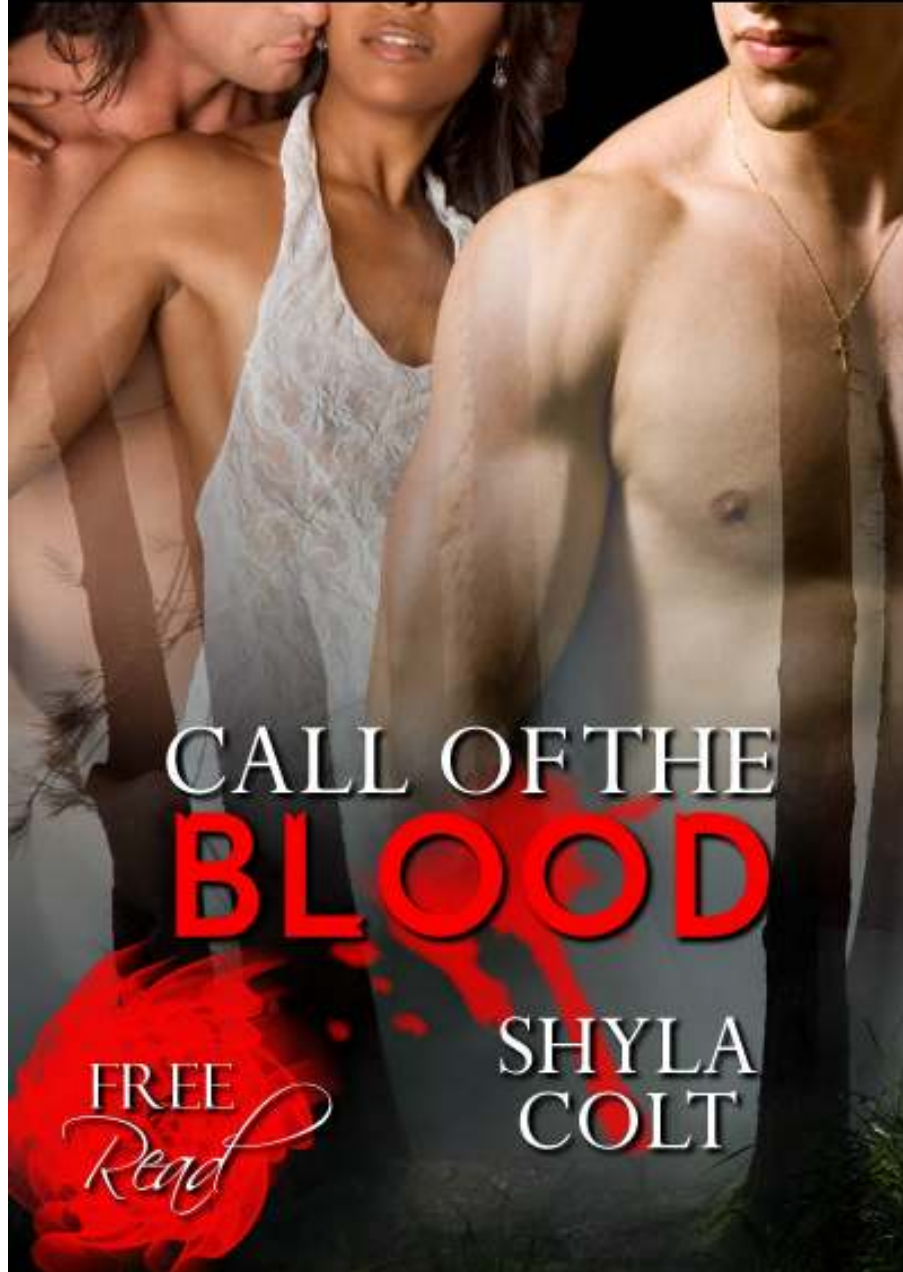


Evernight Publishing



CALL OF THE  
**BLOOD**

SHYLA  
COLT

FREE

*Read*



Evernight Publishing

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## **DEDICATION**

To my boys Dean and Sammy for always being there to ride with me, no matter where we're going , how long it takes, or how late the hour.

