

Song of the Forbidden

Astor's Eroticas

Des M. Astor

Published by Des M. Astor, 2021.

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

SONG OF THE FORBIDDEN

First edition. February 16, 2021.

Copyright © 2021 Des M. Astor.

Written by Des M. Astor.

Dedicated to erotica authors who want to have fun and dance into the night. Please support self-published authors!



Chapter 1: Entranced by Dance

With a twist, her body swayed to the music, her flowing ebon curls billowing down her back like tresses made of flowers. She shut her eyes completely as she danced to the melody, lost in the moment, like someone trapped in a wonderful dream—one she never wanted to end.

Eventually, her light grey eyes had to open, and when they did, they fixed upon a man staring her down intently. His were an icy blue, and his short hair was slicked back. It reminded her of Dracula, to be honest, which made quite a bit of sense since Halloween was just a few days away. In fact, she noticed he was dressed in a fancy suit with a billowing vampire cape behind him. Meanwhile, she wore a variety of bright colors in contrast to his dark attire.

Carmen tilted her head, not pausing in her dance but eyeing the man curiously. Those eyes of his glittered with curiosity, and soon he took a few steps closer to the dance floor. At the moment, Carmen was the only one occupying it, as everyone else had stepped off to observe her. After all, she danced for a living and continued to do so even on her days off.

And yet, this man, new to the lively club no doubt, wanted to join her. It was obvious how entranced he was, like a pirate caught in the song of a siren. Except, of course, Carmen wasn't a mythical beast of any sort. She, in fact, appreciated the opportunity for a dance partner and waltzed closer to the man, holding out her light tan hand. He stared at it for a moment before delicately accepting it with a pale one of his own. Carmen noticed his nails were painted black, and he wore light gothic makeup on his eyes. He certainly had quite the look, and despite the bright style she always displayed, Carmen enjoyed a slight change of pace. Dark and light worked very well together, if done right.

In no time, Carmen spun around in an energetic dance to an electro swing song, *Lone Digger*. Step left, step right, twirl, leap, repeat! This man matched her movements, causing her to throw back her head and let out a joyous laugh. The energy billowed out from Carmen along with adrenaline, and wider and wider did the smile spread across her blood-red lips.

It'd been quite a while since the dancer found a decent partner, and this was refreshing as hell. Despite how gloomy he looked, this man had such a wonderful and bright spirit. The crowd watching cheered and clapped along to the beat—eventually they joined the new dancing ‘couple’ in a circle around them, careful not to be disruptive, of course.

The lights flashed in reds, blues, oranges, and greens as Carmen swayed her hips and twisted her body, pouring her energy into this wonderful dance with this mysterious man. *He'd better not vanish like in those silly romance novels. I don't have time to play out a fairy tale*, Carmen told herself. That thought made her chuckle and meet the man's eyes. Neither of them had spoken to each other, for they didn't need to right now. The music spoke for them, as did the movements of their bodies.

Eventually, Carmen came to a stop. She excused herself to a table off in the corner to catch her breath. Her cheeks were red, and her body was warm from all the energy she'd expelled. To her delight, the man with the bright blue eyes sat before her, bowing his head.

“Hello there,” he said in a low, musical voice, giving a beautifully kind grin and holding out his hand. “Your dancing was amazing, and I had a wonderful time, ma'am. I do apologize if I intruded. However, you were far too intriguing to ignore, and I felt myself desiring to dance right along with you.” Delighted, Carmen took his hand and gave it a firm shake.

“Please! Don't apologize, you're quite the dancer yourself, sir. Mind if I buy you a drink? What is your name?” the woman asked, her grey eyes glimmering curiously. The man pondered this for a moment and gave a light nod.

“How kind! I wouldn't mind one bit. Me? I'm Phoenix. I'm new to this establishment, and I had no idea I would run into the most talented dancer on the planet by coming here,” the man replied with a sly grin. This caused Carmen to release a few giggles and shake her head.

“You're just flattering me. Surely I'm not the *best*. But thank you. Hey, like I said, you're not bad yourself, by any means. Hell, it thrilled me to have you as a partner. Do you dance professionally?” Carmen asked, waving over a server and glancing at Phoenix expectantly.

The man paused a moment and ordered his drink before looking back at Carmen, giving her a charming wink. “Perhaps. I've been in the industry for more than a few years, yes.”

“I hope I’m not coming off as rude when asking this. But you look like the phantom of the opera with a much handsomer face, and without the mask. Is that a Halloween costume, or...” Carmen asked, tilting her head curiously.

Phoenix provided a boyish giggle and gave the lightest of shrugs. “I look like this on a regular basis, admittedly. Silly, I know, but eh. Sometimes it pays to be a little different,” the man replied, glancing down in embarrassment.

“No! I think you look lovely. I love the style. It works very well for a dancer, anyway, of the mysterious variety. Or an actor in some sort of romance. You know?” Carmen asked, grinning lightly. Phoenix’s smile turned a bit more confident at her reassurance.

The two continued to talk, mostly about dancing and their careers. Phoenix gratefully accepted the drink and enjoyed his time talking with Carmen immensely. He grew lost in her eyes every so often, but had to snap himself out of it. Such things weren’t the best idea since he was on the move so frequently because of his ‘condition’. Carmen would surely *never* find out that aspect about him.

Yet when the woman asked Phoenix if he wanted to meet here tomorrow again for more drinks and dancing, he found he couldn’t refuse. There was too much fun to be had here with her, and declining would force loneliness he didn’t want to endure tomorrow night.



Chapter 2: Hips Most Definitely Do Not Lie

Indeed, the next night, both Phoenix and Carmen moved their bodies to the music, this time quite a bit closer than last night. One of Phoenix's hands rested on her shoulder blade, the other locked with hers. The couple spun around, doing dances from the waltz to the foxtrot, impressing an ever-growing crowd.

In fact, a spotlight centered upon them as they danced, further providing them the energy. Electricity crackled in the air as the two moved to the beat. Carmen paused and let go of his hand, reaching over to guide the one on her shoulder blade down until it reached her hip. Phoenix's face flushed with red, but Carmen winked and continued to dance, doing a spin before guiding his hand back to where it had been. A few whistles rang out from the crowd as the two moved their bodies as one entity.

Once more, they found themselves at that table from last night, sharing drinks. Giggles keeled from Carmen's mouth in response to one of Phoenix's silly jokes. Goodness, he just seemed so smooth with words. They came out naturally and weren't forced like so many others she'd spoken with.

