

BODICE RIPPERS ANTHOLOGY By Anastasia Day

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Dedication

To Daio, whose beautiful erotic art and stories have been an inspiration to me. (In fact, she gave me the idea for the last scene in "Blood Slave.") Daio also created the cover for this book on the Renaissance E Books site. To see more of her work, please visit <http://www.incandescent-art.com>.

Angela Knight (AKA Anastasia Day)

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The Bloodslave

The Bloodslave June 4, 2459 A.D.

By Angela Knight (under pen name Anastasia Day)

When Captain Julian Bender started climbing the cliff, he fully intended to cut the sniper's throat. Assuming it had one, of course.

Firing from concealment behind several boulders at the top of the mountain, the alien son-of-a-bitch had picked off half a dozen of Bender's allies with well-placed blasts of a beamer rifle. Since the Jeranth weren't exactly built for stealthy cliff scaling – what with their six legs and massive bodies – it fell to Julian and his crew to go up after the shooter and stop him.

Once that was done, they should be able to wrap this up and get the hell off this planet fairly quickly .

God, said Dominic telepathically, bitching as usual, I'll be glad to put this ball of rock behind us. I'm sick of synthblood. I can't wait to drink from something that squirms.

Julian didn't answer, too busy digging his fingers into a handhold on the cliff face. Besides, they'd had this conversation before. It had been months since any of them had even seen a woman, and they were all eager to return to human space. They hadn't had a decent meal since they'd left.

Synthetic blood might keep a vampire alive, but it didn't wrap its legs around you while you fed. And it didn't come when you took it, pumping hot energy into your mind.

If the ship hadn't been so badly damaged, Julian would never have agreed to take this mission so far from human space. But they'd needed the money for repairs, and the Jeranth paid exceptionally well. Even among aliens, vampire mercenaries were renowned for their sabotage and assassination skills, and the Jeranth general had wanted their services badly. With the money he'd paid, Julian had been able to get the ship repaired in record time.

Unfortunately, Julian and his men then had to earn that money by spending six months out here on this godforsaken rock, among aliens so alien even their emotions tasted wrong.

In the act of reaching for another handhold, Julian stopped dead, his mind picking up a stray psychic wash from the sniper. Despair. Grief. Rage. But not the alien versions of those feelings they'd come to know so well from the minds of their T'tcha Ker enemies.

Automatically, Julian glanced over and met his second-in-command's wide brown eyes. Clinging to the rock face, Andre lifted his brows and projected his thoughts: Captain, our sniper's human.

Hell, Julian, thought Dominic. It's not just a human. It's a woman.

As one, they all looked up the moonlight-washed cliff.

And grinned.

She was going to die today.

Verica Sher aimed her rifle down at the detachment of Jeranth in the valley below and fired off another blast. Her alien target staggered and fell, all six legs waving in the moonlight.

Her weapon vibrated between her hands, a signal it was running out of charge. And when the last of its energy was gone...

It would be over. Over for her, as it was for all the other members of T'tcha Ker who had been picked off one by one fighting this interminable war.

Verica forced her mind away from that thought, forced herself to ignore the aching grief. It had been twelve years since her father had dragged her out here, as far from human space – and her mother – as he could get. To support them, Jonas Sher had joined the T'tcha Ker's mercenary unit, only to get himself killed five years later. Though the big, furry tripod hadn't been even remotely human, they'd taken her in, trained her to fight and treated her with love and respect.

Now they were all gone. Gruff Itka and motherly Ch'fa and Garsh, her best friend, all dead, killed in this disastrous battle.

And once her rifle's charge was drained, she'd be dead too, so far from human space the beings who'd kill her wouldn't even know what species she was.

But in the meantime, she was going to take as many of the enemy with her as she could. Verica Sher would not die alone.

Plucky little thing, isn't she? Andre asked, watching the girl draw a bead on the aliens below.

A little too plucky, Julian thought. She's got maybe two blasts left in that rifle, and I don't want her using one of them on herself.

And she might, if she realized she was about to be captured by vampires. Some vamp mercenaries had such dark reputations most women would do anything to avoid falling into their hands.

It was a different story with humans who realized they were dealing with Julian. The mercenary community was a relatively small one, and everyone knew he didn't abuse prisoners. True, female captives expected to end up on the menu, but there were enough titillating rumors going around that they were usually less alarmed by the prospect than intrigued.

Some of Julian's former victims had evidently done a little breathless gloating.

It also helped that the old myth about vampires draining their victims had died a well-deserved death. Vamps just didn't need that much blood – no more than half a liter or so, less if they could get a good psychic charge from their partner.

Like orgasm.

But there was no guarantee this girl would realize she was in danger of nothing worse than hot sex from her captors. And Julian didn't want her jumping the gun.

For one thing, it would be a waste. He couldn't see much of her, since she was lying on her belly with her

back to them – they'd come up the cliff on the opposite side and slipped up behind her. But she filled out her blue unisuit nicely with a narrow waist and long legs and a lovely, sweetly rounded ass Julian badly wanted to explore. And he liked the way her long blonde hair shimmered in the moonlight.

Just then she hit the trigger pad on her rifle again ... and nothing happened.

Well, gentlemen, thought Dominic, turning to smirk at them with wolfish hunger, I think I just heard the dinner bell.

"Shit," Verica growled, cursing her weapon in the Terran of her childhood as her stomach sank like a stone. It was over. She was finished.

"Rifle gone dead?" a human voice asked in the same language. "Tough luck."

With a gasp, Verica jerked around to face the man who'd taken her so thoroughly by surprise. He must have come up the other side of the cliff, she thought wildly, looking up at the first human she'd seen in seven years.

Big. Much bigger than her father. And handsome, like the actors on Jonas' collection of simmies – dark, amused eyes set in a sculpted, angular face with a full, sensuous mouth and short-cropped black hair. Too bad he wore the enemy's colors on his black unisuit. And it was a safe bet the rifle he held so casually was fully charged.

"Don't you think it's time you surrendered?" he asked, his tone polite and interested.

Verica threw herself forward into a roll that carried her away from the edge of the cliff and gave her room to bounce to her feet. As soon as she got her legs under her, she swung the dead rifle like a club, right at her enemy's dark head. "The T'tcha Kerdo not surrender!"

The weapon slapped into a casually lifted palm. His jerk ripped it from her hands so hard her arm muscles screeched in protest. Moving deliberately as she gaped at his strength, the human swung his own rifle by its strap across his back, out of the way. "You're not T'tcha Ker, girl. Or hadn't you noticed?" He tossed her beamer over the cliff edge.

She leaped forward into a hand-to-hand attack, throwing punches and kicks with every ounce of her strength. He blocked each blow with insulting ease, his big hands blurring to knock her fists and feet away.

"You know, she's pretty good," another male voice said.

"If he was mortal, he'd probably have his hands full," another agreed.

Jesus, there were more of them. Verica darted a look in toward the source of the voices. Two men watched her hopeless struggle, both almost as big and handsome as her opponent, one blond, the other with the darkest skin she'd ever seen in her life. The dark one crouched casually on top of an enormous boulder higher than his head, while his companion leaned against it.

With a defiant snarl, she snapped to face her foe and swung her booted foot in a high, hard kick at his head.

He caught her ankle. Shocked at his speed, she just stood there for an instant, balanced on one foot as he gripped the other. Then another pair of powerful hands clamped around her shoulders and it dawned on her she was well and truly caught.

"I'm Captain Julian Bender," her enemy said. "And I really think it's time you gave up, don't you?"

But Verica had been taught to fight as long as she was conscious and she drove a head butt back at the man who held her arms, simultaneously ramming her free foot toward Bender's groin.

Her head smacked back into a big hand just as Bender caught her by the ankle.

"Thanks, Andre," the blond man who held her arms told the third one, who wrapped his dark fist in her hair. "She might actually have caught me with that head butt."

Bender, both her ankles in his hands, pushed them apart and up, then stepped between. Verica squirmed and cursed, but the three men held her effortlessly.

Slowly, the mercenary captain moved closer, lifting and spreading her thighs until her shoulders were forced into the solid, muscular body of the man behind her, her head held in an arch over his shoulder.

"You know," the blond said in her ear, "this is starting to give me a hard-on."

"Everything gives you a hard-on, Dominic," Andre told him.

