-story house, decorated for the event. People, food, and drinks covered every inch. Music blared through the entire house as they walked around.

So far, nobody had caught Naira's eye. Lizzie, on the other hand, was talking to a pirate. Pouring herself a cup of what looked like punch, she almost choked as she swallowed. Whoever spiked the punch used way too much vodka. Taking smaller sips, Naira decided to go outside for a bit of fresh air. Katyana had a large patio area, and the cool air would feel good. Making her way outside was like an obstacle course, everyone having something to say about her costume. She had to slap a few wandering hands away. Seriously, just because she wore the outfit didn't mean she wanted to be mauled. Finally reaching the patio, Naira could breathe again.

Several people mingled outside, others taking a cigarette break before going back inside. Needing to be alone, she made her way across the other side of the patio and almost came out of her skin as a tall figure emerged from the darkness. His black shirt opened halfway down, exposing lots of skin, above tight black jeans. Naira couldn't take her eyes away from the tall, dark, mesmerizing man as he made his way to her. He stopped several inches from her, his heated gaze taking in every inch of her size-fourteen body before settling on her breasts. He licked his lips. The small action drew her gaze to his mouth and his fangs. Oh crap! She hadn't noticed those before.

"Hello, Little Red."

His dark, raspy voice wreaked havoc on her senses.

"Hello." Damn, her voice had gone all seductive too.

"You're not enjoying the party?"

"I am, but I needed some fresh air—too many people inside." All she had to do was lift her hand, just a tiny bit, and she could touch his broad chest. She would rake her nails along every inch, feeling his strength.

"You have my permission."

Naira looked up sharply at him. How did he know she wanted to touch him?

“Just be warned that if you touch me, I’ll be touching you as well.”

Naira had no problem with that. He could touch her all he wanted, but what she wanted to know was how the hell he knew what she wanted to do.

“Would it make you feel better if I told you that I read your intentions on your face? Or do you want the truth?”

She quietly thought her response.

“I knew I chose well.”

The man sounded so pleased with himself.

“I am, my sweet. The truth is I can read your mind. I’m a vampire.”

“Oh,” she gasped. Why in the world did she believe him? He was so sincere; it was weird, but she wasn’t scared. Vampires existed, didn’t they?

“You have no reason to fear me, Naira. I would never hurt you. Or let anyone else hurt you. To answer your question, yes, we do exist.”

Naira could only nod at him. She didn’t question how he knew her name. Taking a tentative step forward, she moved closer to him, bringing her hand to rest on his naked chest. He didn’t move. He let her explore him with her hands. Naira couldn’t get enough of him. Soon both of her hands tore at his shirt, needing to touch as much of him as possible. He continued to let her do as she pleased.

Dmitri could only take so much. The enticing woman in front of him was about ten seconds from being stripped naked and impaled on his cock. Being a vampire had certain advantages, but patience was not one of them. No, the little vixen's hands had all but removed his shirt. Her touch was an open invitation to touch her in return, one he would not turn down. Pressing her hands flat against his chest, he held them immobile.

Her large brown eyes looked up at him in question.

"You need to stop, Little Red. I won't be able to thoroughly enjoy you if I lose control."

Taking her by the hand, he pulled her down the patio steps, to the pool house in the back. The party was restricted to the main house, so they would have all the privacy they needed.

"Hey, slow down—can't exactly run in these heels." Dmitri stopped long enough to pick her up in his arms. "Oh." She wrapped her arms around his neck.

Dmitri was assaulted by the exotic seductive perfume she wore. The fragrance only made him hurry more. When he first arrived at the party, he thought it

was a waste of time. He didn't want to come, but Katyana wouldn't take no for an answer. He relented. Intending to stay only an hour, he saw no one of interest. No woman at the party aroused his curiosity. He turned down yet another drunk, botoxed woman and walked out of the house. He was ready to leave when he first caught her scent. The mixture of her spicy perfume and her own essence infused around every cell in his body, making it impossible to leave without finding the woman who'd made such an impression on him. It hadn't happened in such a long time.

Dmitri waited patiently for her to make her way outside to him. He snarled, his fangs descending, when he sensed other men reaching out to touch her. But that was now a distant memory. Naira was where she belonged. In his arms.

Turning the door handle, he carried Naira into the pool house. The door closed silently behind them. Dmitri maneuvered Naira so that her back was pressed against the door. Not able to wait one more second, he took her lips in a deep kiss. His tongue swept inside to dance with hers. Her arms tightened around his neck. One of his hands pulled off the hood of her cape, and then he buried his hands in her thick black hair, keeping her imprisoned to his demands. One of his muscular thighs parted hers.

Breaking the kiss, his lips kissed his way to her ear. “Do you want me?” Dmitri watched as she eagerly nodded her head yes. “Say the words.”

“I want you. I don’t even know your name, but I want you.”

“Dmitri,” he breathed into her ear before bringing his mouth back down to hers. He once again took possession of her lips. Untangling one of his hands from her hair, Dmitri lowered it and didn’t stop until he reached under her short skirt. He immediately felt the fishnet stockings against his rough hands. With her legs spread open by his thigh, he had easy access to her pussy. His fingers found the wet material of her panties. She broke the kiss, gasping for air, as he rubbed her clit through the soft material.

“Dmitri, yes, oh Dmitri,” she panted. Dmitri continued to stroke her until she came all over his hand. Her head was thrown back, exposing the vein in her neck. His mouth dropped to her neck, nuzzling and nibbling. He would take her sweet blood, but not right now.