After a while, Carmen considered something and stared into his eyes with consideration. "What's wrong, Carmen?" Phoenix asked, concern clear in his voice.

"Just deep in thought. Actually, let me bring you into that process, eh? What about me and you go to my apartment tonight? I could use some fun. Hm?" Carmen suggested, giving a wink. Normally Carmen didn't move *this* fast, but hell, who cared? She was in the mood for something dirty. Phoenix, however, widened his eyes and blinked several times. Huh, was he not a fan of this idea?

Far from it, actually. At the suggestion, Phoenix licked his lips, though was nervous about accepting. This woman was wonderful, and he sincerely didn't want to harm her. Well. He could control himself just fine. He wouldn't let his 'condition' impede this.

There'd been times before when he'd accepted offers like this, and he gave in to certain instincts, but Carmen was different. He found himself far more attract-

ed to her than anyone before. Whatever, that wouldn't change anything. Slowly, he nodded, a light grin playing on his lips.

"Let me buy you dinner first, at least," he purred, waving over a server. That wonderful chiming laugh rang out from Carmen again, sounding like the lovely music they danced to. Alright, maybe not *exactly*, but it provided the same effect.

Carmen munched on some delicious sliders, the stuff that the bar was known for. As far as she was concerned, this food was gourmet at a discount. Still, she stared at Phoenix curiously, tilting her head. "Not hungry?" she asked, to which the man shook his head.

"I ate before I came to the club," he told her with a light smile. "I'll probably get something to eat later, or something."

"You're missing out!" Carmen laughed, finishing up and offering him a hand. The two left the club and called upon a taxi, heading for the woman's apartment.

The moon hung full above them as they arrived and wandered down the street toward a looming brick apartment building. The front lights were on, and Carmen took out a key upon getting there, unlocking her door and leading Phoenix in. She took his coat from him and hung it on the rack, humming the tune from the club that they'd danced to.

From there, she waltzed on over to a light brown couch and motioned for Phoenix to sit down next to her. He obliged, leaning back into the cushions and letting out a soft sigh. Carmen scooted closer to him, caressing his arm with her hand for a moment and saying in a sultry tone, "My, you seem to work out. Though I'd be able to see *that* better if you were shirtless." She was being the opposite of subtle, which allowed the grin to widen on the man's face. Disposing of his collared shirt, he found himself delighted as Carmen stared him down, taking in his musculature and licking her lips.

It wasn't long before she was straddling him, running her hands along his torso and feeling up his pectorals and abs. His fingers ran through her hair, guiding her head closer to his. Soon enough, he took her into a deep kiss. The kiss crackled with raw power, and Phoenix realized with a sinking feeling that he and Carmen had powerful chemistry. His hands explored her body at her encouragement as she continued to advance, reaching down into his pants and dragging her hand along his hip, intent on getting to his already hard member.

He didn't stop her, not at all. Despite his better judgement, of course, he allowed her to continue exploring, growling slightly with hunger as she squeezed

his erection and massaged it. Growing hotter and hotter, he repositioned, pushed her down to the couch, and straddled her, pressing his body down upon her as he explored with his tongue, tasting the skin of her neck and letting out a soft sigh.

He could hear her heartbeat pumping rich blood through her veins, which turned him on even more. No, he must *resist* that urge he had. This was a night for fun. He couldn't let what he was impede this.

Carmen gave him a potent mixture of whimpers and moans, whispering, "G'on, take me, bad boy. I'm waiting."

Without further ado, he removed his pants, aiding her out of those restrictive clothes as well. Now both of them were completely bare, but before he gave her what she wanted, he wanted to stimulate her a bit more. Therefore, he nuzzled her breast and latched onto it, swirling her nipple with his tongue and causing her to arch her back and let out a lustful groan.

This pushed Phoenix to the edge, and he dragged his nose up her body to once again nuzzle into her neck.

Gods, she smelled so *delicious*.

No, he had to resist!

This was just a night for fun.

He couldn't give in, he just couldn't.

Yet fangs slid out from his gums, ready to pierce that delicate flesh and drink the life flowing through her veins. Phoenix distracted himself by rearing back and impaling her, sending Carmen into a shuddering mass of pleasure, sinking her nails into his shoulder blades and forcing a snarl to escape his lips.

He pounded into her, drawing out a few orgasms already, as he continued to pay more attention to her neck. *Resist... resist... those chemicals spiking the blood, seasoning it, gods just one bite, it'd be so perfect... so delicious...*

Suddenly, fangs slid into Carmen's neck as the vampire bit down, unable to resist those urges he'd been trying so hard to deny.



Chapter 3: Legend of the Phoenix

Rich, warm blood flowed down Phoenix's throat as he fed upon Carmen. He took her roughly, encouraged by how lovingly she massaged him with her inner walls as he entered and exited her. The sharp pain on Carmen's neck didn't deter her one bit—in fact, she enjoyed it. Damn, that was one powerful hickey.

Phoenix's actions were like that of a dancer even as he took her, moving with grace and care. He paid attention to every noise that escaped her lips, ready to halt if she asked him. Carmen did no such thing, however, still digging her nails into his back and holding herself there while emitting several lustful whimpers and moans.

Still latched onto her neck, Phoenix reached down and gave attention to her breasts, fondling and squeezing, every so often pinching her nipple and sending jolts through her body. He sent Carmen into constant cascades of orgasms, lost in the confines of lust while he feasted.

Shit, she was tight—and Phoenix was losing control of himself. He felt claws extend and slice into her flesh as he ran his fingers along her sides, spilling blood that got his nostrils flaring.

Letting go of her neck, he lunged down and lapped blood up from her torso, giving several snarls and growls of satisfaction. Carmen caught on to something off, but she didn't care. She was lost in just how hard he was violating her, loving every moment and not wanting him to stop. That much was made clear by how she breathlessly moaned, "More... mmm... more..."

Eventually, Phoenix leaned up and stared down at her, blood dripping from his lips as he tilted his head curiously. Her beautiful grey eyes opened up and fixed on his bloody red. Ah, that's right—since he was feeding, they were no longer blue. He peeled his lips back from his fangs, no doubt showing her his genuine face and its paranormal allure.

Fear flashed into Carmen's gaze as she realized this was not some sort of costume by any means. Her instincts screamed at her the truth, that she was staring up at a true creature of the night, one who had just tasted her blood. Rather than

do the sensible thing and scream, she shut her eyes tightly again and shook with her most violent orgasm yet.

