Mindy laid in the bathtub, the porcelain cold without water to offset it, the substance covering her chest from the neck down even colder. Where her arms rimmed the tub, goosepimples marched like armies. The door opened. Mindy craned her head, expecting Lucia—hoping it would go as planned and Lucia would only see her from the neck up with the tub blocking her view. But it wasn’t Lucia.

At about waist-level, something shaped like a parody of a penis hovered into the doorway like the world’s least age-appropriate puppet show. “Hello, Mindy!” Lucia said behind the wall, in a gruff voice. “I hear you like big black cocks!”

“Not really into dicks?” Mindy replied. “Maybe you noticed?”

“But those are *boy* dicks,” Lucia corrected in her own voice. “This is *my* dick.” She poked her head through the door, apparently just to show off her glowing smile. The rest of her followed to show off the rest of her. Lucia was right—it was worth seeing.

Lately, she’d found a store online that sold body paint in bulk. Now she covered her whole body in the goth look. It wasn’t totally white, but a milky, creamy hue that seemed *real.* Not cold or dead, but ethereal. And the way she held herself, the way she moved—not afraid to trip and fall over anything, because how could it hurt her? Her natural athleticism heightened like gravity merely caressed her instead of holding her down. When she came into the bathroom, she glided.

Mindy tried to cover for the urge to just *look* at Lucia: so goddamn gorgeous even with a big ugly hunk of silicone strapped to her crotch. “Did you take off your clothes before you came over or after?”

Lucia rolled her eyes. “I’ve never minded being naked.”

“Yeah, why would you?” Mindy took a deep breath and gave into her chill, wrapping her arms around herself to warm up. She rubbed at her upper arms. And there was Lucia, not cold at all—her skin as pure and pale as paper waiting for ink. Waiting for Mindy to write on it with kisses and touches and fingernails—make the otherworldly *earthly* once more. Mindy barely felt qualified. “Would you take it personally if I were nervous?”

“No. People get nervous. I used to be nervous all the time. It was scary being human.”

“You still are human.”

Lucia tilted her head to the wall, where her reflection was just vacant make-up. It was hard to tell the difference at a glance. But a close look and you could see the shadows were cracks in her, letting you see through to the hollow interior. “I think I only get partial credit on that one.”

“Were you nervous your first time?”

Lucia sat on the toilet, her dildo poking up from her lap like a toy poodle. She almost looked like she was thinking of petting it. “This isn’t your first time, Minz. You’re not a virgin. All that stuff we did—I still think about our first night together. You were really perfect.” She snapped her fingers, a thought coming to her. “That must be what it’s like to have sex with me…”

Mindy threw her arms up, dripping from hugging herself, before hiding them again. “Look, I know it’s a meaningless distinction, but it’s my meaningless distinction. I’m sure you were nervous the first time a guy ate you out or whatever, but wasn’t there a different nervous when you… got the D.”

“I didn’t get eaten out before I took the D.”

Mindy frowned. “You didn’t?”

“Nope.”

“Fingers, then?”

“Nuh-uh.”

“So your first just—shoved it in?”

“He didn’t pull out an IKEA manual and say ‘congrats, you’re a slut now,’ but yeah. I had a penis inside me before any other body part that wasn’t mine.”

“Didn’t it hurt?”

“Yeah. And I bled like a rat stole my tampon. But I don’t even give a shit now, I’m so next-level these days. Like, why should I care what happened in junior high when these days I’m dating you and it’s like we’re in some lesbian Nicholas Sparks porno.”

“I’m ashamed to say I would watch that.”

“Oh, there’s one online, but it’s all in Japanese and they lean really heavy on the spanking. I wouldn’t even call it a lesbian Nicholas Sparks porno, more of a spanking Nicholas Sparks porno where no guys show up.”

Lucia was babbling. She always seemed so confident, but Mindy could tell now when she babbled, putting up a wall of conversation to keep anyone from thinking about her too hard. So Mindy stood up.

And Lucia saw the blood she’d poured out over her chest, the only thing that covered her naked body. Her eyes traced every rivulet and drop like it formed a message in some secret language. Her mouth gasped open. Her fangs were out. Her tongue slid over them, testing their sharpness.

“I borrowed one of your blood bags,” Mindy said. “Hope you don’t mind.”

