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# DREAMS OF A VAMPIRE MASTER

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A Vampire Queen Series Short

JOEY W. HILL



## **Dreams of a Vampire Master**

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Cover design by W. Scott Hill

SWP Digital Edition publication November 2018

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The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. Reader discretion is advised.

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*(A prequel to Vampire Master)*

Ella only had a thirty-minute dinner break before she had to make her next bike courier delivery, but she figured the Tasteless-Protein-Nutrient-Brick she'd snagged from the drugstore would be sufficient to fuel her through the early evening's last couple of stops. Hitting the bookstore next to the drugstore before it closed for the evening fulfilled a far more important appetite. However, as she eased past a silver-haired woman frowning over the latest NYT bestsellers display, she couldn't help but pause, point to one of the books and say, "I loved that one."

The woman glanced up and, in that universal manner of readers immediately bonding with other readers, she beamed. She was wearing two arms' worth of wooden bead bracelets which matched the melted blue-green colors of her gauze skirt, an outfit Ella totally loved. "Oh, so did I. I want something just as good, which is why I'm waffling. Have you read..."

So there went ten minutes, but Ella had read several of the ones on display, and could provide the woman some help. No reader liked to dive into a book, only to find the deep ocean of escape they'd anticipated was instead a shallow pond.

But at last she made it to her favorite section of the store. Romance. Particularly erotic romance. BDSM romance, best of all. She didn't consider it a busman's holiday from her service as a submissive at Club Atlantis. Not if it was really good BDSM, the kind that broke out of the mold and understood the limitless terrain at the heart and soul of that world.

She scanned the titles. *Read that one, read that one, read that one...*

She was a regular visitor at all the city book exchanges, and picked up 10-25 cent books from yard sales to augment her credit and stretch her book buying dollars further. She had thought about setting enough aside to pick up a cheap e-reader, where she could regularly take advantage of the city library ebook lending, but truth, she carried her books with her everywhere and was hard on them. A tablet likely wouldn't survive her daily lifestyle, whereas a paperback could hang in there with her, with little more than the occasional soda stain, dog-eared page, cracked spine or chocolate smudge. Signs of love. Ella liked things tactile anyway.

She loved to touch. And be touched.

She paused on a book by an author she didn't recognize and picked it up, getting a little adrenaline spike when she saw it was a vampire tale, and a Dom/sub story on top of that. Vampire BDSM...

Suppressing the desire to do a little happy dance in the aisle, she advised herself to take a quick look. "Make sure the vampires aren't all wishy-washy and apologetic," she muttered, and flipped the book open to a random page. Her eyebrows lifted, and a little smile curved her mouth. She skimmed quickly to make sure that the vampire who was laying down the law to his servant wasn't cast as a villain.

Nope, this was the good guy. The hero. A vampire who knew how to be just what a vampire should be to his servant. A freaking Master.

"Oh yeah, that's what I'm talking about. You're coming home with me, baby," she murmured.

She needed to get going, but she turned her back to the stacks, slid down the solid if somewhat lumpy wall of books, and sat on the thin industrial carpet. She folded her legs in an upright vee so she could put the book on her knees as she indulged a few more pages.

The story was hitting all the right notes. Maybe too well. Ella guessed she truly was a masochist, because she chose her erotic romance as much for their emotional punch as the physical. She didn't

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allow herself self-pleasuring unless a Master or Mistress ordered it, so no matter how hot she got in her bed, reading herself to sleep in the early dawn hours, she would deny herself.

But when she curled herself around her large body pillow—a firm one with a heating pad inside it, so she could imagine it was an actual body—it wasn't just things between her legs throbbing from a story told the right way. It was her heart, and that empty place deep in the pit of her belly that sometimes got so painfully hollow she'd want to cry, but she wouldn't let herself do that either. Her tears also belonged to the Master or Mistress commanding her.

