

An Illustrated eBook

ADYA

Chapter 1

Story & Art by:

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Sometimes...
vampires want a
little more than just
your blood...

ANYA

FICTION BY
LUKARNE

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CHAPTER 1

My name is Anya. I suppose the most important thing you should know about me is that I am vampire. I do not know how old I am. Time has ceased to mean anything. Most things have ceased to mean anything to me, except for blood. It is THE most important thing. Without it, I cannot exist. So nothing stands in my way when I require it...when I DESIRE it. Nothing.

It is dark outside. The time isn't important...not to me, anyway. I know my way around this city by now. I have hidden here for years, probably decades. I couldn't say for sure. I'm hunting tonight, and I have a victim in my sights. I have to hunt several times a week to keep my strength up. I would prefer to hunt every night, but honestly it isn't worth the effort sometimes.

I rounded the corner of the mostly empty dark street, falling in behind my next unsuspecting prey. He never heard it coming, never saw me behind him. Hell, he probably didn't even feel it when I snapped his neck like a rubber band.

I drank his hot blood until there was not a drop left in him. Then, I threw him in a nearby dumpster. The area of the city I was in wasn't known for its safety, so I took no caution in hiding his body. It didn't matter when or if he was found. No one would put too much effort into figuring out what happened to him, nor did I care if they did. I wasn't technically concerned about getting "caught". It would only be dangerous for the humans if they tried to

capture me.

I ran back through the woods, done for the night. I wanted to get back to my secluded little home before daylight. And, yes, I do happen to reside in a cemetery. Ironic, isn't it? But it is abandoned and, more importantly, in the middle of nowhere. There used to be a small church and perhaps a town at some point, but they were long gone by now. There was no chance of someone "accidentally" discovering me or my special hiding spot.

Racing through the woods, I felt uneasy. It was as if someone was watching me...or following me. I slowed down, but didn't stop. I was trying to listen for sounds that were out of place. I heard someone in the distance, running. I took off at full speed, breaking into the clearing where the dilapidated cemetery was waiting for me.

I hid quickly, my survival instincts kicking in. I knew that it was no mere human that was following me. It was one of my kind...had to be. I wasn't scared of a human, nor would I feel the need to hide from one...especially at night when I was the one who was clearly advantaged.

I peered into the trees, looking at the spot that I had just emerged from. I saw a silhouette step through the line of trees. I grunted angrily, then went to greet my old friend. Well, maybe "friend" wasn't the right term to use. Josef was much more than a friend, although we had recently parted ways.

"What are you doing here, Josef?" I questioned as I hesitantly moved closer to him. He seemed at ease as he smiled at me, revealing his razor sharp teeth.

"I came to see an old friend, of course! Is that any way to greet me?" he replied with a light chuckle.

I closed the tiny gap between us, embracing him in a brief hug. I stepped back before he could try to kiss me, as I knew he would. I wasn't quick enough.

"What's wrong, Anya? You don't seem like yourself," he noted.

"You know what's wrong. I haven't been the same since you decided to leave." I tried to say it sarcastically, but Josef knew better.

He knew that I was hurting, and knew that there was nothing at all that he could do about it.

"I'm sorry. I know it's hard...for both of us. I'm hurting too, Anya. I miss you every single day. But it's better this way. Besides, it was your choice. You could have come with me. You still can, if you want. I found a place up north that suits me well. Please tell me that you've changed your mind," Josef nearly begged.

"I haven't. I wish I could go with you, I really do. But I just can't. I can't get her out of my mind."

"She's human, Anya! How many times do we have to go through this? She is just a human!" Josef shrieked at me. I had angered him, and he was dangerous when he was angry. I tried to calm him down with an explanation.

"I know, Josef. I wish I had never found her in the first place. I wish I had never brought her here, and never asked you to change her. I can't undo that. I did as you asked...I brought her back to the city and left her there. I really did try, but I can't get her out of my head. I still look for her to this day. I know she's there...I just don't know where." I hated admitting my weakness to him, but surprisingly he didn't mock me as I thought he would.

"It has been nearly a year, and you still search for her?" he asked disbelievingly.

"Yes. I have searched everywhere that I could think to look," I confessed.

Josef shocked me again, and at first I thought he was teasing me.

"I will help you. Together, we can find her. I'm sure of it."

"What do you mean?" I asked warily.

"You heard me. I have regretted my choices for a long time now, and I want to fix that. But you must understand something. Even if we find her, she would be insane to choose to live the way we do. Not to mention that neither of us have tried to convert someone. I don't want to be the one to kill her. So, if you want her to be a vampire, you'll have to do it yourself."

I was already nodding my head in agreement. I couldn't

believe that Josef was going to help me. Surely it wouldn't be hard to find her, now that I had a fresh pair of eyes. I wanted to get started immediately, but the sun was due within a couple of hours. We decided against going out now. We would begin our search tomorrow night.

I tried to listen as Josef described his new home to me in detail, but my mind was going off in a completely different direction. I was thinking about Morgan, of course. I was foolishly imagining her in my life, and how happy I would be. I tried to force myself to pay attention, but it was no good. Josef realized that I was only barely aware of his presence.

"You are unbelievable! I haven't seen you in months and yet you barely give me any attention," he pouted.

"I'm sorry. I'm extremely glad that you came back to see me...whatever your reason was. It has been a lonely existence without you around. I actually feel like a real vampire...skulking around a dark cemetery and all." I flashed him a wicked smile, and he couldn't help but smile back.

He would always love me, no matter what. And I would forever love him. But, I knew a stronger love. As silly as it sounded, I was already moved by the stranger that I had brought here almost a year ago. She doesn't remember our encounter, though. I made sure to cloud her memory of that night.

Josef was ready to take cover, since the sky was beginning to lighten. We settled into our familiar spots, and I was truly glad he was there beside me. Josef quickly fell into a deep slumber, but I stayed awake. My mind was refusing to shut down. I thought back to the night that I had found Morgan in the small town I frequented for my meals...and the months that followed. The night I found her, she had been walking alone on the deserted streets.

I had no idea what she had been doing out that late at night...and in that awful part of the city. She had no business being there...she wasn't the usual type that hung out in that area. But, it didn't matter to me. I was hungry, so I was going to snap her neck and drink her blood.

The memory became crystal clear, as if all of it had just happened yesterday. It was as if I was living it all over again. My dear Morgan...

I stalked the dark-haired girl in my usual fashion. She was briskly walking down the road, her shoulders hunched down as she shivered in the cold. She didn't hear me creeping behind her. I was about to rush her when a man stepped out from a darkened alley to stand in front of her.

I slunk back into the shadows, hiding and waiting for my opportunity to pounce. But as I waited and watched, I started to realize that he was no random pedestrian. He was there with the intent to harm the girl. It was disturbing to me, even though I myself had been mere moments away from killing her.

"Hey there, pretty lady. What are you doing out here at this time of night?" he asked. To my ears, he sounded drunk.

