



DECKER: FUTURE TENSE

By Angela Knight

Aria fidgeted as she stood at Decker's side, casting a quick glance up at her lover's handsome face. He looked unusually resplendent in a black skinsuit with silver accenting, a red loincloth concealing what she knew to be a thoroughly impressive cock. She eyed his hidden groin and sighed; sometimes Decker's twentieth century upbringing showed itself in prudery. A floor length cape draped over one broad shoulder and under the opposite arm, and his black hair, grown waist length, was scraped back and tied ruthlessly .

"I really like that cape," she murmured to him, pitching her voice to avoid an echo in the huge audience hall.

"I feel like a damn fool," he growled back.

"Then why'd you wear it?"

"Because for some idiot reason, people expect vampires to wear capes. And we need this job."

Just then, a portly person in gaudy blue livery hurried toward them and bobbed a bow. "The princess will see you now." He shot an uncomfortable look toward Decker's mouth, obviously searching for fangs.

Decker didn't so much as flicker an eyelid. His back was straight as a blade as he marched after the footman across the pseudo marble floor, Aria hurrying to keep pace with him.

"Pretentious bullshit," he murmured, voice pitched so low only Aria could hear him. "This bitch is about as much a princess as I am."

"Decker, hasn't anybody ever told you--democracy isn't fashionable anymore."

But then the double doors at the end of the hall swung open, and whatever he was going to say was lost as they entered the quarters of the Princess Jovan of Galactic Mines, Inc.

Which, Aria thought, could have passed for a whorehouse back home. There was enough red velvet and gold silk in the room to make Decker's lip curl ever so slightly. The black stone floor gleamed, black columns standing among all the tacky color. All overwhelming, even to Aria's 23rd century taste.

Then a flash of white drew her eyes, and she watched as the Princess Jovan rose from a golden throne. She was quite beautiful, her lush curves barely concealed by the transparent white gown she wore. "Mr. Decker," the blonde purred. "So good of you to answer my summons with such speed. I trust you had a pleasant journey."

Damn well should have been pleasant, Aria thought. He nibbled on me for 10 light years. Not that she minded...

"It was...pleasant," said Decker, cocking an eye at Aria and smiling faintly. Probably reading her mind, the dog.

"And your stay here will be even more pleasant," said Jovan. "I'll see to it personally. Now, Verter."

Decker whirled, crouching, a snarl curling his lips. Aria, startled, had barely begun to turn to see who stood behind them when a high pitched squeal sliced into her ears. And Decker dropped like a stone.

She stared blankly down at her lover, his body hidden by the black pool of his cape.

"Ah," said the princess, "it DID work. How nice. Now, the other one, Verter."

Aria, shocked, raised her head to see a tall blond man pointing a pistol at her.

She didn't see anything else.

When Decker woke up, he was surprised. The last thing he'd seen was a pistol muzzle, which tended to be the LAST thing you ever saw. True, being a vampire he was pretty hearty, but a blazer blast to the head was universally fatal.

He frowned. It must not have been a blazer. Sonics, maybe. Decker knew from painful experience that you could knock a vampire out with sonics at a certain frequency. One of the drawbacks of having inhumanly sensitive hearing.

Then he shrugged. It really didn't matter how he'd gotten in his current fix. What mattered was getting OUT of it.

Which might be a trick, he thought, getting a good look at himself. The lighting was dim enough to be pitch black to human eyes, but he could see to some extent. Enough to pick out the field cuffs on his arms and ankles holding him a good foot off the ground.

Decker frowned. The cuffs were bad news. He'd have had a better than even chance of breaking chains, depending on their thickness and material, but there wasn't a damn thing he could do about cuffs. They held him in an unbreakable force field, locking his arms and legs in the position his jailers dictated. He wasn't getting loose until he could get somebody to TURN him loose.

The door of the tiny room opened, and Decker cursed as light blazed into his hyper sensitive eyes, blinding him instantly.

He smelled her before he could see her; woman and blood scent. Jovan, not Aria. That perfume was really ghastly.

"Hello, Decker," she purred. He hated women who purred.

"Lady, your hospitality sucks. I thought you called me here to do a job. What is this shit?"