She closed her eyes, put her head against the stacks, and rested the open book on her chest. She visualized the vampire she was reading about, but in her imaginings, he looked like someone she knew. Up until recently, it would have been James, Club Atlantis's security head, twenty years her senior. A total Daddy's girl crush thing, thanks to the way he treated her with such protective kindness, among other things. But he wasn't really a Dom. Not the kind she needed.

That was okay. She could have as many fantasy Doms as she wanted. Unsuitable, outrageous or completely out of her league, she could serve each one a million ways in her mind, torture herself by sculpting them into that impossible combination of things she craved.

“Vampire's Embrace?”

Speaking of out of her league. Her body was in motion before her brain could engage and remind her where she was. That she was within direct view of employees stocking shelves, and other patrons wandering the stacks. But in a place where she wholly didn't expect a Master, it was instinctive, to scramble into a submissive posture at the sound of his voice.

Particularly his.

Wolf had a grace and swiftness to him that was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. It was beyond comparison to obvious similes, like jungle cats or swooping hawks. Before she could start the change in position, he'd dropped to one knee and laid a quelling hand on her shoulder to keep her in place. The rest of his body framed her, enclosing her in the triangle of space between him and the wall of books behind her.

That sudden taking of her personal space brought heat, danger... and an indescribable comfort.

He was a big man, over six feet, with wide shoulders. His favored street wear of T-shirts and jeans did nothing but sing praises of the insanely fit body beneath. She'd been handled by many powerful men, but the strength in Wolf's hands made a woman tremble. He could crush her, cradle her, carry her for her entire life, and maybe into all eternity.

His skin was dark like charred bronze. The sternness of his features was enhanced by cheekbones that could have been carved by an artist chiseling polished stone. He kept his head shaved smooth, revealing more of his burnished skin. His firm mouth rarely smiled. Others might think he had no passion or life because of that seriousness, but if they thought that, they hadn't seen what was in his eyes. She had, even if she had to steal glimpses when he was in session with a sub or talking to a Dom, so he didn't see her transgression.

Translucent silver, always with a glimmer of lightning in them. Intense. That should be his first name. Or last name. Or maybe both. Double the intensity.

Yeah, she put more detail into her fantasies than one of those double-sided 5000-piece puzzles, and spent just as much time considering how each piece fit into the picture.

The funny thing about her futile fantasies about Doms who didn't want her? She was always monogamous about it. One at a time in her head, no matter how many Masters or Mistresses enjoyed her at the club. She adored serving all of them, but for some reason it was the ones who called her into service only rarely, if at all, that made the fantasy cut. That twisted denial and deprivation thing that got her revved up so much, she was sure.

Recently, it had become clear James wasn't ever going to step out of her fantasies into her reality. That had hurt worse than she'd anticipated, but thanks to a moment where he'd offered her totally unexpected comfort, Wolf had stepped onto center stage.

Yet seeing him here, she didn't know how to react to him. Every cell of her body wanted to honor and serve him as a Dom, and she couldn't just shut that reaction down, make it go dormant, just because she was in the middle of the vanilla world.

It was part of several things wrong with her. She walked out of step with the world, which made her too vulnerable to the ugly side of it. Anwyn had told her that. She'd helped Ella learn to control some of

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her more destructive impulses. So, since she shouldn't move into a submissive position—and really couldn't, with him pinning her against the bookshelf—or speak to him blatantly like a sub to a Dom, she did what she could. She lowered her eyes and said nothing, waiting to see what he wanted from her.

He picked right up on it, which thickened things in her throat and chest, such that she wasn't sure she could have spoken to him anyway.

Putting his hand on the top of the book she had open against her chest, he slid his thumb to the spine, his other fingers curled over the two sides. It pressed his knuckles against the swells of her breasts. As he tilted the title enough to examine more of the cover and the back, the knuckle of his middle finger pressed more firmly in her cleavage, sending a tingle outward that would make it all the way to her curled toes inside her sneakers.

