

Copyright, Julie Woodcock, 2001 The wolves gave her a bad moment after she slipped over the fence around the mansion, exploding out at her from the trees with vicious snarls, but she kept her head and took care of them with a series of precisely placed tranquilizer darts. The guards were next, but they were even easier than the wolves. They came running with drawn guns, only to pull up in bewilderment at the sight of Anika in her neon pink sports bra and black bicycle shorts with pink piping. The two looked from her curling blonde hair to her bountiful cleavage and deducted thirty points from her IQ, just as men always did. They probably would have grabbed a male, slammed him against the nearest wall, and demanded what his business was, but they holstered their guns and asked Anika if she was lost. She'd smiled sweetly and shot them with the last two tranqs, savoring the shock on their faces as they fell. Getting past the mansion's security system was more difficult, but Van Helsing had been breaking and entering the various domiciles of Vlad Dracula for a hundred years. In the end, she defeated the sensors and silent alarm and slipped silently inside. Finding her way to his coffin was more difficult. The house was enormous, but unlike his Carfax Abbey haunt, it was lovely and modern, with thick carpeting, beautiful art and antiques, and not a cobweb or Renfield to be seen. Anika found it a little unnerving. It was one thing to murder a monster in a crypt, another thing altogether to kill someone who collected Monet. Still, she had her duty. She knew from hacking into the security system that the house had a "wine cellar" - and she was willing to bet there was a lot more than bottles of port kept there. According to the schematics, the cellar door was located in the library near the fireplace -- a strange place for it. But when she walked into the room, she saw nothing but shelf after shelf of books. It must be concealed. Conscious of the rapidly setting sun, Anika began searching for the trigger she knew must open the panel. She also knew she'd better find it fast. The tranquilizer would be wearing off soon, but if the sun set before her task was done, guards and wolves were the least of her problems. She finally found the trigger in the bookshelves, behind a copy of Stoker's novel. Pushing a button concealed in the wall, Anika wondered whether Dracula had more of a sense of humor than any of her relatives had ever given him credit for. A section of the bookcase lifted into the ceiling with a hum and the gentle rumble of hidden machinery, revealing a black square of utter darkness. Swallowing, Anika pulled the flashlight out of her back pack flicked it on, and stepped inside. Playing the flashlight over the floor, she found a stairway winding downward, barely wide enough for her shoulders. It wasn't easy descending into that darkness, especially knowing what had happened to five generations of Van Helsing at Dracula's hands. Over the past 104 years, her great-grandfather Barend, great-uncle Devoss, Uncle Lange, and most recently, cousin Dehaan had all met their deaths trying to kill him. Then again, they'd also managed to do a great deal of damage, slaying two of his undead wives, several henchman and four vampire mistresses, as well as burning one of his houses down around his ears. Yet Stoker's book notwithstanding, none of them had ever managed to touch the monster himself. She wasn't sure whether her great-great-grandfather Abraham had lied to the Irish novelist, or whether Bram had simply been guilty of trying to give his story a happy ending. The fact was, if any Van Helsing was going to be responsible for Dracula's death, it would have to be Anika. She was the last of her line. Dracula had systematically pruned all the other branches of her family tree. Which was why Grandpa Koenraad had called her to his deathbed and made her swear to stake the monster. The old man could not stand the thought that "that unholy killer" would outlive the last of the Van Helsing men. One she gave her reluctant promise, he coughed his last from lung cancer and died with a smile on his lips. If he was aware he was sending her into danger, it did not seem to worry him. She wondered if he would have gone so peacefully if he'd known she'd agreed for reasons that had nothing to do with revenge, duty or even family pride, and everything to do with secret guilt. At last she

reached the bottom of the winding stairway to find a thick steel door. She knelt and pulled out the pack of lockpicks her grandfather had given her when she was five years old. Using them on the door was the work of a moment - a tense, sweaty, heart-pounding moment. A thought slipped into her consciousness: What was she doing here? If she failed, the last Van Helsing would die as so many before her had - struggling helplessly against Dracula's inhumanly powerful body with his fangs buried in her throat as he drank her life's blood. And yet, if she did not make the attempt, the thought of him would continue to haunt her as it had for the past ten years. She had no choice. It was this, or go mad. Mouth dry, Anika turned the knob. The door swung open smoothly, without so much as a dramatic creak. Light flooded into the stairwell from the room beyond. She rose on quivering legs and walked inside. The magnificent coffin dominated the room, its smooth black finish gleaming in the muted light from a single lamp. Nearby stood the biggest bed she'd ever seen, spread with a scarlet silk coverlet that shimmered like a lake of blood. The wood of the headboard was black, intricately carved with leaves and figures she could not make out clearly. Brass rings gleamed against the wood. She wondered why the hell he slept in a coffin rather than that sensuously tempting bed. The room around the coffin was opulent and vaguely gothic in feel. Carved wooden pillars supported an arching ceiling painted with lush nudes she preferred not to examine too closely. A marble fireplace big enough to roast a boar dominated one entire end of the room. Beside it sat an enormous chair that bore more than a passing resemblance to a throne. It and the footstool in front of it were upholstered in matte black leather. Fine paintings hung on the wall, again depicting classical themes. All of them, she realized, dealt with seduction - nymphs yielding prettily to handsome gods, a virgin coaxing a unicorn to her hand as hunters waited in the surrounding woods. But it was the coffin that held Anika's sickly fascination. He won't be the same, she told herself, moving toward it on leaden legs. He won't be the man from my dream. The dreams had been haunting her for the past ten years - dreams of seduction and submission, dreams of being taken by a dark, muscled stranger with glowing eyes and white fangs. Dreams of yielding to his demanding mouth and hands. Dreams of fangs and blood and dominance. Wrong. All wrong. Van Helsing did not have such dreams. Not about Dracula. She stared at the coffin, her eyes wide and dry as she swung the back pack off her shoulder. The zipper hissed under her fingers. Reaching inside, she pulled out the hammer and stake. The sharpened length of wood felt smooth and cold in her hand. It had belonged to Grandpa Koenraad, and it was very old, stained dark from its lethal point to two thirds up its length with the blood of one of Dracula's minions. A mistress or a wife, she wasn't sure which. Her heart was pounding so hard she only hoped it did not wake him. She had to put her weapons down to raise the coffin lid. It was heavy, a massive piece of intricately carved black wood she could barely lift. Unlike the door, it raised with a creak that made the hair lift on the back of her neck. What the hell happened to your cape and tuxedo? she thought, eyes widening. He was naked. Magnificently naked, broad shoulders pressing the walls of the coffin, his biceps bulging as his hands lay crossed over his powerful chest. She had thought - had hoped - he would be thin and bloodless and ancient, not this dark and virile figure. Unable to stop herself, Anika scanned the length of him. And stopped dead, her eyes fastened in titillated shock on his rock-hard erection. It was a thick, threatening length, flushed rose and uncircumcised, its bulging tip brushing his navel. His balls lay dark and heavy in a nest of curling black hair that thinned only slightly as it continued up the length of his cobbleshed belly. His legs were long and muscular, with the powerful thighs of a horseman. Finally she dragged her fascinated eyes back to his face. His features arrogantly Slavic, broad of cheekbone and forehead, strong of chin, with eyes deep-set under thick dark brows. His hair was longer than she'd expected, curling down to his powerful shoulders. But it was his mouth that riveted her attention. Sensuous and a little cruel, it curled in a