Bender moved his grip to the bend of her knees and stepped fully against her crotch. Looking between her trapped legs, she saw something cylindrical bulking under his unsuit, stretching in a long thick ridge the length of his belly. The feeling of that alien rod pressing against her cunt sent a trickle of heat through her.

So that's what a cock feels like...

Bender's eyes widened. "What do you mean, 'That's what a cock feels like?'"

"Good God," Andre said, astonished. "She's a virgin!"

Verica felt her face heat at the horrifying realization they had somehow read her thoughts.

But the only humans who could do that were...

Dominic purred out a laugh in her ear. "That's right, darling. We're vampires. Very, very hungry vampires who've been living off synthblood since we were hired to fight this wretched war. And you, my love, are an answer to some very dark prayers."

"And maybe we can answer some of yours." Andre reached out to cup her breast through her unisuit. His thumb brushed one nipple, which instantly hardened, sending juicy curls of heat up her spine. Watching her face with calculating eyes, he caught the little bump and began to roll it. She caught her breath in astonishment at the pure, liquid pleasure he conjured with such a simple gesture.

Opening her mouth to protest, Verica discovered she couldn't bear to say anything to stop that delicious sensation.

"Not so fast," Julian snapped at Andre. "How old are you, girl?" Reading the answer out of her thoughts, he looked relieved, then puzzled. "How the hell does a twenty-five year-old woman stay a virgin?"

"Shit," said Andre, on a tone of revelation, his hand going still on her breast. "She's been living with these fucking aliens since she was thirteen!"

Stung, Verica snarled, "Would you do me the courtesy of letting me answer your questions instead of just reading my mind?"

"Did it ever occur to you that a captive who's a hungry vampire's wet dream should keep a civil tongue?" Dominic growled back, tightening his grip on her arms in warning.

She started to tell him what he could do with his hunger, but before she could open her mouth, a waterfall of alien clicking filled the air. Her translator brain implant turned the voice into words: "I see you've captured the sniper. Good work, captain."

Turning her head, Verica saw one of the Jeranth holding a beam weapon in two of its six limbs as it clawed its way up the cliff, accompanied by a shower of rocks. "You're worth every cred the High Command paid you," it told the captain.

"Thank you," Julian said in English. Evidently the Jeranth had a translator of its own. "Luckily the charge ran out on her rifle just as we came up."

"Lucky indeed. But why haven't you killed it?" the Jeranth demanded.

Julian's hands tightened on her knees. "She's one of our species. We're taking her captive."

"Squeamish, eh? Would you like me to kill it for you?" The Jeranth scrambled over and put the muzzle of his weapon against her head. Verica's heart skipped.

With a growl, Andre grabbed the barrel and shoved it away from her skull.

"No!" Speaking rapidly, Julian said, "We have a use for her. She's valuable to us."

The Jeranth jerked and moved all its limbs in agitation. "It has killed a dozen of my soldiers! I want it dead!"

Julian lifted an arrogant brow. "Oh, she'll be punished, sir, far more thoroughly than any quick death."

"Yesss," Dominic whispered, his neat blond beard brushing her ear. "We'll punish her for hours and hours. In every single virgin orifice."

Verica's reckless temper snapped. "Shoot me, alien," she spat, glaring at Bender. "I'd rather die like a soldier than be tortured by the likes of these bastards!" She tried to kick at the vampire, but he controlled her effortlessly.

"Idiot!" Julian growled, tightening his grip on her thighs until she winced.

"It seems to find a beam in the head preferable to your company." The Jeranth produced a hissing sound the translator rendered as a laugh. "Keep it, then, if it dreads you so. In the meantime, Captain, my general wants to see you."

Verica swore and began to struggle, her body lashing between the vampires' unhuman hands.

"Cut it out," Dominic said, clamping down hard on her arms. Stubbornly, she kept fighting. He increased the pressure until she gritted her teeth. "You've pissed the captain off as it is. Calm down and be a good girl, or you'll regret it."

"Fuck you!"

"Oh, you will," Julian told her, then jerked his chin at the vampire who still had her by the hair. "Take her legs, Andre. I've got business with our employers. Get her back to the ship..." He flashed them a warning glare. "But keep your greedy hands, fangs and cocks off until I get back."

Simmering with fear and anger, Verica twisted her hands, trying to get at the knot that bound her wrists together.

The vampire bastards had tied her to a chair.

"You're going to get rope burns doing that," Andre observed, not looking up from his poker hand.

She didn't answer, though she ached to curse him. She couldn't; they'd gagged her with a length of silk.

It had been an hour since the two vampires had summoned their star runner to land on the mountaintop and pick them up while Bender completed his business with his employers. Since then, she'd been subjected to another losing battle with her captors they'd thoroughly enjoyed, then left to stew in her despair.

From their conversation, Verica gathered that the war was indeed over; the engagement with her unit had been the last of the mopping up. The Jeranth had won possession of the planet. And the Lochta, who'd hired her mercenary company, were already pulling out of the star system, leaving Verica at the dubious mercy of three vampires.

Once they'd bound her, Dominic had stepped back to look down at her as she glared up at him. He was just too damned handsome with those angular features, a neat blond beard framing sensual lips. In contrast to his elegant good looks, his eyes blazed with earthy lechery.

"God," he said to Andre, "I'd forgotten how luscious it is to tie up a pretty victim."

"Yeah," Andre agreed, fangs flashing against his dark, hawkish face. "I can't wait to get her naked. She's incredibly responsive. You saw the way she damn near hit orbit just from a touch on one nipple."

"Makes you wonder how she'll react having a hard cock shoved somewhere tight. Which reminds me; we need to decide who fucks her where first."

Andre lifted an eyebrow. "Well, the captain's going to want her ass."

Verica's eyes widened and her mouth went dry as she remembered the size of that thick ridge pressing against her crotch.

"Which leaves her mouth and cunt for us," Dominic said. "But who gets to pop her cherry?" He sounded so matter-of-fact, Verica blinked in shock.

"Good point," Andre said. "We'll let a poker hand decide it. Best two out of three. It'll give us something to do while we wait for the captain."

After Dominic went back to his quarters for a deck of cards, the two vampires sat down on the bed to deal out the hand.

Ha, Verica thought, watching sullenly. The laugh's on them. I don't even have a hymen anymore. She'd disposed of that one evening during an experimental fuck with a hairbrush handle while watching her

father's ancient cache of pornography. But it had hurt, and she hadn't tried it since.

What would it feel like when Julian...

"A hairbrush?" Dominic hooted, looking up. "You are a naughty girl, aren't you? Not that it matters. You still haven't had a cock."

"You know, if she had that much trouble with her hairbrush, she's going to have a hell of a time with us," Andre told him, concentrating on his cards. "None of us are exactly small men..."

"Mmmmmm," Dominic agreed, smirking at her, an evil glint in his green eyes. "I'm starting to look forward to watching you get it, whether or not I'm the one who gives it to you. You'll be begging behind your gag."

"Hell, wait 'til the captain does her." Andre re-arranged his hand. "That always gets a reaction, even from captives a hell of a lot more experienced than she is."

"Oh, baby." Dominic flipped a card down on the bed. "When you feel that big prick start forcing its way up your little backside, you'll really beg for mercy. Not that it'll do you any good. Julian just loves a virgin asshole."

Andre glanced up. "Have you ever noticed how he's got this sadistic little twist he gives his hips when his victims start pleading?"

Verica chewed nervously on her gag, acutely aware of the rope biting into her wrists. It hit her suddenly that she was completely at the mercy of these men. They could fuck her however they wanted, and there was nothing she could do to save herself. If their captain wanted to sodomize her, very soon she'd be bent and helpless waiting for him to slide that monster cock up her virgin anus.

Dominic looked up and shot her a smile that showed every inch of his long, sharp fangs. "Now you're getting the idea. You're defenseless, darlin'. And you're ours."

Verica stared at him, her cheeks hot. They were really going to fuck her. All of them.

Everywhere.

Twenty minutes later, when Dominic hooted in triumph and Andre groaned, she was so preoccupied with dark images she barely noticed that the blond had won her cunt.

Dominic and Andre simultaneously threw down the cards they'd been idly playing after deciding her fate. She looked up, startled, as they advanced on her.

"Captain's coming in the airlock," Dominic explained with a malicious grin, "and he's pissed."

Andre moved behind her and snapped the cords holding her wrists to the back of the chair while Dominic freed her legs. She aimed a kick at him, just on general principles, but he ducked away and stood just as Andre snatched her onto her feet.

