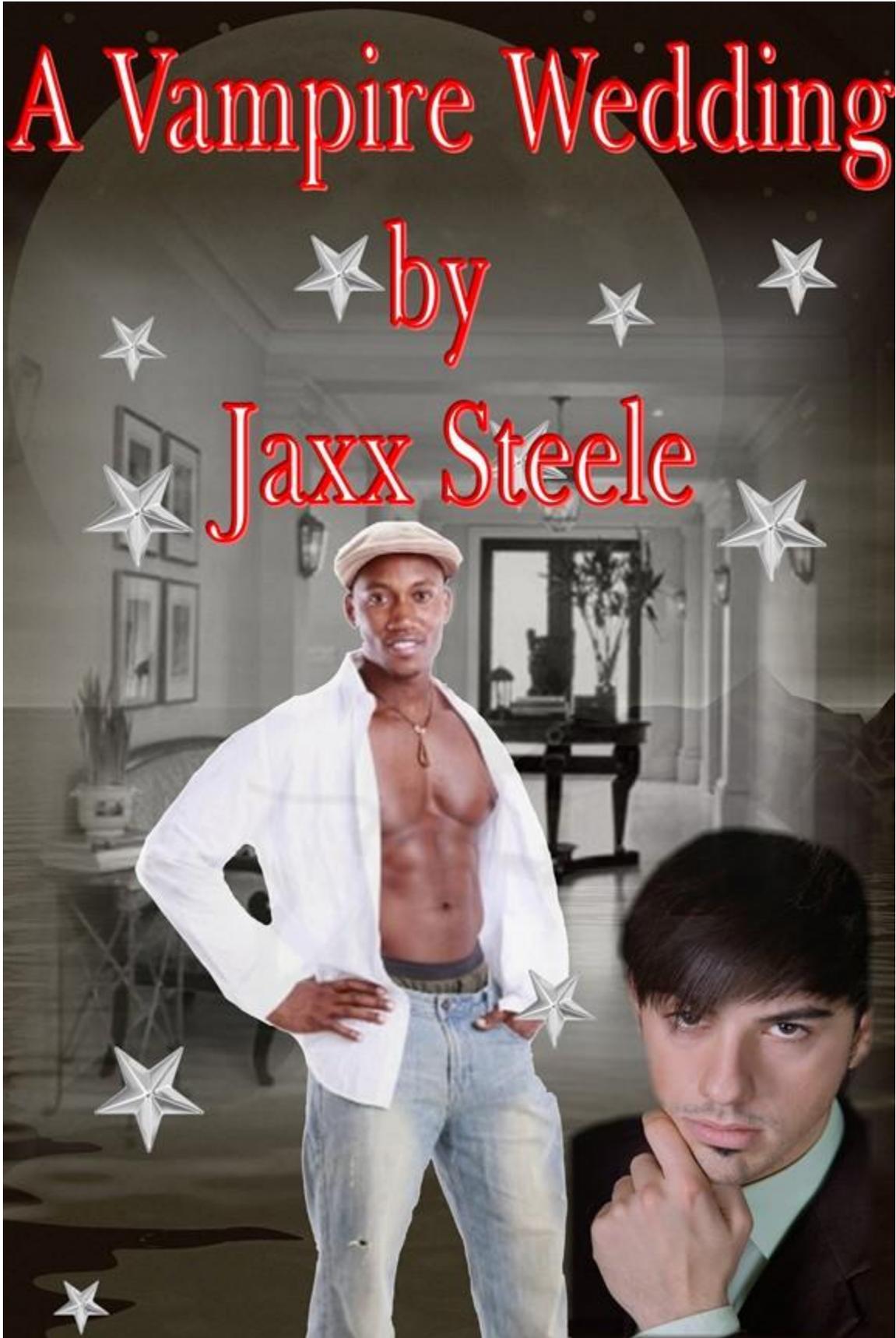


# A Vampire Wedding

by

Jaxx Steele



*Jaxx Steele*

*A Free Read*

*A Vampire  
Wedding*

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A Vampire Wedding

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## A Vampire Wedding

By Jaxx Steele

**(A supposed scene from Indian Blood Moon)**

Dante leaned on the open passenger door staring at the huge Victorian style house with apprehension. He pulled the collar higher on his coat and adjusted his scarf to block the bite in the cold late December air. Cars filled the parking lot like driveway to his left and right telling him that others had already arrived. He turned toward Magnus. He gave Dante a soft smile and offered his hand.

“Welcome Lord Magnus,” a valet greeted with a slight bow when he opened the door. “The counsel and guests are all here awaiting your arrival.” He removed Magnus’ outer wear and then Dante’s. “You will find them in parlor to the left, sir,” he added extending his hand.

“Thank you, Andrew. Come darling.”

