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The erotic works of Lisa Lane: <http://www.cerebralwriter.com/erotica.html>

Joseph walked slowly yet confidently down the Vegas Strip, the cool October night air sending a light breeze through his open trench coat. He loved watching the people, musing as they paraded up and down the sidewalks with their wild costumes and their open drinks. The women were always the wildest. There were Playboy bunnies, whores, slutty devils, and even sluttier angels. In Vegas, Halloween always seemed to be an excuse for them to prance around, out in the open, wearing the least amount of clothing as humanly possible. He couldn't help but stare. Tonight, however, not one of them would be staring back, at least not like that. Tonight would be the easiest night of the year.

A quarter of the men out tonight walked around dressed as vampires. They painted their faces white to look as undead as his, finishing off the look with outrageous Gothic attire and mock fangs of varying qualities and designs. Some of them looked just plain ridiculous, while others pulled off their mockery with a level of style that paralleled his own. The concept and need eluded them all, however: he didn't wear black because he was a vampire; he wore black because black best hid the blood stains.

A bunny caught his eye. She had long, tanned legs and enormous fake tits that even the other women on the street had to marvel at. She flashed him a smile as they crossed paths, but she did not stop. He thought to turn and follow her, knowing that he could have her if he wanted, when suddenly he saw *her*.

She rested her back against the guardrail overlooking the enormous fountain in front of the Venetian, the wind lightly brushing through her long hair. She was just like him: alone, clad in simple black, watching the people as they moved up and down the

street.

Their eyes met. She smiled for a moment, and then gave him a look of indifference, turning to continue watching the crowd. Intrigued, he pushed through the moving wall of people, not stopping until he stood before her.

“Hi,” he said.

“Hi.” Her perfume was sweet and fragrant, but it did not mask the scent of human clearly emanating from her.

“I’m Joseph.”

“Sarah.”

“Out here by yourself?” he asked.

“Asshole friends went off with a couple of guys offering to buy them margaritas by the foot,” she said, a hint of disgust moving across her face.

“And you weren’t invited?”

She shrugged. “A three-foot plastic cup filled with cheap, watered down booze is not my idea of a good time.”

He moved beside her and joined in her people-watching. “I think you’re the only person on this street, right now, who isn’t in some kind of costume,” he tried, her scent hitting him in heavy waves from this new downwind position.

“I’m a vampire,” she said, raising a brow. “Nice fangs, by the way.”

He glanced over at her, raising a brow at her modest make-up and fangless grin. “You don’t look like a vampire.”

“Well, I have my fangs retracted, and I’m wearing make-up to cover over my pasty complexion.”

He chuckled. “Nice touch.” While she was dead-on about the fact that vampire fangs were indeed retractable, he couldn’t imagine masking his appearance on the one day he could do so without causing a scene.

Nothing a human would understand, but he had to give her kudos for creativity.

“Are you implying that I’m too cheap to put together a real costume?” Sarah asked, joining him in the jest.

“Well, you could have at least dressed up as a *half-naked* vampire, like every other respectable woman, here,” he continued, pointing out a few bunnies and she-devils as they strutted by in their stiletto heels and tight, revealing teddies.

“Definitely not my thing,” she said with another shrug.

“Mine, either,” he said, his tone brushing a fine line between sarcastic and dismissive.

Silence.

Finally, he turned to her, waiting for her to turn back. Their eyes met.

He meant to entrance her, deciding that he’d had enough playing around and mingling through the crowds. Instead, however, she seemed to entrance *him*, and he couldn’t help, at least for the moment, but leave her mind and her thoughts untouched. They stared into each other’s eyes for what felt like an eternity and a moment, all at once, when finally she broke the silence:

“Vampires turn me on.”

“Oh?”

She nodded.

“It doesn’t bother you that I want to tear open your throat and drink your blood?”

he asked with a smirk.

“Not if I get to yours first,” she said with a wink.

He stumbled for a response, her words catching him off-guard.

“I was on the hunt,” she said, “when I saw you.”

“I thought you were out with your friends, until men offering margaritas whisked them away.”

She giggled. “Yeah, well ... I guess you got me, there.” She moved toward him, bridging the small distance between them. “So, what if I told you I was on the hunt, right now?”

He chuckled. “I’d tell you I was on the hunt right now, too.”

