



The Blood Deliverance

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Category: Romance, Adult, M-m Romance, Paranormal, Vampires

Description: When the Rose Coven Vampires are through, there will be more than blood on the floor...

Fane Madden, a coven enforcer, was tasked with visiting a competitor to the coven-owned club, The Blood Rose. The Falcon Nest was eating into their share of the scene, and Master Rose wanted to know exactly what had made customers flock to the new place. Master Rose didn't tolerate competition. Fane expected to find the usual dark corners and blood on the floor, but he didn't expect to find the blond beauty with gentle eyes behind the bar. He smelled like orchids, and he belonged to Fane. James Whitlock was everything Fane had ever dreamed his fated beloved would be; Fane also knew he was in danger here. He needed an exit plan.

James was in so much more danger than even Fane understood, and as war brewed between the rival factions, Fane would do anything to secure the safety and deliverance of his beloved.

Love and Fate always find a safe harbor.

Total Pages (Source): 9

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CHAPTER ONE

“They’re our top competitor, and recently, they've brought on staff from out of town. Theatrical type people who make every encounter a performance.” Victor rolled his eyes. The Falcon Nest is fast taking over the top spot in the gritty nightclub scene, and Master Rose is not pleased. The Blood Rose had held that prominence for years and he wasn’t about to take second place to a fancy interactive experience pretending to be a coarse and crude bar.

"Who are they?" Conall inquired. He and his top men sat around the table in his office, sketching out a tentative plan to take over or take down the Falcon Nest.

"Philip Lester, one of Jerry Hanover's people, owns it, or at least his name is on the paperwork," Drakon stated. "Jerry doesn't have his name on anything he owns, so not sure how much actual power Lester holds."

“None, he’s just a cover.” Conall proclaimed. "Jerry owns it and makes all the decisions. He's a micro-manager and always has been. He probably even picks out the toilet paper."

"We could try to take his people, you know, the talented performers who seem to be wowing the customers." Victor continued with his previous disdain. "I think they're a flash in the pan. Nothing excites and titillates like the Blood Rose. No bartender tricks and waiter antics are going to take away from the raw desire and responding to the basest needs of mankind which we deliver on nightly."

Conall nodded his head, but it was obvious to everyone that he was not convinced.

“Send someone to check them out I want to know exactly what their draw is. What’s bringing the people in, and then we will decide from there.”

Fane Madden a coven enforcer was given the task of visiting their competitor, The Falcon Nest, over the next few nights and getting a feel for what it is that’s making them so popular. Fane worked directly under Drakon who volunteered him for the assignment. He liked a good nightclub scene and would get to the heart of what made the customers flock to this new place.

It was nearly nine o’clock when he headed out, which was when the Falcon Nest usually began to get busy. He hadn’t been to the place yet, and he did not find the theater aspect to be that interesting. He was a dark corner and blood on the floor kind of guy, not bright lights, play acting and dancing. He liked his entertainment raw and private, and the Falcon Nest was neither.

He met Samuel, a fellow enforcer in the garage. “I hear that club is hot hope you get the info you need and score big with the tourists. Some of those out of towners can be pretty kinky.”

“Is that the clientele, tourists?” he inquired as he called for a car.

“Yeah, mostly from what I hear.” He said and then added. “Enjoy yourself.” He waved and continued on his way.

“I’m sure I will.”

“James, Phil asked for you to come to his office,” Andrew said as he came up to take over the bar. James was at the bar doing his regular routine and to be called away at this hour, and with the audience, he had meant it was very serious. Phil didn’t have meetings in his office at peak hours, so it probably wasn’t Phil who wanted to speak with him.

He took a deep breath and prepared himself as he walked to the stairs and went up to the second floor. Phil's office was large and took up about a quarter of the second floor. The man like to push the look of power and control but unfortunately Phil had neither. Mr. Hanover ran everything, and no decisions were made by anyone else no matter how small.

The closer he got to Phil's office the more his stomach tightened with fear and apprehension. It was Mr. Hanover who wanted to talk to him and that was never good.

Hanover had been making uncomfortable advances on James lately, and he didn't like it. But there was nothing he could do about it. James stood and faced the closed door and then carefully knocked just twice. Mr. Hanover didn't like anyone who knocked more than twice. He had rules that extended to the absurd.

"Come in." The bark was loud and angry and did not belong to Phil. James opened the door slowly and stepped inside and then closed the door behind him. He stayed by the door until he was given permission to proceed further. Mr. Hanover sat at Phil's desk and without looking up motioned for him to come forward.

James took three slow steps and stood approximately three feet from the desk and waited while making sure he remained still and silent. These were all the rules that James had to learn and unfortunately it had been a painful lesson. Finally, he looked up and captured James with his small, beady, yellowish eyes.

Mr. Hanover was around forty-five but looked rough. His hair was thinning massively, and his skin was a pasty white with a texture that mirrored stucco. He had money, position and power so he could do pretty much whatever he wanted.

"You start work at four now instead of six, and I want you to stay and help with clean up. Is that a problem for you?" He looked like he was waiting and hoping James

would object even in the slightest manner so he could backhand him or slug him somewhere that the bruises wouldn't show. James nodded and did not speak. His disappointment was obvious.

Hanover got up and rounded the desk to stand in front of James. He looked down at him with a sneer. "You think you're special, but I could replace you tomorrow, and no one would care." He taunted and reached out to run the back of his hand down the side of James' face. "Remember that." He finished and stabbed his index finger into James' chest.

"Get out and remember you don't leave until the cleanup crew is finished." He shouted as James left the office. It was unpleasant but as far as meetings with Mr. Hanover went, this was pretty mild. The extra hours would be without pay because they were always without pay. It was going to take him an eternity to pay off his father's debt, an absolute eternity.

Fane was dropped out front of the Falcon Nest and he stood there for a few minutes taking in the front of the rathercheesy looking bar. It called itself an edgy nightclub but came off as more a beachy themed trendy bar either way it was bringing in the customers. There was no line, no dress code or limitations other than a cover charge of twenty dollars which was common in this area.

He paid his money and entered it was nice a well decorated average bar staffed by mostly men who were scantily clad. They were attractive but there were other bars that leaned on the flesh angle and didn't have the business that the Falcon Nest brought in. Perhaps it was a combination of aspects and offerings that drew the crowds.

As Fane approached the bar he noticed a strange aroma in the air it seemed out of place. It was the fragrance of orchids, and it hung heavily in the air. He looked around but the men standing nearby were not the source. Fane took a few deep

breaths drawing in the beautiful scent and then got his mind back on his assignment. He loved the smell of orchids and assumed there must be a bouquet somewhere close.

“What’ll you have?” A young man in a white shirt and tie asked.

“A straight whiskey.” He responded and watched as the man deftly swung the expensive bottle around, rolling it down his arm in a theatrical manner. This was the show that Drakon and Samuel had referred to. It was entertaining but would get irritating if they did it for every drink that was ordered. He handed him the drink and moved on to the next customer, going through the same gyrations.

There weren’t many paranormals in the room apart from a couple of jackals that looked to be working security and a fox shifter gathering empty glasses from the tables; it looked to be primarily a human customer base. The man who ran the place, Jerry Hanover, was human, a sick little piece of shit, but he had managed to carve out a territory for himself.