Dante followed him marveling on how much his life changed since Magnus had come into it. Magnus was so pleased when Dante decided to be his mate. He vowed that all of Dante’s basic needs and many of his wants would be taken care of. Magnus promised to dispatch their enemies so that Dante would feel safe, but he had never felt more protected in his life than when he was in Magnus’ arms. Magnus also told Dante he would love him and make love to him like no one else ever could. Not only was he true to his word on all accounts, Magnus had gone over and above anything he had expected.

Magnus led him through the beautifully decorated foyer. Dante wished he had his camera with him as he took in the scenery. The reporter in him wanted to photograph the architecture, pictures and obvious antiques that were displayed on the walls, ceiling and end tables along the way so he could write about it later. At the end of the hall Magnus gripped the double styled French doors and flung them open.

Music washed over them like a whoosh of air. Men and women filled the large room dancing and socializing. Their chatter was loud, but still beneath the octaves of the band’s music. The walls were decorated in gold, silver and white glittering streamers, stars and balloons. On the ceiling a huge net held back an abundance of confetti. A passing waiter caught his eye as he pushed a tray in their direction.

“Drink, sir?”

“Thank you, Raphael,” Magnus said removing two flutes. “To us, sweetheart.”

Smiling Dante mimicked Magnus' move lifting his glass. Taking a sip Dante looked across at all the elegantly dressed guests. When he had donned his tuxedo this evening he thought he would be over dressed, but Magnus assured him that it would be proper attire for the occasion. Dante couldn't help the pride filled smile that touched his lips and he looked his lover over.

Magnus' suit fit his physique impeccably. Jet black material lay smoothly on his broad chest showing the crisp white shirt beneath and shining onyx buttons. The jacket's no collar design worked perfectly for Magnus. It raised high at the nape of his neck allowing his silky ebony strands to hang in loose curls just over his shoulders.

Dante forced himself to turn away from Magnus' manly beauty for fear of being engrossed by his allure and finding himself in a compromising position before he knew it. He continued to survey the room recognizing many of the faces from previous parties he and Magnus had been invited to lately. When they caught Dante's eye they lifted their glasses in acknowledgment then continued their conversations. Suddenly the music changed from merry expressions of the season to the blasting sounds of announcement horns and then the crowd parted like the Red Sea. Magnus touched Dante's hand gaining his attention again.

"Come, my love. It's time."

Magnus' gait was confident and sure as he walked through the path the guests made for them. Dante's heart raced as he ambled along beside him. Everyone they passed waved or smiled as he walked by encouraging him on. Dante finished his drink in one gulp then pushed the glass into someone's hand as he passed them. The council consisted of six men sitting on a dais ahead of them. They stood as Dante and Magnus approached. Magnus had told him that the men were the oldest among his clan. Magnus was only forty years old when he was turned and that was over 200 years ago. The men were dressed elegantly fitting in with everyone else and didn't look a day older than Magnus. Magnus stopped right before the stage and gave a small bow. Dante copied him.

"Welcome Magnus. I greet you with brotherly love and the respect that is due to your station."

"Thank you, Great Liam. I extend the same greeting to you."

"At long last the time has come to meet your chosen mate. When Mathias the Seer foretold of the day that you would find him I feared you would be in despair long before we could reach this moment. Fifty years is such a short span of time for an immortal unless you are waiting for something you want very dearly. I trust the pain of delay been erased from your heart, Magnus."

"It has, my lord," Magnus replied on a relieved breath.

Liam smiled his approval. "Bring your man forth."

Magnus put his hand on the small of Dante's back to urge his movement. Dante shot a quick look out the corner of his eye to him. Magnus looked happy and otherwise relaxed. It was enough incentive for him. Dante took a slow breath, swallowed his nerves and stepped forward.

"I— I am Dante Tyler."

Liam looked down to openly inspect him. The leader sent a look to his left and the men nodded. When he turned to his right and received the same reaction, Liam smiled and turned to Magnus.

"Dante Tyler is indeed a beautiful and strong man, Magnus. You have done well."

"Thank you, my lord."

Dante turned. Magnus' contented expression warmed him. Liam's rich voice turned his head forward again.

"Dante, has Magnus Ambrose shown you love since he has claimed you as his own?"

Although the question caught him off guard, Dante's smile was immediate. "Yes, Great Liam, he has," he answered using Magnus' words.

"Has Magnus protected you from those who would otherwise harm you?"

"Yes, he has."

"As his mate, it will be your duty to sustain his needs. Magnus will no longer hunt for sustenance because he will feed from you. You will also be required to be available when his lustful prowess needs attention. He will only share his body with you from now on."

