

He knew she was a vampire. Perhaps not at first. Maybe in the first few moments as she stepped from the darkest shadows and began her agonizingly slow approach. But very soon he saw her eyes glow.

He had heard vampire's eyes glowed, but of course, he had been expecting a demonic red, orange, or even yellow, such as he had seen in movies. But the two eyes that gazed at him were a crystal blue, and the glow was soft but deep, as if emanating from her soul. And surely such a blue glow couldn't come from anything evil.

Then she crossed the path of the moonlight streaming in the window, and he was certain that she was a vampire. Between her voluptuous lips, which wore the beginnings of a smile, the tips of her white fangs showed.

Yet, he felt no fear. After all, the glow from her eyes was soft and unthreatening, and she seemed to emanate an aura of lassitude...even love. He was fascinated also by the hue of her hair, which seemed to change with her every move. First a luxurious mahogany, now dark as midnight, now tinged with auburn.

She reached his bed and slowly mounted it, her knees straddling his ankles. Then she stopped and her smile widened. Again, he felt no fear, even as he saw more of those elongated teeth. Even through them, her smile was genuine, even warm. He found that even had he the desire to move, he could not; his limbs felt leaden.

She stretched her arms high above her head, and for the first time, he let his eyes leave her beautiful face. His breath caught in his chest as he saw what she wore, for it was a chemise of a pale blue satin. Much of her upper chest was exposed to him, and what was hidden by the chemise was yet clearly outlined by the clinging fabric, and he drank in the view.

Finally roaming further down, his breath caught again as the hem of the chemise fell just barely below her hips, leaving the entire expanse of her long legs on display for him.

It seemed at first impossible for him to look away, but after a few more longing looks, his eyes returned to her face. Her smile now grew so that her lips parted, and for the first time, she spoke, "Do you like my body?"

He could find no words, but the look in his eyes must have given the assent he felt. Slowly, she let her hands come back down, slowly caressing her hair, neck, shoulders, and chest on the way back to her sides. He felt her relax her legs and gently sink down, sitting on his ankles.

"Good. I like watching you look at me." Her tongue snaked out and ran across her lips. "May I kiss you?"

Inside, he ached to say yes, but finally, his brain sent a warning through him, and he spoke. "You're a vampire."

The vampiress shrugged and placed her hands on the bed on either side of his body and scooted up, sliding her soft, cool skin along his legs, stopping just below his knees. "Does that really matter?"

He shivered with the sensations, but still, he hesitated. "If I let you, you'll take my blood."

She laughed softly and leaned over him until her hair brushed against his chest, then slid herself further up his legs, right to where his denim shorts ended. "You have a misconception. We are only allowed in a place we are invited. That goes for blood as well. I only ask you for a kiss, nothing more."

His eyebrows raised. "So if I don't freely offer my blood, you can't take it? I have never heard of that before. I thought vampires could take blood as they wished."

The vampiress made a soft humming sound and began caressing his side with one of her delicate hands. "It only appears that way because at the crucial moment, the blood is offered, not taken." She arched her back, pressing more of her body against his. "May I kiss you now?"

The longing in her voice almost brought out the *yes* he so wanted to say, but still he hesitated. "Why me?"

Her lower lip quivered in what seemed almost a pout, and he almost thought she would cry, a sight which threatened to break his heart. "Why not you? I have chosen you. Why should you refuse my love?"

"I...I only fear what your love might bring," he choked out.

She moved again, now straddling his hips and her upper body pressed against his. He felt her keenly as she leaned her face closer and closer to his, her lips now so close to his that he could almost feel them. She whispered, "Please, let me kiss you. I will do no more, I swear it."

This time he could not hold back, and said, "Yes...yes..."

Her lips touched his, and though he felt the hardness of her fangs, she kept them away from his flesh, and after a few long moments, he nearly forgot them. The lead seemed to fall from his arms, and he raised them to embrace the vampiress.

She broke the kiss, but kept her face touching his. "You see? A kiss, that is all...unless..."

His brain again tried to warn him, but the feel of her lips and body were incredible, and he could no longer hear the warning clearly. "Unless what?"

"Oh, my love, let me taste you. Not much, just...enough." He felt her lips again brush across his, not so much a kiss as a request.

"No...no, I can't, I..." He trailed off as he felt her arms slip under his body and she held him tightly to her.

"But if you let me taste of you now, you will see me again...and again...and again...I will come to you every night...I will be everything you want...everything you could ever dream. I will love you as you have never been loved...and best of all...you will never die as long as I come to you."

He squirmed a little, but her embrace was unbreakable. "You want to turn me into a vampire too?"

"Shhhhh, no, my love." She silenced him with another long, soft kiss until his struggling ceased, then she continued. "There are enough vampires in the world. I want a human to love and to love me." She sighed and looked deeply

into his eyes. "You have your choice, though. If you wish to turn me away, you will never see me again. So now, I will ask you this last time only : may I taste of you?"

His mind whirled. Her body was tightly pressed against his, and he knew she would use it if he let her. How could he turn this beauty away? Surely he wanted to see her every night, was that not worth the price?

The price. Surely the pain of being bitten wouldn't be the only price for this. Would there be other consequences? Moral? Emotional? Spiritual? Social? Would his soul be the price? Would any reward this vampiress could offer be worth any price he would have to pay?

She patiently awaited his reply, seeming content to look into his eyes while he considered her offer, and her request. Finally, he came to his decision.

He smiled, kissed her soft lips, then said, "Yes...my love."

She smiled as well, her fangs seeming to catch the moonlight, and bent her head towards his willing flesh.