

# **Paranormal Mates Society: O Positive**

## **Ann Jacobs**

**All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2006 Ann Jacobs**

**No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared by any electronic or mechanical means, including but not limited to printing, file sharing, and email, without prior written permission from Changeling Press LLC.**

**ISBN(10) 1-59596-322-7**

**ISBN(13) 978-1-59596-322-2**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF,**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

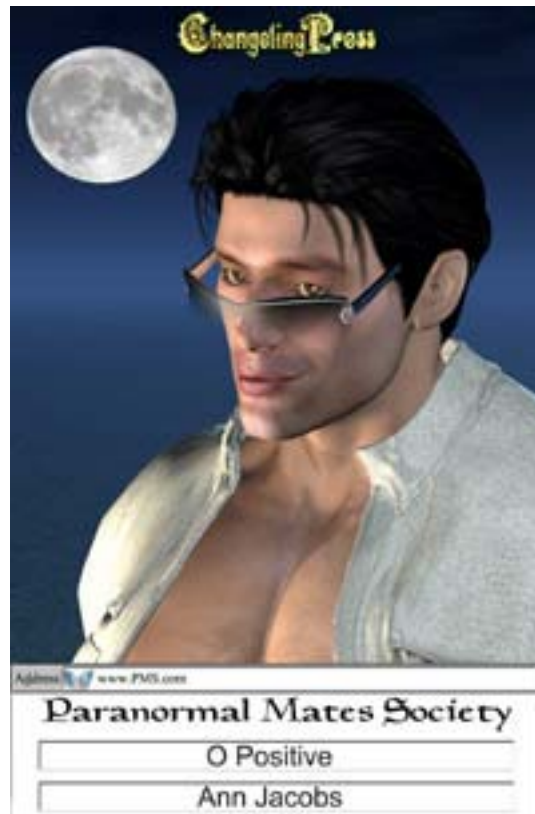
**PO Box 1561**

**Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

**Editor: Margaret Riley**

**Cover Artist: Angela Knight**



This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

## Chapter One

It sucked, literally.

Erica Stone rubbed at the bruise she'd gotten on her ass not from the flogging she'd wanted the masked Master to give her, but from having been booted out of yet another Atlanta dungeon.

All because she'd scared another big, strong Master with her fucking fangs.

Pretty soon she'd be reduced to self-flagellation whenever she wanted satisfaction. Unless she could remember to keep her lips sealed, and that was mighty hard to do and still perform the cock sucking every Dom she'd ever run into seemed to want as proof of her submissiveness.

She looked in the mirror and grimaced. There was no hiding the long, pointed incisors she'd grown overnight six months ago after dying at the bottom of a north Georgia ravine. At the time she'd been grateful to the good Samaritan who'd climbed out of the back of a chauffeured limo on top of the hill and brought her around. After all, what twenty-something woman in her right mind wanted to be dead?

She hadn't even minded much when she learned she'd traded maybe fifty-sixty years of mortal living for more or less eternal life as a vampire like her aristocratic savior. *Admit it, Erica. You sort of liked the idea of drinking blood instead of chowing down on chocolates. Good for keeping the hips under control.*

Being a vamp wouldn't have been tough to take at all, if only it weren't for the *fangs*. How was she to survive if she couldn't find a Dom who was man enough to master a sub with fangs?

Erica sat in front of the computer where she wrote her best-selling erotic romances and stared at a blank screen, but words wouldn't come. How the fuck was she to write about sex when she hadn't had any for more than six months now?

Disgusted, she clicked on Internet Explorer and started to surf. Had to find inspiration somehow. Some way. Inspiration or a mate willing to take on a novice vampire with strong submissive tendencies.

Google. Couldn't hurt to try. Running her tongue over a fang -- it felt strange but vaguely erotic to stroke the hollow tip -- Erica gave a few minutes' thought to the search. *Vampire Lonely Hearts Club*. That had to be it. *Wanted Single Male Vampire*.

Nothing. Nothing but a sidebar on the last search she'd tried. It linked to a site called ParanormalMatesSociety.com. Might as well give that a shot. Vamps definitely fit the description of paranormal -- though not as much as some of the site's former clients who beamed from the home page with their testimonials of having found love eternal through the Society's computer matching.

Her vampire heart beating less slowly than usual, Erica got out her credit card and started to fill in the registration form for the Heavenly Plan. In less than fifteen minutes, the Society had taken her money for a three-month subscription, massaged the information she'd entered, and come up with the ad it assured her would attract just the sort of mate she wanted:

SWF vamp seeks SM, vampires only need apply.

Five feet six, well-nourished blonde with blue eyes and vamp-pale complexion seeks another of her kind for long-term relationship, possibly marriage and family. The right guy must like taking his nourishment from cups, not throats, and he'll prefer high-rises in big American cities to dreary castles in Transylvania. Oh, yes, he'll also choose a bed for sleeping -- and other things -- not a musty old coffin. Interested? E-Mail [lonelyheartvamp@ParanormalMatesSociety.com](mailto:lonelyheartvamp@ParanormalMatesSociety.com)

Satisfied with the ad, Erica clicked "OK," signed off the site, and sat back, hopeful that soon she'd find a Master who wasn't intimidated by the fangs.

Maybe now she could get in the mood to get some writing done. If she didn't, she'd soon be drinking her blood from living mortal victims instead of buying her supply from the local blood bank.

\* \* \*

“Mr. Wilder, your mother’s on line two. She’s most insistent that she talk with you now.”

Anthony Wilder looked up from the report he’d been studying about a struggling dungeon he was thinking of buying and shook his head at his longsuffering personal assistant. “I’ll talk to her, Barb. It’s okay. You’ve put her off longer than I thought was possible.” Longer than any of Tony’s previous assistants had ever managed to shield him from Magdalene Wilder over the past two hundred years. Maybe he ought to marry Barbara.

No. While he had no trouble imagining the plump redhead being his right hand woman in the office for forty years or more, he couldn’t picture her being as submissive in bed. Come to think of it, he couldn’t imagine her in his bed at all. No chemistry. That was a good thing, because he couldn’t imagine her with vampire fangs framing the prominent front teeth that should have attracted the attention of an orthodontist during her childhood.

He pressed the button on the speakerphone as soon as Barb walked out. “Good afternoon, Mother.”

“Anthony, darling. When are you going to find a nice girl and make me a grandmother? Just today Myra called. Your cousin Harold is marrying Libby Grant next month. A vampire wedding! The first one in our circles in nearly a hundred years.”