*Whoa! I like the way that sounds!*

"You will walk between our two worlds, Dante," Liam continued. "You will retain your human nature, but because Magnus nourishes himself with your blood he becomes a part of you and you a part of him. You will regenerate from harm and will age no more so that you can move through time with him readily. Magnus' duties as a slayer require him to change locations every two decades because humans tend to notice when one doesn't age as they do. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you content to be his mate even knowing his restrictions?"

Dante looked over his shoulder. His eyes met Magnus' in the dimmed lighting of the room. Love and pride shined behind his silvery orbs. A small smile was on his lips as he waited for Dante to answer his leader's question. Dante returned his smile and turned to address Liam.

"I am."

Liam smiled and the whole room erupted in applause and cheers. Dante jumped at the sudden burst of excitement then laughed.

“Welcome to the clan, Dante,” Liam said stepping off the platform pulling him into a hug.

The rest of the men followed their leader in greeting Dante with a hug and kiss on both cheeks. The music resumed and the party chatter started up again. The council returned to their seats and the crowd closed again. Dante was surrounded by a sea of people in no time. He scanned the masses looking for Magnus. A strong, reassuring arm wrapped around his waist pulling him backwards. Magnus’ voice was hot and tantalizing as he spoke close to his ear.

“You spoke adequately my love and my clan has welcomed you. That is cause for celebration.”

Two glasses nestled between Magnus’ fingers came into Dante’s left peripheral. He smiled and accepted one turning to face his lover. Magnus looped his arm around Dante’s and they sipped. Magnus took his empty flute and placed them on a waiter’s tray then pulled Dante wordlessly to the dance floor. The music was slow and fluid. People were shoulder to shoulder as they swayed to the dulcet tones.

Magnus held Dante’s gaze. The heat Dante felt rising inside him had nothing to do with the chilled champagne he just ingested. Magnus held his hands by their sides and moved in closer. Magnus licked Dante’s lips seeking entrance and with a soft moan, Dante opened to him. He stroked and teased Dante’s tongue, drawing another groan from him. No one had ever kissed him he way Magnus had. It transported him to ecstasy every time. Magnus abruptly broke the kiss and spun him about. The feel of Magnus’ impressive erection grinding into his ass removed the disappointment of losing the connection of the kiss.

“Do you know what happened here tonight, my love?” Magnus asked leaving licking pecks on his throat.

Dante pushed back and rolled his hips to match Magnus’ undulating moves. He wrapped his lover’s strong arms around his body enjoying how good Magnus felt behind him.

“My people have accepted you with open arms, Dante. This ritual for induction into the clan is the equivalent of a wedding ceremony,” Magnus continued between kisses.

“A wedding?” he murmured and then comprehension made it through the erotic fog. “*Our* wedding?”

“Yes, darling.” Magnus said between kisses. “This was a celebration that told my family and friends that we have chosen each other as mates in a lifelong bond. This party could be considered our reception.”

Magnus' touch had the ability to put Dante in a euphoric vacuum. The music and people seemed to disappear leaving only Magnus' presence and the wonderful feelings he created behind. The intensely erotic movements excited him incredibly making his sphincter clench with want and his cock throb relentlessly begging to be touched. To his surprise and great delight Magnus' hand moved lower. Magnus rubbed purposely over the hard length of Dante's cock growing erection bringing his blood to a boil.

"And I have the perfect way to celebrate."

Magnus arm tightened around Dante's midsection. His hand snaked up his jacket and then into his pants. Dante froze when the firm fingers fondled his balls. When the naughty digits rose to stroke his cock a shattering sigh left Dante's lips. Magnus ground against his ass more fervently as he jerked him. All sounds seemed to fade into the background of his mind and his eyes closed to block out the sights.

Magnus ground into him and continued to pull on his cock expertly. Dante knew they were still in the middle of the dance floor at a party with hundreds of people around them, but they weren't even dancing anymore and he could care less. Magnus had snared him in his alluring web of enchantment and voided everything else that may have been relevant. Magnus freed his erection and stroked it with fervor elevating Dante's excitement incredibly. Dante's breath caught. Fire coursed through his consciousness and immense pleasure soared in crescendo within him. The climax hit Dante so hard his knees buckled, but Magnus' strong arm held him aloft.

"Magnus!" he breathed.

"Yesss," he heard Magnus say and then the sharp prick of his teeth pierced his throat.

The pulling sensation of Magnus drinking his life's blood increased and elongated his orgasm. Shivers of delight raced over his skin leaving goose bumps in its wake. Dante leaned into his lover's embrace letting Magnus tug joyfully on his throat.

Delicate tapping on his cheeks made his eyes open. Balloons and different color confetti rained down on them. Everyone around them toasted, cheered and kissed. Dante smiled and reached back to hold Magnus' mouth to his neck offering him more. He couldn't think of a better way to start his new life or the New Year.