This sent Phoenix over the edge, leading to the vampire digging his claws into her hips and slamming into her with his most powerful thrust. He released, dragging out a final one from her as well. He shuddered from the intense power flowing through his muscles, letting out a primal snarl during this moment of ecstasy. Then he collapsed on top of her, resting there for a moment with his chin between her breasts and staring up at her face.

Carmen's head lolled back, and at the moment she was too exhausted to return his stare. Part of that, Phoenix realized, was due to blood loss.

That's when he realized he fucked up.

"Oh, no..." he whispered to himself, rolling off of Carmen and quickly snatching up his pants. He hastily put them on and grabbed a blanket nearby, draping it over the woman and turning toward the door.

"That wasn't supposed to—damn it, I really—" Phoenix said to himself, pacing and then glancing over his shoulder at Carmen. She was staring at him with her eyes half open. He noticed her gaze held both a strong sense of wonder and fear. Taking a deep breath, he muttered, "I'm sorry, Carmen. I didn't mean to feed upon you. I'd hunted prior to, uh... oh, right, you likely had no idea my kind existed before I bit you. Damn it."

The vampire resumed his pacing, placing his hand upon his forehead and then running it slowly down his face. Some of Carmen's blood was smeared on it from his claws, much to his dismay. That was doing the opposite of helping the situation. "I've done enough and will leave you be. I am very sorry, that was uncalled for. You are probably too frightened to say anything right now. I understand. I'll remove myself."

He darted to the door, his hand resting on the knob as Carmen's voice hit his ear. "Wait, d-don't go..." she whispered. The woman was unsure if he'd hear, as her voice had been so low. Much to her surprise, he was there before her in the blink of an eye, causing her to gasp in surprise. He leaned down to stare into her eyes, tilting his head.

"Are you sure, Carmen?" he asked hesitantly. That show of supernatural speed surely didn't help calm her down from this situation much. But, well, the cat was out of the bag and Phoenix didn't need to hide his powers from *her* at least.

“Yes, I a-am. I’m cold. Please, stay? Lay with me?” she pleaded, her wonderful grey eyes serious. Caught entirely by surprise, Phoenix nodded and took his place snuggling behind her on the couch, barely able to fit but managing. After a moment, Carmen chuckled. “C-carry me into the bedroom. We will lay and talk there.”

Damn, she was a brave woman. No screams, just firm suggestions as she stared at a mythical monster that could have easily killed her. She knew it, too. Phoenix scented the fear rushing through her veins. Despite that, however, she faced it head on, as much as she could. Admiration glowed in Phoenix’s eyes as he did as she requested, soon finding himself lying there next to her.

This was surreal, even to him, so he couldn’t even imagine how *she* was feeling.



Chapter 4: Cat's Out of the Bag

“A-alright,” Carmen began, settling in with him spooning her from behind. At the moment, Phoenix couldn't see her face, but he could still sense that bitter edge of fear rising into the air. His stomach gave the slightest of growls at that scent, once again *not* helping the situation. Carmen continued in a light whisper, “So, am I going to become a vampire now?”

“No,” Phoenix said firmly. “If everyone we made prey turned into one of us, we would be overrun. Turning someone is a special process, Carmen.”

“Alright. Am I going to become some sort of s-slave or thrall, then?” the woman questioned, giving a light shiver. Phoenix gave a pause that lasted a second too long before clearing his throat.

“No, not that either,” he said in a soft tone, hesitating before attempting to run his claws through her hair reassuringly. She allowed this and, in fact, relaxed as he did so.

“Why did you hesitate there?” she asked in a very concerned tone.

“Oh, it is nothing. Just a thought that isn't appropriate for the topic at hand, forgive me,” Phoenix stammered, blush tinging his cheeks.

“Well, now you h-have to tell me,” the woman said, turning her body to face him. She gave him a serious stare-down, raising one of her brows. Phoenix knew he could snap her neck in an instant if she attacked him, but frankly, her fierce look caused even *him* to feel a little on edge.

What a brave woman, indeed.

In a sheepish tone did he say, “... My answer to your previous question could also have been ‘only if you want to be.’ As I said, not appropriate. I'm sorry.” Phoenix glanced away from her gaze, flushing even further. Some strands of his black hair fell into his face, somehow turning him even more handsome to Carmen.

The woman remained silent for a moment before bursting out into that chiming laughter. Shocked, Phoenix looked back down at her, tilting his head. Admittedly, he looked like a confused puppy now, even with those terrifying,

glowing red eyes. Carmen nudged his shoulder weakly with her hand, shaking her head. "You're sly even when in a situation like t-this. Alright, alright. I'll t-take that into consideration."

"Really?" the vampire muttered, completely taken aback by this. Not that he'd protest by *any* means to such a notion, of course. He just, well, was used to humans running screaming from him. He'd had to wipe their memories with his magic so many times before. Those that didn't forget because of magic immunity, well, had to meet a rather grisly end and vanish from the planet.

Pity.

He really didn't want to have to do that to Carmen. In fact, Phoenix realized he'd not be able to do so.

"M-maybe," Carmen chuckled, but then she grew serious again. "So, what other monsters t-that go bump in the night e-exist then? And w-what are we gonna do about this big issue? Please d-don't tell me you have to kill me for this. I wasn't t-the one that had any idea. Not like I have a-anyone to tell anyway, nor would a-anyone would believe me."

"No," Phoenix replied quickly, fiercely shaking his head. "I will not kill you, Carmen. This is going to sound rather cliché, but you're someone I likely can't be rid of, anyway." The vampire yawned, flashing his fangs and causing Carmen to shudder. He closed his mouth and looked back down at her, licking his lips shyly and glancing away. "There are a very many numbers of monsters that wander the world, of which humans know nothing about, of course. And before you ask specifically, yes, werewolves exist."

"Well shit," Carmen commented, rubbing at her forehead and reeling at this new knowledge. She relaxed into her pillow and sighed, reaching up to run her fingers over the bite marks on her neck. She laid there in silence for a few moments before glancing up at the concerned vampire. "Do you sparkle?"

That released the slight bit of tension roiling through Phoenix's muscles as he threw back his head and laughed, clutching his chest with one of his arms and closing his eyes. Carmen laughed right along with him until he could catch his breath for a response.

"No, I don't sparkle unless you toss glitter on my skin. My kind does burn in the sun, though not instantly. We are just more prone to sun damage. Call it a sensitivity. And no, none of us are 'vegetarians' either." He cringed and shuddered, his red eyes flashing with disgust. "Even if animal blood was considered

vegetarian, yuck. At most we can drink from bags of blood, but dining from the source is so much better and provides more power,” Phoenix explained, the thought of gorging upon her blood fresh in his mind and causing him to growl just slightly.

