

Bloodlust
By Larissa Ione

Larissa Ione

Larissa@larissaione.com

www.LarissaIone.com

Cover art by Valerie Tibbs at Tibbs Design, <http://tibbsdesign.com/>

This is a *free* read provided for download on Larissa Ione's website. This ebook is not for sale, and any reproduction of this book for the purposes of *selling* it is a violation of copyright. Basically, if you *bought* this novella, you were ripped off and should be rightfully angry! Grr.

CHAPTER 1

Slave auctions were always held at night. Some said the reason was to make the naked merchandise more attractive, but most knew the truth. Queen Sorla attended the auctions, and because she was a vampire, the sales must be held after sundown.

Sorla passed an extra critical eye over the specimens chained to the raised wooden platform. Licking her lips, she paused before a particularly large man, a dark-haired knight taken prisoner during a battle with a neighboring kingdom. His emotionless gaze raked her and then dismissed her with an arrogance that would have been infuriating had it not been so refreshing.

Everyone – bidders, her subjects, and the merchandise – went silent as she dragged one long nail from his iron-shackled ankle to his thick thigh. Warm blood surged under her fingertip, and his muscles quivered in its wake. When she touched the velvet softness of his flaccid member, he drew a sharp breath and held it until she thought he might burst.

Keeping an eye on his sun-bronzed face, she cupped his balls, weighing them in her palm. Heavy and firm, they were perfect. She slid her fingers up to measure his cock and judge its strength. His jaw clenched and his nostrils flared as he fought the sensations, but it was a losing battle. In her hand, he grew huge and hard, and Sorla's own sex began to throb with wanting.

“Show me your tongue,” she demanded.

His black eyes impaled her with defiance, and he snarled, baring his teeth but not his tongue.

Increasing the speed of the strokes on his cock, she smirked. “Let me see your tongue, or I'll not stop this torment.”

Instantly, his tongue slipped between his well-shaped lips, and she felt a surge of moisture between her legs. His tongue was made to lap a woman's juices, and she intended to see that he tasted hers frequently. Yes, he would make a perfect, if challenging, sex slave.

She dropped her hand to his thigh and flicked her fingernail against his skin. He didn't flinch as blood welled at the thin cut, but he tensed when she leaned forward and licked the warm, salty liquid into her mouth. He tasted as good as he looked.

“This one,” she said to her assistant. “Pay anything, and deliver him to my chamber.” She began to stalk away and then halted. “And purchase another . . . I don't care which. I'm hungry.”

CHAPTER 2

Sir Brynn of Lochland wasn't stupid. He knew the identity of the woman who'd touched him, and he knew that he would soon belong to the evil bitch. What did she want with him? Her disgusting teasing of his manhood had been calculated to humiliate and torture him, he was sure, and it had infuriated him that he'd reacted to her icy touch.

That's what you get for being celibate for so long. No doubt about it, and if Queen Sorla didn't make a meal of him, he'd bury himself to the hilt inside the first available wench. He'd always thought that a knight's vow to refrain from sex while deployed for battle was a foolish one.

After what seemed like hours of standing naked in a chill breeze, three burly barbarians seized his chains and forced him into several painful and embarrassing positions as the audience bid. It came as no surprise when the rat-faced little man who'd accompanied Sorla won the auction. Immediately, Brynn was dragged through Sorla's castle bailey to the kitchens and an awaiting hot bath.

At first, Brynn fought the men who tried to force him into the water. His fists slammed viciously into soft flesh until somehow, someone clamped a metal ring around his scrotum. Agony shot through him like a lightning bolt, and his knees buckled, dropping him to the packed dirt floor. He groaned as the rat-faced man -- Odo, Brynn heard someone call him -- smiled and bent over until Brynn could smell the man's fetid breath.

"That," Odo said, "is a *shirkot*. It's a bespelled clamp that can be controlled by anyone wearing a matching bracelet." He flexed his wrist so that a rune-etched gold bangle glinted in the smoky torchlight. "All new slaves wear them until they can be trusted." He touched the bracelet and Brynn writhed anew. "As you can see, punishment is swift and effective. Now, get in the water."

Wincing, Brynn stood. The throbbing between his legs felt like spurting fire, but the pain eased as he lowered himself into the tiny wooden tub. One of the servants then shaved the week's worth of stubble from his face while another scrubbed him from head to toe. A growl welled up in his chest when the male servant reached Brynn's nether regions, but when Odo flashed that damned bracelet, Brynn gritted his teeth and settled down. When they finished, they ordered him out of the bath and rubbed scented oil over every inch of his body.