The blond stepped aside as Julian strode in, his face grim. Without hesitation, the captain reached out, grabbed the front of her unisuit, and ripped the tough fabric down the front. Cool air flooded over her breasts. Verica yelped in outrage.

Ignoring her curses, Julian snatched her away from Andre and flung himself down in the chair, then dragged her face down across his lap. Locking a big fist in what was left of her unisuit, he stripped it away. Instinctively, she tried to rear out of his lap, but he just wrapped a big hand around the back of her head and held her down.

"It's one thing to attempt escape," Julian told her in a low, controlled voice. "It's another to attempt suicide. It's a good thing that Jeranth is so fuckin' perverse, or you'd be dead now."

His broad hand descended on her bare butt in a hard, stinging smack that startled a muffled yelp out of her. "You will not do that again," he told her sternly.

"Oh, yeah! Beat that little ass!" Dominic said as he and Andre grabbed a couple of chairs from a nearby table, then dragged them over. Grinning, they sat down to watch.

Verica set her teeth against the next smack and barely managed to hold back another yelp. But the following blow was even harder, and the next, and the next. Though she managed not to scream, she couldn't seem to keep from squirming under the rain of blistering smacks.

Yet, as a fire ignited in her ass cheeks, she felt her pussy heat as well. God, she thought, appalled at herself. How could I find this arousing?

But she did. Being butt-up across a handsome man's thighs as he paddled her under the lecherous gaze of his crew, knowing they'd all soon... She gasped.

And she wasn't the only one turned on. As Verica squirmed across Julian's muscular thighs, she felt his erection lengthening against her side. Turning her head, she saw that both Dominic and Andre were just as hard.

Seeing the direction of her gaze, Dominic ran the long fingers of one hand up and down the outline of his own broad shaft through his unisuit. Cupping his balls with the other, he leaned closer and met her eyes. "Nothing's quite as hot as watching a naked blonde's ass go red under a good, hard spanking."

"Unless it's watching her asshole stretch around a hard cock," Julian growled, suddenly breaking off his ruthless smacks. "My hard cock."

He reached between her thighs and sought the opening of her cunt. "Why, gentleman," the captain purred, "our little captive's wet!"

"She's been wet," Andre said. "I could smell it."

Her back arched as Julian's thick finger slipped deeper, then slowly withdrew only to dip inside again. The sensation was hot, dark, breath-stealing.

"I think she's got a submissive streak." Eyeing her, Dominic stroked his hard-on again. "I wonder if we've captured ourselves a potential bloodslave ."

"If she is, we'll find out." The finger withdrew from her cunt and lifted, then pressed against her anus. Verica sucked in a breath behind her gag as the long male digit began to enter a place that had never before been penetrated . The insertion felt both painful and strangely erotic.

"Oh, yeah," Julian said. "Hard-ass on the outside, sweet submissive underneath. Get the rope and the lube, gentlemen . It's time little Verica lost every last virginity."

Tying up Verica for her first fuck was the hottest thing Julian had done in decades.

They could have subdued her so completely she'd have been unable to bat an eyelash, but they ended up letting her writhe just so they could watch her do it. She looked so tasty squirming and fighting that the process of hog-tying her took about three times as long as it should have. By the time they were done, Julian's fangs were aching in his jaw and his dick was hard as a beamer rifle.

Had she truly been terrified and unwilling, of course, he'd have taken a different approach. Their objective, after all, was to get her as aroused as possible so she'd generate the greatest psychic charge when she came. They'd all been at this so long they knew when a captive would respond best to gentle seduction or a rough mock-rape. And Verica, virgin or not, wanted to be subdued.

She had to know she didn't have a prayer against three vampires. Hell, if they'd just been human, she still wouldn't have had a prayer. They were too big, and Verica was too small. Too female.

Too delicious.

Her pink-tipped breasts jiggled as she squirmed, trying to kick with those long, muscled legs or land a small fist in a punch. Her silky blonde hair whipped around her delicate face, and her full, pink lips drew back from her teeth in a snarl as she fought to bite anything she could reach. All the while, she glared around at them with what she probably considered a ferocious expression.

It wouldn't have occurred to her that those big, blue eyes were better suited to pleading.

And Julian badly wanted to watch her plead. It was almost a shame to blindfold her, but he knew it would increase her feelings of delicious vulnerability. He promised himself he'd take off the strip of silk once she started whimpering.

Panting, he and Dominic stood back, trying to regain a little self-control while Andre forced a spreader gag between her jaws. A wise precaution, since they all knew without the synthetic rubber guard holding her teeth open, she'd try to bite his cock off the minute he attempted to use her mouth.

She still hadn't stopped struggling, even though she was blindfolded and wrapped so tightly in one of Andre's bondage specials she could barely move. Her arms were lashed behind her, tied together from elbows to wrists so her back was pulled into an arch that forced her full breasts out. A couple of loops of rope circled her tits, making them bulge and drawing attention to their stiff nipples.

Together the vampires had spread her ankles wide and tied them to a couple of magnetic clamps attached to the ceiling. A third clamp held the ropes that supported the rest of her immobilized body.

Andre had passed another loop around her forehead, then lashed that to her wrists, so that as she hung in her cradle of cords, her neck was forced into a tempting arch. They'd suspended her at hip height so she could be entered easily, but it would be equally convenient to pull up a chair and feed.

"You know, we've done some kinky things over the centuries," Andre observed after he'd secured the spreader gag, "but this is a record."

"It's the virginity," Julian decided. "That, and she's so damn stubborn. You can smell how wet she is, and she's still fighting." Dominic grinned. "I wonder how long that will last."

Julian grinned back. "Let's get started and see."

Breathing hard through the spreader gag, Verica hung in her bonds. They'd tied her in a demonically uncomfortable position, and though she was blindfolded, she knew the arch of her spine and the wide

splay of her thighs offered her breasts and cunt up to whoever wanted to torment them.

This situation should not be arousing her, damn it. Yet she could feel the cream trickling in her core, a humiliating testimony to the lust this ridiculous scenario had tapped. No matter what her pride insisted, some dark, animal part of her ached for the cocks of her captors, for their mouths and hands.

Andfangs.

They'd feast on her, the bastards, sink those long, sharp teeth into her tender skin even as they sank their long, hard cocks into her cunt, mouth and ass. They'd fuck her ruthlessly, ride her without mercy, pump her full of come as they drank her blood in greedy swallows.

What the hell was taking them so long?

"All that sounds really good," Julian purred in her ear, "but I hope you don't mind if we indulge in a little foreplay first. I know you've been waiting twenty-five years, but some things should not be rushed."

Strong fingers caught one hard nipple and began to delicately twist. Pleasure radiated from the tormented point, and she writhed in the rope harness, gasping at the intensity of the sensation.

Then it began. Slowly, even gently. At first.

Fingers touched, stroked, squeezed. Here a hand swept down the delicate hollow of her belly, there another traced the angle of a hipbone, while yet another fondled her ass cheeks. Fingers circled her rock-hard clit, eased into her cunt, brushed the line of her throat, stroked her thigh. Six hands, Verica knew there couldn't be more than six hands, but it felt like more, all doing things to her she'd never experienced.

She'd caressed herself before, played with her own breasts, masturbated to orgasm, but it had never felt like this, so hot and ferocious and utterly overwhelming.

Somebody was taking his time with one nipple. He'd brush it with the pad of his thumb, then pull it out just enough to make her gasp. Twist it back and forth a few times while pleasure jolted her in repeated hot stabs. Then he'd start the whole sequence all over again until she began drooling helplessly behind her gag.

Simultaneously, somebody else was lazily exploring her pussy, slipping his fingers through slick cream and lust-engorged flesh, teasing and penetrating, then setting off little blasts of pleasure in her swollen clit as he circled and strummed it slowly.

Another hand busied itself with her ass, tracing the tense muscle of her cheeks, slipping a finger into the crease and stroking the tight flesh, spread so helplessly wide by her position. Finally discovering her anus, circling it lazily. Tickling it with an impudent fingertip. Sliding slowly inside. Slipping in and out at a rhythm that matched the finger that stroked her cunt.

Deep inside her tormented body, the hard, deep clenching of orgasm began. Sensing her response, her captors grew deliciously brutal, twisting her nipples ruthlessly while driving up her cunt, her ass, two fingers, three, stuffing her until her spine arched in pleasure/pain.