slight smile that revealed the tips of his fangs. She knew that mouth. Knew it all too well. She'd been seeing it in dreams for years. Yet she had never met Dracula. Never even seen him at a distance or in a painting - and there were no photographs. Grandpa Koenraad had never described him as anything but a cold, inhuman monster. As Anika stared down at that too-familiar face, she realized the truth. A sudden, wild fury washed over her. The bastard has been coming into my dreams. Seducing me. Taunting me. No more, by God. With a snarl, she bent and picked up her weapons. Her hand shaking with rage, she put the tip of the stake between his beautiful pectoral muscles. The lethal point dimpled the skin. For a moment she imagined the spill of blood, the convulsion of that magnificent body, the shock and betrayal in his dark eyes. The thought almost stopped her. "No," she told him savagely as she drew back the hammer. "You've fucked me for the last time." A powerful hand blurred up and locked around her wrist, holding the hammer at bay. His dark eyes snapped open as his lips drew back from a snarl. "I haven't even started." *** Dracula didn't trust himself to touch her. That she, of all of them, dared to lift a hand against him sent such hot fury boiling through his veins, he feared he'd kill her. He sent the hammer and stake flying with a surge of telekinesis, then swept her up on a wave of mental energy and pinned her against a column. With a gesture, he called a coil of rope from its drawer and bound her, the thick cord wrapping itself around her lush body like an obedient snake. "I suppose this is no more than I deserve for being such a fool," he snarled, as he called a robe from his armoire and whipped it around himself. "I should have known you'd be no different from the rest of your murderous family." "You're one to talk about murderers." Her blue eyes glittered with defiance, but there was the faintest vulnerable quiver to her luscious lower lip. He wondered if her mouth really tasted as sweet as it had in the dreams. "How many helpless women have you raped and drained?" "None," Dracula growled back. "I don't make war on women. I leave that to Van Helsing's spawn." He stalked toward her, deliberately letting her see he was staring at her breasts. They looked round and full and deliciously tempting as they quivered with her agitated breathing. A coil of rope pressed just under one of the nipples he could see jutting against that ludicrous sports bra she wore. He thought about pulling the cup down and rasping the hemp back and forth over the sensitive little peak. She'd always loved being taunted that way in her dreams. Well, now there was nothing to stop him from indulging himself as he pleased, not even his own conscience. He'd denied himself all these years to spare her, and she'd rewarded him with attempted murder. He could do any damn thing he liked to her, secure in the knowledge she deserved it. And he knew she'd love every minute of her punishment. Dracula closed on her until the erect tips of her breasts brushed his chest and his heavy cock curved against her belly. Her eyes flickered as she lost some of her bravado, her wide eyes focused on his mouth. He bared his fangs at her, and she sucked in a breath. He wondered if she knew she was at least as aroused as she was afraid. He could smell the faint musk as she dampened between her legs. God, he'd dreamed of her for so long. And she'd rewarded him by trying to drive a stake through his heart. "So," he said, "What brings you to throw yourself into the devil's hands? Did that old bastard grandfather of yours finally drift off to hell, sending you to play assassin as his dying act?" Her eyes flickered, and he knew his guess was correct. He thought about reading her mind directly, but he found he didn't want to taste the hate he knew he'd find in her mind. "There was nobody else," she gritted. "You killed all the others." "Only because they kept trying to kill me." He leaned down and breathed in, inhaling the scent of her hair. She'd washed it in something that smelled of jasmine. "What a cold and callous monster Koenraad was. I wouldn't have sent a child of mine after Dracula." Lifting a knuckle, he brushed it over her breast and smiled when her nipple plumped, straining toward his touch. "What do you expect? You murdered his wife," she spat. "He wanted revenge." He gritted his teeth. "Koenraad murdered his wife. He drove a stake through her back as she lay in

my arms." "He did it to save her soul!" "He did it to save his pride!" Dracula whirled away from her, not trusting himself so close to her with fury gripping him. "He'd beaten her for years. Why do you think she came to me? She thought I was the only man who could - or would - protect her from the rabid dog she'd married. But her trust was misplaced. He attacked us as we slept and fled while I grieved. He didn't even have the courage to try to kill me." "You're lying!" "If only I were." Dracula laughed bitterly. "Like his grandfather Abraham before him, Koenraad was only a man with someone weaker than he was. That's why this feud began. I took Abraham to task for his treatment of his wife, so he killed her and came after me. He played Harker and the others as his pawns." Anika looked at him, her full mouth working. He could see she wanted to deny the truth, but on some level she knew better. He wondered if Koenraad had ever turned his hand against her - and looking into her eyes, he realized she had. His conscience reared. She had suffered enough for being a Van Helsing. He should not blame her for what she'd done in a misguided attempt to gain the love of a grandfather who had never been worthy of her anyway. Yet he also knew he could not simply release her without making sure she would not come after him again - or worse, teach her sons to take up the family crusade. He moved toward her. She shifted uneasily in her bonds, and he felt temptation surge through him. God, he'd love to keep her. But he did not indulge his lust with unwilling women. Otherwise he wouldn't have denied himself when he'd first discovered her ten years ago. It was the anniversary of Lina's death, and he'd finally learned where that bastard Koenraad had hidden all these years. But when he arrived at the sleeping household, he found the bastard had grown feeble and elderly after so many decades. Dracula's honor did not permit the murder of an old man, even one who so richly deserved it. Then he'd discovered Anika sleeping across the hall. He later learned she'd moved in the year before to care for Koenraad. Seeing her lying in the tumbled sheets in a silk gown that displayed her every lush curve, Dracula had been unbearably tempted. He'd flowed as mist into her room, surrounded her lovely body, and surged into her mind. What he found there astonished and aroused him. Anika was wrapped in the arms of a dream Dracula, yielding in luscious submission as he punished her for her family's sins. And the real Dracula, with a wicked chuckle of delight, had spun the dream into hot, erotic detail and shared it with her. For hours he'd tormented and pleased her, his cock hard as a sword while she writhed and pleaded for a mercy she didn't want. She responded with such luscious intensity to the images he created, he was tempted to make them a reality. But fearing the old bastard across the hall would wake, Dracula restrained himself. He knew too well what Van Helsing's did to women they considered tainted by his touch, and he did not care to put her in that much danger. He'd already learned he couldn't always protect his lovers. Yet he couldn't stay away either. He came to her dreams several times after that, making love to her, savoring the pleasure games they played. In the end, though, he knew he had to leave her. He did not want to lose another woman as he'd lost Lina. But now she was the only Van Helsing left. The others were dead - he'd killed the last of Abraham's heirs after the young bastard had murdered a woman for spending a single night with Dracula. Dehaan had died believing he'd saved her soul, the ignorant bully. As Dracula looked at Anika now, he thought how easy it would be to finally make her his own. There was even a certain poetic justice to it. But no. He did not force himself on the unwilling. He would simply make sure she forgot him and send her on her way. He reached into her mind...And felt his jaw drop. No matter what Anika thought she was doing when she came here, deep inside she had never planned to kill him. That's why she'd arrived so late in the day, when the sun had loosened its grip on his mind. She'd known he'd wake. Subconsciously, she'd intended to deliver herself to him. She'd wanted to play out their dreams in hot reality. Looking down into her defiant eyes and the soft swells of the breasts she'd displayed for him, Dracula felt a wicked grin spread across his face. As Anika watched dry-mouthed, the belt of Dracula's silk

