

Master Marion

I quickly climbed the nearest tree and launched myself to the farthest one I could reach. It put me right beside them and the noise of the clumsy landing attracted their attention. Perfect.

"Who's there? Come down now!" The male vampire demanded.

"I... I'm not going to. Leave me alone." I made my voice quiver.

"Come, little girl. We were just startled and didn't mean to scare you." The female said.

"You're vampires. You'll kill me." I squeaked.

"Die in a tree or die on the ground, it's your choice." The male growled.

"Stop that, Ferdinand." The female smacked the male's arm. "Little girl, we're not mean. He just hates admitting that you scared him. You came here to see vampires, didn't you?" She purred.

"Y-Yes. But I didn't mean to actually talk to you. I just wanted to see." I snied.

"How old are you?" She asked.

"Thirteen." I whispered.

"A marvelous age. Very sweet." Ferdinand chuckled.

Talia told me the vintage preferences of most vampires. Puberty was a big draw because of the ood of hormones. Any age before twenty-ve was good, but twelve to fteen was the height of sweetness and vibrancy. After that, it was usually power that attracted them.

Since I only barely made it over ve feet, only ve feet and one half inch, I was the same height as most thirteen and fourteen year olds in the pack. My loose t-shirt covered my curves and made me look even younger. The lack of makeup helped, too.

Faking thirteen would be a breeze. If there were more than two vampires, the Alpha would probably be naked so they could access the arteries in his legs more easily. I could easily explain any interest I showed in him on being the age where most girls really start paying attention.

"What's your name, child?" The female asked.

"Jamie." I whispered.

"I'm Louisa, this is my mate, Ferdinand. Come down and we'll take you to our home. Let us feed on you a little and we'll make sure you get back to your pack. Imagine how cool your friends will think you are."

"I'm not strong enough to ght you if you're lying. Please, just let me go home." I begged, tearfully.

Suddenly, Ferdinand jumped up and grabbed me from the tree. I screamed as if I were actually surprised. It made them laugh.

"You're coming with us. You can either walk and live through the night, or I can carry you and we'll drain you before dawn." He growled.

"I... I'll walk. Anything. Please, don't kill me." I whimpered.

"I can't get a read on her power. That's weird." Louisa said.

"She's not a pack wolf. Here, smell." He thrust me in her direction and she took a deep sniff.

"More wild. That's the difference between a pack wolf and a rogue? The one we have smells like naps in the sun. She smells like stealing through the shadows." She whispered.

"You're rogue-born, right?" Ferdinand said.

"Y-Yes, sir."

"Where are your parents? I don't smell any other wolves nearby."

"Dead. Killed by hunters. I've been living as a foster child in the Eaten Heart Collective." I admitted softly.

"Then, no one will miss you. Come along, Jamie. You're ours now. As long as you behave, we'll let you live." Ferdinand stated as he pulled me along behind him.

Louisa chuckled as we walked. I quickly mind linked Kieran to let him know I'd be gone for a few days and to have Drake take over my youth elites and Clint take over the junior elites. When I was young, he'd question it. Now, he just said okay and told me he'd let my parents know.

I loved how much everyone had grown to trust me. If there was a need for back up, I would've told him. Since I didn't, he wouldn't worry. I just hoped I was strong enough, and smart enough to make it back home.

We walked for two hours. They slowed their pace for me and were grumbling the whole time. I made sure to trip a bit just to piss them off. It amused me and led to them boasting more about taking down an Alpha, just to put a little more fear in me. The adrenaline of terror would add a little extra boost to their meal.

Soon, we came to a small clearing where an old house sat next to a stream. It looked like the place was abandoned, at least a hundred years old, and slightly crooked on it's foundation. Louisa grabbed my arm roughly and Ferdinand led us up the splintered stairs to the creaky porch. He opened the door and Louisa dragged me inside.

[Bellamy/Jamie]

The living room was lit by several solar powered lamps. I bet they put them out before they tucked themselves away during the day. It was a really good plan if you couldn't get electricity.

In the light, I saw there was an old plaid couch that looked like it had been there since the last occupants left... in the seventies. Sitting in an armchair nearby was another vampire. He looked up from the book he was reading and smiled. Vampire smiles were unnerving. He quickly stood and met us by the door as Ferdinand closed it.

"What have you brought me?" He asked.