He left his other hand on her shoulder, right at the juncture with her neck, his thumb idly passing over her bounding pulse. Keeping her gaze toward the floor gave her an excellent view of how his thighs and groin area looked under stretched denim, so she had no complaints.

Anwyn didn't let slip much personal info about Wolf, but Ella knew he'd been in some branch of the military. His clothes were always simple, unembellished. But he wore a cologne that was a mix of spice and woodsmoke, a touch of damp rain in the forest.

That was what his eyes reminded her of. Dew on a spider's web on a rainy night. A glimmer of moonlight hitting it.

If he wanted to rise, walk away from her without another word after he looked at the book, that was his right to do so. Maybe another kind of sub would take advantage of this moment to engage him in a “casual”, out-of-scene way, but not her. She could be chatty and friendly when she knew the Dom wanted that. Intuitively, she knew Wolf didn't. Not right now.

She was behaving exactly as he expected her to behave, which made her shudder a little deeper inside.

He took the book from her hands, paged through it. When she stole a glance at his face, it amused her a little, how his brow quirked, like her own had done. She folded her hands on her knees, calmed herself. Found her center.

“Do you read a lot of books about vampires?” His voice was deep, like Ving Rhames', but it had a rough, rasping edge, like Tom Hardy's

character in Taboo. Particularly the scene where he ordered his half-sister, the one he so inappropriately lusted after, to “Take off that dress.”

“No, Sir.” Not Master Wolf or Sir Wolf. He only preferred Wolf, and why wouldn’t he? The one-word name pretty much conveyed all the authority the man himself did. “Not nonfiction stuff. I like paranormal romance. Particularly the erotic kind...and it’s so rare you find BDSM vampire romance.” She couldn’t keep her enthusiasm from slipping through. “This is a real find. I just opened it, and I can’t wait to read it... Sir.”

He kept his grip on the book, but tipped the open face toward her. “Show me what you read.”

Swallowing, she riffled back through the pages he’d turned. He cradled the book in two palms, fingers splayed open, to give her room to do that, but brushing his fingertips was inevitable. Gooseflesh appeared on her forearms. She found the page. “There. This page. Right after she climaxes.”

“You’ve a good memory after a quick glimpse. Read the part that captured your attention. Read it in a whisper. I’ll hear you.” He turned the book around, still holding it, but letting it face her. As he did, he adjusted, so he was leaning closer. When she bent her head over it, her cheek was almost brushing his. She glanced at him in her peripheral vision.

“Ella.”

Hastily, she returned her attention to the page.

*She couldn't imagine how many more times he would do this before dawn came. Even if her body tired, she expected he had the power to bring it back to life to meet his demands.*

“This next part is him, talking in her head,” she explained. “Apparently that’s part of being a marked servant in this book.”

He made a neutral sound, hard to decipher, and she continued.

*Not my power, Nina. Yours. Your endless desire to submit and meet my demands. I will take all you have to offer and treasure the gift, even as I demand more.*



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“Why do you like that part?” He’d captured her fingers with his own, holding them to the open book.

She thought about it. No matter how much a Dom scrambled your mind, they demanded real answers to questions. Probably because they wanted to see the effort it took, balancing on the seesaw that tipped a sub toward physical and emotional chaos, all while she marshalled the brain cells to obey her Dom in all things. Give him a hundred percent for every demand he made upon her. Fortunately, that desperate thought gave her both things. The thoughtful answer, and the bittersweet pleasure in her heart, knowing what it truly meant.

“Because...he demands everything. No apologies. He wants it all, and there’s a relief, a Dom finally seeing that, understanding that. When he does, the sub doesn’t have to be afraid of it. She doesn’t have to think it’s wrong for her to want to be all his, give him everything. Because not only does he *not* think it’s wrong, it’s what he expects from her. I like that. I love the idea of a vampire and his servant. The servant bound to the vampire, forever.”