The girl didn't answer him. She tried to dart around him, but he blocked her. He reached out and put one hand on her shoulder. She cringed away from him.

I was nearly done waiting for this charade to end. I could have easily taken both of them out, and I was tempted to do just that. However, at that precise moment, the girl turned around on the sidewalk and began to walk away from the drunken man.

The one lone streetlight shone across her face. She was the most beautiful person I had seen...even for a human. It was hard to miss the terror that was plainly visible on her face and in her eyes. I felt sympathy for her...something that I never felt. Humans were food...and sometimes they were dangerous to us, so we tended to

avoid them at all costs except when we were feeding.

But THIS human...she was somehow different. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Morgan walked right past me. I was still in the shadows, and she was busy looking over her shoulder to see if she was being pursued. She was. The lumbering man was only a few paces behind her, calling after her. She picked up her pace, nearly breaking into a run. I heard the man chuckle under his breath.

I acted on instinct and the next few moments flew by in a blur. As he walked past me, I reached out and snagged him. He was taken by surprise, and didn't even have a chance to whimper, much less scream. I snapped his neck with a flick of my wrists. He crumpled into a heap on the ground in front of me.

The girl, looking over her shoulder again, saw the man on the ground. She paused, unsure if this was a trick on his part. I did something even more stupid at this point. I cautiously stepped out of the shadows, revealing myself to her. Her eyes snapped up to my face immediately. For a moment, there was relief visible.

She looked back down at the man on the sidewalk, then back up at me. Surely she could tell that there was something different about me, even in the dim light. Not to mention that this huge bulky man was lying dead at my feet.

"What happened?" she asked timidly.

I stared at her, surprised that she had actually spoken to me. I had never spoken directly to a human before. At least, not one that I was going to let live or let remember me. Her voice was magical. I responded to her without even thinking about it.

"I killed him. He was going to hurt you, you know," I stated calmly.

"I know he was. I could see it in his eyes. How did you...how did you kill him, though?" She didn't move an inch as she spoke to me.

"I broke his neck," I replied nonchalantly.

She gulped and took an involuntary step backwards.

She shivered even harder. Her eyes kept darting to the dead man, and then back to me. I could tell she wanted to run. She probably instinctually knew that it would do no good to run now.

But I had no intention to kill her now. She was intriguing and I felt something towards her that I couldn't place. I held up a hand towards her, motioning for her to be calm. I smiled carefully at her and took a small step towards her. She remained where she was.

I took a few more steps toward her, going as slow as I could possibly manage. She stared at me, and her breathing spiked, but she never moved. I briefly remembered the story Josef had once told me long ago about an encounter he had with a human. At the time, I thought he had been lying to me, but that was when I first realized that we each had unique talents.

He told me that a woman had gotten between him and his prey one night by accident as he was hunting. The woman had been very young, and very pretty. She literally ran into Josef, and it startled her. She had mumbled an apology and was about to move on, but then she looked into his eyes. Josef stared back (something we rarely did), and the woman seemed completely hypnotized by him. He was able to walk right up to her and place his hands on her. He had said he could tell she was terrified, but she never screamed, never ran. It was like she was in a trance. He finally looked away and turned his back. As soon as he did, she darted away from him. He had been perplexed by the episode, but never really thought much else about it.

Now, though, I was beginning to wonder if we did have a certain hypnotic power over the humans. It certainly seemed that way as I closed in on the trembling human in front of me. I knew of other powers that Josef and I possessed, but this one I had never tested out. I never had a reason to before this. Humans were just food, after all.

I wish I could have told her that I had no intention of killing her, but that would probably only make her more

upset. I felt something stirring in me. At first I thought it was simply hunger. It had been almost three days since I had fed, but I soon realized that wasn't what I was feeling. It was a different kind of need.

"What's your name?" I asked the girl as I hesitated just inches from her.

"Morgan," she replied shakily.

"That's a beautiful name. My name is Anya," I informed her. I was hoping that conversing with her would ease her terror. I knew what I looked like...I scared myself sometimes, so I knew that I was petrifying the poor girl. Morgan. What a lovely name, indeed. It fit her well. I reached up with one hand and stroked her cheek. She shivered at my touch. I reached down and put her hand in my own. Her skin was very soft and warm. I held her hand up to my face, never taking my eyes off of hers.

"What do you w-want?" she stammered.

"Don't be scared. I'm not going to hurt you, Morgan. I promise," I said. The fear left her eyes, because I had told her not to fear me.

I should have just clouded her memory and left it at that. I had discovered many years ago that I could make a human "forget" if I wanted to. I could actually make a human do a lot of things. I wasn't really sure how my powers worked, or even how I discovered all of them. It had been Josef's story that had clued me in about them, though. They were all very useful when I would come across a human that I didn't intend to kill...or one that found me by accident. If I wanted them to forget, I could literally just speak to them, and tell them that what they were seeing was not real...that I was not real...just a dream, nothing more.

At that point, I would tell them to sleep, and they would pass out...and when they came to, they could never remember what had happened to cause them to lose consciousness. In the beginning, I would watch and wait to see if my powers were really effective. I was always surprised when I realized that I had these special abilities. After a while, I quit watching...confident that I didn't need

to cover my tracks anymore. It was all very handy. I guess that was all part of being a monster. There were perks...if that's how you wanted to see it. I had many talents up my sleeve, as did Josef.

I considered just telling Morgan to forget me. That would have been the best for both of us, but I dismissed the idea as soon as it crossed my mind. I wanted to be with her...even though I couldn't explain why. And when I wanted something, I just took it. My plan was already formed in my head. I didn't bother to dispose of the drunk's body. He could have easily tripped and broken his own neck. Let the humans deal with him.

"Come with me," I told her.

She just nodded her head and trailed behind me, letting me pull her into the darkness without a word. Because I told her to. Before I left the city, I told her to sleep, and she immediately fell into a deep slumber. I pulled her up into my arms, and ran her back to the cemetery in the woods where Josef and I hid out during the day. Josef was already back from his hunting trip, and waiting on me.

He was troubled when he saw me walk into the clearing with Morgan in my arms. His puzzled look turned into anger very quickly.

"What's this, Anya? You know we don't bring humans here! You kill them in the city and LEAVE them in the city!" he bellowed.

"I'm not intending to kill her, Josef," I retorted. I braced myself, preparing for his reaction.

"What then? Why did you bring THAT here?" he spat.

I was tempted to shoot off a string of profanities at him, but considering that I needed his help, I was able to bite my tongue.

"Please, Josef. I need your help," I said softly.

"Help with what?" he sneered.

He wasn't as angry as he had been. I think curiosity was winning at the moment. I wasn't stupid, though. I knew as soon as I told him what I was planning on doing with Morgan, he would be livid.

"Josef, I want you to change her for me. I know you

could do it better than I could. You've been doing this a lot longer than I have."

"Seriously, Anya...what do you want?" he asked sincerely.

"I AM serious, Josef. I think...I think I love her. Don't ask me to explain, because I can't. I was going to kill her. I was just MOMENTS from killing her and then I ended up saving her. I don't know...I saw her face and heard her voice and I now I really think I love her."