Lucia shook her head. She was advancing, gliding, only her wicked mouth keeping her from being fully alien as she reached out for Mindy. “I’m gonna go caveman on you, Minz. Pick you up and carry you to the bed and go hog-wild. You’re gonna cum so hard, you’ll see Elvis—“

“No.”

“No?” Lucia asked, freezing in a hover over the bathroom mat. “Is this about Chuck fucking Berry, because I don’t care, he wasn’t the King!”

“No, it’s the blood? I chose to do this in the bath so it’ll wash off, but I cannot leave this tub. Seriously, I take one step out of here, and I’m gonna be spending an entire Saturday Febreezing the floor.”

“So…” Lucia grinned wickedly, eyebrows raising like bat wings. “You’re trapped, one might say?”

“El…”

Lucia dropped to her knees. She planted her hands on Mindy’s hips, enjoying being able to drum her fingers on Mindy’s buttocks. Then she reeled the other woman in and licked up a delicate strand of blood from Mindy’s calf.

“Guess you’re stuck here, really,” Lucia concluded. She smacked her lips. Kept going. Following the blood as it grew thicker, broader, a layer of silk she could eat right off Mindy’s body. And Mindy shuddered as Lucia cleaned her—tongue touching her skin like it was writing words of desire. I want this. I want you. Need this. Need you. Lucia licked all of her, stroking every stain multiple times until Mindy’s skin was absolutely clean, glossy with saliva. Mindy found herself giggling, not because it tickled, but because—she thought of how many times she’d dreamed of someone kissing her *lips* because they loved her. Lucia kissed every bit of her… loved every stitch of her.

Some just had to wait longer than others. As assiduous as Lucia was, she didn’t go near Mindy’s breasts, where her nipples burned and pinched like coal turning into diamonds, or her sex, clenched so tight Mindy didn’t think Lucia could even get her pinky inside. Mindy knew why. All those years of dating boys who needed her so much more than she needed them, and now Lucia had someone *she* needed. She had to push back. Had to make Mindy show that she wanted Lucia just as much as the other way around.

Mindy let her. Let herself be scrubbed clean all the way to her neck, where Lucia licked her lips clean and kissed Mindy—opening her mouth and letting Mindy’s tongue in for their special kiss, Mindy licking over her fangs, pricking the tip of her tongue on their points, snatching her tongue back as Lucia bit down, always a fraction too late, the tease making Lucia burn. Mindy liked playing that little game of foregone conclusions: Lucia always letting her get away, Mindy always giving in and letting Lucia bite. This time, Lucia had no patience for it. She lowered her head to Mindy’s breast, the blood thick and dark there, and her cold tongue was the perfect salve on Lucia’s overheated skin. It got hotter and hotter, and Lucia seemed to get colder and colder, and then she sucked on Mindy’s other breast, her fangs tracing through the little Braille bumps of Mindy’s areola…

Mindy came, quick, shuddering, soundless but Lucia looked up anyway, her ears quirking at the key change of Mindy’s heartbeat, lungs, the inner liquid rush that she said reminded her of what a storm cloud sounded like just before it rained.

“Again,” Lucia said simply, and Mindy didn’t think she could breathe, didn’t think she could move, but Lucia’s fingers piano-played up Mindy’s thigh, the middle one petting Mindy’s pubic hair, then nails scratching through it, then cool fingertips padding at her entrance. Mindy’s mouth fell open and she thought she gasped louder than her heart hammering in her ears—a fingerprint was pushing into her, leaving a whorl of pleasure marked inside her. It pulled back—she looked down—Lucia grinning up at her, tongue running between her teeth, painted redder than red by the blood she’d lapped up. Two fingers. Slid right in. This time Mindy heard her own gasp as she was penetrated, suddenly *full,* able to feel herself not stretching, but slowly opening, welcoming Lucia inside her.

“Yes.” Lucia’s voice was soft, imperial. Cheer captain’s voice drained of all brattiness and vapidity, the pure command all that was left, the drive to be obeyed, to *expect* to be obeyed in all things. “Let me in… you know where I’m going…”

There was a spot Mindy hadn’t known she’d had until Lucia had touched it. She’d touched it accidentally a few times, masturbating, and since her relationship with Lucia had started she’d been roughly able to find it, but it seemed like only Lucia know how to stroke it just right, a little curve of her fingers that woke it up. It sucked in the caress that Lucia was giving it and turned it into electricity that filled Mindy’s body. Electrocuted her until she short-circuited. She actually stumbled, tried to recover and slipped, backpedaling right into Lucia’s arms.