Tony gave up trying to study the financials. His mother had been on his back to “find a good woman and settle down” for more than half his life it seemed, at least since he’d hit a hundred and fifty, about the time Sherman burned Atlanta and wiped out most of its native vampire population. Mother obviously wasn’t going to lay off him until he took the matrimonial plunge. “Who do you suggest I marry, Mother? Suitable female vampires don’t grow on every tree.” On top of which, none of the eminently suitable daughters of his mother’s friends was a sexual submissive, and the Dom in him demanded he take a slave as his mate.

Magdalene reeled off some names -- the same ones she'd been putting forth since women had paraded around in bustles and parasols instead of miniskirts and string bikinis. At least she'd deleted the names of those who'd found mates or moved away in the century or so since she'd begun her matrimonial hunt. "Really, darling, you must marry. It's unseemly for a man your age..." Her words trailed off, and for a long time she kept quiet. "You're not *gay*, are you?"

"No, Mother. I'm not gay." He considered spilling the news on her that he was a Dom, into the sorts of BDSM sex play that would make gay sex seem tame -- and that the Cotton Factor, which kept her in vintage blood and diamonds, was an exclusive members-only BDSM sex club, not the cotton brokerage that once occupied this redbrick building a carpet-bagging Yankee had built back in 1876.

Tony leaned back and laced his fingers together behind his head as he stared at the St. Andrew's cross along the opposite wall. While Magdalene rattled on about potential mates for him, he imagined a naked sub restrained there, awaiting the bite of his flogger. It was damn hard, having a mother whose mind, at least part of it, stayed firmly rooted in the antebellum South. Her sole purpose in life was to see that he marry well, provide her with a daughter-in-law to diss and a couple of vampire babies to spoil.

"I have a meeting, Mother. I have to go, but I'll try to drop by to see you this weekend." He ended the connection before she could protest and beeped for Barb.

"The next time she calls back, tell her I've gone for the day and forgot to pick up my cell phone," he said to his longsuffering assistant.

"Sixteen," Barb said two hours later -- two hours before her quitting time, but from the fact that she had her plain brown cloth coat on and her handbag slung over her shoulder, Tony deduced she planned to leave. "She's called sixteen times since you spoke with her, each time more demanding that you be found. I've had it."

So Magdalene had gone one better than her previous record of fifteen calls in less than two hours' time. And Tony had lost yet another personal assistant. "I couldn't persuade you to stay?"

“God couldn’t talk me into staying. Your mother...”

Obviously Barb couldn’t think of anything she could say about Magdalene that was both accurate and diplomatic. Neither could he. Still, he figured he ought to try because the eternally annoying vampire was his mom. His mind came up blank, so he shot Barb a toothy grin. “I understand. I’ll add two weeks to your last check. Consider it combat pay.”

Tony needed a drink. No, he didn’t. What he needed was a nice long session with the sub of his dreams -- a session he didn’t dare indulge himself with because he was afraid he’d lose control and turn his mortal partner. Or kill her. He’d almost done it last month, with a club sub his mother would *not* have wanted him to take as his vampire slave for life. Much less his wife.

His balls ached, from disuse he imagined, as he strode into the main salon of the dungeon and watched a masked, leather-clad Domme standing over a naked sub, grinding her pelvis into his face while he tongue-fucked her dripping cunt. Felicia. The only female vampire member of the Cotton Factor, and she had to be a dyed-in-the-wool Dominant. She’d never in a thousand years submit to any Master. Even him.

But Felicia had a way of stirring his hormones into action. Come to think of it, she wasn’t the only one. Beneath his conservative pleated slacks his cock swelled. Uncomfortably hot, he unbuttoned the top button of his white dress shirt, laying it open at the collar. Damn it, he had to do something not only to get his mother off his back, but to get himself a ready supply of submissive vampire pussy before his balls rotted off from disuse. Stalking back into his office, he sat at the computer and began his search.

*ParanormalMatesSociety.com*. Not a bad place to start, Tony guessed, even though the featured couple on the home page -- a pair of gay gargoyles from the look of them -- gave him a moment’s pause. Slowly, painstakingly, he keyed in his credit card number and completed the registration he hoped would bring him the relief he sought:

Looking for a walk on the wild side? Then I’m your man.

SWM vampire seeks SF playmate for D/s fun and games, possible long-term relationship.

Black hair, blue eyes, six foot four of solid muscle just waiting to please the right woman. I'm even filthy rich and most of my lovers consider me mildly civilized. My ideal mate must like O-Negative sipped from fine crystal stemware, impromptu travel, and the BDSM lifestyle I've enjoyed for centuries now. If she pleases me, I'll make her my beloved slave.

Interested? E-Mail [cuffsnfloggers@paranormalmatessociety.com](mailto:cuffsnfloggers@paranormalmatessociety.com)



## Chapter Two

From the beginning, Tony had suspected the mating service was too good to be true. Here he'd shelled out good money for what these charlatans called The Heavenly Package, and the idiots from Paranormal Mates Society had tried to match him up with a Fury.

Not that Thera wasn't attractive enough -- as Furies went. And *not*, Tony told himself, that he was afraid of her. But imagining her razorlike teeth digging into his cock had done a real number on his libido. Besides, he'd clearly specified he was only interested in another vampire, and he didn't take well to being screwed unless it involved getting hot and sweaty and *off* with one or more subs of the opposite sex.

Tony's day had started off early and bad, and chances were it would only get worse. In addition to his disturbing -- he wouldn't admit to frightening -- online encounter with Thera the Fury, Magdalene was back in town. He imagined she'd spent large sums of his money in Paris, which was okay because it had kept her out of his hair for three days. But it was only a matter of time before she'd rise and start bombarding the Cotton Factor staff again. So far he hadn't been able to wheedle any of the women the employment agency had sent into taking on the job of personal assistant to the boss of a BDSM dungeon, however upscale it might be, so he was reduced, for the most part, to answering the phone himself.

*Ringgggggggggggg.*

Scowling, Tony strode to the phone. It had damn well better be the manager of that crooked dating service returning his call. After all, he'd wakened early for the sole purpose of taking the boss at Paranormal Mates Society to task. "Anthony Wilder here," he snapped, not caring at the moment if it was Mother or that if it was, she'd ream him a new asshole for his lack of courtesy.

It wasn't. Tony listened to the apologies from Ms. Defoe, apparently the General Manager of Paranormal Mates Society. He gauged the soft-spoken woman's apologies as being too abject and profuse to be sincere. "What do you intend to do about it?" he asked, cutting her off before she could prostrate herself on the floor or start sucking his cock right through the phone.

