



# DIARY OF A VAMPIRE

By

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Dear Diary: I do hereby solemnly swear to record on a regular basis the facets of my life in this journal. It may not be politically correct and it may violate the legends that surround my kind ... hell it may not even be glamorous, but it's my life so deal with it.

*Desdemonia A. Fairfield--2005*

*April 1st*

Saw Jadair again last night. Cannot believe someone whose heart does not beat could be sooo hot. I've got to find a way to have him. Damn. Why couldn't I have been a size 5/6 when I died instead of an 11/12? A common misconception is when a person becomes a vampire they appear ethereally pale, beautiful and skinny with big boobs. Let me assure you, you come as you are and that means I'm a size 11/12 until eternity or until I'm staked by a woody. Don't get excited. That's a vampire joke for a stake through the heart. Which by the way is not a way to kill us. Stupid folklore. You can't believe everything you hear or read. Our hearts do not beat, so what do we care if you drive a stake through it? Well, we do care. It hurts like hell and really pisses us off. Highly not recommended.

*April 15th*

Had a nice evening. Went for a walk in the park. Mugged a mugger and had dinner with him. Okay, so he was dinner. No big waste except his blood was 80 proof and gave me a buzz. Cheap liquor. Must suck on a better clientele. Will troll uptown next weekend. Might even run into Jadair. A girl can always hope.

*April 17<sup>th</sup>*

Wow! Excellent idea to visit uptown. The warehouse where I reside does not compare to a downtown city loft. Damn! It just isn't fair how some of us undead bring in the big bucks and others of us hold down mediocre jobs. But you can only go so far with night school and correspondence courses.

I looked good for my uptown sojourn, if I may say so myself. Wore that little black dress that makes me extra delicious and curvy. My legs are nice even if they haven't had any blood running through them since the late 60's. And my breasts ... well we all know a female vampire's breasts are her greatest lure for a male 'pire'. I guess that applies to any male, dead or not. But I have great breasts and Jadair is going to be sucking mine. Oh, yes. I have decided to make him love me with the all-consuming passion of the undead. I can't wait ... now that I have made up my mind. I am a woman who knows what she wants and will do anything to get it.

*April 18<sup>th</sup>*

Went to midnight mass. No, it's not true that we have no souls. We do die permanently when put to second death and it's only natural, er ...

unnatural that we have to go somewhere. It's still heaven or hell, even for a vampire. After mass I stopped at the all-night Starbucks for a double mochaccino. I know I shouldn't but it is one of life's guilty pleasures. Also today begins Animal Cruelty Awareness Week. Will seek out cruel humans with a vengeance and make them pay ... big time. Being an animal lover and a vampire has its benefits. Thought about joining the 24-hr Fitness Center till I realized ... why? I think the coffee is making me hyper ... must try to cut back.

*April 19<sup>th</sup>*

Saw a man kick a stray dog tonight. Made me so angry I grabbed the s.o.b. and choked him behind a Dumpster, almost to the point of no return. Made do with sucking his carotid artery until he was anemic. Oh ... bit through his voice box too. He will never talk and if he does who would believe him? The dog is fine ... have named him Nemo after the Disney movie. He now resides at my warehouse. Bought Purina One and Kal Kan for him. Seems to be part lab, part mutt. Wags tail a lot despite his dubious upbringing. Good dog and will make great pet.

*April 24<sup>th</sup>*

Sorry for not writing. I know, I know ... I promised to write in this journal at least every other day but it was a busy week. Great news! Last night I found out where Jadair hangs out. It's the Midnight Hour underground club on 5<sup>th</sup> and Hager. I am sooo jazzed. If you think it's easy to find the hot spot where the crème de la crème of vampires hang out then

you are as naïve as the general populace. Truth is, when you come over to the dark side it's like eternal high school. You are either part of the in-crowd or just a geeky wanna-be. Yeah, you guessed it. In high school I was not popular. No prom date ... no lost virginity on prom night. I lost my virginity at the Dairy Queen in Grand Rapids in the back seat of Freddy Harper's Corvair. It wasn't much ... Freddy prematurely ejaculated all over my black leather skirt. Try telling that to the dry cleaners.

Oh, did I mention Freddy was the one who brought me over to the underworld in the sixties? So much for the myth that all vampires are great lovers. And yes, size does matter. Poor Freddy ... I used to call him my 'little gherkin'. Well, you get the picture. Jeez ... I wasn't exactly seduced by a vampire but rather probed by one with a teeny tiny dick.

Anyway, I saw Evie Richards, who is dating a humpire (in the process of becoming a vampire but still not quite there and carries the human genome still), and she was invited to the Midnight Hour with her humpire. (They love half-and-halves there). She was kind of bragging, but I didn't mind because she boasted Jadair was there a lot. Evie knows just bringing up Jadair's name is cool, so my instant fixation with her wasn't completely unexpected. I know Evie likes to go both ways and she just wishes she could get her hands (and tongue) on my fantastic breasts and luscious bod. Yeah, I'm getting full of myself, but after living in this same exact body for this long, trust me, you do get comfortable and can afford to think of yourself as all that.

Evie is petite and blonde with a shaggy cut that makes her one pixie-looking elf with very sharp teeth. And because she has misconstrued my interest, she invited me as her guest to the Midnight Hour tonight. I am ecstatic to say the least. Like a giddy schoolgirl I plan every nuance of the evening ahead of time.

I will wear my red dress that shows my cleavage, plump and voluptuous, threatening to spill over the neckline. (It's not going to, as my Wonderbra is fabulous at teasing but not delivering.) I may be a larger woman than is fashionable but no one can deny I am all woman. Jadair will notice me and will truly be mine. Oh yes, I am confident. Vampires are notorious stalkers and once we find our death-mate we obsess until we possess them. Watch out Jadair I'm coming for you!

