

## Encounter: Solace of Life

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### Solace of Life

I located the vampire, Amelia de Florento, as soon as I entered Club C. The stunningly beautiful vamp was seated in a corner booth. Amelia was delicately sipping from the wrist of her familiar, a young wannabe who gifted her blood in return for being turned. It was an ancient contract originating in Roman times termed *ob vitae solatium* -- the solace of life.

Amelia captured me with her bright green eyes and blessed me with a provocative wink.

The familiar, Jane I recall her name was, gave me a penetrating glare. Familiars are possessive and can be sensitive to perceived threats from other mortals to their quest for eternal life. Understandable, but I didn't appreciate the hostility.

Amelia withdrew her mouth, licked her finger, and rubbed saliva over the two tiny wounds on Jane's wrist. Jane almost swooned as the weird enzymes activated her pleasure centers and healed the punctured flesh.

"Raymond," Amelia said, her radiant smile removed in an instant most of the anger Jane had injected into my mood. "It is so good to see you again."

I took her hand and kissed it. "Amelia, you become more beautiful every time I see you." I don't usually use such flowery language, but her smile had only removed most of my anger, and I so much enjoyed pissing off Jane.

Amelia laughed. "I haven't changed in five centuries, but thank you just the same." She patted the seat beside her. I gave Jane a challenging smile as I sat.

"Jane, find me the most handsome male waiter for Raymond."

Jane's expression morphed from venom to relief as she realized the import of Amelia's request. She dipped her head. "At once."

"And bring one for yourself. I'm in the mood to see you fucked."

Jane's eyes flared in anticipation. "My lady."

Amelia waited for Jane to disappear into the crowd before turning her gaze to me. "Now, my handsome policeman, what do I owe the pleasure of your company?"

Straight to the point. That was only one of the things I liked about her.

"A colleague of mine, Michael Munroe, is investigating the disappearance of some shifters."

"I've heard."

"Oh?"

"From Lili."

She noted my blank expression.

"Lili Tu. She owns Club C."

I stored the name for future reference. "I must admit I didn't know Lili Tu, or this place for that matter, existed. Their security is strict. Without giving your name and my palm print at the door I wouldn't have got in."

"It's an invitation only club. I've known Lili since I was turned and she allows me the privilege of inviting special guests."

*Allows.* I noted this with interest. Amelia is an elder vampire. This Lili Tu must be powerful. "She's a vampire?"

“Oh no. She’s more than that.” Amelia swept her gaze around the club. I followed her look, taking in the crowd; vamp, werewolves, shifters and other indeterminate creatures, all enjoying the music and floor show -- wolfen in human form fucking mortal performers on stage. “Lili’s more than any of us.” Her tone held genuine affection and not a little awe.

“How so?”

She laughed again, taking my hand and stroking my wrist. “Raymond, you’ve gone to some lengths to speak with me about whatever is troubling you. It is more than these missing shifters, I’m sure.”

“There’s been a rise in violent crimes directed at paranormals.”

“Oh? What kind?”

“Vicious assaults on vamps, wolves, shifters and even a fairy.”

“Really?”

“I’m not talking big numbers, a half dozen as far as I’m aware, but that’s only because the victims were found by paranormal cops. There may be others we haven’t found.”

“What sort of injuries?”

“Non sexual beatings and mutilations. Very bloody. The victims are left in an extremely weakened state.”

She appeared perplexed. “I haven’t heard anything,” she said softly. She was clearly troubled by this. Vamps tend to keep a tight rein on their own kind. For her to be surprised suggested secrets were being kept. “No doubt the victims, and their masters, are embarrassed about being assaulted in this fashion.”

“May I ask for your help?”

“You have it, of course. Ah, Jane seems to have found us some entertainment.”

Jane was leading two naked and collared men by a leash. They were, if the logo on the collar was any guide, employees of the club. One was dark haired, the other was blonde. Both were well built, and their impressive cocks were

hard, jutting out from their bodies, and waving in the air as they walked towards us.

My cock hardened when Jane directed the dark haired guy to kneel before me.

“This is not necessary,” I said as he began undoing my fly.

“Nonsense,” Amelia said “We’ve been friends for many years.”

The guy fished inside my pants and extracted the length of my shaft. He looked up at me with wide brown eyes and eagerly licked his lips. Though leashed, I guessed these guys were also on a contract to earn their way to immortality.

“What a lovely cock you have,” Amelia whispered. “I’d forgotten.”

I glanced at her and saw her motion to Jane who, without ceremony, grasped the back of the man’s head and pushed him down over my cock.

His mouth was warm and his tongue agile. He immediately took me deep, the head of my cock nudging the back of his throat. Beside me, Amelia pulled Jane down onto her lap so that her head was hard against the guy fellating me. Amelia lifted Jane’s tight mini skirt and exposed her ass cheeks to the blonde guy.

“Bring your cock up here,” she directed him

He knelt on the seat and Amelia fed the length of his cock into Jane’s pussy.

“Fuck her hard, and in time with my beat.”

He gripped Jane by the waist and as Amelia slapped Jane’s right cheek, he thrust hard and deep. Jane gasped at the sudden invasion of her pussy. With each thrust her head was brought closer to my groin.

Meanwhile my guy tongued my balls with great enthusiasm and played around my asshole with a teasing touch.

“Jane, suck Raymond’s cock,” Amelia ordered.

While my predilections naturally leaned towards the male of the species, I've always thought a mouth around your cock, male or female, does the trick regardless. However I may have been misguided on this point as Jane was not just a 'mouth', she was particularly talented and quickly had me on the edge of my seat. First she curled her tongue around my shaft and after taking me deep into her mouth a few times she then swirled the tip of that beautiful tongue around the head. All the while I could feel the shudders cascading through her body from the relentless pounding of both the long cock in her pussy and Amelia's hard slaps on the white globes of her ass.

I wasn't going to last much longer. The guy was taking my balls one by one into his mouth and rolling them about. I love that.

Amelia leaned across and kissed me on the lips. She tasted as sweet as I recalled from our first encounter. I remember being surprised then as I was now. I always expected to taste blood, yet her breath and taste was always sweet.

Jane took her mouth away from my cock in time to see us kiss and that must have sent her over the edge because she climaxed with a long deep groan.

The dark haired guy took the opportunity to regain possession of my cock and I couldn't help but hold his head still as I came inside his mouth. Amelia ended our kiss as my cock finished its powerful spasms.

"Just as I remember," she said. "You are so alive, Raymond, so vibrant."

I had no response. What does one say to someone who has technically been dead for half a millennia?

She tapped Jane on the ass and she climbed to her feet, straightening her skirt. Her pale round face was flushed. Jane quickly dismissed the staff. My guy gave me a brief smile and licked his lips as he left.

Amelia took my hand. "Raymond, are you free this evening?"

"Of course."

"I'll have Jane convene a meeting of my get at our compound. I'll see what they know."

After giving me a brief scowl, Jane flipped open her cell phone.

Amelia rose to her feet. "Shall we?"

I zipped up my trousers. At the door I gave Club C one last glance. It was certainly a unique club and I'd have to meet this Lili Tu at some stage. But I had far more pressing matters to attend to. I had to get to the bottom of these vicious attacks.

As I followed Amelia's shapely ass out of the club I had no way of knowing that by inviting me to her compound, she had inadvertently saved my life.

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