

Over The Edge  
by Kallysten

Chapter 1

Morning had come, but Lisa's dreams clung to her, trapping her in a memory made of skin and silk, hands and caresses, mouths and kisses, moans and bites and hardness sliding inside her faster and faster until she was crying out softly in her sleep.

The past relinquished its hold on her slowly. The sounds faded first, then the scent of sex, the taste of come and blood, and finally, the feel of hands and cocks on her and in her. The faces of her lovers, however, remained with her even as she opened her eyes. She stared up at the ceiling for a few moments, wondering why, when she had spent her night with two gorgeous men, her mind had decided to bring her back so much further in the past to a night she had shared, like this one, with Leo, but also with their Sire rather than a human.

It had to be the return of Leo that had triggered the memory, she decided; it meant nothing more. It *couldn't* mean anything more, and it certainly didn't mean that she missed her Sire.

It was disappointing, however, to wake up alone after having gone to bed with Brett and Leo. The former had been her lover for almost a year, while she had shared her nights with Leo for decades until they had separated fifteen years earlier. All she had to confirm that she had not imagined the entire thing were their lingering scents around her and the last notes of pleasure still drumming inside her like an echo. Her last thought before she had fallen asleep had been to hope her morning would be at least as interesting as her night, if not more. Instead, she was alone in a cold bed. Clearly, she would have to teach her men some manners.

She could hear their voices behind the door. Soft voices. They weren't shouting; that had to be a good sign. Curious about what they were talking about, she stood, stretching her arms high above her as she did. She had half a mind to walk out of the bedroom naked, and tease them with what they were missing – what they could have had if they had stayed in bed with her. She changed her mind at the last second when she saw Leo's shirt on the floor by the door and picked it up to slip it on, fastening only one button. She was a couple inches shorter than Leo, and the shirt's hem danced against her upper thighs and ass, keeping her decent when she stepped out of the bedroom.

They turned to her at once. Sitting on the facing sofas in the middle of the living room, they both held a mug. If she was to judge by the scent, they were sharing coffee. After the previous night, she would have expected them to share something more intimate, and to do so wearing a lot less clothes, even if they were both bare chested. Then again, she was the one who had led them to the same bed despite Leo's wariness and Brett's jealousy. With the return of morning, they might need more prompting to get closer again.

“I guess it was too much to hope that one of you would remember how much I hate waking up alone.”

At her grumble, they exchanged a look, although she couldn't tell if it held more embarrassment, regret or guilt. She needed to shake sleep off completely if she was to try and read them, and for that she would need something stronger than coffee. Thankfully, there was always a generous supply of blood in the fridge. She hunted every night in the club she had helped Brett design, choosing willing prey in the crowd of dancers, but she could just as well dine in rather than hunt when she wanted.

Turning her back on them, she entered the open floor kitchen. The marble counter felt cold and smooth beneath her fingers when she rested a hand on it and opened the fridge. At the sight of the stacked blood packages, the hunger inside her roared. With Leo's surprise arrival the previous night, she had barely had any blood, and she was famished. She pulled a plastic bag out and used scissors to cut a corner, emptying it into a large cup, careful not to spill a drop. While the microwave buzzed lightly and warmed the blood, she rinsed off both the scissors and bag, hanging the first back on their hook by the microwave and disposing of the second in the special container for medical waste beneath the sink. All of it was so habitual, she didn't need to think about what she was doing, and was free instead to think of the two men in the other room.

All she had had in mind, when bringing Leo up to the apartment above the club where she lived with Brett, had been to spend a night with them. It had been a tribute to long gone times where Leo was concerned, and an offering to Brett of something she knew he wanted, without daring to take it for himself. But as time had passed, as memories of her happier years with Leo had resurfaced, as she had seen Brett's jealousy dissolve into lust and need, she had begun wondering. One night might become two, or a week. A month. More, maybe. It would all depend on what happened when she returned to the living room.

The microwave pinged and she almost jumped, startled. Those daydreams were more intriguing than she had expected.

She took a sip from her mug before stepping out of the kitchen. The taste held the comfort of habit, which was just what she needed with the uncertainty ahead. No noise had come from the living room while she was in the kitchen, and when she walked out she found Brett and Leo exactly where she had left them. Her first instinct was to curl down next to one of them to sip on her blood, but that would have meant choosing, and she wasn't sure it would have been a good idea at this point. She also wasn't sure which of them she would have chosen.