He and his men were involved in most of the illegal activity in this area. This was the first time he moved into the nightclub business, and he seemed to be doing too well for it to be real. No amount of good luck or good marketing would bring in the revenue boasted by this place so quickly based on the offerings. The entertainment and staffing were interesting but not good enough to have constant crowds of customers clamoring to get in.

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Fane was certain there was a sorcerer in the mix somewhere. Humans privy to the presence of the supernatural often ended up using a magic maker to boost their presence and clout. He finished his drink and returned to the bar for another and noticed the fragrance of orchids had magnified. Looking around he saw a new bartender had taken over.

The people close by commented on the fact this bartender or mixologist was beyond compare so Fane was eager to see his performance. The second that the man turned around and began tossing and mixing integrating acrobatics into the piece Fane knew who the draw was for this place.

He didn't perform for every order like the last guy giving everyone a small, repeated performance no, he only did the complicated drinks, and he did them with a flare and enthusiasm that was hypnotic. Fane was still certain that a spell was involved but the bartender, the handsome and haunted man with the gorgeous body and gentle eyes was a big reason the place was doing well.

Fane ordered an expensive, elaborate drink in order to bring the man nearer to him. He introduced himself as James but as soon as their eyes locked the young man stuttered as if forgetting the next part of his spiel. He then stopped dropped his head and took a deep breath.

"Sorry about that he said and began his routine once again, but Fane noticed that he did not look him in the eyes again. James kept focus on Fane's hand that was on the bar.

"No problem." Fane drawled out the two words, and James took another deep breath

and went back to tossing and twirling the bottles. It wasn't as difficult or involved as the previous routine, and Fane assumed it was because the man was feeling the same emotional excitement that he was feeling.

When he finished, and James was sliding his drink over to him, Fane ran his tongue along his lips in a tantalizing manner, and James followed the movement transfixed. Fane did it again and reached out, placing his fingertips against the back of James's hand. "When do you break?" Fane asked, and a trembling James locked eyes once again and answered.

"Thirty minutes. Meet me in the hall beyond the restrooms." He then quickly turned and continued his bit dancing and mixing for another customer. Fane felt a strange surge of jealousy run through him at the thought of James turning away from him in order to take care of someone else. It was all he could do to control his budding anger, which was completely out of place, and he stepped away from the bar.

James was the source of the orchids and coupled with his emotional surge and senseless anger, he was pretty sure James was his beloved. The feelings rushing through him made no sense and he could not quell them. He took a seat and finished his drink a combination of citrus, whiskey and cream that was really quite abhorrent and waited.

He kept watch on the jackals by the door and the one by the stairs in back and on the fox. The small fox raced around that place clearing messes and gathering dirty glasses at a pace that was beyond most humans, but no one seemed to notice. The focus was on the bar and the men performing there. This place was an odd mix of characters and energy.

CHAPTER TWO

James was trying to keep his mind on what he was doing but he almost tossed a bottle

and a finished drink onto a customer before catching himself. It looked like an intended near miss, but it wasn't it was almost a terrible mistake that could have gotten him sidelined for the rest of the evening. Washing dishes in the kitchen was not something he enjoyed doing.

He'd spilled a few drinks in the beginning because he was scared shitless being there, but one trip to the kitchen made you sharpen your skills fast. But he could not stop thinking about that tall, dark man. It was trite, but he was drop-dead gorgeous, and James was usually not that easily impressed. His eyes mesmerized and seduced and sent James' heart hammering, and his desire began burning in his core and had him sweating with anticipation. If he didn't get a taste of that man, he was going to explode.

Inviting him to the back hallway was presumptuous and something James never did. Others often took customers and coworkers to the back, but James had never felt the inclination until those eyes locked with his. He had to have that man. His life was precarious enough that he could very well die tomorrow, and he didn't want to go without knowing what it felt like to be pressed to a body like that and to feel those lips and those hands upon him.

He still had another ten minutes, so James made a concerted effort to get through the next few drinks without issue. The man in question sat across from the bar at a table along the wall. James' gaze kept traveling in that direction, and when the stranger got up and started walking to the back, James felt his palms begin to sweat.

"Are you taking your break?" Andrew asked when he moved to James' end of the bar.

"Yes, thanks." He said and tossed his apron under the bar and took off not wanting anything to get in his way or try to stop him. He had the man of his dreams waiting for him in the dark and he wasn't about disappoint. Several people tried to catch him

up in conversation, but he had no time to chat, so he waved them off and ducked into the back looking as if he were going to use the restroom.

He no more than made it to the shadows of the back hallway when a firm grip took his wrist and jerked him into a dark corner. The man pressed him against the wall with his body so tall, broad and solid. It was his dream man James could smell the wonderful scent of his cologne. He smelled like chocolate chip cookies and where he got cologne like that was a mystery, but the scent was heavenly. James just wanted to eat him up.

"How long do you have?" The man asked, his voice a husky whisper against James' ear.

"Twenty minutes." His words came out on anxious breath, and he felt rather than heard the soft groan of his partner.

"I want you so badly." He said and then took James' lips in a hard, punishing kiss that sent tremors of sensation exploding through James' system. His hands were opening James' pants and slipping inside to caress his tender, heated flesh. The touch was magical, and his cock was rock hard in an instant.

The kiss gradually ended as the man took James' pants and roughly tugged them and his briefs down to his thighs. The cool air touched his heated flesh, and he shivered. "I love how you smell, sweetheart, and I absolutely adore how you tremble at my touch." Suddenly there were slippery fingers in his ass plunging and stretching, and then he was flipped with his face now pressed against the cool stone wall.

"Is this really happening." He whispered to himself between ragged pants, unable to completely catch his breath. This dark stranger, whose name he did not know, was going to fuck him right here in the back hall, and he wanted it more than he wanted his next breath.

“I’m going to take you, sweetheart, hard and fast and dirty.” His tone was sexy as hell and sent a fresh wave of shivers up James’ spine. His ass was stretched, and thick fingers pounded inside him as he struggled to hold his bearings. Then the fingers disappeared, and James felt his cheeks being forced apart, and the sensation was nasty and erotic. A firm nudge at his hole told him that things were about to get real, and they did fast and hard, just as promised.

Fane was operating on pure instinct at the moment. This was his beloved, and the need to connect became a fire roaring through him. His beloved’s desire was at a level that equaled his own, and he was ready to give him everything he wanted. Fane wasn’t going to deny himself or his beloved anything at all.

His lovely beloved had an ass that was firm and round and perfect, and it ate his cock down to the base in one thrust. He pulled James’ hips back a step and lifted him up so that he stood on his toes, and the angle was just right for Fane to pound away at that lovely hot ass. He rammed inside over and over, knowing that his time was limited. Twenty minutes was not ideal, but he would take whatever he could get right now as long as he could be close to his beloved.

The feel of his beloved’s tight moist channel squeezing his sensitive cock sent him rushing to the edge. The feeling was sharp and explosive, and he couldn’t hold on much longer. In one swift motion, he lifted his beloved off his feet by a couple of inches. He pulled his hips back, ramming their bodies together in an electrically charged climax that sent a wave of unadulterated passion and excitement racing to his heart and mind. The power of a beloved was unimaginable.

