

Ensnared by Lust Vampires

By

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I clench my squared jaw as Phoenix squeezes the cargo van into a tight spot between two luxury sports cars in a dimly-lit parking garage.

“Next time,” I sigh, “go up to the next level to find a wider space.”

“That would be the roof.” She grins, her emerald eyes glittering from behind the thick lenses of her black-framed glasses. “Were you planning to zipline into this evening’s banquet, double-oh-seven?”

“No,” I snort, “I left my grappling-hook gun at home.”

Phoenix shuts off the engine with a mock-look of disappointment. “Oh well, it would have probably wrinkled your tux anyway.”

“Maybe next time, Miss Money Penny.” I move into the back and strip down to my Calvin Klein jockstrap to change into my royal blue tuxedo. Phoenix chose that color to emphasize my cobalt blue eyes and my short jet-black hair, close-cropped on the sides and fashionably mussed on the top.

Sitting on a swivel chair bolted to the steel floor with her back to the surveillance monitor, Phoenix chews her luscious lower lip as she shamelessly ogles my muscled physique.

She’s cute in a nerdy girl-next-door kinda way, but I’d never admit that to her. Her glossy auburn hair is braided into a long ponytail. Her rosy cheeks and button nose are splattered with freckles. The cleavage of her small breasts is exaggerated by her frilly scarlet push-up bra, showing through her parted white blouse. Her shapely tush, slightly over-proportioned to her slim frame, fills in her tattered jeans nicely.

She is fresh outta college and brimming with sexual energy. “There’s gonna be a lotta ass in there and I don’t want you getting sidetracked. I should probably give you a quick suckjob, don’tcha think?”

“Phoenix Elaine Macarthy,” I reply with a faux fatherly tone, “as my handler, you’re sworn to maintain a professional relationship.” I wag a stern finger. “So no hanky-panky, young lady.”

She rolls her eyes at me with a soft laugh. “You’re not with the CIA anymore, my official title is field-ops assistant, my middle name’s not Elaine, and from now on, I’m calling you Daddy.”

I can’t help but chuckle. “If you were my daughter, I’d give you a severe spanking right here and now to teach you some manners.”

Phoenix arches a brow, rises and bends over her chair. Looking back with a wicked smile, she wiggles her bottom. “Go ahead, I dare you.”

The thought of giving her a spanking is very tempting and I know we would both enjoy it, but I can’t allow our flirtation to blossom into anything more intimate. Don’t fuck where you work is a lesson I learned the hard way years ago. Jealousy is bound to arise.

Phoenix continues to taunt me. “Come on, Daddy, spank me. I’ve been a bad girl. You can yank my ponytail if that’ll get you hot.”

A sultry image of pulling her ponytail to arch her back as I pound her ass flashes in my mind, causing my cock to engorge.

Phoenix notices my erection immediately. She spins around, her eyes wide and her mouth agape. “I figured you were big but hot damn, you’re *huge!*”

I place my fists stout on my hips and turn my head toward the ceiling in a classic Superman pose. “Bask in my girthy greatness.”

She bursts into girlish giggles. “You’re so *cocky*, it’s ridiculous!”

I chuckle at her pun. “You’re so *dorky*, it’s ridiculous.”

“*Me?!*” she scoffs. “You’re the one posing like a comic book character in your underwear!”

“Superman is an American icon and you would do well to remember that, Miss Macarthy.”

Phoenix nudges her glasses up the bridge of her nose in a wholly adorable manner. “Sure thing, Professor *Schlong*, I’ll make a note of it.”

“You do recall that I can kill a man in a hundred and one ways?”

She smirks. “Do those usually involve a giant raging hard-on?”

“More of them than you would think, actually.” I wink.

“You’re never gonna be able to button the fly of your pants with that *protrusion*. You really should allow me to relieve that excessive swelling.” Phoenix licks her lips provocatively.

“You do realize I’m old enough to be your father?”

She waggles her sharp eyebrows. “Oh, I’m quite aware of our considerable age difference and it’s a *major* turn on.”