A huge thank you to my family and friends who allow me to ramble on about plots, talk about my characters like they're real, and understand that in order for my soul to vibrate I need to create.

And last but never least my readers. You guys are the fuel that helps me keep going. The love and support you send my way, humbles, inspires, and encourages me to dig deeper with every story.

Love you, Colts.

# CALL OF THE BLOOD

Shyla Colt

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## Chapter One

Zoe paused. Droplets of blood slid down her fangs and onto her lips and clothing. She licked the dark red beads she could reach, irritated. *I'm far too old to be making such a mess.*

*"Guy needs you. Come to—"*

The mental voice hit her like a ton of bricks. Her vision blurred and darkened. Her view narrowed and curved into a tunnel. The backlash of the power used to summon her ran through her body like a jolt of electricity. Released from the conjurer's grip, she swayed. The connection once open between her and Phillip had been slammed shut so tight, it took the equivalent of a crowbar to open it again, which explained why it hurt like hell. She grimaced, wincing in pain, both physical and mental. She assessed the situation and regrouped, taking stock of her surroundings.

Her victim was still in the thrall of her kind, and she had a trip to make. Clad in what she'd come to think of as basic vampire wear—tight dark jeans, a black T-shirt and black chucks, she could make a quick getaway without being sloppy. The pain receded. She blinked, licking the frat boy's neck clean before she pulled away. It wouldn't do to have someone making rumblings about vampires. People were beginning to believe more and more these days, and hunters were relentless, those from the vampire council and those of the human variety.

She hadn't heard Phillip's voice in so long. The intimate feel of him in her mind opened a wound she fought hard to keep sewn shut. Never really over him, she did a first-rate job of pretending otherwise. Tears crept up into her view. She fought back the salty liquid. *More important things to focus on right now.* She clung to the thought, shoving away the broken pieces of her past. *Why was Phillip*

*was contacting me about Guy?* A slow panic set in. This was bad. Her stomach sank like a stone in the ocean. A million scenarios ran through her mind. They were getting close to their first “Earthing,” the time when fledgling vampires chose to go into a deep slumber to give themselves a break from life. It generally happened every three hundred to five hundred years, though once you hit the hundredth year mark, you became eligible.

Despite what humans thought, living forever did get old. The Earthing was their coping mechanism, the reason that kept them from turning into vicious killing machines (well, *most* of the time). There were the occasional few who slipped through the cracks, and just like humans, there were vamps that chose to be evil, those who lived for the thrill of the kill and let the animal inside them take over. She shivered at the thought of those dark vamps she’d run into over the years. Old age among them was both a curse and a blessing. Your power increased, but so did the darkness that stained your soul. It was a struggle to keep the beast at bay unless you had something to anchor you, such as love, or a strong friendship. Only a lucky few would meet the right person and perform the ultimate commitment, binding themselves, mind, spirit, and life force.

Oh yes, the undead suffered. It was like being born an addict to an extremely potent drug, essential to sustaining your life force. The thought of Guy in distress cut her heart like a razor. He was more than her best friend, he was her sire. The bond allowed her to tap into his emotions and thoughts when they were both of a mind to do so. Once, he had been the only thing that kept her from walking into the sunshine. She’d return the favor now if he needed it.

“You had too much to drink and blacked out after leaving the party. You have no idea who you were with, or how you ended up back in your room.” She sent Brad on his way and turned into a raven, heading back to the one place she’d hoped to avoid indefinitely.

\*\*\*\*

*It’s done.* Phillip bowed his head as he slumped down onto his bed and ran a hand over his tired face. She’d heard him, so she’d come. *Always would do anything for Guy.* Jealousy twisted his guts into a grotesque shape. The complete devotion she showed his best friend had always been a bone of contention between them. The feelings had worsened since the split. He begrudged Guy the time spent with Zoelle on a regular basis. *You were the one who ruined*

*things between the two of you! You have no right to be upset now.* The words were true but he couldn't bring himself to care. He wanted that kinship and understanding back. One slip in control caused them all decades of pain. Images of the dead witches' eyes lined in a neat row filled his brain. Their blood had been so sweet and fulfilling. His powers had spiked off the charts, and he'd gone on a spree. A junkie to the unique element that made Zoelle special, he'd weathered the withdrawal and come out with his mind just barley intact. In the aftermath, Phillip tried to mend the bridge between them at first. After she told him point blank it had burned to cinders for the thirty-fifth time, he'd been inclined to believe her.

