

Halloween in
WISH CITY

LYSSA DERING

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ABOUT HALLOWEEN IN WISH CITY

In this short story set after the events of *How to Love a Monster*, Fiend and Seraphim attend a Halloween party at Wish's house, where unresolved tensions lurk like ghosts and Wish unleashes a diabolical surprise.

Word count: 5,000

WARNING: This story must be read after *How to Love a Monster*, as it contains many spoilers and references to the previous story.

HALLOWEEN IN WISH CITY

I'M EATING an apple in the kitchen when my phone vibrates, and a message from Wish appears on the screen.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED...

...to my Halloween bash! On October 31st at 8 p.m., my home will transform into a spooky mansion. Put careful thought into your costume...or else!

Oh, why must Wish ruin everything? This is not what Seraphim and I have planned for our Halloween night!

I toss my apple core into the trash before going to find my precious.

Seraphim's been in the bedroom reading one of his pulp novels. When I enter the room, he looks up from where he's lying on the bed. "What's wrong, babe? You look like someone's stolen your favorite trench coat."

I narrow my eyes at him. "Don't tease me!" I snatch the book from his hands, but I'm sure to mark his place with my thumb. Across the front is an old-fashioned-looking illustration of a man dressed in a toga. Above that, stone-textured letters spell *Gay Orgy on Mount Olympus*. What in the world?

"You can borrow that when I'm done." Seraphim grins and rests his chin in his hands. "It says 'orgy,' but there's definitely a gangbang scene. A bunch of burly Gods kidnap this mortal and—"

“No, thank you.” I hand the book back. “Did you get Wish’s message?”

Seraphim dog-ears a page and closes the book. “The invitation?”

“Mhm.”

“Don’t tell me that’s what has you so flustered.” Seraphim slips off the bed and comes to stand in front of me. He takes my hands in his. “Wish’s party isn’t going to upset our plans. We can play vampire and prey when we get home. We’ll still have our quiet, sexy night in. I promise.”

Seraphim’s warm hands and soft-eyed attention are like demons sucking out my worry, but they don’t get all of it.

I squeeze his fingers. “What about what Wish said at the end? ‘Or else?’ He’s obviously up to something.”

Fear flashes briefly in Seraphim’s green eyes, but then he smiles. “Wish won’t do anything too crazy. When has he ever not used his power for good?”

But of course, Seraphim trusts Wish. They used to sleep together before both of them died and came to Wish City, where Wish creates everything and rules like a king because of his superpower of will. Seraphim has a superpower, too—he can command his own nervous system. But that won’t help us against Wish’s godlike abilities!

Seraphim cups my cheek. “Baby.” He’s lucky I adore that pet name. “I really don’t think we should snub Wish. He owns the dimension. And he’s done a lot for us. A lot for *you*.”

I exhale moodily. Wish *has* been quite nice to me considering I put him in a coma and tried to keep Wish City for myself. I did love being king, though. I love my shop—Fiendish Leather—even more.

“Alright. Fine.”

Seraphim bites his lip, and I’m drawn to the indentation in the soft pink flesh like I used to be drawn to a fresh brain.

“We can dress like vampire and prey at the party.” Seraphim trails a finger down the middle of my chest. “I’ll be your blood slave. A willing meal...”

Just the thought has me melting like butter inside. I used to hunger for

Seraphim literally before Wish fixed me. But it's as if Wish scraped out the seeds of my hunger and left a few pieces behind. Sometimes when Seraphim and I are in bed, I still get the urge to bite him. Seraphim says it's a perfectly normal kink, and he doesn't mind it, but I wonder.

"Perhaps I'll put a collar on you." I trace the front of Seraphim's pale throat. "We'll pick out a pretty one from the inventory."

Seraphim's eyes twinkle. "Okay."

"Will you let me kiss you in front of Wish?"

The light in Seraphim's eyes dims. "Why? You don't need to prove anything to him."

I shrug. It's better than pointing out to Seraphim that his ex is a god, and I'm just a man now.

* * *

"Wow." From his place inside our walk-in closet, Seraphim rakes his gaze over my costume as if I'm a delectable dessert. "I don't know why I assumed you'd wear a cheesy cape."

Seraphim should know me better! I spent hours picking out my garments. Oh, the joys of running a leather shop with magically replenished inventory. Wish made me a website where all I have to do is pick out what I want, and it immediately appears on the racks.