robe untied itself. A swath of muscled skin appeared all the way from his powerfully corded neck to his strong ankles. Her eyes tracked helplessly down it, taking in the swells of pectorals and cobblestone abdominals, covered in a silky ruff of chest hair that thickened as it descended. Until her eyes found his cock jutting between the edges of the robe, a thick length of hard flesh, flushed red in lust. He propped a massive forearm against the column over her head and leaned close, so close she felt his breath warm against her cheek. "Normally when someone tries to kill me, my policy is to...." He paused and lowered his head until she felt a puff of breath right at the sensitive point where the angle of her jaw met her throat. "...feed on them." His tongue flicked out to scald the thin flesh under her ear. She jerked. Her nipples brushed against the slick silk covering his chest. Something inside her loosened and flooded her belly with heat. Her heart was pounding so hard she wondered if it deafened him. He lifted a hand to run a long finger over the edge of the sports bra, just touching the delicate skin of her breasts swelling over the fabric. "But in your case, I think that would be a waste of an opportunity," his voice was low, rumbling at a register she seemed to feel in her bones. His crisp English accent had thickened into a Slavic purr. "Considering what your family has done to every woman I've ever loved, I think it would be much more ... poetic to make you a slave to my cock." "Why bother?" she growled. "You've been raping me in my dreams for years." "But that was a dream." He hooked a long finger in the bra between her breasts. "I didn't actually get to taste you. Besides, I haven't come into your dreams in years. If you've still been seeing me there...." With a skillful tug, he jerked the bra down, freeing both her nipples but leaving the fabric cupping her. "...That's your doing." The finger left the conquered fabric and traced upward over a full curve to one desperately hard pink tip. Idly, he stroked the sensitive flesh. "Have you been dreaming about me, Anika?" he asked, nuzzling her throat. "About being tied for my hands and mouth while you pay for your family's sins? How does your dream Dracula punish you?" "Fuck you," she snarled. He laughed, a dark rumble. "Eventually. At the moment, though, I'm in the mood for discipline." He ran his fingertips over the slope of one breast across to the next. Gently, he squeezed its hot rose tip. "And judging from this hard little nipple, so are you." She jerked against her bonds and gritted inventive curses. His fingers tightened on the tiny erection with a grip just short of pain. "Darling, a slave does not use that kind of language to her master." Wood rasped. Anika jerked her head around just in time to see a cabinet slide open. Something small and golden lifted into the air and zipped across the room into Dracula's waiting hand. He held it up in front of her eyes. It was a small gold clamp. She jerked involuntarily, knowing what he meant to do with it. Dracula smiled down at her, mocking and male, his fangs flashing white. Slowly, he closed one big hand around her breast, forcing the nipple to pout. With the other, he caught the needy tip between the clamp's shining jaws and let them close. Her back arched at the sensation. The clamp wasn't strong enough to really hurt, but the pressure made her gasp. "Ah, the look in your eyes," he said softly, leaning more of his weight against her. She felt his cock press hard against her belly. "Making you pay is going to be so sweet. I can't wait to hear you plead for mercy." He lowered his voice to a hot whisper that sent the breath surging against her ear. "I can almost hear you. 'Don't, Dracula. No more, please.'" He caught her lobe between his teeth and gently bit down. "'It will never fit.'" Her mouth was dry as sand, her captured nipple radiating hot pleasure through her breast. "Don't flatter yourself. This isn't the nineteenth century, and I'm not a virgin." She set her teeth and lied. "And you're not that big." He chuckled, a rich and wicked sound. "That sounded like a challenge. Rash of you." He sent his hand drifting down the line of her tight abdomen, brushing the skin left bare by her top, then down over the snug fabric of her bicycle shorts. "And as to your virginity ... I doubt your experience is quite as wide as you'd like to believe." Long fingers pressed between her thighs at just the spot to send pleasure zinging