Nothing but service for all eternity, in whatever myriad ways the vampire needed the servant. Sexually, emotionally, functionally...everything. The servant would become everything to him.

She didn’t say that last part. Anwyn had taught her the boundaries, her danger zones. But it still felt wrong not to give him everything. She steadied herself with the reminder that he hadn’t asked for everything. Merely the answer to his question.

He lifted a hand, cupped her face. Not sure if it was allowed or not, she dipped her head into his palm, letting him know she liked being touched by him, but trying not to be inappropriate with it. She didn’t rub against him like a cat, the way she wanted. And when he took his hand away, she didn’t try to follow it. But from the flash in his eyes, she wondered if she’d displeased him, seeking touch from him at all.

“The reality would be harsh,” he said. “The servant is a slave to the vampire.”

“I think it would depend on the vampire.” She returned her attention to the book, still cradled in his large hands. “And I love the idea of the vampire being able to talk in the servant’s head. There’s no way to play games or second guess yourself, or get confused. You know

what he wants and can serve him just as he likes. You can be a better servant. And you...you never feel alone, because he's there, inside you, all the time."

Her gaze briefly flicked up then down, fast, when she saw that stern visage register her meeting his eyes. His lips tightened. Perversely, that made her feel more comfortable and at home, him making it clear he preferred her to follow the rules that governed their own small corner of the world.

She cleared her throat, reined herself back with Anwyn's instruction resonating in her mind. "I mean, it's a romance, sir. It's just...it's a fantasy."

Though such books hit way close to the reality at times. On the page after that scene, there were two lines that had lingered in her mind. She didn't know if they'd been the vampire or the servant's thoughts, but she thought they could apply to either. To anyone who found such a connection.

*I feel less alone.*

*I feel real.*

He touched her again, his thumb caressing her cheek. Her mouth. She closed her eyes, parted her lips. He drew away a blink later, so it was merely a drop of bliss, like a bite of chocolate, but it was enough. She had to tell herself that. She'd taught herself to treasure denial. Perhaps because part of her feared if anyone ever let her have everything she wanted, she'd drown in all her longings and needs. Lose herself and become nothing.

Nothing anyone would want.

He closed the book and handed it back to her. Then he put out his hand, palm up. When she took it, she felt that strength that made her tremble, and he brought her to her feet with him. She kept her eyes down. He stroked a hand along her cheek, thumb briefly touching her jaw and chin again. Functional this time, a hint of reproof.

"You shouldn't be on your bike after dark," he said.

"I only have a couple more deliveries to make," she responded. "Daylight savings time. It gets dark earlier. I'm usually done by seven." That way, the nights she worked at the club, she made it there on time for the nine p.m. shift start.

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“I didn’t know Atlanta had bike messengers.”

“It doesn’t, not really. I work for a place where they provide it as a service. It’s an old world kind of store. Soaps, gourmet groceries, homeopathic remedies. Things like that. Adds to their brand, the quirky charm of having someone on a bike deliver your stuff.”

“Very charming. Especially when they pull you out from beneath the wheels of an SUV.”

“No chance. I’m quick. Plus, I have reflectors, and blinking lights. My shoes do, too.” She activated the left one with a quick stamp of her foot that had his brow winging up again, and her biting her lip, a flush staining her cheeks.

He stared at the green strobing light along her heel and lifted his attention back to her face. She lowered her gaze again.

“Hmm.” She heard a frown in the tone. “Are you at Atlantis tonight?”

She noticed he didn’t say “working at Atlantis tonight,” probably because he knew for her, being at Atlantis was never work.

She wanted to add, “And if you want me to save myself for a session with you, I will.” But she didn’t. With certain Doms, she could couch the serious offer in flirty terms, keeping it friendly. She was available to their needs, could meet them whenever they wanted that to happen. Their warmth when they acknowledged it told her they truly appreciated that.