The black leather trench coat I'm wearing is just like the one I usually wear except for the tall, vampire-inspired collar. Underneath, I have a shirt made of mesh with patent leather strips down the front and back, across the shoulders, and around the base of each snugly fitting short sleeve. I have fangs to wear, too, but I haven't put them in yet.

"Would you ever consider getting your nipples pierced?" Seraphim asks.

I take Seraphim's hand and press it to my pectoral, visible through the mesh. "Would that make you happy, my sweet?" My nipple goes rigid beneath his hand.

“Yes,” Seraphim whispers.

“Perhaps at a later date. Having trouble deciding what to wear?”

Seraphim blinks and turns his attention to his hanging clothes. He’s clad in sweats and a white t-shirt even though it’s nearing eight. But earlier, he informed me that “showing up to parties on time is lame.”

“I don’t know.” He approaches the rack and tugs on a T-shirt. “What will look good with a collar?”

“Everything. Anything.” *Nothing*. But I don’t tell him that. Seraphim needs to be at least mostly covered at the party. “Perhaps we should pick out a collar first.”

We go downstairs to my shop. Romy, my employee, and I closed up a couple of hours ago—early, on account of Wish’s party. Both Romy and her girlfriend, Neisha, will be there. I was happy to give Romy a 50 percent discount on a leather cat costume.

I take Seraphim to the bondage section where the collars are. He gravitates to a collar of thick black leather. “Should we get black to match your trench coat?”

“Not necessarily.”

Seraphim glances back at me, eyes wide like a shy cat’s. “Are you wearing your belt?”

Wordlessly, I lift the hem of my shirt to reveal the inch-wide leather. This is my only belt—the one I choke my precious with when we’re in the mood for violent sex (which is most of the time).

Seraphim tugs me by the hand to the collar display. A rack holds several, and a display case protects the more valuable ones made of precious metals or adorned with jewels.

Seraphim grabs the thick black collar and holds it to my belt. “Too wide,” he mutters. Then he grabs another collar, and another. Eventually, he finds one the same width as my belt and hands it to me. “I want this one.”

“Alright.” I stand behind Seraphim. After ripping off the collar’s price tag,

I secure the leather around his throat.

Immediately, his eyelids droop, and he sways toward me. “I like it.”

“Will you wear a harness to the party, my precious?” I draw an invisible line across his chest from one shoulder to the other. “Something here?”

Seraphim waves a hand in the air. “Whatever you want, babe.”

I think a harness and some tight black pants will do nicely.

* * *

Neisha and Romy are kind enough to escort us to the party in Neisha’s SUV. The patent leather cat ears on Romy’s costume are so cute and shiny; I want to touch them but don’t. Neisha is dressed as a mime, her long hair hidden beneath a beret and her face painted white.

As we approach Wish’s residence—which used to be *my* residence—it’s clear Wish was not being facetious when he said it would be spooky. Fog cloaks the entire street, and a few cloudy wisps seem to have faces. Are they howling, or is it the wind?

Neisha parks on the street. As everyone else gets out of the car, I hesitate. The house looks completely different. Not only does it have windows now, but its siding is a deep purple with black trim—a haunted mansion out of a Halloween movie made manifest. The lawn and wrought-iron fence are barely visible beneath the fog, and though light shines from inside, beckoning us into the party, my insides grow cold.

Chilly air hits the back of my head as Seraphim yanks his door back open. “Coming?” With no jacket, he should be shivering by now, but I assume he’s used his power to make himself warmer. The temperature was perfectly acceptable outside of the shop, but Wish likes to play with the weather.

I scramble from the vehicle. “Forgive me.”

“You’re not scared, are you?”

I pull Seraphim’s half-naked form against my body. “No, of course not.” I try my best to walk confidently through the gate and up the brick path to the

door.

Neisha is the one to ring the doorbell. “Isn’t this the coolest?” she asks.

The door swings open, and Wish appears. As always, his beautiful blond curls shine like he’s in a shampoo commercial. Tonight, a gold headband glistens from among them. It’s only when I skim my gaze lower that I realize he’s dressed like the man on the front of *Gay Orgy on Mount Olympus*. A pair of golden shoes with wings on them adorn his feet.

I scowl.

Wish beams. “Welcome! Come in.” He waves us into a dimly lit, wood-paneled foyer with a chandelier and wall sconces. On a small table sits a human skull. I highly doubt it’s made of plastic.

This definitely isn’t the house I lived in.