Taking slow steps toward them, she kept her attention on her full mug to make sure the blood wouldn't slosh over the edges. Even so, she could feel two sets of eyes on her, the awareness like a prickling sensation at the base of her skull. Brett's eyes were green, light, always full of life. Leo's were darker, but deeper. They held more secrets, though

Lisa had pierced them all, or so she had thought. At that moment however, both men were looking at her with the same intensity, the same fire. It was enough to make her just a little lightheaded. Or that might have been the hunger.

“So what have you boys been talking about?” she asked once she had sat down, her legs folded beneath her. The armchair she had chosen was perfectly centered between the two men.

It was Brett who answered, which surprised Lisa a little. Leo had always been quick to assert himself, doing so easily the previous night, yet she had the feeling that he had waited for Brett to take the lead.

“We’ve been talking shop, mostly. Did you know Leo is a bartender?”

“I did not. But I told you, it’s been a long time since Leo and I saw each other.”

Brett nodded as he leaned forward to place his empty mug on the coffee table. There was something in his gaze, almost a question, that she wasn’t quite sure how to interpret.

“Turns out, Leo was the vamp who never showed up for that interview yesterday,” he continued, his tone very carefully neutral. “The vamp I told you I would have hired if he had just come by. So I offered him the job.”

The hesitation was there, too small, Lisa thought, for anyone but her to notice it. It was barely a breath taken too deeply, then a huff of air coming out too fast. She observed him carefully as she took a slow drink from her mug. With his forearms resting on his legs as he leaned forward and his fingers linked together, he appeared calm, as calm as the day he had signed the deed for the building that had been the first step toward On The Edge. He was sure of himself, sure he was making the right decision. The hesitation was about what she would think. A quick glance toward Leo was enough to reveal that he was wondering the very same thing.

“I’m glad.” She gave Brett a small smile, then a matching one to Leo. “I’ve been saying for weeks that we needed a vamp behind the bar.”

Leo’s first words were full of a teasing filled with fondness. “And you always get what you want, don’t you?”

“Of course I do.” Her matter of fact tone drew twin chuckles from both men. What she added next, with an almost lazy slide of her right hand along her leg, made them swallow hard. “Not that I’ve ever had complaints.”

She let a few seconds pass, just enough to drink a little more and to let her eyes wander over one man then the other. Brett’s loose sleeping pants and Leo’s tighter slacks revealed the same renewed interest, but it was too soon to go back to playing. Business first.

“Do you have a place to live?” she asked Leo, turning her attention to him but remaining very aware of the way Brett’s body shifted.

“I arrived in town just yesterday, so I haven’t really found one yet. I just dropped my things off in our old lair before coming to the club, but I’m not sure I want to live there.”

Lisa inclined her head to show she understood. She herself had lived in that lair alone for years, after she and Leo had gone their separate ways, to prove to herself that the shadows of her Sire and long-time lover weren’t hanging over her. The passing years had not made the memories any softer.

“It’d make sense if you found something very close to the club,” she mused aloud, very careful not to look at Brett. “You wouldn’t have to travel too much by daylight when you start early or finish late, if you did.”

The apartment wasn’t hers, she had repeated often enough to Brett that she considered herself his guest and nothing more. She wouldn’t extend an invitation to Leo to live with them. But she could hint at the possibility, and see how Brett played that tune. She didn’t want to push him into something he wasn’t ready for, and there was certainly a large step between sharing a bed with two vampires for one night and sharing his life with them.

Brett’s amused look made it clear that he knew what game she was playing. “That’s actually the reason for the two lofts across the hall, if you recall. I’ll go down to the office to get the key. If you don’t mind living so close to us, that is.”

The last was directed at Leo, who shook his head with a quiet laugh. “No objections, no. It sounds like a fine arrangement to me, actually.”

Lisa could easily see what he meant by that. Just a few hours after coming back to Haventown, he had found a job, a place to live in, and two lovers. It could have been better, she supposed, if Brett had invited him to live with them, but the loft near them was already a big step. She wondered what Brett thought or felt, but his face, when he stood and came to brush his lips against her temple, was impenetrable. She caught his hand before he moved away and let the heat of her need warm her voice.