Of course, he didn’t realize what he was doing until Carmen shuddered again and lowered herself before him shyly. “Oh dear, I’m sorry,” Phoenix said again, embarrassed. He was a predator of the night, and yet here he was, acting like some sort of pansy. Perhaps it was because Carmen intrigued him, and he sincerely didn’t want to chase her off.



Chapter 5: Midnight Waltz

Carmen fell asleep in Phoenix's arms soon after establishing the fact that she wasn't going to die. She made the vampire *promise* to stay there, however, and not run off like some idiot. "This isn't that world with sparkling vampires, so act like an adult and not some edgy asshole," she'd said. Well, Carmen had a way with words, that was for sure.

And so Phoenix remained there, running his claws through her hair and going over the additional issues that would undoubtedly spring up. Similar to many of the myths, yes, there was an overarching council ruling vampires in this city. He happened to be on said council. The *head* of said council, actually. How he was going to explain this to Carmen, well, he did not know. Technically, he helped make the rules, and he wasn't breaking them by doing this. It all was just, well, sudden.

Phoenix viewed the world as ever-flowing and ever-changing. Back a while ago, vampires were extremely secluded and killed their prey when they hunted. The renaissance of their species brought about a change in mentality, and they could hunt more easily while blending into human society. In fact, vampires adapted to and contributed to it frequently. Some thought of humans as livestock, others thought of them more as delicious equals.

To Phoenix, well, it depended on the person.

Relationships with humans were far from forbidden, but keeping the vampire secret was imperative as to not cause an uproar. Sure, Phoenix had been trying to convince the others on the council that perhaps stepping out of the shadows would do their species well. That whole debate was a definite work in progress.

Falling for a human, though? Really? Phoenix sighed, having imagined he'd eventually settle down with a lady vampire. Now, however, here he was, laying with a human and having the time of his life. He might not be inclined to leave, but he at least wanted to take care of her a bit. After all, she provided him some

dinner in a manner that was quite a bit more intense than what he'd given her back at the club.

Therefore, he strolled into the kitchen and looked around, rooting through the cabinets until eventually grabbing a cup. Then, he moved over to the fridge, noticing the lack of water dispenser and giving a shrug.

He didn't know how rude Carmen would consider him if he went through her things like this, but it was just a sustenance here so surely she wouldn't mind if he got her some water. He opened the fridge, looking through various juices until finally he found a container of water with a filter on it. Perfect. He poured a glass of water, snatching up some ice and putting it in the cup for her.

The vampire then strolled back over to the bed to find Carmen's grey eyes locked upon him suspiciously. Though she relaxed upon realizing what was in his hand. "... I thought you ignored my wishes and left," she admitted, avoiding his gaze as he approached and gently placed the water on the table beside her bed.

"You think that lowly of me?" Phoenix questioned in mock shock, placing a hand on his chest as if he was offended. He slipped into bed with her and hesitated before nuzzling into her neck, causing a visible blush to appear on her cheeks.

"Well, maybe not you. But vampires, well, I just learned that they existed. My typical day had involved avoiding perverts. Not, well, bloodsucking monsters that I thought were just myth," Carmen replied, grunting and snuggling closer to him. She couldn't deny her attraction and how she felt in his arms.

"I mean, here I am in bed with you. How do you know I'm not just some *bloodsucking* pervert, hm?" Phoenix questioned, only half-joking.

"You're still here, aren't you?" Carmen asked, nudging him playfully.

"Fair point," replied Phoenix, giving a light laugh. "You seem strangely calm about all of this."

Carmen gave a shrug, stretching somewhat. "I mean, if you wanted to kill, enslave, or abuse me, you could have done so last night. As far as I'm concerned, you apologized several times over and looked guilty as hell. Something tells me you're not a terrible guy, despite how broody you might be over being a vampire, or whatever," the woman replied in a snarky tone.

Once again, Phoenix chuckled, rolling his deep red eyes. At this point they were finally fading to that icy blue, at least, since it'd been a bit since he'd fed upon her. "Oh please, being a vampire isn't the end of the world. In fact, I typically revel in it. You, however, are a woman I'd rather not scare off. I enjoyed our

times dancing and, of course, the intimate behavior that followed. Not to mention, your blood is *delicious*, darling. I figure I can say that if I haven't scared you off yet."

"Betcha say that to all the girls!" Carmen joked, sneering. Then, however, she grew serious. "But, really. I enjoyed our time, too. So, you're some mythical monster that everyone usually is afraid of. To hell with dancing around the obvious. We both are highly attracted to each other. I'm *sure* I've seen weirder on the city subway, if I'm going to be honest. So, chin up. I would love to dance with you again, if you'll have me, Phoenix. That, and other things, of course," she added with a wink.

Blush tinged on the vampire's face as he nodded, relieved to be accepted. He cupped her cheek and leaned in close, pressing his lips against hers and growling in surprise as her tongue slipped into his mouth. He returned the aggressive kiss, enjoying the feeling of how she explored and eventually brushed over one of his fangs. They were extended again, and he had no idea—she yelped into his mouth as she pricked her tongue, pulling back somewhat.

Phoenix widened his eyes and opened his mouth to say something, but she held up her hand. "Hey, I know what I'm getting into. Alright, maybe I have no damn clue. But I'm ready to face whatever it is." From there, she leaned in again and continued the deep, luxurious kiss.



Chapter 6: Tasting More than Blood

There was more cuddling before Carmen got a bit handsy again. She ran her fingers over the hard muscle of the vampire, blush once again present on her cheeks as she peered up at him curiously.

Phoenix returned her stare, giving a light smile. “I almost feel as though you want me to take you again, Carmen,” the vampire mused, decidedly less shy at the moment since he could both read her body language and scent her lust.

“Bloodsucking monster or not, that was the best sex I’ve ever had. The way you move your hips is addictive as hell,” Carmen admitted, hiding her face in his chest and letting out a sigh.

“Well, I have no qualms with showing you what my tongue can do,” Phoenix chuckled, moving away from her slightly so that he could slither down the bed, caressing her body with his hands in the process and licking his lips. Carmen widened her eyes, wondering if he was being serious. Indeed, he was—for he split her legs open and rested them on his shoulders, positioning himself so that his face was between her thighs.

Without delay, his tongue darted from his lips and stabbed into her warmth, wiggling to caress all of those most sensitive of places. Carmen let out a loud whimper of pleasure and arched her back, squirming from the welcomed surprise. The vampire’s hands came up and grabbed ahold of her hips, ensuring to keep her still as he explored.