"Ah, much better." Odo raked his gaze over Brynn's naked body. "The queen will be pleased."

"How civilized of her to want her victims to be washed and marinated before she dines on them," Brynn snarled.

Odo laughed and thrust a bundle of clothing into Brynn's arms. "Yes, she'll make a fine meal of you."

Once more, Brynn clamped his teeth together to keep from spouting insults that would likely earn him more pain. Instead, he donned the green leggings and soft, buckskin boots that would probably be the clothes in which he died. Death itself didn't frighten him; it was the ignoble manner by which he would die that chilled his bones. To be drained of your lifeblood not by a weapon, but by a foul demon's teeth was not how he'd planned to depart the living world.

Odo motioned to Brynn. "Come."

"You think I'll follow you meekly to my death?"

Turning, Odo touched the bracelet on his right wrist. An uncomfortable pressure began to throb between Brynn's legs. The sensation wasn't painful, exactly, but it was a reminder that Odo held a damaging amount of power over him. Still, Brynn wasn't about to go easily. He planted his feet firmly and refused to budge.

"Fool," Odo snapped. "I told Her Grace not to choose one with such stubborn eyes." His fingers flew over the bracelet with practiced taps.

Agony such as he'd never known seared through Brynn's privates, down his legs, and up his spine to his brain. It wasn't until he felt himself being carried by two sets of arms that he realized he'd lost consciousness. Drool dripped from his lips, but he was too weak to wipe it away. Indeed, he was so weak that when the arms dumped him unceremoniously onto a stone floor, he simply lay there.

"You will be a challenge, my handsome pet." Kneeling, Queen Sorla pushed his long hair out of his face. "What is your name?"

He opened his mouth to speak, and his tongue felt thick and dry. "Go to hell," he slurred.

"If you don't tell me who you are, I'll give you a name of my choosing. I shall call you, 'Rosebud,' I think."

The bitch. Why in the hell did she want to call him anything, if she was planning to eat him? "I am Sir Brynn Blackheath of Lochland." His voice sounded a bit clearer, if still raspy. "My family will lay waste to your kingdom when they discover what you've done to me."

Her laughter turned his blood to ice. Well, it would be harder for her to take a meal from his veins if the liquid in them was frozen, wouldn't it?

"If your family has any sense of honor, they will obey the rules of war. Prisoners may be taken as slaves."

Brynn pushed to his hands and knees, ignoring the spinning in his head. "The rules clearly state that you cannot *eat* the prisoners."

"Yes, strange it is that one can put prisoners to death, but one cannot dine on them." Sorla stood. Waved her hand dismissively. "It's of no consequence in your case. I plan to suck you dry, but I won't kill you."

The world spun a little as Brynn came to his feet. "You make no sense, evil wench."

It was then that he noticed Sorla's clothing—or lack of it. She stood facing him, her back to a crackling fire in the hearth, wearing only a sheer crimson skirt that left nothing to the imagination. The dark triangle at the junction of her legs might have been tantalizing, had she been anything but a nefarious vampire bitch. Her plump breasts were

covered by nary a thread, but a dark ruby the size of a hen's egg nestled between them, suspended by a shiny gold chain. On her right wrist was a bracelet identical to the one Odo wore.

"Take off your boots," she commanded.

Brynn didn't move, and neither did she, yet the *shirkot* tightened on his testicles. Somehow he kept from moaning, but he swayed on his feet. "How," he breathed, "how did you do that?"

"My mind alone is powerful enough to work the shirkot." She drifted to a bed large enough for six men to sleep comfortably. Like a great cat she stretched upon it, using her long, black lacquered nails to rake through the bear and wolf pelts. "Now, remove your boots."

This time, Brynn obeyed. She watched through half-lidded, ice-blue eyes. Had she been anyone else, he would have found her eyes to be remarkable. In truth, she was beautiful. Her flawless, almond milk skin was a perfect compliment to her waist-length raven tresses, and her blood red lips could curve into a radiant smile—if one could ignore the pointed teeth.

"The leggings," she said.

Brynn shook his head. "You go too far."

She sighed. "So stubborn."

Pain radiated through his pelvis, and he doubled over with a yelp. "You bitch!" he shouted when he could stand erect again. "Why not just kill me and get it over with?"

"I said I wouldn't kill you." Her voice carried an edge, and suddenly her eyes were glacial. "I'm losing patience. Take off your breeches or I'll make your balls explode."

Right. Pain was one thing, but a bloody explosion between the legs was quite another. With as much dignity as he could muster, he removed the last of his garments and stood before her like a roast awaiting carving. Her hungry smile told him that his analogy was on target.