But she couldn’t do that with Wolf. With certain Doms you didn’t volunteer anything. They’d set you back on your heels, cut right to the heart of the matter. The offer was seen as a way to mask the sub’s deeper needs, to try and nudge the Dom the way she wanted them to go.

That kind of Dom wanted nothing from a sub but respect and pure, raw honesty. When the time came that they wanted your service, they’d strip every shield, take everything, push the sub over the edge and beyond, until they were past begging, past any artifice, any act guided by ego or self-protection.

She loved Doms like that. They made the best futile fantasies of all. Hopefully the vampire in this book would be like that, and she could look forward to torturing herself with another story about what she would likely never have herself.

Wolf shifted his grip now to her wrist. When he leaned in, so his

lips were close to her ear, she drew in a shuddering breath. “Be careful out there,” he said.

“Yes sir.” She had to scramble for the two simple words when his breath feathered down the line of her throat. His grip tightened on her wrist, thumb pushing into her palm, into a pressure point, and suddenly a shard of pain danced through the bone and muscle. Her knees weakened and her sex became damp enough she could feel it against her skin where her panties clung to her folds. He tipped his head slightly, his lips brushing her throat. She made a noise, that yearning feeling so overwhelming, and then he drew back, taking his touch with him.

As he moved away, she listened to his footsteps along the carpeted floor. When he was enough paces away, she allowed herself to peek up at him through her lashes. At the amazingly tight backside, and those shoulders that could carry anything in the world that was needed. He turned the corner and was gone without a look back, though his scent, that spice and woodsmoke, lingered.

She slid back down to the floor onto her butt, this time for reasons other than to read a book. She needed a few minutes to let her brain re-set so that her muscles would know how to hold her onto her feet. She didn’t act this crazy at the club, maybe because there she knew how to control her impulses better, but seeing him out here... totally unexpected.

The impact on her senses was way over the top, but not unexpected. On a normal day, she stayed away from the idea of what it would be like to be out in the “real world” with a Master who considered her his. Talk about destructive triggers—that one ranked at the top for her. But this moment had made it impossible to avoid, and that knife could cut deep and twist in that ache in her lower belly. Make the feeling toxic, damn near debilitating.

*Stop it. Pull it together.*

She did, because there was no other alternative. She was going to go to Atlantis tonight. She might or might not see him, but if she did, he’d be handling clients. His schedule was always full, not just because of his inevitable popularity, but because he had an insatiable appetite for handling subs. Yet when he was done, he rarely lingered. He disappeared into the night the way he appeared. She wasn’t even sure what kind of car he drove, though she imagined him like Nicholas Cage a la

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Ghost Rider on a motorcycle, flames streaming around him wherever he went.

Tonight, after Atlantis, she'd read her new vampire book and imagine Wolf with fangs.

She wove her way out of the maze of stacks and headed to the front. The woman at the cash register was staring at the door, which was still rocking slightly from the exit of the latest patron. From the dazed look on her face, Ella knew exactly who that patron had to be.

"If over-the-top, never-to-be-forgotten sex had a living avatar, it would be him," Ella provided helpfully.

The clerk, a tall, thin woman with straight red hair, freckles and vivid brown eyes, snapped her attention back to Ella. As the words registered, she barked out a self-conscious laugh. "Took the words right out of my mouth," she said. "Wow. So you know him?"

*I'm not sure anyone really knows him*, Ella thought, but she nodded. "Co-worker."

"He needs to come with a warning not to drive or operate heavy machinery around him," the woman said. Her lapel pin said her name was Meg, and it was surrounded by a colorful cluster of book related buttons and pins.

Ella snorted. "Forget machinery. Simple math is too much of an effort around him." Sort of. *One plus one equals two* came to her mind quite often in his presence.

"Well, I think he likes you," Meg said.

"Why would you say that?"

The woman nodded to the book in Ella's hand. "He paid for that."  
"What?"

"Yes. Wouldn't it be nice if more men used that approach? We should put it on a T-shirt. 'Don't buy me a drink...buy me a book.'"