"Master Marion, we found this little orphan rogue in a tree and brought her in for dinner." Louisa chuckled.

"Ah, a rare treat with how wolves care for their pups." Marion grinned.

"She says she'll do anything if we won't kill her." Ferdinand said darkly.

My stomach dropped a little. I started praying they'd be less prone to want to use me for anything besides labor and food. The last thing I wanted was to end up a brood mother for hybrid pups. I mentally shook myself. I wouldn't be here long enough for that. They'd want to make sure I wouldn't run rst.

"I haven't had a little rogue in nearly a century." Marion licked his lips.

They all looked like they were related. Pale, thin skin stretched over slightly muscular skeletons, dark hair, black eyes. Louisa was a little meatier, she hadn't starved her body enough yet. Marion and Ferdinand were at least six feet tall, while Louisa was about ve foot six. Most sires tended toward a physical preference when creating other vampires. I just needed to gure out if Marion was really the sire, or if he was the sire's mate.

"We gured she'd be good for a few meals and could clean up after our pet. We need someone to watch him during the day. Especially after the mess he made today. How is Clea?" Louisa asked.

"Angry. She didn't want to clean the mess and I had to discipline her. She's locked in the cellar. How do we know our little puppy won't run away?" Marion asked.

"I swear I won't." I squeaked. "I'm not strong and fast like other rogues. They said it was because my mom was human."

"Ah. She's honest. Do you think we're going to be more lenient because of your honesty, little wolf?" Marion laughed.

"No, sir. Lying wouldn't have helped me either. I'm used to being treated as a servant, though. The setting isn't important. I just don't want to die." I whispered.

"Someone already broke her!" He laughed even harder. "How nice of them. Let her go, Louisa."

She released my arm and I folded my hands in front of me, keeping my eyes on the oor. I knew he'd try to test me a little. They always did when you were pretending to be broken in. I knew I was supposed to be his property and would obey as I should.

"On your knees, wolf." He commanded.

I dropped to my knees swiftly, not moving my head or hands. They all snickered.

"Stand up, wolf." He ordered.

I stood as quickly and smoothly as I could. Marion patted my head.

"What's her name?"

"Jamie." Louisa reported.

"Follow me, Jamie. I'll introduce you to our other pet." Marion said as he turned.

I followed a foot or so behind him as he grabbed a lantern and left the living room into a dark little hallway. He pointed out the bathroom and told me there was running water, just no hot water.

We stopped at a door at the end of the hall. Marion worked to unlock all of the locks. A simple door like that shouldn't have been able to hold in even the weakest wolf, let alone an Alpha.

"Now, he's a little feisty at times. You need to make sure he eats three times a day. We'll bring meats every night for you to cook. There's no refrigerator, so you need to gure it out, and you'll have to use a wood burning stove to prepare the meals. After he's nished eating, you may have whatever's left. Make sure he drinks and uses the restroom as needed. Clean him up from time to time. We want him to live for at least another month." Marion stated.

I nodded and he led me into the room. There was a mattress on the oor in the corner. On the mattress was a naked male laying down with something on his neck. It looked like the collar the witch had me in. I felt bad for him. Eight months in a silver collar was my max. It hurt like a b***h.

The window above him was boarded up and a wisp curtain hung in tatters. There was a bucket in the corner he'd been using for a bathroom. It looked like the oor had been washed recently, I pieced together what probably happened.

"You'll be in charge of cleaning the rest of the house, too. I'd like to have a lot less dust and dirt on my clothing. Do you understand, Jamie?" He said.

"Yes, sir. I can do that." I replied.

"Good. We'll leave you two to get acquainted. Knock when you're ready to come out. Louisa will come back in a couple hours for her meal. She's never had rogue-born before, and we dote on our little Louie. You will feed one of us every night. As you get older, you'll feed two. If you're a good girl, we might even treat you to a pup or two to care for. Wouldn't you like that?" Marion whispered into my ear as he slipped a hand between my thighs.

"Anything you want, sir. Please don't hurt me." I whimpered.

"As long as you're good, you have nothing to fear. Ferd, you keep your hands off Jamie. She's mine until I get bored. Then you can have her." He chuckled.

"I appreciate anything you're willing to give, master." Ferdinand said with a smile in his voice.

They left quickly and I heard the locks get thrown into place. Well, Marion was denitely the sire and they probably nested in the cellar. Now, to see what I was working with for my accomplice.