Fane stayed inside, pumping his release inside his little lover. Slowly, he set his beloved back on his feet and smoothed his lovely dark blonde hair to one side. He leaned over one shoulder, kissing the bare flesh between collar and neck before asking his name. He chuckled in a sleepy, sated fashion that made Fane’s heart skip with the amount of attraction he was feeling for this veritable stranger.

"James Whitlock." He stated in a harsh whisper.

"Fane Madden, and I am so pleased to meet you, James." Fane kissed him again and then slid out of his tight body and quickly tucked himself back in and zipped up.

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James reached down to right his clothes, but Fane took over. He turned him around and it was obvious by the evidence that James had come as well, which Fane found gratifying. He took his handkerchief from his pocket and cleaned James before tucking him back into his pants and zipping him up. Fane made sure James' clothes were straight and he was prepared to return to work.

James was staring at him with an expression that was shocked and pleased in equal measure. "Can I have your number?" He asked hesitantly.

"Absolutely my sweet, sweet baby." Fane took James' offered phone and punched in his number and then bent and kissed him ravenously taking his breath away and leaving him shaking in the process.

"You are something else Fane Madden." James continued to stare and then shook himself. "I have to get back to work." Fane nodded and James took off but kept turning to look back at him and Fane watched him until he was out of sight. He had his name and his number, and their bond had begun. That was some major progress, considering they'd just met.

He waited a few minutes before exiting the back and stopped at the men's room. While at the sink washing his hands two men entered and he recognized them as jackals. He dried his hands and turned to look at them. They stood by the door as if blocking any entrance or exit.

"Your move," Fane stated and prepared for a fight, but instead, they separated and indicated for him to follow.

"The boss wants to speak with you, vampire." One of them said and opened the door.

"Who's your boss?"

"Jerry Hanover." They stepped out of the men's room and into the hallway. "Follow us." Fane was confident that he could handle these two but there were more than just two jackals in the house and also a lot of humans. He would meet with Jerry and see what he wanted and then he would decide how to handle things from there.

They took him down another hallway that led to a stairway, nothing fancy, very plain and practical compared to the opulence of the main room. They stopped at a plain white door and knocked and then entered.

Fane saw the short man with the thinning hair sitting behind a cheap press board desk. The entire office looked cheap it was roomy, and a style was attempted but it was fake and cheap. He was under the impression that Jerry Hanover had money, but apparently he didn't use any in this office.

"Why are you here vampire? I know you're one of Conall Rose's men what is your business here?" Jerry was putting on a show for the Jackals trying to act tough but if there weren't six jackals in the room Fane would be showing him otherwise. It was clear that Jerry was afraid because no other crime boss in the city needed six jackals to protect them from one vampire. Jerry knew better than to start anything because Master Rose was always itching for a war.

"Enjoying the entertainment and having a few drinks," Fane stated cold and deliberately while nailing Jerry with a hard stare that had him shifting uncomfortably.

"I don't want you here you're banned from this property." He was sounding less and less in control.

“Is that what you want me to report to my Master?” Fane asked, and Jerry shook his head.

"No, just you, only you. Anyone else from Rose's gang is welcome, but not you." Fane watched him and noticed he looked both angry and scared throughout this exchange. “You bother my staff.” He gave a point of clarification, but Fane did not respond. “Go and don’t come back.” Jerry finished with a forced flourish and jumped to his feet but quickly stepped back when Fane took a step forward. "Get out of here." He shouted. “And stay away from my staff.”

James got back to work, and his focus was spot on. The tryst with Fane Madden in the back seemed to be just what he needed. He felt centered and happy for the first time since Hanover and his crew entered his life. He wasn’t even mad about having to help the cleaners tonight.

“What put you in such a good mood.” Andrew came up to him with a teasing smile. "You look like you've been deliciously fucked. That tall, dark customer must have given it to you good." He laughed.

“You have no idea.” James winked and continued serving orders with a flare and a streamlined precision. Andrew continued to laugh and walked to the other end of the bar where he spoke briefly with one of the bouncers. James thought nothing of it until said bouncer came and took him off the bar for fraternizing with a customer and placed him in the kitchen for the remainder of the evening.

He'd worked with Andrew for a few weeks, and he'd seemed like a cool guy but obviously he was the type to better himself by stepping on the backs of others. James knew he was a bad judge of people, but this one really broke his heart.

Andrew had come along at a time when he needed a friend in the worst way and had filled that need. They joked, made rude comments about the boss and the bouncers,

and sometimes snuck free drinks, things you do with a friend, and now he was just another asshole in a long line of assholes.

He didn't even try to hide the fact that he had informed on him. He cared so little for their friendship, which was never a friendship, to begin with, obviously. James went to the kitchen and started washing dishes. It was brutal and hot, but he'd rather be there than at the bar with Andrew. About an hour later, one of the managers came to the kitchen to bring him back to the bar.

"Customers are asking for you, and Andrew can't carry it on his own." He stated as if they hadn't just treated him like complete shit.

"Can't, I'm sorry." He responded without looking up from his dish pan. "I cut my hand on a knife in the sink and can't handle the booze and the bottles with an injury." He flashed the bandaged left hand that he was deftly keeping out of the water. "My performance is over for tonight." He went back to washing glasses with one hand and ignored the manager until he left. He wasn't injured, but he refused to go back to the bar and work with Andrew. He needed time to process this new betrayal and put it behind him.

It made working at this miserable place just a bit worse knowing he had to face that backstabber tomorrow. They're coworkers they are not friends he told himself over and over as he moved from the kitchen to the main room after closing in order to assist the cleaning crew.

He was met by one of the bouncers as soon as he started wiping down the tables. "The boss said for you to go home and take care of your hand. He wants you back here and ready to work tomorrow." James tossed the wet rag back into the bucket and grabbed his coat from behind the bar. The bouncer caught up to him as he was heading for the front door.

“The boss also said for you to stop consorting with the customers, and if you want a good hard fuck then meet him in his office anytime, and he'll oblige.” James was stunned for a few seconds at what the bouncer had said. Hanover had made comments before, but never something that was so crude and disgusting. He figured it was safest not to respond at all and wait to be dismissed.

The bouncer stared at him for a while and then told him to get out, and James did not waste any time. He hated working at the Falcon Nest, and if it weren't for the debt that was owed, he'd have quit long ago. But his mother was counting on him, and he would not let her down.

There was a contract, and he hoped that in the end Hanover honored it. It stated three years at half pay and the debt would be cleared. His little studio apartment was cheap enough that he managed to afford it. The neighborhood was a little sketchy but not as bad as some areas. Three years and then he could go live his own life and his mother would be safe.

On his walk home, his mind went once again to the handsome and hung Mr. Fane Madden. He smiled to himself at the memory of being in his arms and the feel of being filled and stretched so completely. A little thrill passed through him, and he wondered if he would see Fane again. He wanted to see him again fuck whatever Hanover was saying. He would not turn that man down if he came back, and he hoped he came back.

CHAPTER THREE

When Fane left Hanover's office he went by the bar but didn't see James working. He would call him in the morning and invite him for coffee that would be a good start to getting to know one another. He was really excited about this unexpected development in an otherwise mundane assignment.

Finding his beloved had not seriously crossed his mind in a very long time he was a teenager the last time he dreamed about finding the one. A few members of the coven were finding theirs recently which many saw as a good sign for the covens strength and capability. But Fate was very selective and fickle and could wait centuries before bestowing her special gift.