"And vacuum my house, while you're at it. That could be in the subtext." An older woman sitting nearby, pricing the latest stack of exchanges, threw that in, making Ella and the other woman grin.

Ella imagined Wolf operating a vacuum, but the image was immediately co-opted by his hand wrapping around her wrist, instead of the handle of the appliance. He'd use all that restrained strength to pull her in. Take her for a ride on that Ghost Rider flame motorcycle, her thighs snuggled in around his hips and tight ass, her breasts pressed against his broad chest, so she could hear his heart along with

the roar of the engine. The heat of him, keeping her warm now and always.

He'd bought her book.

She made a little more light conversation with the two women, and then she left the store. She was silly enough to imagine that her hand might be pushing the bar of the door right where his had, but then she reminded herself to get her head in the game. She was late and needed to pedal fourteen blocks fast. At least adrenaline was not going to be a problem. She might not even need her tasteless energy brick to finish out the night's work.

She'd left her bike clipped to a young crepe myrtle presiding over the lush red begonias growing in a landscaped opening in the sidewalk. Since she was parked near a street lamp, enough light was thrown on the delivery packages in her basket that she noticed a new brown bag resting on the top. When she opened it, she was doused with the heavenly smell of fresh bread.

Enclosed in the bag was a bagel sandwich from a local deli she favored. The sandwich had a chickpea and fresh avocado spread that was her favorite menu item.

He knew she was a vegan, and what her favorite sandwich was from Bob's Bountiful Bagels. He'd bought her a book.

It didn't mean anything, she told herself. He'd been out on his own errands, had seen her, and decided to provide her dinner. All the Doms at Club Atlantis looked after the subs on staff. It was part of the rapport they had. They were family.

She jumped as hands slid to her waist. With one inhale, she knew it was him. She went still under his touch as he held her in the shadows. He didn't let her turn around, but when his lips moved to her throat, she lifted her chin, turning it away, giving him full access to the artery there. Just as if he were a vampire for real.

He paused, his body stilling and tensing in a way that sent a ripple of something through her that was like fear...but totally not. Her hand had moved and rested on his on her waist. She knew she should move it, but when his mouth sealed over her neck, her fingers tightened on his and she couldn't let go. Not unless he commanded it.

She made a small noise as he bit her. He didn't puncture flesh, but it felt like he could have. He had sharp teeth, and she wondered if he filed them. As he held the pressure there, his hands roved up,

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captured her breasts. The body pressed against hers was like a furnace, a creature come straight from hell to warm her.

Goddess help her, if he wanted to take her over the seat of her bike, he could. She wouldn't deny him.

The clamp of his jaw tightened and she moaned. He tightened his grip elsewhere, pinching her nipples through the thin bra, bringing her up onto her toes.

His mouth slid along her flesh and was gone, but before she could mourn its loss, he'd shifted his grip. He plunged his fingers into her hair, pulling against her scalp.

"You'll be careful out there, Ella," he repeated, but this time she knew exactly how to respond.

"Yes, Master."

As he held that position, she savored being under his command, even for this brief moment. The words came spilling out before she could stop them, knowing she shouldn't say them. But he wouldn't punish her for raw, painful honesty. "I want to be yours tonight."

*Every night.*

Most of his sessions were with men and physically strong women who liked to fight back. She was totally not his usual fare. His next words confirmed it.

That grip tightened, becoming painful. "A little girl like you wouldn't survive being my sub."

"I'm not a little girl." She just had little girl fantasies. Only instead of princes, she was whisked away by a Master who took her to his dungeon and spent happily-ever-after spanking her, demanding she suck his cock and letting her serve his every need because he couldn't imagine life without her. Any more than she could imagine life without him.

"And yes, I would," she said. "I'd thrive on it."

It was the most defiant she'd ever been, to any Master, and it shocked her. His growl had her trembling anew, reminding her of what she'd told herself in the store. He was not a Master to be goaded by idle flirting or the most subtle manipulations. And Goddess help the sub who tried to bluff him.

