



*Remember  
Me?*

**CRYMSYN HART**

— PURPLE SWORD PUBLICATIONS —

## CRYMSYN HART

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By

Crymsyn Hart

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Exhaling, I stared at the smoke as it mixed with the cloud coming from the incense. French vanilla with a tad of lavender covered the scent of sex that lingered in the room. I groaned as Brian snorted through his nose in his sleep. He normally dropped unconscious after sex. I inhaled another drag of my cigarette and then snuffed it out, knowing that I had to quit, but I had been saying that for years. Still, I had cut down. Brian grunted again, and I groaned as I got out of bed and threw my jeans back on, not wanting to deal with his noises. It was typical. I didn't know why I was with him. Sex wasn't anything to write home about. I did my best to fake it, but lately, even my phony oh baby, oh yeah, oh baby, was getting old. He had slammed away on me for years when all I wanted was for him to finish and roll off of me.

My keys were on the nightstand where I left them, and so was my overnight bag, but I wasn't in the mood for sleep. I needed something more. A fucking orgasm was what I needed. Rocked to the core and my toes curling. I had no clue when the last time that was. The door locked automatically behind me, and I walked the short distance to my car.

I stifled a yawn as I got in and put the keys in the ignition. Just as I did, something came across my throat, cold and sharp. My eyes darted to the rearview mirror, and I saw nothing but dark eyes staring back at me. The urge to scream died in my throat as fear paralyzed me. All the self defense tactics I learned drained from my thoughts, and I just prayed.

“Get out of the car. Now!”

I nodded and opened the door slowly, leaving the keys in the ignition. Outside, I thought about running, but it was two in the morning and not a lot was open. The streetlight near my car was out, leaving me virtually in the shadows.

My attacker got out as well and stood in front of me. Suddenly, he grabbed me by the throat and dragged me around to the back of my car where it was even darker. He threw me against the

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trunk, and the blade was around my throat again. My heart raced in my chest, and I was having a hard time breathing. God, what was he going to do to me? My eyes darted to Brian's bedroom where the light was still on, but he was passed out for the night. The edge of the knife was cold. With one wrong move it would slit my throat. The mugger breathed warmly onto my ear and licked the back of my neck. His free hand moved over my T-shirt, feeling that I wore no bra and my nipples were hard from the terror seizing my body. His foot kicked my legs apart. I whimpered in the night.

“Shut up.”

I bit my tongue as the weight of him pinned me down. The knife left my throat so his hands would be free. With a tug, he pulled up my shirt and his hands grabbed my breasts, kneading them together, hard and quick, just the way I liked it, too. He pinched the nipples and squeezed them harder, leaving bruises. He was panting already and hard against my ass. I could feel him straining through my jeans. He kept moving my tits round and round, squashing them together, measuring their fullness. There wasn't any urgency in his movements. No, he had been waiting in my car for hours, and he was going to take his time with me.

Satisfied with my tits, he unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them down so they slid around my ankles.

“My, my. The little whore doesn't even wear panties. I guess this is my lucky night.”

The trunk was digging into my ribcage, and it was getting hard to breathe, but he separated my legs even more using his knee to do it. One hand moved over my shaved cunt and found my clit. He worked it for a few minutes. I couldn't help but grind my hips against him. This guy had great control. I whimpered more, but it wasn't in fear. I was inflamed.

“Tell me, slut. Do you like this?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

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“Good.”

His other hand moved into me too quick that the pain from it was mind blowing, and I cried out.

“Oh bitch. You are so ripe. I’ve wanted to fuck you for a while. I’ve been watching you. Your little lover boy does nothing for you. I’ve seen your dreams and desires. I know what you need. But you have to feel me first. Do you feel me?”

His fingers formed into a fist deep inside of me and my muscles weren’t used to the expansion. He moved inside of me quicker and quicker as I rode him. My muscles clenched around his fist until he pulled out of me, leaving me wanting. I wanted to see my attacker, to know who was doing this to me. I needed to know, but he wouldn’t let me up, and it was too dark for me to see his reflection.

“Who-are-you?” I managed between pants.

“Everything you’ve desired. Shadows and dreams brought together from gossamer and mist. I was just looking for a way in, and tonight you’ve given me that. I just need one more thing from you.”