She drifted closer, teasing his ready blood hunger. "Just a negotiating tactic."

He sighed. "Mind telling me what we're negotiating for?"

Jovan paused. He could hear her heart hammering. "I want you to make me a vampire."

"Sure," Decker said promptly. "Got a license?"

"No."

Which was no surprise. If she had one, she wouldn't have gone through this charade. "Then forget it. I'm not bucking any death penalty for an overblown bimbo with delusions of grandeur."

"I can change your mind."

"Why? Lady, I'm not the only one the Feds will execute if I turn you. You die too. Why not just get the damn license? It's not like you can't afford the fee."

He could see her pout now. "They turned down my application."

Shit. She must have flunked the psyche exam. Regardless of his healthy respect for the Federation's Vamp Force, there was no way he was going to risk turning a psychotic into a vampire. There were enough Tagliars in the galaxy as it was.

"So, will you do it or not?" Jovan demanded.

"Lady, I just told you. Not on your ever loving life."

Her eyes flared with such rage he saw why she flunked the exam. "We'll see how law abiding you are after you get good and hungry."

Jovan whirled and stalked out, leaving him in the dark again.

"GodDAMNIt!" Aria snarled at the ceiling as it passed by overhead. She'd just spent six days in a cell worrying her head off about Decker. Then two goons had strolled in, stripped her naked, trussed her in field cuffs, and arranged her in an embarrassing and damn uncomfortable position. Now one of the goons was coasting her down the hall on a float cart, in front of God and everybody.

Aria was pissed.

And very much afraid the bastards had killed Decker.

So when the goon wheeled her into the throne room and she saw Decker spread-eagle in field cuffs between two columns, she was relieved.

Then the creep pushed her over and parked her right in front of her lover, and she got a good look at him. And decided she had damn little to be cheerful about.

He was as naked as she was, which she ordinarily wouldn't have minded -- but the guard was leering contemptuously at him, and she was embarrassed for both of them. It didn't help that Decker's black eyes were locked on her naked body, and he was getting an erection. He was extremely pale, the palest she'd ever seen him, and there were shadows under his eyes and cheekbones. When he licked his dry lips, she saw fangs. His black eyes were burning with hunger. He looked like a vampire from one of those ancient flat movies, from back when they thought it was all folklore and fiction.

Six days. She'd had plenty to eat, but they'd starved him for the past six days.

Aria was almost glad they were in cuffs. She wasn't sure whether she'd have offered herself to him -- or run like hell.

Decker stared hungrily at Aria's deliciously nude body. She was cuffed spread-eagle, and her back was arched so that her full white breasts thrust upward as if begging for someone's bold mouth. Dragging in a deep gulp of her scent, Decker moaned as needle claws of lust and hunger raked him.

Then, as he stared down at her, big hands suddenly grabbed the breasts she'd been lusting for. Decker snarled as a big, broadly muscular blond man moved over her, one hand going to her tempting cunt.

Aria's huge eyes widened even more, and she opened her mouth to scream. The blond clamped a hand over her mouth. Decker belatedly recognized him; it was the sonovabitch who'd shot him with the sonic stunner. Verter.

Then a slender hand reached around his body from behind and closed over his own hard prick.

"Such hunger," Jovan murmured. "Most men, starved for six days, would have no interest in sex. But for you it's the same, isn't it?" Her fingers, hot against his skin, moved along the length of his prick, brushing like an August breeze.

Decker clenched his teeth as his balls ached viciously.

"So," she whispered, cupping him in warmth. "Changed your mind?"

"Go fuck yourself, bitch," Decker snarled.

Verter was squeezing Aria's full, soft breasts as he whispered in her ear. She stared up at Decker, terrified.

Jovan's free hand drifted up the ridges of Decker's ribs. "Be reasonable, James. Think of the price your pretty lover will pay if you don't give us what we want."

"Okay. Okay. Just don't hurt her. Look, let me out of the cuffs and..." He gasped as Jovan's long-nailed hands dug into his balls.