through her system. "But by the time I'm through with you, it will be." Dracula stared down into her hot, defiant eyes. Her body may have driven her to him, but her mind wasn't ready to submit. He would have to force her to confront her hunger for his dominance. He felt a dark smile spread across his face. He knew it would be one of the most delicious things he'd done in the last hundred years. Strip her first, he decided. He wanted her to feel the vulnerability of being naked and at his mercy. Besides, he hungered to see her lush nudity again. Stepping back, he ignored her venomous glare as he looked her up and down, making the stare as deliberately possessive as he could. He thought about cutting her clothes off, then decided ripping them would be so much more dramatic. He moved closer again until his heavy cock brushed her satin skin. Her eyes widened, reading his intention, but he ignored her panic and caught the cups of her bra in each hand. He jerked. Fabric gave under his strength with a snarl as she jumped. Dracula gave her a small, taunting smile and held up the ripped halves of the bra in either hand. "You're not going to need this." He tossed the halves into the corner. "Besides, I've always hated that shade of pink." Looking down at her full, delicious breasts quivering with the after effects of his violence, he smiled and delicately caressed one nipple. "This shade, on the other hand, I like a great deal." Slowly, he lowered his head, giving her plenty of time to anticipate. He flicked the point of his tongue over the tip, tasting salt and woman. Inhaling, he drank in the intoxicating scent of her blood beating just under the velvety surface. He opened his mouth and took her nipple for a deep, drawing suckle. Anika stiffened. "Bastard," she hissed, but her banging heart picked up speed. The gold clamp had gone flying when he'd ripped her bra, but he called it to his hand and applied it slowly to the other nipple, catching the tip between the tiny jaws, letting them close, then pulling back until it snapped free. Only to capture the crest again and repeat the process. Over and over. All the while, he sucked and licked at the other breast until the nipple was violently red and swollen and wet from his mouth. She twisted against him, cursing him in a low, straining voice. He wondered if she heard the arousal in it. Finally, deciding she'd had enough of that particular foreplay for the moment, he drew back and grabbed the waistband of her bicycle shorts. The flesh over her hip felt like fine silk against his knuckles as he fisted his hand and jerked. The nylon stretched and tore. Smiling darkly, he made short work of the tatters that remained until she was completely naked. Her glorious blonde bush shown between her long, strong thighs like strands of gold. He stepped back and gestured. The ropes binding her to the post fell away. "Now I think it's time you learned your place," Dracula said, arousal rasping in his own voice. He gave her a slow, taunting smile. "Suck your master's cock." Anika sneered. "Go to hell." His grin broadened. "Now that was a mistake." He moved so fast Anika didn't have time to react. One minute she was bracing herself to attack him. The next, she was head down staring at the thick, fine nap of the carpet. Her thighs were trapped and immobile, and something wrapped around the base of her skull. It took her a dizzy moment to realize she was draped belly-down across Dracula's lap, her legs clamped between his, his hand holding her head just over the floor. She wondered how he'd gotten them into the chair so quickly. "What the hell are you doing?" she demanded, and winced at the panic in her own voice. "Preparing to explain your duties and the consequences if you don't carry them out," he told her. He sounded darkly, richly amused, but there was a note of erotic anticipation in his voice as well. It suddenly struck her she was in the perfect position for a spanking. Automatically, she tried to rear up, but the long fingers circling her nape kept her effortlessly in place. Something hard rested against the curve of her hip. Licking her dry lips, she realized it was his erection. "You can take your consequences and shove them right up your...." she began. A crack of flesh meeting flesh with a fiery surge of pain interrupted her. He'd hit her! The bastard had actually slapped her ass! Stunned to silence, she blinked at the intricate pattern of the Persian carpet. "When I tell you I want your mouth," he told her in a low Slavic rumble, "you are to go to your

knees and take my cock down your throat to the balls. When I want your cunt, you will assume the position I direct and meet my thrusts with eagerness. When I lust for your ass, you will spread your cheeks and relax your sphincter for my use." Outraged, she spat a curse, only to choke at another hard impact of his big palm. "If you don't do these things," he continued, silky and implacable, "I will punish you in a way I will enjoy a great deal, and which you will not relish at all. Then I will take you as I please. Is this clear?" "I am not going to become your slave!" She squirmed, trying to escape the warm, muscled prison of his thighs. "If you're going to kill me, do it!" "I don't kill women," he said. To her shock, she felt not another punishing swat but his fingertips tracing gentle, tempting patterns over the curve of her bottom. "It's beneath my honor. Besides, there are so many much more pleasant things to do." "Rapists don't have any moral high ground, Dracula." Her eyes fell on his muscled calf and narrowed. She started to lunge in and bite him there, only to be brought up short by strong fingers wrapping around her blonde hair. The sensuous purr became a growl. "Actually, I think this is merciful of me, considering you tried to murder me in my sleep." Using his grip on her hair, he dragged her snapping teeth a safer distance from his flesh. "And if anyone does any biting here, it will be me." "You..." His hand lifted and fell in a ringing smack that made her jerk. "You will not raise your hand - or anything else - against me again." Another burning swat landed. She squirmed, then stiffened at the tempting sensation of her groin rubbing against his powerful leg. She froze, trying to avoid building her own shameful arousal. But the attempt at self-control was fruitless. For the next minute, he subjected her to a rain of flaming smacks that made the cheeks of her butt burn and swell until she found herself writhing. And each time she twisted against him, she felt that deep, fugitive sizzle of pleasure. Oh, God, Anika thought, looking up the length of her body. Her nipples were as hard as little pink stones, and her sex... Cheeks stinging with humiliation, she realized she was very wet. Dear Lord, she hoped he didn't know. The rhythm of the spanking broke as he paused. His broad chest moved against her as he inhaled deeply. He laughed, a soft, mocking rumble. "My little slave is juicing nicely. Beginning to hunger for your master's dick, are you?" "I'd rather fuck a snake!" she spat, and yelped as his hand slapped down on her aching ass. "These lies are growing tiresome, Anika." One strong finger slid suddenly into her helplessly wet cunt. "You're far too creamy to pass yourself off as an unwilling victim. Isn't it time you admitted you're getting exactly what you came here for?" Anika clamped her bottom lip between her teeth to hold back a moan as Dracula began slowly stroking in and out of her needy body. She couldn't seem to muster enough self control to spit another curse at him. He added a second finger. "For years you fantasized about being my property, even before I came to you..." "No!" "Yes." He rotated his wrist, twisting his fingers deep as he thumbed her hard, wet clit. "Koenraad and his fool's quest merely provided you with an excuse to surrender yourself to my use." She forced herself to laugh even as she wondered sickly whether he was right. "That ego of yours is as monstrous as your appetites." "Is it?" Dracula withdrew his fingers from her wet, clinging flesh and drove them deep again, three fingers this time, stretching her deliciously. "You knew it was almost sunset when you lifted the lid of my coffin. If you'd really meant to kill me, you'd have come in the morning, when I sleep most deeply." "There were too many people around the mansion walls then!" She shut her eyes against the spiral of pleasure he aroused with every slick stroke. "And a girl smart enough to handle my wolves and my guards couldn't deal with a few inconvenient witnesses? I think not." He withdrew his slick fingers, then drove one of them deeply into her anus. She gasped at the painful pleasure of an invasion she'd never experienced before. "You wanted this, Anika. You wanted to wear my collar and serve my cock." His thumb circled her clit, setting off a wave of pleasure so fierce it was all Anika could do not to come bent across his thighs. She had to fight it, or he'd know his accusations were shamefully