*April 25<sup>th</sup>*

I am beside myself. Things did not go well, to say the least. Jadair was at the club but had his own humpire. It's not fair. How can I compete with someone only half-dead? But I digress. Let me explain the events and you can draw your own conclusion.

I arrived at the Midnight Hour at 11:45pm. I was early I know, but I was excited and wanted to find the most centrally located spot to strike a provocative pose so Jadair could not fail to notice me. My dress was superb. Of crushed velvet and red as fresh blood, it had the cut of a Renaissance maiden from the waist down and the intensity of a sensual vixen from the waist up. My breasts pressed against the low, rounded neckline like two

pumpkins, bursting to be free from their soft material cage. Any lover would give his life to lay his head on these precious mounds, or his soul to draw the dusky mauve nipples into his mouth.

My lush curves were covered but flaunted proudly by the fitted bodice. I was turned on by my own self. I found the incurable itch to stroke my nipples though the velvet and pinch the areolas until they hardened into buds that tingled to be suckled. I wanted Jadair's tongue to trace the ridges and pruned indentation's until I moaned and begged for his attentions elsewhere. My clit was humming with the vibrations of the music, wet and rubbing against my thong underwear. When Jadair walked in I would be ready. I would be the one his intense gaze fell on and devoured. Those hypnotic golden-green eyes would lock on mine and the rest would be history. It is well known if two vampires lock eyes, they can feel what each other feels and absorb their emotions ... feed on them and magnify them. It was perfect ... so perfect.

But there was no sign of Jadair. The crowd surged around me. Vampires of all shapes and sizes danced macabre dances, arms twisting, bodies flailing. Vampires are terrible dancers. It's just the way things are. Rhythm and feeling the music is not for the undead. I know better than to try the art of seduction through dance. It is not pretty and looks more like a large fornicating pogo stick bouncing up and down. No, my original plan of standing in a proud, sexy pose, thrusting my heaving bosoms forward, was a much better foolproof one.



Unfortunately a fool is what I got for my effort. Terry Plantar stumbled through the metal and wood detector at the front entrance and scanned his eyes around the room. I was careful not to lock eyes on anyone, saving my lust for Jadair. But Terry's eyes swept over me and I inadvertently caught his gaze. I felt the ooze of blackness radiating from his being. Terry likes rats and doing strange things with them. I cringed at his thoughts and preferences. I tried to shield my mind from his probe. My hot body shrank from his mental intrusion. But I was too late or my sexual prowess was too strong. He must have gotten a pheromone charged jolt as I saw his black leather pants tighten at the crotch and a hard-on bulged so fast, the surge caused his pants to split in front and a pair of rolled up socks fell out, along with Terry's chubby, stunted dick. Damn, my little pecker track record continues.

By 1 a.m. it is apparent, despite total humiliation, Terry is in heat for me. He keeps humping my leg like a poodle. I cannot stand the annoyance much longer and will either have to rip out Terry's throat or find an all night tanning place and fry Terry. Oh, don't cringe like I'm a monster. Terry is a funny guy, just not when he's wrapped around your leg like ivy to a trellis. Terry also suffers from systemic ejaculatory orgasms; meaning he involuntarily twitches for a half-hour or so after he comes. It's amusing for the first hour or so, but since Terry also suffers from spontaneous orgasms, it's messy and downright gross during dinner. Yes, I have dated Terry in the past. Enough said.

My saving grace comes in the form of Evie and her humpire. Terry is bemused by the androgynous mannequin-like work-in-progress that Evie introduces as Malcolm. He instantly twitches to an orgasm and Malcolm obliges him by sinking to his knees and sucking him off on the spot. I watch, amused and relieved. To each his own. Evie and her toy boys go off together and leave me in peace.

At 1:30 Jadair shows up with a skinny brunette humpire latched onto his neck like a leech. I watch him fervently, but he refuses to lock eyes with me, or anyone else for that matter. It's nothing personal. It's all about control and Jadair is always in control. His dark hair is thick and wavy, though he ties it back just at the nape of his neck. He doesn't wear the standard vampire black, but like me flouts the norm and prefers brown or navy slacks, or on casual nights Dockers, or stone-washed ass-hugging blue jeans that make me cream my panties at the drop of a pin. Yes, I have lusted after Jadair long enough to know his wardrobe. Don't pity me ... believe me, I don't need pity. I will have Jadair. I swear it on my own grave.

Jadair's brunette humpire is an insult to both humans and especially to vampires. She wears a baby-T too small and short, in some vague shade of pink. Her breasts are the size of walnuts ... shelled. Her stomach with its inset belly button is flat but not toned, and I think I see lint in the offensive orifice. Yes, I hate her. Don't think it's because she is petite and thin and I am medium height and plump. I have something she will never have ... pride and attitude. No, I merely hate her because she does not deserve Jadair. Why

he chose her as a blood concubine is beyond me. Maybe she gives good head... or good blood. Either one is a dime a dozen and Jadair deserves more. He deserves me.

I could have a humpire if I so desire. I could have brought one and used him to make Jadair take notice, as vampires always compare their blood concubines. It's a competition of flesh. But it is also a game. I never play games. I want Jadair in my bed and see no reason to suck on a humpire just for status. It is not my way.

Jadair's humpire decides to seduce him with a dance. It should have been sexy as hell and I would have been further jealous. But the humpire is more than half through her transition and has lost her rhythmic response. She is two beats behind the music and looks like a pantomime of bad karaoke. Worse, the song is a club mix of Toni Braxton's *Unbreak My Heart*--long version. Someone needs to put her out of her misery. I will do it.

I take a final drink of my Bloody Daiquiri and stalk up to where Jadair sits watching his twitching prodigy. Without remorse I reach out and jerk his puppet dancer off the dance floor. I could snap her neck and be done with it, but I am sympathetic to the poor creature's plight, despite my earlier animosity. After all, there is no telling where Jadair found her and any woman could fall under his spell quite easily. I know I did, and I am stronger than most. That's why he needs me ... to complete him, and take his restless energy and convert it to passion.