“Fuck!” Mindy laughed, her head still rushing as Lucia set her down on the bottom of the tub. Licked her fingers clean, though Mindy didn’t know if it was of the blood or… “I don’t know if I’m going to survive your strap-on, baby.”

Lucia waggled her hips, bunting it against Mindy’s leg. “I call it Bitch-Humbler.”

“El, *no*.”

“El yes! Would it help if I said that before now, all the bitches were men?”

Mindy laughed her off. Lucia turned on the warm water at a light stream, taking down the showerhead to run the misting spray over Mindy. Mindy felt the last few knots in her body dissolve as Lucia played it over her, her other hand holding a washcloth to massage Mindy’s skin. In moments, every trace of the blood was washed down the drain and, impossibly, Mindy felt her body heating again. She felt gluttonous, addicted, somehow selfish for enjoying this so much. She was moved around—pulled into Lucia’s lap, the strap-on threatening under her ass. Lucia wetted her hair and massaged that too: combing through it with her hands, rinsing it out, pulling it lightly. Until, if Mindy had gotten any blood in her hair, there was no way it could still be there.

Then Lucia gave her the showerhead and told her to keep it focused on her belly. Mindy did, the cascade of water a slow, tantalizing feeling rubbing between her legs. Eclipsed when Lucia actually touched her there. This time, three fingers bunched together to push inside her. Mindy felt uncomfortable but not in pain—Lucia went slow, sucking at Mindy’s neck, playing with her body—Lucia’s hands, the water, the warmth that suffused her skin, she couldn’t focus on the discomfort. Lucia got inside her and made her clit too hard to ignore the warm lave of the shower spray. Mindy came again, leaning back against Lucia, totally content, totally satisfied. She looked back at Lucia just to see the woman she loved.

“Do you really wanna do the thing with the dildo? Cuz we don’t have to. I’m not even sure I could take it, at this point.”

Lucia’s bunched fingers kept up a slow, steady pump into Mindy, occasionally causing a twinge of pain, but mostly just waking her body back up. Making her want again—need again. “Sure you can, now that you’re all nice and loose… I could probably fist you. I could probably foot you…”

Lucia turned off the water and got the towel, motioning for Mindy to keep lying down as she scrubbed her dry. She even turned Mindy over rather than making her move.

Mindy stood, pampered, comfortable, and unafraid of the dildo. Caring more about what was going through Lucia’s head. “I just don’t want you to think I’m about the cock. I’m not about the cock, I’m about you, this isn’t about that, it’s just something I thought we could try.”

Lucia picked her up like a little gay wombat, carrying her over to the bed at a stately pace. If Mindy closed her eyes, she could dream she was dancing.

“I want to, Minz. I’ve wanted to a while… never thought to say something because I’ve done enough to scare you off for a few years. But I *really* like the thought of taking you, just one more way. Just like I was the first one to feel you. The first one to taste you.”

Lucia didn’t set Mindy down on the bed—sensing her reluctance, she pressed her against the wall instead, kissing her, pinning her there, hands petting her face, losing themselves in her hair, soothing Mindy until she’s let Lucia do anything to her. Mindy slipped over Lucia’s wet body until she had to set her feet down to hold herself up. Then Lucia rubbed the head of the dildo over her labia with her teeth cold and hard on Mindy’s collarbone. Neither of them were in her and she was gasping for air.

“Let them kill me,” Lucia went, her words on Mindy’s chest a steady breeze of cool air, no heat, like Lucia was just blowing on her. “Let them get you when you’re done mourning and move on, date a man or a woman, I don’t care. Because whatever they do, I’ll have done first. And whenever you come, you’ll think of how I made you come harder. Lie down. Spread your legs. I’m your boyfriend now.”

“I… I can’t.”

“Yeah?” Lucia turned around, immediately backed up, offering her back to Mindy like she was the one that would bite her. An arm coiling up around Mindy’s head, she undulated her belly. Her entire body working and flexing, clenching and coiling, Mindy’s eyes pulled to the dance. Lucia giving her a lapdance where she stood. “What if you’re on top?”