"Normally we don't steer our clients, Mr. Wilder, but since you were the victim of this *inexcusable* computer glitch, I'm going to break my own rule. Are you in front of your computer now?"

"Yes. I am." What the fuck was she up to? Trying to talk him out of demanding his money back? "I still want a refund."

"Well, if you want one after you see the client I'm going to show you, I'll have it processed right away. Indulge me though. Go to the site, then key in this URL." She gave him a series of slashes and dashes that would take him, if he read the URL correctly, to a private section of the website. The page that opened on the screen said, "Bite Me -- To Be Processed." It contained only two profiles, both of them for females. The first had been crossed through with a big "X". It was the second photo that caught Tony's eye.

She was a blonde, with the sort of ladylike long pageboy hairdo Magdalene would love and big blue eyes. What attracted Tony, though, was the look of the red leather bustier she had on. Still, he couldn't help imagining her in a classy dress like the ones society women wore to tea parties at the club. Mother would love her if she could carry that off. What Tony liked, beyond her full breasts with pert, ringed nipples that overflowed the bustier and a generous mouth made for sucking cock, was her fangs. Small, dainty fangs that made it clear she was a vampire. She might as well have worn a sign around her neck.

He also liked the diffident way she'd worded the ad below her picture. If she weren't a sub now, she should be easy enough to mold into his lifestyle. "I'll try the one on the bottom. Erica." He liked the way her name rolled off his tongue. "But mind you, if she doesn't work out, I'm going to want my money back." Tony couldn't help staring

at the screen, imagining the woman on her knees, cupping his balls while she sucked him off, those cute little fangs gently scraping his rock-hard flesh. He could practically feel her silky hair sliding between his fingers as he pushed her head lower, made her swallow his cock and clamp those blood-red lips down hard at its root, sucking out his come.

Except for occasionally dressing her up for dinner with Magdalene, he'd keep her naked after dark, wearing nothing but the wide collar that would mark her as his slave. And maybe a bauble or two -- a jeweled chain to join those nipple rings, maybe -- for when he brought her to the dungeon, if only to show the other Doms how much he cherished her.

"I'll have her contact you if your profile interests her," Ms. Defoe promised as she did something that wiped the screen and left only a blinking message that said BITE ME. "I'm certain this will be a match made in heaven. Again, I can't tell you how sorry I am that our computers sent you a potential mate not to your liking."

Yeah, she'd better be sorry. Tony had lawyers -- a couple of the meanest mortals he'd ever seen when they were doing their thing in court. They got their rocks off several nights a week at Cotton Factor by submitting to the sexual whims of any available Dom, male or female. In the early hours of morning they'd crawl out of the dungeon shaved baby-smooth from head to toe, their backs bloody from the cats and floggers they always begged their tormentors to use on them. Their cocks were always locked securely into chastity devices, their reddened assholes stretched with butt plugs so they'd be ready for more reamings from Dominants' cocks or dildos.

If Tony hadn't seen them in action in their professional capacity before one of the other members had recommended them for Cotton Factor membership, he'd never have guessed they'd be the formidable legal fighters they were. He'd also never have imagined their three-piece suits hid irrefutable proof they were sexual submissives.

Now when he glanced through the one-way glass that separated his office from the main dungeon, he saw them -- Peter and Paul, last names never uttered in the dungeon -- crawling in naked, their heads and bodies freshly shaved. They were

obviously looking for action from the messages sent by cock leashes they'd attached to their Prince Alberts and draped over their already paddle-marked asses.

Hopefully Tony wouldn't need to engage their services, legal or otherwise. "I will wait for her call," he told Ms. Defoe, keeping his tone noncommittal.

"Good. I can't help but believe Erica will be the woman of your dreams."

Tony hoped she was right, but he'd been convinced for years that such a woman didn't exist. A sub to please him, a society girl to please Mother... and a vampire to boot, all rolled into one arousing package? Well, if he had to, he could always turn a mortal who met the first two requirements into the third -- bad as he hated the thought of doing it. "I hope so. For your sake as much as mine."

When he hung up the phone, Tony stared at the blank screen for a few minutes, wishing Ms. Defoe had left the picture up. Then he crossed to the big sofa where he sometimes stole a catnap, stretched out, and closed his eyes. Three in the afternoon was too early for him to have been stirring, especially after last night's encounter with the Fury. He drifted off, imagining the blonde vampire strapped onto the St. Andrew's Cross along the other wall, awaiting his pleasure.

\* \* \*

A vampire Dom. Erica's dream come true. She could barely stop herself from drooling when she looked at his picture on the screen. His smile... fangs *not* showing, she noticed, self-conscious because she hadn't learned how to keep hers retracted when not in use... and omigod, those full, sensual lips. She imagined they'd feel soft as velvet when he clamped them shut over her clit, her nipples. Her sex-starved pussy grew wet just thinking about what those lips could do.

And she could drown in his eyes. Dark, dangerous eyes that could compel a woman to do anything. Anything to make those eyes light up with lust for her. Though the photo was a head shot, she could guess from seeing his thick neck and broad shoulders that he'd be powerful -- able to make her submit to anything and like it.

Her fingers shook as she lifted the print-out of Ms. Defoe's email and read through it again. It was very unusual to get a "bite" so soon, before her information had

even gone live, but the match had been perfect, the woman said. Well, almost. Her dream Dom's requirements were for a high-society mate and, as the CEO had pointed out in her email, Erica was strictly middle-class. Could she fake it?

She didn't know, and she wasn't sure she'd ever learn to keep her fangs retracted so as not to do injury to his undoubtedly huge, beautiful cock. But every instinct told her to try. This guy had to be the vamp of her wildest fantasies...

She hit "Reply" and started typing.

Yes, I want to meet this vampire. I think he may be the man of my dreams. As to handling the needs of a sexual dominant? Not a problem. And yes, I'm sure I can manage to choose the right blood type to go with a fish entrée.

Oh, no. That would never do. As far as she knew, not even high-society vampires ate mortal food. They drank blood, same as she'd been doing since having been turned. She had no clue about vintages -- she just ordered her weekly quart from the local blood bank, sucked down a pint at the time, right out of the bag it came in, and curled up in her lonely bed to sleep off its effects.

Erica deleted that last sentence, rapidly replaced it with another.

Given enough time and money, I can figure out how to dress and hobnob with the best of them.

