Blood Lust

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My name is Jackson Shaw; at least that is what I call myself now. I have gone by many names over the ages. I am a vampire. I was turned the year the great pyramid was completed. Yes, I am over 2000 years old, ancient even by vampire standards. I have lived in the shadows for most of recorded human history. I say human history because it has been a long time since the title human could be associated with me.

Time teaches all to he who has the luxury of eternity. And what the ages have taught me is that mortality was a gift.

After I was turned, I learned that the for lack of a better word the "life" of a vampire was one fraught with danger. One would tend to think that a vampire would have very little to fear, but that is far from the truth. As with most things I would discover, there are always consequences.

What my kind most feared, were ironically enough the very creatures that we preyed upon. Because for as long as there have been vampires, there have been vampire hunters. Yes, we can die. But death for a vampire is nothing like death for humans. You see, there are always consequences; "immortality" has a price. For in exchange for all the power, and the perceived deathlessness, you surrender your soul. And when the soulless die there is no heaven, there is no rest, there is only oblivion.

In life, I was a merchant from an area that would be now called Nubia. It was during my return from a trading expedition to the Egyptian capital city of Memphis that I was turned.

It was a dusk, when I came upon what I thought was a group of bandits attacking a young Egyptian woman. They had tied her to a tree, and looked to be preparing to behead her. I quickly retrieved my spear from the back of my camel and launched it at the man holding the sword. It struck its mark, hitting him dead center in his back killing him immediately. I then drew my sword ready to dispatch the remaining two men, but they just turned and ran. I quickly made my way to the woman and cut her from her bonds. She rubbed her wrist and thanked me for saving her life. She told me her name

was Amunet. "The hidden one" I replied, trying to impress her with my knowledge of Egyptian names.

"What was all that about, who were those men, and why were they trying to kill you?" I asked.

"That one", she said pointing to the man I had killed with my spear. "That one is Akhom, my husband. The one's who ran were Akil and Ako his brothers."

"Why were they trying to kill you?" I asked as I slowly began to regret the rashness of my actions.

"They think that I am a demon" she said with disgust.

"And why would they think that" I Asked?

She began to spin a tale of the mysterious deaths that had occurred in their village shortly after she had arrived. And how the village elders had blamed her for the deaths, and had labeled her a witch and a demon. She also informed me that this was to be her wedding night.

"Well, are you demon" I asked.

"Do I look like a demon?" she said

"I have no idea, I have never met a demon" I said.

She looked at me for a second, trying to decide if I were jesting.

"Come on my little demon, it's getting dark. We will set up camp just over the next dune. There is an oasis there. We can get drink, eat, and get a good nights rest. And in the morning, we will figure out just what to do with you." I said.

"Come, come" I commanded as I reached my hand out and took hers. We walked back to my camel hand in hand, and led it to the oasis. Stopping only long enough to gather her few things, and for me to pull my spear out her dead husband back.

Once we arrived at the oasis, I quickly lit a fire and led my camel to the waters edge. Amunet, unrolled the two rugs I had given her, and place them in front of the fire. I filled my canteen with water, and as I turned to walk back to our camp, I got my first real look at her.

She was truly a lovely young woman. She had dark brown hair, and a sandy brown complexion. Her

eyes were brown, and their almond shape was exaggerated by her traditional Egyptian eye makeup.

She wore a simple linen sheath dress. It's just a rectangular piece of cloth folded once and sewn down the edge to make a tube. The dress extended from a few inches above her ankles, to just below her breast.

Her breasts were uncovered, as it was the fashion of the day for Egyptian woman to leave them bare. I openly stared at them as walked over to sit next to her by the fire. She smiled at me, obviously aware of my eyes caressing her form. But she made no attempt to cover herself. In fact, she seemed to push her breast out further in my direction to give me a better glance. They were full, firm and capped with small brown nipples. They were a full C cup by my estimations, and to today's standards.

I sat down on the rug next to her an offered her a drink of water from my canteen. She refused stating that she was not thirsty. I then reached into my bag and offered her some bread, dates, and dried fruits. She again refused, stating that she had eaten shortly before our meeting.

"I'm beginning to think that you do not trust me my little demon. You will not take food, nor drink from me. Where I come from that is considered to be an insult."

I said, tying my best to sound serious.

"It was not my intention to insult you my savior." She said pausing as she looked into my eyes.

"What's wrong" I asked, fearing that my jest had really upset her.

"It's just; I do not even know the name of the man to whom I owe my life."

"Well, that is easy enough remedied. I am Olijimi"

"Given by God" she interrupted, speaking the meaning of my name.

"Well, my little demon you do impress." I said.

"Not yet, But I will." She said as she stood up.

"You saved my life, you let me sit by your fire, and you even offer your food. How shall I repay you?"

"No payment is needed Amunet" I said.

"What I did was done mostly out of reaction. I saw a woman being attacked and I reacted. And where I come from it is customary to share what ever food we have."

"That may be true, but you are still due payment for your actions."

She then put her thumbs into the edges of her dress and pushed it down to the sand. She stood before me in all of her naked majesty. She was by my estimations about 5'2, at about 110 lbs. Her hips were wide and curvaceous, and were the perfect complement to her proud firm breast.