In and out he moved his tongue, tasting her and letting out a loud growl of pleasure, unable to help himself. He licked along the inside of her walls before pulling out and swirling her clitoris, all the while enjoying the sounds of her pleasure keeling from her lips. The feeling these moans gave him was a reminder of how much he enjoyed hearing her laugh, for both invoked the same pleasurable euphoria.

Soon, he pulled away, having sufficiently stimulated her. And goodness, she was *extremely* wet. He moved his body on top of her until he was staring her down, peeling back his lips from his teeth and extending his fangs.

Carmen squealed and shuddered in fear, though couldn't look away. She reached up with her index finger and drew it over his knife-like fang, gulping and glancing away for a moment. Breathlessly, she muttered, "I know people romanticize fang stuff. But goodness, it looks like you could rip the throat out of your victim if you wanted, rather than just bite."

Phoenix's grin widened, and he purred, "Oh, I have. Many times, too. Vampires used to strictly kill their prey in very gruesome ways, including biting through someone's neck, chunking their flesh, eating it, and digging in quite like a tiger does to its prey. That practice is very much frowned upon now. It's *such* a waste of food, after all." He leaned down and slowly ran his tongue along the vein in Carmen's neck, causing her to gasp out in both fear and wanting.

"T-that's the only reason? A waste of food?" the woman whimpered, turning her head away from him as if submissively. An amused rumble escaped Phoenix as he traced his tongue down from her neck, to her collarbone, finally landing at her breast. He circled her nipple with his tongue, causing her to arch her back and let out a lustful cry. Then he spoke.

"Mmm, yes. For some. For me, well, I enjoy returning to my prey, slowly drinking from them until, finally, I aid them in embracing the darkness. If they cross me wrong, of course. These days I merely take some and leave my prey be. You, Carmen, might be the exception. I almost feel you *enjoy* being my prey," he hummed, soon enough leaning up and staring down at her again. His blue eyes fixed upon her grey as he tilted his head, waiting.

In a tiny voice, Carmen replied, "No idea w-where you got that impression, hothead. Oof, why do you have to be so sexy? I can't think straight." She took several deep breaths, closing her eyes a moment before opening them again. "Alright, so what if I do? Your ass will see me as weak and dispose of me. That's how it works, right?"

The vampire furrowed his brow and shook his head, giving the slightest of tscking noises. He returned to her neck, giving a light nip and forcing a jolt through her body. "Not quite. I see you as stronger than any human I've met, and possibly stronger than most vampires as well. In case you haven't noticed, I haven't disposed of you yet and could very well have left you. Why would I stick around rather than drain you dry and run off, if that was my objective, hm? Now shall I take you again, darling? Tasting your lust got me *very* riled up."

“Mmm...” Carmen purred, taking some time to run her finger over his fang one more time. “Fine. But tomorrow you’re joining me for a dance at the club again,” she stated. Granted, there was a hint of a question in her tone, and in response, Phoenix gave a nod.

“I had the time of my life there with you, much like I am now. That is a deal I will *gladly* take, Carmen,” Phoenix purred, lunging down and sinking his fangs into her neck.



Chapter 7: Fangbanger

For some reason, Phoenix's biting riled Carmen even further. Her body buzzed with energy as she twisted beneath him, encouraging him to take more as she let out several lustful whimpers. The vampire felt the rich, life-giving liquid flow down his throat, revitalizing him. Her blood was a delicacy, something that awoke even more primal instincts within him.

Removing his pants quickly, he angled his erection over her warmth, reaching down to rub at that sensitive area and spread her fluids along her flesh, lubricating it. Carmen exhaled sharply, moaning out and encouraging him to take her. He obliged, penetrating her slowly and allowing his member to drag along her inner walls as she squeezed him hungrily.

At first, he took her slowly, watching her face scrunch up with ecstasy and listening to her lustful cries echo her expression. However, soon whispers spilled from her lips, begging him to give her more. Phoenix wasn't in a particularly evil mood, so he didn't hold back at all. The thought crossed his mind to deny her release for just a little while so he could watch her squirm, but he dismissed it.

He reared back and intensified his strokes, sending violent orgasms rushing through the woman as he held her there with his fangs. His drinking slowed to a tiny trickle, for he sincerely didn't want to take too much. There was most definitely something he'd need to take care of after this session, however—his kind had a particular kind of magic that increased the production of blood in humans, which aided in the recovery of said human and allowed them to be fed from more.

As he held her there, his hand trailed down to her breast, squeezing and massaging it lovingly. He paid close attention to her hardened nipples, pinching them every so often and sending jolts and shivers through her entire body. This escalated her releases, however, and soon he found she was *soaked*. He certainly didn't mind making her cum so much, that was for damn sure. In fact, the scent of her fear and lust only encouraged him further.

Eventually, he let go of her neck and leaned up, staring down at her pleased expression with a very delighted look of his own. His words cut through the air like a knife through flesh, powerful and dominant. “Look at how you melt before me, Carmen. Gods, you are the most beautiful thing my eyes have ever beheld. I want to devour your entire being, take you for my own, feel you writhe beneath me regularly. You are such a strong woman, submitting to me like this. Showing a monster like me your vulnerabilities, knowing I can take your life in an instant if I wished. So brave. I admire you, Carmen,” Phoenix purred in a sultry tone, leaning down to press his lips against hers. She moaned into his mouth, causing him to rear back and give a hard thrust, unable to help it. This didn’t phase the woman one bit, as she shuddered and groaned for more.

His tongue entered her mouth, tasting her this way too, exploring and having a damn good time while doing so. She reciprocated this, diving into him and this time being careful not to prick her tongue. Still, she felt his fangs, which sent more cascades of orgasms rushing through her.

When the kiss concluded, Phoenix licked his lips and let out a low growl. He was going to reach his end soon, but definitely wanted to rip out a few more violent ones from her. Therefore, he went harder, using some of his supernatural strength. Carmen gasped out and threw back her head, letting out a cry of ecstasy as she entered a particularly powerful release. At the same time, Phoenix gave in as well, clenching his fist and laying on top of her as if caging her in his arms.

Once more, he collapsed, letting out soft sighs and reaching up to run his claws through her hair. “How are you feeling, Carmen?” he whispered, not wanting to startle her as she hummed with aftershock.

“I feel like I’m on t-top of the world,” she breathed, cracking open an eye just barely and giving him a tired smile. She reached over to the water on the table, taking a few gulps and sighing with satisfaction.