Thinking about her wardrobe -- mostly jeans and shorts and ratty T-shirts that were her writing wardrobe, plus the few dress-up outfits she wore to book signings and the occasional conference -- she decided she'd better spend her next royalty check on a new wardrobe if she wanted to impress this obviously upscale vamp.

"And to think I was going to buy a new car." She blinked at the late afternoon sunlight when she looked through the window at a six year old Honda she'd gotten with the insurance settlement after she and her previous wheels had bitten the dust at the bottom of that ravine. "Guess you'll have to do for a while. Looks like I'll be shelling

out the bucks on clothes instead of your replacement," she said, turning back to the monitor and hitting "Send."

\* \* \*

Erica scrambled through the perennial stack of papers on her desk, knowing she'd eventually unearth her cell phone.

When she did, she called number in the email she'd just received to set up a meeting for tonight -- at the Cotton Factor, the most exclusive BDSM dungeon in Atlanta from what she'd heard. Her slowly-beating heart sped up at the thought of submitting to the hot-looking vampire Dom... of putting herself into his able hands and fulfilling his every demand.

He sent another email after they'd talked on the phone. She'd practically climaxed when she'd read it.

I want your entire body slippery-smooth as a baby's ass, and those pretty blonde curls pulled up in a pony tail on top of your head. Wear six-inch stilettos, that red bustier you had on in the picture, a matching harness holding an eight-inch dildo in your cunt and the biggest butt plug you can take up your tight little asshole. Do not play with yourself, and don't even think about coming until I give you permission.

After tweezing her brows into thin, arched lines and putting on what she thought of as her "I'm gonna get fucked" makeup, Erica slid her hands along her arms and legs. She stopped as she inspected her pussy to tweak the ring that dangled from her clit. Complying with his first command would be no problem. No razor or wax -- the mere idea made her cringe -- needed, for when she'd awakened to find herself with fangs, she'd noticed to her delight that the only hair she had was on her head.

Not for long, maybe, she thought with a shudder as she dragged the mass of curls that hit her midway down her back atop her head and secured it with a red elastic band. She hoped he'd let her keep it intact. If not, hair was a small thing to give up for a Master who didn't mind her fangs. She laced herself into the bustier as tightly as she could manage by herself, wondering -- hoping -- he'd pull the strings even tighter. Another good thing about being a vampire, the lack of a need to breathe in lots of air.

Other than that and the blessed lack of body hair, it sucked. She missed snarfing down a pizza at three AM when she was finishing up edits on a book, and tasting cotton candy at the church festival down the street. Not that she'd have dared go there now, anyhow, in case the rumors about crosses immolating vamps were true. Damn it, Erica even missed those inconvenient bodily functions she no longer had to worry about.

She reminded herself there was a certain benefit in not having to give herself an enema in preparation for a night at the dungeon.

She stepped into the red leather harness that matched her bustier, wincing as she worked the well-lubricated butt plug up her ass. The eight inch dildo slid easily into her dripping cunt. Would her vampire Dom share her with a friend? Moisture gushed over her fingers when she visualized a ménage. Erica barely resisted the urge to fuck herself with the toys, but reminded herself of her potential Master's order not to play and strapped the harness into place.

The six-inch stilettos went on next, followed by a beige raincoat so she wouldn't get dragged off to jail on the way to meeting her potential Master. Eager to become Anthony Wilder's sex slave, Erica teetered on the "fuck-me" footwear, the toys stimulating her into a sexual frenzy as she made her way outside and slid behind the wheel of her car.

## Chapter Three

As eager as a kid anticipating his first fuck, Tony stood in the doorway of the Cotton Factor, watching his new PMS match wobbling on stiletto heels as she got out of a middle-aged Honda. The car stood out like a sore thumb in the sea of Porsches, Mercedes and Humvees, giving him a sinking feeling the woman herself might make a similarly less than glowing impression on his snooty mother. But that didn't matter for the moment. Erica looked delectable, as he'd known she would after seeing her picture - - but also stolidly middle-class wearing that wrinkled trench coat that had obviously seen more than a season's use.

His cock twitched against the silver-studded leather jock that matched his chaps and vest when he visualized what she had on under that coat. Or rather, what she'd be wearing *if* she'd followed his orders. If she was the obedient little sub of his wildest fantasies. From the way she swung her hips when she walked, he guessed she'd stuffed her cunt and ass the way he'd told her to -- that and the look of sexual excitement on her face, the slackness of those full lips she'd painted a brilliant red.

She paused at the entrance, her pale skin reflecting the green neon of the discreet sign that identified the club. Tony liked the way she'd pulled her hair up into a blonde cascade that fell from the crown of her head -- just as he'd instructed her. He moved out of the shadows, took her hands and drew her inside. "Welcome to the Cotton Factor, Erica."

"Tony?" Her eyes widened when she got a look at him -- as had been his intention when he'd donned a Master's dungeon attire instead of the slacks and sports jacket he might have worn to meet a woman at his mother's country club. "Omigod, you're a real, live Master!" She threw off the ugly coat and went down on her knees, kissing the pointed toes of his black cowboy boots.



Oh, yeah. This one had all the signs of being a keeper, and he sure as fuck couldn't fault her for disobedience. Tony reached down and laced his fingers through the silky strands of her ponytail, tugged her to her feet. "Stand still and let me look at you."

His mouth watered at the sight of her tits spilling over that tightly laced bustier -- the same one she'd had on in the picture Ms. Defoe had shown him. But it was her pale, incredibly soft vampire skin more than the taut pink nipples dangling modest gold hoops that had his cock at full attention, his balls aching for action. "I wonder if I can reach all the way around your tiny waist."

"If you can't, you can always tighten the laces, Master."

"Yes, I can. But I don't think I'll have to." He liked the way she grinned before looking sheepish and clamping her lips shut to hide the fangs. "Come here."

Even wearing the stilettos as he'd commanded, she gave the impression of delicacy. The top of her respectfully inclined head came to eye level when she complied with his order and moved closer. He could smell not only her perfume, but the musk of arousal that said louder than words that she wanted to be fucked as much as he wanted to fuck her.

As he'd guessed it would when he looked at her picture, her hair looked and felt as silky smooth as spun gold. And his fingertips collided when he spanned her corseted waist with both his hands. "Welcome to my dungeon," he said, lifting her and turning her toward the main salon where the two naked lawyers groveled at the feet of a vampire Domme and her two submissive helpers who were wielding cats o' nine.

"Oh, my." Her tongue darted out when she took in the milieu.

"You like the kiss of the whip then?"