“On top?”

Lucia bent over double, touching her toes with her ass up in the air against Mindy’s crotch, rippling and swaying and making Mindy almost wet enough to take even *that.* She reached down—couldn’t believe she could actually *touch*—and Lucia slowly drew herself back up, swaying to the beat of her own music, but never fast enough for Mindy’s hand not to keep up.

“I lie down. You cowgirl up. You can do it nice and slow. Ride me like you stole me. Which ya did…”

God, that was just not a fair fucking offer. Lucia turned to the side, grin and wink cocked over her shoulder, hip waggling against Mindy’s groin in a slow grind.

“Do you even do that?” Mindy asked in an inappropriate moan, before she managed to get her voice unsqueaked. “Be the… bottom?”

“I don't want you just to have orgasms this one way because it's my thing, Minz, I want to find out what works for you. It'll make me feel like such an awesome girlfriend when you're one big puddle of satisfaction."

*Puddle of satisfaction* echoed in Mindy’s vagina—she could just see herself lying there, all fucked out, Lucia with a saucy little smile like Mindy was just a cute kitten that’d amused her. Mindy felt the leather strap of the strap-on on Lucia’s waist, bucking over her groin, and fuck, she didn’t care if she *Shining*’d out blood. She was kissing Lucia, she was touching her, she was pushing her down onto the bed and if the leg she threw over Lucia wasn’t a perfect slender pillar of alabaster flesh, it was one-half of the pair Lucia had chosen to get between.

“Don’t go too fast,” Lucia warned, concern freeing her eyes from their sultry stare. “I know, I’m super-hot, but slow and steady, Minz.”

“You want me to fuck you like a tortoise?” Mindy had a hold on the strap-on, keeping it pointed upward. She lowered herself down—okay, okay—*don’t fucking freak out—*it touched her, just like it had before, but this time a fresh wave of anxiety hit because she was doing it to herself. Mindy could’ve laughed; she trusted Lucia more than herself. Okay. Okay, okay, okay. She bit her lip, bent her legs another half-inch—oh! She just opened right up for it. Like it was a tampon. A really big tampon… yes, that comparison was helping.

Lucia petted her thigh, reached up to stroke her face. Touch light, tempting. Every stroke downward. Motioning her in. To where Lucia was waiting to turn her into *one big puddle of satisfaction.*

Another half-inch. Mindy gasped. It wasn’t totally weird, it reminded her a little of Lucia’s fingers, but they’d been like her own fingers (only more so) and Mindy had gotten used to that good-weird feeling back when Robert Downey Jr. was a cokehead. The little—*protuberance* wasn’t her-fingers-but-extra-Lucia, it was much more, the shape strange, the feel terrifying. It couldn’t be fingers, her body quailed like it was an entire fist.

Lucia’s honeyed voice started in. “You’re okay. You’re doing great. Go as slow as you want, okay? Don’t think about it—it’s just a part of me, okay? See? I’m touching you here.” She ran her fingers down Mindy’s chest. “And I’m touching you here.” She gave her hips a miniscule rock, jogging the dildo’s head inside Mindy. A twitch that was neither pain or pleasure made Mindy whinge. “It’s just me, Minz. You can let me in, can’t you?”

Mindy kept going—down down down, into an abyss only she wasn’t falling, the abyss was inside her, she was letting something fall into her and she had so much *room…* all the while, Lucia tickling, teasing, poking and prodding, keeping Mindy seeing her. Only her. The dildo was just a part of Lucia, pulled into her like the blood they’d stolen, and now Mindy was consuming it, needful body devouring it. A second-hand vampire.

When she was straddling Lucia, the dildo *in* her, that heft and weight and length and hardness all hers, it came as a shock. Her body clenched on the realization that it was all inside her and Lucia saw it, exploited it, an owl diving for a midnight mouse. She worked her hips in a slow, unfurling pump and Mindy crested the wave of her body and wrung an orgasm from something *else* that she had made *herself.*

Mindy fell, catching herself on two hands in the raven hair spread across her own pillow, leaning over Lucia, drawn down to her like she was bowing to an idol that someone had erected just underneath her. Lucia’s hands on her hips, holding her tight, holding her around *it* but not moving yet. Just letting Mindy stretch and open and be *fucked*.