Soon. He wanted to explore the rest of her. There would be time enough later to take the first taste of her blood. In fact, they had eternity. But now he needed something else entirely. His mouth continued south and didn’t stop until he reached the edge of the ruffled blouse. Dmitri pulled the ruffled material down

with his teeth, exposing her breasts; all the while his hand remained under her skirt, petting her, calming her down. With her breasts pushed up in offering, her little, light brown nipples were puckered and awaiting his mouth. Dmitri sucked first at one nipple and then the other, taking them deep into his mouth. He loved real, soft breasts, and Naira's were plump and perfect.

CHAPTER THREE

Naira was just coming down from her orgasm, but already her body was gearing up for another one. She noticed that her hands were buried in his hair, pulling him closer, but she couldn't remember how or when they got there. Within minutes she was writhing against his hand, trying to find release again.

He pulled back.

"Not so fast, Little Red—this time you're going to come against my mouth." Naira had no time to process his words because he dropped down to his knees, and his head disappeared under her skirt.

"Oh shit." Naira screamed at the first touch of his tongue. He stroked her once, twice through the material before he yanked down her panties, but he couldn't pull them completely off because her legs were spread open.

"Step out of them, Naira," he ordered as he pulled back and looked up at her.

She did.

Then she was shocked out of her mind as he lifted her thighs and threw them over his shoulders.

"Now you can come again, Little Red." His head once again disappeared under her skirt. This time his tongue came in contact with her smooth, drenched

pussy. Naira barely registered his growl of pleasure as his tongue stroked her nether lips, tasting the moisture gathered there.

Dmitri had the most amazingly talented tongue. He lapped at her with strong, bold strokes that made her crazy with need. Naira pulled the material of her skirt out of the way so she could get a better look at him. It was the most erotic thing she'd ever witnessed. His face buried in her pussy as he ate her, her hips pushing against his mouth, needing to be closer to him.

Naira was so close. She frantically rubbed against his mouth until he finally took her clit in his mouth. She exploded as Dmitri sucked hard, sending her spiraling out of control. His tongue missed nothing. Dmitri continued to caress her with his tongue long after her orgasm abated. Naira rested her head against the door, totally spent, trying to catch her breath. She giggled as she remembered her earlier comment.

“You want to share what’s so funny, my Naira?”

Naira opened her eyes to see him standing before her. His deep blue eyes stared into hers.

“It’s nothing,” she said, a little embarrassed. “Besides, can’t you just read my mind?”

He arched his eyebrow and waited.

“When I was getting dressed earlier, I just thought that maybe I would get lucky and find a wolf to eat me, but instead I found a vampire.”

It took him a minute, but then he threw his head back in laughter.

Naira could feel her face run hot. She probably looked like a tomato.

“I’m the only one who will be eating or fucking this pussy,” he said after he sobered up. Her body quickly responded to his vulgar, yet arousing words.

She watched as he removed his shirt and threw it somewhere behind him. Next he unbuckled his belt, and then unzipped his pants. His erect cock sprang out. It was long and thick, and she wanted to wrap her lips around it to get a taste, but he had other ideas.

“I promise later you can touch and taste me all you want. Right now I need to be buried inside you.”

Dmitri let his pants drop to the floor, not bothering to step out of them because that would mean pausing to take off his shoes. It would take too long. He needed to feel Naira wrapped around his dick now.

Stepping closer to her, he crouched down a bit and took her thighs in his arms and stood back up in one fluid movement, opening her to him.

“Dmitri,” she moaned as she grabbed onto his shoulders for support.

Lifting her up a bit more, Dmitri brought Naira back down, impaling her on his cock as he’d wanted to do earlier.

This time she screamed out his name, “*Dmitri!*”

“Ah, you feel so hot, so good, my sweet.” Dmitri kissed her tenderly as he waited for Naira to adjust to his size.

Only when she began moving did he move again. Dmitri went slowly at first, lifting her up and then slowly bringing her back down on his cock. Each time, Naira took a bit more of his ten inches. Her moans and groans of pleasure got louder and louder as his thrusts quickened. Dmitri was now slamming up into her as he lowered her back down.

Naira was clutching his biceps. The sting of her nails digging into his skin inflamed him even more.

CHAPTER FOUR

Naira was fast losing her composure. With each stroke she was closer and closer to another fiery release. All she could do was tighten her hold on the bulging muscles of his arms.

“Dmitri, please. I’m so close, *please*,” she pleaded.

“You’re mine, Naira. Never forget that. After tonight, you....are...mine,” he said as he bounced her on his cock on each word. “Say it.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” she chanted. If Naira had stopped to analyze what Dmitri had said, then maybe she would have caught the hidden meaning behind his words. As soon as the word passed her lips, Dmitri’s fangs extended, and his face buried in her neck. Naira detonated as she felt his fangs sink into her neck.

“*DMITRI*,” Naira’s loud shout bounced off the walls. Her nails drew blood as they broke through his skin.

Dmitri continued to drink from Naira as her orgasm went on and on. Removing his fangs, he waited until the small punctures healed before he let himself climax. He moved faster and harder as his orgasm came crashing down on him, his seed spilling deep in her womb.

Later, when they'd both regained their senses, Dmitri unhooked Naira's legs from the crook of his arms and withdrew from her tight body. He watched as she stood on wobbly legs. He was much stronger than regular humans and worried that he may have been too rough, and hurt her.

"Naira, look at me. Talk to me; are you okay?"

"Never better. That was beyond mind-blowing."

"That it was, my Little Red. That it was. Are you happy you found a vampire instead of a mangy werewolf?"

"Very happy I found you instead." She laughed, hugging him to her.

✻✻LG✻✻

Laura Guevara

Laura Guevara is a little lady with a big love for family, friends, and unexpected fun. On the surface this bilingual babe is cuter than a button, while on the inside she is just like her favorite color, red.....CALIENTE! This sugar and spice and everything nice truck-driving dame loves country music and country boys. Reading, writing and relaxing keep her busy while she is waiting for her towering Alpha to arrive.

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