For a moment, I consider letting her suck me off. She’s a grown woman, after all, and a kinky one at that but I know it would lead to trouble.

Phoenix bats her lashes demurely. “I promise not to tell. I’ll be our little secret. And I’ll swallow every drop so there’s no mess either.”

Her eagerness is incredibly arousing. If I don’t get dressed and get outta this van quickly, I’m sure to give in to her insistent imploring.

She plops down in her chair, placing her head at the perfect level for fellatio. “Don’t be a *tease*, Jordan. Just let me suck it.”

“We’re here to work, Phoenix.”

“We’ve got plenty of time. And what’s it matter if you miss the fucking hors-d’oeuvres? You’re not here for dinner.”

I clench my fists, resisting the urge to surrender to her desire as I gaze down at her petulant expression. “I enjoy our playful banter but if we cross that line it can get messy.”

She huffs irritably. “I’m not asking you to marry me or even to date me. I’m offering you casual sex. I’d be satisfied just playing with my pussy while stroking and sucking your monster dong.”

“So if we got physical, you wouldn’t get jealous when I have to occasionally fuck in the line of duty?”

Phoenix blinks up at me. “Is that something you’ve done?”

“Yeah, I’m a spy, remember?”

“That. Is. So. Fucking. Hot.”

I chuckle. “You are *incorrigible*.”

She smiles wide. “So you’re down for a blowjob then?”

I glide a palm down my face with a sigh. “Fine, but make it quick.”

Phoenix tugs down my jockstrap. “Quick like a bunny, Daddy!”

Thirty minutes later, I climb outta the back of the van wearing my royal blue tuxedo along with several concealed weapons and a satisfied smile.

I ride the elevator down to the ground floor and march across the street to the towering headquarters building of one of the largest multinational corporations in the world, soon to be the

single largest if we don't succeed in our mission to sabotage their merger with another giant corporation.

The burly doorman grants me entry after scanning my expertly forged invitation and informs me to take the lobby elevator up to the fiftieth floor.

Within the elevator, I hold the 'close door' button and attempt every floor other than the fiftieth to no avail before ultimately selecting the fiftieth.

Phoenix' voice sounds in my ear through a disguised earpiece. "You didn't think it would be that easy, did you?"

I speak as if to myself and the microphone in my Rolex transmits to Phoenix. "I'm gonna have to work a party guest for access. This could take a while."

"In that case," Phoenix yawns, "I'm gonna take a catnap."

I tilt my tie-clip camera up to glare at it. "Ha ha ha, stay sharp."

The elevator doors open onto a daunting vista of extravagance. The twinkling of diamond chandeliers and crystal stemware with the gleaming of gold-veined marble flooring and Corinthian columns is blinding. Sensuous angels draped in white silk are strumming golden harps. Greek gods in loincloths are serving art on silver platters.

I stride into the sea of self-indulgence with my head high and my chest puffed as if I'm accustomed to all this glitz and glamour. I swiftly scrutinize every man and woman I pass for any sign of weakness that I could use to manipulate them into unknowingly assisting me.

As I weave through the crowd, my gaze is repeatedly met by a voluptuous vixen with long wavy honey-blonde hair and bright beaming blue eyes. Her black lace mini-dress is little more than a decorative slip to accentuate her big buoyant bosoms, narrow waist, curvy hips, and heart-shaped plump rump.

I find myself circling closer and closer to her position at the center of the banquet hall as if she were somehow luring me in. Tickling tendrils of titillation and temptation tease the fringes of my mind as her predatory stare and sparkling smile reel me in for the kill.

She offers me a delicate hand and I kiss it as if she were royalty. She speaks with a seductive tone and a melodious cadence. "My name is Anastasia Raven. What is your name, handsome?"

I'm compelled to be honest as though I've been entranced. "The name's Bold. Jordan Bold."

Phoenix squawks in my ear, "What the *fuck*?! Why didn't you use your cover name?!"