It is not unusual for a virile or passionate vampire to have several humpires in progress. But he or she must not make a mockery of the practice and keep them as a harem. If they are of A positive blood type they can be brought over safely and become full-fledged creatures of the night. Other blood types are iffy ... some may turn vampyric, some may wither and die, but worse, some become loathsome, offensive, defective monsters, that kill on whim and without discretion.

I am special. No really ... I AM SPECIAL. It's not an act of braggadocio that I state it, only that I am a blood taste-tester. It's a specialty gene that one out of a hundred thousand vampires possess. I can taste blood and gage its type on the spot, thus weaning out the defective victims and keeping the loathsome bottom feeders at a minimum. Because you only get one screw up as a vampire. You have to be responsible and know your victim, or like the human AIDS epidemic, things go awry and we as a race will become hunted, or extinct by our own hand. So, to make a long story short, you get one bad bite and you are history. A tribunal can and will hunt down a rogue vampire that kills without discretion and the penalty is death ... permanent death for all eternity. And his or her blood will be tested and the maker identified as we are all micro-chipped and then ... well you guessed it, the transgressor neutered permanently. And you thought we just ran around willy-nilly doing what we want to whomever we want? Nope, there are rules to everything, even our culture.

But I digress again.

Jadair is on his feet in a second. His reflexes are not dulled by his undead state. He growls under his breath as I have hold of his property. I look into those golden-green eyes and they are not receptive to my advances. They are feral as he protects his blood concubine. He would kill for her even though he does not love her. Such is the fickle vampire male.

But I have a right to test any blood, whenever I want. It is the law. I possess the prerequisite brand of the fanged Carpathian chamois, also called a rupicapra, on my inside thigh ... high up. High enough that when I lift the blood red skirt of my dress, my scent filters into Jadair's discerning nostrils, and they flare as his bestial instincts battle with his civilized ones. It's a toss up which will win, and I look up with both dread and hope. Oh, I would love for Jadair to become crazed with lust and throw me on the table with the wild abandon that our kind hears about in urban myths. But it doesn't happen because Jadair is all about control. He isn't about to lose it in a public place in front of a crowd. But I, I would give anything to feel Jadair's cock between my silken thighs and taste his blood between my lips ... both pair.

But Jadair merely stifles his growls and looks at my chamois brand with growing interest and respect. My kind is revered. I may not inspire Jadair's spontaneous lust, but I will have his respect. I can make or break a vampire by letting him know which victims are dangerous and which are free tickets to bliss. Many of my kind live the life of the rich ... the very rich, as they take money for their skills. Payoffs and bribes, if one is on the payroll to ruin

another vampire by giving false information. A truly corrupt taster could lie and say blood was not tainted when it was. The vampire who believes this would unknowing create a monster. The penalty in any case is death for both the creator and the creature.

But stupid me, with my ideals and integrity share my gift on friendship and for the good of my kind. Money never was my reason for living ... or dying.

Jadair not only looks at the Carpathian brand, he seeks it out with the sensitive long fingers that I yearn to feel probe against my puffy nether lips and delve within. Jadair is smart. He runs the fingers over the indentation, feeling that it is real. The branding of the chamois is a ritual in itself, both painful and majestic in its significance.

I still remember being summoned after my crossover. Hands lovingly held me down as the small metal iron seared into my thigh and I screamed in both agony and the pleasure of the pain. I orgasmed as I smelled my own flesh, the odor wafting in the air as someone thoughtfully massaged my breasts to take my mind off the pain.

After the ceremonial branding, a tattoo artist made his own signature of vivid glorious color in and around the indentation. Mine is burnished gold, with lapis lazuli highlights outlining the graceful curves. There are fake brands that are mere surface art. But the real ones go deep into the skin, forever a part of the body ... my body. I feel Jadair's fingers trace the chamois. He presses deep around the design and trails down to just where

my pubic hair has been shaved away for my thong. Then he brushes up with a devilish grin and just barely grazes my labia. I shudder but try not to let it be noticed. I have my pride.

But I hear Jadair's low laughter and I know he has felt my response. My dark eyes seek his golden-green ones and he probes my mind. I try to shut down my heat so he cannot feel the fire that burns for him. But he must have breached my defenses before I could shield the want ... the need. His eyes darken until they are molten and I receive an image as vivid as a picture. Jadair is bent over me, his tongue seeking my pussy. He licks at it until I cry out and arch upward from a reclining position. But he forces me back down with his weight and well-muscled body. His tongue, no longer satisfied with the mere icing on the cake, plunges inside my cunt and devours me. I shiver and cry out before I begin the ascent to orgasm. But Jadair does not pleasure me for my own sake ... he rears back and I see his cock, wonderfully long and thick, the hood glistening with a drop of pre-cum that promises more ... so much more.

I blink and am recalled to the present. Jadair has a smirk on his face and I know he wants me to think on what he is capable of. If he was to mount me here and now I would welcome it. I am sooo hot for him I feel a drip of wetness that has soaked through my thong, run down my thigh into the indentation of my chamois. Worse, I know Jadair has a link to my mind and can play me at his will. I will not be a mind fuck!

With resolve I drop my skirt down demurely and look to where Jadair's humpire stands limply. She is his conquest, but it is my right ... no my duty, to taste her. I nod to Jadair and he does not like it, but he must defer to me on this. He takes the brunette and bends her back over the table. Although awkward, she does not know how to deny him and she flounders backward, her head at an angle. He holds her for me as I tilt her neck to the left and feel the soft velvety skin under my fingertips. There beats a vein and a pulse, still strong despite her half-and-half state between life and death. I feel my teeth throb against my gums. Whether I personally find her objectionable or not, doesn't matter, as my animalistic side wants sustenance and release.