When she shivered, the rings in her nipples swayed. "Whatever brings my Master pleasure," she said so softly he could barely hear her.

Oh, yeah. She was a sub, all right. An experienced one who'd probably felt the sting of the lash, who he sensed would enjoy taking part in a ménage. "It pleases me to bring pleasure to my slave." He slipped a hand between her legs, felt the moisture there

when he tweaked her hardened clit and caught the tiny ring on the tip of his little finger.

From the pocket of his chaps he pulled a slim chain leash and attached it to the clit ring. "On your knees, now, and crawl over to that fucking swing. I can tell you're ready to join in the fun." As he gave a tug on the leash, he motioned for the lawyer subs to join them. He'd fuck her first, then see if she could pass muster with Mom. But he wouldn't claim her yet as his vampire mate, because he was sure that if he did he'd never be able to let her go.

\* \* \*

She thought he'd never ask. Head bent, Erica crawled on all fours across the plush carpeted floor, careful to keep her head lower than her ass. A dozen pairs of eyes seared her cool vampire flesh as they followed her progress, their focus seemingly on the leash her soon-to-be master held in his hand. With every movement it tugged her clit, making her inner muscles clench around the dildo and butt plug held firmly in place by the harness. Her nipples hardened with anticipation when she glanced forward at the elaborate swing.

She felt something warm, strong at her corseted waist... felt herself being lifted onto the swing as though she weighed no more than a child. "Suck my cock while my two friends ready your ass and cunt for my pleasure," he said once he'd secured the straps that held her at the waist, thighs, and upper arms. "Mind you, do not draw blood."

As he stepped up, released the leather jock he'd worn, and fed her his long thick cock, he snapped a collar around her throat, attaching it to the swing to ensure she stayed at the proper angle to deep-throat him. "Suck, my beautiful slave."

## Chapter Four

Oh, God. What seemed like a dozen hands skimmed over her body, some stroking, others sharply prodding and poking at her while she feasted on her Master's cock. Impatient tugs at the harness buckles and the rings in her nipples and clit contrasted sensually with the soft dampness of mortal breath on her ass cheeks, her swollen cunt.

Talk about sensual overload! Erica gasped as waves of pent-up pleasure sluiced over her. Mindless with the pleasure of it all, she clamped down on her Master's cock.

And felt the bite of a flogger on her naked ass. "I told you not to bite," he said, stepping back far enough that she could see the puncture marks near the base of his long, thick shaft.

"I am sorry, Master. Punish me. Please."

*Thwackkkkkkkk*. The sting of the flogger had her ass cheeks burning, her cunt muscles contracting wildly against the dildo someone was working in and out with maddening slowness.

"Looks like I'll have to teach you how to retract those pretty fangs," her Master said as he stuffed a ball gag into her mouth and buckled it in place. "Hell, they could be considered lethal weapons."

"Mmmff."

He didn't answer her as he strode around her left side. Was he angry? Was he planning to leave her to the mercies of the matched pair of men he'd summoned while he led her here? If she'd been mortal, she'd have started hyperventilating, because the two burly subs looked as though they might be fierce -- dangerously so, if a Master ordered them. Since she was no longer mortal, she simply worried.

She needn't have. She'd have known her Master's touch anywhere, and she recognized it when he shooed one of the subs aside and stepped between her legs. His touch was strong, sure -- yet surprisingly gentle for one so large. He let out a groan when he found her cunt wet and swollen.

"Seems Peter's fond of vampire pussy. Good job. Now you may busy yourself tasting my lady's plump vampire nipples. Paul, you may nibble on her clit." Tony drew in a deep breath, expelling it hard against the stretched, sensitive tissue around her anus. "I think I'll fuck you here first."

Erica wanted to move, to put her ass and pussy in closer proximity to Tony's sensual lips, but the insubstantial looking swing held her firmly in place. Trapped, helpless to whatever erotic tortures her Master might have in mind for her.

She loved it. Loved the shiver of fear that wove its way from her sex-starved brain to her belly, the element that added exponentially to the pleasure of sexual stimulation. Tension built inside her as her Master popped out the butt plug bump by bump until it emerged with a pop. Even that pop sounded sexy, probably because it reminded her he intended to replace it with his own huge tool. Her muscles clenched in anticipation of the pleasure-pain she'd missed these last few months.

But it didn't come. Instead she felt the cool, wet sensation of another dildo being worked into her cunt... and the buzzing warmth when the toy began to vibrate, gently at first, then harder and faster. When her master slipped two fingers up her ass and probed her there, she started to pant.

"I'm giving you my cock now," he said, his breath warm against her upper back as she felt herself stretching... expanding... her flesh molding around his massive cock. "Relax. You can take it all. Oh, yeah. Clamp down on me, hard. Tell me you want me to fuck your pretty ass."

"Mmmffffffft." God, yes, she wanted him to fuck her ass. Her cunt. Her mouth too, although she figured that was out unless she could learn how to make the goddamn fangs retract and stay that way. She welcomed the heat of mortal mouths on

her, suckling like large twin babies, but it was her Master's touch that had her ready to explode. *Face it, Erica, you want him to possess you. Not just tonight, but always.*

He took her slow and easy, mindful that a tool the size of his could hurt her. Then, frustrated at the self-instituted restraint, he pulled out, took out the vibrator from her cunt, and plunged his cock inside. "So tight. So wet. So *mine*," he mumbled as he pounded into her, his strokes long, deep, hard enough to set the swing to vibrating.

Grasping his slave's constricted waist, he slammed into her harder, faster. His balls tightened, slammed into her clit with every stroke. Her ecstatic moans fueled his own lust, driving him over the edge.

Barely conscious that he was doing what he'd sworn he wouldn't, Tony bent over her delectable body to remove the gag from her mouth... and bit her neck, tasting her blood and mingling it with his own as he came, spurting his seed deep into her womb.

"My slave," he said when he rested his head against her shoulder.

"My Master. Remember, Master dearest, I drew your blood first." She laughed, a happy sound. A sound that made Tony think of antebellum mansions, iced O-Negative on columned porches, and the patter of little vampire feet.

Now all he had to do was persuade his mother Erica was the woman of his dreams.

No big deal.

*Right. Tell that to anybody who's ever met Magdalene.*

## Chapter Five

So what if his Mother didn't approve of the woman he wanted to warm his bed?

Tony knew it was his cock talking, but he couldn't still the voice inside him that kept the memory of how sweetly Erica submitted to his every whim, how eagerly she obeyed his most complex order. As he headed to her place the following Saturday to pick her up for The Meeting with Magdalene, he hoped like hell he'd managed to convey his wishes that his slave come across like the perfect Southern lady.