true. And then she'd be truly lost. "I'm a Van Helsing," she said, but the words emerged on a groan. "I want to drive a stake through your fucking heart." Her blazing ass hit the carpet as he dumped her from his lap and rose to his full, imposing height. "The only one who's going to get impaled here is you," he said coldly. "Now suck my cock like the slave you hunger to be." Quivering, she stared at his jutting erection. It was massively thick and flushed, and looking at it, she felt her cunt weep with lust. She wanted to feel it driving into her while he covered her with that powerfully muscled body and rode her hard. Oh, God. He was right. The realization hit her like a punch. She'd come here knowing he'd take her captive and do exactly what he was doing now. Force her to submit to his hunger - and her own. Anika jumped up, but before she could whirl his hand came down on her shoulder and forced her effortlessly to her knees. A big hand wrapped around her hair and dragged her head forward. She stared at the broad tempting length of flesh waiting for her mouth... And with a little sob, leaned forward and took him as deeply as she could. Dracula's knees almost buckled at the searing pleasure of her soft lips engulfing the head of his cock. He stiffened his legs. He knew he had to drive his dominance home. "Deeper," he said, and stopped to clear his throat. Lust had made him hoarse. "You're not some debutante deigning to pleasure her boyfriend. You're a slave. I expect to feel your chin against my balls." With a shamed little whimper, she worked to take him further inside her wet mouth. The feeling of her slick tongue stroking the underside of his cock almost tore a groan from him. "Not good enough," he said harshly. "More." Her lips worked another inch down his shaft. His balls drew tight and heavy. Unable to resist their driving lash, Dracula began to rock his hips, thrusting into the wet, silken cavern of her throat. She made a choked sound, and he moderated the depth of his entry. A shudder tore up his spine. God, how long he had wanted to fuck her like this, to watch her yield to him with the eager submission she'd shown him in her dreams. How many times had he left her exhausted in her twisted sheets, limp with repeated climaxes while he returned aching to his coffin to seek a lonely relief from his hand? Knowing he could have had her, yet determined not to put her at risk. The dreams had never been enough. Now she was his. She'd delivered herself to him. And he would take ruthless advantage of the opportunity to enslave her thoroughly. With her he could indulge the hunger he'd always held so tightly in control. She would belong to him in a way none of the others had, not his mistresses, not even his wives. Her passion was a match for his, and he meant to drag it from her in honeyed gasps. Sweet Jesu, how her mouth tugged so sweetly on his cock, how her tongue stroked and licked. He felt the pleasure of it gather in his belly, a burning, urgent fire. His eyes snapped open. "Get those hands from between your thighs," he hissed. "I didn't give you leave to come." Anika moaned around his cock but took her fingers away. He could smell her desperate ardor. She'd be more desperate yet before he was done. He shortened his thrusts, feeling his climax boiling, on the verge of bursting up his shaft. He let it roll over him in a wave of flame. "Drink, Anika." His cock began to pulse, then shoot against her tongue. "Drink every drop." And she did. *** Anika sat at Dracula's feet, the taste of his cum bitter on her tongue, her sex so wet and aching she wanted to whimper. She thought if she didn't climax soon, she'd go insane. She'd been so close when he'd ordered her fingers from her clit... She knew the thought of masturbating while being forced to suck her enemy's cock should shame her, but she burned with such intensity there was no room for embarrassment. But he had already peaked. Would he leave her like this? God, she couldn't stand it if he did. "Dracula," she said hoarsely, looking up the length of his body, placing her hands on the hard muscle of his thighs. "I need... I need you." He looked down at her, his features cool, faintly amused, as if he hadn't just shot her mouth full of hot seed. "Is that how a slave begs her master?" A sane fragment of her mind protested the term and hated even more the idea of begging him for anything. But her body was far past pride. "Please, master!" She couldn't believe she'd actually said

the words. Couldn't believe a Van Helsing was begging Dracula on her knees. "Please let me come..." A tight smile stretched his sensuous mouth. Before she even knew he'd swept her up, she was cradled in his arms as he carried her toward the bed. Relief made her babble. "Thank you, oh God, I thought I'd go crazy..." "You may yet," he said, and tossed her on the bed. Before she could move, he was on her, his big hands spreading her thighs, wrapping around her knees, his mouth sealing itself over her sex. She felt the stab of his tongue like a knife thrust to over-sensitized nerves. Throwing back her head, she gasped as he ruthlessly suckled and flicked her hard clit. In seconds, he ripped a screaming climax from her. But even as she bucked and screamed, he kept going, licking and nibbling, driving her higher. She wrapped one hand in his long, silken hair and clawed helplessly at the counterpane with the other. No sooner had she tumbled from the crest than he was driving her up another. Mindless, she rolled her hips against his face, smearing her juices over him. When she looked down, she could see his eyes glowing red over her grinding pussy as he watched her abandoned reaction. The sight drove her over the crest again. He drew back then, watching possessively as she struggled to breathe. Releasing her knees, he reached up her sides to stroke the curves of her breasts and delicately toy with her nipples. Just as she was wondering if those two hard, fast climaxes would be it, he lowered his head again. This time his mouth coaxed delicately, playing between her lips rather than directly on her clit, building her heat again. His tongue slipped up her creaming pussy in a long, slow stroke of wet flesh on wet flesh as his fingers toyed with her nipples. Dracula released one breast as she rolled her hips, desperate for more of the delicious stimulation he was giving her. Sliding two fingers into her, he rotated his wrist, screwing her deeply. Withdrawing them, he pressed them to her anus and drove them inside. Her back arched at the burning, relentless invasion of her flesh. "I think I'll have you wear a butt plug," he said idly. "You need to be stretched so I can use your ass more easily." Her eyes widened as she remembered the width of his cock stroking between her lips. Panic made her eyes widen. "You can't!" His fingers pressed deeper. "I certainly can." Trying to find a way to talk him out of it, she began, "I've never..." He grinned. "Good." "But I don't want..." "I don't care." He pushed himself onto all fours with an effortless ripple of muscle and crawled over her. She peered up at him wildly. His fangs showed white in his grin. "You're a slave, Anika. I'll take you as I please." Taking his big cock in hand, he presented it to her wet opening and drove it inside, filling her in a thick, effortless rush. She was still shivering at the breathtaking invasion as he settled himself over her and began to stroke. Deeply. In and out. Gasping, Anika stared up at his handsome, intent face, at the powerful line of his shoulders looming over her. He felt so massive inside her. So good. She shouldn't be doing this. Six generations of Van Helsing's must be spinning in their graves. But his eyes were so dark, so endlessly seductive, and his cock pistoned in and out of her, dragging pleasure from her juicing flesh. She closed her eyes, trying to concentrate on the sensation, trying to forget what she was doing and who she was doing it with. Until his voice rumbled in her ear. "Anika, give me your throat." Her eyes snapped open. He was poised over her, staring fiercely down at her. Demanding. His lips were parted, revealing the white length of his fangs. Hypnotized by the threat and promise of his mouth, she stared up at him. She knew he could have simply buried his teeth in her without asking. But that wasn't enough for him. He wanted her to agree to it. To be the first Van Helsing to surrender her blood willingly. And God, she was tempted. Misreading her alarm, he said, "I won't take more than a cup from you." "I can't!" There. She'd refused. Now he'd just take the decision from her hands, and her conscience would be clear. His eyes narrowed. "Are you refusing your master?" Her pride, no longer overwhelmed by the demands of her body, rebelled. "I may be your captive, but I'm nobody's slave." His handsome face tightened, the planes of his face taking on hard, wolfish lines. "I thought I'd just demonstrated

