



THE VAMPDOM

By Angela Knight

If she hadn't been so sick, she could have made them pay a higher price when they came for her. Unfortunately, it had been more than a month since her vampire had died, and Commander Zara Bryt was deep in blood sickness. Still, it took eight of them to get her down, spread-eagled, and stripped. She fought them so ferociously she triggered a spontaneous nosebleed. Feeling the hot wetness rolling down her upper lip as she bucked against their clamping hands, Zara grimaced. It had been far too long since she'd been milked. She got a fist free, plowed it into the nearest leering male face, and watched in satisfaction as he staggered back, blood spewing. "Shit!" he swore, spinning away. "Hold the bitch still!"

When he returned a moment later, looming behind the men who held her down, he held a beamer rifle in both hands. He aimed the rifle butt at her face. Knowing the blow would quite likely kill her, Zaran sneered at him. "Go ahead, you cocksucking...."

The butt flashed as it began its descent...

"What the fuck is going on here?" The male roar stopped her attacker dead in mid swing.

The whole mob turned their heads toward the voice. There was alarm on every face she could see. Good, she thought. Their C.O. Maybe he'd save her. Then again, maybe he just wanted to be first in line...

"We, ah...found the rebel commander," one of her would-be rapists stammered. "And you thought you'd hold him down and beat him to death?" the officer demanded, his voice steely with sarcasm. "Not on my watch. Get the hell away from him."

"But she...."

"She?" If anything, the chill in the voice increased. "Oh, so we're not murdering a helpless captive. We're raping a helpless captive." His tone dropped into a menacing hiss. "Get. Off."

They let her go and scrambled away with a speed that was almost comical.

Without even being told, the whole mob all fell into formation, lining up at attention as if hoping it would save them from their commander's rage.

Zara lay in the dirt where she'd been left, too bloodsick to do anything else now that the immediate threat was over.

She heard the thump of boots in the dirt. "Are you all ri..." The man broke off.

Oh, hell, what now? She looked wearily over at him as he stared down at her. Zara froze.

It was the biggest damn vampire she'd ever seen in her life. It looked as if they'd turned somebody who'd been genetically engineered to begin with. He had to be two meters tall at least, and his shoulders looked about a meter wide in his black battle uniform. And Jesus, he was beautiful, with a broad, sharply sculpted face that was all chiseled masculine angles and eyes the metallic gold of ancient coins. His red hair was so long it must reach halfway down his back like a river of molten copper.

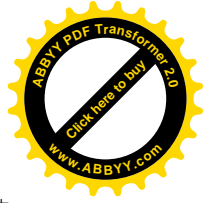
The sheer, staggering beauty of the man hit her first, but an instant later she realized something much more frightening.

Judging from his pallor and the raw hunger in his eyes, it had been a week or more since he'd fed.

"Shit," she said wearily. "Your hemosynther's on the blink."

"You blew it up nine days ago," he told her hoarsely.

Sweet Jesus, his men had captured a bloodslave.



She lay there like a gift from the gods, naked and beautiful even stretched out in the dirt, her legs deliciously long and curving, her breasts two round, tender globes with tight pink nipples that seemed to beg for his teeth. Her waist was tiny, her hips just wide enough to cradle a hungry vampire. And her swan's throat was white and long, jugular beating a rhythm of temptation Galen could hear even where he stood.

Her face was fully a match for that exquisite body, from Slavic cheekbones to full pink lips, green eyes wide as she looked up at him, the lashes long and feathered. A gorgeous blonde mane of hair foamed around her face. He wanted to wrap it around his fist while he fucked and fed on her. Now.

It was Galen could do not to fall on the bloodslave like the ravening animal he was one deep breath from being. Nine days, nine hellish days without blood, surrounded by mortals he didn't dare feed from. They were his men, after all, and taking blood from them would have been criminally irresponsible with combat so likely. It also, of course, would very likely have set off a mutiny; nobody wanted to serve under a vampire commander who'd prey on his own. Col. Galen Lynx had worked too hard for too many years to win a reputation as a capable, disciplined C.O. to blow it all just because he was a little hungry.

Unfortunately, he was running out of options. He had to feed, and soon. He'd been planning to drink from one of the captives they took today before his control vanished and he killed someone.

Now, thank God, his men had captured a bloodslave.

A very ripe bloodslave.