“Want to have a shower before you go work?”

He squeezed her hand, an acknowledgment that he, too, remembered the last shower they had shared.

“I already took one, but Leo didn’t yet. Why don’t you ask him to join you?”

She blinked, a little surprised, and let go of his hand to allow him to go. She’d never have expected him to push her toward Leo, not like this. Maybe he was more comfortable with the idea of sharing a lover with her than she had believed. Time would tell.

Pushing the questions away for the moment, she raised an eyebrow toward Leo.

“Want to scrub my back?”

He was laughing quietly when he stood and extended his hand to help her up.

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Through the bedroom door he had only half closed, Brett heard footsteps across the living room. What he did not hear, however hard he listened, was the bathroom door close. Had they left it open for him?

He dismissed the idea with a shake of his head, and returned to pulling clothes out of his dresser and closet. He dressed up mechanically, his mind wandering out of the room and into the bathroom instead, so that when he glanced at himself in the mirror hung inside the closet door, the only mirror in the entire building, he could only frown. Dark blue pants and light green shirt didn't look like such an attractive combination.

He pulled off the shirt and grabbed another one, blue this time. His thoughts, however, did not remain focused long enough for him to pick out a tie that wouldn't clash, and he couldn't help turning toward the door and looking out. All he could see was part of the open floor living area, but beyond that he could imagine the door that hadn't been closed, and what was happening beyond it. He could hear the water running, and, sometimes, quiet sounds that could have been moans – or his imagination.

From the very beginning of their relationship, Lisa had made it clear to him that the word 'monogamous' wasn't part of her vocabulary or lifestyle, and despite his growing feelings for her, he had accepted it rather easily. Even when she took longer to return than on more usual nights, he knew in whose bed she would be, come morning. He knew that others were only prey; he was different, she had said so herself, she said it every time she refused to feed from him. Maybe it had also been easy for him to accept her games because deep down, he had always been curious to see her with another man – or another woman, she wasn't too particular about her prey. He had never had the occasion until now, because, at his request, she always took the others elsewhere rather than to the bed he shared with her. But now...now she was just a few steps away, with another man, and the open door couldn't be anything other than an invitation.

The previous night, Brett would probably have been seething with jealousy, and overcome with the fear that Leo might pull Lisa away from him. Both jealousy and fear had melted away as quickly as his self-control did in front of Lisa. All it had taken was a few words of reassurance – as much of a promise as Lisa had ever offered him – and the feel of Leo's skin against his, of his fangs sinking in Brett's flesh. Just the memory of it all had Brett's cock beginning to fill and tug at his perfectly tailored pants.

Unable to resist any longer, he abandoned his useless search for a tie and walked over to the bathroom. With each step, he could hear them more clearly over the sound of the cascading water. She was the most vocal, moaning softly every few seconds, but Leo wasn't silent either. His quiet grunts were harsh and regular, perfectly in time with the wet, regular, slapping sound of flesh against flesh. The rhythm faltered, just for a second, when Brett stepped onto the cold tiles of the bathroom, but it picked up in speed again after that.

The lightly frosted glass of the shower door both shielded the two vampires and revealed their tantalizing bodies. Brett now had a visual to accompany the noises they made, and he had to lean back against the wall by the door, his knees threatening to buckle in. They were breathtaking, and watching them was every bit as erotic as Brett had imagined it would be, if not more.

Leo was carrying Lisa, her legs wrapped around his waist. Her back rested against the tiled wall behind her, and Brett could see her use that support and the grip of her hands on Leo's shoulders to raise herself up, then down again, accompanying his steady thrusting.

Brett's cock was throbbing now, and without thinking about what he was doing, without caring that they had to know he was there, he freed it from the confines of his pants and underwear. He sighed at the first touch of the steamy air on his flesh, then again when he wrapped his fist around his cock and squeezed, tightly and on the edge of delicious of pain. He remained still for a few seconds, simply watching and letting their rhythm slide beneath his skin and into his bones. When he couldn't bear it anymore, he allowed his grip to loosen, just enough that his hand slid up and to the tip of his cock. Running his palm over the precome that had pooled there, he spread it when he slid down, making the motion easier and the friction that much more delicious.