Josef snorted and began laughing at me. It wasn't long before he was rolling around on the ground. I was certainly glad he found this whole situation so damn amusing. I felt like kicking him square in the guts, but I was unwilling to put Morgan down. I was afraid Josef might take the opportunity to have a late-night snack if I didn't watch him.

"Josef, stop acting like an ass!" I commanded.

"I can't help it! Do you HEAR yourself? You just told me that you LOVE A HUMAN! Hahaha! How can you even say that with a straight face?"

"Stop it!" I screeched. Josef sobered up, knowing that I was just as dangerous as he was when I got angry. I was boiling with fury, and I wanted nothing more than to rip his face off with my bare hands.

"Okay...just keep calm, Anya. Think about this for a minute, would you? Do you realize what you are asking of me?"

"Yes, I know what I'm asking of you. So, what is your answer?" I pressed.

"No. I will not do it. I don't think we need a third person in our group," he said coldly.

I just glared at him. Could I do it myself? Without killing her? I wasn't sure. I had never done it, though. I was at a complete loss on how to do it. Josef had told me he had been with another vampire before me, and he had seen a conversion once. I was pretty sure I could mimic it if I had to. Perhaps I should try it with another human first...just to see.

Josef stepped closer to me, and I growled at him. I

didn't want him to be any closer to Morgan. I didn't trust him. He raised his hand up, cautioning me.

"You don't want to do this to her. She has a life and a family somewhere. Take her back...fix her memory...and let her be. You know it's the right thing to do, Anya."

I turned my back on Josef angrily, and I heard him take off. When I looked back over my shoulder, he was gone. Giving me some space, no doubt. That was probably the wise thing to do at the moment. I carefully put Morgan down on the ground, cradling her head in my lap. She was still out, and that was probably for the best. For a while, I just held her and wished that she could stay with me.

At some point, I began to consider Josef's suggestion. I was going to do as he said and take her back. He was older and wiser, and he was right. I would never admit that to his face, because I would never live it down. But he had a point...it was the right thing to do. I scooped Morgan up in my arms once more and took off. I got back to the city in record time. Morgan was still deep asleep in my arms. I went back to the same area where I had found her, and thought better of myself. I ran cautiously to a nicer part of the town. I put her down on the sidewalk and leaned her up against the brick wall of a library. The area was completely deserted. When I was certain there was no one around, I gently woke her up.

Her eyelids fluttered open, and she focused on my face. She immediately tensed up, but I hurried to calm her.

"Shh. It's okay. You don't need to be afraid. I will not hurt you," I reassured her.

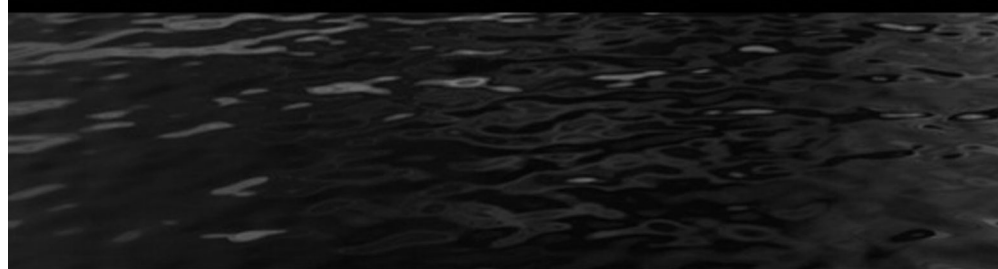
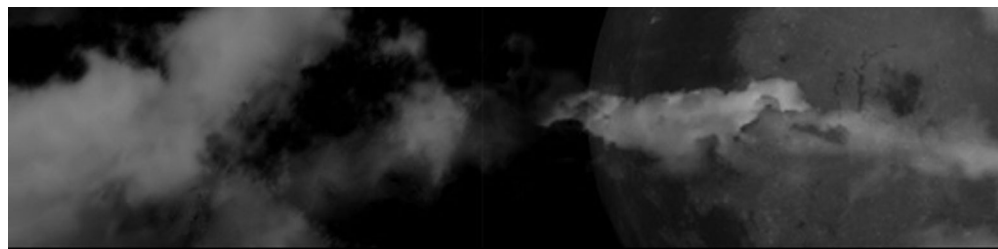
I listened as her breathing evened out again. I didn't take my eyes off of her for one second. She stared right back at me.

"Morgan, you're dreaming, okay? This is just a dream. None of this is real. Do you understand?"

She nodded at me. She opened her mouth, then paused.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You saved me," she whispered.



"It was just a dream...all of it. You're safe now, okay?"

"Okay."

"Good. Now go to sleep," I murmured. I watched as she slowly closed her eyes.

"Thank you...for saving...me," she mumbled as she drifted off to sleep.

I sat there with her for a while, always listening for any humans that might approach, but no one ever did. I caressed her beautiful face in the darkness. I ran my hand through her silky hair, traced the shape of her lips with my fingers. Eventually, I knew I would have to return to Josef before the sun came up. I leaned down and gently kissed Morgan on the lips, and then I stood up and whispered "wake up" to her before I darted into the shadows of the building.

I watched as she shook her head from side to side. As she regained consciousness, she became frightened again...probably because of her unfamiliar surroundings and the fact that it was dark outside.

"What the hell?" she whispered to herself. "Where am I...and how did I get HERE?" She looked around, trying to figure out where she was. She must have recognized the building, because she took off down the sidewalk towards the intersection. I followed her quietly, intending to make sure she stayed safe.

She walked a couple of blocks until she ran up on a small diner that was open twenty-four hours. She was still muttering to herself as she went inside. She sat at one of the booths near the windows. When I saw the waitress greet her, I figured she was as safe as I could ensure. I ran back to the woods, sticking to the shadows.

I just barely made it in time. Josef was staring at me like I was a crazy person. Luckily for him, he didn't say anything to me. I was agitated and hungry at the moment. When the sun came up, we were safely hidden away. Josef slept beside me, but I continued to think about Morgan. I figured with time, I would forget about her. I was wrong.

Months passed, and Josef and I got back into our

routine. At least, that's what I let him think. I was miserable. Every time I went to the city to hunt, I had to force myself not to go and look for Morgan. It was brutal. She filled my every waking thought.

At first, I was just sad, but eventually that turned into frustration, then anger. It made me an even more vicious hunter. I almost felt bad for my prey...because I took my frustrations out on them. I no longer snapped their necks so they could avoid the pain and terror. I wanted them to suffer like I was suffering.

One night, about six months after I found Morgan, I went hunting. I was beyond annoyed because Josef had been acting like an idiot for the past couple of days. He knew something was bothering me, and he was relentlessly trying to get me to confess to him. I refused, and he started acting like a pouty brat. I needed to get out of there and away from him. He sulked even more when I told him I wanted to go hunting ALONE.