How could she trust him not to fall off the bandwagon after that? He'd murdered their love, one corpse at a time. Of course, Guy swore he should have tried for the thirty-sixth, and the thirty-seventh. *When you find your soul mate, you don't give up on her because of a lapse in judgment.* That had been the old Guy. Cocky, lighthearted, and filled with a sense of wonderment and adventure that had turned life, or un-life, in their case, into a game. Then Amelia arrived. The blonde tart with her false love turned Guy into a bitter shell. *I should have seen it coming.* He'd seen the change bit by bit. Guy must've hidden it better from Zoe. They didn't see each other on a daily basis, and Amelia never accompanied Guy when they met up. Probably because, Zoelle scared the bejesus out of her. Smart on Amelia's part. Zoe wasn't your average vampire.

Blood rushed to his cock, and his fangs distended. The thought of her blood and the tightness of her sheath instantly aroused him. He used to live between her thighs. Today, he settled for a cheap imitation. He frowned as the image of his current fling, Heathe, came to the surface. The busty brunette with blue eyes helped pass the time. But she couldn't hold a candle to the flawless milk chocolate skin stretched over wicked curves that Zoe possessed. With her doe eyes, and bone-straight black hair, Zoe would forever be his ideal woman. When you had forever in front of it, and no one to share it with, the ticktock of the clock could sound like nails on a chalkboard. So he kept his options open.

The beast he kept chained up inside struggled against the manacles containing it. It wanted out, it wanted Zoe. A better man would contact her and tell her to stay away, maybe remove himself from the equation. *Of course, I'm not a man, and I've waited long*

*enough.* The darkness rushed up inside him, and he embraced it. A wicked smile curved the corners of his lips upward. *Time to set things right.* He strolled across the wood floors, stopped in front of Guy's room, and lifted his hand to knock.

The door swung in, and the frazzled green eyes and shaggy chocolate-brown hair of his best friend greeted him. "What did you do?" Guy asked, his voice raspy and strained.

"What should've been done a long time ago." Phillip frowned. Guy didn't look right. His features were drawn and his eyes glossy.

"You can't go back. Do you remember the damage you did the last time—?"

"Shh." Phillip held a hand up to his lips and silenced Guy with his powers. "We've done it your way, this time we'll do it mine. I know you want Zoe. You always have. Behind that best friend facade lays a burning passion to sink your cock into her pussy while you take her blood." Guy's nostril's flared, and the dark scent of lust filled the air. Phillip chuckled. "Yes, be mad, as long as you *feel* something. You're falling apart over a woman who could never be enough, and I'm sick of the spineless jellyfish I've become since my wings were clipped. We can tread the line between the light and the dark."

"And if we can't?" Guy whispered.

"Then we'll be evil together. Regardless, the half-life bullshit is over." Phillip sneered. Every evil inkling he'd buried, lustful thought he'd imagined, and dark urge he'd denied, broke through the self-imposed dam in his mind. "I don't want to exist. I want to live."

"And you think what? Zoe's magical pussy will allow us to do that?" Guy scoffed.

"We both know she's a hurricane with the clout to back it. Don't downplay her powers because you don't like the path I'm presenting. We need to do a binding. Become a trio permanently."

"Shit." Guy's hand flexed around the door frame. The metal creaked in protest.

"Careful. You're starting to lose control," Phillip said in a singsong voice

"God, I did not miss this aspect of your personality," Guy grumbled.

"Did I mention Zoe's on her way?"

"You didn't?" Guy shook his head.

“I did, not a minute too soon, judging from the smell of you.”

Guy growled, and Phillip stepped back, wary. “Hey.” He snapped his fingers. “You still with me?”