That callused thumb flicked her clit once, twice, and Verica exploded, screaming, her voice strangled by the spreader gag, her pussy and rectum speared on long male fingers.

Never, she thought, dazed, shaken, as she began to slide slowly down from the crest. I've never felt like that. The orgasms she'd given herself were pale, feeble things by comparison, completely unlike this merciless rapture.

"There's more," Julian whispered.

She whimpered an involuntary protest, but it did no good. Mouths now, on her nipples. Biting, licking, sucking both hard little points, spinning sensations along her spine she'd never experienced at all. Delicate, feathery sensations so darkly intense they drove helpless moans from her mouth. Too much, far too much, she couldn't stand it...

Silken hair brushed the inside of her thighs. Someone began feasting on her sex. His tongue danced liquidly over her clit, laving, circling, then moving to lap at her labia. Suck and nibble. Fingers spread her cunt lips so that rapacious mouth could devour her wet, sensitive flesh until she keened in ravished

pleasure.

Verica could feel her climax gathering like a storm, so intense it terrified her. Instinctively she began to struggle, squirming to get away from those greedy, demanding mouths. Strong hands closed on her, holding her still for wet, silken tongues. She thought she heard a low, masculine laugh...

Andher second orgasm went off in her cunt like a bomb.

The spasms were still shivering through her system when someone snatched her blindfold off and a hard hand closed on her hair. The first cockshe'd ever seen was right in her face, looking huge and dark.

"Four hundred years ago, when I was a slave inJamaica ," Andre said, his voice rasping, "my mistress had hair the exact color of yours."

Taking the big rod in hand, he aimed it for the opening in the spreader gag and drove it deep into her mouth. Verica gasped and choked as the big rod hit the back of her throat.

"One night she ordered me whipped until the blood ran, then thrown into the fields and left for dead." Slowly, he withdrew, then thrust deep again. She struggled to accommodate him, knowing she had no choice. "Julian found me as I lay with my blood soaking the ground, and realized I could become a vampire. He changed me, saved me and went with me three nights later when I took my revenge. We punished her thoroughly. And made her comeagain and again . How I enjoyed the sight of her, writhing in shame and pleasure as I fed."

Breathing hard through her nose, Verica fought her gag reflex while he used her mouth in long strokes. She felt his slick satin shaft pressing past her lips, moving over her tongue, the head sliding against the roof of her mouth. As she sucked in a desperate breath, his strong, musky scent filled her head. Upside down, her head tied back, she watched his dark balls swing over the working muscles of his thighs as he fucked her.

"Mouthful, hmmm?"Dominic whispered in her ear, catching one of her nipples in his hand and twisting it slowly. "You know, you look incredibly hot having your mouth raped. Julian..." He raised his voice. "Mind if I take your place between those pretty thighs?"

"Not in the least. I think I'd like to have a word with her anyway," the captain's deep voice rumbled. Long fingers released her spread pussy lips.

Julian had been the one licking her cunt, Verica realized, and was startled at the heat that thought sent through her. Helplessly she watched the swing of Andre's balls, swallowing hard as her mouth watered from the thick shaft stuffing it.

Dominic's hand brushed the length of her thighs, reached underneath to catch her butt and hold her still. Something big and blunt brushed across her wet, needy cunt, then worked its way between her lips. She felt it touch her opening – and slowly, slowly, force its way inside. His cock felt huge, a massive, tunneling invader forcing her delicate pussy walls wide.

"Ummm," Dominic said. "Tight as a nun's ass."

Even without her hymen, even with the slick cream that filled her, she thought for a minute he'd split her open. She whined around Andre's cock, the pain distracting her from his use of her mouth. He paused his stroking, holding his prick just inside her lips while Dominic completed his invasion.

"Too much?" Julian asked softly in her ear. Gently he reached up to toy with her nipples until delight shot through her discomfort.

"Poor little virgin. Try to relax." He tugged the pink tip and rolled it with delicate, ruthless skill. "We're nowhere near done."

He rose from the chair someone had put beside her head and bent over her, directing an idle order down the length of her body. "Play with her clit, Dominic. I want her to come again."

The blond obeyed; she felt a light stroke against her button, then a gentle circling that sent pleasure swirling up her spine to compete with the pain of his penetration. An instant later, a hot male mouth sealed around one nipple, and she jerked in her bonds.

Verica felt utterly overwhelmed, her senses battered by too much feral eroticism. The long cock stroking

inside her mouth, the big cock shuttling back and forth in her pussy, the stroking fingers and Julian's clever tongue... Assaulted from all sides, it seemed she'd been transformed into a creature of raw sex and sensation.

Unable to do anything else, she surrendered, relaxing her muscles, allowing them to use her as they would.

Julian smiled around her nipple, feeling the erotic submission flooding Verica's mind. They had her now.

Her responsiveness sharpened his hunger. He could almost taste the blood rushing through the sensitive breast under his mouth, and the urge to bite nearly broke his control. He fought it back. The pleasure would be sweeter, hotter, when she came, when the raw psychic energy of her climax rolled from her mind, a delicious meal for her vampire lovers.

Blood was never enough.

The hemosynther could produce enough blood to bathe in, but they also needed this – the sensual response of a woman in the throes of climax. And the more overwhelmed she felt, the more intense her orgasm, the more psychic energy she'd feed them.

Which made little virgin Verica utterly perfect. He doubted she'd ever had such a sweet feast.

And he hadn't even entered her ass yet.

He sucked and lapped and nibbled at each breast in turn as the energy grew, a field of delicious heat surrounding her, flooding his mind with her pleasure. He could feel how erotically vanquished she felt with Andre fucking her mouth and Dominic shafting her cunt. This orgasm would be the most intense yet. And he was going to make it even hotter.

He released her wet, pebble-hard nipple and straightened, then pulled the chair closer to her head. He'd sensed her response to him, and he knew he could use it.

A big vein thumped wildly in the taut, white arch of her throat. Looking down at it, he smiled slowly in anticipation.

"You do realize they're about to come?" Julian rumbled in her ear. "Then it'll be my turn." He reached a big hand over her body to stroke and squeeze one breast. Andre's cock surging in and out of her mouth, she could only listen. "We could have all done you at once, but I don't want you distracted when I give you your first buggering."

His lips closed over the lobe of her ear and gave it a gentle nibble just as Dominic drove in a particularly hard thrust. The first flutters of her climax teased her, and she strained, trying to force herself against the blond's hips for that last bit of stimulation. But the ropes held her immobile, and she could only whimper.

"It will hurt at first when I enter, and you'll want to fight it, but don't," Julian said softly over Andre's gasps and Dominic's harsh growls. "You won't be able to keep me out anyway. Just concentrate on relaxing that sensitive little asshole. It won't be easy for you, as tight as you are, but really, you don't have very much choice." He gave one of the taut cords of her neck a tender lick. "I'm going to ream your little rectum, darling. But first..." Another lick. His lips moved against her banging pulse as he spoke. "But first I'm going to feed."

With a roar, Dominic rammed all the way in, a hard, violent stroke that tipped her over. Verica keened around Andre's cock as her climax hit her like a meteor, twisting her in her bonds. It went on and on, long, racking convulsions of pleasure deep in her womb as the vampires fucked her so hard, she swung between them in her harness.

The last spasms had barely begun to die when something hot and bitter flooded her mouth. Swallowing automatically, she realized it was Andre's come.

Then Julian's fangs punched into her throat, and she whimpered at the hot, stabbing pain. Quivering helplessly, she felt his lips moving against her skin as he drank.

Julian only allowed himself a few burning, intoxicating swallows before he let her go. He knew the others would need to feed, and he didn't want to take enough to weaken her.

Besides, his balls were heavy and swollen, tight against his shaft, and he wanted to take that final,

ultimate possession. The one that would set the seal on her soul.

It was obvious she was the one they'd been looking for – the perfect combination of responsive submissive and fiery soldier. And he was determined that tonight her body would learn who her master was.

He knew quite well it would take a little longer for the message to reach her mind.

As Andre and Dominic reeled away from her to collapse bonelessly on the bed, Julian started ripping down the harness with a few ruthless jerks. Dazed from their sensual assault, Verica barely stirred as he tore the cords from around her body and carried her to the bed to drape her across it. Reaching down, he plucked the spreader gag from her mouth. She licked her lips and worked her jaw, but didn't try to speak.

"What did you do with the lube?" Julian growled at Dominic, who smirked at the heat in his eyes, scooped up the tube off the bedside table and flipped it to him.