"What kind of idiot do you think I am? If I take off those cuffs, you'll be all over me--and not in the way I want. No. You drink from me and give me your blood while Verter watches with the control for those cuffs. The minute you even think about getting out of line, he'll juice that field until your legs break. Are you clear on that, vampire?" Her fingers dug in until his eyesight blurred.

"I'm not going to change you, you bitch," Decker hissed when he could speak again. "You're fucking crazy as it is. I'm damned if you're going to be crazy AND immortal AND superhuman."

She laughed softly in his ear, easing her grip. "Oh, you'll change me. You'll beg to change me before I'm through with you." Jovan raised her voice. "Verter, disk that little bitch. Let's get started."

She flipped Jovan a pair of small black circles, and he looked up to catch them out of the air. In the next instant, he'd slapped them against Aria's temples.

Jovan had gone back to caressing Decker's cock again. "Do you know what those are, James? Encelph disks. They make the mind unusually susceptible to suggestion. Highly illegal, of course. But then, all the fun things are."

Verter straightened. Aria had gone limp, features blank, as the disks had taken hold. "When I enter you, you're going to come," the blond said to his captive. "No matter what I do to you, you're going to love it. Even the pain."

"Oh, my," Jovan purred, stroking Decker gently. "I think this is going to be interesting, don't you?"

Decker decided that the first thing he was going to do when he got loose was break Verter's neck. Then he was going to drain that bitch Jovan.

She was caressing him again, fondling his balls and rigid cock, and the hunger ripped at him until he wanted to scream.

"Verter," Jovan said, stroking Decker's ass, "there are some interesting toys on that table. Use one of them on our little friend. The clamps, I think."

The blond, who'd begun licking Aria's pointed nipples, lifted his head reluctantly and turned toward another floatcart Decker hadn't even noticed. It was piled with a tangle of sexual gadgets, some Decker recognized, some he'd never seen before. Verter burrowed in the pile until he found what he was looking for, then moved back to Aria. He caught one of her firm, sweet breasts and squeezed until the nipple pouted upward. Slowly, tauntingly, he seized the pink bud with the device he held; a tiny jeweled vise that bit into her so sharply she arched her back and gasped. Verter moved over her and began licking the other nipple, sucking it gently as he reached up and squeezed the vise, releasing her, then capturing her again, over and over with delicate brutality.

"Mmmm," Jovan whispered. "I'll bet that hurts. Look at the way she's twisting..."

Aria moaned.

"I think she likes it. Mmmm? Ever play kinky games with her, James? Perhaps you should give it a try. Opens up all sorts of possibilities..."

Verter was twisting the vise now, and Aria arched her back, the nipple he'd licked shining from his mouth. Decker could smell her arousal rising, salt and musk and blood scent. He remembered the way she felt around him, hot liquid cunt sliding around his desperate thrusts as he bit into her, blood filling his mouth.

Verter moved around at the foot of the floatcart and lifted her long legs, spreading and raising them over her head until her knees were at the level of her shoulders. He caught her wrists and brought them upward until the cuffs on her arms met and seized the ones on her ankles. Decker's cock throbbed at the sight of her, completely open to whatever anyone cared to do.

The blond buried his face against her cunt and began to lick her. Decker could see his pink tongue curling among the soft black hair. Aria was moaning helplessly. Verter reached up with one hand and grabbed the vise he'd left on her nipple. He squeezed and released it, licking, then sank the fingers of his free hand into her pussy. They slid in easily, skating in her heat.

"Would you like to fuck her, Decker?" Jovan murmured.

Decker bit back a moan.

"How is she, Verter?" the princess demanded.

"Tight," Verter said, his voice rasping. "Very tight. And wet."

"Ah, Verter. She's making you hot, isn't she?" Jovan asked.

Verter didn't answer, intent on the sight of his fingers sliding in and out of her juicy pussy.

"Verter has proven to be an unexpected prize," Jovan told Decker, raking her nails down his spine. "He

hasn't been in my service long, but he has certainly earned his keep. I think it's time I rewarded him. Verter, you may fuck her."

He didn't waste any time, opening his skintight black uniform trousers and dragging out a long, veined cock. He positioned it at the creamy opening of Aria's helpless cunt. But before he could thrust, Jovan said, "Not there. Her ass, I think."