I ran through the trees, not paying much attention to my surroundings. I was imagining HER face, the way she felt under my fingers, the silkiness of her hair, the softness of her lips as I kissed her.

I was suddenly hungry, and not just for blood. I knew what I was going to do tonight, and was thankful that I had made Josef stay behind. He certainly would not approve of what I was going to do. Ever since my interaction with Morgan, I had been slowly allowing myself to interact with the humans. I told myself it was just to experiment with my powers, but there was another reason behind my new hobby.

At first I just tried talking to a few humans...testing out the potency of my ability to keep them "hypnotized" with my stare. It worked pretty well. I always cleared their memories, so there was no harm. After that, I tried to see how far they would follow my commands. I knew at some point, the human instinct for survival would kick in and they would panic, no matter how powerful my spell was on them.

Later, I tried to interact with them...physically. I stuck

with the men, because I knew most of them were usually raging with testosterone and would screw anything with a hole...be it human or monster. My theory proved to be right. I managed to control them with my stare long enough to prove that I wasn't trying to harm them...I was trying to fuck them.

After a few unsuccessful tries, I had my routine down. I knew just which kind of guy to find, how to approach him, and get exactly what I wanted from him without incident. I did all of this behind Josef's back. As far as I knew, he had no clue what I was up to. I intended to keep it that way.

I arrived at the edge of town, and I went straight to my favorite "hunting" spot. Unfortunately for my sexual partner tonight, he wasn't going to get a memory wipe. I was hungry for blood, and hungry for some violence. I wanted to get rid of all of my pent up aggressions before I took a serious swipe at Josef.

I watched the run-down bar on the corner of Elm and Hawthorne, same as always. There was ALWAYS a man in need in there. I didn't have to wait long tonight. I found just the perfect person within a half hour of my arrival. It was almost as if fate was handing him to me.

He was drunk, that much I could tell as soon as he stepped out of the bar. He staggered into the poorly lit street, and yelled over his shoulder.

"Hurry up, bitch! I don't got all night!"

I watched as an equally drunk woman stumbled out of the bar. She ran to catch up to the man, nearly falling flat on her face. He reached out and tried to hit her, but he missed. He DID fall flat on his face, and his "date" took the opportunity to run away as fast as she could manage. Good for her. She apparently wasn't so drunk that she was beyond sensing danger. I would take care of him for her.

I waited for him to pick himself up off of the pavement and head down the road. He turned the corner and disappeared. I followed quietly, waiting for the right moment. He apparently didn't live far. He only walked two blocks and then paused outside of a rundown building. It

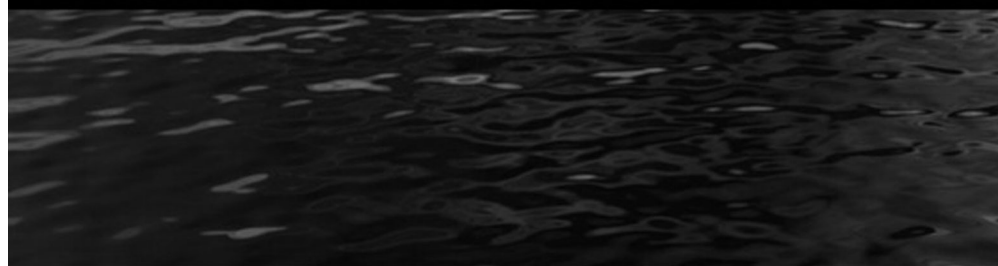
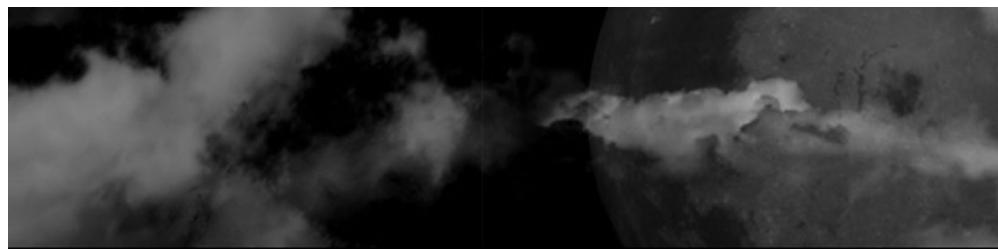
took him a few tries to get the key in the lock, but he finally managed to let himself in. He lived above some sort of cheap mechanic shop, in a dingy studio apartment. Maybe it was his shop...who knew?

After he shut the door and clomped up the stairs, I let myself in behind him. He hadn't thought to lock the door. I was glad I didn't have to break the lock...it spoiled the surprise on their face when I appeared out of nowhere. That was always priceless. I slithered up the stairs in complete silence and waited as he stripped out of his clothes. He kept on his boxer shorts and nothing else. He wouldn't have those on much longer. He wasn't the "type" I usually looked for, but he would do for tonight. Especially since he would be dead soon. I usually opted for the hot, young college guys. They tended to have more stamina and be more willing to experiment. This guy wasn't bad though. He was tall, mid-thirties, with short brown hair. He was slender and muscular, probably from years of manual labor, no doubt. He had stubble on his face from not shaving for at least a day or two. But he did have some big, manly hands. I always enjoyed men with large hands, so that was a plus.

I walked slowly into the small living room area where he had just flopped down in a chair. He had grabbed a beer out of his fridge and was settling in to watch some television. He was grumbling to himself the whole time. I was certain that he was upset over his lady friend, but I would help him out with that problem. I was patiently waiting for him to notice me. It took him a while, probably because he was drunk. I stood perfectly still as I watched him in the darkness. The only light was coming from the television screen. He eventually sensed that I was there, and spun around in his chair.

"What the hell?" he bellowed. "Who are you and how in the fuck did you get in here?"

"Calm down. I'm here for a little fun, is all," I said seductively as I stared him down. It was almost too easy...taking complete control of my prey. Much more fun than just snapping their necks.



"Fun?" he questioned. He was no longer irate, because he knew what I meant almost immediately.

"Yes...I want to have a little fun. I saw that your friend ran off on you at the bar. I figured you might still be looking for a good time," I murmured as I slid closer to him. I was only a couple of inches away from him. I had to watch myself. I was hungry and wanted his blood, but that would have to wait.