Ready to spread those pretty white cheeks, boss?

He snatched it out of the air and dropped it on the mattress. More than ready. Catching Verica's limp legs behind the calves, he lifted them and nodded to the blond. Grab her ankles.

Dominic stepped to the side of the bed, directly over Verica's head, and took each of her delicate heels in his hands. Slowly, he spread them wide and pulled them toward him until she was bent almost double as she lay on her back, her cunt helplessly open in offering. Verica opened vague blue eyes and blinked, still dazed from shattering orgasms and the hard use her virgin body had been put to.

Julian licked his lips at the helpless expression on her face and the wet, swollen flesh of her cunt, still smeared with Dominic's come and Verica's own feminine juices.

Dominic pulled her feet a little further toward him so that the cleft of her ass spread like a peach, revealing the tiny puckered opening between them. The head of Julian's rock-hard cock jutted above it, thick and dark and much, much bigger. He felt it twitch in anticipation.

Picking up the tube, Julian looked at his second in command who sprawled on the bed next to her. "Grab her hands, Andre."

Reminded that she should fight them, Verica threw up her fists, but Andre gathered them both in one of his before she had time to launch an assault. Not that she'd had a prayer in hell anyway. Julian just wanted her to feel her helplessness.

With a thumb, he flicked the top off the tube, his eyes locked on her face. Verica stared up at him, her eyes wide with an arousing combination of fear and lust.

"That's a really tiny asshole, Julian," Dominic observed in a sadistic purr. "You sure you can get your cock in there?"

"I guess we'll find out, won't we?" He inserted the nozzle of the tube into the starfish opening and squeezed. Then, slowly, he began to force the tube deeper.

Verica's spine arched as she felt her anus strain to resist the tube before reluctantly spreading around it. She gasped as a fiery pain radiated from the abused hole, but Julian kept pushing until both the tube and his fingers were deeply embedded.

Finally he began to squeeze. The thick, chilly lube flooded her agonized channel as he withdrew the tube again, inch by inch. At last it was out of her and he tossed it aside. But she didn't dare take a breath because she knew that monster shaft of his was next.

She stared up at the trio of hard, hungry faces above her, the strong, muscled bodies and rigid cocks. The eyes of all three men were locked unblinking on her virgin ass. Verica looked between her legs at Julian's sculpted torso and jutting prick, and swallowed hard as her own excitement rose. She knew being sodomized by that menacing organ would hurt like hell. What she didn't understand was why she hungered for it.

Julian met her eyes and smiled slowly. Verica scanned his handsome warrior's features and felt another jolt of excitement. There was a smear of her blood on the corner of his mouth. He licked it away with a

flick of his tongue. "Ready to have your ass stuffed?"

She made herself sneer, hoping he couldn't read her desire and feminine terror. "Get it over with, you son of a bitch."

Dominic laughed. "You have no sense of self-preservation, girl. Most women are more deferential to Julian – particularly when he's in the mood for a slow, sadistic butt-fuck."

Julian leaned over her to brace one hand on the bed as he used the other to aim his cock. "I just wonder how long she can maintain all that magnificent defiance."

The thick rounded crown touched her opening. Licking her lips, Verica hoped she didn't look as nervous as she felt.

The captain smiled mockingly into her eyes. "They usually start begging, right about now."

She snarled. "I wouldn't give you the satisfaction, you ... AH!" Verica managed to bite off the rest of the cry as the massive shaft began to slowly enter. Pain seared up her spine as her anus struggled to stretch around his thick, smooth width.

As she fought her whimpers, the three men observed her anal impalement with glittering eyes.

"You know, as many times as I've watched you do that, I never get tired of seeing it," Andre said to Julian. "It's hotter than hell, seeing you force a woman's ass like that."

But he wasn't done yet. Still he came, working more and more of his cock into her rectum. Verica writhed helplessly, but she couldn't get away from the deep, brutal sensation.

"Give her your mouth, Andre," Julian growled, watching her expression. "She needs to relax."

Dominic pulled her feet further back to give the dark vampire room, and he moved over her until he stretched head down along her body.

Then Andre began to lick. The luscious pleasure of his long tongue dancing over her clit provided a sweet counterpoint to the massive pain of Julian's invasion.

At last the captain stopped. Buried inside her to the balls, he waited as Andre stroked and nibbled and sucked at her sex. Despite the pain radiating from her violated ass, the dark vampire's mouth spun such pleasure over her cunt Verica couldn't help squirming.

Helplessly, she looked up into Julian's black eyes. They glittered with masculine satisfaction at possessing her so utterly.

As Andre's tongue flicked her clit, she realized Julian's cock in her ass made the pleasure even more exciting. The combination of pain and delight burned her senses. She sucked in a deep breath.

Slowly, Julian began to withdraw. The feeling of his shaft sliding out of her carried a dark, wicked enticement. She whimpered. He smiled into her eyes and pushed in again. "That's right, relax. Open. It's starting to feel good, isn't it? I knew you'd like it once you got past the worst."

Julian eased out again, then in, riding her slowly in long, careful strokes that twisted and teased her most delicate inner flesh as Andre's clever mouth drew hot runes of delight around her clit.

Later she was never able to pinpoint the moment when Julian's use of her anus became searing pleasure instead of searing pain. All she knew was that suddenly she was thrusting up against him, taking the big rod deeper, fucking it with her ass. Focused on the sensation of his cock, on the way it teased and pleased her, she barely noticed that Andre had left her pussy or that Dominic had released her ankles so that her thighs now lay over Julian's massive shoulders.

Andre's dark hand slipped under her chin, tilting her head back. His lips touched one side of her throat as Dominic licked the skin on the other.

Julian drove his cock in hard in a single, brutal stroke. She convulsed, screaming, kicked over the edge of climax. Simultaneously, she felt a double-pronged stab of pain on either side of her throat as Andre and Dominic bit deep.

Verica's wide eyes met Julian's as he came down fully on top of her, ramming her ass as his shipmates drank her blood. The conqueror's enjoyment in his eyes sent her orgasm cresting even higher, a white-hot wall of sensation that slammed over her mind in a wave.

"You're mine now, Verica," he growled at her, fucking hard, his sweat splattering her face. "I own you, whether you know it or not."

The pleasure spiraled higher, blinding, until she keened, Andre and Dominic still feeding, Julian possessing her. Light flared in her skull and it seemed she touched him, touched his mind, felt his immortality and his power and his predatory intentions. And a surprising yearning, as if she was something he'd been looking for and had finally found. Somehow he drew her mind to him, closer and closer, until she felt she knew him as she'd never known another human. Wonder worked its way through the pleasure...

Just as everything went black.

Julian studied Verica as she lay sleeping under the regenerator in the Nosferatu's small sickbay. Her color was better, improved since the unit had forced her depleted blood cells to regenerate over the past half hour. He let his eyes roam over her tender nudity, admiring the long, strong legs, the sweet creamy mounds of her breasts, the tumble of dark gold curls around her head. In sleep, her face lost its hard, stubborn lines, taking on a tempting sweetness that made his protective instincts rear.

When Andre and Dominic wandered in from tending the ship, he curled his lip in a snarl at them. "Her blood volume is back to normal – not that either of you will be getting any of it any time soon."

Andre ducked one shoulder guiltily. "Sorry, Captain. It had just been a little too long."

Dominic glowered. "I don't see what the problem is. Ten minutes in regen, and she's fine."

Julian let the blond feel the full weight of his disapproval. "The problem is that I told you how much I wanted you to take, and you did not muster the self-control to obey my orders."

He kept his voice soft, controlled, but Dominic flinched and bowed. "You are, of course, correct. Forgive my greed, milord."

That last "milord" was not mockery. A thousand years ago, Dominic had been his vassal – until a beautiful vampire had made Julian something more than mortal. And he, in turn, had changed his second in command.

Dominic straightened his shoulders. "So. When will she be out of regen?"

"She already is."

Andre blinked. "But I thought you were going to put her through the procedure."

"Not yet."

"Aren't we going to keep her?" Dominic frowned. "From what you said to her..."

Julian made a dismissive gesture. "Regardless of my comments in the heat of the moment, the final choice is hers."

"But you fully intend to help her make up her mind," Andre guessed shrewdly.

Julian looked down at their sleeping captive. "Oh, yes."