Guy blinked, and his eyes focused once more. “Yeah, I’m here.” He ran a hand through his hair and closed his eyes tight. “I’m barely hanging on.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Phillip said.

“It hasn’t been this bad, until now,” Guy said.

“Come on, let’s get you some blood to hold you over.” Phillip placed a hand on Guy’s shoulder, willing his energy and calm into him.

“And when Zoe arrives?” Guy whispered.

“We place our claim.”

Guy’s head snapped up, his pupils dilated, and his fangs distended to peak from between his lips. “Yes.”

Phillip grinned. With his partner in crime on the same page, Zoe didn’t stand a chance.



## Chapter Two

Zoe landed on the porch and took her normal form. Off the main road, on its own private drive and acres of land, the mansion was totally secluded. She had no worry about being seen. She lifted her hand to knock, and the door swung open. The breath rushed from her lungs, and for a moment she forgot she no longer required oxygen. Phillip stood before her, his long legs encased in a pair of worn jeans, and a black T-shirt that caressed his broad shoulders and firm pecs like a lover. She licked her lips and blinked to break the hypnotic trance his midnight blue eyes placed her in. Locks of black hair fell over his forehead, and her eyes drank in the sight of his slim, angular face. *Fuck, I forgot how utterly devastating his face can be.*

“Zoelle.” His baritone curled her toes in her sneakers. Her nipples hardened automatically, and her pussy grew damp in remembrance of the pleasure they’d shared. His nose twitched. “Some part of you is happy to see me.”

The measured way he spoke and the gleam in his eyes gave her pause. “Phillip?”

“Mmm.” He closed his eyes and inhaled. “Say it again, Zoe. It’s been far too long since I heard my name on your lips.” She moved to take a step back and his hands shot out to grip her hips. “No. We’ve done this dance long enough. No more running.”

“I wasn’t—”

His lips cut off anything she might’ve said. Her brain exploded, and rational thought left the building. He tasted like whiskey, blood, and an intangible flavor that would forever be simply Phillip. Emotions burst inside her, overflowing the brick wall she’d put up to numb her connection to him. Need tore through her belly and climbed into her bloodstream. She lifted her hands and buried her finger in his fine hair, pulling it tight. He moaned, yet his mouth never wavered. Pain was felt twofold for them, and a part of her needed to hurt him before she could even consider moving on.

She tilted her head, parting his lips with her tongue, sliding her leg up to hook around his hip. Her pussy rubbed against his burgeoning hardness. Sparks ignited, sizzling down her nerve endings. Sex as a vampire was to die for, literally. If humans knew how much better it’d be, they’d get in line based on that alone. He

gripped her ass, lifting her up. Her legs wound around his body and they stumbled into the house. Her back met the door as it slammed shut. He rolled his hips, creating friction. *No, this isn't why I'm here.* She gripped his hair firmly at the root and pulled her lips away.

“Guy.”

“Is right here.” The husky tone startled her. She opened her eyes and peered over Phillip’s shoulder to meet the smoldering green gaze of Guy.

“What’s wrong with you?” Zoe said. His eyes were fever bright, and a serious air settled over him.

“For once, everything’s right,” Phillip said.

She pushed away, looking from one to the other, like a fan at a tennis match.

“Why are you letting him wander around? It’s clear to me he needs an Earthing.” Zoe moved to pull away, and Phillip’s arms locked around her.

“Phillip and I talked. The only thing I need...we *both* need...is you.”

“What?” Her darkest desires, hidden in the depths of her heart, were brought to life.

“Don’t deny it, Zoe, we can smell the excitement on your skin.” Phillip said, nipping at her neck. The sharp points of his fangs scraped her skin, almost breaking the surface. Her back arched in response.

Guy appeared beside her. “I need an anchor, Zoe. We both do. It’s always been you. It’s time we complete that.”

“Guy.”

“Shh.” He leaned in and captured her lips. Wrapped around Phillip, and kissing Guy, her body went up in flames. A buzz hummed between them. Her hips rolled of their own accord, and she explored his coarse, wavy hair with her fingers. He kissed so differently than Phillip. Thorough and relentless, he broke down her defenses and decimated any inkling she had of protest.