Verter threw her a quick look, then licked his lips and turned back toward the float cart. In a moment he found the tube he was looking for and began to oil his cock.

"Impressive, Mmmm?" purred Jovan.

"I wouldn't know," Decker gritted.

"Take my word for it, then. He's impressive. Not as much so as you, of course, but sizable all the same. I'm afraid she's going to find this a bit painful."

Decker spat an obscenity and watched as Verter approached Aria. The blond caught one of her legs and leaned into it so that she rocked forward, almost onto her shoulders. One big hand caught his cock, aimed it toward the tiny dimpled opening.

Decker swallowed as Aria's asshole gave, Verter's relentless prick forcing it to spread. The blond gasped as his victim cried out in pleasure and pain. His thighs bunched as he fought to push himself deeper against her protesting muscles.

"Oh, she IS tight, isn't she?" Aria traced the curve of Decker's rump with her nails. "Think about it, Decker. That tiny little asshole, squeezing his prick. He's got to love it. Now he's in to the balls. Don't you wish you were the one fucking her? Reaming that tight, sweet white ass..."

Verter dragged his prick out of her, his head thrown back, teeth clenched. "God, she's..." His mouth contorted into a snarl as he forced her asshole again, driving relentlessly deep.

Aria's eyes were very wide, and she was gasping. Decker saw her thighs quivering, jerking against the field cuffs.

"She loves it. It feels so big in her, opening her up," Jovan whispered. "So big it hurts, and yet it brings her so much pleasure. She's helpless to stop it, but she wouldn't even if she could."

Aria threw her head back and screamed.

Verter picked up the pace, sweat streaming down his face and the corded muscles of his neck as he buggered her in long, deep strokes. Her grip had eased, leaving only enough pressure for unbearable pleasure. His face contorted, and he squeezed his eyes shut, gasping.

Decker gasped, eyes locked helplessly on her asshole, forced wide by the cock that drove in and out of it. He could almost feel its grip around his own aching erection.

"Arrrrrrggghh!" Verter stiffened, back arching like a bow, eyes squeezed shut.

Decker snarled, his hunger clawing him as the other man climaxed.

As the blond fell across his victim's sweat slicked body, Jovan whispered, "Had enough, Decker?"

And Decker, hunger twisting him in coils of madness, said "Yes."

"I knew you couldn't take it for long," Jovan purred, triumphantly. "Verter, get the cuff controls and watch. If he gets out of line, break his legs."

Decker waited, breathing hard, as Verter peeled himself away from Aria's sweet nudity and picked up the cuff control from the table. Staggering slightly, he keyed the field off, releasing Decker.

And Decker, moving so quickly the humans barely saw him, smashed one wrist brutally against the nearest column. The field-cuff shattered as Jovan screeched in rage and terror. Wheeling, he broke the other cuff on the column to his right, then spun and pounced on the princess. Even as his weight slammed her to the floor, he was pulling back her head with a fist in her hair. An instant later, his fangs sliced into her throat. Blood flooded his mouth, hot and sating, and he drank it greedily. Jovan struggled, but he held her effortlessly immobile as he fed.

She was terrified, screaming in panic, but Decker did absolutely nothing to calm her or give her pleasure. He really didn't give a shit.

He drank greedily, expecting Verter to attempt to stop him at any moment, but Jovan's henchman never interrupted despite the princess' screams for help. Finally her struggles weakened and stopped altogether.

And Decker, reluctantly, lifted his head. "I ought to kill you, bitch, but I think I'll let the Feds take care of you. By the time they get done with you, you'll wish I'd drained you like a shot glass."

"Damn, Decker. You really are a boy scout. I would have killed the bitch."

Decker looked up and saw Verter grinning down at him with a mouthful of fangs.

"What the hell?" Decker licked his lips, wondering if hunger was making him hallucinate.

Verter pulled something tiny out of his pocket and clicked it. A holographic image appeared in the air in front of him. Decker, staring at it, realized it was a badge. "Agent August Verter, Vampire Affairs Unit," the blond said cheerfully.

"You sonofabitch," Decker snarled. "You sodomized my woman."

He dove for the vamp agent's throat.