"Good. I like her." Andre studied Verica, his gaze lingering on her breasts. "She's got guts and heart. Not to mention a truly outstanding mouth."

"And her ass isn't bad either, huh, Julian?" Dominic grinned wickedly. "I can't wait to try it myself."

Julian frowned, surprised at his sudden urge to flip a sheet over that sweetly naked body; he had never felt possessive about a woman before. "If she does agree, I don't want you getting rough with her."

The blond's eyebrows flew up. It was obvious what he was thinking; Julian himself had gotten pretty rough. But Dominic said nothing; they'd been together so many centuries, he knew when his commander was in no mood for an argument.

"Which reminds me," Julian said to Andre, "if I didn't know better, I'd think you were beginning to believe that sadistic Jamaican mistress scam yourself."

Andre's grin was unrepentant. "Well, it's such a good story – and the ladies love it so. Even the ones who have no idea what I'm talking about." He'd been a 20th century American college professor when Julian met him and realized he was one of the few that could survive the process of becoming a vampire.

Dominic braced his hands on the foot of the regen bed as he looked at Verica. "You know, Julian, despite that delicious submissive streak, she's going to object to this just on general principles."

"Oh, yes." Julian's eyes flicked to the soft blonde bush between her thighs. "But I've got a couple of ideas about that."

Verica woke with that familiar sense of energy and well being that meant she'd just spent time in a regenerator. She suspected she'd otherwise be rather sore. Not to mention weak from blood loss.

She stretched lazily and almost purred at the sensation of neosilk sheets against her skin. Opening her eyes, she found herself back in the quarters the vampires had first taken her to. She'd decided earlier it was the captain's stateroom, judging from its size and the huge bed she sprawled across. Rank, she knew, had its privileges.

Realizing she was naked, Verica wondered if she was one of them.

She really wished she could be more outraged at the thought. Yet there was something about Julian Bender that got to her in a way the others hadn't. Remembering the look in his eyes when he'd entered her, she shivered. "You're mine now, Verica. I own you, whether you know it or not."

Had he meant that?

Not that it mattered, she told herself staunchly. She belonged to nobody but herself, and she'd tell him so the next chance she got.

The question was, what was she going to do after they released her? With her T'tcha Ker family dead, she had no home and no money. She supposed she could try to get on with a merc unit, but the fact that everyone in her old unit was dead hardly constituted a sterling reference.

That, of course, assumed the vampires didn't kill her now that they were through with her. If they were through with her.

Verica examined the thought and realized she wasn't really worried about it. Somehow she didn't think Julian would hurt her. There'd been a moment when she'd come that he'd ... touched her mind somehow. She had a sense of him now, of what and who he was. Immensely old, yes, so old and so powerful she'd known a moment's raw fear.

But he was also vulnerable. Lonely, despite the shipmates whose friendship he'd shared for all these centuries. And most astonishing of all, he actually needed what she could give. Sex, yes, but something more than that, something she had that he'd been seeking for a very long time.

She'd been a responsibility to her father and a member of the T'tcha Ker's immense family, but none of them had ever needed her with that kind of raw intensity.

Verica frowned. Such need was seductive, but that didn't mean she should let it make a difference to her. True, the pleasure the vampires had given her was so intense she doubted she'd ever find the like again. But they also hadn't given her a choice – they'd simply taken her, though she hadn't been willing. Not

completely unwilling, either, but still, it had been damned high-handed of them.

"I can be a lot more high-handed than that."

Verica jumped, startled. Julian stood leaning against the doorway; he'd entered so quietly she hadn't heard him. He was dressed in black trousers and boots, but his broad chest was magnificently bare. Internal female sensors began jangling in her brain at the sight of him as he strolled toward the foot of the bed. She instantly suspected the effect was intentional. Forcing herself to assume a dry, amused tone, she said, "Yeah, I noticed that when you shoved your dick up my ass."

He grinned, his teeth flashing white. "And a very nice ass it is, too." The smile faded. "We don't plan to release you, Verica."

She went still. "You can't keep me."

"Can't we?"

Her mouth went cotton-dry. "You're pretty formidable, but I'm not bad myself. I'll find a way to escape."

He lifted a dark eyebrow. "I don't doubt it. But it won't be easy, and by the time you do, are you sure you'll want to leave?"

She lifted her chin. "As you may have noticed, I'm stubborn."

"So am I." He braced both arms against the bed's footboard and leaned his weight on them. The pose made the muscle ripple and flex. She knew good and damn well that was intentional too. "Have you noticed that your options at the moment aren't exactly overwhelming, even if we do let you leave? You have no money and no place to go."

She wanted to pace, but somehow she didn't want to do it naked. "A mercenary can always get work."

"An experienced one, yes. Trouble is, all your experience has been with an alien unit that has been rather thoroughly wiped out. Any merc captain is going to wonder just what role you did – or didn't – play in your comrades' demise." She wondered whether he'd read her mind yet again. "I, on the other hand, am willing to make you a member of the crew and pay you accordingly. How about..." He named a figure that made her eyes widen. "I doubt you'll get a better offer."

"But would I be shipping out as crew or provisions?"

He laughed, but heat sparked in his eyes. "Both."

Verica lifted her chin at him. "That's very kind, but my career aspirations don't include becoming a human buffet for a trio of vampires."

"You're more than blood to me, Verica." His voice made her heart skip – low, intimate, sensual. She cursed herself, knowing her utter lack of adult experience with men was working against her.

She shook off his spell. "I'm not the first woman you've captured and fucked. Did you make this offer to them, and if so, where the hell are they now?"

He straightened, the muscle in his chest shifting temptingly. She wished he'd stop doing that. "No, you're not our first captive, but I've never made this offer before. We always drop them off at a spaceport with enough money to get wherever they're going."

"So what's so different about me?" Remembering something Dominic said, her eyes narrowed. "Or is it just that you've been six months without pussy, and you decided you want to keep one on hand?"

He looked at her and his eyes heated. Verica realized the sheet she held around her had drooped, revealing the tops of her nipples. She drew it tight again. "That's part of it," he admitted. "But not all. There's a fire and sensuality in you that would make you a perfect..." He broke off.

"Bloodslave. Is that what you were going to say?" She'd heard of them. "If you think I'll willingly become

an oversexed, genetically engineered half-vampire sex toy, think again."

Julian gave her a mocking smile. "Why, Verica – your father did have interesting tastes in smut, didn't he?"

She shrugged. "There's also a couple million dirty jokes. 'How many bloodslaves does it take to change a lighting unit?None. They like it better in the dark.'"

"The dark has a great deal to recommend it."

"You would think so, wouldn't you?"

"Did the jokes mention that your strength would be five times what it is now, that your reflexes would be faster, your hearing more acute?Useful, for a mercenary."

"We use guns now, Julian. Or hadn't you heard?"

He laughed. "That wicked tongue is one of the reasons I find you so attractive."

"You have no idea what I can do with my tongue. You had me tied up, remember?" She snapped her teeth closed, appalled at herself.

Those dark eyes glittered. "Are you flirting with me, Verica?" He moved around the bed until he loomed over her. "Would you like to demonstrate your skills?"

"Sure." She bared her teeth at him. "If you don't mind being thrown into a bulkhead."

"Those were not the skills I was referring to." He sank gracefully down beside her. Senses clamoring at the proximity of all that male brawn, she had to suppress the urge to edge away. "Since you bring it up,

let's talk about sex."

"Let's not."

He ignored that, instead reaching out to trace a fingertip across the fist she held clenched in her lap. "After the procedure, your nipples would be far more sensitive than they are now. The number of pleasure receptors in your clit, cunt and anus would increase geometrically, making sex even more pleasurable." He looked into her eyes, immersing her in a dark, sensual stare. "Considering how responsive you are now, that idea takes my breath away."

She lifted a brow at him, fighting the raw seduction of that starkly handsome face. "Given your collective appetites, we wouldn't have the chance to do anything, since I'd be in regen all the damn time."

He shook his head. "Verica, that's the whole point of the procedure. Infecting you with a modified form of the vampire virus means you'd gain our ability to regenerate cells. You wouldn't need regen for anything but catastrophic injuries. And you'd be practically immortal."

Verica blinked at that, caught by the idea of having most of a vampire's powers without the drawbacks of a liquid diet. But ... she remembered the other things she'd heard. Bloodslaves were designed for sex – that's why the procedure's creators had modified the virus to force an increase in the growth of pleasure receptors. Those who underwent it were intended to give their vampire lovers the most intense response possible. The procedure even altered brain chemistry; rumor said they were perpetually horny. "I don't want immortality enough to become a slave of any kind."