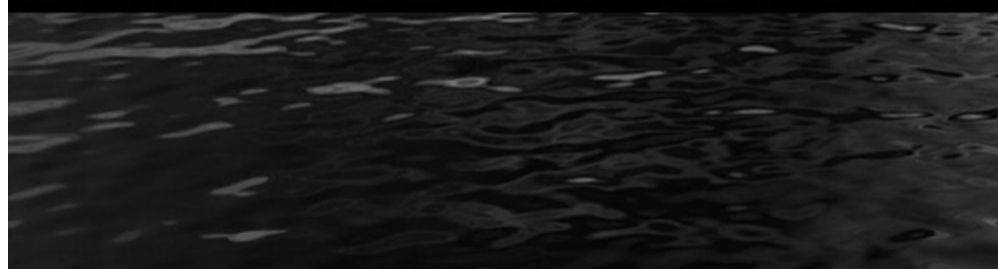
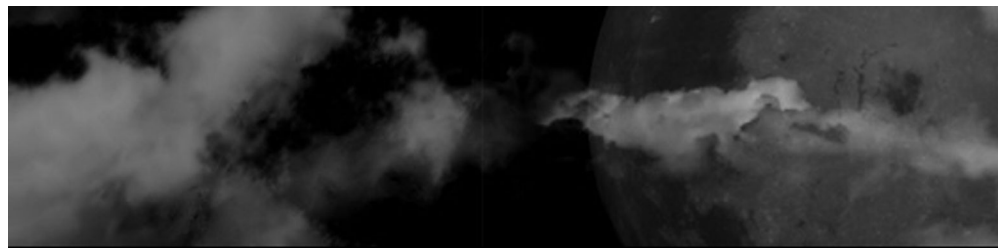
A look flashed across his face as he got a really good look at me. That was a familiar look...I got it often. Humans knew I was a little different, but I tried to blend in as best I could. I was, of course, on the pale side, but that wasn't completely abnormal. My hair was a little wild, and my eyes were a crazy shade of red, but I could usually explain it away if any human was curious enough to ask. I simply told them I liked the "goth" look, which is why I wore red contacts and had insane hair. I usually dressed in dark clothing to keep up with the charade, and most of the time, my story was believable. I had seen many a human that could have passed for a vampire around these parts. Brooding college kids that were just trying to express themselves, no doubt.

This guy saved me some time by not asking. Or maybe he just didn't care. Either way, it was easier without having to explain anything. I pulled my shirt off and tossed it on the floor, just in case he misunderstood my intentions in any way. He was already game for anything I had in mind. Well, almost anything.

"Hell yeah! Now that's what I'm talkin' about!" he said enthusiastically.

"Calm," I reminded him. My spell washed over him, and he became almost tranquil. He sat back in his chair and smiled up at me. I slowly climbed into his lap, straddling him. I leaned forward, thrusting my chest in his face. He seemed to enjoy that, even though I still had a bra on. I let him grope me intensely for a few minutes.

"Are you ready to do something a little more...extreme?" I asked. I knew what his response would be.



He reached down and swiftly yanked his boxers down, revealing a rather large penis. I was surprised...I figured he would be on the smaller side. Another plus for me tonight. I got up and slipped my pants off, leaving my panties on. I would let him undress me; most men seemed to enjoy that part for some reason. He was very nearly panting at this point. I laughed a little at the expression on his face.

"By the way...what's your name?" I questioned.

"Matthew," he said impatiently. He didn't even bother to ask what my name was. He must have really been bad off.

"Okay, Matthew. Where's your bed?"

"Over there," he replied as he pointed to the far corner of the room. It was nothing more than a mattress on the floor. It would do. I took his hand and pulled him up out of the chair. He followed me without hesitation.

I crawled onto the mattress, posing for him as he stood by with his hand on his crotch. I could see that he was already VERY hard and ready to go.

I motioned for him to join me, and he wasted no time. He ripped my bra and panties off, tossing them to the floor. He had already yanked his boxers down on the way over. I got on my back and spread my legs wide open for him. No point in dragging it out...we both knew where this was headed.

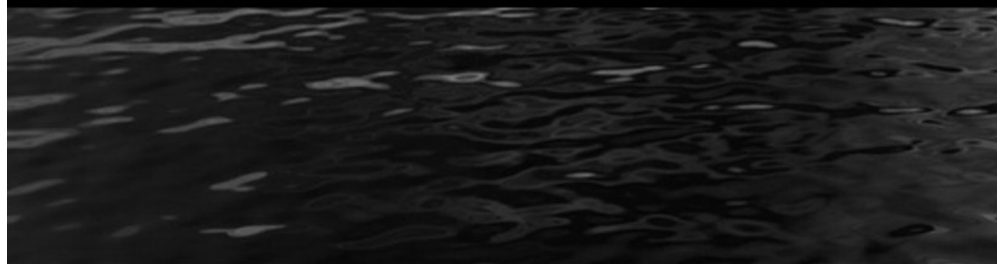
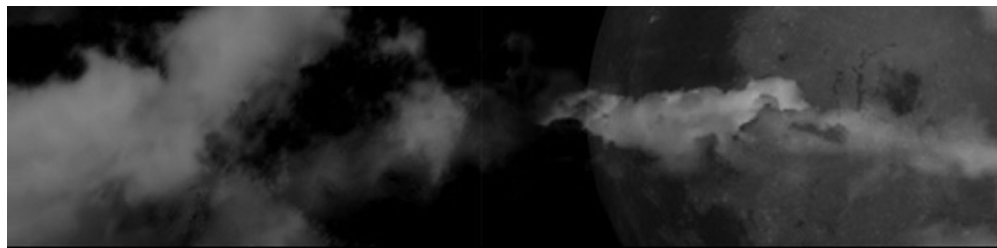
"Oh, kinky...I like that!" he huffed breathlessly.

"We're just getting started," I informed him. I watched as his eyes lit up.

He crawled between my legs and used his hand to massage my clit. It felt pretty good, but I was a rough kind of girl, and that just wasn't going to cut it. I would let him do what he wanted for now, but it was going to get hot and heavy soon.

After a few minutes of rubbing me down, Matthew began stroking his dick. When he was pleased with its hardness, he forced my legs open even wider and slammed his cock in me.

I allowed my eyes to roll back in my head for his



benefit. Although, I had to admit that his size was pretty impressive. I kept him going by moaning and clawing at his back while he fucked me. I was pretty sure that he was taking it easy on me...for now, anyway. I also realized I was rather enjoying myself, and was glad that I was finally able to ease some of my sexual tension.

I tried to be careful with him so I wouldn't accidentally snap his arms in half when I was just trying to playfully hold on to him. He was probably unaware of how much restraint I was using on him.

I could tell he was losing steam after a few minutes, so I pushed him off of me, forcing him on his back. He didn't resist...in fact, he seemed to enjoy my boldness. His dick was standing straight up, so I straddled him and eased myself down on it.

"Oh, yeah, baby! That's the shit right there! Ride it!" he exclaimed, as he roughly grabbed my ass cheeks.

I teased him for a little while, bouncing up and down on him slowly and softly. He seemed to be enjoying it, but I knew he wanted it rougher. I instinctively knew that he was a violent man. My hunch later proved to be correct.

I gave him what he wanted...I bounced up and down on him harder and faster, grinding on his dick forcefully, relishing the feel of it as he rammed me over and over.