differently. Very well then, your lessons will continue until you admit it." He slammed in a hard thrust, then began to ride her fast, in long, thick lunges that swiftly drove every thought of anything else out of her mind. Her hunger spiraled again, and she surged against him, meeting his thrust for thrust. But his face was cold above hers, implacable, and she realized he had every intention of denying her. With a gasp, she began to grind, determined not to be left behind. The pleasure built, spiraling upward, stealing her breath. She sucked in a gasp, knowing his next thrust would tip her over.... He froze, buried in her to the balls, throwing back his head with a triumphant roar. "No!" Anika gasped. The hot embers of his climax still blazing in his eyes, he gave her a mocking smile. "Lesson two," he said softly. *** Anika lay on the Persian rug at Dracula's booted feet and fought the almost irresistible need to writhe. Crossing his ankles, he looked down at her with a lazily sensuous smile from his padded swivel chair and said, "I think we've got them where we want them, Jack. Push a little harder and they'll fold." He paused and looked toward his computer screen, listening to phone receiver he cradled in one big hand. The dildo buried between her cheeks suddenly expanded, stretching her anus even wider as the clamps on her nipples delicately twisted, manipulated by the vampire's magic. Anika moaned behind her silk gag. Between her thighs, the clitoral vibrator buzzed for a few seconds before it cut off, adding to her erotic torment. It had been an hour since Dracula had held her down and calmly buckled the harness holding the vibrator and butt plug around her hips, and she was rapidly on her way to losing her mind. She was so desperate for relief she'd happily turn to her own fingers, but he'd also put a set of leather cuffs around her wrists and attached them to the back of a collar he'd placed around her neck. Her ankles were cuffed to a spreader bar he'd added when she tried to kick him. Then he'd calmly carried her naked, helpless body up to his second-floor office, arranged her on the floor by his desk, and started making calls to an endless series of overseas businesses. "Tanaka needs to learn who he's dealing with," Dracula said, looking down at her as he leaned back in his chair. His dark eyes gleamed as they studied her breasts, thrust upward by the pillow he'd placed at the small of her back. One of the clamps released its captive nipple, then slowly closed again, not quite tight enough for pain, but more than adequate to send another shimmer of pleasure along a nervous system already jangling. He smiled slowly, that sensuous mouth displaying just the tip of a fang. "I mean to have him begging for mercy before I'm through. Handle it, Jack. I know you're up to the task." He said his goodbyes and hung up, then immediately started dialing the phone again. Anika closed her eyes, wondering how long it would be before she started begging herself. Between her legs, the butt plug rotated in the grip of Dracula's magic, its ridges and knobs tormenting her tight flesh. She was so hot the sensation felt more like pleasure than pain. Opening her lids a crack, she eyed the vampire's crotch as he began a rapid-fire flood of French. Behind the fly of his snug black trousers, his cock was long and rock-hard. It was comforting to know he was aroused as she was, despite the distraction of his business deals. Her eyes tracked upward to the muscled flesh showing between the edges of his open white shirt. The muscles of his abdomen flexed as he spoke. She tried not to imagine the power they could bring to bear, driving that thick cock into her ass. At some point it had become a contest: would she break first and beg him to fuck her there, or would he lose control and mount her before he forced her to plead? She hadn't imagined it would even be a contest, hadn't even dreamed she could entertain a need to feel that thick rod bugging her. More than an hour of lustful torment had taught her differently. She was so hot now she'd moan in welcome if he slammed that phone down and rolled her over for use. Hearing a desperate whimper emerge from behind her gag, she ground her teeth. Dracula growled something in French and dropped the phone into its cradle. His dark eyes fell on her and instantly began to blaze. Booming male laughter rolled through the room. "Only you, Vlad," an unfamiliar male voice said. "When vampire hunters attack me in my coffin,