"Mr. Bold," Anastasia purrs, "which corporation are you representing tonight?"

"Neither. I'm a free agent. I have my own agenda." I can't seem to lie to her directly but I can reply with ambiguous answers.

Phoenix sputters, "What the *shit*?! Did you forget your backstory?!"

I reply to Phoenix with a flirtatious remark to Anastasia. "Your very presence inspires honesty."

"Yes," she grins, "I have that effect on most men."

I can't seem to break away from her greedy glare. "Is *Mr. Raven* here tonight?"

"We chose to keep our family names when we wed. But, yes, my husband is right over there." She points.

I follow the direction of her slender digit to a gray-haired gentleman I recognize as the CEO of the soon to be world dominating corporation. "You must be quite proud."

Anastasia caresses my cheek, a sly move that laser locks my gaze with hers again. "How long has it been since your balls were drained?"

“Less than fifteen minutes ago but I give myself testosterone injections to remain strong and virile so that’s all it takes to recharge my batteries.” This woman is a witch!

Phoenix shouts, “Holy *fucking* hell! You must have been drugged! Give the abort command and I’ll initiate an emergency extraction!”

“Mr. Bold,” Anastasia breathes, “would you fancy accompanying me and my darling daughters to the penthouse for some *real* fun?”

“I would fancy nothing more but you don’t look old enough to have grown daughters.”

She gestures across the room. “That is Daphne and Delphine there taunting that hapless busboy. They grow bored so easily.”

Her daughters are petite and pretty and, obviously, fraternal twins. They’re wearing identical mini-dresses, one in pink and one in purple, with lacy white thigh-high stockings and matching lace chokers. Their long brunette hair is parted down the middle with their bangs interweaved into double braids that wrap around to lose ponytails, forming tiaras as if they were elven princesses. Their luminous eyes are chocolate, their chests are flat, and their tushies are taut apple-bottoms.

They don’t look like they could get into an R-rated movie, let alone a bar, and yet, they’re both sipping bubbling booze from champagne flutes.

I challenge, “Your daughters look a little young to *party* .”

“Trust me, Mr. Bold, they are older than they appear.”

Phoenix warns, “There’s no record of the CEO marrying anyone! I think you should abort!”

I brush my hand across my tie-clip camera to signal Phoenix to shut her mouth. Once I’m in the penthouse, I only need to slip away for a few moments to complete my mission objective.

Anastasia offers her elbow coquettishly. “Shall we go, Mr. Bold?”

I grip her thin arm lightly above her bent elbow. “Yes, Miss Raven, we shall.”

The crowd parts as if by supernatural means as we retrieve the twins and make our way to the elevator. Anastasia enters a twelve-digit code before pressing the button for the top floor and I memorize the number at once. As the elevator ascends, the twins eye me like a starved cat would a mouse. Their silent stares are unnerving. Their mother doesn’t utter a word either and I’m starting to sweat in my tux.

With a chime, the elevator doors slide open and I follow my three gorgeous hosts through an opulent foyer and into a luxurious living room. White leather sofas surround a sunken eight-person Jacuzzi bubbling invitingly. Life-size marble sculptures stand in the four corners of the spacious room like voyeuristic guardians.

With a swift visual sweep of the room, I determine there are no Ethernet ports. That’s not a good sign. I may be on the one level other than the banquet hall that has no access to the private network. If the master bedroom doesn’t have one, I’m in trouble.

Anastasia saunters behind a lavish bar and offers me a drink with a diabolical smile.

“Vesper Martini, shaken, not stirred?”

My internal warning alarms blare at her seemingly innocuous jest. “No,” I snort, “whiskey neat.”

She pours me a top-shelf single malt whiskey into a tulip glass, rather than a tumbler as would a vulgarian.

I nose the whiskey before sipping like a refined gentleman. “Thank you. It is excellent.”

Anastasia entreats, “May I offer you a sniff of white or brown? We have all manner of pharmaceuticals on hand. We have Viagra if needed.”