One deep breath carried the scent of her - and damn near snapped his control. Inhaling her scent, he could tell it had been far too long since she'd been milked; her body was pumping seductive pheromones that called to his with such power he had to fight the instinct to jerk her into his arms. He started to offer her a hand up, then realized he didn't trust himself to touch her yet. Instead, battling for control over his hunger, Galen drew himself to his full height and turned toward his men. "This," he growled, gesturing down at the bloodslave's bruises as she climbed wearily to her feet, "is utterly unacceptable. The next man I find abusing a captive will..." He let a little pause develop and bared his aching fangs, letting their imaginations fill in the threat, "...definitely regret it."

Every man jack of them swallowed visibly, but not one moved otherwise.

Satisfied he had them suitably cowed, Galen snarled, "Dismissed. Finish securing this base. And if you find any other enemy combatants, notify me."

At his sharp nod, they scattered like cockroaches.

He turned toward his new captive and started removing his uniform jacket. Green eyes widened. Galen hesitated, then finished shucking it off. "Please take my coat," he said.

Her eyes flickered again. "Thank you." Her voice was throaty, as lushly female as her delicious body. She looked up at him for a long moment before she turned her back and held out both arms. There was something faintly challenging about the move, a hint of what-are-you-going-to-do-now? Determined to pass her unspoken test of his control, he stepped closer and slipped the jacket into place around her delicate torso. The scent of her washed over his head, almost drowning him in need. Swallowing, he managed not to jerk her against him and sink his fangs into her throat. Barely.

He had just enough wit left to realize he had to get her somewhere private. It wouldn't do to lambaste his men for trying to rape her, only to let them see him taking her himself. Never mind that her scent told him plainly that she was as needy for him as he was for her. They wouldn't know enough about the relationship between bloodslave and vampire to realize the difference.

"Follow me, please," he said, and wheeled away before he could yield to the driving hunger that cared nothing for discipline or the need to set a good example.



He had to have her.

Zara found herself impressed by the enemy vampire's iron will. If anything, he had to be in worse shape than she was. That was saying something, because every cell in her body was howling its need for release, for the lushly erotic sensation of fangs sinking into her throat, drawing off the brutal pressure that had been building behind her eyes for days.

Never mind that he was her enemy, never mind that she didn't even know his name. Their bodies recognized each other on a level that went beyond politics or war or anything but raw sexual craving. Each could fulfill the other's hungers. That was all they knew. All they needed to know.

He ducked into a tent, seemingly at random. It was empty, the contents scattered wildly, a mark of her men's desperation as they'd fled barely ahead of the attack. They'd been too badly outnumbered, in too poor a position, to do anything else. Rebel command had given the order to flee, and they'd obeyed. Zara herself had stopped to destroy classified documents to keep them from falling into enemy hands, and had ended up captured herself. Most of the others had escaped.

She hoped.

"I am in need," the vampire told her, his voice a dark rumble.

Startled, Zara looked up and met his golden eyes. They seemed to blaze in the dim light.

"May I take you?" he asked.

She laughed, the sound a little wild as she hunched her chilled shoulders into his jacket. It smelled, erotically, of vampire. "You remind me of a courtly wolf, asking the lamb's permission to eat her."

"Sometimes even a wolf needs the veneer of civility," the vampire said, moving closer until his broad, powerful body seemed to loom over her like a wall.

Zara looked up at him, judging the need burning in those golden eyes. "It's more than a veneer, I think," she decided, then shrugged. "In any case, you scarcely need to ask. My Hollander rating is 204."

The sensual interest in his eyes blazed even highly. "Interesting. My dom rate is 220."

She blinked and swallowed. It was a truism that the ideal vampdom had a rate slightly higher than your own so that he could push your limits without taking you further than you could tolerate. Ironically, this enemy's rating was perfect, while her former lover's had been a good 80 points too low for her.

Zara licked her lips nervously. "That is interesting."

The vampire moved around behind her. Suddenly his air of desperate restraint was gone. Now he seemed to be spinning out the moment before taking her, savoring the erotic anticipation. She felt her nipples pebble against the scratchy material of his tunic.

Moving deliberately, he reached around her and caught both her hands in one of his. As she watched, he produced a length of restraint cable from a pocket and slowly began winding it around her wrists. "With that Hollander," he said in her ear, making the hair rise on the back of her neck, "you'd probably like being bound."

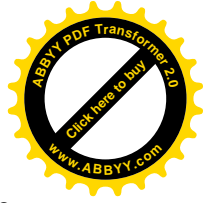
She inhaled sharply. "With that dom rate, you probably like binding me."