they always look like Jack Palance. You get the Penthouse version of Buffy the Vampire Slayer." Startled, Anika looked up as a handsome blond man strolled indolently into the office. Brilliant blue eyes examined her chained nudity with hungry interest. The gray Armani suit he wore contrasted starkly with the riding crop he held in one big hand. "I heard about your little security breach," he said to Dracula. "Glad to see you have it so well in hand." Dracula sat back with a low laugh. "Well, of course. Did you expect anything different?" "Not really, no," the man said, moving to tower over her. Suddenly his stare sharpened. "By damn. Is that one of Van Helsing's get?" "Yes, actually," Dracula told him. "Which is why I've decided she'll make a good slave. Unfortunately, she wants taming." "As if you mind." The blue eyes were distinctly unfriendly now as they lingered on her breasts. Uneasily aware of that riding crop, she wondered just what her family had done to him. "And you seem to be doing a very good job of bringing her to heel. Judging from the scent, she's about to burst into flame." "She needs to be hot," Dracula said. "I'm getting her ready to take her first cock up that tight little ass." The blond grinned, displaying a menacing set of white fangs. "A virginal female Van Helsing, bound, bent over and greased. I'll bet you can't wait to grind your way into that." He flicked his crop against his calf. "Need any help?" Anika's eyes widened as her heart skipped a beat. Surely her captor wouldn't agree.... Dracula looked down into her pleading expression and smiled slowly. "Why not? I've still got a few calls to make." The blond's menacing smile widened. *** Anika lay arched over the blond's muscled forearm as he feasted slowly on her nipples. His teeth gently nibbled one tip, while with his free hand, he squeezed and rolled the other. Nearby, Dracula's deep voice rumbled as he talked to somebody in German. She didn't even know the blond's name. He had carried her to an ottoman in the corner, pulled her across his lap, and unbuckled the dildo harness before pulling the clamps from her aching breasts. Unfortunately, she had the definite feeling that little bit of mercy was only because he wanted to inflict a more personal torment on her tits and ass. Reaching between her thighs, the blond invaded her butter-slick cunt with a thrust of two fingers. She arched her back and moaned behind her gag. He lifted his head to study the results of his torment and grinned at her smugly. Her nipples were almost as hard as the cock she could feel pressing against the small of her back. "You know, little Van Helsing, you may come to regret having such magnificent tits." As he spoke, a trace of Cockney emerged in the blond's voice, a kind of Cary Grant swagger. "I can think of so many wicked things to do to them. You might not enjoy it - at first - but God, I would." Anika saw Dracula watching them, a dark half-smile crooking his mouth. There was a savage glitter in his eyes that hovered somewhere between anger and hunger. "Unfortunately, I suspect Vlad's feeling far too possessive to let me do the things I'd like," the blond murmured. "Selfish bastard. He's already enjoyed you thoroughly, judging from the feel of this tight little pussy." He withdrew his fingers and displayed them before her eyes. They were slick with a cream even thicker than her natural wetness. "He pumped you quite full, didn't he?" He studied his fingers, and a hot grin lit his face. "Of course, the nice thing about cum is it makes an excellent lubricant." With effortless strength, he picked her up and stood, then turned and draped her belly down over the ottoman. Alarmed, Anika tried to rear up, but he caught one wrist cuffed to the back of her neck and held her in position. His long fingers traced between her ass cheeks to find the swollen entrance the butt plug had left empty. Twisting his wrist, he screwed them inside. She whined behind her gag as her tight flesh resisted, then finally surrendered. He leaned over her and whispered in her ear, "Resign yourself, sweet. Your asshole will be getting a very thorough workout before the night's over. And I'm sure there'll be a lot more cum in here by dawn." Anika moaned in shame as her excitement peaked. That was the really humiliating part of all this -- not only the erotic torment the vampires inflicted, but her own eager response to it. A part of her loved what they were doing as much as they did -- and the sadistic bastards knew

it. "Damn, I wish he'd let me take your cherry," the blond breathed against the sensitive whorls of her ear. "Your little ass is so tight, you feel like a satin vise. I could ream it for hours, listening you beg and whimper." His tongue flicked out and swirled around her earlobe before his teeth closed over it in a nip that made her jerk. He laughed and pressed his fingers deeper. "God, it would be sweet, fucking this Van Helsing ass. Of course, you'll find it painful at first, but I assure you, neither Vlad nor I give a good goddamn. Not after everything your murdering kin have done." He moved closer, covering her with his big body until she could feel the rasp of the fine wool of his trousers against her ass. His erection bulked behind his fly, massive with lust. Slowly, he flexed his hips, making her feel the shaft, forcing her to imagine its burning entry. She whimpered softly, sensing he'd have even less mercy than Dracula. "You remind me of a sweet little senorita I raped three hundred years ago," he purred. "Her father was a vicious bastard who'd captured my second-in-command and tortured him until he died, trying to force him to reveal where my pirate fleet was anchored. I captured one of his galleons in retribution. Imagine my delight when I found Don Carlos' lush little virgin daughter aboard, on her way to be married. It had been six months since I'd had a woman under me, and she knew exactly what to expect when I took her to my cabin, just from the look in my eyes." He laughed. "Then again, it may have been the bulge in my britches that told the tale. She begged me prettily to let her keep her maidenhead. You can imagine what I demanded instead." He took his hand from Anika's ass and pressed his hips against her cheeks. Even through his wool trousers, his cock felt hard and hot with menacing erotic promise. "I tied her to my bunk and teased her in ways she'd never even imagined until she was wet and bewildered by her own hunger. Then I rolled her over buttered her tiny bung until it was slick and ready for mounting." Slowly, he ground against Anika's bottom in long thrusts, simulating his rape of the senorita's virgin backside. "Three hundred years later, I still remember that first, sweet thrust into her ass. Tight, greased silk, wrapping hard around my cock. I rode her for a long, long time, teaching her to find the pleasure in having her asshole reamed. She was the most delicious fuck I've had in all these centuries." Leaning closer, he whispered, "At least until Dracula gets tired of you and gives you to me. I can't wait to chain you for my pleasure. Of course, I doubt you'll be quite as tight by then, after Vlad gets done. But I'm sure I'll find other, equally satisfying ways to make you pay." A chill of fear stole over Anika at the thought. She suddenly knew she did not want to be at this vampire's mercy. He straightened and bent to pick something up off the floor. Twisting around with her hands cuffed behind her neck, she saw it was the riding crop. "In the meantime," he said softly, his eyes narrow and hot as he lifted the crop, "here's a little preview." A big hand clamped around his wrist, stopping the crop in mid swing. "No," Dracula growled. "That's enough, Eric. I won't have her hurt." Astonished, the blond vampire turned to stare at him. "I have no intention of doing any serious damage, Vlad. You know me better than that." Dracula's mouth thinned. "I don't care. I don't want her beaten." Eric stood, pulling his wrist free of the other vampire's grasp. "Since when do you object to a little erotic caning? I've seen you dish them out often enough." "Not to her." "You can't say she doesn't deserve it!" Angrily, he pointed the crop at Anika. "For God's sake, she tried to stake you this morning. And if that's not enough, she's a Van Helsing. She...." He broke off, staring into Dracula's face. "Don't tell me you've fallen for the little bitch!" Dracula drew back. "Don't be absurd!" Eric threw back his head and laughed, but the sound was angry. "You have! She's got you wrapped around her little finger! Oh, that's rich! Count Vlad Dracula, pussy whipped by a Van Helsing!" A dark flush spread across Dracula's regal cheekbones. "She's nothing more than my slave, Eric. But I decide when and how she's punished." "As you will, Vlad." Eric moved to the chair in front of Dracula's desk and grabbed the suit jacket he'd taken off when he'd begun to torment Anika. He shot her a bitter look as he stalked toward the door.