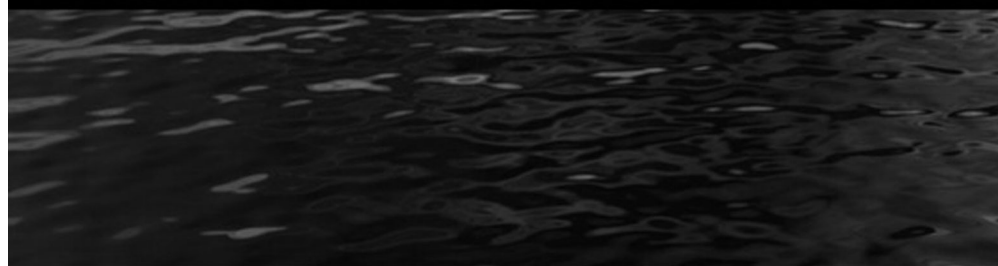
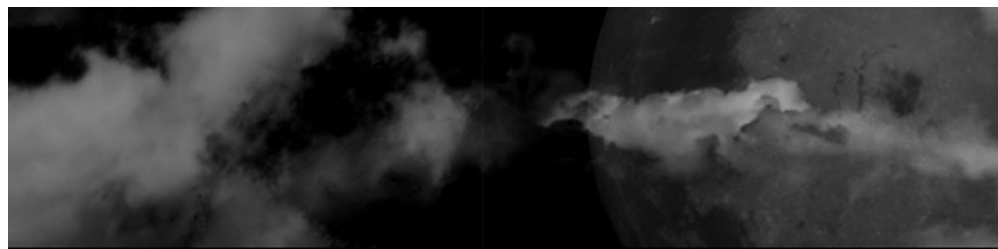
He reached up, grabbing my breasts in his hands. He was probably being more aggressive than necessary, but I couldn't tell. He most likely just thought I liked it that way since I wasn't wincing with pain. I could tell he wanted to try something with me, so I allowed him to have a little fun.

"What's on your mind?" I asked.

"I want to get back on top," he said, almost shyly. I think he might have been a little bit scared of me. Or maybe I was just being too rough with HIM.

"Sure thing," I said as I slid off of him. I rolled onto my back and spread my legs wide open again. He climbed on top of me, trying to kiss me in the process. That wasn't a good idea for him.

"Nope...no kissing. Not my thing," I explained. It would



probably spoil the mood if he caught sight of my razor teeth.

"Just my type of girl," he assured me. He grabbed his rod in his hand and hastily rammed it into me. I let out a moan for him, and that set him off. He began to pound me fiercely this time, not holding back at all. It probably would have hurt a human girl, but I actually enjoyed the sensation.

"Why don't you try to fuck me a little harder?" I teased him. That did the trick. He was using all of his force now, slamming me repeatedly.

He lifted my legs higher up in the air, picking my ass up off of the bed entirely. He held me right up against him, burying his dick in me as far as it would go. When I didn't seem disturbed by his move, he let my legs go and pulled out of me. He grabbed me and forced me onto my stomach, holding my arms down with his hands. He didn't apparently want me on my knees since he pressed me flat against the mattress as he guided his dick in me with only the aid of his hips. He forced my legs together with his own legs, keeping me from moving an inch.

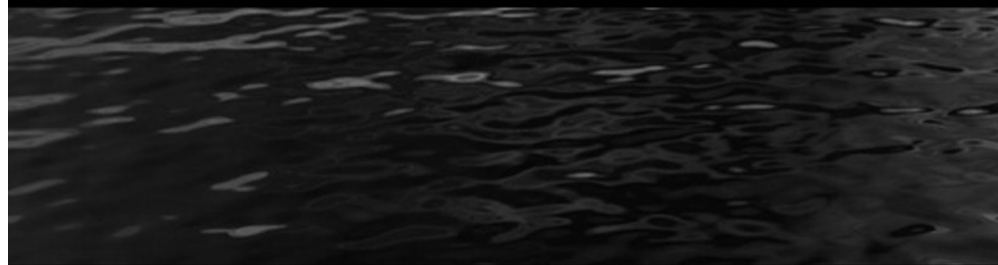
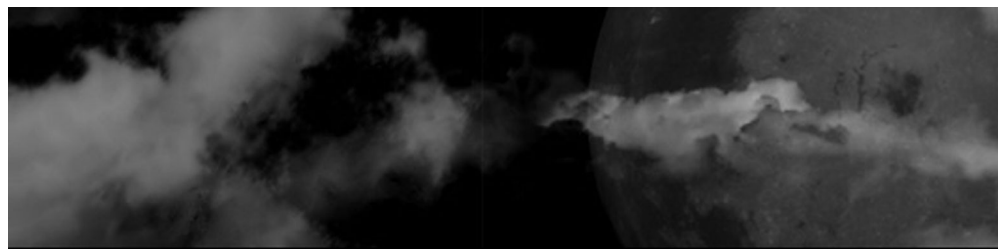
It was almost amusing how he thought he could dominate me. I allowed him to think whatever he wanted at the moment. I was only here for sexual gratification, and the harder he gave it to me, the better I liked it.

He smashed into my pussy repeatedly with his dick, keeping my legs tightly pressed together. He was making my hole even tighter by not allowing it any room to expand as his dick filled me up. He almost got mauled when he temporarily released one of my arms in order to grab me by the hair. It didn't hurt...it just surprised me. He yanked my head back towards him as he continued to fuck me.

"Do you still like it rough, you little bitch?" he muttered.

"I don't like being talked to that way, Matthew. You better watch yourself," I said calmly. I almost started laughing because I knew precisely how that would upset him, but he wouldn't be able to say shit to me. He would do exactly as I said.

"Sorry," he mumbled. He released my hair and my



other arm. He didn't let up with his dick, though. It had probably been a while since he had gotten laid. I knew why...as rough and mean as he was. What woman would want to have sex with him besides me?

After a few minutes, he "allowed" me to get up on my hands and knees. Apparently, he just wanted a better view of my crotch. When he didn't immediately shove his dick in, I looked back at him and caught him smiling as he gawked at my pussy. He noticed me glaring at him, and went back to fucking me. My irritation with him was growing more pronounced by the minute; I was done playing games with him.

"I'm getting a little tired of this position," I said as I rolled away from him. He released me at once.

"Um, okay," he said, a little confused. I got up off of the mattress and went over to a tattered couch in the living room. I leaned over the arm of it, allowing my ass to stick up in the air. I looked back at him, and he knew what I wanted. He raced over and got behind me, quickly shoving himself back into my pussy.

"Why don't you try the other one?" I asked. I enjoyed the look on his face.

"Really?"

"Yes...really."

He pulled his cock out and stroked it with his hand a few times, like he wasn't sure what to do with it. He stepped forward slowly and cautiously slid himself into my ass. He grunted a few times...probably out of pleasure. I had discovered a couple of months ago that most human men liked anal, but a lot of human women did not. So, it would really turn them on when I would ASK them for it. Matthew was definitely turned on. He was breathing hard and pounding me without hesitation. It felt pretty good...to me, at least. I took pleasure in the feeling of a nice, hard cock being rammed into my ass. The way that it seemed to fill me completely up...it was a nice balance between intense pressure and an amazingly indescribable sensation.

After a few minutes, though, I was already getting

bored. I decided to give Matthew free reign to see what he would do.