He pulled his Maserati up to the curb on a street filled with neat but modest homes and bounded up the rock walkway with its border of low-growing shrubs. When he rang the doorbell, he heard a low rumbling sound much like the growl of a large, vicious dog. It was like Erica, he thought, recalling her sense of humor he'd discovered when they'd relaxed at his favorite vampire bar over iced O-Positive the night before last, after enjoying an intense four days of sexual excesses.

"Coming," she yelled from somewhere in the back of the small bungalow.

Coming? His cock twitched at the prospect, although there certainly wasn't time for *that* now. Not when Magdalene was expecting them for cocktails at the family mansion in less than half an hour.

Sure, they could fly, but his mother would find it unseemly if they showed up on her doorstep with dust of the city smearing their cheeks. Impatient, he pushed the bell again, shaking his head at the novelty sound it made.

The door swung open and there was Erica. Stark naked except for the ruby and diamond collar he'd locked around her pretty neck before sending her home three days earlier so he could interview a few potential personal assistants. "What the fuck?"

She went to her knees, her head respectfully inclined. "I didn't know what would be best to wear, Master, so I thought I'd let you choose. If you don't mind, that is."

Mind? Tony would have liked nothing better than to take her to her bedroom, order her to lie down and spread her pretty legs, and fuck her until they both were spent. But they didn't have time. "Get up," he ordered gruffly. "You have two minutes to put on some clothes. My mother will be insulted if we don't arrive on time."

She took his hand. "I put two outfits out for you to pick from. Come with me, please."

Come. He'd never wanted more to come than he did right now, looking at his slave's clit ring dangling merrily between her legs, the hoops in her nipples swaying with her every move. His fangs elongated, and his mouth watered at the idea of feasting not on Magdalene's finest vintage blood types, but on the ivory column of his slave's slender throat. "I'm right behind you," he said, desperate not to utter the word that had his balls aching and his cock tenting the front of his beige linen slacks.

Her bed looked soft, inviting, its girly-looking ruffled coverlet a soothing shade of baby blue that showcased the two dresses she'd mentioned -- a black one and a floaty pale-pink one. He wanted Erica on that bed, the clothes off. "Put them up if you don't want them wrinkled," he growled, reaching in his pocket for his phone. "Mother can wait. I can't."

"Yes, Master," Erica said sweetly as Tony dialed his mother's number and waited for her to answer.

"No, Mother, we won't make it today. Something's come up." His cock, mainly, but he wasn't about to tell Magdalene that. "I'll call you later." Much later, he thought as he shut off the cell phone and laid it on the antique table by Erica's bed.

"We're not going?"

"Not until I come. You need to be punished for getting me all hot when I was supposed to be taking you to meet my mother." He whipped off his belt and gave her a

playful swat on the ass. "Now get these clothes off me. I can't wait to get inside your tight little cunt."

Her fingers brushed his near-to-bursting cock as she loosened his pants and slid them down, kneeling as she did and very gently taking his cock head in her mouth. "Careful, baby." Sometime soon he had to find time to teach her how to keep those fangs retracted in moments like this. When he'd get enough of her that he could forego fucking her for long enough to give her lessons in vampire etiquette, he had no idea. "You wouldn't want me to have to spank you."

"Mmmmfffff." She just sucked him harder, nailing his cock with the sharp edge of a fang.

"I forgot. You like being spanked." Tony shrugged out of his shirt and laced his fingers through Erica's hair, caressing her scalp before lifting her off his cock. "On the bed. On your knees," he ordered as he toed off his loafers and stepped out of his slacks and underwear.

She had the prettiest ass, all pale and plump and practically begging for the flat of his hand. But he didn't want to turn that inviting flesh red, no matter how much she provoked him. Instead of smacking her, he bent and nipped her left ass cheek with his teeth, extending his own fangs and letting them sink in and draw a drop of her blood.

"Ouch, Master."

"Ouch is right. Imagine how it feels when you do it to me. I imagine my cock's a lot more sensitive than your delicious little buttocks. If I ever find a personal assistant again, maybe I'll have time to teach you how to keep those lethal weapons put away, but right now I've got to fuck you."

She smelled of sweet cologne and female in heat. When he slid a finger along her slit, he found her wet and swollen, the small butt plug he'd ordered her to wear firmly embedded in her rear passage. "Good slave," he said, giving the plug a jiggle as he moved in behind her and slid his cock into her tight, wet cunt. "Squeeze me."

"Like this?" When she tightened her pussy muscles around him, it felt like a thousand tiny fingers playing along his shaft, milking him.



"Oh, yeah. Keep it up and it'll be all over too soon." He reached around and caught the rings in her nipples between his fingers, tugging them and eliciting a moan of pleasure from her as he pumped into her slow and deep. His balls tightened as they bounced into her rigid little clit.

"Oh, yessss, Master. I'm... coming." The last word came out loud, almost a scream as her cunt began to spasm around his cock. Her breath came hard, fast. Tony couldn't wait. He thrust into her, hard and deep, bending over and burying his fangs in the silken column of her throat. Fed by her climax, he came. Hard, staccato bursts into her spasming cunt that seemed to go on forever.

\* \* \*

"I don't intend to have you out of my sight from now on," Tony said, his tone gruff as he toyed with Erica's hair while they lay together on her bed. "You may write your books at the Cotton Factor, but you've just become my personal assistant."

"Because no one else will take the job, Master?" Erica didn't mind. The idea of spending her days and nights naked, gagged, blindfolded, and bound to the elaborate St. Andrew's Cross in Tony's office wasn't at all unpleasant. Especially when she considered the anticipation... awaiting the pleasure-pain of his flogger, the delicious touch of his tongue and teeth -- fangs -- the heat of his cock invading her cunt or ass when she least expected it. She'd deal with his mother's frequent calls -- maybe even bite her if she came to see what her precious son was up to. "Tell me about it."

"You'll be naked except for these --" He tweaked the rings in her nipples and clit "-- and the chains I've ordered to connect them all. You'll answer my private phone and see to all my personal needs. And you'll spend a few hours every day on the cross so you won't forget you're my slave. Perhaps I'll bring in a fucking swing," he said, a thoughtful look on his handsome face.

Hmm. That meant no gag, at least while he wanted her to answer the phone. "Aren't you afraid I'll scare away your guests with my fangs?"

