Note: *The Sheriff* has two ongoing stories. First it concerns the rather kinky relationship between the two main characters, Donna Parker and Paul McCready. Donna is a very special person who has special sexual needs. Her relationship with Paul McCready has been based on Paul slowly accepting those needs and becoming the dominant figure that Donna’s fantasies require. So there is an element of soft core erotica in *The Sheriff*, more so than in my previous books.

But Donna Parker is the Sheriff of Narvaez County*,* and in that role she is a strong and powerful woman who kicks ass and takes names. In *The Sheriff*, Donna and her staff are up against a serial killer who has been operating under the radar for several years. So the novel is also a police procedural detailing the desperate and frustrating search for the murderer.

Of course, this is Narvaez County, where there are vampires and a time machine. Danielle is a vampire who was first introduced in *The Food*. In *The Sheriff,* Danielle is a menacing figure to Donna when she is in her submissive role, but when Donna is acting as the Sheriff of the county, her relationship with Danielle is more complex.

Below is a sample chapter from *The Sheriff.* I think that this chapter lets you get a feel for the book with no spoilers.

CALLED OUT

They had made love again, gently and romantically this time, an hour or so later, in their bed. Donna lay with her head on Paul’s belly and played with his spent penis. “Poor little guy. A few minutes he was so big and proud.”

“Show some respect,” Paul told her. “That little guy is your true master.”

She giggled. “And yours, my lord. If it weren’t for that little guy, you wouldn’t be paying for your giant wall and your useless slave girl.”

He laughed. “I keep the dogs, and they’re pretty useless. So maybe I’d keep you anyway.”

“Yes,” she said, “I’m a very nice dog.”

“You are,” he replied. “You’re the only one I let sleep on the bed.”

“Do you still like the deal, my lord?”

“Of course I do. Why do you ask?”

“You seem to be backing away from it…giving me more freedom, being nicer to me.”

“I love you, Donna. I love to tease and torment you, but I don’t want to push you off the edge. Since I love you, it’s hard for me to be cruel to you all the time.”

“You’re never cruel to me, sir. You always treat me with respect. You never yell at me or call me names.”

“But I do put you in chains.”

“I love that, sir. I love the feel of steel on my wrists, and knowing that you can do anything to me that you want. I love the pull of the leash on my neck. That isn’t cruelty at all. That is the ultimate thrill…the best foreplay there is.”

“But too much of it isn’t good for you, little concubine.”

She sighed. “What happened to keeping me constantly humiliated and servile? What happened to breaking my will?”

“Scary talk is part of the game.”

“But you showed me that you could control the dogs, and that you could control me with *charm*. You really are my master.”

“I can do a lot of things. But it doesn’t mean I will do them. You’re a sweet little slave, Donna. But you’re still you. I’ll never crush your spirit.”

She gave a frustrated sigh. “Whatever. Even if you are too soft hearted for a slave master you’re the best lover out there. If I ever lose you, I’ll need four boyfriends to replace you.”

“And a dog trainer,” he pointed out.

She burst out laughing.

d

Donna was wakened from a sound sleep by the ringing of her iPhone. She frantically fumbled under the bed until she got it into her hands. She brought it out and the bright screen illuminated the room. It was SO Dispatch. She listened for a while and then stood up. She punched Paul in the arm. “Sweetie, that was work. I’ve got to go in.”

Paul looked up, blinking in the dim light. “What?”

“Work,” she explained patiently. “The Sheriff’s Office. I’ve got to go in to work.”

“Okay, babe. See you tomorrow.”

d

Donna was wearing jeans, sneaks, a tee shirt, and a gun belt when she arrived at the scene, a national chain motel near the intersection of 19 and 50, across from the water slide attraction. The deputies didn’t recognize her until she flashed her badge and repeated her name twice.

The deputy at the door to the motel room, a guy named Jenkins, did recognize her. “Sorry, to get you out of bed, Sheriff. This lady says she’s a friend of yours and insisted that we call you.”

There were two cops standing between Donna and the subject, who was sitting on the bed. One of them turned around, and Donna could see the dark haired woman in the sheer nightgown. “Danielle? What the hell happened?”

Jenkins, a thick waisted fortyish veteran, spoke up: “The call came in as a confused subject running around, bleeding. When we got here, we found him in the courtyard. Definitely Signal 20. He claimed this lady tried to eat him. We did find a butterfly knife on the bed.”

“Eat him?”

“Not that way,” Jenkins, red faced, hastily replied. “Cut him up and eat him, like a cannibal.”

Donna frowned. “This woman is an attorney. She works for my husband and she’s a friend of mine. What happened, Danielle?”

Danielle seemed properly embarrassed. “Donna, you know how it is. I had a little too much wine down in the motel bar, and this guy picked me up. We came up to his room, had sex, and fell asleep. I woke up when he started screaming. There was blood all over the bed.”

“Where is he now?” Donna asked.