“Damn, Guy. Watching you subdue her is so fucking sexy.”

The excitement in Phillip’s voice made her whimper. They wanted this with her.

Guy pulled back and licked his lips. “Are you ready to admit you’re ours and come home?”

“Home?”

“Yes. You chose this place. It’s more yours than ours.” Phillip smoothed the hair back behind her ear, and she growled as the memories rushed back. “I’m still pissed at you, Phillip.”

“So take it out on my body. Make me bleed, make me burn, make me hurt. Just don’t leave.” Phillip inhaled. “Ever.” His voice wavered, and she saw a wealth of pain, regret, and torment in his eyes. Her legs slid down to the floor, and Phillip took a step back.

“We have forever to work this out, Z. Right now every minute that passes, the dark works its way deeper into our soul.” Guy stroked her face with the back of his knuckles.

“You manipulative sons of bitches.” She clenched her jaw, closing her eyes against the inevitable.

“Used to be you liked that about us. When we took care of you and always stayed a step ahead of everyone else.” Phillip smirked, and she huffed.

“You know you’re adorable when you’re mad,” Guy said.

“Fuck you.” She rolled her eyes.

“That’s the main event tonight,” Guy said, slipping his hand up her shirt. His fingers tickled their way up her ribs. He cupped her breast. A zing of electricity shot through her.

“Damn baby, I can smell you. You’re soaking wet, aren’t you?” Guy said.

“Why don’t you find out?” She issued the challenge as she stared Phillip down. The man had never shared well. Would he actually agree to this?

The button from her jeans flew across the room as Guy ripped them and knelt in front of her. Her head knocked against the door. He sliced through her panties with his fangs, and she gasped.

“Jesus, Guy.”

Guy surged forward, buried his face in her crotch, and lapped at her slit like a thirsty man who’d found an oasis in the desert. His stiff tongue pierced her entrance and her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Hands cupped her breasts, and Phillip’s scent filled her nostrils. Clever fingers rolled her nipples and Guy continued to feast on her like a last meal. Guy gripped the back of her knee, pulling her leg over his shoulder. The new angle made Guy brush an extremely sensitive spot inside, and her hips bucked. He nudged her swollen clit with his nose, and she opened her mouth, screaming as her release slammed into her.

Guy pulled away and stood as she rode the wave of bliss. “You taste better than I ever imagined, Zoe. Want to taste?” Their tongues touched, gliding together as he consumed her, worming his way into her heart, and promising happiness unlike any she’d ever known. The sound of skin on skin drew her attention back to Phillip. Low-lidded, Phillip observed them, stroking his length. *When did he open his pants?* Desire turned his dark blue eyes almost black. *It turns him on.* Phillip grunted.

“We need to perform the ceremony now, or I’m going to explode.” Phillip gripped his base and squeezed. The binding required blood, semen, and trust. She glanced between the two. She’d have the first two in spades, the later might be more difficult. *But you always trusted Phillip with your life. You left because you didn’t want him to fall into darkness.*

“I want to do it in our bed, the one we shared,” Zoe said.

“Whatever Baby wants, she gets.” Phillip used his supernatural speed to reach her. They were halfway up the stairs before she could blink. Her heart lightened, and she smiled. For the first time in too long, the spirit of freedom surrounded her. Here with them was where she belonged. The door opened, and the red velvet canopy bed against the dark wood greeted her like an old friend. Phillip placed her body in the center of the mattress and quickly removed his clothes. The sight of his lean muscles and thick dick made her mouth water. His head leaked pre-come. She longed to get on her knees and take him in her mouth. Her gaze locked with his and Phillip smirked.

“I know that look. I don’t have the control to handle it,” Phillip said.

Guy stepped up beside him. Her heart tried to beat again. Broader in the shoulders, with a thick layer of muscles and a light dusting of hair, Guy exuded masculinity. Two sides of the same coin, Phillip and Guy gave her everything she could want in a man.

“You’re gorgeous,” Zoe said.

Guy smirked. “I think that’s my line. Why don’t we get the rest of your clothes off, so I can drink my fill.”