“What?”

“All in time. Now, you feel my punishment.”

Before I could utter a word, the blade that had been near my throat was brought to the inner lips of my cunt. The coldness of it made me sigh and come immediately. The thumb on my clit worked me slowly, and I climaxed again. My brain was flooded with so much adrenaline, I didn’t know if I could stay in this position any longer. My knees wanted to buckle. He kept working me, finger fucking me. The knife moved inside of me slowly, ever so slowly so he wouldn’t cut me. I could feel the warmth of the blood already sliding down my hips. The inner wounds stung. My warmth was working on the metal, heating it up, melting it. His fingers moved over my hard node.

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My heart raced in time with my orgasm that plagued me until finally, I felt his tongue where the knife had been, lapping the blood away, still working me with his fingers. The texture of it was sandpaper like a cat's. He licked all the blood along with my juices.

“Please. I can't take it. Please.”

“Do you want me to fuck you? Is that it? Tell me what you want, my little whore.”

“Hard. Fuck me hard. Now.”

Suddenly, the denim that separated us was no more, and he granted my wish. A groan escaped my mouth. I melted on the hood because his length was worse than the knife. He seemed thicker than his fist—that was impossible—I didn't care. He pounded against my womb, hurting me every time he withdrew, making his entry slick and lightning quick, doing exactly what I asked. His hands gripped my tits for leverage. His nails left crescent shaped welts. He held on so tight, but the pain was exquisite and I wanted more of him. It didn't matter that my hips were banging into the trunk of my car and rocking it forward on its wheels. I was beyond comprehension as he banged me and fucked me. Everything I had ever dreamed of. My mind was a canvas of white light going off as I tried to hold onto the slick paint. The metal was cool against my cheek, giving me car burn. His weight was on top of me and I loved it. Brian was never like this. This guy knew what I wanted. I was panting, groaning, screaming, I'm not sure what I was doing, except getting fucked, and I wanted it to go on forever.

Height after height, this guy took me to, and it didn't seem like he was coming to an end. My knees were beginning to buckle; my stamina was giving out as much as I knew that I didn't want it to. The orgasms were beginning to move into blissful pain. That added even more spice. When I thought I couldn't take any more, a sharp pain caressed the side of my throat. I thought it was the blade at first, but his hands were still locked onto my tits. With the pain came something else, an even greater plateau that I hadn't reached in ages. The strongest orgasm I ever had overcame me. I

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felt like I had an amorism. My heart stopped in my chest. His rhythm had slowed because he was sucking on my neck.

I collapsed on the hood, feeling like mush. He stopped, stepped back, and forcibly turned me around. I was able to look at the man who had fucked me royally.

I knew him. Didn't I? Something flashed in my mind. "Felix?"

He smiled, slightly panting. His dark hair was sweat plastered to his forehead. "Vanessa. Do you remember me?"

I stared at him. There was blood on his mouth. Before I could register anything else, he scooped me up in his arms and kissed me, letting me taste the blood. A moan moved between my lips. My tongue was lapping at the blood, tasting my juices intermixed with it. A ripping sensation moved from my gums. My teeth lengthened. It all came back to me. The years that I had been away from the man that I loved. The drugs they gave me after I was captured. Brainwashing me into thinking I was human. Normal. Brian was my controller. He had just gotten sloppy. Kept everything vanilla, when I needed pain. But if I had too much pain and I saw blood, then it might all come back to me.

"How did you find me?"

"I've been searching for ages. How do you feel?"

I realized that I wasn't tired at all. I ran my hand over his hardened cock. "Like I could go another round or four. I haven't been fucked in a long time. Not with you. I need it badly. I need it so bad."

He moved my hand away. "I know, baby. I know. But first." He slit his wrist and the scent of his blood got my attention. I ripped into his flesh and drank in the liquid, clearing away the drugs that I'd been under for far too long. I'd wasted decades of my existence being a slave so they could discover the secrets of my *condition*.

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I whimpered when he pried me off. But I saw his eyes dart to the window where a shadow moved across the shades. Brian was awake and had realized that I was gone.

“You up for a little sport.”

I licked my lips and pressed myself into him. My lips met his and kissed him hard, my tongue darting between his lips to feel his teeth—the teeth that he had punished me with so many times before. He squeezed my ass and then zipped himself up. Felix moved into the shadows. I straightened my clothes and saw Brian emerge from the door. I faked tears and left myself a little disheveled.