“I have to say I agree,” Phoenix replied, rolling off of her and onto his side. He balanced on his elbow and stared down at her, tilting his head. “Not dizzy, I hope. I will need to invoke a spell to restore some of your blood. You will be starving after, however. Shall I buy you something delicious?”

“A spell? Hm. Ah, sure. I could r-really go for some pizza,” Carmen admitted with a light smile. She sat up, though wobbled and sank down, feeling the world spinning. “Yeah, I’m dizzy.”

“Indeed, it will promote blood production. Hold still,” Phoenix said softly, muttering something in an unfamiliar language, which caused his hands to glow a deep red. He ran it over her torso, and suddenly Carmen felt tingling all over, as if someone cut off circulation to every part of her body.

A concerned frown crossed her face as she whimpered nervously. Phoenix placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, pulling her closer and running his hand down her back. “Shh,” he purred, squeezing her and pressing his hands against her muscles to give her a massage. This helped her relax. “That’s just the magic at work. Though you will feel extremely hungry in a few moments. That’s natural,” he added.

Indeed, a loud rumbling emitted from Carmen’s abdomen, causing blush to cross her face. She glanced away from the vampire, who winked. “Looks like pizza is on the menu for you,” he commented softly, leaning over to snatch up the phone and order some for her.



Chapter 8: Dancing Into the Night

The next day, Carmen and Phoenix found themselves at the night club once more, dazzled by the lights and music yet again. Carmen had covered up the bite marks on her neck with make-up, since she found out they don't actually fade. Yet another myth that they did, though this one she wished was true. Tonight, she was dancing professionally on stage rather than on the floor, which is one reason she wanted Phoenix to come back.

He sat in the audience as the show began, curious to watch the woman once more. Just like the first time he saw her, she dazzled him with her movements, twirling to the beat and moving her hips in a way that obviously showed this came naturally to her. Carmen's flowing curls worked like a shawl as she spun, adding to her glorious movements. Adrenaline billowed off of the woman, of which Phoenix could clearly scent.

The more Phoenix observed this woman dancing in the most magical way he'd ever seen, the more he realized he wanted to be with her for much longer than just some one-night stand. Everything about her intrigued him.

He was *here*, after all.

Carmen could have gone off running and screaming when she found out that he was a vampire, yet she took it in stride and even used it to her advantage. She certainly got off very well on his bites. No doubt it was some sort of fetish that she embraced. Not that he minded in the slightest, since he shared that for damn sure.

After a few hours of getting lost in the show, Phoenix observed the woman climb off of the stage and wipe some sweat from her forehead. She gave him a wide smile and took a seat at the table, yawning slightly. "Damn good thing you did your mumbo jumbo," Carmen commented regarding the magic he used to restore her.

Phoenix winked and gently pushed over a drink he'd bought for her just a few minutes before. Carmen took a few sips and nodded in approval, her chest heaving from the huge amount of effort she spent on stage. The vampire smiled

brightly and commented, "As usual, you were lovely, Carmen. I only hope I'll be able to 'compete', per se, when we dance together again."

Carmen let out that wonderful laugh of hers and patted him on the shoulder, her grey eyes glimmering. "You'll be able to do that just fine, trust me," the woman reassured him with a wink. She let out a happy sigh and leaned back in her chair, enjoying the music for a few moments before peering at him. "Really, though. Thanks for not just running off after, well, you know," she told him, putting her hand over his and giving a very wide smile.

Phoenix dipped his head respectfully, running his nails through his hair and giving a tiny chuckle. "I am not that kind of person, Carmen. I've enjoyed my time with you. Would you want to join me in a club of different... sorts? Those like me bring their ah, 'lovers'. It might not be your scene. I figured I could suggest it anyway," the vampire muttered, giving a wink. He kept his voice decidedly low. Carmen considered his words and slowly nodded, a light grin playing on her lips.

"I'm guessing it's some extremely kinky stuff? Hell, why not? Though we should draw some lines. It's obvious what our relationship dynamic is. I'm a submissive, one that has the tongue of a snake if you cross me wrong. I'm fully aware I'd be the one with all the power *if* you intend on making this a true romantic relationship," Carmen replied, not even bothering to censor herself by any means. It was about time to define boundaries since clearly neither planned on going anywhere.

Delighted, Phoenix nodded, grinning to flash her some perfect teeth. Obviously, his fangs were retracted right now, something he could control very well in public. Despite his desire to emerge from the shadows, at the moment he needed to keep his 'condition' on the down low. "Perhaps I want to show you off to others like me, yes. I very much would love to claim you as mine. Er, romantically, not a 'you do everything I say with no discretion,'" he chuckled sheepishly, causing Carmen to snort.

"Honey, I've looked into this stuff before. I'm a big girl and can handle it. Though if someone crosses me wrong, I'm not keeping my mouth shut. Got that?" she growled, her tone meaning business. Phoenix nodded, getting to his feet and holding out a hand to her.

"I expect nothing less, darling Carmen. I'm delighted you would like to join me. Show them the fire that I see in you," he commented, walking out of the exit

of the club when she accepted her hand. “The others of my coven would be delighted to see our dance. I really do want to show them.”

Carmen chuckled, leaning against Phoenix as they walked. “That so? We’ll give them a show they won’t forget. Coven, eh? Fancy. You all don’t need to bite me like some ritual cult or something, right? I draw the line at you biting, anything more, I don’t swing *that* way,” she commented, glancing toward him with a joking tone.

Phoenix sneered and shook his head. “No, nothing like that. Though after we complete our dance number, *I* might be tempted to bite you. I haven’t eaten today and you seem to not mind my feeding one bit.”

Blush tinged Carmen’s cheeks, and she shrugged. She practically glowed, what with the bright colors she always wore, radiant as a butterfly in the middle of the summer. Such a huge but wonderful contrast to the shadowy vibe that Phoenix gave off. How very ironic, considering his name.

“Perhaps I don’t. Don’t make promises you won’t keep, though. I’d better feel those fangs on my neck at some point during the night,” Carmen replied, flipping some of her curls and giving a flirtatious wink.



Chapter 9: Monster Mash

The couple wandered down the street for a while, chatting lightly with each other about various topics like the latest movie with excellent music embedded in its story. Eventually, they came upon an old red door with chipping paint on the side of an odd brick building. Carmen looked the place up and down, commenting, “Dang, you monsters sure know how to be spooky.”