Fane was floored when he was overtaken by the smell of orchids and then gobsmacked when he lay eyes on James Whitlock. The man was beautiful beyond expectations and their connection was immediate. The love making in the back hall was the most magnificent moment of his life so far. He also knew that there were many more magnificent pleasures to come now that his beloved had entered his life.

The others had used a glamour a loosening of reserve and an opening of the mind to the supernatural when courting their human beloveds. Fane was considering its use depending upon James' current understanding of the paranormal world. Victor had not need it when courting Jaden since the man had full knowledge the supernatural.

Fane made a call to Ethan their information specialist and asked for a background on James Whitlock. He wasn't happy or satisfied with his job and Fane wanted to know why he stayed. He then called Drakon and asked for a meeting and let him know that

he'd found his beloved at the Falcon Nest and that he was one of the human bartenders.

"I'm happy for you Fane humans make lovely partners in life. Their emotional capacity will amaze you." Drakon commented and Fane appreciated his words. "Let's meet in Conall's office he wants to be kept abreast of all dealings with Hanover. I'm thinking he may want to take the Falcon Nest rather than play around with any competing business nonsense." Drakon added.

"I think a takeover, or a takedown might be best. The whole place feels like a mirage to me." He closed the call and headed back to the Coven house. He felt a sense of concern wash over him and it was a feeling he was not familiar with; it felt like anxiety.

After considering it for several minutes, he realized that he was getting this tension and concern from his beloved. James was passing it to him through their fledgling connection. It was something he felt from James upon first meeting him, so he was confused as to whether it was an immediate issue or something that was a constant with James. He would pay attention and reach out periodically through the night to see if it escalated.

Both Drakon and Master Rose were present when he arrived, and they both congratulated him on finding his chosen one and were further intrigued by the fact that he was the talented bartender and the supposed draw at the Falcon Nest.

"The bartenders are the primary reason for the interest, but I believe the massive interest is being boosted by magic. It was entertaining and fun but grew tiring and repetitious after an hour or so like all performances." Fane began his report.

"What did you feel within the bar? Were there any markers that would indicate the power of the magic involved?" Master Rose was asking for details so as to be ready

when they went after the place because it was certain that, in time, they would be taking the Falcon Nest.

“It was thick and attached itself to the humans. It didn't seem to have an effect on the paranormal present. Jerry Hanover uses jackals for muscle and had at least seven that I saw and probably more.” Fane continued and explained his interaction with Hanover in his office and his obvious fear.

“The customer base is primarily human, and a lot were tourists. The place is nothing like the Blood Rose, although it tries to be edgy with its dark lighting and black furniture. Without the magic he's using, I doubt the bar would be able to support itself for very long. All it has going for it is the theatrics. The drinks are basic, and the booze is low quality.” Fane concluded.

“Nothing good ever comes from flirting with magic. It can't be trusted, and it always turns on you. I would think Jerry was smarter than to involve himself in such uncertainty.” Drakon commented.

"It's called greed, Drakon, and Jerry has been struck with a terminal case of it.” Master Rose interjected. "Regardless, we need to put an end to Jerry's influence. Humans playing with magic is a bad combination." Blunt and to the point, that's what he loved about Master Rose. He never left you wondering.

Fane received the report on James from Ethan while he was still in the meeting with Drakon and Master Rose so shared the information. It was upsetting and slowly left him with a growing desire to tear Hanover apart.

“According to what Ethan found, James is working off a debt. Apparently, his father went through a lengthy illness and unfortunately died a few months ago. James and his mother sold off everything to pay for his treatment, and in the end, she borrowed forty thousand from Hanover.” Everyone groaned, knowing that such a sum would

never be paid no matter how much money James gave him. The interest would make that debt last a lifetime.

“James is working for peanuts, but it's barely peanuts, actually. He lives in a studio apartment on Lewiston.” Fane didn't like that area. It wasn't safe, but he understood why his beloved was there. It was cheap, and although rough, it wasn't as deadly as other areas of town. He planned to get him out of that place as soon as possible.

Fane felt a sudden tightness in his gut, and his heart started to race. Those in the room with him sensed his reaction and approached. "What is it, Fane?" Drakon asked as he reached out and gripped his upper arm to steady him.

“Panic, I think it's panic. Something I've never felt before.” Fane shook himself and coughed, thinking it would right his feelings. But the tightness remained.

“It's your beloved. You're getting James' emotions. They're flooding you.” Master Rose walked up, placed his hand on Fane's shoulder, and read the flow of emotions. "He's in trouble, Fane. Go get him and bring him back here. Just take him and apologize later; there's little time.” The Master's tone made it clear there was no time to waste, and Fane was out of there in an instant.

James made his way to his apartment, moving a bit faster than usual. He had a nagging feeling that someone was following him, but every time he tried to casually look behind him, he saw nothing. He checked reflections in store windows and saw nothing, but still, the sense of being followed was strong, and he never ignored such strong indications of trouble.

He hurried upstairs and into his apartment locking the door behind him. He had several locks installed when he moved in, and he engaged all of them and pulled a chair over and jammed it under the doorknob. There was something out there and it was watching him.

He resisted looking out the windows and drew the shades and turned out all the lights except for the night light in the living room. After sitting in the dark for a few minutes he realized that it wasn't working for him and made him more scared so he turned on the lamp by his rocker.

Sitting down on the edge of his bed which was situated in the far corner of the room he stared at the door and listened. If someone broke in, he could get to the bathroom and lock the door and call the police. There was someone in the hall they had heavy steps, and they were not moving fast.

Then there were more it sounded like several people walking the hall and there were only three apartments on this floor. There was never this much activity the other apartments were older people who were in bed by this time. He never knew them to have visitors this late.

He held his breath when all the walking stopped, and there was silence for several minutes. James didn't move and didn't breathe, hoping that the panic in his gut was not a warning of what was coming. Then he saw it. The doorknob started to twist, the lock popped, and then the door burst inward, destroying the remaining locks and crushing the chair.

James leapt from the bed and dove for the bathroom door, but he was too slow a large hand grabbed him by the hair and pulled him backward and flung him against the wall. It hurt like hell and took him a second to roll and sit up. Looking across the room he saw two of Hanover's bouncers standing there looking like they owned the place.

"Get out!" He shouted hoping that one of his neighbors would hear him and call the police but that was an extreme, long shot. People around here tend to mind their own business. The two men laughed and looked at one another in amusement.

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“The boss wants to speak with you.” The one closest with the scarred face barked at him. “He’s calling in his note.” He smiled sickly.

“I work the bar.” James pressed his back to the wall and managed to stand up. “We have a contract.”

"Well, now you're going to work his bedroom." The scarred man cackled, and it sent a cold chill up James' back. "Don't be shy. I'm sure he won't hurt you . . . much." He laughed.

“I won’t do it.”

“I don’t recall giving you a choice.”

“I’ll die first.”

“Not first." He snarled. "He will have his fun with you first, and then you can die, and I will help you, but not until I've had my turn at that ass of yours.” The scarred man grabbed him again by the hair and began hauling him to the door. The other one had already stepped out into the hall. This couldn't be happening was exploding through James' mind, and panic filled every molecule of his body.

