

Fifty years.

Series 6th in Cold Comfort series.

Summary I'm afraid you have to read all the rest to get it,

Fifty years of perfect bliss with Spike. Fifty years since he turned me in the gallery and I woke wrapped in velvet and gliding my lips and tongue over his silken cock. I could feel him tense as my needle sharp fangs traced delicate ribbons of red in his flesh. He gasped and undulated beneath me, reaching for and exploding past his first climax with an undead lover.

His cum mixed with his blood was aromatic and rich. In a moment, I could taste all he had tasted and had fed upon in his long existence. My world revolved around Spike and he loved me.

We live in Oxford, within a stones throw of the college so beloved by my father. Spike provided the funds, with which we bought a bookshop. I stocked it with my tomes of prophecy and arcane rituals. I let Spike stock the magazine section, and it was very popular with the male students! I pretended to be shocked.

Occasionally the odd student would move away; his rooms would be empty, his lectures unattended and his friends forgotten.

Our bellies were full.

Sometimes it takes months for a man to die, if you feed them and pump water into them. They're quite quiet at the end; well it's hard to talk when one's tongue has been ripped out. So Spike and I sit with our student swinging between us and open a vein to fill our glasses, toast each other and talk of old times.

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I have never been one for great dramatic show. I don't flaunt my kills and Spike has come round to my way of thinking.

We hide in plain sight.

We kill slowly, softly and our victims learn not to protest and give in to the blanket of enforced bondage we offer to them. No one survives, every one of our victim's dies. But the heart is the last organ to cease functioning.

It's exhilarating to see Spike drain a body. He latches on and gulps so fiercely that it's like watching a balloon deflate in time lapse. Each vein pales and collapses, the flesh shrunken on limbs no longer able to bare the bodies' weight. The skin white and taut over the skull of the victim and the face pinched and gaunt. The thin lips, once so eloquent and eager to comply with a blow-job, now open in a last desperate groan.

Life is gone, the heart beats no more, and I swear I see the soul depart on the bodies' last mortal breath.

Spike turns and looks at me with brimming eyes and blood pulsating through his body. I smile, showing fangs and golden eyes, and watch as he half stumbles toward me, the gait

he has had these past five years.

I catch him and stroke his curling hair; the trepanation wounds created by the Watcher scientists have all but healed.

My lover smiles and offers his wrist. "Pa drink?"

Spike's eyes close in a swoon as I siphon off a portion of the purloined blood. I stare at his face and gnaw greedily at his wrist, imagining killing the Watchers who freed him of the chip's bondage at the cost of his intellect and memory.

I break my hold and lap at the wound I made. I press my body to his and his cock responds to mine. He grips me and kisses me, slicing my lips, devouring my mouth as I devour him...

Fifty years of perfect bliss, the last five tending to a subnormal Spike who calls me "Sire" and is as gentle as a kitten.