The bitch. He watched as she propped her knee up, causing her skirt to open. The silky red garment fell away, revealing the lush dark curls of her sex. Her hand drifted down her stomach, and Brynn couldn't take his eyes off her fingers as they found the folds between her legs.

He'd lain with scores of women, but not one had ever touched herself in such a manner. Unbidden, his manhood stirred to life.

"Yessss," she purred, staring at his hardening cock. "That's what I want." Her fingers parted her swollen, pink nether lips, and she dipped a finger into the dripping entrance.

Squeezing his eyes shut against the titillating sight, Brynn swallowed dryly. "Cease your ministrations, temptress," he growled, furious at the hunger that surged through his body. Did she honestly want him to service her? Or was this some sort of wicked torture?

"Come here, my pet. Fill me."

"Never," he said, his eyes still closed. "My cock will never touch you."

He heard her shift on the bed. "Then touch me with your mouth."

Stunned by her words, he opened his eyes. She was on her back now, her legs spread wide. Moisture coated her fingers as they slid in and out of her slick hole.

Smiling, she brought her fingers to her lips and sucked on them.

“Kneel between my legs like a good boy. Don’t make me angry. I would hate to have to cripple my most well-endowed slave yet.”

Seeing no other option and trembling with a combination of lust and anger, Brynn obeyed. The pelts caressed his bare skin as he knelt. As much as he wanted to resist, the sight of her swollen sex made him salivate. Never before had he tasted a woman, but suddenly he wanted to. He swore he would never defile his cock by putting in her, but perhaps just this once he would let his mouth know the feel of sex.

“Taste me,” she whispered.

Breathing heavily, he bent forward and moaned when his rock-hard cock rubbed on the soft pelts. She reached down and grabbed a fistful of his hair to yank his head from between her thighs.

“Do not spill your seed on my coverlets. If you come without my consent, you will pay dearly.” She raked her nails over his scalp and lifted her hips so his face was buried in her sex. Her musky scent filled his nostrils as he dipped his tongue experimentally between her folds. She tasted both salty and sweet, and as he lapped, she took her breasts in her hands and pinched the nipples roughly.

“You are not a dog licking water from a puddle,” she chastised softly. “Swirl your tongue. Thrust it deep inside me . . . ahh, yes, like that.”

Brynn let his tongue swirl and taste, and he discovered that she screamed in pleasure when he sucked on her hard clit. Smiling to himself, he stopped doing what seemed to excite her the most. Twice he had to grab his cock and squeeze it to the point of pain to prevent it from spewing its contents on her bed. When she begged him to mount her, it took all his willpower to refuse.

“Fuck me,” she cried. “Now!”

His voice was muffled by her juices. “Never.”

“Then your finger or tongue,” she panted, clutching handfuls of his hair.

With no special effort to be gentle, Brynn plunged a finger into the hole his tongue had laved and prepared. His tongue flicked over her clitoris as his finger thrust in and out. Sorla grew wild under him, pumping her hips against his mouth until she cried out in a fierce release that made him regret not burying himself in her. What if she demanded this again? Could he stand it? He could barely resist her now. Worse, his manhood throbbed with a unrelieved lust and pain that made the shirkot seem like a pleasure toy.

Sorla straightened her legs beneath him and sat up as he watched her from between her still quivering thighs. With surprising strength, she hooked her arms beneath his shoulders, pulled him forward, and rolled him onto his back. One of her legs rested over his aching cock, and he had to bite his cheek until it bled to keep from climaxing on her.

Her eyes gleamed as she lowered over him, pressing her voluptuous breasts against his chest. He tried to push her away, but she was strong. Laughing, she overpowered him and took his mouth with ferocious carnality. Her tongue darted inside his mouth, and their tongues met, doing battle in a war he would not win. She nipped him with her teeth, and blood filled his mouth. She sucked and lapped at the blood, becoming frenzied. She clawed at his arms, shredding his skin as her hips ground against his cock. The pain seared his insides, but the pleasure matched it, and he found himself

wanting to fuck her, to bite her, to writhe against her in a slick pool of saliva and sweat . . . and blood.

Son of a whore, *what was wrong with him?* Disgust spun up in his chest, a thick, black sludge that filled him with dread and panic. Curses screamed in his mind as he renewed his struggles to escape her. She laughed as though delighted by his efforts, but with a jerk of her head, she released his mouth. Her silky hair fell across his shoulders in a curtain that bathed him in shadows as her icy gaze captured his, holding him immobile with the force of her will. For a moment, he thought she'd finished with him. But then her head lowered again. His heart thundered in his chest as she began a slow, torturous trail of kisses down his chest.