“No, that won’t be necessary. Your breathtaking beauty alone is sure to keep my engine rumbling strong throughout the night.”

“Are you sure I can’t convince you to add some extra fuel to your tank? There are three of us to satisfy, after all, and our appetites are quite *voracious*.” Her expression edges on sinister.

Phoenix whispers in my ear, “There are no records of an Anastasia Raven matching her age range and physical description. Nothing for her daughters either.”

I ignore the chill creeping up my spine, and chuckle, “Well, since you put it that way, I guess I could use a little nitro.”

Anastasia opens an ornate wooden chest and plucks out a small blue pill, a white capsule, and a gel tab. “This combo will work wonders for your libido and stamina, and also your overall experience.”

I accept the unidentified drug cocktail with an appreciative nod, holding them before my tie-clip camera for a brief moment before washing them down with a sip of whiskey as Anastasia watches with unblinking eyes.

Phoenix squeaks, “The blue one is a Viagra but the other two have no identifiers so they could be anything! If you wake up without your kidneys, don’t blame me!”

“Mother,” the twins ask in unison, speaking for the first time, “when may we feed?”

Anastasia replies, “Have patience, girls. We are not feral animals. You cannot pounce without preparation. Our guest must be primed. You must master the art of seduction if you’re ever to survive on your own.”

They both sigh, “Yes, Mother.”

Phoenix blurts, “Fuck me sideways! Are they gonna *eat* you?!”

“Now help our guest undress,” Anastasia continues, “and do not simply tear off his clothing like you so often do.”

I hold out my palms. “That is not necessary, really. And might I suggest we retire to the master bedroom before we commence with stripping.”

My hands are yanked downward and my jacket is slid off before my eyes register that the twins have moved behind me in a flash.

Daphne pulls my Glock pistol from my shoulder holster before I can grab for it and she tosses it over the bar to her mother.

I throw my hands up. “Don’t shoot. I can explain.”

Phoenix cries, “Call the abort!”

The twins giggle with glee and Anastasia tsks me with the temperament of a mother scolding her son. “Naughty boy. If you wanted to be punished, you could have simply said so and I would have happily obliged your request.”

I lower my hands as she stashes the gun under the bar. “I have a concealed carry license and a healthy paranoia.” Working as a CIA agent will do that.

“Girls,” Anastasia chides, “why is our guest not yet nude?”

They reply simultaneously, “Sorry, Mother.”

In a matter of seconds, I’m stripped down to my birthday suit with all my weapons handed over to Anastasia. Fortunately, the transceiver node I’m supposed to plug in for Phoenix is hidden in the removable heel of one shoe.

The twins fondle my bulging biceps, protruding pecs, and awesome abs as if they were in the produce section of the grocery store selecting fruit.

“*Girls*,” Anastasia huffs with irritation, “in your haste to grope his brawny body, you missed the receiver in his ear.”

I pluck it out myself and surrender it to her. “That is everything on me.” I force a mild chuckle. “A cavity search isn’t necessary.”

Anastasia arches a manicured brow. “Not right now, at least. Maybe in a short spell after the drugs have hit.” She gives me a wink. “Then you may enjoy it.”

I gulp down the lump in my throat and take a swig of my whiskey. My only hope of success now is to fuck each of them into a coma. Once they’re passed out, I can complete my mission objective. It’s gonna be a long night but I can’t complain.

Anastasia purrs, “If you have no objections, I’m going to sit back awhile to observe my daughters practicing their craft.”

I nod. “That is acceptable.”

“Okay, my salacious little succubi,” Anastasia announces, “I want to see our guest foaming at the mouth within the hour *before* we begin our meal.”

My tie is strung over a bar stool so the tie-clip camera is capturing everything and my Rolex is sitting on the bar transmitting audio. If I fear for my life, I can still give the abort command and Phoenix will initiate an emergency extraction. Hopefully, that won’t be required.

The twins speak as one. “Mr. Bold, would you please accompany us into the Jacuzzi?”