His laugh was very male, and just slightly sinister. "Oh, you have no idea."

Smoothly, his hands moved up her arms to the lapels of his jacket and twitched it off her shoulders to hang from the crook of her bound arms, leaving her naked under his eyes again. "And that's not all I want to do."

His long, strong fingers flicked delicately at the hard tips of her nipples, then gently pinched and pulled, sending a jolt of pleasure up her over-

sensitized nerves. "My name," he said in her ear, "is Colonel Galen Lynx." Big hands cupped her breasts, pulling her back against him. He lowered his head



until she could feel his breath blowing along her pulse. "But you can call me 'master.'" "

A sudden, hot pain made her spine arch as he sank his teeth into her throat. He growled in pleasure and gathered her closer, twisting her nipples with searing skill.

Zara writhed as he released one aching breast and brushed his free hand down her body to find her cunt. Long fingers stroked between her lips. She'd begun creaming the moment she saw him, and now she was richly wet. A thick tapered forefinger slid easily into her core as he pinched and squeezed the hard tip of one breast with the other hand. His mouth moved over her flesh, feasting from her throat. He rolled his strong hips against her ass. She could feel the length of his cock against her back, hard and demanding.

Zara closed her eyes and sagged against his powerful body, surrendering herself utterly to the vampire's appetite. This was, she knew, only the beginning. Once he satisfied his immediate hunger, he'd want to sink that massive dick into her next, sate the sexual need that had probably gone unsatisfied even longer than he'd been without blood. Given his vampdom rate, he'd want her utter submission while he did it - and he'd go after that surrender by inflicting the blend of pain and pleasure she'd always secretly dreamed of, but never known. The thought maddening her, she rolled her butt back against his hips, feeling the broad bulk of his cock, imaging how it would feel inside her. She whimpered. His fingers pinched her nipple even harder, just as a second finger joined the one plundering her juicy cunt. He shifted his head on her throat and bit down harder.

With a scream that blended pain, delight and erotic surrender, Zara came in the arms of her vampire enemy, barely aware of his rumble of predatory delight.

"I feel a little strange asking this, under the circumstances," the vampire asked, stroking her ass when he was done with what was probably only the first of several feedings, "But what's your name?"

She grinned. "Zara Bryt."

Zara forgot her momentary amusement as Galen's exploring fingertip discovered her anus. Her eyes widened as he promptly began to enter the tight opening, sliding past her snug rectal muscles. The wicked blend of discomfort and pleasure made her quiver.

"Mmmm," the vampire purred in her ear. "You have a tight little asshole, Zara Bryt. I find myself coveting it." She felt his thick cock twitch in anticipation against her butt.

The sensation of being penetrated there was alien, shocking - and surprisingly hot. She and Terrell had tried anal sex once, mostly because it had been a long-time fantasy of hers, but she'd found it more painful than she'd expected, and she suspected Terrell had considered it slightly distasteful. For someone who drank blood, he'd been remarkably finicky about sex.

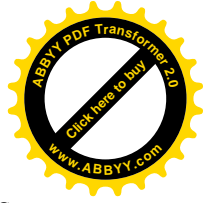
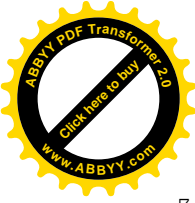
"You squirm like a virgin," Galen said, palming her breast with his free hand as he finger-fucked her ass with slow, deep strokes. "I feel it's only fair to warn you, you're bringing out my sadistic streak." Delicately, he plucked and twisted her hard nipple. She shivered in pleasure.

"Sodomy wasn't one of my master's tastes," Zara admitted, swallowing as he rotated his impaling finger deep between her cheeks.

"Well, it's one of mine," he told her. "As a matter of fact, I've always had a fantasy about slowly ass raping a pretty captive."

She felt heat spill over her, radiating from her nipple and plundered anus. This entire scenario was far too close to her own dark dreams.

It seemed she'd finally found the vampdom she'd been looking for. Too bad he was the enemy.



Zara Bryt was the most deliciously arousing surprise Galen had enjoyed in years. He did wonder, however, whose idea it was to stick her with the prude of a vampire who'd been her late lover. Evidently the man had bought her contract just before shipping off to war, regardless of the fact that their scores were so pitifully mismatched. And Zara, brand-new bloodslave that she'd been, hadn't had the experience to realize Terrell wasn't dominant enough for her. But Terrell's loss was Galen's gain. He had every intention of making very good use of his new captive - and the collection of sextoys she and her previous master had evidently never used.

