

Sexy vamp MC seduction of vampire hunter L

I had told them, *'Only fools rush in.'*

Now they lie at my feet, their necks at such acute angles, with their blood pooling, a pretty red carpet on the floorboards of the old house. *I was the fool—* for having taken them with me at all.

“Little tender things, trip tripping down my stairs...” a silk-woven voice rings through the room.

I can only bury the ache I feel at the sound. “Rather wasteful,” my voice comes out raspy and hard, “Don’t you think?”

“Cruel human, teasing my appetites...” the voice laughs. It’s melodic; it’s metallic and shrill. I feel a breath on my neck. “I was saving the best—for last.”

I turn, my stake in hand. But an arm with the power of a battering ram throws me across the room. There is the sound of ringing, the crunch of wall or bone, and my breath flying out of me in newfound speed. I find I am gone—blackened vision—for a moment. But not for long enough for me to collapse onto the ground. Mid-fall, I brace for the collision. Then, my shoulders ache.

I unfold to kneel, my hand still around the wooden stake. “That’s the best you’ve got—”

I’m a fucking fool.

Nails, claws—and a soft, spindly hand—drags me up, holding me by the

neck. "Little rat... *funny food...*" It—they—smile.

Their lips were red. Eyes were dark; only the barest hint of iris remained at the glittering edges. Cold skin stretched over cheeks—sharp angles of the prettiest painting of death.

Even if my breath remained, my lungs had not ached, and my throat was not preoccupied with closing—I would not have found my words.

Instead, my hand drops its weapon.

They return my stare.

It's quiet in the night.

Only the wind.

And their lack of breathing.

And the way their mouth curls, how cold their touch is—

I fall to the ground—not far, but I was far from prepared. I find myself kneeling again, now by their side.

"The human... surrenders?"

"It does not... run?"

"Shriek..."

"Cower."

I find only a little of my voice returned, "No."

"What to do with... *you...*" Their hand, their grip, finds my chin and pulls

—softly—turning me to look up at them. Then they turn my face to the left and right as if inspecting my features.

Their sharp nail drags across my jaw, and my lips part unintentionally by the act. I close my mouth. I swallow... as well as I am able. And through it all, my eyes find they can not waver. Not from their sight. Nor for a moment. “They said the devil would be beautiful...”

They smile again—*why do they smile?*

Their voice caresses my ears, “I could... keep you, little rat...” Their thumb travels upwards to their mouth, their teeth, and a bite. A drop of red falls between us. Their finger returns to me. And I feel the cold on my lips and a lingering taste of blood.

Then their lips are on me. They bite. And I taste warm copper again. I don’t let go. I can’t.

I hold on with all my might as my soul leaves my body for sweeter things. I am left with a warm, fulfilled cavity of their love.

“It shall only be a minor discomfort... And then it is over... Little rat.”

With those words, my vision twists, a crack—of bones—as the darkness envelops me, which leaves behind only the echoes of their laughter and the lingering taste of blood.

And the warmth of their love.