"We'll have to work on that. Not that I care if you scare the members, but I want to use your mouth the way I use your cunt and ass, and I don't like my cock being fed

on, not even by my precious slave." He slapped her smartly, then slipped the vibrator from her pussy. "Climb on my cock, and I'll think about what your duties will be."

Erica straddled him, her gaze on his as she impaled herself inch by inch on his erection. "Good slave. Now, move slowly. Let me see how your little cunt glistens while I play with your beautiful breasts."

He loved the silky smoothness of the round, firm globes, the contrast of pale pink nipples ringed with gold against her ivory skin. Her cunt caressed him, the feel similar to the sensation of having his cock in her asshole, yet different. Both were arousing. Raising his head, he caught a nipple in his mouth and sucked hard. At her ecstatic moan, he bit the turgid flesh, catching the ring on a fang and tugging at it briefly while she clenched his cock harder.

Fuck if he wasn't about to come again. Lifting her at the waist, he pushed her to her back and straddled her face. "Take me in your mouth. If you bite, I'll have to punish you."

She opened wide, concentrated. Mustn't scrape his magnificent cock with her lousy fangs. Not if she wanted to taste his come, and she did. With her tongue she traced the vein that ran the length of his shaft, then circled his cock head and tongue-fucked the slit at its tip.

"Swallow it. Now." When he tugged at her clit ring, she opened her mouth and took him in. Relaxed. Let his cock slide down her throat. Felt the pulsing of his flesh with every convulsive swallowing motion she made. So good. So right. So delicious, his smooth flesh, the salty pre-come she tasted with every swipe of her tongue.

She needed... her cunt clenched as she took him deeper, as he played with her clit. He bent over, forcing his cock farther down her throat, and tongue-fucked her cunt. Demanding... forcing a climax when she'd thought she could come no more.

As she came, he let go, spurting hot bursts of semen she gulped down greedily as though it were his blood. Her sustenance. She moaned in pleasure as his fangs punctured the entrance to her cunt. Her fangs sank into his cock.

Oh, shit. "I'm sorry, Master. I didn't mean..."

“On the way to the dungeon, I’ll be thinking of appropriate ways to punish you. Vampire payback,” he said with a grin when he turned around and took her in his arms.

## Chapter Six

Anticipation. The most delicious form of punishment. Erica sat in Tony's sleek sports car, the wind whipping at her hair. Her cunt still twitched, and she felt the sting from four small holes Tony had left on her cunt with his fangs -- fangs she had yet to actually see.

Would he take her to his private office? Or would her punishment involve others like the two hairless mortal subs who'd joined them for their first encounter? Tony apparently liked them. Erica shivered as she fantasized that he'd take her hair and brand her ass the way the two mortals who'd joined her and Tony in the ménage had been branded. Maybe Tony would have a flogger made from her blonde locks, like a Dom had done to one of her friends in a less upscale dungeon she'd frequented as a mortal.

Her pussy clenched at the thought of him binding her to that cross, her mouth and ass and pussy all open to him and the other Doms and Dommes she'd seen in the Cotton Factor. Of being fucked in every way she could imagine and then some, of feeling the touch of callused hands and smooth ones, of silken floggers and a metal-tipped cat o'nine.

"I think I'll keep you to myself for the time being, my beautiful slave, even though I enjoy listening in on your kinky fantasies."

"Listening? Master, I didn't say a word."

"Didn't you know? Most experienced vampires can get into the heads of younger, weaker vamps almost as easily as they can read a mortal's mind." Tony pulled into the Cotton Factor's parking lot and stopped in the space painted with his name. Not waiting for her, he slid out of the car. "Come on. I find I'm not anxious to show you off this way to any club members who might be lurking out here."

Erica opened the door, glanced around, saw no one. Still, she hesitated to get out, for Tony had insisted she go as she was -- stark naked but for his collar, a pair of stiletto heels, and the black silk scarf he'd found and threaded through her clit and nipple rings. He hadn't even let her grab her raincoat. Shivering, she followed his order, hoping no one would suddenly materialize before they could get inside the dungeon.

\* \* \*

There were Peter and Paul, in stocks, their stretched assholes being reamed by the club's two fucking machines that seemed to have been set at maximum speed and force. Felicia looked on, her red lips curled in a cruel smile. Their cocks looked painfully hard, and Tony wondered how they'd managed to keep from coming -- Felicia's orders not to do so notwithstanding -- until he noticed the lassos constricting them. "Take it easy, Felicia. We don't want any incidents." Tony made a mental note to have the maintenance man put governors on the machines -- he'd hesitated to add them to the dungeon's bag of tricks but given he'd finally in to a chorus of begging from the Dommies.

"Do you need help with your slave?" the vampire Domme asked, shooting a lascivious look Erica's way.

Tony found he didn't much like anybody even thinking of poaching on his property. "Unplug the lawyers and let them come. I need them to ready my slave." He didn't, but at least that way he wouldn't worry that Peter and Paul would wise up and slap a lawsuit on the club. Obviously Felicia had been doling out some vicious punishment, and this time Tony thought she might have been going a little too far in the name of giving pleasure through pain.

She let them go, and the two lawyers crawled to Tony's side with unseemly haste. Tony was damn glad he didn't have to face either of them in court next week -- Felicia's session had to have worked them up into full fighting shape. "Come with us. I want you to guard my office door."

"Yes, Master," they said in unison.

"Don't let anyone past you."

One of them -- Peter, he thought -- shivered. "Not even your mother, Master?"

"Especially not my mother." It irked Tony that Magdalene had earned a certain amount of notoriety with the members at Cotton Factor, even though she'd never set foot in the place. If the gods were looking out for him, they'd make sure she never did.

\* \* \*

Erica followed Tony into his office. Before she could do more than visualize herself bound to his St. Andrew's Cross, he had her secured to it, her legs spread. A pair of buzzing vibrators stimulated her cunt and ass, sent swirls of sensation through her that ebbed and flowed and drove her crazy with arousal she was helpless to satisfy.

"Enjoy, sweetheart, while I check my messages. If you're good, we'll play once I'm done here," he told her as he turned on the speakerphone, accessed his voice mail, and leaned back in the massive black leather chair behind his desk.

"Anthony, I need to speak with you right away." His mother, Erica surmised. She'd never heard anybody else call Tony that. The voice sounded genteel, Southern. It reminded her of towering magnolias and live oaks dripping Spanish moss.

A few business calls followed, nothing that could distract Erica from her growing arousal -- her growing need to give in to the need to come, with or without her Master's say-so. She watched him, taking in his sure way of taking over conversations, the ease with which he seemed to take care of whatever problems he was called on to solve.