Barrier gone, she rose up onto her knees, eager and uncertain. “How should we do this?” she asked, glancing from Phillip to Guy.

“I think it’s only fair we allow him the honor of that tight little pussy of yours. I want that juicy ass.” Phillip strolled forward and ran

his hand down her back, cupping the round globes of her ass. “You save that for me?” Phillip circled the rosette with his thumb. Shivers ran down her spine and pimples her flesh.

“Yes,” she rasped.

“Good girl.” Phillip leaned down to nip at her neck and Guy became his reflection, kneeling on the bed in front of her, fondling her breasts and nipping her neck on the opposite side. Phillip parted her thighs and roughly cupped her center. “So wet, you ready for us baby?” Phillip murmured against her flesh.

“Oh yes.” She moved her thighs further apart and groaned when Phillip rubbed her with the heel of his palm.

“Damn, she’s getting even wetter for us, Guy. How lucky can we be?”

“Very.” Guy joined his finger, rubbing her clit as Phillip sank his elegant artistic finger inside her. They worked in tandem, bringing her back to the brink. “That’s it, baby, fuck his fingers.” The velvet tone of Guy’s voice pushed her over the edge. White light exploded behind her lids as she worked her hips, seeking out every bit of pleasure she could cipher from them.

“We’re going to fuck you now baby, are you ready?” Phillip asked.

“Fuck, yes.” She huffed.

“Lay down, Guy.” The bed dipped beside her. Strong hands helped her sit up and turn around. She peered down at Guy and licked her lips as Phillip lowered her onto his lap. His thick erection pressed up against her and she slid along his length, spreading her moisture down his length. With his eyes at half-mast, and the tension in his shoulders and neck, he was a study of maleness, like a warrior of long ago brought to life.

“How did I not notice how fucking hot you were?” she said.

Guy snickered. “You were always a bit preoccupied.” He reached up and grasped her hips. “But I always noticed you.”

“Show him how much you want him now, love,” Phillip whispered, kneading her back.

“Guide me home....” Guy’s words melted her. She gripped his base, guiding him inside her heat as she took him in, inch by inch. His broad head stretched her as he filled her. The pleasurable stretch made her cry out. She arched her back and Phillip covered her mouth, bruising her lips with the intensity of his kiss. The ropes of binding

wrapped around them, pulling them closer. Phillip released her, and she pressed her hands to Guy's chest, bending over him to ride him properly.

"Shit, so good. So good," Guy chanted.

"Yes, harder," she said.

Phillip rubbed her flesh where she and Guy met, circling her puckered hole as he prepared her. He slid his finger in knuckle deep and she cried out, clenching around Guy.

"Shit baby!" Guy dug his fingers into the flesh on her hips.

"So tight, baby. We're going to fuck you so good." Phillip placed kisses down her back and circled her walls.

She continued to ride Guy, savoring their new connection as she worked toward her third orgasm.

"Hold on baby, wait for us," Phillip whispered.

"Better...get moving," she panted.

Phillip chuckled and pressed his back against hers, nudging her ass with the head of his tip. "You ready for me, Zoey."

"Less talk, more fuck," she said, ready to reach her peak.

"You heard her, Guy. Our lady wants to come." Phillip surged forward, and she screamed. Like a glass full to the brim, she couldn't hold a drop more. The boys found a rhythm and turned the tables, making her their bitch as she went from riding to ridden. Tiny bombs of pleasure exploded inside her. Phillip gripped her breasts and her walls shook.

"Gonna' come, soon," Guy said.

"Oh, right there," Zoe cried.

"Me too, the blood." Phillip bent her over, and she became the fillings for a Phillip and Guy Sandwich. They nuzzled her neck, sinking their fangs in deep in a syncopated rhythm that thrust her headlong into an orgasm. Two wrists were pressed to her mouth and she sank her teeth in, swallowing down their offering.

Full of their essences in every way possible, she felt the darkness inside them seep into her veins, infecting her. Her eyelids opened, and she smiled. Being good honestly had been boring. Time to see where this new path would lead.

The End

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