I am not cruel and nuzzle her neck, licking to enhance her senses and trigger endorphins to dull the pain, before nipping a fold of dermis. When I feel a pinch of skin between my teeth I draw back and open wide, sinking deep and forcefully into her neck. The blood does not course at once but lingers in the vein as if confused by the sudden block of my teeth. But the heart pumps and it surges forth once more. Like a siphon, my fangs draw it within and I begin to drink hungrily.

I did not expect it, so at first I swallowed before choking. I gagged and jerked back. How was it Jadair had not tasted the vile rankness? How could he partake of such nasty sludge? But it was often that way with vampires that did not possess my gift. They just could not tell the difference in blood quality. But this one ... this humpire was beyond vile. Her blood was putrid



in its content, already beginning to fester with white blood cells that would burst open and run with poison.

I looked up into Jadair's eyes with true regret. She is one of the abominations. Her blood is undeniably bad and will corrupt into a rabid killing machine if he makes her a complete vampire. He has only a short time before she will begin to morph into a horrific creature ... neither human nor vampyric. Jadair probably meant to bring her over this week. He would know the specifics of her cycle and when it must be completed by.

But now he can not. His blood concubine must be killed to keep the spread of disease from infecting her further. And she must die so that Jadair may continue. It was the part of my gift that was not so precious and I hated delivering the news. In some cases vampires become attached to their humpires. There is some basic attraction to have brought the two together to begin with. After they share blood, it deepens and grows.

A seasoned vampire is likely to grow jaded where their concubines are concerned. They view them as a necessity for their insatiable hunger and passion. There are no guarantees and more than likely you lose your minion in the end. It is the cycle of our life ... and death.

Sometimes a defective humpire is used as a midnight snack and siphoned of blood in a ritual of orgiastic frenzy, regardless of the tainted blood. A sacrifice to bring on lust at a party. But Jadair is not that kind. He looked at me sadly, reading the truth in my expressive eyes and I knew he had some feelings for the girl. While she still faced away he stroked her hair

back from her temple and murmured words I could not hear. Then with a quick wrench he snapped her neck. The sound was final in the short space around the table, despite the loud pulse of the ironic Technotronics song *Just Breathe* playing throughout the club.

Without further verbal or mental communication Jadair gathered the girl up in his arms and left the club.

*May 4th*

I thought I might see Jadair at the club, this night being a full moon. I have not seen him since the tasting and subsequent euthanasia of his humpyric blood concubine. But he did not appear and now that I am recognized at the club and I can mingle at will. I have attained a sort of celebrity status here as they recognize me for a blood-taster. I do not relish the attention.

The nights seem to roll together and I have been remiss about writing in this journal. What is it they say ... *'The road to hell is paved with good intentions.'* It's not my intentions I'm worried about, it's my predilections.

Evie came up to me at the club. Now that she knows what I am, she is different towards me. She buys me drinks and fawns over me. It is embarrassing. As a favor I tasted Malcolm for her. His blood is too sweet but he will turn into a vampire given an 80/20 chance. The problem is Terry is in love with Malcolm so both he and Evie have been with him. Malcolm is going to be a confused vampire. He will have two microchips implanted with his dual parentage and probably will inherit Terry's ejaculatory

problems. I keep hearing that song by the Weather Girl's in my head. Only it's raining sperm instead of men. Too bad I have no power to veto bad genes, only deformed malevolent ones.

Without Jadair the club seems flat and loud. The out-of-sync dancers are likened to watching grotesque marionette's floundering in a bad musical play. As the *Macarena* is requested I make my exit.

*May 19th*

I know ... I know I haven't been keeping up this journal but it's not like every night is a big occurrence in my vampyric life. Tonight is the New Moon and I took Nemo to the dog park. It was lonely, as there was no one there in the dark. Poor Nemo. He is a good dog but shunned because of the company and hours he keeps. I was relieved to see a jogger go by with a dog and though I did not make my presence known, Nemo sniffed butts with the other dog and I felt better that he had made a friend. We walked to the Chinese takeout and I ordered my spicy favorites along with Moo Goo chicken for Nemo.

I can't help but think of Jadair and the sadness of his look when he had to put down his humpyric brunette. It occurred to me, his was the look of one not in love, so much as one who is lonely. I can identify with this and long to ease his pain. Perhaps though, I am endowing him with nonexistent feelings. I wish I could have read his deeper thoughts rather than just his lustful ones. Intrusive or not, I want to get to know the man behind the vampire.

*May 27<sup>th</sup>*

Went to the movies. Not that that is a big event. Well, in my life it is. However, the noisy youths behind me made it memorable. Apparently having seen the flick before they thought those of us sitting close by would enjoy a raunchy play-by-play. When that failed to elicit more than a ‘shushing’ noise they proceeded to kick my chair. I wasn’t even the one who ‘shushed’ them. I spilled my popcorn and they laughed. I thought long and hard on it and decided to let bygones be bygones.

It would have been fine. I was annoyed, but could turn the other cheek. You learn patience as a vampire as you can’t kill everyone you don’t like. But then I felt something pulling on my hair. One of the miscreants had put his feet up high on the back of my chair and pinned my long hair under his heels. He must have been aware of this as he slid his foot down, pulling my hair viciously and painfully.

With great equanimity I turned and spoke low, “Is there a problem you’d care to discuss?”

One of the youths giggled as his companion, a large burly fellow wearing a baseball cap backward and chewing a huge wad of gum, spoke. “Yeah, we want you to move. Your big head is blocking the screen.”

Now my head is normal size and being the late night show, there were plenty of seats in the theater. I shrugged and turned to ignore the miscreants hoping they would move. To my astonishment I felt a tug on my hair, then

one of my auburn locks was thrown into my lap. The thug behind me had cut my hair!