“Really?” She pressed her body lightly against his strong frame, moving her lips to his and offering him a soft kiss. “And if you caught me, what would you do to me? Terrible things, I hope.”

Joseph immediately went hard, pressing firmly against her through his bulging pants. “I’d love to show you.”

“I have a room not too far from here,” she suggested, kissing and savoring his neck.

Joseph didn’t even remember their walk to the hotel room. The passion that overtook them both as soon as he had the door shut behind them expunged all that may have transpired between their meeting in front of the fountain and the animalistic frenzy that suddenly overtook them both. They tore at one another’s clothes as they made their way to the bed, and he threw her wet panties to the floor as he slid off his boxers.

Eagerly, she felt him out, smiling as she took his thick, hard mass into her hand.

“So, I suppose you want to fuck my brains out before you kill me?” she whispered into his ear.

“Very much so,” he whispered back.

They fell to the bed, he on top of her.

“Make me scream?” she breathed, spreading her legs for him, her body hot and her arousal evident.

“With pleasure.”

He plunged himself inside her with one quick, forceful push, causing her to emit a surprised but pleased cry. He was well endowed, filling her deep and hard. She found herself gasping with every thrust, already building toward orgasm. She moved for her clit and began rubbing and stroking herself, bringing him down quick and heavy with her legs.

He found her neck, grazing her soft skin with his sharp teeth, teasing them both as he continued to explore and fill her, tearing into her with selfish thrusts. He moved to bite, and quickly she lunged her weight, catching him off-guard and rolling him onto his back. She straddled him, allowing the weight of her body to force him in deep, and then she rocked her hips, slowly and rhythmically, riding him and grinding him in ever deeper.

Her eyes held his, her lips slightly parting as she began to climax. She rode him harder, her breaths going even louder and heavier. She found his hands and meshed their fingers, and then held him tightly as she picked up the pace. She thrust against him, both their hips working him in, and she gave a long, pleased cry as the climax tore through her body, seizing her limbs.

He tried to roll back on top of her, but she held him fast, surprising him.

“You’re a sick, dirty man,” she panted, continuing to drive him in.

“Yes, I am,” he moaned.

“And you like what you are,” she continued. “You enjoy it.” She kissed his neck, feeling his excitement grow even harder within her.

“Very much.”

“You’re a predator,” she added, licking and tasting him. “The thought of sinking your teeth into my neck, drinking me until there is nothing left gets you off, doesn’t it?”

He stopped moving, startled and confused, but she continued, holding him fast. She caught his eyes once more, her voice going desperate. “I want to feel you come inside me before I kill you.”

He stared, his body still, and she shivered and squealed, taking him hard, as he released into her with a loud moan that reflected not only his immense pleasure, but also his very justified horror. At that moment she struck, her fangs suddenly long and sharp, penetrating deeply into his neck and sending heavy bursts of blood into her mouth. She continued to thrust into him, crying out between long gulps, the pillow and sheet beneath him going wet and sticky.

He wanted to fight her, but he found himself unable. He couldn’t move; he *really* was under some kind of spell. His body growing numb and weak, he managed to utter, “I don’t understand—”

She pulled back for a moment, trickles of his blood dripping down her chin as she stared him down. “It was a man just like you who did this to me, turned me into this monster I am now.”

She softly brushed a hand against his cold cheek, and the images began to flood

his mind. The man, tall and dark, followed her home. She couldn't resist his stare, despite every thought in her disoriented and mystified mind that knew the man meant her harm. She freely gave to him her innocence, the hot tear inside her both horrible and beautiful as she took him in and her virgin blood ran out. Yet another even greater pain took hold, however, as he tore into her neck, penetrating deeply with his sharp teeth and ignoring her sudden cries. She could not fight him, her body unwilling to obey her thoughts, and so she lay there, crying and pleading, as he drove himself into her and drained her to the point of unconsciousness. He had abandoned her, likely left her for dead, but for reasons unbeknownst to her she woke the next night, hungry for blood of her own.

Joseph gasped, fighting to stay awake as he struggled through her thoughts and his own, desperate for his life. As far as he knew, vampires were unable to entrance other vampires. He felt himself go limp inside her as she returned to his neck and began to suck at the last that his body had to offer.

“How?” he managed to ask her, shivering and shaking, resigning to his sentence.

She didn't speak, but the words entered his mind just as easily as she continued to drink from his cold, limp body: “Never underestimate the power of a woman scorned, my love.”