Just now, she wore only a set of float restraints around her wrists, ankles and forehead. Galen had used them to arrange her deliciously naked body in mid-air, bent and spread wide to give him maximum access to the sweet ass he intended to torment and enjoy. He'd attached a pair of stimulant clips to her nipples; she moaned softly as they created the sensations she was being licked and suckled, alternating with varying degrees of pressure from pleasant to stinging. But it was the ecstasy cat he was most looking forward to using. Unlike those of a real cat o' nine tails, the cat's nine lashes were thin neurostimulent fields that allowed the user to create sensations of pain or pleasure at his whim. Snaking holograms showed the location of each lash, which could also be combined or stiffened for various erotic effects. Galen liked to keep the focus on pleasure - depending, of course, on the needs of the bloodslave, whose reactions were the whole point. A vampire fed as much on his partner's climax as on her blood; the more aroused she was, the better.

Still, an ecstasy cat was a tricky toy to play with, requiring constant adjustments and careful monitoring of the sub's reactions. Luckily, Galen was a master with it, though this particular whip was not his own. He'd have to start out slowly to ensure it reacted as he intended.

Luckily they had all the time they needed, since he'd brought Zara back to the base and ensconced her in his personal quarters. A mortal officer would have caught hell for that blatant violation of regs, but the brass was tolerant of the needs of vampire commanders, as long as one's partner didn't complain. And Galen knew his bloodslave prisoner wouldn't.

He shook the whip out and watched the holographic lashes curl across the floor. The whip produced a convincing slithering sound; it was designed to simulate the noise real leather would make. "Ready, love?" he purred.

Her beautiful ass cheeks flexed deliciously at the sound of his voice. Her bent pose spread her labia and displayed her pink, tightly puckered anus. He eyed them lecherously.

"Does it matter?" she asked.

Galen grinned wickedly. "Not really." He brought his arm around and down to lay the lash across that deliciously fuckable ass.

Zara jumped as the wave of hot delight rolled across her skin everywhere the lashes touched. Her gasp made his cock twitch hard behind his fly. He thumbed the butt of the whip, adding a slight sting to the mix, and aimed his next shot directly at her waiting asshole.

Imagining that little anus stretching reluctantly wide around his steel-hard cock, Galen grinned savagely. He was going to give it a reaming his luscious little captive would never forget.

Then, while he pumped her full of cum, he was going to sink his fangs into that swan throat and drink down both her blood and her orgasm like a hot, heady cocktail.

Her captor flicked the lashes upward, directly into her spread labia. One of them hit her clit, sending such a hot jolt of pleasure up her spine, Zara couldn't bite back her scream.

"Like that?" Galen asked wickedly, in that velvet-and-hot-whiskey voice of his.



"God, yes." She shuddered, unable to do more in the restraints that held her suspended in mid-air. She was utterly at her captor's mercy, his to do with as he wanted.

And she'd never been more wildly aroused in her life.

Her fantasies of a scenario just like this were the reason she'd become a bloodslave in the first place. Unfortunately, reality had never matched those dreams. At least, not until Colonel Galen Lynx had taken her prisoner.

Now the vampire sauntered around in front of her. He wore his boots and uniform pants, but his magnificent chest was bare. Muscle flexed as he crouched in front of her and reached one big hand under her body to remove the clamps from her nipples. She moaned in disappointment as the phantom mouths released her. His answering grin was so dark, she felt a hot spurt deep in her hot cunt.

"Don't worry," he said, a rogue's grin stretching his handsome mouth. "I'm not going to neglect those pretty tits." Long, strong fingers cupped her in warmth before he stood and stepped back.

And sent the lashes flicking right at one stiff little peak.

They landed with a fierce sting that tore a gasp from her mouth. Before she could cringe, he snapped his wrist again. This time ghost tongues licked across both breasts, wet and hot. She closed her eyes and gasped.

"Hold that pose," the vampire ordered.

Zara opened her eyes just in time to see him open his fly, allowing his cock to spring free. She blinked at its length and thickness.

"And yes, every centimeter is going up your ass," Galen said, wicked laughter in his voice. "But first..." He caught the broad shaft in one hand and stepped closer, presenting it to her mouth. "Open wide, darling. It's time to suck your captor's cock."

With a helpless groan of arousal, she obeyed. He angled his hips and slid his length inside in one careful thrust that stopped just short of the back of her throat. Eagerly, she closed her mouth around him and began to feast on the silken shaft, using tongue and teeth and lips with all the skill Terrell had ever taught her.