“There’s spiked punch in the kitchen,” says Wish, “a few ghosts upstairs, and some bats flying around. But don’t worry about the bats; they’re harmless.”

A second later, a bat lands on the rim of the chandelier, and Romy squeals. Neisha tugs her further into the house.

I pull Seraphim in the same direction, but Wish blocks our path. He chuckles, the plains of his angelic face looking menacing in the half-light.

He points at me. “What are you supposed to be?”

“A vampire.” *Obviously*. I pull my upper lip back to display my fangs, which look fairly realistic but give me a slight lisp.

Wish points to Seraphim. “And you’re his slave?”

“Yep.” Seraphim sounds bored. Good.

Wish gets much too close to me and traces the patent leather in the center of my chest. “That’s ironic.”

I’d grit my teeth if it weren’t for the fangs. “How so?”

“Don’t listen to him,” Seraphim mutters into my ear. He pulls me out of the foyer to the sound of Wish’s laughter.

In the living room, a gargoyle-adorned fireplace houses flickering flames, and cobwebs—are they real?—drape the mantle. Seraphim takes me into the living room to a couch covered in a white sheet. We sit down.

“You’re hating this, aren’t you?” Seraphim asks.

Above our heads, a bat swoops past, its shadow following like a twin.

“Hate is a strong word,” I say. But the truth is, we could sit down at home. Or we could be in bed together, covered in sweat and lost.

“Do you want some punch?” Seraphim asks.

“No, thank you.”

“I’m going to get some.” Seraphim stands, and I tense. But he gets angry when I try to tell him where he can go, even in places such as this, where anything can appear from any corner. We survived Wish’s whims the last time, but he was comatose, weak.

I preferred him that way.

“Be careful,” I say. As Seraphim leaves, I admire his slender back and pert ass. Those leather pants, poured on like paint, leave very little to the imagination. But I don’t need to imagine; I know that pretty frame intimately. I wish I knew Seraphim’s mind in the same way.

I scan the room for Neisha and Romy. Instead I find Mercer, one of my loyal soldiers from when I was the leader of Wish City, plucking candies out of a bowl. He doesn’t speak to me anymore. Not so loyal. And to think I gave him a promotion before surrendering to Wish as Seraphim begged me to.

Oh, my mood is so sour tonight!

“Baby?”

I blink and look up.

Seraphim hands me a silver goblet. “I brought you a little anyway. It’s really good.”

As Seraphim resumes his seat beside me, I peer into the goblet’s depths. The liquid inside glows like Love, a drug that litters Wish City’s underbelly.

Love, however, is pink, and this punch is orange.

“You drank it?” I ask, voice quivering. What else can it be but a drug?

Seraphim taps his goblet against mine then takes a sip. “Just did. Wish said it’s nothing weird. It’s only glowing to look spooky.”

“Right.” I don’t want to trust Wish. But I admit that whenever Seraphim tells me everything will be fine, he’s usually right. “On the off chance Wish is playing some game, I shouldn’t drink any. I might need to take care of you.”

Seraphim sets his goblet on the coffee table next to a jar of eyeballs. “Come on, baby. A little alcohol won’t hurt.”

“I’ve never had alcohol.”

Seraphim’s brows shoot up, and my skin burns. I shouldn’t have told him. He’ll remember I wasn’t born in the Earth dimension like he was. I know objectively the effect alcohol can have, but I’ve never imbibed myself.

Seraphim takes my goblet. “Let me.” His eyes gleam as he presses the metal to my lips.

The liquid hits my tongue, and I close my eyes and hum. It engulfs my mouth in warm sweetness with a sour note.

Seraphim sets my goblet on the other side of the eyeballs. “Tastes like apple cider, right?”

I haven’t had apple cider before, either. “Mhm. It’s good.”

“Told you.”

“You’re feisty tonight.”

Seraphim presses flush against me and whispers into my ear, “I’m horny.”

I slide my hand up his back and grip his harness, tugging on the leather strap. Its cut-outs, rimmed in metal, are cool against my palm. “If it weren’t for you insisting we come here, I’d have you on your back and out of breath by now.”

Other than going to restaurants to try all the food I couldn’t have before Wish fixed me, I haven’t been out with Seraphim and definitely not to any

parties. The lights are low, and the dancing flames and glowing drinks lend a sultry air to the living room, but on the other side of the coffee table sit three people I don't know, and I can't do what I please anymore without—

Seraphim's hot hand envelops the back of my head. "Make out with me." He goes for my mouth.