Phoenix, as usual, just had to laugh at the commentary. He led her through the door, wandering down a winding staircase. She didn't seem put off, and the vampire had to wonder if she'd been through this sort of thing before. He doubted it, honestly, based on her initial reaction to him. More than likely, she was putting a brave face on. His nostrils flared and sure enough, he could scent her fear rising through the air. He placed a hand on her shoulder and squeezed it reassuringly.

As they descended the stairway, the steps shifted from rundown basement slabs to carpeted with velvet. Carmen took notice of this change and furrowed her brow.

The scent of alcohol and flowers pierced the air as they came upon a much fancier door. This one was wooden and painted black, carved with various symbols, the most prominent being a rose design with several vines and thorns entwined around what looked like sharp pikes.

Phoenix placed his hand in the center, causing it to glow for a few moments before he pushed it open. The couple entered the club, and the atmosphere was definitely different from the wonderfully flashy colors of the one where they'd originally met. First, this one had black walls and carpeting. The lights were much dimmer, and red mist billowed through the place, likely for effect. It reminded Carmen of some sort of Halloween setup, but she had a feeling it always looked like this. These *were* vampires, after all.

Indeed, the people here wore clothing like Phoenix, and Carmen stuck out like a sore thumb. Not that she cared. Despite her fear, she strolled on in confidently while holding onto Phoenix's arm, even as all eyes turned toward them.

Most people here had glowing red eyes and were holding glasses full of red liquid in some clawed hands.

Carmen took notice of a female vampire, obvious by how she smirked to reveal fangs, as she ran her hand down the bare chest of a man in her lap. He had on a spiked collar and his eyes were closed. Bite marks dotted his flesh from his neck to his abs, and he appeared to be in a state of ecstasy. The woman stroking his chest, however, looked up and gave Carmen a wink.

Carmen glanced back toward Phoenix curiously, who seemed unphased by this. Similar scenes and couples filled the place, and in fact, it looked almost as if some were going to start fucking right out in the open with no care for onlookers. This was made clear by how one vampire was sharing a deep kiss with a human, running a hand all over her body and teasing the idea of taking off her clothing here and now.

Carmen didn't mind any of this, though was intrigued. Phoenix passed by some groups and greeted them. She noticed how some of them tensed up and spoke to him as if he had more power than he let on. Hm, was he the leader of this place or something? When that business concluded, the vampire guided her to the stage. He turned to his comrades and grabbed a microphone.

"Rosethorn Coven, I am pleased to introduce you to Carmen. She is an amazing dancer. This is how we met. I'd been hunting in a humans' club. I stopped to observe, and got lost in her movements. Now, you will experience such wonder with me," he purred into it, placing it down and stepping back. Carmen raised an eyebrow, not knowing he'd been hunting at the time. Well, she felt a bit honored that he'd put off *eating* to dance with her. He must have really been attracted to her.

The vampires in the area cheered. Well, all but one. Carmen had the eyes of a hawk and right now was no exception. She caught the sight of a male vampire with long black hair glaring from Phoenix to her. His red eyes were *hungry*, and when he met her gaze, he bared his fangs in a dangerous grin. Carmen, being, well, Carmen, sneered back, tilting her head in a challenging manner as if to say, '*The hell are you looking at?!*' He was taken aback and turned his glare to Phoenix, no doubt with a slight bit of malice.

At the moment, however, Phoenix wasn't paying attention. Behind them some electro swing played, this time *Empire*. Carmen couldn't resist, of course; she stepped forward and moved her body to the flow of the music.

Step right, step left, spin, leap, land, repeat!

She grinned, feeling as free as a bird flying through the air. All eyes were on her as she danced expertly, alone at first. Phoenix stepped back to marvel at her performance. He'd join eventually as well.

Carmen soared across the stage, enchanting the entire underground club with her movements in perfect sync with the music. Just like Phoenix, they were entranced by the beauty of the way her body moved.



Chapter 10: Put Him in his Place

It was at that point that Phoenix joined Carmen in the dance, spinning along with her in harmony and connecting oh so well. Both of them displayed an amazing performance, what with their amazing flexibility.

Through the night they danced in time to the music, and by the time they finished, they were tired but happy. The coven clapped as if it was the best performance they'd ever seen, because perhaps it was.

Carmen found herself in Phoenix's arms, dipped down with her neck arched in a finale. Phoenix leaned down and licked along the vein, sending shivers through her spine before finally extending his fangs and gently sinking them into her flesh.

The crowd grew louder as he fed upon her, holding her there and gorging on her blood. While he held her with one arm, he had a hand free, which he used to slip under her shirt and stroke at her body. The act was quite luxurious, and Carmen couldn't help but moan.

The show now over, the couple made their way offstage and to a table. A few coven members flocked on over, congratulating them for such a wonderful display. All but one, of course—the male vampire who had given both Carmen and Phoenix a withering look stopped by after the others, looming over the two. Phoenix didn't seem disturbed in the slightest, and in fact, just gave him a coy grin.

"Greetings Theseus. To what do I owe the pleasure?" he purred, pulling Carmen closer to him. The woman wasn't shy at all. In fact, she just climbed upon his lap, resting an arm over his shoulder and leaning into his chest. She peered at the rather aggressive vampire and rolled her eyes as if to dismiss him. Theseus let out a low growl at her disrespectful gesture and stared back at the coven leader.

"I understand those lesser vampires having human *pets*. But you, Phoenix? I thought you were better," Theseus hissed, leaning into his face. "You'd better ensure her pretty little neck doesn't fall into the fangs of another."

For a moment, Phoenix's eyes flashed darkly, but his smile didn't fade. He turned to Carmen and gave her a kiss on the cheek, gently lifting her away from him, turning to place her on the chair. He leaned to whisper into her ear, "Give me one moment."

Then, without warning, he turned to Theseus and lunged at him, lashing out with his claws and slicing him across the cheek. Blood poured from the male vampire's face as he stepped back, hissing in shock. Phoenix grinned but didn't stop there. He tackled Theseus to the ground and slammed him against it again and again, lunging for his neck and sinking his fangs in. Without warning, he ripped out a chunk of his throat, stopping before he did too much damage. Then he rolled off of him, standing up and brushing himself off.

The rest of the coven looked on as though they were a pack of wolves ready to tear someone apart. They trained their hungered stares on Theseus as if wanting the orders to end him. Seeing this, Phoenix shook his head. "No, no. I am all for lessons being learned."

He held out his hand to Theseus, who only stared at it. Phoenix narrowed his now glowing red eyes and lunged down to grab the other vampire by the throat, hoisting him up and getting him to his feet. "Now then. Let me make it clear. I do not accept a threat to someone I hold dear. This is merely a warning. Cross me again, and it will result in death," Phoenix said smoothly.