The one holding him suddenly stopped when there came a loud commotion from the hallway. He held fast to James' hair and dragged him along as he looked out into the hall. He was abruptly clocked hard in the face by a large, booted foot which knocked the man to the floor and loosened his hold on James.

Everything was happening so fast that James just acted on instinct and crawled away to a corner in the hall. Before him, to his surprise, was Fane, his dream man from the back hall, who was totally destroying the two bouncers. He took them both out with veritable ease. They were evil men who did evil things, and James was not sorry to see them finally pay.

Fane took hold of the scarred one with an arm around his neck and plunged a dagger into his throat, dragging it from side to side until the brute fell to his knees. It was a horrible sight, but James could not drag his eyes away.

James maintained eye contact with the monster, wanting to make sure he saw James and understood that he was alive. "You lost." He mouthed the words to him. He hated these bastards and felt no sympathy for them. The scarred one fell to his face on the hardwood floor and bled out. The other one looked like he had a broken neck, considering the angle of his head and the fact he wasn't moving.

Fane came toward him and stuck out his hand, which James took without thinking about it. This was his savior, and he was not going to question it. Fane pulled him to his feet, and then they took off back down the hall and to the stairway. Fane was on his phone calling in a cleanup crew as they raced down the stairs and out the front door to a waiting SUV. James didn't quite understand, but he didn't care that he didn't understand. He was safe and the monsters were dead.

He was hustled into the passenger seat and Fane got behind the wheel. They pulled away from the curb and took off through town. It was several minutes before any words were spoken. "Why were they after you?" Fane asked. "Were you aware that they're jackals that Hanover employs jackals as his security." James wasn't sure what he was saying and then Fane reached over and took James' hand and squeezed. Visions and people flashed before his eyes. Fantastic sights filled his mind.

"What is this?" James croaked out nervously.

"This is the world you've stumbled into. It's ruthless, wild, and inhuman."

"I don't understand." James said softly and Fane continued to drive and held his hand in a firm grip. The visions began again he saw things at the bar the bus boy turned from a young man to a running fox and back again. The bouncers prowled around on all fours growling and snapping at one another and Fane was there with teeth and eyes as red and hot as the fires in hell.

They pulled into an underground garage and parked. It appeared to be a rundown warehouse from the outside but was a fully functional living space inside. It looked like an office building. Confusion was scrambling his mind but his hold on Fane seemed to keep him centered even as the visions came on him one after another.

"This is my home, and you're going to stay with me," Fane stated flatly, leaving no room for discussion.

"This is a coven." James exclaimed, not knowing how he knew that, but he did. He also knew that Fane was a vampire and so was the man currently walking past in front of their vehicle. Fane was channeling a world to him that was crazy, and James didn't know how to react.

"Yes it is and you will be safe here." James did not doubt that for a second for all the bizarre things that were happening he still held a solid belief that Fane could be trusted.

"Come, I'll take you to my apartment, and we can discuss all of this. I know you have questions and that I sprung this on you at the worst possible time, but you need to be aware of what you're dealing with. You need to know that there is a world operating here outside of your normal understanding. I want you to be prepared and . . ." He turned James' face toward him and cupped his cheek in the palm of his hand. His eyes burned into James'. "I want you to know why I am here, why I am fighting for

you.”

They exited the SUV, and Fane took his hand once again and led him to the elevator. "Thank you for saving me, Fane. They were taking me to Jerry Hanover. He said he was calling in my note, and he was going to make me work off the debt the old-fashioned way." He told Fane about his father's illness and the debt that was incurred. "The guy turns my stomach, but his bouncers said that refusal was not an option." James dropped his head and stared at the floor for a moment.

"I'm glad you finished them. I'm not a bad person, but those guys have done horrible things to people, and they were going to do horrible things to me. I'm sorry, but I'm glad they're dead." James continued to hang his head. "I'm so tired of that place, so tired of Hanover and his men, so tired of being afraid."

CHAPTER FOUR

Fane listened to James sharing his feelings and the guilt that was consuming him for being glad the bad guys were dead, and Fane was not having it.

"You have no idea the level of disgusting that those men have perpetrated. They are jackals, the dregs of paranormal society. They have no soul and will do anything for money. There is nothing beneath them, for they are the bottom. Jackals are beyond reason. If a jackal has you in their sights, your only option for survival is to kill them. If you do not, they will never stop coming for you." He pulled James into his arms to help channel the truth and to ease his mind.

"You have a right to defend yourself, and I have a right to protect you." Fane finished with a quick kiss as the elevator doors opened, and they stepped out. Fane brought him to his apartment. It was comfortable and met Fane's needs, so he hoped James would be comfortable as well and could see himself moving in very soon. He brought him into the living room and sat him on the couch before pouring him a brandy.

"Here, sweetheart, drink this. It will help you relax." James did not question and took the brandy, sipping at it for a while before placing it on the side table.

"How did you know I was in trouble?" James asked, and it was a reasonable question.

"You and I have a connection I think you already know that." Fane sat down next to him and once again took his hand the contact was helping his understanding and Fane wanted this relationship to be moving forward as soon as possible. That's why he used the glamour in the car. Things were moving fast and James needed to be brought up to speed.

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“I felt your panic and I responded I will always respond to you.” He said and then pulled him in for a long and thorough kiss. There was a lot to discuss but he wanted his beloved and talk could wait till later. The kiss grew and soon Fane was pulling James’ shirt off and tossing it onto the carpet.

James was desperately grabbing at Fane's waistband, unbuckling the belt, and lowering the zipper to slip his small, clever hands inside. His exploration was delicious. Fane continued the kiss and pushed James gradually backward until he was half laid out on the couch with Fane hovering over him. "You taste so good, baby," Fane whispered softly against James' lips. "I'm going to claim you, sweetheart, mark you, and show you things that will tilt your world."

James grabbed him around the waist and abruptly stood, leaving James gasping and frantically grasping for purchase. Fane wanted him in his room on a nice comfortable bed with plenty of room to enjoy everything he had planned for his beloved. The night brought with it so many emotions, but the best of all was the burning love and desire that had taken root in Fane’s soul. It started the second he recognized his lover and had grown every second since.

Carrying his beloved in his arms and feeling the beat of his heart and the soft cadence of his breath made everything in Fane’s life seem perfect and complete. The smell of orchids filled his senses and brought a depth of joy to his heart that had never existed there before. Sex had never involved emotions before apart from lust and need, and now it was all about connection and fulfillment and, ultimately, love.

James had a body that was soft and firm in all the right places and a face that communicated so much without ever saying a word. His beloved was exquisite and

never again would anyone dare to come between them.

He entered the bedroom, carried James to the bed, and sat him down on the edge. "My head scrambles, and all resistance melts whenever you touch me and whenever you look at me. Your eyes reach right into my soul, it seems. I want you, Fane, and I think I might die if you don't fuck me now; right now, I can't wait any longer."

"You wish, my love is my pleasure." Fane pulled James to his feet and took hold of the waistband of his pants. In one downward thrust, he tore them top to bottom and threw them over his shoulder. James quickly kicked off his boots, leaving him in nothing but a tight pair of dark blue briefs.

His body was a marvel and Zane's heart began a rapid beat of anticipation. He had a taste earlier in the evening and it was fantastic and now he had him alone in his apartment all to himself and it was going to be longer than twenty minutes. James jumped onto the bed and scooted back toward the center. He wore a smile that was playful and provocative.