I turned to see the burly one brandishing a switchblade as if it were his cock. He held it obscenely in his lap and moved his hand up and down the blade, like he was jerking off.

I was tempering my anger pretty well, all things considered. I rose to my feet and left the aisle. I'm sure my tormentors thought I was relocating and they were correct. I relocated ... to the aisle behind them. For a woman of my size I am blessed with a lightness of step that is deceiving.

The theater lighting changed constantly as the scene played to flickering darkness. I waited as the screen faded to a dim action shot then leaned forward. The smaller youth felt no pain as I sank my fangs into the back of his neck. I severed nothing, only drank a long draught from his cranial stem. The blood to his head was cut off and he sank low in his seat.

His beefy friend noticed nothing and called out obscenities to the screen. I smiled as I leaned into his ear and blew softly. He jumped visibly and called out, "Jake, what the fuck are you doing?"

I couldn't help but laugh, "Was that his name?" I am proud of my reflexes and it took no time to sink my teeth into the side of his throat. There is a nerve in the shoulder that when pressed just so, paralyses the person momentarily. That was all I needed to embed my fangs and suck the pumping blood, letting it spurt into my mouth and swallowing voraciously. I was angry ... very angry ... and because I let my anger get the better of me, I

drained him. The movie was a double feature so I took my time. Even when the lights came up briefly between movies, the few other patrons noticed nothing as the nicely behaved hooligans sat slumped in their seats and I feasted at my leisure.

I do love a respectfully quiet theater audience.

*June 4<sup>th</sup>*

I saw Jadair tonight! Not at the club (he hasn't been there much according to Evie and never when I'm there). Anyway, I went downtown to buy a dress for a friend's black wedding and stopped at a seafood restaurant for a shrimp cocktail and Bloody Mary, and there, sitting at a back booth, was Jadair and a red-headed humpire. Yes, I could tell from that distance that she was a half-and-half by the fact her hand was in Jadair's crotch massaging his cock through the fly of his jeans. Not that a fully human woman wouldn't massage a handsome man's prick in public, but this woman was wearing a waitress's uniform. She was my waitress and I was waiting for my check. My eyes met Jadair's and he shrugged as he grinned wolfishly.

Unfortunately he also beckoned me to the table. With a sigh I knew what he wanted. He would want me to taste his latest conquest. It was a thankless job and I tried to think of an excuse to get out of it. But the short distance to his table didn't give me much time and I could only avoid his gaze as he spoke. "I never got to thank you for your help with Linda."

“Was that her name?” I tried to remind him without directly saying the words that his engaging in multiple humpyric’s was risky at best. There was bound to be a few diseased ones in the bunch and his immortality was the consequence for a mistake.

“Yes. And this is Sylvia. Say hello to...?”

“Dezzie ... short for Desdemonia.” I couldn’t believe he was leading me like a lamb to the slaughter and I was falling for it, hook line and bullshit.

“Dez....” He drew the one syllable out, wrapping his tongue around it until I nearly creamed my panties. The occupied Sylvia muttered a one-word greeting and kept pumping.

“You know what I want.” Jadair’s husky tone made me squirm. Damn it. I wanted him to want me, not this Sylvia half-and-half that wouldn’t last long under his sexual appetite.

“And if I say no?” I was bold and daring with my tone, but it was false bravado. His mind reached across the booth and probed against mine. I fought like a virgin squeezing her legs together, but he was strong, used to bending people to his will.

“No?” He smiled as he uttered the word, as if it were alien to his ears. I should have known it was foreplay to him.

I received a mental picture of myself bending over a chair, naked. My ass was smooth and peachy ... ripe for the taking. Jadair was stripping off his stonewashed denims, just like the ones he was wearing tonight in the physical world. He was like a stage player entering a scene, all arrogance

and 'look at me' confidence. His cock stood out hard and erect. As he walked forward I could see it barely bob, it was so stiff.

It was like watching a porn movie and I was the star. Only I was not only watching it in my head but I was feeling his cock rubbing between my legs, against my crack, easing in and out, pretending he was fucking me, but only letting me feel the hardness against my backside. "Do you want it?" he whispered gruffly. To punctuate his words his hands reached to nudge my legs further apart. "I could bury my cock so deep inside you, you'll think you've been impaled. Then I'll ease it in and almost out, before bringing it against your clit again and again. I can feel you so tight around me I barely can budge, but I swell even larger inside you and you grow wet with my movements ... my cum is near bursting ... ready to shoot deep inside you and mingle with your own hot juices. Do you feel it? Do you want it?"

He began to bring his cock to my cunt from behind. I could feel the big head nudge against my labia, splaying it apart, splitting it for his entrance....

Then without warning he withdrew from my head and repeated his question, "Do you want it?"

I was shaking with both heated passion and anger. "You bastard! Stop mind fucking with me!"

Even Jadair had his limits and I realized he wasn't quite his usual controlled self. He'd gotten hot and bothered with his mental probe. I would push the advantage. While he was unaware I catapulted inside his mind. I had him naked, on his back, tied spread eagle to a bed. The ties on his wrists



were silken but strong, and his struggles were useless. I came at him from the base of the bed, myself naked and voluptuous. My long auburn hair hung in ropes that teased over my breasts, showing glimpses of the mauve nipples, peeking out as I crawled between his legs.

His cock was glad to see me. It was at full staff, engorged with blood, his balls themselves swollen with need. (Vampires have low sperm counts but they have plenty of it for those of us who like to play messy.) I hung just above his cock and let my hair tickle the tip, back and forth, back and forth, a slow torture for a virile man.

There was an audible gasp from Jadair's side of the booth. He had taken Sylvia's hand out of his fly, but I was the more effective aphrodisiac, as I focused my thoughts into his.