“I would be happy to. Your hospitality is greatly appreciated.”

They smile a little too wide and I’m relieved to see they don’t have fangs. “Please, make yourself comfortable and we will begin the entertainment.”

Anastasia refreshes my glass and I climb into the bubbling water and lay my arms across the back of the Jacuzzi in a relaxed pose.

With voice commands, the twins cause the lights to dim and erotic music to play. They dance to the beat in harmony with each other. They’ve got more rhythm and moves than most pop stars.

I’m not sure if it’s the drugs kicking in or the sensuality of their dancing but my heart rate accelerates and so does my breathing.

I feel like an Egyptian Pharaoh witnessing an act of worship as I watch their svelte and supple forms twisting and twirling like flickering flames.

I give an audible gasp of arousal when their mini-dresses are flung off in a single fluid movement so swift it seems like arcane magick.

The music slows and so do they, granting me the privilege of carefully surveying the soft curves and subtle contours of their nubile young bodies.

As the song fades into another they slip into the water and take a seat on either side of me. They both wrap one slender arm around my broad shoulders. With their free hands, they caress my stacked chest, my chiseled abs, and the inner thighs of my muscled legs.

They coo into my ears, “Will you be our Daddy?”

My dick becomes solid steel. First Phoenix and now them. I must give off a seriously paternal vibe.

I breathe, “If I say yes, will you be my good girls?”

They trace the edge of my ears with her tongues, inciting my cock to throb. “Of course, we will, Daddy.”

“Then your Daddy I am.”

They swirl their tongues into my ears with carnal moans, causing my eyes to roll back under fluttering lids as my throat utters a groan.

I turn my head, evicting their tongues, and seal my lips over Delphine's sight mouth. I palm the back of her skull as I slip my tongue passed her lips. She teases my tongue tip with swift swipes of hers, provoking me to plunge my tongue deeper into her mouth.

Daphne nibbles at my nape as Delphine suckles at my probing tongue and I groan louder and louder as my breathing grows heavier and heavier.

Anastasia clears her throat and I break the passionate kiss to find her sitting across from us in the Jacuzzi. I didn't hear her enter.

"You're too easy, Mr. Bold. Their skills will never improve if they aren't properly challenged." I open my mouth to offer protest and she quiets me with a dismissive wave. "My dear daughters," her eyes flit back and forth between Daphne and Delphine, "did you not sense he was on the verge of savaging you? I could feel his prick pulsating from across the room. You must master raising your prey's arousal steadily but not so swiftly they lose control. If they give you all their lust in a sudden surge you will not be able to drink it in."

I raise a hand like a student in a classroom. "Miss Raven, as the prey in this scenario, may I ask if I'll be harmed by this drinking of lust?"

"Any one of us could kill you in the blink of an eye but if you are a good boy I promise you will walk out of here tomorrow unharmed."

I smile a goofy grin. "Well then, let us continue." I'm definitely feeling the drugs.

"Okay, girls," Anastasia instructs, "this time you are not to allow him to kiss you. Give him a show but don't let him take part."

The twins each give me a peck on opposite cheeks at once, and then press a hand to my chest. "Daddy, we're going to play but you can only watch. Keep your hands to yourself or Mommy will punish you."

"I understand the rules, sweethearts." I'd probably enjoy Mommy's punishment.

They stand, slip between my legs and sit down on opposite thighs facing each other. Due to their short stature, that places their heads at the same level as mine. They cradle one another's cheeks, gazing into each other's eyes. Their hungry passion is palpable. Their pouty lips part ever so slightly and their tongue tips peek out as their faces gradually move to meet. Daphne drags her tongue across Delphine's lips as if tasting them for the first time. Delphine kisses one corner of Daphne's mouth, then the other. Daphne gently rubs the tip of her nose against Delphine's.

The urge to press their faces together is nearly overwhelming. "Be good girls and kiss."

They slide their hands from each other's faces and turn to me with smoldering expressions. "Are you a pervert, Daddy? Do you want to watch twin sisters kissing with tongue? Is that what you like?"