"Let's try something new...how about that?" I asked as he pulled out of me.

"What do you want?" he replied.

"I want to do whatever you want to do...no matter how kinky or rough it is...let's do it."

He had a flash of excitement on his face, and then he turned and took off to the bathroom. I heard him rustling around in the cabinet in there, and he came back out with a roll of duct tape and something else that I couldn't make out.

"Anything I want?" he asked.

"Sure...why not. Just tell me what you want me to do," I assured him.

Get on your back over here," he said as he pointed to one of the exposed support beams in the middle of the room. I did as he said, and he seemed pleased that I was playing along. I had already made up my mind not to tamper with him...I truly wanted to see what he was made of. You could tell a lot about a guy by the way he acted in the sack.

He got down on one knee beside me and pulled my arms around the support beam. He made me clasp my hands together, then he bound me up with his roll of duct tape. He made sure I wasn't able to move or get free. He must have used at least half a roll on me. It probably would have been enough to contain a fragile human girl.

He picked up the piece of fabric he had gotten from the bathroom--a washrag-- and stuffed it in my mouth. Then he stuck a piece of tape over my mouth. He smiled down at me, and in that moment I knew exactly why fate had sent him to me. He was almost as evil as I was. I knew what he was going to do to me. He intended to torture me in any way possible...that was how he got HIS sexual gratification. I wasn't overly concerned with him, though.

There wasn't much he could do to me that would hurt me. I was certain there was a way to kill a vampire, but Josef and I had never figured out how. Everyone's lame

assumption that a puny piece of wood could do the trick was almost insulting. Possibly the sun...or maybe being burned slowly by fire...or even getting our heads chopped off. I didn't know for sure...but I wasn't worried that this loser would be able to come up with anything effective. And not before I could break free of his stupid tape and snap him like a twig.

While I was going over mundane things in my head, he pulled my legs as far apart as they would go, then secured tape across my ankles, anchoring them to the floor. He smiled at me again and took off to the kitchen. He opened a large door that appeared to be a makeshift pantry, and pulled out a long, fat baseball bat.

"Don't worry...it's clean. I make sure to clean it good after each girl. I know you chicks don't like dirty things," he commented with a chuckle. "Not that it will matter much. After I get done with you, I'm going to kill you...slowly."

I watched as the features on his face transformed. He was no longer the stumbling, sex-deprived drunk guy. He was a wicked man, with wicked intentions. It was so very clear in his eyes.

So I had been right about him. I wondered how many others there had been...and decided it didn't really matter. One girl was enough to justify what I was going to do to him. If he wanted to have his fun with me, he needed to hurry it along. I only had limited time to get back to Josef, and I was beginning to get edgy.

He saw my impatient squirming and misinterpreted it for fear. That seemed to rile him up. His dick was as hard as a piece of steel.

"Oh, don't fret. We'll get to that in a minute. I just want to do one thing first."

He straddled me, sitting on my stomach. He groped my breasts, and shoved them together. He slid his dick between them and began to pump back and forth. I could feel his nuts sliding across my stomach as he propelled his cock forward. The tip of his penis repeatedly slammed into my face, which seemed to gratify him in some way.

"Do you like that, bitch? Do you like my dick on your

face? By the look you're giving me, I think not. That's fine with me. I don't really care what your opinion is."

He fucked my tits for a few more minutes, and then raised up on his knees. He grasped his cock tightly in his right hand and began to jerk on it. He was grunting loudly with each thrust of his hand. After a few seconds, he let out a long moan and his semen came shooting out of his cock...all over my face. He was doing his best to demean me, but I was still content. I really liked it when a guy shot his load on my face. I got off on their excitement. Matthew was different, though. He wasn't horny...he was sadistic.

After he was done shooting off, he wiped his slimy hand across my chest, leaving his cum streaked across my tits. He was breathing hard when he reached back for the bat.

"Okay...now it's your turn. Don't worry, baby! I think you'll like this!" he insisted.

He used one finger to wipe a glob of cum off of my face and used it to lube the bat up. How considerate of him...he was lubing it up AND using the narrow end. What a gentleman! I would be sure to repay the kindness to him later.

"You'll probably want to relax for this...otherwise, it might hurt a bit," he taunted. He reached his hand down and spread my pussy open as wide as he could manage. He put the edge of the bat up to my opening and shoved it in as hard and as fast as he could manage. It felt amazing. I enjoyed a good dick, but it was never enough for me. Maybe cock's were too soft for me...I didn't know. He thought my moan of pleasure was one of pain, and he laughed as he thrust the bat even further into me.

I began to grind against him, trying to get the tip of the bat in deeper. He assumed I was struggling, so he tried to hold me down. He jammed the bat in as far as it would go. When he realized he had hit bottom, he pulled it out about an inch or two, then slammed it right back in. He repeated that motion for a couple of minutes. It felt amazing inside of me. It was rubbing against parts of me that were super sensitive. To my astonishment, I actually had an orgasm. I

wasn't even sure it was possible for me to have one. I hadn't done that with any of the other men I'd slept with in the past couple of months.

The sensation of the orgasm ripping through my body was pure bliss. It was even better than the taste of blood, and I didn't think there was anything better than that. I didn't want the feeling to stop. I realized I was thrashing around on the floor, moving in rhythm with my climax. A deep, throaty moan came out of my mouth, despite having the rag stuffed in it.

When it was finally over, I was panting a little bit. I would definitely have to find a way to duplicate that in the future. But for now, I was done with Matthew and his silly little game. He was still trying to ram me with the bat, foolishly thinking he was in control. I glared at him just long enough for him to lose his concentration. He pulled the bat out of me, allowing it to drop to the floor.

He shook his head, trying to maintain his pathetic attempt at manliness.

"I'm not done with you yet. I've got a lot more toys to try out on the dynamite pussy of yours," he said menacingly.

He dropped the bat on the floor and stood up. He went back to his little closet of horrors and began digging around again. I wasn't going to bother waiting around to see what he brought out this time.

I easily lifted my legs off of the floor, and pulled quickly against the tape that was around my hands, snapping it instantly. As I yanked the remaining tape off of my ankles and wrists, Matthew was on his way back to me. He paused, confused. I reached up and jerked the tape off of my mouth. I spit the rag out, and then I stood up, smiling at him. He was still standing motionless across the room from me.

I had promised myself I wouldn't tamper with him tonight. I wasn't going to hypnotize him with my stare or try to control his emotions. I wanted him to see, hear, and feel everything that was about to happen to him. I would stop him from running though...and maybe keep him quiet. I wouldn't want a neighbor spoiling my fun by calling

the cops.

"How did you...get free?" he asked in amazement.

"Matthew, you are a simple person, aren't you? So stupid, so arrogant, so worthless."

Even as stunned as he was, he still took offense at my words, and he wasn't going to have me talking to him that way. He wasn't afraid of me...yet.

"Shut your fucking mouth, you dirty bitch. You don't know a thing about me! But I know a thing or two about you...and all of the whores that are just like you. I know what you like...I know you're a filthy cunt that likes to be dominated by a real man. I'm just giving you what you really want."