For a few minutes she enjoyed the silence while Tony scribbled some notes on a pad. From his expression she surmised he liked what the last caller had said. But then the phone rang again, its tone strident amidst the peaceful quietness.

"No, Mother. I do not have time to drop everything now and come reassure you that I haven't met some heinous end. Yes, I will bring Erica to meet you just as soon as I can." A frown creased his brow as he held the phone away from his ear and shook his head.

"Anthony Wilder, I will not be put off. I am going to see you, one way or another." The voice didn't sound so soft and genteel now. Tension crackled through the phone line, reflected on Tony's face -- and in Erica's body, where the sound of Mrs.

Wilder's voice warred with arousing vibrations, leaving her with a funny, not altogether pleasant set of sensations.

"Yes, Mother." Tony sounded half resigned, half pissed off when he depressed the "Off" button. "I need a break."

Erica's usually slow heartbeat raced when Tony stalked across the room, his gaze glued to her exposed crotch, his expression purposeful. "I'm here for you, Master," she said, laughing at herself when she realized how silly that sounded since there was no way she could *not* have been there considering how efficiently he'd bound her to the cross.

"Be glad I'm not into taking out my frustrations on my slave," he growled, going to his knees and sliding the vibrators aside. "If I were, I'd bring welts up on your pretty skin. But I won't. I'm going to eat your pussy."

He bent his head to her, nipped gently at her clit before bathing the length of her slit with his agile tongue. She couldn't help moaning with the pure sensual pleasure of his touch, the warmth of his breath against her most sensitive flesh. "Oh, yes, Master, please don't stop."

He didn't. She was writhing against her bonds, wanting to give him more -- to feel not just his tongue but his huge, hard cock in her. Fucking her cunt and ass until...

\* \* \*

"No. You can't go in there. Paul, stop her."

"Degenerates! What are you doing outside my son's office door, stark naked? Get your hands off me. When my son hears how you're manhandling me, he'll..."

"What the fuck?" Tony pulled away at the sound of the commotion outside the door. He should have known Magdalene wouldn't have taken no for an answer. "I think you're about to meet Mother," he said, hurriedly releasing Erica's legs and arms and lifting her off the St. Andrew's Cross. "Quick, put this on." He peeled off his shirt and tossed it her way.

It seemed as though his hard-on should have gone as fast as Erica's flush of arousal chilled, but when she looked, she saw it still tented the front of his pants. At

least he had on pants, which was more than she could say. *What a hell of a way to meet the prospective mother-in-law, wearing nothing but your Master's shirt and a pair of red stiletto heels!*

Rubbing at her wrists and hoping the rope burns wouldn't be too noticeable, Erica allowed herself a wistful wish for one of the two new dresses now draped over a chair in her bedroom. Meanwhile the conversation outside the door grew louder, more intense.

"Let me go, I said! Young man, my son will deal with you."

"Ma'am, I only wish I could."

A dull thud was followed immediately by a loud scream. Peter? Or Paul? Erica imagined whichever unfortunate twin was holding on to Mama for dear life had to be clutching at his crotch because that scream sounded like ones she'd heard in dungeons when a Dom or Domme was practicing some hard-core cock and ball torture.

"Master, don't you think you should let your mother in?" Erica asked, clutching the tails of Tony's shirt so they wouldn't gape open and show her pussy.

He shot her a dubious look. "Baby, I love you. I want you to know that before --"

The door burst open, filled with a tiny white-haired dynamo flanked by the two naked lawyers. "Anthony, what do you mean, having these -- these creatures -- guarding your door? And why are you not wearing a shirt?"

Erica knew immediately when Tony's mom noticed her from the horrified gasp that came out of her mouth.

*Say something, Tony. Say anything. Just get your mother's scandalized gaze off me. Please.* She might have been brought up in a household firmly ensconced in the middle class, but she knew enough to realize one didn't make much of an impression on a *grande dame* by standing in the shadow of a sex dungeon toy, wearing nothing but her lover's shirt and a sheepish grin.

"I take it this is the young woman you wanted me to meet," Magdalene said to Tony.



He had the balls to shoot Erica a brilliant smile. "Yes. Mother, this is Erica. Sweetheart, I'd like you to meet my mother, Magdalene Wilder."

What a time to fall back on the manners he had to have learned at this woman's knee! Erica tried to smile, dared to let go the tail of her shirt so she could extend her hand. "I'm happy to meet you, Mrs. Wilder."

"And I'm -- pleased -- to meet you too, my dear." Magdalene sounded anything but happy, much like Erica herself felt at the moment. "What a unique dress you're wearing."

Unique indeed. Not half as unique as this meeting, with Tony brazening out the scene, acting as though there was nothing unusual about having two hairless, naked men guarding his office door, nothing remarkable about him being topless and his slave bottomless while carrying on a more or less conventional conversation with his mother.

"I wasn't expecting --"

Magdalene smiled at that. "Obviously my son wasn't expecting me either. Tony, I've known for years you're into this strange lifestyle. I've despaired for centuries that you'd ever find a woman to join you in it, but apparently I was wrong. Welcome to the family, my dear. I do hope I can coax you into something more conventional for your engagement party."

"But we're not engaged." The words poured out before Erica could call them back, just as Tony took her hand.

"A formality. My darling slave, will you marry me?"

She didn't know what to say, but then she didn't have to because Magdalene was on her, hugging her, bestowing a vampire kiss on her throat. Peter and Paul both gaped at the scene.

It was out of her hands. In her Master's. As Erica relaxed later in Tony's arms, she thought it wasn't too bad after all, this being a vampire...

## **Epilogue**

Dear ParanormalMatesSociety.com,

You're the best! Our sincere thanks to Ms. Defoe for realizing our match was one made in heaven. Tony and I hope you'll join us at the Wilder Plantation on Saturday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, for what his mother assures us will be Atlanta's wedding not of the year, but of the century. You're welcome to post this email so others will know what a great job you do of matching up lovers for a lifetime!

Sincerely, Erica Stone

Tony's faithful slave and soon-to-be-bride...

**The End**

## **Ann Jacobs**

Ann Jacobs has lost track of how many books she's published. At least thirty at last count. That count includes several awards, including Eppies, Golden Quill awards, More Than Magic awards, and two Lories. Ann has multiple personalities -- she also writes as Sara Jarrod, Ann Josephson, and Shana Nichols.

Ann loves to hear from readers. You may contact her through her website, [www.annjacobs.us](http://www.annjacobs.us)