

Vampire Wanted

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Chapter One

I met him in a bar. He was every cliché come to life; tall, dark, handsome and looking at me like I was the one he'd waited for all of his life. If I hadn't been so damn lonely and just broken up with my last boyfriend, caution would've kept me away, but I was drunk, maudlin, and did I mention he was gorgeous?

Our coupling was fast, furious and ended with him biting me on the neck. That was the last thing I remember before I lost consciousness.

* * *

"Come on, come on. You have to wake up before he returns." A soft, desperate whispering broke through my sleep-shrouded mind.

Struggling to awaken, I opened my eyes, blinking rapidly, trying to make out shapes and forms from the solid darkness.

"That's it. Open those beautiful eyes. You can do it." The soft whispers continued behind me as I felt hands tentatively touching my body.

Pushing myself up I turned my head towards the voice. A young, slim blond, who looked to be in his early twenties was leaning over me. As my eyes adjusted to the dim morning light I could see his troubled expression.

"Who are you?"

"We don't have time for introductions. We've got to get you out of here."

I didn't stop to ask him why, my mind was too clouded to understand anything more. I flipped off my covers and swung my feet over the side of

the bed. Modesty wasn't a trait I had. The skinny guy averted his eyes and handed over my clothes still not looking.

"Relax, honey. I'm not going to jump you." I slipped on my pants and shirt, and was looking around for my socks and shoes when the door slammed open.

My supposed rescuer flinched as my hook up from the night before strode into the room carrying a bag that looked suspiciously like pastries.

Yum.

"Hey babe." I greeted him with a smile. "The blond here seems to think I should run off without my goodbye kiss."

I had no trouble tossing the blond to the wolf.

My dark haired love god glared at the kid.

"John. Why are you trying to scare my guest?" Damian's voice rolled across my skin like liquid sex. I grew hard at the sound, remembering last night and the hot words muttered against my skin as he plunged into me.

I held back the moan aching to break free. Snatching the pastry bag out of his hands, I placed a soft kiss on Damian's cheek as I passed.

Opening up the sack, I inhaled the scent of flaky, buttery croissants, and this time I let the moan break free.

"Damn those smell good."

"You're just going to let him buy you off with baked goods?" John asked, not bothering to hide his scorn.

I shrugged, not the least offended. "What can I say? I'm easy."

Biting into a croissant I made appreciative noises while eating the crispy, flaky goodness.

Looking up I saw both men were staring at me.

“I think you made those same sounds last night.” Damian said, a smile curving his handsome mouth.

John shook his sandy head. “I don’t suppose I can convince you to go away with me?” He asked with a hopeful smile.

I looked from John to Damian.

“No offense honey, I mean you’re cute and all but my mama raised me with manners. It’s not polite to let a man fuck you and then leave with his friend.”

Damian laughed. A full belly laugh that looked good on the man.

“Anyway I appreciate the croissant, but I gotta go.”

“Go?” Damian’s eyes narrowed. A shiver of unease ran down my spine.

I checked my watch only to remember I took it off before we went at it.

“Looking for this?” Damian dangled my Rolex from one long finger.

“Thanks darlin’.” I said sidling up and letting my eyes rake over his body. Damian was tall and lean with just the right amount of muscles. I liked a man who could overpower me during sex and Damian knew how to do that oh, so well. Thoughts of last night made me hot and needy. Not something I wanted with a stranger in the room and no relief for my quickly hardening prick. The look in Damian’s eyes told me he knew what I was remembering.

As I got closer he held the Rolex out of reach, dangling it above my head, which wasn’t hard as he had about six inches on my five foot ten inch frame. I wasn’t about to leave that watch behind. It was the only thing I had left of my granddaddy.