I tense and hold him back with the harness. "My fangs. Let me remove them." Arousal makes my fingers tremble, or maybe it's nerves. I feel safer when it's only Seraphim seeing me turned on like this.

I put the fangs into a tiny pocket on the inside of my coat.

Seraphim grabs me by the lapels. "Bite me," he says against my lips.

My stomach goes heavy and cold.

He licks my teeth. "Taste me." This is what he said to get me off before when I craved the organ in his pretty head. Now, I don't want it. But I want him. I still feel like I could eat him alive, but why... Why does he say this *now*?

"Seraphim..." Moisture pricks at my eyes. I glance up, and my chest squeezes.

Wish is sitting across from us now, wedged among the three strangers, watching us. He smiles, and I see my old self in his face. In front of the fireplace, Neisha pretends to be in an invisible box.

I breathe and can't seem to get enough air. A shiver runs down my spine at the same time that I break out in a sweat.

The orange punch—it is a drug.

Seraphim tugs on his collar. "May I take this off?"

"Why?" I make sure the collar isn't too tight; it's snug, but I can still wedge a finger in.

Seraphim rubs his forehead on my temple. "I wish to bare my throat to you, Master."

That word—*Master*—is like a drop of cold water on fever-hot skin.

Suddenly, my mouth is too full. I swipe my tongue over my teeth and find my fangs there. When did I put them back in?

“No. You will continue to wear the collar, slave.” I don’t recognize my own rough voice.

“Yes, Master.”

Oh, that word! It’s a brand to my mind. It’s holy. I grip Seraphim’s hair and yank his head back. Satisfaction pulses through me because I can still get at Seraphim’s jugular despite the collar that marks him as mine. His smooth, pale neck beats with fresh blood. Saliva pools on my tongue.

Laughter tickles my ears. I glance up from my prey to find Wish biting his lip gleefully, his gaze fixed on mine. I’m glad he’s watching, but must he look so happy?

I open my mouth and bite into Seraphim’s vein.

Oh, Universe. Nothing has ever tasted as good as this! Not a fresh brain, not the piece of cherry cheesecake I had last week, not Seraphim’s lips. And those are especially good: soft, clean, so often parted for me. But the blood on my tongue is a salty-sweet ambrosia that slides, warm, down my throat, sending every part of me opening its arms in welcome.

I clutch Seraphim to my body with both arms as I continue to suckle, and he moans and squirms. My prey. My love. My meal. Tears run down my cheeks. My groin throbs. Seraphim claws my back, his nails scraping against leather.

Once the ambrosia—the blood—stops tasting as heavenly, I follow some unknown urge to lick the bite hard and slow. The flesh tickles my tongue as the holes in Seraphim’s neck sew themselves together.

“Wow. That was *hot*,” says Wish.

I glare at him past Seraphim’s head.

“If you want a room, there’s some upstairs. Beware the ghosts, though. Actually, they’re more like poltergeists.” Wish gets to his feet.

Seraphim makes a small noise and rubs his face on my neck. I clutch him

tighter.

Wish gets too close and leans down. “Your transformations will wear off at midnight. Don’t worry if you drink too much blood. He’ll wake up.” Wish ruffles Seraphim’s hair.

It takes every ounce of my willpower not to bite Wish’s hand. How dare he touch my slave! “Seraphim is mine. Mine!” I hiss.

“I know that.” A wrinkle appears between Wish’s brows. “Seriously. You don’t have to worry about me trying to steal him. He doesn’t want me anyway.”

“Wish City was mine, too. I miss it.” I don’t know what has possessed me to say this. Even Seraphim stirs, looking up at me with worried eyes. I’m ungrateful, I suppose. Wish could have killed me or left me on the streets instead of setting me up with Fiendish Leather. But a shop and a dimension are disparate in size and power. I have Seraphim’s love, loyal friends, and job to go to every day, but still, something is missing.

Wish pats my head. “I’m sorry. Maybe someday I’ll give you your own dimension, but...” He glances around as if to check for eavesdroppers. “I don’t have enough control over my power yet. My subconscious still runs away from me sometimes. Understand?”

His response is much more reasonable than I expected. I nod.

Wish smiles and gets taller. No, he’s hovering above the ground... The little gold wings on his shoes flap like a hummingbird’s as he floats out of the living room.

Seraphim gives me a harsh peck on the lips. “I can’t believe you talked to him like that. I know I’m always saying he’s nicer than you think, but lording over people is his favorite thing. Don’t be a threat.”