"Very good," her captor said, his voice rasping. "You do know how to use that pretty mouth. Let's make it a challenge." She saw him draw back the whip.

"Don't bite."

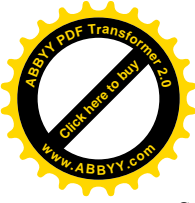
Zara heard the soft whiiiiish sound effect as the lashes flew through the air and down across her ass. She stiffened, but this time the blow was a pleasure so pure she moaned around Galen's powerful cock.

Then, as she sucked him eagerly, the vampire set about teasing her with the cat, sending its lashes dancing over her skin in waves of delight, driving her closer and closer to orgasm.

Her mouth felt wet and hot and skillful on his shaft. Galen thrust lazily, spinning out the pleasure of her oral worship, watching her long, slim body writhe as he laid on the whip. He aimed each blow carefully for the little dip in her heart-shaped ass, knowing the lashes would curl around and down over her anus and labia and right across her clit in impacts of fiery pleasure.

Damn, he didn't think he'd ever been hotter in his life. He'd dominated his share of bloodslaves, of course, but something about this particular encounter was more intense than usual. Maybe it was her status as his prisoner. Maybe it was the delicious captive herself, with her lush little body and soft, skilled mouth.

And maybe it was simply that she was so damn responsive. With his vampire senses, he could feel her trembling on the verge of orgasm as she reveled in the sheer kink of being forced to suck his cock. Knowing it would enhance her sense of being dominated, he fisted his free hand in her thick blonde curls and deepened his stroke, rising on his toes and angling his hips so he could drive more and more of his dick down her throat. "Mmmm," he purred. "There's



something about raping a pretty prisoner's mouth...." Though both of them knew good and damn well this had nothing to do with rape. He deepened his voice into menace. "But it's still not as hot as forcing her ass. How about it, Zara? Ready to get that tight little asshole reamed?" He gave her one more hard, deep thrust, deliberately making her gag before he quickly pulled free. She looked up at him, dazed. He could feel how close she was to coming, how desperately turned on she was at the thought of what he planned to do to her.

Galen gave her his best demonic smile as he turned and picked up the tube of lubricant he'd left on the bed for just this moment. Tossing down the whip, he flipped open the cap and squirted a line of the glistening gel all the way down the length of his cock. Slowly, he began spreading it over his shaft. "God, I love getting a slave chained and spread, ready to take it up the ass. It's so good, Zara. Feeling a woman's tiny puckered anus stretch wide as I force my dick in, centimeter by centimeter. Listening to her little whimpers. Especially when she begs me to stop, when she moans my cock is too big, too painful." She was staring at his ferocious erection like a bird hypnotized by a snake. "Know what I do then?"

Zara licked her lips. "Ream her harder?"

He grinned. "That's right, prisoner. You going to give me an excuse?"

She shivered. "I don't think you need one."

"Not with you." He gave his grin a darkly menacing cast as he sauntered around behind her. "After all, you're an enemy captive." Eyeing her helplessly bent body, he added, "With a gorgeously tempting butt and a tight little asshole just begging for a good, hard bugging."

This time he actually heard her swallow.

Galen reached for the softly furred lips of her cunt, spread wide by her position. As he expected, he found her so snug and deliciously creamy, he was almost seduced from sodomizing her. He suspected, however, she'd be disappointed if he didn't carry out his threat. This first time, she needed a hard, merciless anal reaming from her new dominant.

She needed to be claimed.

Because that's what he was doing. Claiming her. Enemy or not, captive or not, she really was perfect for him, and he had no intention of letting her go. He just needed to make sure she craved his dominance as fiercely as he craved her submission. To do that, he had to erase any memory of any other man, establish himself as her master. And he knew the best way to do it was a merciless buttfuck.

Besides, he was harder than a length of neutron steel, and he could think of no better place for his aching prick than her tight little asshole.

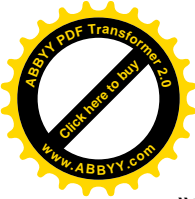
Taking his thick, well-greased cock in hand, Galen stepped up to Zara's pretty curving cheeks and aimed for her rosette pucker. Looking down at the thick head resting against the tiny opening, he grinned in savage anticipation. And began, slowly, to lean into her as he sought to force his way inside.