A guilty grin spreads across my face and I nod. "Yes, my darlings, I do. Daddy's a deviant that wants to watch you passionately kiss."

They both smirk and snicker. "If that's what Daddy wants then that's what Daddy gets. We're good girls, after all, and don't want any spankings."

I chomp my bottom lip. "Ooh, how I would love to give you girls spankings."

They both wag a finger. "No, no, Daddy, no touching."

"I can't spank you," I arch a suggestive brow, "but *you* could spank each other."

"Which do you want to see more, kissing or spanking?"

"Why can't you do both?"

"We can do both and will but we want to know which you prefer more, to satisfy our own curiosity."

“I’ve never had beautiful twins give me the option of either, so I can’t say until you’ve shown me both. I’ll happily tell you after.”

They turn back to each other, locking their heated gazes and parting their luscious lips. With a glacial pace, they lean in and press their lips together with a mewl. They pull back slightly to allow me to witness their tongue tips lapping and laving so slow and incredibly sensual.

My mouth salivates and my heart pounds in my ears as I listen to their blissful moans and watch strings of spittle sway from their stroking tongues onto their chins. I’ve never been so aroused!

As if they sense my extreme arousal, they pull away and smile at me demurely.

I praise, “I could watch you kiss all night long.”

“You are too sweet, Daddy.” They lean in and peck the corners of my mouth. Then they lick the spit from each other’s chins a breath away from my lips. They caress their cheeks against mine, and whisper, “So yummy.”

I grip the edge of the Jacuzzi with white-knuckled fists, resisting the compulsion to tongue-rape both of their succulent mouths. I’m so horny it hurts!

“Daddy,” they coo, “will you sit on the back of the tub for our spankings?”

“Of course, my little angels. Anything to help you out.”

They rise off my lap and I rise from my seat and discover my dick is so hard it has turned purple as a plum.

I sit on the back of the Jacuzzi and Daphne lays herself across my knees with her taut apple-bottom propped for her sister to spank.

Delphine cups one of Daphne’s bubbled buns and gives it a squeeze, the firm flesh protruding from between her grasping fingers, and I’m given a peep at her pink pucker. It’s so puny and pristine! I wanna tongue it and finger it and fuck it! I wanna make it gape!

“Girls,” Anastasia interjects, “notice how rapid his breathing has become? The sight of Daphne’s rosebud has significantly inflamed his desire. He has an appetite for anal and you can use that knowledge to your benefit. You can tease and taunt with peeks and promises until he is seething with lust.”

Delphine cups both of Daphne’s cheeks and splays them wide, exposing her tight pink star. “Daddy, would you spit on Daphne’s tiny hineyhole for me?”

“It would be my pleasure.” I gather a mouthful of saliva, hunch forward and spit it between Daphne’s spread cheeks.

Delphine coos, “Thank you, Daddy.”

Daphne reaches back and clutches her cheeks to keep them splayed for Delphine, who grinds a finger against her bud. Daphne utters a whimpering whine as Delphine slowly presses her finger into Daphne’s resilient rosebud.

I utter a covetous grown as I watch Delphine forge her finger three knuckles deep.

Delphine bubbles, “It’s so tight! Daddy, I bet your big fat cock could never fit!”

My dick drums against Daphne’s tight tummy as I exhale a quivering sigh of yearning. “I would make it fit.”

Delphine withdraws her finger from her sister’s tight teeny asshole and offers it to me.

I reach for it with my mouth but she pulls it away with a laugh. “That’s not very nice, princess.”

Delphine sticks the finger in her mouth and sucks it with a moan of delight. “It tastes so good, Daddy! I think I want more! Yes, I definitely want more!”

I utter a woeful whimper of jealousy as Delphine plants her face between Daphne's splayed cheeks and begins to eat her ass with famished groans.

Daphne looks up at me with an expression of ecstasy. "Her tongue is so deep! It feels so good, Daddy! I wish it was yours!"