“I’m not a threat.”

Seraphim huffs. “Can we go home? I don’t want to fuck where there are poltergeists.” He kisses my jaw then glances up submissively. “Will you bite me some more before midnight?”

The words—and that look—are like a fist on my cock. “Yes, my sweet.”

Neisha is still in front of the fireplace. She’s tugging on an invisible rope as a feline shadow with a tail winds its way around her ankles. I ask her if she is ready to drive us home, and she gives me a thumbs up. The cat, which I can only assume to be Romy, jumps up onto Neisha’s shoulder and nuzzles her neck, purring.

In the car, I rub Seraphim’s back and dream of the dimension I’d like to have someday, envisioning hordes of *truly* loyal soldiers and civilians screaming, “We love you, we love you! Universe bless the King!”

* * *

Neisha drops us off a little after eleven. She waves goodbye enthusiastically while Romy sleeps in the passenger’s seat.

As Seraphim and I make our way inside the building, I fight a strange feeling in my stomach. Seraphim can’t seem to break contact, holding my hand then pressing his palm against my back as we ascend the stairs to our apartment. Outside of sex, I’m usually the one who initiates touch.

“You’re different as a slave,” I say.

“Oh yeah?” Seraphim grabs both my hands and walks backward into the bedroom.

“You’re needier.” I hold back a smile. “It’s cute.”

“What I *need* is for you to bite me again. Feels so good.”

“Patience, slave.”

I strip him of his leather, even the collar. Then I command him to undress me, which I’ve never done before. It’s wonderfully sensual. His hands brush my body as he pushes off my coat. Then he becomes preoccupied with the mesh of my top, rubbing his palms up and down over it.

Seraphim pouts. “Do I have to take this off? You look like some gothic Adonis straight out of a gay fetish club.” He flicks his gaze up to mine flirtatiously. “I like it.”

“And I gave you an order.” I curl a finger beneath his chin. “You’re capable of obeying orders, aren’t you, my precious?”

Seraphim grins. “Not really.”

Affection swells in my chest. He’s right, and I wouldn’t change him for anything.

I kiss Seraphim’s nose. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, baby.”

I turn him around so his back is against me, sending him gasping then chuckling. I nose the line of his throat. He smells so good, salty-sweet like his blood. I can feel his heartbeat pulsing through him and me.

“Please,” Seraphim whispers. “Please, please, please, please...” He whispers it so many times it doesn’t sound like a word anymore—more like insect wings fluttering together.

I run my hand up and down his bare milky-white stomach. It’s a rush I didn’t expect, being clothed while he’s completely naked. My scalp tingles. I pant into his neck.

“Please!” Seraphim shouts.

I bite into that glorious vein. As flavor bursts across my tongue, I grip Seraphim’s cock and stroke him roughly. He quivers in my arms.

Now, he is whispering another word. “Yes, yes, yes, yes...”

I drink my fill of him. When the headiness subsides, I fondle the wound with my tongue until it disappears then push Seraphim facedown on the bed.

Disobediently, Seraphim crawls into the middle of the bed and flips himself over. “Let’s not do the impersonal thing tonight.”

“Aw,” I say in a taunting tone. We keep the lubricant on the bedside table now in a little bottle. I grab it and toss it to Seraphim.

Immediately, Seraphim starts to get himself ready, biting his bottom lip in concentration.

I take off my clothes. Seraphim watches with his fingers inside himself,

his gaze heavy with lust. I can still feel his heartbeat—subtle vibrations pulsing in the air.

The clock on the bedside table reads 11:28.

I crawl onto the bed. Seraphim comes to me and paws at me, his slick fingers smearing lube across my back.

I take my throbbing cock in hand. “Down, slave. On your back.”

Seraphim glares at me as if hurt. But he mumbles, “Yes, Master” and does as I say, holding his legs back.

I impale him in one go. We both grunt and freeze, breathing hard. I put my hand on his throat and squeeze until it’s only my breath making noise, louder than both our heartbeats. I fuck him in slow, deep thrusts, sending his body jerking as his face gets redder and redder.

I let him breathe. He gasps and coughs, but I don’t give him much of a break. I finger his balls gently then squeeze them. “You use that power of yours to keep the cum inside these. Understand?” Seraphim taught me what a safeword is, but we decided a few months ago not to use one anymore.

“Y-Yes, Master,” Seraphim croaks.

I press a gentle kiss to his forehead. “Would you like another bite?”