“Van, what’s wrong. What happened?”

“Brian, I—someone in the car. Tried to rape me.”

I snuggled into him as he rested his hand on my hair. The scent of his blood was warm, and I tried to play the nice human girl, but that wasn’t happening. I grabbed him through the hole in his boxers, moving my hand along his length.

“Van, what are you doing?”

“Nothing dear,” I murmured.

I slid to my knees, keeping my gaze locked with him, feeling his mind popping open like a sardine can. I pulled out his cock and wrapped my tongue around it. He tasted good. He held in a moan as I ripped away his shorts, leaving him exposed to the elements. My teeth slid into place, and the friction made him even harder. He spurted cum into my mouth. I swallowed and it gave me strength. My thoughts consumed his.

*Tell me what you want.*

“Suck it baby. God please, suck it.”

I smiled against the smooth feeling of it. I heard Felix behind me. My mouth took Brian to the end, enveloping all of him in. Felix went behind, fingering Brian’s balls and then moved into his

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mind as well. I kissed my lover in the human's mind and felt the passion between them. Brian had fear and desire on the brain. I held my first captor ready to come as Felix pushed into his ass, breaking the virgin territory. Brian bucked against me as I used his dick as a lollipop. The human was powerless as we both had him. Together, Felix and I met inside his brain and we mentally fucked so that I was coming, my muscles clenching and unclenching so much that I could barely keep from writhing on the ground. I couldn't believe that I had missed this.

Felix moved against Brian's ass and kept his nipples tweaked like he had done with mine. I caressed his balls as they strained against me. Finally, the hunger for it all washed over me. I had learned all I needed from Brian, where their facility was, the drugs, if they had any others of my kind. I knew all his little secrets, and I was going to use every one of them. My captor had outgrown his usefulness.

“What do you want, Brian? If you hadn't manipulated me, you might have gotten this every fucking night.”

“Fuck me. Please, fuck me,” he whispered to Felix. His pants and moans were turning me on. But his dick was hard and so full. It had been so long. I felt Felix caress Brian's neck through our mental bond and with one quick movement, I bit down just as my lover did. All three of us came at the same time, and I swallowed cum and blood all at once. I drained him and looked up as Felix let him drop.

I got up and licked the blood from his lips.

“Come on, baby. Dawn will be arriving soon, and I promised her that she could see you before sunrise.”

“You're so naughty. I can't believe you still have her.”

“I turned her, love. You remember how sadistic she was. We've done things that I want to show you. If you hurry up, we can have the rest of the night to experiment. We can go after the

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others later. I want to explore all of you. Besides, you've been a very bad vampire." He grabbed my hair, yanked my neck back, and licked my throat. "You let a human fuck you. And I'm going to have to punish you over and over again."

"Please, please punish me. I've been so bad. Please." I moaned.

He smiled. "Your wish is my command."

With that, he vanished into mist and joined the shadows. It took me a moment, but once I let go of my flesh, I melted as well, having it come over me like a second skin. The darkness fit me like a glove, and I was going to be fucked just like I needed to be.

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## About the Author

Crymsyn Hart is a bestselling author of Erotic Romance. Her worlds are filled with luscious vampires, gorgeous gods, quirky witches, and everything else that goes bump in the night. Hell, there is even a delicious cheesecake god floating around, but if I were you I wouldn't eat his brownie cheesecake. Crymsyn worked as a psychic for many years in Boston while attending Emerson College. She graduated with a BFA in Writing, Literature, & Publishing. When she gets bored, she sneaks away to local cemeteries and coffee shops to find peace and quiet. Granted, graveyards might be a great place for the dead, but she still has to listen to their chattering. It can get annoying when all you want to do is write, but she can tell you quite a ghost story. Crymsyn shares her life with a small zoo, two playful puppies and her hubby Mark. If you come after dark, you're more than likely to find her snuggled up with a gory horror movie, or a bloody vampire movie. Crymsyn has a collection of Living Dead Dolls and five bookshelves overflowing with books. Of course there's always room for more.

Visit her on the web: [www.RavynHart.com](http://www.RavynHart.com)

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