I allowed him to drone on for a while, but he was getting on my nerves. And I was hungry. I would have to make sure not to try any sexual encounters again unless I fed first. It was too hard to keep my concentration. One word from me was all it took.

"Shh." I looked him in the eyes, not allowing him to move. I wanted him to really hear what I was about to tell him.

"Matthew...poor, idiotic Matthew. You don't have a clue. You're just a pathetic excuse of a man. You like to take out your hostility on women that don't deserve it. And tonight, I'm going to give you a little payback." I was done talking. My mouth was watering just thinking about the delicious, hot blood that was waiting for me.

Finally, I think he understood. His eyes got wide as he tried to back away from me. I stopped him.

"Uh-uh...stay where you are," I commanded him. He swayed, but otherwise stayed where he was. I walked up close to him, sniffing at his neck. He cringed away from me.

"Mmm...I can't wait for a taste," I said to myself.

Matthew's breathing sped up, and I could hear his heart pounding in his chest. Yes...get that blood flowing for me. I reached out with one hand and ran my finger down his chest, pressing hard and leaving a bright red streak behind.

I pushed him lightly with one palm, and he toppled to the floor. I was on top of him in an instant, but there was nothing sexual about it now.

"Oh, don't worry, baby. I think you'll like this!" I said brightly, repeating his earlier words. His lower lip was trembling slightly. If I had been the sympathetic type, I might have taken pity on his wretched soul. Too bad for him, I guess.

He was about to scream when I put one finger to his lips, reminding him to be quiet. I stared down at him, keeping him firmly under my control. Then I reached out and broke his arm with a just the slightest pressure of my wrist. It was amazing that I was ever careful enough to even fuck these humans without turning them into a broken pile of rubble.

I allowed him to scream a little. I was sure that it hurt, but I was also sure that he had caused plenty of women similar pain with no remorse. Just the thought of that brought a picture into my head that was not at all good for Matthew. Morgan popped into my mind and I couldn't stop the next image that filled my thoughts. It was an image of Matthew standing over her...she was bound up and crying, clearly in pain. He was laughing at her, just as he had laughed at me when he thought I was hurting.

I was instantly livid. Although I was sure Morgan was safe and sound wherever she was, just the possibility that Matthew or someone like him could ever do something so vile to her was enough to send me into a rage. I took all of that rage out on Matthew and his frail human body. I went ahead and broke his other arm for him, and dared him to make any noise. He whimpered under his breath as tears oozed out of his eyes. No sympathy...

I moved on to his legs next, kicking them with my heel. I wasn't sure if I had broken them or not. Couldn't be sure...and really didn't care. I was thinking that I had, though, by the sick way one of them was twisted. I didn't hesitate when he began to beg for his life. I think he knew how this night was going to end for him.

"Please...please don't! I'll do anything you want!" he

pleaded.

"Sorry, I'm afraid it's too late for you. When I'm done torturing you, I'm going to slice your throat open and drink your blood," I informed him casually, as if I was discussing the weather.

To make sure he understood, I flashed him a wide grin, exposing my teeth. He screamed loudly, until I clamped my hand over his mouth.

"No, no...we don't want any of that," I scolded.

"What are you?" he cried.

"I'm your worst nightmare, sent straight from hell." I smiled at him again, getting hungrier by the second. I could literally smell his blood radiating from his body. I licked my lips.

There was one other thing I wanted to do before I ended his pain. I wanted to give him a little taste of his own medicine. I picked up the discarded baseball bat and swung it around a few times in my hand. Maybe I would take it with me when I left. I shivered when I remembered the intense orgasm that I had earlier from this thing. I shook my head, making myself focus.

I swung the bat down, connected the tip of it with Matthew's crotch. He grunted and rolled to his side, curling up into a fetal position. That must have been unpleasant, considering his arms and possibly his legs were broken.

I nudge him with my foot, making him roll onto his back again. I rested the bat on my shoulder, and waited for him to get his breath.

"I think we're done here. But it's been fun, though, so thanks for that, I guess."

He began to shout, as if someone was going to come and save him. I put my foot on his mouth. I didn't want to have to crush his skull, but I would if he made me. He quieted down.

"Please don't kill me!" he begged again.

"Oh, Matthew. I was going to kill you when I was through with you tonight, anyway. I would have maybe gone a little easier on you, but then you turned out to be a

truly malevolent man. I was tempted to peel the flesh from your skin after I discovered how evil you were, but I just don't have the time. But I'm mostly only killing you because I'm hungry and I don't feel like making two stops tonight. It's nothing personal," I promised him.

I couldn't wait any longer. I exposed my fangs and leaned in towards his neck, putting my hand over his mouth to keep him quiet. He screamed as he felt my teeth cut through his skin. I muffled his voice and greedily drank from his ravaged neck.

The taste of his blood seemed sweeter somehow. It might have just been because I was ravenous, but I doubted it. Matthew finally passed out from the blood loss, which was probably a relief to him. I had been keeping him conscious through all of his pain. I continued to drink from his body until he was dry. I leaned back, finally full.

I left Matthew there as I gathered my clothes and got dressed. I picked up the bat and rested it against my shoulder as I smiled down at his lifeless body. I could feel his blood dripping off of my face, and his cum beginning to dry on my cheek.

I washed my face off in the tiny bathroom, making sure I was presentable before returning to Josef. Before I left, I put the bat back in the closet, not wanting a reminder of the things he had done to other women with that thing. As I left the apartment, I didn't spare a backwards glance at Matthew's corpse. I left him there, naked and broken. It seemed fitting for him, in a way.

I was jubilant as I ran back to Josef, but not because of my sexual satisfaction or my indulgent meal. It was because of Morgan. I knew I was going to look for her now...I had to. I needed to know she was safe. At least that was my excuse for now. But the fact that I was now giving myself permission to look for her was enough to get me through whatever obstacles were ahead for me.

By the time I made it back through the woods, Josef was getting impatient. It was nearly morning, and he had begun to worry. I didn't realize I had been gone that long.

"Anya! Where have you been? I was getting worried

about you!"

"Sorry, Josef. I didn't realize it was so late. I must have gotten carried away tonight with my dinner," I said wryly.

He was surprised by the tone in my voice. I hadn't been anything more than agitated and hostile for the last couple of months, so for me to be joking around must have been refreshing for him.

"Wow...you must have found someone amazing tonight. I haven't seen you this happy in a while," he commented.

"I guess you could say that. I had a very interesting night," I said mysteriously.

"I suppose you won't tell me about it, will you?"

He knew me far too well! I just laughed and shook my head at him as I took his hand.

"Come on, let's go! It's time for sleep...I've had a long night. And tomorrow night can't get here fast enough."

We settled into our special spots, and Josef couldn't help but question me again.

"What's going on tomorrow night?" he asked, trying to keep the raging curiosity out of his voice.

"I'm going to find her, Josef. I'm going to find Morgan. It's time."

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**