He shook his head. "You won't actually become a slave." His lips twitched. "Or no more of a slave than you want to be. And not 'perpetually horny' either. At least..." The faint smile widened into a wicked grin. "Not after the first month or so. Once your body adjusts, you'll learn to control it."

Looking at him, remembering what they'd done to her, she had to admit there was a certain fascination in the idea.

Then Julian met her eyes full on, and suddenly all the breath left her lungs at the sheer, sensual power of his stare. Her nipples hardened as she remembered what his cock had felt like, buried to the balls in her ass, Andre's tongue flicking across her clit. Andre and Dominic, shafting her in searing unison as Julian fed from her throat. Taken, ravished, overwhelmed.

God, she wanted to feel that way again. And she could. Again and again .

Madness.

She lifted her head and forced herself to meet his eyes defiantly. "I'd be placing myself at your mercy. What's to stop you from abusing me?"

His eyes were so dark and deep she felt dizzy looking into them. "My vow. I will not betray your trust, and I won't allow my men to betray it either."

She fought the hypnotic pull of his will. "And I'm supposed to just trust you?"

"Yes. Because you can."

And she wanted to. That irritated her, made her wonder if she was being suckered . She stared at him, resenting the fact that she wanted him enough to take that kind of risk, while he took no risk at all.

Unless...

Julian lifted a dark brow. "You want me to prove myself to you?" Verica squared her shoulders. "Yeah. You want me to put myself at your mercy? Put yourself at mine."

Reading the image in her mind, he grinned. "You want to tie me up?"

She thought about it, then remembered the way he'd snapped her cat's cradle of cords. "No, you could get free too easy. Forcecuffs." She met his eyes, her own narrowing in challenge. "I want you in forcecuffs."

Julian straightened. "You are serious, aren't you?" Looking at her, he tilted his head, his gaze calculating. Then he nodded shortly. "You want proof; you'll get your proof." He straightened to his full imposing height. "Command me then. I'll obey you."

Hot excitement flooded Verica at the thought of having such a dominant man at her mercy. She fought to control the thrill, decide what to do next.

"Strip for me," she ordered, and licked her dry lips. "And tell one of your crew to bring those 'cuffs. I want them to see you at somebody else's feet for once."

His eyes flashed, and for a moment, she wondered if he'd obey after all. But then his big hands went to the fly of his breeches and opened it with a stroke of long fingers. Eyes fixed on hers, hot and heavy-lidded, he pushed his pants down over his narrow hips. His erection sprang free, long, thick and hard. She shuddered, remembering the feel of it.

Julian smiled slowly and sat down on the edge of the bed. He kicked off his boots, then wormed the tight breeches the rest of the way off his muscled legs. Deliberately he stretched out on the mattress, extending his powerful arms over his head and arching his spine, rolling his hips upward. The head of his cock brushed his ridged abdomen. He reached a big hand between his thighs and cupped his full balls, then stroked his long, eager shaft, displaying himself for her.

The door slid open and Dominic ducked in carrying a handful of wide gold rings several inches across. "Forcecuffs, boss?" he asked, grinning. "Don't you think that's overkill when you could wrap her up in a ball of yarn..."

Julian rolled off the bed, naked. "It's not for her, Dominic."

The blond vampire froze in his tracks. His green eyes widened. "You're not actually going to let her cuff you?"

"Trust has to go both ways."

Are you insane? Dominic stepped in close to Julian, projecting his thoughts, his fingers white around the cuffs with the force of his grip. She's a killer, Julian! What's to stop her from slitting your throat?

She won't, and you know it, Julian told him, mind to mind. She's a mercenary, not a murderer. I want her. And I'm willing to prove how much.

Dominic's green eyes snapped. Look, I want a source of available pussy as much as the next vampire, but I'm not willing to risk you to get it.

You touched her mind, Dominic. You know she's more than just pussy.

The blond turned and looked at Verica who still sat on the bed. Coolly, she met his eyes and allowed the sheet to fall, revealing the lovely globes of her breasts with their pale pink nipples. Blonde hair tumbled around her shoulders. Her full lips were parted under blue eyes that snapped with excitement.

Dominic tossed the cuffs on the bed and said in a fierce, low tone, "If you hurt milord, we'll fucking drain you. And it won't be quick." With a snarl, he stalked out of the room.

Verica looked at Julian, lifting a brow. "Milord?"

"We have a very long history together." He shrugged. "And if he really thought you couldn't be trusted, he wouldn't have left. Not without a fight, anyway." And since Andre would have joined in, Julian would have had his hands full. His crew was loyal, but at times, their idea of loyalty could stretch to outright rebellion if they thought he was being stupidly suicidal.

Looking at Verica, Julian grinned. With any luck, he'd soon have three of them to worry about.

"Where do you want me?" he asked in a velvet purr.

Feeling her nipples harden, Verica shifted on the bed. Damn, how did he do that – make her cream just

with the tone of his voice and the look in his eyes?

It was some comfort to see his erection lengthening again; it had subsided during the conversation with Dominic. At least she wasn't the only one caught in this ridiculous lust.

"Verica?" Amusement lit his dark eyes.

She blinked, having forgotten the question. Oh, he wanted to know where she wanted to put him. "The bed...No, the chair."

Julian nodded obediently and walked over to the padded black swoop of synthleather. Verica snatched up the forcecuffs and went to join him as he dropped onto it.

His eyes roamed over her as she crossed the room, and she was abruptly aware of her nudity. Rocking back on her heels, she gave him the same sort of slow appraisal.

And swallowed. Even sitting down, he looked big, his chest broader than the back of the chair, pelted in silken black hair that trailed down over his muscled belly to that massive erection.

Lifting a brow at her, he held up one powerful wrist, biceps bunching. Verica licked her lips and moved to kneel beside the chair, slipping one of the forcecuffs over his hand. When she held the ring around his wrist, the metal band instantly drew itself tight to his skin. His arm went limp as the 'cuff cut off the neural control of his muscles. Moving carefully so she wouldn't wrench it painfully, Verica drew his wrist back until it pressed against the back of the chair. She released him and the cuff locked his muscles in place, holding his arm in the position she'd arranged it in.

Forcecuffs couldn't be broken because the captive's own strength held him.

She repeated the process with the other arm, then both ankles, positioning them beside the chair so his thighs were spread, giving her easy access to that magnificent cock.

But she wasn't through yet; there was a fifth ring. Julian had evidently instructed Dominic to bring a force collar as well. She looked up from the circle of metal, surprised he was willing to take it that far. Julian lifted a dark brow at her and she wondered if she was being dared .

"I thought maybe you'd want to make sure I don't ... bite," he said.

Verica narrowed her eyes at him. "Now that you mention it..."

She half-expected him to object when he realized she'd really do it, but he didn't protest as she opened the collar and slid it around the strong column of his throat. Leaning over his lap, she took his dark head in both hands and positioned it to her satisfaction. When she let him go, his head remained rigidly in place. The back of the chair wasn't quite tall enough; his head and shoulders extended about it.

Leaning back, she saw that his eyes were focused on her hard pink nipples, heat and hunger in his eyes. Bound or not, he didn't exactly look submissive.

"Julian," Verica said, trying out her own velvety purr, "where do you keep your toys?"

He grinned, not in the least intimidated. "There's a panel in the wall beside the bed. I'd get 'em for you, but I seem to be rather ... busy."

"Oh, I think I can find it."

She straightened and turned toward the bed. For the first time in her life, she deliberately put a sway in her ass as she walked across the room.

Following his directions, she found the control for the panel and watched it slide open, revealing a deep recess in the bulkhead. Her eyes widened.

Inside were a whole collection of light little whips, nipple clamps, butt plugs and dildos, all neatly arranged, along with several old-fashioned cuffs and chains. "You're a bad boy, Julian," Verica breathed,

staring at them in shock.

Helauged, a deep rumble. "Oh, yeah. The question is, how bad a girl are you?"

She grabbed a flogger and a couple of clamps, and turned around. "Bad enough."

Most men would probably have felt a little apprehension, watching Verica stride toward them carrying the light leather flogger. Julian merely smiled. She wondered whether he knew she wouldn't hurt him, or whether he hoped she would.

"What do you think?" he asked, reading her mind.