After my hair had teased the tip of his swollen cock, I bobbed my head down and let the very tip of his smooth flesh touch my lips. I moved them over the hood but refused to let it into my mouth. Slowly I opened a small slit and let the tip of my tongue appear. I touched it to his cock and rolled it over the circumcised head, slowly ... just barely touching skin on skin. A groan was my reward as the cock thrust upward with the motion of Jadair's hips.

I opened my mouth to take in the head, then I smiled across the booth at Jadair, and withdrew from his mind. "Do you want it?" I mimicked.

Jadair's face was tense and I knew his hard-on was painful against the zipper of his jeans. Let Sylvia work that baby out. But I wasn't completely

heartless. I gave Jadair a half-smile and motioned to Sylvia. Jadair gave her the signal to go with me. He wanted to come with us, I could tell, but I gave him a warning glance. I wasn't about to go at it as a threesome in the girl's bathroom. I wanted Jadair, but on my own terms, and for more than a one night stand.

Sylvia was meek and compliant. She was a terrible waitress but a good humpire. Even without her mentor's mind control she was docile and followed me into the women's bathroom without protest. I sat her on the sink and spoke to her, low and soothing. It wouldn't do for her to snap out of the trance Jadair had on her and start screaming as I sank my teeth into her.

To Jadair's credit he did have wonderful taste in necks. Sylvia's was silky smooth with the soft downy covering of protective hair, like a baby's. I stared at it a full minute before reaching and stroking just behind the earlobe. Like a cat she pressed against my fingers, rubbing gently. Jadair had taught her well.

The pulse was light and flickering, so I moved my fingers downward, pressing two just behind where her jaw-line met her ropy neck muscle. The pulse there was stronger and throbbed against my touch. I could not help myself and palmed her neck, cupping it, massaging it ... making it my own. Jadair would be furious to see me touching his property in this intimate manner. The thought made me happy in a gleefully vengeful manner. Jadair needed to be taught I was a force to be reckoned with. I would enjoy being

his teacher of that I was sure. As sure as I knew he and I were eternal soul mates who were meant to be together.

Sylvia moved restlessly under my touch. My heat was affecting her. Another misconception about vampires is we are cold ... all over. Though blood does not course freely through our veins, a fiery energy does and we virtually radiate passion through this body heat. Sylvia could feel mine and it was pure and unadulterated. So much so her skin was singed under my fingertips and where the flat of my palms rested on her nape. I was branding her with my touch. Jadair would be beyond furious. I smiled and murmured to Sylvia. The words were in ancient Carpathian as I had been taught and they held a trance. I had the upper hand and my power trumped Jadair's. It was always so when one wore the brand of the chamois. In ancient times I would have been anointed a priestess. But I had been born a vampire in the late sixties and the only distinction I could tout was my taste-testing gift.

The heat of my touch brought the blood to the surface of sweet Sylvia's neck and I could smell it through her pores. My stomach rumbled in anticipation, despite my having eaten the shrimp cocktail. Dessert was in front of me and I never passed on a sure thing. I licked where I judged the lovely blue vein ran horizontally down her throat, laving my tongue just above her shoulder, at the base of her neck. There I sank my fangs deep and sure. Oh, the joy of the hot blood as it spurted forth, and bathed not just my incisors, but ran into my mouth and down the back of my throat! The thick metallic coating was honey to my taste buds.

I swallowed more than I should have as a taster. But Jadair's humpire was Grade A prime prey. I grew euphoric from the rush. I wished I could lie to Jadair and tell him Sylvia was rancid, that she was an abomination. But I was too honest. I cared for Jadair too much to lie to him on something so vital as this. No, he had chosen well. Too well, it occurred to me. The A blood type was coveted to a vampire and even a vampire with normal taste senses could discern this blood type. It didn't take a taster like myself to make the distinction. For these were the future progenitors of our species. The A types were strong and hardy and Jadair surely knew Sylvia's blood was so pure.

Could it be Jadair wanted me to experience this rush, this wonderful high that only such strong, pure blood can deliver? Was he repaying me for saving his skin with his earlier humpire risk, the petite Linda? Perhaps on some level he did feel something for me, recognized me as something more than a taster. As I drank the rich iron serum, I realized in my gluttony I was draining the poor humpire.

Damn! In my hunger I had taken more than just a few tastes, as was my right. To violate another's humpire-in-progress was sacrosanct and Jadair could demand recompense. It occurred to me, he might have planned this. He was all about control. Having plumbed my mind he would know I was too proud to bend to his will, but I was weak where type A blood was concerned. Like a sugar junkie I craved its rich sweetness. Even now as I tried to close the punctures with clotting saliva, instead I bit again ... deeper,

plunging my fangs into two veins simultaneously. I worked my teeth in and out, slurping obscenely. I was not a pig! But Jadair, in his infinite wisdom where the female vampire was concerned, had reduced me to rutting animal status.

When I was done drinking Sylvia I would want sex and not just missionary vanilla sex. I would want animalistic fucking until I collapsed, filled with the heavy cum of a male inside me, cooling my own blood.

Even now I could feel the heat building as Sylvia's blood buzzed through my body. Like a drug it seeped into every crevice, every organ whether living or dead, and it brought pulsing fire wherever it clotted.

My dark eyes filled with blood. They virtually glowed red. My body burned and twitched. I could smell Jadair even through the walls of the bathroom. Leaving Sylvia's shell of a skin on the sink, I stumbled for the door. Throwing it open I ran smack into the tall muscular form of Jadair, waiting in the short hallway. He grinned like the devil he was and I knew without a doubt, he had planned to seduce me with Sylvia's blood. The bastard!

The anger I felt throbbed in my head as I battled the blood lust. Jadair *had* sensed me at the club. He knew I wanted him and would have come to him on my own terms. But Jadair was all about control and he wanted me on my knees and begging in his bed.