Fane removed his clothing, slowly folding each piece and placing it aside while keeping a steady gaze on James. He was tormenting him by sitting in a kneeling position and stretching himself. He inserted two and then three fingers while moaning salaciously and licking those luscious lips provocatively. Fane was getting harder by the second and enjoying the display. His lover was a minx and a tease, and he loved him for it.

"My turn, baby." He announced. He jumped onto the bed, took him by the shoulders, and flipped him onto his stomach. He pushed him down onto the bed and pulled his hips upward so they jutted up from the bed. "Keep it like that." He ordered and followed the order with a sharp and stinging slap to first one cheek and then the other.

He was rewarded with a lovely moan, and James mouthed the words, more please.

Oh yes, they were made for each other. Fane spread him apart and licked a line from up that sweet crevasse. James had done well in preparing himself, and Fane planned to continue the effort. He drove his tongue inside and ate away at his delicious hole, devouring him completely.

James kept pressing his ass back to take in more of what Fane was giving, and the noises he produced were making Fane sweat with the need to start hamming inside this gorgeous man. He worked his own cock as he buried himself in that beautiful ass. He was on the very edge of climax and forced himself back with a pinch. He wasn't ready for this to end just yet.

He pulled back and began thrusting two fingers inside and then three, stretching and pulling, speeding up and pummeling that tender ass. He held James with one arm in order to keep him from pitching forward and kept peppering kisses to James' warm, tender cheeks and lower back. He'd never loved a man's body so much as he loved every inch of James Whitlock.

Pulling his fingers free, he quickly flipped James onto his back, reveling in the satisfied expression on his face. Without pause, he pushed James' legs up to his chest, pressing them down and spreading them apart to bare that lovely hole. "You are a gorgeous man, my love." He said, and he heard a shy chuckle followed by a soft emotional groan.

James plunged his fingers once again inside, covered in a fresh layer of lubricant. They slipped in and out, sensitizing the flesh, and watched the tension and pleasure scurry across James' face. Leaning over, pressing his legs down and apart, Fane lined up his hard cock and plunged inside. He slipped in effortlessly and fully. Feeling the tight embrace of his beloved once again brought the desire to bond and drive through him with an irresistible force.

James held onto his legs that were pressed to his chest with the force of Fane's body

and reveled in the sensations elicited by Fane's large cock. He filled him full, and the burn of that stretch was amazing. "More, Fane, more." He whispered through pants and groans. Fane leaned into him and picked up speed, making the friction build and the heat explode.

He'd never been held in such an awkward and yet immensely satisfying position. Every sensation was magnified and every touch echoed through his body. Not more than an hour ago he was fearing for his life and now he was taking a glorious trip to the moon and back, curtesy of Fane Madden.

Fane's face was hard and sharp, and his eyes were glistening red. It should have scared him, but he understood, and this was the vampire making his appearance. Fane was fierce and his vampire was deadly but in his arms James knew he was safer than anywhere in this world. The paranormal world opened to him little by little first the visions and then the recognition and now the simple reality of what was all around him.

"Your world is so colorful." James voiced his reaction to what he saw and what he was feeling. Fane smiled, and his eyes flashed. The emotion present sent a thrill through James, and he felt his climax pushing to the edge. "You make me so hot." It was a corny thing to say, but it was exactly what he was feeling. The sweat and the moans and the rapid pants, it was sex and need and a desire so deep it made you tremble.

"All mine, baby. You are all mine." Fane's voice was deep and coarse and sent chill bumps rippling across James' flesh. He pushed inside hard and deep, stretching him even fuller, and then held himself still as he came in an explosion of sensations and wonders. Stars danced on the edge of James' vision as he came, filling the space between them with his warm essence.

Fane continued to pump and fill him with stream after stream of his seed, and the

overwhelming emotions were stealing his breath away. James could see the vampire staring back at him, and it was mesmerizing. Fane moved quickly, dropped James' legs, and came down on top of him. He gathered him close in his arms and pressed his face to James' neck. He could feel the warmth of his breath a second before he felt the sting of the bite.

The euphoria hit him instantly and that was followed by an intense pleasure that rocked through his system. The bond hit him locking him into place and locking them together. James felt the awareness take him over and he could see the coven, the paranormals and the world in all its completeness. The jackals were real the bouncers were soulless monsters. His clientele came in clearly human and paranormal alike he would know them now.

"We are one." He said with a soft breath as Fane pulled back and then licked the wound closed, healing it immediately.

Fane could see total understanding take over as James looked at him with eyes wide open and a soft smile on his face. Their bond was solid, and he knew where he was and who he was with.

"We are one, baby." Fane pulled out and grabbed his shirt from the foot of the bed and wiped James clean, placing a warm proprietary kiss on the side of his now soft cock. He rolled James to his side and gave him a quick slap on the ass, and then pulled him in for a hard possessive kiss. This was his beloved marked, claimed, and brought into the secret.

James rubbed his ass and smiled and presented it for more attention. Fane did not disappoint and planted another sharp slap to the tender flesh and then rubbed it and then another and rubbed it. "I love this beautiful ass," Fane said as he soothed the reddened area and kissed it before stretching out beside James.

“It’s all so clear to me now. It seems odd that I didn’t see these things before.” James lay in Fane’s arms and thought about what he had learned and the fact that the possibility of such things had never entered his mind before. “Such a fantastic world and I never knew it existed.”

“Our anonymity is what protects us no matter the beast or how despicable we all agree that our secret stays hidden. We probably wouldn’t survive otherwise.” He was coming down heavy, but it was important that James understood that he could tell no one, not even his mother. “You were brought into the secret because you are my Fated beloved, and you are one of us now, but you cannot share this with anyone.”

"I know I will never breathe a word of it. The fallout could be devastating." He took a deep breath and ran his fingertips down Fane’s chest. “What is a beloved? I saw you, and you called me your beloved. I think it is something serious and important."

“There is nothing more serious or important in the paranormal world than Fate’s gift of a beloved.” Fane lay on his back with his arm around James, who was laying partially on his chest. Fane found the moment so perfect. "We are bonded forever, no breakups or divorces. A Fated bond is never-ending. I will desire only you no one else will ever come between us." He left it there, knowing that the details would come to him as the awareness took over and all the doors were opened.

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"I'll have to let my mom know about Hanover. She needs to be careful, and I have to keep her safe." James' tone was tense.

"Your mother will be under our protection. Don't worry." Fane assured him.

"I have her staying with my father's brother in northern Minnesota. I was so afraid they would try and hurt her." Fane felt James' fingers tightening into a fist as his thoughts turned to the safety of his mother.

"I promise you that your mother is safe. Hanover does not have a long reach, and his power is centralized here in the city. I will take care of the issue and cover your debt." Fane had a feeling that it would never come to that, considering Hanover's move on James, followed by Fane's interference. There was going to be a reaction, and that's all the Master would need to justify taking out the Falcon Nest, but James didn't need to be bothered by the details.

"I can't ask you to do that. I can pay it; I just need time."

"You are my beloved and I will provide and protect. Look into your heart and tell me what you feel there. Tell me who I am to you." Fane pressed.

"You are my beloved and I would do anything for you as well." James stated without hesitation.