Verter braced before Decker hit him, and the two men surged against one another like breaking waves. Decker managed to wrap a hand around the agent's throat and was having a go at breaking his neck when he felt a narrow hand grab his shoulder.

"Decker, NO!" Aria screamed in his ear. "Let him go!"

Decker, off balance, relaxed his grip as he glanced at Aria, and Verter shoved him back. "Would you LISTEN before you try to rip off my head, asshole?"

Verter backed up as Decker whirled toward him, fist pulled back.

"Decker, he didn't rape me," Aria said desperately. "Remember when he was whispering in my ear when Jovan was threatening you? He told me what he was planning then."

Decker snarled. "And just what WAS happening, cop? Were you waiting to see if I'd break so you could execute me?"

Verter shook his head. "No, we knew you wouldn't go along with Jovan, or I wouldn't have suggested you to her to begin with. "

"Wait. You SUGGESTED me for thisshit? WHY?"

"We'd heard from several sources that Jovan was trying to find a vampire to turn her illegally. That's what I was doing here. I'd originally intended to go undercover as a vampire. Then I discovered she was planning to kidnap a merc and force him to cooperate." He shrugged. "That's a serious crime, and the front office decided to let her implicate herself. But they also felt I needed to retain some degree of control, so we needed a victim. My boss told me to give your name."

Decker gritted his teeth, giving serious thought to knocking Verter's fangs down his throat. "Why the fuck did he do that? Who IS your boss, anyway?"

Verter grinned. "Beau Gabriel."

"BEAU?" Decker started swearing in languages Aria had never even HEARD of.

"That's some vocabulary he's got, isn't it?" she asked Verter idly. The blond grimaced. Finally Decker wore down, and the agent asked, "Finished?"

"For the moment."

"Beau wants to recruit you."

And he was off again for another five minutes. Aria rolled her eyes and waited him out. Finally he stopped to breathe, and Verter said, "Look, would you forget that old 'Traitors to the people' shit and THINK about it? You know as well as I do that not every vampire is as straight arrow as you."

"Tagliar, for instance," Aria threw in.

Decker frowned.

"Right. We've been hunting THAT sonovabitch for 25 years, and we haven't caught him yet. In the meantime, we've lost count of the people he's killed, and..."

"Decker kicked Tagliar's ass a few weeks ago," Aria said.

Verter looked interested and hopeful. "Kill him?"

Decker shook his head. "Too many cameras." He gave Verter a resentful look. "And I didn't want the Vamp Force on my ass."

The blond snorted. "Huh. We'd've given you a medal and a vacation to Nympho -World."

Decker grinned reluctantly.

Knowing when to back off, Verter said, "Well, just think about it, will you? We could use you. In the meantime, I'm gonna start the paperwork for this bitch." He bent and picked up Jovan's nude and unconscious body as though it weighed no more than a feather--which it probably didn't, to him. Slinging her over his shoulder, he started toward the door, throwing them a quick look. "You two can...get reacquainted. I'll see to it that you're not disturbed."

"If any of those assholes give you a hard time about this, yell. I'll back you up," said Decker, with obvious reluctance.

"Shit, once they see my badge, they'll be busy trying to keep their own asses out of the fire. I won't hear a peep out of any of 'em." And Verter ducked through the door.

It hissed closed behind him. Aria turned to see Decker's fanged smile about three inches away. "Gee," he said. "I didn't know you liked anal sex."

"Me?" Aria squeaked, backing up. "Anal sex?"

"Yeah, anal sex. You know," Decker said, advancing toward her. "That's where your tiny little asshole gets greased and reamed by a very big cock. MY very big cock."

"Oh. That. Well. I think I already did that once today, and I..."

"Yes, but I didn't get to do it TO you," Decker purred, "And it did look like such fun..."

"Well, actually, I think it's overrated..." Aria said, nervously eyeing his swaying cock. Which looked a LOT bigger than the one which had so thoroughly buggered her a few minutes before. "Wouldn't you rather fuck a nice creamy pussy?"

"Later maybe," said Decker, swooping on the force-cuff control Verter had dropped when he'd grabbed Jovan.