Another motion. Mindy’s arms gave and she crashed down onto Lucia, being kissed hard enough to draw blood. Lucia sucked hard on the needling cut in Mindy’s lower lip. A moan started in one of them and continued in the other. Lucia was beginning to buck and writhe. The dildo in Mindy began touching places, striking up sparks here and there, making Mindy ride to keep it between her thighs. She swayed and danced to the beat Lucia’s hips set, rocking up into her and Mindy kept kissing her and Lucia kept being so damn good to kiss and Mindy didn’t notice they were up in the air, it was just like the bed got softer and softer until they sunk through it.

They hovered up until Mindy felt the plaster of the ceiling press into her back. She looked down at Lucia, at the bed ten feet under her, and got an ain’t-I-clever look from Lucia as the vampire drove into her, *fuck,* a crash of phallus into body, the ceiling groaning under unexpected pressure.

“You need to come,” Lucia said hoarsely, as Mindy floated weightless, thoughtless—her husky voice making Mindy’s toes curl, shackling her to an orgasm that Mindy knew would rip right through this serene give-and-take pleasure. “I want you to come for me right now.”

Mindy stared into Lucia’s eyes as the other woman pumped into her, holding her in place with her hands and driving into her with her hips. Somehow, the eye contact made it feel better. It couldn’t possibly hurt when Mindy could look into the endless blue of Lucia’s eyes and see nothing but love and affection. But, finally, Mindy’s eyelids fluttered, rolled for the back of her head, and she just had to squeezed her eyes shut as the immensity of Lucia’s love for her became too much to face.

Then a halt. Full stop. The dildo burning inside Mindy, Mindy exploding around it, but not flying apart—just continuously *exploding* like that was actually possible. Lucia drew herself out, hands on Mindy’s hips to hold her up as Lucia denied her their fuck, pulling it away from her painfully slow. Then, still agonizingly *not-fast-enough,* back into her. Deeper. Deeper. Little ridges and bumps, but no friction, just a sweet slide inside her. Mindy was coming by the time it was halfway in, whatever muscles she had inside her pulling at what Lucia was giving, needing it to make her whole. Her ecstasy lengthened like a shadow at sunset. Drawn out by the small eternity it took Lucia to hit home between her legs.

Lucia smiled like the sun. “I’m so proud of you—you got it all in—you took *all of it.”*

Mindy actually found herself blushing. Really didn’t seem like the matching pair of facial expressions to have while dildos were being used. “It was you, right? Just a part of you—like the fangs and the skin and everything…” She looked over Lucia’s shoulder; had no idea her room was so tall. “Fuck!”

“What? You’re still on top,” Lucia quipped with pure innocence.

“I hate heights.”

“I’m not gonna let you fall.”

“*El*,” Mindy said warningly.

Lucia drove herself into Mindy one last time, hard enough to put a crack in the ceiling that Mindy would masturbate to the next time she was lying alone in bed, then she cut the puppet strings. They dropped, just four feet, Mindy crying out before Lucia ‘caught’ them with her power.

“That wasn’t funny!” Mindy hissed.

“It would be if you’d seen your face.” Lucia played them the rest of the way down, a little at a time. She was enjoying how Mindy clung to her way too much.

They set down, Lucia smirking and Mindy could just tell it was because she could feel Mindy’s slickness on the fronts of her thighs. Mindy worked herself off the dildo, that simple motion setting blood pounding in her ears, and she collapsed back down to Lucia’s chest. Skin cool as the pillow’s flipside. She took deep gulps of air, smelling the slight coppery taste of Lucia.

“I’m sore,” she moaned. It didn’t really hurt, but she played up the lingering discomfort. Letting Lucia pet her and tut ‘poor baby’ and get her a cold bottled water off the nightstand. Lucia had *colonized* it before going to the bathtub. There was even a power bar. And lube, of course.

Lucia put her thigh between Mindy’s legs. The chill was like a cold compress. She uncapped the bottle, the outside dotted with beads of condensation, and held it to Mindy’s lips. She drank greedily—thinking she must’ve sweated out at least a liter. Lucia canted the bottle away so Mindy didn’t drink too much, petted her sweaty hair, fed Mindy a little more as she sucked the sweat off her fingers.

“Still sore?” Lucia asked, and Mindy nodded. “Let me kiss it and make it better.”