

Sangria
A Short Story and Second-Person Narrative
Digital Edition
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Part One

It was late when you got home from a hellacious day at work. You threw the keys on the table and your purse on the couch. You didn't bother turning on any extra lights; the accent light in the kitchen would do. You grabbed the box of chocolate truffles from the cabinet, a glass, and a bottle of sangria and went upstairs to your bedroom.

After trying to unwind with your sweet indulgences and a long hot shower, you climbed into bed, still a bit tense... but you fell fast asleep.

Sometime later, you were awakened by mischievous giggling. Your eyes flew open and you jumped back against the headboard when you saw several strange women standing around your bed. And these were no ordinary women—something about them was strange. They wore sheer fabric gowns and their lips were varying shades from a purple haze to blood red. They each looked a bit different from the others, different shades of skin, some with shaved hair; some with long hair over a shoulder. And they stared at you with puckish grins.

Just as you opened your mouth to colorfully ascertain what were they doing in your house, one of them jumped to the ceiling in a flash and began to hiss.

“Oh shit!” you shouted. “You’re vampires?”

In addition to their strange behavior, their overly pointed teeth were now very apparent.

“Yes,” one of them said with a laugh. “Come with us... he sent us for you.”

“You have got to be kidding me,” you said sternly. “What in the hell was in that wine?”

“The master insists you will feel better after your visit,” one of them said.

You raised a brow. “Master?” you huffed. “You’ve got me confused with somebody else. You’d better ask somebody.”

You then climbed out of bed and went to the window. You wanted to shake off this dream, but you could see the women behind you in the reflection in the glass. Vampires don't have reflections, you said to yourself. Then you rolled your eyes at the thought. "After the day I've had, now I've gone and lost my mind."

The women surrounded you once more. You looked curiously as one placed a hand on your shoulder. "Um, excuse me—" You started to object, but all of the sudden someone blew a mist-like substance into your face. It seemed harmless, but almost immediately you felt very faint. And soon you could see and feel nothing, but you could still hear their voices.

"We had to... the master will not be pleased if we return without her."

"You're right, but she is a feisty one."

"Yes, that's what he likes."

Part Two

This time you awoke in some quiet place, dark as pitch. There was a tropical aroma on the air... flowers, fruit... and there was a gentle breeze which was warm and soothing, and the sound of ocean waves washing against the shore. As your eyes acclimated, you began to see a wide open doorway to outside and drapes twirling about in the late night wind. You could see nothing else. But after several moments, along your left and right, candles began

to light themselves, two by two, until there were a dozen lit. The walls were reddish stones accented with carved wood, and the bed you were lying on was covered in black sheets which felt like suede. It was like nothing you'd ever seen.

And then you saw him... and you swallowed hard, for a distinguished-looking man of immense height and strong build walked toward you in a manner that was both formidable and alluring.

His hair was long and dark, and his eyes looked on you majestically.

"Is this a dream?" you asked in a weakened, wanting tone.

His lips curved into a grin. "Yes," he said.

Then he offered you his hand, and you, ever-so-willingly, placed yours into it and let him guide you out of doors.

He took you for a walk under the moonlight and large palms and he said only three things: His name, "Welcome to Rio", and "Let me soothe you".

He ran his fingers through your hair and pulled you close. He made it clear by his actions that now he would do only what you would allow. This was your fantasy. You closed your eyes and let your head fall back, giving in completely to this moment. His mouth moved over yours and his kiss was deep and full of passion. The rhythm of his tongue hypnotized you, and his body heat enveloped you.

He undressed you and lifted your nude body into his arms. He carried you to an outdoor bed with a large arch of entangled branches overhead, and it was dressed in swags of white linens. He laid you upon the soft surface and slowly, deliberately undressed. His eyes never left yours.

He began by lusciously kissing your inner thigh and gently biting your soft skin. He then beset every thirsting drip of your lusting body, ravenously, from your neck to your innermost delicate walls.

He massaged you, bent you, moved you, and at the brink, he thrust upon you what you truly desired. The pleasure of his love-making took you past the threshold and into a firestorm of emotion and exhilarating sensuality. And as he filled you with his rapture, you cried his name into the night.

As he lay you gently against the soft fabric and you panted your way to sleep, his mouth moved against your waiting neck. His sharp teeth made themselves known, and he gave you one last bite... and this one would connect you to him *forever*.

You then awoke to your dastardly alarm clock, the sun beating down on your face. Next to the clock, the empty bottle of sangria stood taunting you, and blood slid down your neck.

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