Aria squeaked as the cuffs' field suddenly activated, thrusting her into the air.

"Have I mentioned that I've always been turned on by the idea of women in bondage?" Decker asked.

"Uh, no..."

"And I don't get many chances to indulge, either. You can't really go up to a woman in a bar and say, 'Mind if I handcuff and fuck you?'"

"Yes, I can see how that would be...yeow! Decker!... awkward," Aria gasped, as the cuffs flipped her around in the air.

"True. Now, if I'd had any idea you would so thoroughly enjoy it, I'd have asked YOU long ago..." She craned her neck to look back over her shoulder. Decker was standing behind her, eyeing her rump with wicked anticipation. When he spoke, his voice had deepened, losing its joking note and taking on a rasp. "And I've got to say, watching that bastard fuck you up the ass was the hottest thing I've seen in a long time."

"Ohhhh," Aria sighed, feeling the first flicker of heat.

A moment later, she felt Decker's cool hands seizing her ass cheeks, parting them. His breath blew hot against her skin, and she jumped just as he leaned forward, licking her cunt, tracing a burning path up to her anus. His broad fingers stabbed into her pussy, and he paused, stroking quickly. Aria sighed again and lifted her hips.

Decker licked her thoroughly for several moments, his tongue sliding between her lips until she grew as hot as Verter had made her with his pseudo rape.

When she felt his cock head against her anus, she forced herself to surrender to its thick, insistent width. It was big, very big, and she groaned softly.

He drew out again, and the withdrawal was better than the entry, stoking her lust. She waited, breathless, until he began to work his way back into her ass.

Just as Aria drew a breath to whimper, he bent over her and his lips found her throat. She jerked at the sharp penetration of his fangs, and he growled softly. Hungrily, he began to drink even as he slid his cock in and out of her helpless asshole.

With the blood came the mindlink, and they were one. She could feel herself, her tightness clamped around his cock, felt his wild excitement at her helplessness, her surrender.

Fired, she said, "Oh, GOD! Decker, HARDER!"

And he picked up the pace, grinding, enjoying the softness of her rump as he drank from her in long rippling swallows. She keened, high and wild, and he fucked even harder, letting her ass have it with a force she'd feel for days. She strained against him in frustrated craving for the triple penetration of his fangs and cock, until he began to slam his groin against her. The sound of their hips slapping filled her ears, keeping time to the rapid banging of her heart.

Suddenly it was too much, all of it, the cock mercilessly reaming her asshole, the fangs buried deep, it all hit her like a ship going to warp. She threw up her hips, feeling him ram up her ass with brutal force.

Aria screamed and came in endless shuddering ripples as the vampire fucked her asshole with deep, fierce digs of his cock.

Beau Gabriel leaned back in his plush office chair and grinned at the computer readout floating in mid-air in front of him. Verter's report, which the vampire agent had tachyoned in that day, said that things had gone just the way Beau had hoped. Not only had Verter put a muzzle on Jovan -- which, judging from the report, must have been fun -- but he'd made contact with Jim

Decker. And if Beau knew Decker, it was only a matter of time before his old enemy showed up to call him a motherfucker to his face.

And once Beau got him into the office, he'd hang a badge on Deck so fast his head would spin. Since joining the Vamp Force 15 years ago, Beau had thought that Decker would make a perfect agent. Vamp agents had a helluva lot of power, both physically, mentally and legally; damn few people could be trusted not to abuse it. Decker was one of the few vamps Beau could recruit with the absolute certainty he

wouldn't later regret it. Of course, Beau was still going to have to do some serious talking to pull it off..

"Chief..."

"Mmmm?" Beau asked absently, still staring at the readout.

"Should I come back later?" Margo asked, pausing in the open doorway.

Beau looked up. His secretary was dressed in a navy blue skinsuit that hugged her breasts and gorgeous legs so closely she might as well have been naked. She licked her very red lips, and lifted a hand to pull her hair out of its severe bun. It collapsed around her shoulders in shining green waves.

"Or," she purred, "Do you want to take your lunch break now?"

Beau felt his fangs descend.

"Now that you mention it," Beau said, "I do believe I could use a bite."

THE END