"I'll leave you with your...slave." The door slammed behind him. Wide-eyed, Anika stared up at Dracula, not daring to move. The vampire turned and glared down at her, his eyes narrowing. "Eric doesn't know what he's talking about," he growled. "The only thing I feel for you is lust for that hot little body." Mouth tightening, he moved toward her. "And I'll prove it." *** Draped over Dracula's shoulder, Anika twisted around to watch in alarm as he sent papers and pens scattering from the top of his desk with a violent sweep of one arm. The room wheeled around her as he dumped her unceremoniously on its cool surface. At the last minute, a big hand moved to cradle her head, keeping her from smacking into the hard wood. "You've had enough foreplay," he said, pulling away to unzip his trousers and free his cock.. It looked ruddy and violently erect. He reached over to the other wing of the desk and picked up the tube of lubricant he'd left sitting beside his computer. Anika watched wide-eyed as he squeezed a big dollop of lube into his palm, then started slicking it over his thick shaft. His eyes locked, hot and glittering, on her face. His fangs were bared. "I think it's time you discover why the ladies called me Vlad the Impaler. And it never had a damn thing to do with stakes, no matter what my enemies said." He bent, grabbed the spreader bar that held her cuffed ankles and lifted it effortlessly, elevating her legs with it. Bracing one arm against the bar, he positioned it so that her legs were locked straight, her feet over her head, her ass thrust out. Her back slid over the surface of the wood until her head slipped off the edge of the desk. Her torso arched, both nipples pointing stiffly toward the ceiling. Anika struggled to lift her head and cuffed arms, looking down her body at him. His handsome Slavic face was tight with lust and anger, his eyes blazing, his sensuous mouth snarling around his white fangs. The shirt he'd never bothered to button hung open over the powerful ridges of his muscled torso all the way down to the menacing jut of his cock. Despite her instinctive fear, something hot and dark and eager rose in her as the sensual hunger he'd worked to build sprang to life again. She realized she wanted him to ream her just as he'd threatened, wanted to feel him claim her ass in the alien and painful way Eric had described. Heart pounding, she watched between her spread thighs as he took his cock in hand and aimed it for her asshole. "Have the good sense not to fight, Anika," he growled. The oiled tip touched her sensitive anus. As he started to penetrate, she fought the instinctive desire to tighten her sphincter. Her rectum began to blaze in pain, protesting the size of the shaft inexorably forcing its way into her body. His eyes watched her face hungrily. "A bit too much, darling? Maybe this will help." Dracula slid two fingers into her cunt as his thumb found her clit. A competing wave of pleasure washed up her spine. He smiled and crooned something to her in a language that sounded faintly Russian. The hot, possessive glitter in his eyes told her the words were probably obscene. He withdrew his cock an inch, not quite enough to pop from her, then forced it a bit deeper. Still murmuring in that guttural, liquid language, he drew out, then thrust again, rolling his powerful torso in delicate digs that took him a little deeper each time. Simultaneously, his long fingers played inside her cunt, coaxing a rising delight from a nervous system jangling from the pain of his invading cock. Shuddering in a combination of agony and pleasure, Anika listened to the deep male rumble of his voice. She could feel her body loosening, surrendering, letting him slide deeper on every thrust. Until he was all the way in, the entire thick, burning length buried deep in her ass. He leaned forward between her legs, letting go of the spreader bar as he settled on top of her body. She let her legs drop so the bar rested across his powerful ass. Squirming, she gasped behind her gag at the sensations shooting through her violated rectum. "Would you like to know what I just said?" he asked, reaching up to unbuckle the collar and spread it open around her neck. For a moment she felt grateful - until she realized he was doing it to gain access to her vulnerable throat. Dracula lowered his head until his mouth hovered over the thin skin that covered her banging pulse. "I was telling you how tight you are, how I love the way those smooth, slick muscles grip my

cock," he said, his lips brushing against her as he spoke. "It's so sweet fucking you like this, Anika. You look so lush and helpless, bound hand and foot with my prick buried to the balls in your ass." Opening his mouth, he pressed the points of his fangs against her pulse and held them there. Not biting, but letting her feel how sharp they were against her skin. She flinched. He raised his head and looked down at her throat. And smiled, slow and wicked. "There's a little bead of blood on your skin." Instinctively, she tried to bring her hands around to fend him off, but her wrists were still cuffed to the leather of the collar. All her struggle did was spread the collar open. Dracula licked his lips and lowered his head, flicking away the drop with the tip of his tongue. "Sweet," he purred. Anika swallowed as she stared up at him, her rectum burning around the thick male length impaling it. She realized she'd never felt so helpless - or been so violently aroused. He lifted off her slightly and braced an elbow on the desk as he flexed his hips, fucking her ass. To her shock, she realized the pain was fading, replaced by an strange pleasure she'd never experienced before. His dark eyes were locked on her face. "You're starting to like this, aren't you, little Van Helsing? Being Dracula's slave has its appeal." He drove in a particularly deep thrust and grinned. "I definitely love being your master." He put a hand down and toyed with her clit until the pleasure of his burning possession began to jerk and thrum in her nerves with the building jolts of orgasm. With his free hand, he pulled her gag away from her mouth and lowered his head to her throat. She whimpered as his cock shuttled back and forth in long, slick thrusts that drove delight up her spine. His lips moved against her thundering pulse. "You know what I want," he said, his accent so thick and guttural she thought for a moment he was speaking in his mother tongue. "Offer it to me." "I..." She tossed her head and bit her lip. If she said the words, she really would be his. And nothing she did afterward would change the fact that he'd enslaved her tonight. His next thrust was so hard she gasped. "Offer it to me!" With a shock, she realized she wanted to do just that. Wanted to surrender to him, even to this last thoroughly inhuman possession. Wanted him to take her, just as he had in those forbidden dreams so many years ago. The reckless hunger swelled with the orgasm she could feel blooming around his ass-reaming cock. And burst free. "Drink from me," she gasped. "Take my throat!" With a triumphant growl, he drove his fangs into the soft, thin skin. She jolted against him, feeling his cock grinding inside her. Pleasure and geysered through her body, convulsing her in the grip of his powerful arms as he fed in hungry swallows. He stiffened as his cock jerked hard, pumping out his cum in her tight depths. Dracula forced himself to stop drinking from her far before he was ready. When he drew back, she lay limp and sated in his arms, her eyes dazed, her ass still clasping his softening cock. A little trickle of blood rolled down the side of her throat, and he carefully licked it away. He was not done with her, not by a long shot. He'd made a good start on establishing his ownership of her, but he knew he wasn't finished. She'd yielded to her hunger and his, but he knew it wouldn't take her long to begin fighting him again. His conquest of Anika Van Helsing had only just begun. He hoped she didn't realize her conquest of him was much further along. THE END

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