As though they had been waiting for him to join them, Leo and Lisa suddenly increased the pace of their dance. With a mind of its own, Brett's hand accelerated along with them. It was too much, too fast, the sensations like fire licking along his skin, delicious and excruciating all at once. He longed for a lighter touch, softer fingers than his own, cooler, too, fingers that could tease him to the brink of madness before offering him a release as sweet as Lisa's lips. But those fingers were gripping Leo's shoulder, now, and those lips were on his.

Brett wasn't sure whom he envied most – whose place he'd have wanted to take.

The show came to an abrupt end with twin cries of pleasure. Brett struggled not to blink so he could keep watching the silhouettes behind the glass. They had fallen silent, and their movements had almost come to a standstill. Almost, but not quite. With each of Brett's harsh breaths, they moved, minute slides against each other that, once again, Brett's hand mimicked on his cock. He was painfully close to bliss, and painfully far from it as well.

The shower door slid open with a whisper under Lisa's hand, and the silhouettes disappeared, giving way instead to the beautiful bodies of the still entwined lovers. They were both looking toward Brett, and both sporting the same look of completion – of hunger.

“Don't even move a muscle.”

Lisa's voice was soft, strong, trembling on the last word. Brett froze instantly, unable to disobey her request. He bit softly on his bottom lip to stop himself from making a sound as Leo pulled away from Lisa and she lowered her legs, as graceful as a ballerina. He saw her waver, for just an instant, but her footing was steady when she climbed out of the shower. With water droplets sliding lazily over her body, she approached Brett with slow, sure steps, a dangerous cat stalking her prey. Behind her, the water stopped cascading over the tiles, but Brett couldn't manage to take his eyes off her to see what Leo was doing.

She advanced close enough that her entire body was just an inch away from his. All Brett had to do was breathe just a little more deeply, and his chest would expand to meet hers, her still distended nipples would brush against the silky material of his shirt, and...and she had asked him not to move.

Her left hand pulled Brett's hand away from his cock. Her right replaced it.

“Did you like the show?” She leaned in just a little more, so that her words were a caress against his lips. Her hand tightened on his cock and she smiled. “No, don't tell me. I know you did. You could have joined in, you know.”

She didn't give him a chance to answer, closing in to press her mouth to his. Her tongue slid over his lips before pushing past them. At the same instant, her hand started moving, long, tight pulls that had his cock throbbing again after only seconds. He stroked her tongue at the same languid pace as her caresses. A quiet groan rose in his throat as pleasure returned, again beyond his grasp. He closed his eyes to try to coax it closer, but still it remained unattainable.

He felt Lisa move against him and press against his side just before her hand let go of him. He opened his eyes again and started protesting – but the protest died on his lips, swallowed by Lisa's suddenly fiercer kiss, when another mouth covered the head of his cock. Whatever had been keeping his orgasm out of his reach suddenly broke, but now the long awaited release felt like it had come too soon. Leo's mouth had barely been wrapped around his cock for a second, it seemed, and already it was retreating, suckling gently, when Brett only wished it had stayed a little longer.

But then, that clever, sinful mouth was trailing up his body, the touch even more tormenting since Brett only felt it through the material of his shirt. Finally, Leo reached the crook of Brett's neck and the two puckered scars there.

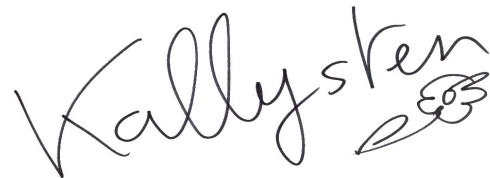
“You should join us, next time,” Leo murmured. He racked his teeth against the healing bite, not hard enough to reopen it, but sensually enough that Brett trembled.

Lisa’s lips pulled away, and Brett didn’t have the force or even the presence of mind to try to catch them back. He saw her tilt her head as she looked at him, saw her smile.

“Don’t worry,” she answered Leo. “Next time, he will.”

Brett couldn’t manage to push past his tight throat, but as he let them pull him back to bed, his clothes peeled away from him before they reached it, he could only privately agree. If this was what he would miss when leaving them, it would certainly make going down to the club to work a much more complicated affair.

*To be continued in Over The Edge (June 2007)*

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Kallysten". To the right of the name is a small, stylized graphic element consisting of several overlapping loops and lines, resembling a decorative flourish or a small emblem.