I rasp the knuckles of both my fists against the edge of the Jacuzzi, using the pain to center myself so I don't lose control.

"Girls," Anastasia interrupts, "you have brought him to the verge."

Delphine rises from Daphne's bottom. "I was having *fun*, Mother!"

Anastasia shoots her a glare.

Delphine sighs. "I'm sorry, Mother."

Anastasia resumes, "You must not push him so near to the edge. Your aim is to *steadily* build his lust higher and higher but you must do so with *patience*. You must be more attentive and act with more precision. Switch places and begin again."

Daphne rises off of me so her sister can take her place and I notice my balls are heavily swollen.

Daphne sits beside me, wrapping an arm around my shoulders and caresses her sister's propped bottom with her other hand. She whispers into my ear, "I'm sorry Mommy keeps interrupting. If it was up to me, I'd put your thick cock in my mouth right now and let you shoot your load down my throat."

I peck her temple with a soft kiss, before groaning, "I would *love* that, sweetie. I would *love* to let you drink all my cum."

Daphne nibbles at my earlobe. "Would you like me to give Delphine a spanking now? She's such a bad girl. She shoved her tongue all the way up my hineyhole."

I grunt, "Yes, please do."

Daphne holds up her palm. "Lick it for me, Daddy."

I can't help but chuckle. I lick her small palm. "Spank her good for me."

Daphne slaps one of Delphine's cheeks and then the other, leaving two raised red handprints.

Delphine looks up at us and juts out her tongue. "I barely even felt that."

Daphne frowns at me with the adorability of a puppy. "Will you help me, Daddy? Hold my wrist and use my hand as a paddle."

"Okay, sweetie, but to do this right you're gonna have to sit on my lap."

Daphne stands and I grip her narrow waist to help her settle her bottom on my lap above her sister. I inhale the floral fragrance of her silky brunette hair with a sigh of serenity. I kiss her crown and then grip her wrist firmly. I pull back her slender arm and whack her palm across both of Delphine's cheeks.

Daphne winces at the sting of her palm as Delphine yelps a surprised cry and kicks her dainty little feet, splashing water outta the tub.

I groan into Daphne's ear, "I loved the way her round cheeks clenched so tight. I'd love to feel them do that around my cock. Would you like me to do the same to you?"

Daphne cranes her neck and the sweet innocence in her expression melts into ravenous gluttony. "I would love to writhe in agonizing jubilation as you plunged the depths of my bowels with your rigid manhood."

Taken aback by her abrupt shift, I gulp before replying, "You're kinda intense, aren't you?"

“*Daphne*,” Anastasia huffs, “you were doing so well until you let your hunger reveal itself. You frightened him so severely, if not for his drugged state he would have lost his erection and all arousal. Once again, I will have to show you how to properly cultivate your prey’s lust.”

Pouting like disappointed schoolgirls, Daphne and Delphine climb off my lap and outta the Jacuzzi. They retrieve towels and hand one to me and Anastasia.

Watching Anastasia ascend from the bubbling water, unveiling her buxom bod, is an enchanting experience. My jaw drops as my gaze follows beads of water from her bodacious bosoms into her copious cleavage down her taut tummy over her modest mound around her slight slit and down her tight thighs.

Stepping out, she bends over in front of me to dry her legs, her plump rump mere inches from my pulsing prick and flinching fingers.

Anastasia looks up at me. “Enjoying the view, Mr. Bold?”

I wipe the dribbling drool from my chin, before replying, “You are a divine being.”

She rises and flips her honey-blonde hair over her shoulder as she turns to me. “Quite the opposite, I’m afraid, as you shall soon learn.”

The twins grasp my hands. “Come see our playroom, Daddy.”

Anastasia follows as the girls pull me down a long hallway to a wrought-iron door.

Dread falls over me like a heavy burial shroud as they push open the door, revealing a sex dungeon, all crimson leather and black steel.

This is the end of the free preview of [Ensnared by Lust Vampires](#).
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