"So, there we have it." Fane pulled him in for a quick kiss and then suggested they try to get some sleep. "It's been a long day for you, my love, and morning will come early." Fane had a feeling Hanover would try something soon, and he was looking

forward to getting the man out of James's life once and for all.

"You think I might be able to get a job at the Blood Rose?" James asked after Fane had turned out the light, and they had settled in for the night.

"I know for a fact that you can get a job there, but just remember, if any of the customers start to bother you, I will have to kill them, so keep that in mind." Fane offered, and he was not joking.

"I'll be sure and keep that in mind." James giggled, and it was the sweetest sound on earth. Fane knew he was a lucky man. He reached down and gave his ass a quick slap and then a hearty squeeze.

"This is all mine."

"All yours." He responded with another giggle, and Fane melted. He had a devastating little beauty to call his own, and he couldn't be happier.

CHAPTER FIVE

"They're dead," Phil reported to Jerry after checking James' apartment. "The door was broken, and the room messed up a bit, but no other sign of anyone. I smelled the vampire." That caused a reaction, and Jerry jumped from his chair and rounded the desk.

"Fane Madden?" He shouted.

"Yes, and he took James with him after killing your guards."

"James Whitlock belongs to me." He again was shouting.

“He took him back to the coven.” That caused Hanover to pause. He paced the room a couple of times and then slammed his fist down onto his desktop. “I want him back, and I want that fucker to know he can’t just waltz in and defile and take what belongs to me.”

“We could go after the Blood Rose. They wouldn’t expect it, such a bold move from you and we could hit it during the day when it’s closed and manned by a few staff.” Jerry walked back to his chair and sat down clearly running the idea over in his mind.

“I have the manpower, and I might as well use it.” Jerry sat back and smiled. “Get the men together.” Phil nodded and left the office.

James woke when Fane rolled and sat up on the edge of the bed. “Where are you going?” He asked sleepily, still feeling the exhaustion of yesterday. Fane pulled on a pair of sleep pants and then bent and placed a loving kiss on James’ lips.

“I’m going to check with my boss to see if Jerry is making any moves and then I thought I’d order some coffee and a little breakfast. I’m sure you’re hungry.” James smiled and when he reached out to Fane he took his hand and kissed it. The man was the image of darkness in so many ways and yet he warmed James’ heart every time he looked at him. He was beginning to accept that he was falling in love with this devastatingly handsome vampire.

“Coffee does sound good.”

“Just relax and when you’re ready meet me in the kitchen.” Fane left the bedroom leaving James alone with his thoughts. He rolled to his back and stared up at the ceiling. He needed to call his mother, and he needed a shower. Unfortunately, he had no pants to put on. The memory of the way Fane had removed them came back to him and so did the memory of their love making.

Fane stuck his head back into the room and let him know there were sweatpants in the bottom drawer of the dresser. He laughed at the memory of last night. "Sorry I ruined your pants." He said and then added. "I'll buy you a new pair."

"I can't afford a motel I'll have to just get the locks fixed at my apartment." James told him.

"You're moving in here, James. You're moving in with me. Please try to keep up my love." Fane finished with the snap of his fingers and once again left, closing the door behind him, clearly not wanting to hear anything to the contrary. James smiled, knowing that moving in with Fane would be great since he felt at home already. Life sure could be confusing sometimes, but other times, it could be absolutely wonderful.

Fane called Drakon and gave him a run down of the incident last night. "Jerry will try to retaliate in some way." Drakon agreed.

"He lacks courage, but he does have the jackals in his employ," Fane added.

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"I'll keep you informed, but for now, have breakfast with your beloved and enjoy the morning."

"Will do." With that he closed the call and headed to the guest room to shower and dress before ordering up some breakfast.

He was in the kitchen pouring coffee and getting the meal set out when James came walking in wearing his shirt from yesterday and a pair of Fane's sweats. "You look lovely this morning." Fane walked over and kissed him lightly on the lips and then guided him over to the island and helped him get seated. He handed him a cup of coffee and indicated the milk and sugar present.

"This looks delicious thank you." He said as he tucked into the meal of eggs, bacon and toast that Fane had set out for him.

"You're welcome." Fane was surprised by how good he felt providing for his beloved. It was a new feeling, and he was pretty sure he liked it.

"I'd like to go to my apartment and pick up a few things. I need some clothes and I forgot my phone." James finished his plate, and Fane dished him up more eggs and bacon. "Thank you." He said as Fane poured him another cup of coffee.

"I have someone packing up your apartment, and they will bring all of your things here to you." Fane noticed a tightness in James' expression, so he explained himself. "Hanover is going to try and pull something, and I'd like for you to stay inside today for your own safety." The expression softened to a smile, and James continued with his breakfast. "And don't worry about your mom, I have someone checking on her."

“You're the best thing to happen to me in a very long time, Fane Madden. If you're not careful, I think I might fall in love with you.” James stated this and then took a long sip of his coffee, not realizing how much that statement had affected Fane.

"That sounds good to me, baby. I fell for you from the moment I held you in my arms and smelled your sweet aroma of orchids.” Fane closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “You smell like mine, baby.”

“I smell like orchids?” He asked with a smile and Fane nodded. “I thought I was crazy when I thought you smelled like chocolate chip cookies.” He laughed.

“Fate gives our intended our favorite aroma. I love the scent of orchids, and obviously, you love chocolate chip cookies.”

“That is wild.” He exclaimed. He loved seeing James’ excitement over every new discovery.

James was stuck between fear of Jerry and his goons and the love and excitement over his new life with Fane. His mood was tilting back and forth with every new piece of information. He was just finishing up his breakfast when Fane received a call that seemed urgent. He left the room and when he return he had his jacket and was adding weapons to a shoulder harness he was wearing.

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

“Some of Hanover’s people have been spotted in our territory. I’m going to check it out.” Fane came over and wrapped him in a tight hug and kissed him until he nearly passed out and then he stepped back.

“Be careful those guys are monsters.” James was aware that Fane was able to take care of himself but still he worried.

"I'll be fine." He smiled indulgently. "Relax, call your mom and I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Okay."

"Don't leave the apartment. If you want company or want to speak with someone call this number. His name is Dean he's my boss's beloved he's human like you and a sweetheart of a guy." Fane stared at him until he agreed to stay put.

"I won't leave the apartment. I know how dangerous Mr. Hanover is."

"Good, I will be back as soon as I can." He repeated and hesitated just for an instant before turning and leaving the apartment.

James was picking up the dishes from breakfast and placing them in the sink to rinse when suddenly he was wrapped in two strong arms and pushed up against the wall. Fane was kissing him madly and pressing his body against his. He plunged his hand inside James' loose sweats and took hold of his now hardening cock, and squeezed while sinking his teeth into the little scar on his neck.

He felt his body explode with the sensations elicited by the embrace, and he panted and shook and grabbed at Fane, digging his fingers into his upper arms. His cock was suddenly hard as a rock, and then he came with a sharp gasp pumping his seed over Fane's talented hand. He pulled back, licked the wound closed, and placed a kiss on the ultra-sensitive scar.

"I can never get enough of you, baby." Fane pulled his hand free and licked his fingers, driving James completely insane, and he came again with no touch, no stimulation. He came with just that erotic vision.

Fane stepped back and smiled. "See you soon." He said and left. James stood there

leaning against the wall catching his breath and calming his heart. Life with Fane was going to be amazing. He looked down at his sweats and with a satisfied smile realized he would need another bath and another pair of sweats.