“EMS took him,” Jenkins said. “He had a laceration on his wrist that might need stitches. And he might be on drugs or something.”

“So, what’s the plan?” She quickly scanned his name tag. “Corporal Jenkins?”

“She says that this is her knife,” another deputy said, holding up the bloody weapon.

“It is,” Donna said. “I’ve seen it before. She carries it in her purse.”

“There might be drugs in the room.”

Donna frowned. “Does Danielle appear to be on drugs in your opinion?”

“No, ma’am,” Jenkins said.

“Dump Danielle’s purse out on the dresser.” One of the deputies did so.

“Any drugs?”

“Apparently not, ma’am, the deputy said.” She could see him opening a compact as he spoke.”

“Okay, was she wearing pants?”

“A dress, ma’am.”

“Any drugs in her clothing?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Corporal,” Donna said, “I take it you’re the senior officer on the scene. What do you want to do?”

“Ma’am, since she’s a friend of yours…”

“No, sir,” Donna cut in. “Forget that. As you see it, what do we need to do?”

Jenkins sighed. “The victim basically accused the subject of assault, but his consciousness is obtunded. I’m inclined to wait until his head clears and see if he wants to pursue charges. I personally don’t find it credible that his injuries were caused by Ms. Travis.”

“You have her contact info?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I’ll take Ms. Travis home. She’s been drinking and it isn’t safe for her to drive. She can pick up her car tomorrow.”

“That sounds like a good resolution, Sheriff.”

d

Danielle, still wearing her nightie and wrapped in an NCSO blanket, sat on her sofa. She was always pale, but now she looked unhealthily so. Her eyes lacked luster. She was holding a mug of tea that Donna had made for her.

“This place must look like a dump to you, Donna.”

“No, it’s a nice place, Danielle. It’s a hell of a lot nicer than the rabbit hutch I lived in before I shacked up with Paul.”

“I suck at housekeeping.”

“Thank God for the house cleaning service Paul hired. If it weren’t for them, you’d need a front end loader to get through the clutter.”

“I’ve got to go out again, Donna.” Danielle’s voice was pitiful.

Donna sighed. “I don’t think that’s a good idea right now. What the hell happened?”

“I was desperate, got in a hurry. I started before I got him completely glammed.”

“Is your charm weaker when you’re hungry?”

Danielle looked up, her eyes wide and miserable. “I don’t know, Donna. Maybe.”

Donna counted back. “That guy at the gate…was that the last time you fed?”

Danielle nodded.

“Almost three weeks ago. Are you going to be all right?”

“Donna, it’s like drug withdrawal. The longer I go, the more desperate I get, the less human I get. If I don’t feed soon, I’ll be like Michael when he was starting out…I won’t be able to help myself. I’m afraid I might kill somebody.”

“I can’t let you go back out there.”

Danielle’s voice was miserable. “Donna, you aren’t able to stop me.”

Donna shook her head. She held out her left arm. “I can’t believe I’m doing this, but here.”

There was amazement in Danielle’s eyes. “Donna, are you serious?”

“How much blood do you need?”

“You have very strong chi, Donna.”

“It must be the goddess blood,” Donna said. “How much blood? I have to be able to drive home.”

“About like a blood bank donation, probably less.”

“Okay, do you have a clean knife?”

Danielle made a tinkling laugh. “I do, Donna. A surgical scalpel. Sit down and I’ll charm you so you don’t feel any pain.”

“No, I want to have a clear head. Besides, I like pain.”

Danielle stared at her for a moment. “Maybe you do.”

Donna felt the scalpel slice into her wrist. She flinched at the pain, but then felt a tingle of excitement in her groin*. Maybe there is something to this pain-pleasure stuff…Or maybe I’m just* *a freak.* She relaxed and, lacking anything better to do, stroked the kneeling vampire’s hair as Danielle sucked at her arm. There was a solid lump of pain in her wrist…not distressing, easily endured.

Finally, Danielle looked up at her and showed blood-yellowed teeth surrounded by blood smeared lips. “I’m done. Thank you, Donna.” She stayed on her knees as she wrapped gauze around the incision. She bent the elbow up and had Donna hold pressure on the wound.

“Hold on, I’ll cut myself and drip some vampire blood on it to speed the healing.”

“I think I’ll do Steri-Strips at home,” Donna replied. “Forgive me, but I’m a little squeamish about vampire blood.”

Danielle laughed. “Don’t be silly. Here.” She made a cut in her index finger, brushed Donna’s hand aside, and dripped blood onto the wound.

“I don’t know how to thank you, Donna,” Danielle said.

Donna shook her head. “Just don’t expect me to do this every two weeks, Danielle. You need to take care of yourself.”

“I will, Donna. Why don’t you lie down on the sofa until you’re sure you’re okay. I’ll see if I can find you some orange juice.”

Donna lay down and stretched out her legs. *The things I do to protect the citizens* of *Narvaez County!*