"I want to," she said. "I want that chance."

After another long moment, his touch eased. Then he released her, but not before he spoke one more sentence against her ear.

“We’ll see.”

And then he was gone.

She pivoted less than a shaky breath later, and was stunned to realize he really was gone. She didn’t see him walking away, moving down the street. It sent a shiver through her as she placed her hand on her throat. Perhaps it was the suggestibility of the vampire novel she’d skimmed, but it felt as if she could still feel teeth marks there.

She brought her hand down, and stared at the light smear of blood.

He’d bitten her. Marked her.

It made her want to be his even more.





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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

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This short is intended to provide readers an introduction to my Vampire Queen series, so it can stand alone. It contains no spoilers. However, if it has tempted you to read more, you are in luck! As of the date of this short teaser, there are currently 15 books in the Vampire Queen series.

Visit the series page on my [storywitch.com](https://storywitch.com/series-vqs) website for the series order and a brief advisory on which books can stand alone. <https://storywitch.com/series-vqs>

Thank you for spending time with my vampires!

And yes, there will be a full-length book about Wolf and Ella, never fear. I hope to write *Vampire Master* soon! This short was inspired by a random meme posted at one of the reading sites. The meme suggested that a woman who loves books would be more receptive to someone buying her a book in a bookstore, than a drink in a bar. I think Ella would agree! (I know I would, lol.)



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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Joey W. Hill writes about vampires, mermaids, boardroom executives, cops, witches, angels, housemaids...pretty much wherever her inspiration takes her. She's penned over forty acclaimed titles and six award-winning series, and been awarded the RT Book Reviews Career Achievement Award for Erotica. But she's especially proud and humbled to have the support and enthusiasm of a wonderful, widely diverse readership.

So why erotic romance? "Writing great erotic romance is all about exploring the true face of who we are – the best and worst - which typically comes out in the most vulnerable moments of sexual intimacy." She has earned a reputation for writing BDSM romance that not only wins her fans of that genre, but readers who would "never" read BDSM romance. She believes that's because strong, compelling characters are the most important part of her books.

"Whatever genre you're writing, if the characters are captivating and sympathetic, the readers are going to want to see what happens to them. That was the defining element of the romances I loved most and which shaped my own writing. Bringing characters together who have numerous emotional obstacles standing in their way, watching them reach a soul-deep understanding of one another through the expression of their darkest sexual needs, and then growing from that understanding into love - that's the kind of story I love to write."

Take the plunge with her, and don't hesitate to let her know what you think of her work, good or bad. She thrives on feedback!

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Hostile Takeover

Willing Sacrifice

Soul Rest

Knight Nostalgia (*Anthology*)

### *Nature of Desire Series*

Holding the Cards

Natural Law

Ice Queen

Mirror of My Soul

Mistress of Redemption

Rough Canvas

Branded Sanctuary

Divine Solace

Worth The Wait

Truly Helpless

***Naughty Bits Series***

The Lingerie Shop

Training Session

Bound To Please

The Highest Bid

***Naughty Wishes Series***

Part 1: Body

Part 2: Heart

Part 3: Mind

Part 4: Soul

***Vampire Queen Series***

Vampire Queen's Servant

Mark of the Vampire Queen

Vampire's Claim

Beloved Vampire

Vampire Mistress

Vampire Trinity

Vampire Instinct

Bound by the Vampire Queen

Taken by a Vampire

The Scientific Method

Nightfall

Elusive Hero

Night's Templar

Vampire's Soul

Vampire's Embrace

***Non-Series Titles***

If Wishes Were Horses

Virtual Reality

Unrestrained

Medusa's Heart

***Novellas***

Chance of a Lifetime

Choice of Masters

Make Her Dreams Come True

Threads of Faith

Submissive Angel

***Short***

Snow Angel