Fane was with Samuel watching the back door of the club while others were out front and Drakon was inside. Word had gotten to them that Hanover was moving on the Blood Rose that afternoon and they were ready.

Four jackals broke the lock on the back door and entered and Fane and Samuel followed them inside keeping back and in the shadows. There were so many vampire scents around that the jackals would not be able to pick them out.

Once inside, they could see that four others had entered from the front in the same manner. At the bar, wiping it down, was Drakon, who looked up at the intruders as soon as they made their way to the main room.

“You the only one here vampire.” One of the jackals shouted and moved toward him. “Too bad for you.” One of the jackals must have recognized Dragon because he started to backup heading for the front door but was blocked from escape.

As soon as the jackal moved on Drakon, Fane, and the others moved on the jackals. They were fierce and formidable but lacking in numbers. Drakon and his enforcers finished them and didn't even mess up the bar . . . too much. There was blood and tissue here and there, but overall, it would be easy enough to set it right before opening time.

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Drakon grabbed the one who attacked him by the collar and dragged what was left of him over to the pile by the back door. "Too bad for you," Drakon commented as he dropped the jackal on top of the others.

"He should have sent more," Fane said and leaned against the bar.

"Jerry was never known for his planning. He probably didn't want the expense of more than eight jackals." Samuel added to the discussion. "So, what's next?" He smiled.

"I'm going to the Falcon Nest and I'm going to kill Jerry Hanover." Fane stated matter of fact as he placed his weapons back in their holsters and straightened his jacket.

"Mind if I come along?" Samuel asked.

"I'll come too," Drakon added, and the three of them headed out the back door.

"You sent eight to the Blood Rose?" Jerry asked Phil for clarification.

"Eight because you only have ten in your employ, and you don't want to leave the Falcon Nest unprotected," Phil explained. "I'd give it an hour or two and then send over your demands or threaten to send another group of jackals to their door."

"I have two." Jerry pointed out.

"They don't know that." Phil laughed and downed a whiskey shot.

“I want that kid no one humiliates me and just walks away. I'm going to fuck him raw, and then I'm going to give him to the jackals.” Jerry was spitting mad and swept his arm across the bar, shattering a stack of glasses. “Call that useless fox and have him clean this up.” He yelled.

“He doesn't come in till five.” Phil reminded.

“All I have are useless employees taking my money and doing shit work.” Jerry was on a roll.

“I'm going to check on the Blood Rose and will let you know how it's going. They're probably shitting their pants right now and begging for mercy from the jackals.” Phil laughed and waved his hand as he headed out the front door.

Jerry walked toward the bar, ready to pour himself a drink, when the front door swung open, and Phil's head came rolling into the room like a bowling ball. His eyes were wide, and his mouth frozen in a silent scream. It looked like it had been ripped off his shoulders. Blood trailed behind it into the room.

Jerry jumped back in horror and screamed for his bodyguards, but there was no response. “I think they're gone, Jerry.” Fane walked into the club and over to the center of the large room. All your jackals are dying.”

“What are you doing here?” Jerry moved to try and position himself behind the bar, but Samuel came from the back and blocked him. Drakon remained outside, blocking anyone from entering or exiting.

“You came for us and mine, and now I'm here for you, Jerry,” Fane said and walked toward him. Jerry pulled out a gun and took a shot, hitting Fane in the upper chest, but it didn't even faze him. Bullets, unless a massive headshot, had no effect on vampires. Fane rushed him, and Jerry dropped his gun and grabbed a long knife from the bar. He started waving it around. Knives could do damage, but Jerry had no skill

or style.

Samuel stood back as Fane continued to advance on Jerry. "You're not going to survive this, Jerry. Why so stupid as to attack the Blood Rose and to make threats against my beloved." Fane stopped a few feet in front of the man. Jerry had his back against the bar and had nowhere to run.

"I'm not afraid of Conall Rose. He's all intimidation and nothing else. With enough jackals I could own this town." He was sweating and his anger was building that was always a problem with Jerry he let his anger control him. "And that bastard bartender James. I did him and his family a favor and what do I get betrayal. He belongs to me until I say he doesn't." That was the end of talking.

Fane grabbed him by the throat and lifted him into the air. Jerry tried to use his knife, but Fane grabbed his wrist and twisted it until the knife dropped and his wrist snapped. Fane kept increasing the pressure on his throat, snapping the small bones in his neck. Jerry kicked and dug at Fane's grip, but there was no hope.

"He's mine, Jerry. He has always been mine." Fane took his dagger, drove it into Jerry's heart, and twisted. It wasn't hard to kill a human. "Say hello to Phil." He said, and he dropped him with a thud on the wood floor. Fane bent and pulled his dagger free. He then turned and kicked Phil's head over to where Jerry lay. "Enjoy your time together." He said, and he and Samuel left the bar.

It was set up to look like a rival gang had ended Jerry and Phil, and the Falcon Nest was closed down. Master Rose decided he didn't care for the location or the business model and the name was dreadful. He preferred the earthy, gritty realness of The Blood Rose, and no other bar would ever compare.

It had been nearly three hours since he saw his beloved, and his need to be near James was burning inside of him. Fane hurried up to his apartment after meeting with the Master and was in search of his beautiful little bonded lover. He entered the living

room, but he wasn't there. He checked the kitchen, but he wasn't there. Then he walked into the bedroom, and there, perched on the window seat, completely naked and stroking his hard cock and fingering his hole, was his beloved.

The vision shook him for a second it was so raw and so perfect. "Is it over Fane?" He asked.

"It is over, my love. You never have to worry about those people again, and the Falcon Nest has closed down. You are free." Fane began stripping off his clothes and walking toward James. That elegant hand with the long fingers was doing lovely things to that beautiful cock and that needy hole.

Fane was bare to the waist and was unbuckling his belt when he reached James and stood in front of him. James finished with the belt and opened Fane's pants to bare the large, thick cock straining for release. He pulled him free and pushed the sides of his pants down. James held Fane's cock in his hand and then took it into his mouth, swallowing it down to the base in one thrust.

Fane felt his eyes roll back in his head as his cock went down James' throat, and those muscles began to play. He was fierce and hungry, and Fane was quickly losing control. He held James by the hair and started to take over, thrusting inside in short, rapid thrusts. James pushed to take more, swallowing him down and gripping the base to hold on.

With a growl, Fane pulled back and picked James up into his arm. He then sat down on the window seat and had James straddle his lap. He was stretched and ready and came down on Fane's cock hard and fast, burying him deep inside.

James held Fane's shoulders and started bouncing with all that he had. The sensations were burning, and Fane tried to hold him and take control, but James was slamming his hole down onto Fane with a ferocity that was sparking an inferno inside of Fane.

He couldn't hold back. He could not resist, and with a roar, Fane came, burying himself so deep he could feel his heartbeat. He came hard, stream after stream of release, an intense union of hearts and minds seared through them, and he felt James explode, covering Fane's abdomen with his essence and filling Fane's senses with the beautiful scent of orchid.

"I love you, Fane. Don't ever leave me." He cried and buried his face against Fane's shoulder.

"I love you too, baby, and I will never leave." Fane wrapped his arms around him, and they sat there reveling in the pleasure and the promise.

THE END