She looked into his strong, handsome face and shrugged. "You're not a masochist."

"And you're not a sadist." His eyes dropped to the flogger with its soft suede lashes. "But you are inventive."

Verica eyed his face as she moved to stand over him. "You're going to be practically impossible to surprise, aren't you?"

"Well, that's the problem of playing with a telepath." He rolled his broad, muscled shoulders, but his immobilized arms remained pinned behind him. "On the other hand, there doesn't seem to be much I can do about it." His lids lowered. "Though there's always revenge."

"In that case, I'd better make the best of my opportunities."

And dropping the clamps on the floor, she flicked the flogger across his rock hard cock.

It scarcely qualified as a blow, but she looked into his face anxiously to make sure it hadn't actually hurt.

"Usually," he rumbled, "I use that on my captives' tits."

"I'll keep that in mind." She flicked her wrist again.

Julian caught his breath and tried to jerk his head back, but the collar held him still. The flogger's light lashes didn't hurt, as gently as she struck him. But the soft leather wrapped teasingly around his cock, caressing the long shaft as the lashes hit and pulled away. He'd used it just that way on assorted pretty nipples, but he'd never realized how effective it could be on a man.

Pretty damn inventive for a woman who'd been a virgin a few hours before. But then, her innate sensuality was one of the reasons he wanted her.

Verica grinned wickedly at him and struck him again, her lovely breasts jiggling delightfully as she moved around him on those muscled dancer's legs of hers.

Slowly she increased the force she used, her eyes locked on his, her breath coming hard as she flicked and teased his cock with the whip until he found himself arching his hips as the sting built in his engorged shaft, his balls aching fiercely. He wanted to writhe, toss his head, but the cuffs held him motionless, unable to move anything but his torso.

Half-mad with lust, he snarled, "When I get loose, I'm going to fuck you raw. Then I'm going to sink my teeth into that long white throat while I ream your little asshole."

"Not yet." Verica threw the flogger across the room, then reached down and hit a button on the side of the chair. Obediently, it reclined, pulling him back until he was stretched out flat, his feet still on the floor, his head extending beyond the back of the chair. "I've got another use for your mouth first."

She bent to pick up the clamp she'd dropped on the floor, then rose and swung a long leg across him. Setting her feet apart, she straddled his face and bent so she was head-down along his body. Surprised, he stared up at the wet, creamy pussy inches from his lips. Her scent flooded his head, musk and sex and heat.

Reaching down his length, she wrapped one slender hand around his balls and slowly squeezed. She stopped well short of pain, but the threat was there. "Lick me, Julian. I want to come riding your tongue."

He smiled slowly and stabbed his pointed tongue up into her cunt.

Verica twisted over him as that hot, wicked mouth went to work. Her memories had not done his skill justice; he knew just how to lick and nibble and suck to wring searing pleasure out of her pussy. It wouldn't take him long to have her begging.

But she wasn't ready to release control just yet. Surreptitiously, she slipped one of the clamps she still held onto her little finger. It pinched, but not cruelly.

The jaws aren't that stiff, Julian said into her mind. I never use anything I haven't tested on myself. He burrowed his tongue up her slick core. Within anatomical reason, of course.

She gasped as he began gently trusting. "Does that include the butt plugs?"

I have to know what effect I'm getting. He gave her a long, sampling lick that caught her clit. I scale it down, of course. I'm a big man, and being a vampire, I can take a lot more abuse than a woman.

Verica licked her lips, quivering in pleasure. Some fragment of her mind still capable of rational thought was reassured. Any man who was that careful wouldn't take her further than she wanted to go.

"Let's find out just how much you can take." She gently thumbed one of his tiny male nipples and caught the little bead between the black jaws of the clamp.

Julian gasped against her cunt in a warm puff of air. His cock jerked. Pleased, she toyed with the clamp, opening it and releasing it. With her free hand, she reached down to cup his tight, hot balls. "Don't stop licking, Julian. I haven't come yet."

With a growl, he obeyed, catching her clit between his teeth for a gentle nibble that made her back arch. She swallowed as her thigh muscles quivered, then forced herself to continue working the clamp, pinching and releasing the tiny tip. Simultaneously she slowly stroked his cock, enjoying the feeling of slick, hot satin skin under her fingertips.

There's a Twentieth century saying that leaps to mind, he thought, Payback's hell. The next time I get you tied...

She grinned. "Don't threaten Mistress Verica, Julian. She doesn't like it." Giving his cock another taunting squeeze, she released the clamp to attach the second one to his other nipple.

As the tiny jaws grabbed hold, Verica felt something sharp scrape her most tender flesh and shivered. "Uh, uh, Julian. No fangs." She stretched down the length of his muscled torso until she could lick the thick, flushed head of his cock. "Or I'll use my teeth too."

He jerked in his bonds and she felt his wicked tongue go still on her damp flesh.

That's not necessarily a deterrent.

Verica laughed softly and licked him again. She had never given head before – Andre's forced fucking of her mouth didn't count since she hadn't actually done anything. Not sure how to go about it, she began to gently tongue him, figuring she couldn't go wrong there. Encouraged by a muffled groan, Verica slipped the head of his cock into her mouth and took him as deeply as she could.

Julian fought not to come as her soft, untutored mouth worked his cock. Oddly, the ache from the clamps seemed to intensify the raw pleasure she inflicted with that sweet tongue. He knew of the effect from using it on his captives, but he'd never experienced it himself. And that, combined with the scent of her wet cunt, was just about to drive him out of his mind.

He'd agreed to this thinking it would prove to Verica he could be trusted. He'd expected she'd be a little clumsy with no real idea what to do with him once she got him. But he'd underestimated her badly. She knew exactly what to do with him, and untutored or not, she knew exactly how to drive him crazy.

It had to be instinct. God, what would she be like after a few decades of experience?

Slowly she eased her way deeper onto his cock, taking it further into her mouth, her tongue sliding along the veined shaft.

He started wondering whether he'd survive her first century.

Verica filled her mouth with him again, loving the way his powerful body writhed under her hands. God, she was hot. Her cunt felt swollen, engorged with blood, so that every lick and nibble set it burning.

But this, hot as it was, wasn't enough. She wanted him in her, fucking her, filling her.

"Yes!" he growled, and gave her flesh a sharp, stinging nip.

Unable to take any more, Verica jerked upright and swung off his head, then moved around until she could crawl across his lap. Hands shaking with lust, she planted her knees on the seat beside his hips, grabbed his magnificent cock, and aimed it for her juicy opening. Meeting his blazing dark eyes, she began to sink onto the thick shaft.

She instantly realized she was still too new at this; the big head entered, but then lodged fast as her tight walls clamped around it. But she was also too hungry to care, so she forced herself lower, driving his cock more deeply inside her body, impaling herself until it was all the way in, thick and maddening.

Julian swore breathlessly. She writhed, desperate for her climax. "Fuck me!" he growled and she braced her knees on the seat and lifted herself, groaning as his length slid from her, tormenting her sex deliciously. He rolled his hips upward, meeting her as she slid down again.

Hot, desperate, they strove together, cock and cunt greedy, ramming one another hungrily. Each slick, silken thrust maddened her until she joggled against him mindlessly. The pleasure built and built, his shaft creating a delicious friction in her tight, wet sex, and she felt herself trembling on the edge of a searing orgasm.

"Verica," Julian gasped, begging. "Release the collar!"

Knowing what he needed, she reached up and dragged her fingers over the control on the gold ring around his neck. It snapped open. She draped herself over his chest, presenting her throat to his hungry mouth.

Raising his head, he sank his fangs into the soft skin of her throat and began to drink in long, greedy swallows, rolling his hips hard, grinding against her spread, starving sex.

Fire burst behind her eyes in a shower of sparks as her orgasm rolled over her. She twisted, convulsing with a cry. He growled against her neck and surged upward against her as he jetted into the depths of her cunt.

He was still feeding, Verica draped over him in exhausted pleasure, when the door slid open and Andre and Dominic stuck their heads in.

"Uh, Verica, we were wondering" Andre began, sounding surprisingly diffident for a man who'd raped her mouth a few hours before.

"Would you mind doing us next?" Dominic finished, grinning at the sight of his captain, bound to the chair with their captive lying limp on top of him.

Julian lifted his head from Verica's throat and snarled. Both vampires prudently withdrew.

Out in the corridor, Andre lifted a brow and grinned at his friend. "Maybe later."

Finis