Her cheek touched the wet tip of his cock, and his breath caught. How could he want her to stop – and continue – at the same time? He cursed himself, her, the damned bloody war that had brought him to this place, but the foul words turned to groans when her lips found his scrotum. More gently than he'd believed she was capable of, she licked the soft skin before sucking his balls into her mouth and caressing them with her talented mouth. Even the scrape of her teeth was perfectly done, so that the pain caused pleasure.

His body was on fire, the blood in his veins running like molten metal, and he arched upward to meet every lash of her tongue as it slid lower, to the sensitive smooth spot between his testicles and his anus. A shout escaped him when she spread his cheeks and tasted him in the place no one had ever been.

Damn her and this unholy torture! His cock throbbed angrily, his balls so tight they felt bruised, and when she didn't make a move to give him release, he took his hot member in his own palm.

“Stop!” she hissed. “Remember what I said? Are you ready to fuck me?”

She raised up between his legs and spread her nether lips to give him a tantalizing view. He swallowed. Hard. His cock jerked and his lungs seized and how could his body betray him like this? She was an evil, bloodsucking fiend, but none of that registered with the most primal parts of him.

The parts that wanted to replace her fingers as they caressed the swollen pink nubbin that was still wet with his saliva. Then, with incredible cruelty, she straddled his hips and rubbed her slick sex along the length of his shaft. Her satin hair draped over his chest, tickling his nipples, making him moan. His rebellious member strained to enter her, mocking his failing willpower.

“No,” he croaked. “Don't.” Lord, was he mad?

“Bastard!” Her teeth bared in a silent snarl as she snatched his wrist. Lightning quick, she raked her nails up his hand, leaving bloody streaks all the way to the tips of his fingers. Pain ripped through him, but shock and lust rode on its heels as she shoved one of his bloodied fingers inside her. Silken wetness closed around his middle finger as she rode his hand, her hips rocking wildly, her muscular thighs flexing against his arm.

Damn, she was beautiful in a feral, dangerous way, and Brynn could no longer find the strength to resent the fact that he found her attractive.

The vampire queen cupped her breasts and pushed them together, an act no doubt designed to drive him mad with desire. Her head fell back, the tendons in her neck straining as his finger fucked her. Her juices and his blood mixed together and ran down his hand, puddling in his elbow.

With a scream she came, jerking so hard he felt an excruciating pop in his knuckle. "I hope you enjoyed that," she ground out between clenched teeth, "because I require sex dozens of times a day."

Before Brynn could do more than stare in momentary disbelief, she dropped her face between his legs again. Her mouth closed over a sensitive spot in his inner thigh, and for a moment, he thought she was going to lick him the way she had earlier, but then her fangs slid through his flesh and a jolt of pain shot straight to his brain. With a shout, he sat up, tried to tear her from his leg, but she shoved him effortlessly back on the bed. When he attempted to kick her, she pinned his leg in a powerful, painful grip.

As she drained his blood, nausea swirled in his stomach, joining the crazy spins of the chamber. More rapidly than he would have believed, he grew too weak to struggle. She lied, he thought. She was killing him. She was filling her body with his blood because he refused to fill her with his seed.

That was his last coherent thought before darkness took him.

CHAPTER 3

Brynn woke to the delicious sensation of a mouth sucking his cock. Eyes closed, he kicked his head back into the pillow and bucked his hips, driving deep into the warmth. Sorla was torturing him again, but he didn't care. Maybe she'd let him come. Maybe. He thrust harder, deeper into her mouth, and reached down to grasp her head, to hold her there while he exploded.

Something was wrong. Her hair . . . it was too short. He opened his eyes, and . . . *fuck!* A *man's* head bobbed between Brynn's legs.

Sorla stood next to the bed, naked, the elegant curves of her body highlighted by licks of flame-light from the hearth, her half-lidded gaze watching him hungrily. A wicked smile tipped up one corner of her mouth, and her fangs had punched down to make dents in her lush lower lip.

"Continue," she purred.

Snarling, he shoved the man away. "Damn you!"

Sorla's smile grew wider, her fangs elongating even more as she dragged one sharp nail down her abs, leaving behind a white line on her creamy skin. "Will you fuck me now?"

"Never!"

She sighed and gestured to the nude man, who still kneeled between Brynn's thighs. "Then Henry will fuck you. Turn over."

The cold burn of panic sliced up Brynn's spine. "You win, bitch," he gritted out. "I will service you, but I'll not like it."

"Oh, I doubt that." She sent Henry away and crawled onto the bed, her movements sinuous, seductive, and already he knew that what he'd said about not liking it was going to be a lie.