But Zara was just as tight as he'd known she'd be, and the tiny muscled ring resisted him. He set his feet wider apart, caught her by one silken hip, and arched his back, using his buttocks to drive his cockhead past her instinctive resistance. Slowly, so slowly, the glans began to disappear inside, vanishing into her deliciously snug ass.

Zara gasped in arousal and pain as the vampire's massive cock stretched her anus millimeter by sadistic millimeter. She squirmed in her restraints, but the float cuffs held her helplessly still for her captor's use. "It hurts!"

He leaned down until he could breathe into her ear. "Good." And slid another painful fraction of thick shaft up her convulsing rectum.

She closed her eyes, feeling cream flooding her empty cunt. "God, you're a bastard."



"Umm hmmm." He reached down and around her thigh to stroke her clit. The sizzle of pleasure blended with the hot fire of the cock steadily working its way deeper. "And you're a luscious enemy bloodslave with the tightest asshole I've ever had the pleasure to rape. Now be a good captive and relax those little muscles for my victory celebration."

With a helpless whimper, she sought to obey, concentrating on opening herself to her conqueror's use. The thought slid through her dizzy consciousness that he was much, much larger than Terrell...

Finally he stopped, his hips snug against her behind. "In," he said, dark laughter in his voice, "up to the balls. How does it feel being skewered on the enemy's dick, Zara?"

"Painful," she groaned.

"Get used to it, darling. From this end, it feels hot, snug and sweet, and I'm not going to stop any time soon." His fingers flicked and circled her clit as he began to pull out.

The withdrawal was as overwhelming and darkly pleasurable as his entry had been overwhelming and darkly painful. And those long fingers knew just what to do to intensify the delight, caressing her clit in time to each ruthlessly deep stroke.

Cuffed, helpless, impaled on her vampire captor's ass-reaming cock, Zara closed her eyes and moaned in pleasure.

Listening to his captive's delicious little moans, Galen grinned. Not only did she have the most delicious butt it had ever been his pleasure to ream, but she loved being dominated. Her arousal grew hotter every time he taunted and threatened. She definitely loved this anal mock rape as much as he did. He could smell how creamy she was, could almost taste it on his tongue as her juices drenched his clit-teasing fingers.

Oh, yeah. Zara Bryt was ready for a good, hard buggering. And Galen was more than ready to give it to her. He wanted to make her come while he shot her asshole full of hot vamp sperm - and sank his fangs into that pretty white throat.

"Hold on, darlin'," he growled, "I just ran out of mercy."

He began reaming her.

There was no other word for it. He leaned into her, gripping her hips with both strong hands, pumping hard, sawing his thick cock in and out until she writhed helplessly in her restraints. "Stop!" she gasped, maddened at the torturous blend of pain and pleasure. "I can't stand it!"

"I don't care," he growled in her ear. "You're my captive, and I'm going to fuck your ass 'til I empty my balls. God, you're tight!"

Still riding her hard, he wrapped one muscular arm around her chest and started squeezing her nipples, rolling the little peaks with one hand. Reaching the other hand under her, he slid it between her pussy lips to find her clit again. Pinned and helpless against her captor's brawny torso as his fingers teased her and his dick savaged her ass, Zara felt the first wave of her climax roll up her spine. She screamed at the feral heat.

With a animal roar, Galen shoved his cock all the way up her, impaling her rectum in one last brutal thrust. Releasing her breast, he fisted his hand in her hair and jerked back her head, forcing her throat to arch. Before she could do more than gasp, he sliced his fangs into a throbbing vein. She screamed again, the orgasm jackhammering even harder as he started feeding. Between her cheeks, his cock jerked in her anal grip, pumping his cum deep.

Long moments passed before Galen felt sated enough to free himself from his captive's ass and throat.



He looked down at her in satisfaction as she hung limp in her restraints. She probably felt too wrung-out to move, after the multiple orgasms she'd enjoyed while he fed.

Her little anus gaped, swollen and red and smeared in cum from the pounding he'd given it. Given her bloodslave metabolism, it would soon be healed and tight again, ready for his pleasure. Though his next stop would probably be that snug, creamy cunt...

"You do realize," Galen said, his voice rasping, "I won't be letting you go." Zara turned her head to look at him, her blue eyes languorous under her tangled blonde mane. She smiled slowly. "Good."

He swept her out of the air and into his arms and carried her to bed. They'd have to sign a bloodslave contract, of course, formalizing their relationship of submissive and vampire dominant. But that would come later.

Colonel Galen Lynx wasn't through celebrating his victory yet.

THE END