If Jadair mind-probed me now he would feel the blood lust as well, but he was too smart for that. He grabbed my arm and propelled me out the back

door of the restaurant. The alley was dark and deserted. I wanted to lie down. My head spun giddily. I was punch-drunk. Jadair laughed as he guided me to a passageway and up a flight of narrow stairs. “Come, my love,” he purred. “I have a very busy night planned for you. You see, I knew you were the one, that first night at the club. You are what I’ve been searching for since the dawn of time. Come, Dezzie, my taster ... my eternal lover. Let me show you the passion of the undead.”

At the top of the stairs he opened a heavy door into a loft. We needed no lights as our feral eyes filter darkness and our pupils elongate, as does a cat’s. The furnishings were a blur, but I could tell Jadair lived well. Very well indeed. A baby grand piano was tucked cattycorner against the far wall. Aubusson rugs covered the floor and exceptional paintings by the masters lined the walls. Jadair was a very old, very discerning vampire. A painted Chinese silk screen partitioned off the bedroom. A king-sized mattress on a raised platform gave me second thoughts and reminded me what was about to happen.

I am no prude but I have wanted Jadair ever since I first laid eyes on him thirty years before and the dream was about to become a reality. Even coursing with the fresh blood of Sylvia, the truth was enough to give me pause. A simple touch from Jadair would bring my lust back full-throttle. He may have even been able to work a trance on me, incapacitated as I was, but instead he led me to the bed and stopped.

Stroking the white coverlet he whispered low and deep. "Lie with me. Let me make you mine and I will become yours for all eternity ... for all time." Then to my shock he made it a question. "Will you lie with me?" His voice was so soft I barely heard the catch ... the proud, yet lonely pause of a man who is not sure of himself, not sure of the woman vampire at his side.

I simply took his larger hand in my own and raised it to my lips. His skin was warm, but even so my lips burned as I kissed first the back, then turned his hand, palm upward and kissed it slowly, running my tongue over the slight indentations in his palms. I probed his mind and found it searching for a signal, a sign that would restore his confidence and deep pride. I looked into his golden-green eyes, glowing in the darkness, and met his searching gaze. I opened my mind wide, giving him access to the wanting, the needing that I felt for him. That I had always felt for him.

But the rich blood of Sylvia was also there and along with it the blood lust roared forth. Jadair withdrew his hand from mine and reversed our roles, taking my hand and guiding it to the fly of his jeans. The bulge there pulsed with an energy all its own and I had only a second to assimilate the thought before Jadair's lips pressed against my own. It wasn't a gentle kiss. It was borderline savage with his tongue thrusting into my mouth and my own tongue washing over his hungrily. I tried to keep my fangs retracted but I was so excited I nipped his lip where the soft fold intersects at the corner. His blood, thick and hot, spurted a jet into my mouth. I swallowed it avariciously, craving not just his blood but his body melding with mine.

It was only fair that I offer him tit for tat. The open-throated blouse I wore unbuttoned easily enough. It ripped even easier. My bra was a front-hook, beige, lacy affair that struggled to contain my luscious, full orbs. With one finger Jadair split the cups open and my breasts spilled into his hands. He fondled them reverently, molding them with his hands, palming them gently, then more forcefully. His lips found the sensitive underside of the left, and nuzzled before licking upward to the areola. The nipple puckered and grew even harder, thrusting up, begging to be suckled.

To my great satisfaction Jadair took the nub in his mouth, then opened his lips, taking in the crest of the curve and applying suction. My knees grew weak and I wasn't sure if I could stand much longer. But Jadair pressed me back until my knees met the bed and I felt easier knowing if I fell back it would be into heavenly softness ... and if I tumbled forward it would be into hell's hardness. Either way I was the victor.

My hand wandered inside Jadair's stonewashed fly. The zipper was partially down already and it was easy to slide it the rest of the way. The briefs he wore could barely contain the shaft that strained to be free. I cradled it as best I could in one hand and eased it out along with his balls. I stroked and cupped and felt the blood erection growing straight and proud.

In my intensity to please, I was unaware of the shift of his mouth on my breast. He had worked my nipple in and out of his mouth a few times, priming it much like a newborn calf trying to bring milk down. I barely felt the sharp punctures, one on each side of the puckered areola. But I would



have had to be more than dead not to feel his fangs burrowing deep, working themselves into my blood and taking sustenance.

I cried out and a rush of thick cream slid from my cunt. My uterus contracted, somehow linked to the sucking reflex at my breast. I felt the blood being siphoned and was euphoric to be feeding my lover.

Jadair was drinking of not only my vintage eternal blood, but Sylvia's rich new blood as well, and the side effects were immediate. His cock pushed upward against my hand and I could no longer hold its length or girth. It poked against my belly insistently, demanding I service it.

Jadair drew back from my breast, his breathing quick and panting. His eyes glowed so bright they blinded me and I didn't immediately realize he had his hands on my waist before he yanked my skirt down to my ankles. In another second my thong was gone and my dark bush was in perfect view, glistening with moisture, feeling congested with its want to achieve release. Jadair's hand cupped my *mons*, splaying over it as a finger crooked and stroked my wetness. Finding my nub he worked it a few times as my legs widened and my stance became awkward as I unabashedly tried to tempt him to delve further.

A strong hand on my shoulder pushed me backward and the bed rose up to meet me, cradling me in its softness. My feet stayed on the floor, my thighs spread apart. I watched the soft canopy of netting that swathed the bed, and I felt like I too was floating in the breeze. Jadair's thick tongue made a circle at the outside of my cunt, teasing it so it winked open and

closed. I thought I would rise off the bed, trying to thrust my hips up to meet his tongue but there was no need. Within seconds he thrust it within me and licked my slick walls until I could no longer breathe.

My hands clutched spasmodically at his hair, raking through its dark thickness, unfastening the onyx clasp that kept it neatly contained. I pulled the hair loose almost viciously, kneading his scalp and making mewling noises that were so unlike me, that at first I was not aware I was the one responsible.