With that, he returned to Carmen, watching as she stood up without a word and offered him his seat. When he sat, she returned to his lap, unable to hide the biggest smirk on her face. Theseus, meanwhile, shuffled back and away from Phoenix, retreating to the shadows with a theoretical tail between his legs.

Good.

"That was pretty fucking violent," Carmen commented, giving the slightest of shivers. "You vampires don't mess around with shit, eh? Well, I guess I shouldn't be surprised, what with how rough you were during sex." She winked, causing blush to tinge Phoenix's cheek. Terrifying beast of the night or not, he could fully be flustered, just like everyone else.

"I hope I didn't disturb you too much. But humans love romanticizing my kind. While you got the better end of the stick, not all are so lucky. Battles between our own kind are frequent, after all. Many see humans as just livestock, something I laugh at. The high-and-mighty attitude doesn't sit well with me," Phoenix told her, pinching her cheek gently.

Carmen chuckled and gave a shrug. “Like I said, I expected some violence. What was that guy’s deal, anyway?” she asked curiously.

“Theseus has always been a thorn in my side. He feels I am too merciful to rule, and that the humans ‘owned’ by our coven are far too free,” Phoenix explained, leaving out the fact that he *also* wanted Phoenix’s top seat on the council.

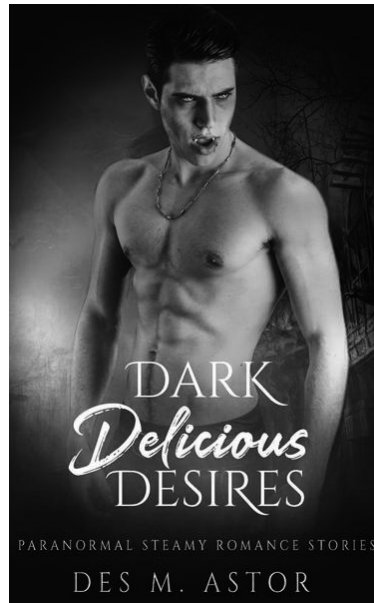
“Why don’t you just, well, kill him? Clearly, your laws are different. Unless you’d be tossed in jail for murder. But I feel like that doesn’t matter much to your lot,” Carmen muttered.

“Mmm, complexities, dear. I follow protocol when I can, and simply executing him is not ideal. I would have to go through a trial, and a threat to a human, in the eyes of most, isn’t worth one. While I very well could dispose of him with little immediate consequence, some vampires would question my cruelty. I could put *them* down too, but I would rather like to avoid too much bloodshed in my coven if I could. Some favor Theseus, gods know why,” Phoenix replied. “Let’s not worry about that now, however. The night is young.”

Carmen accepted that answer. For now, of course. She found herself lost in a deep kiss with the vampire, exploring his mouth as he indulged in feeling up her body. They had no care in the world that there were onlookers. At the moment, they were just content in being lost in each other.

End

Did you love *Song of the Forbidden*? Then you should read *Dark Delicious Desires* by Des M. Astor!



Care to explore your darkest delicious desires? Jump into these sexy, steamy paranormal romance novels to explore just that. They'll leave you begging for more. **Bloody Delicious:** Dive into this hot and sexy short tale of Selina and Adrian, who meet under interesting circumstances indeed. Banished from a very traditional town and left outside the vampire's castle, Selina expects to be butchered by Adrian. Little does she know that he has many gifts to bestow upon her, including extremely rough and enjoyable sex. Enjoy this bloody delicious tale that will be sure to have you begging for more just like Selina. **That Primal Urge:** This alpha female lycan named Freya never could have guessed how utterly sexy a male vampire could be. She chased away all of the alpha male werewolves intent on removing her from power in her pack, and was confident she could take on the vampires intruding upon her territory. Little did she know, intruding vampire king Jenö had different plans for her. He awoke something utterly primal within her, leading to quite a bit of rich, juicy, and steamy intimacy. This sexy erotica novella will render you hungering for more. Jenö dominates Freya quite well, and she LOVES it. **A Lustful Hunt:** Clara has been sentenced to death via being

left in werewolf territory. The alpha of the pack, Fenrir, wastes no time in taking her down and dragging her to the den of his pack. Things aren't what they seem-- rather than rip her to shreds, he scented her lust on the hunt and proceeded to initiate intimate behavior. And by the gods does this lead to a bloody, sexy story of an alpha werewolf connecting with a lone vampire. Clara learns that this pack is run a bit differently; the alpha allows everyone power here, and listens to what others have to say. This includes Clara, who he makes sure will accept his advances. Fenrir derives no pleasure out of true pain or misery, and only wants to provide Clara with extreme pleasure. It tastes so delicious that way. Of course, when things grow a bit more established, Clara must be brought into the pack. There's a certain ritual with the wolves here of which all mates must put on a display for the pack. After just a few moments of thinking, Clara agrees to be taken in front of the pack. There's no doubt that this arouses practically everyone involved. Killer in the Mirror: It's been a rough day on the job as an investigator. Amelia knows bloodshed too well, and when she drags herself home, she doesn't expect her night to turn into a wet dream. However, when her reflection twists into a male demon and comes out of the mirror, she's in for a fright...and, apparently, a treat. Zirgoth, a sexy demon lord, is just here to feed on her fear. He discovers that this pretty little human is turned on by his actions, however, and grows incredibly hungry. He gets rid of some misconceptions she has of her kind through reassurance, but then tells her he must leave, because he's far too hungry to stay. That's when Amelia suggests he feeds off of her energy, wanting to see what it's like to be taken by a demon. Zirgoth is pleasantly surprised and obliges, allowing the two to explore some of Amelia's darkest desires.

Read more at <https://therealdesastr.com/>.



About the Author

Des M. Astor is a writer in the Urban Fantasy genre. She twists things in a unique way and brings a new flavor to the mythical creatures you know and love. Des has been writing her entire life and decided to refine her craft by going professional. In her works, she tries to tell important lessons through her characters, such as the importance of working together in a romantic relationship and consent. In terms of friendships, she likes telling stories where a group of friends struggle in battle but come through in the end. She has a mixture of strong female and male protagonists. Her stories are character driven. Des graduated from the University of Connecticut with a Bachelor's degree in Biology in May of 2019. She has a deep love for reptiles and seeks to become a herpetologist. Often, she will blend in her knowledge of science to enhance her writing, which brings about sci-fi elements.

Read more at <https://therealdesastr.com/>.