Brynn eyed her warily, a strange mix of anticipation and dread churning in his belly. She trailed her fingers up his leg, and then she used her teeth to open a vein in her wrist. He watched, fascinated, as she dripped her blood on his cock, until it was coated, slick with crimson. He hated himself for liking the caress of the warm rivulets winding along his shaft.

When she was finished, she straddled him, and his cock, lubricated with her blood, slid easily inside her. He nearly shouted as she sat down, taking him to the hilt. She was tight and he was horny and this was going to end humiliatingly soon.

Out of nowhere, she struck him. Hard. In the face. He heard the crack of bone, tasted blood, as pain spiderwebbed across his cheek.

"You—"

Laughing, she struck him again. “That,” she said, in a low, sultry voice, “was so you will concentrate on the pain instead of the pleasure. I don’t want you spending yourself before I’m ready.”

“I *will* kill you,” he swore. He would drive a stake through her cold heart, and he’d enjoy every second of it.

Sorla shrugged one shoulder and began to move on him, seemingly unconcerned that he’d just threatened her life. Or maybe danger was an aphrodisiac for her, because her movements quickly intensified, becoming almost frenzied as her nails dug into his nipples until they welled with his blood, which she tongued and drank.

Pleasure washed over him in a hot wave with each roll of her hips, with each flick of her tongue. The light from the fire made her eyes glow, or maybe that’s just what they did when a vampire was so deep in the rut, but they lit even more fiercely when she used one fang to slice open the pad of her finger. The strangest compulsion came over him; he wanted to take her finger in his mouth, to suckle, take her blood inside him as he came.

Instead, she continued to ride him, and just as she began to peak, she swirled her bleeding finger in the bites on his chest. Their lifeblood mingled, and red flashes of light shot behind his eyes. He felt dizzy, cold but on fire, and then he came, pumping his semen into her in an endless, hot stream.

She screamed as her own orgasm took her, and as her inner muscles contracted, they milked the last drops of his seed. His limbs felt weak, and he trembled uncontrollably. What had just happened?

“My king,” she whispered, falling forward to nuzzle his neck. “You are my king now.”

“I don’t understand—“ Sudden heat roared through his veins, taking his breath. In an instant, his strength returned. No...it *grew*. Swelled his muscles, his very bones. Bloody hell, he’d never felt so strong. It was as if he could lift the bed with one hand or punch through the stone walls with no effort at all.

On impulse, he rolled Sorla onto her back and surged to his feet. She stared up at him, her body relaxed and sated, her gaze as alert as ever as she watched him to see what he’d do.

That was the big question, wasn’t it? The power rolling through him had taken on a life of its own, but so had a new, strange lust. Sorla seemed to know, and as her legs fell open, his eyes locked on the dark juncture between them, where blood, semen, and her juices pooled and dripped into the crack of her ass.

“Finish it,” she whispered. “Finish it, and you will be so much more.”

A wild, wicked instinct clouded his mind, kicked him in his chest, and he dove between her thighs. A pumping, primal growl erupted from his throat as he lapped at her. He should be disgusted, and on some level he was, but something shadowy and dark had taken over, and all he knew was that he had to do this...or die.

Sweet, salty, and bitter, the thick mixture filled him with a strange inner glow, a drug-like energy. Sorla moaned, writhing against him until she came.

Licking his lips, he stood, pulling her with him. “What happened? I feel . . . different.”

She smiled, revealing her two gleaming fangs. “You are different. You are still alive, but you are not the same. I had intended to keep you as a slave, but I couldn’t resist. You are my mate. My king.”

Uncertainty tugged at his brain, but then she took his half-hard cock in her hand and stroked with her sharp nails. She cupped his balls, and the shirkot dropped to the floor. He was free. He was a king. And he was hungry.

Before the echo of the metal shirkot banging on the stone floor had faded away, Brynn grasped Sorla by the throat and slammed her against the wall. Surprise flashed in her eyes as he rammed his cock inside her.

“What’s wrong,” he whispered into her ear. “Did you think I’d remain a docile pet?”

A smile trembled over her lips. “Of course not. I prefer you like this.” Her lie was obvious in her quaking voice.

“Good,” he said. “Because you’ve awakened something, my queen. My lover. *My feast.*”

His orgasm rippled upward, and he growled, snarled, and bit deeply into her throat. Blood spurted into his mouth and streamed down his chin and neck as she struggled, her jerky motions intensifying his orgasm. Yes, he was king.

Blood dripped lower, coating his chest, her breasts. Would she survive this? He wondered. And then he smiled, because it didn’t matter.

It was good to be king.