His tongue delved deep, making me shudder. It stroked, dipped, then found my clit and seduced it into budding. The lapping of his tongue became an assault on my sensitive button, working it to and fro until I clenched my vaginal muscles in total frustration. I was rewarded with a rush of wetness that gave him a specific goal. He licked it up like a cat lapping cream. I spasmed once, literally shaking with a pent-up orgasm. But Jadair was having none of my release just yet. One moment his tongue was working devastating magic, then just as suddenly it was gone. Jadair appeared beside me on the bed and his lips sought mine. I could taste my own juices and blood on his mouth. I fed off his lust and it became mine.

His cock was a hard shaft against my belly, prodding its way lower. I took my hand and encircled the base, feeling his downy soft hair around his balls and kneading gently. Guiding him was not easy. He was large and engorged, pulsing and thrusting even though he was still unsheathed. The hood of his phallus nudged my nether lips, insisting admittance. I wedged

him just inside, against my clit and undulated my hips to create friction. My juices were coaxed from me and I felt the wetness slide down my textured walls to pool at the tip of Jadair's cock.

A growl reminded me I was not toying with a mere mortal and I reached to cup Jadair's ass cheeks, letting him know I was ready to receive him. I had not expected such a considerate lover and I reveled in my newfound bliss. All thoughts were driven from my head as his great staff slid deep and sure, making me feel I was being split in two. He immediately pulled back and thrust in again. My juices coated us both, and he began thrusting in earnest with so much force my feet came off the floor and I was scooted completely onto the middle of the bed.

The hair on his chest tickled my breasts and I could scarce draw breath. My whole body radiated heat and tingled. I opened my mind and sought entrance to Jadair's at the same moment. He was filled with a glowing light that bathed me in its intensity. I looked into his eyes and saw his own were focused on me. We smiled even as I felt him prod my womb and quicken his strokes. The muscles in his back were taut with effort and I could not help but knead my nails into him, urging him on. My inner muscles contracted around him and both gripped and coaxed him to give up his essence. With a cry I felt myself spiraling as the cock within me worked back and forth.

Just when I thought I couldn't reach my zenith, Jadair shot his load and shuddered against me. A deep jet spurted into my womb making me quiver from its power. I knew this was the fabled blood sperm that results when two

vampires mate for life. Jadair continued to thrust as he bared his teeth and sank fangs into my neck.

I could not help but scream out and bite into his shoulder. As we partook of mutual blood, an orgasm rocketed through me and I clasped my legs around Jadair, shuddering against him. Still he rode me, assuaging his own lust and passion with my blood and body. I felt another burst of cum and Jadair's whole body stiffened. He gasped out my name and collapsed on top of me. I laughed and rolled him over, peering at his mighty cock as it slid out of me, now at half-mast.

He groaned and reached for me but I pushed him back and shimmied down his body. I was eye to eye with the great beast, that just moments before, seemed to be so large it would tear me apart. Now it did not seem so huge. His balls, nestled in a patch of dark hair, still had seed left in their plump sacs. I blew out a rush of air and the moist curls around his cock lay flat. His staff was wet from both our love juices.

I was intrigued by both his limpid cock and his warm sacs. Not the least of my thoughts was how he should learn not to toy with me. Jadair needed a lesson and I would teach it. I slid my hand up and down his flaccid penis and it perked up immediately. I did not want a quick erection, but rather a slow rise to full length. I leaned over the mushroom-like head and licked just the tip, tasting both our cum. My fingers naturally gravitated to the base where his balls looked forlorn. I stroked them and kneaded them, feeling their fullness.

The cock bounced up against my mouth, now very interested in my technique. I took the very tip within and moved down on Jadair. I felt his eyes burning into my head, watching me perform fellatio. I bobbed up and down, then relaxed my larynx to take in more. The cock hit the back of my throat and Jadair moaned deep in his own. I raked my sharp teeth over his tender cock, just enough to draw a ribbon of blood. Instinct caused my throat to constrict and suck. The cock reached full mast as I couldn't help but suckle it avidly. Jadair's hand on the back of my head urged me on and he shuddered beneath me. With a cry he shot his load and I swallowed it greedily. But I was not finished.

I crawled up Jadair's body and lowered myself onto his still erect shaft. It slid inside my wetness easily, and I was rewarded with a squelching sound as I settled him deep within and began to rock. His cock, though spent, grew once more until I felt it nudging against my walls. Jadair stared at me as I smiled and slowly rode him, undulating until he both stroked my clit and hit my womb. He looked at me sleepily and I let my guard down, stretching my arms over my head in wild abandon.

Suddenly Jadair's arms were at my waist, controlling my rhythm, churning me up and down. He rolled over, taking me with him, and began thrashing into me. The friction was too great and my orgasm washed over me like a tidal wave. Jadair laughed and kissed me hungrily. Exhausted we slept the sleep of the undead.

*August 30th*

I am writing this from Jadair's loft ... our loft. Nemo has settled in quite nicely. Tonight is the full moon and I feel a stir in the air. I am restless without Jadair, but he is coming. I can feel him for we are as one. Our blood has mingled and the result is irrefutable. I am going to have a baby. He or she will be very powerful. It is a great coup, for only a taste-tester is fertile amongst female vampires. It is said in the old legends that a vampire will be born of two parents who will lead the vampire race to overwhelming greatness. I cannot help but wonder if this child is the one.

Vampires have been around for many thousands of years and will continue to survive, if not openly, then hiding in the shadows, seeking sustenance where we can. Hopefully we can continue to co-exist with the humans. But nothing is ever a sure thing and only time will tell.

But one thing *is* certain ... I am Jadair's and he is mine ... for eternity.

*End of this volume*

*Dezzie A. Fairfield- 2005*