“Yes, Master.” The words are moans this time. He nuzzles me like an affectionate pet, and the gesture sends my arousal to new heights, making my whole groin feel swollen. I thrust because I can’t help it. Oh, Universe, the incredible friction!

I grip Seraphim’s hair and force him to bare his throat. “Beg, slave.”

“Please feed from me, Master. T-Taste me. Suck me. Please.” Seraphim never hesitates to beg, but he’s clamming up in other ways. No sweat glistens at his temples, and his gaze is distant.

“You’re cooling yourself off.”

“I’m trying not to come.”

I run my tongue over my fangs. “You may let go when I bite you.

Understood?”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master.”

I lick from Seraphim’s collarbone to his jaw, sending him whimpering. Then I take my bite. Once again, the deliciousness of Seraphim’s essence washes over me like nothing I’ve ever tasted, and I feel him tense and twitch and spill. I fuck him as I drink, sucking hard, remembering what Wish told me—that I could drink and drink without hurting him.

Seraphim pets my shoulders and back. “Come in me, baby.” His voice is jagged, strained. “Come...”

I cannot resist him. I thrust ever harder into his willing heat as his blood warms my whole upper half. My pleasure builds to the point of pain before I explode. I scream into Seraphim’s throat as my orgasm racks me, making my whole body jolt and shake uncontrollably on top of my precious.

The pleasure subsides, but I don’t move. I keep my fangs embedded in Seraphim’s throat and my cock buried inside him. He pets my back some more, and I shudder.

“I wish it were you and me all the time,” he says in his wrecked voice. “That would be enough for me.” I’m getting better at reading between the lines, even with the aftermath of orgasm clouding my brain. *But it wouldn’t be enough for you*, Seraphim is telling me.

He doesn’t get it.

I lick his throat until the bite wound disappears then look deeply into his sharp gaze. “I will not give you up for anything, my sweet. Not even a dimension all to myself. Didn’t you learn that when I sacrificed Wish City for you?”

“You did that ‘cause Wish was gaining on you.”

“Partly.”

Seraphim sighs and looks away. Something like anger swirls in my chest, and I finally pull out of him and head to the bathroom to wipe his cum from my stomach.

Seraphim follows. “You really did it for me? You didn’t just do it to save yourself?”

I meet his eyes in the mirror, where I’m inspecting my now fang-free gums. It must be after midnight.

“I came into that sick room to kill you, but I didn’t.” I wipe my stomach clean with a washcloth then take it to Seraphim, where I swipe between his ass cheeks and down his leg.

He takes a sharp breath, anchoring himself with a hand on my shoulder. “I know that.”

“And why do you think I didn’t kill you?”

“Because you liked me.”

“*Loved*, sweetheart. I love you.” I toss the washcloth into the sink, but I stay near to my precious. I trace his temple, cheek, jaw.

Seraphim goes very still, which means he’s using his power, making himself calm so I don’t see him cry. “I was just wondering if maybe you regretted it because of what you said to Wish tonight.”

My heart clenches in sympathy for him. He must have been in torturous pain believing this! I wrap him up in a fierce hug. “Not for a second, my darling! Not once.” I pepper kisses all over his head until he’s hugging me back and laughing.

“Good,” he says. “Cause I’ll go with you to another dimension if Wish makes you one. I’ll go anywhere with you.”

I love Seraphim’s body, and I loved his blood a few minutes ago, but it’s words like this and the way he looks at me when he says them that truly dazzle me.

I pull him into a kiss.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lyssa Dering is the author of *How to Love a Monster*, *Babyvamp*, and several other indie-published titles, as well as *Fangs Like Me*, published with NineStar Press. Since her first foray into *Harry Potter* fanfiction, Lyssa has been drawn to twisted, angst-filled M/M pairings. She has so far written about a brain-eating antihero (*How to Love a Monster*), a high-tech matchmaking program gone wrong (*Lovesick*), and a brooding dhampir letting his savage side loose (*fangjunkie27*), with more fantastical ideas always lurking. Under the pen name **Lyss Em**, she writes M/M contemporary erotic romance.

Lyssa resides in the Midwestern United States with an aggressively affectionate tabby cat. When not writing, she fancies herself a connoisseur of “trash”—devouring the highest quality kinky, enemies-to-lovers, and dubious consent M/M she can get her hands on. Lyssa is nonbinary and has no preferred pronouns—any are fine.

You can find Lyssa primarily on [Twitter](#), where she loves hearing from readers.

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