I admired her nakedness as my manhood began to stir. She was lovely, and I must admit it had been sometime since I had been with a woman. I wanted her, but not like this. I was not one to take advantage of woman who had been through what she had. I liked a woman to come to me because she wanted me. Not because she was in a weaken state.

But before I could utter a word of protest she was atop of me. She forced her mouth to mine pressing her tongue pass my lips. Her mouth was slick and hot and our tongues rolled and caressed each other. I could feel my hardness begin to awaken fully between my legs. She pushed open my robe and ran her hands across my chest and nipples as she continued to kiss me.

It was then that heard her say "*I'm going to enjoy giving you what you are due*".

So caught up by the moment that I almost did not notice what had just happened. "How I could hear her while we were kissing." I thought "Then it dawned on me as my mind screamed "By the gods she is a demon!" I tried to break our connection only to find that I could not move. As I struggled to figure out was happening I heard her voice again.

"*There is need to be afraid my savior. It is not my intention to harm you. In fact I wish to give you a gift*."

I lay paralyzed by what ever spell she had cast on me. My mind reeled as I tried desperately to move my limbs. All the time she continued to kiss me. I looked into her eyes I was shocked to find that they were now entirely black. Terror griped my mind as I tried even more desperately to move. She leaned back breaking the connection with our lips and sat atop of me for a moment. It was then that I noticed that not only had her eyes changed, but also her mouth. As she looked down at me smiling, and I saw that to which almost made my heart stop with fear. A pair of inch long fangs had replaced her once smaller canine teeth.

"*As I said before there is no need to fear*" she said running her now longer serpentine tongue across

each tip of her fangs.

"Release me!" I screamed, realizing that I had regained control of my mouth.

"*Now what fun would that be? I said that I was going to repay you and that is just what I'm going to do*." She said as her tongue flicked across her lips.

She then leaned back into me, and began to suck and lick my nipples. I shuttered as my body betrayed me. Even in that state of horror my body was alive and feeling pleasure from her actions. Amunet continued her deliberate, teasingly slow oral assault. I felt her lips as she kissed down my chest, past my abdomen, stopping only when she reached the knot that held my pants up.

"What do you want from me?" I asked in a whispered voice filled with fear and what I must admit, a bit of arousal.

"I thought it was obvious what I was after my savior. I am after your long hard spear. And I will not stop until I have it." She said as she ripped the knot and my pants releasing my hardness to the night air.

She took hold of my manhood and began running her long tongue up and down its length. The sensation was unlike anything that I had felt before, and the control that she had with her tongue was unlike anything I had seen before. It coiled around my hardness, like a long pink slick snake, only stopping when its tip reached my balls. I moaned in spite of my self at the intense pleasure. She then took the head of my shaft into her mouth and began to suck gently at first. But slowly she began to increase the pressure, and I felt the blood being pulled to the head of my already engorged hardness. I groaned with pain and pleasure as the pressure continued to increase. Pleasure was quickly replaced with torment as my cock head filled to the point where I thought that it would burst.

"Release me Demon!!!!" I screamed in panic and agony

"*Now is that anyway to speak to me?*" I heard in my head

"*I mean, do you really wish to anger me now that I have you in my mouth?*"

The logic of her comment registered, and I made a mental note not to speak again with such distain. It was at this point that her tongue suddenly contracted around me. I felt it as it slithered, constricting me tighter and tighter, trapping the blood in my engorged member.

"Mercy, Mercy, please show me mercy! I saved your life!" I screamed.

"Now you want mercy" I heard her mocking me in my head.

She began to bob her head up and down slowly, taking me deeper and deeper with every stroke. With one hand she tightly griped the base of my length as she loosened the constriction of her tongue. With her other hand she took hold of my balls, gently rolling and massaging them in her small fingers. My shaft, filled to its bursting point with blood held there by her vice like grip began to twitch.

She increased her speed and suction, moaning at what I believed was the taste of my flesh. Amunet continued at this pace for what seemed like ages. I do not know if I was the gasp that she had on my length, the fear, or the spell she cast on me. But what ever it was she had kept me from ending longer than I had ever gone before.

But now, I could feel the release as it began to build at the base of my hardness.

"*Yes my savior, I see that you are ready to give me your seed*" I heard her say in my head.

She once again increased her speed and I knew I was moments away from my journey's end. And just as the first wave of exquisite ecstasy began to crash over me, I felt it. Her fangs pierced the side of my shaft, and the sudden mixture of pain and pleasure pushed my rapture to heights that I would never again reach. I shot rope after rope of my seed into her hungry mouth. My balls pumped over and over again, the contraction seeming like they would never end. I could feel both blood and my seed being forcibly pulled from me. She moaned, and squeezed my balls as if trying to coax out any last remnants of my essence.

"*Delicious. Just as I knew you would be*" I heard her say in my head.

The contractions of my release began to weaken and to then finally stop. Amunet however continued nursing from my hardness. I could still feel her teeth embedded in my flesh but there was no pain. In fact her actions were beginning to bring my half hard manhood back to its full potential.

She finally released me, slowly removing her fangs, seemingly taking care not to damage it any further.

"Now that was not as bad as you feared it would be was it?" she said as she sat up licking her lips of my mixture of blood and seed. "All is as it was" she said pointing to my manhood.

I looked down and watched in amazement as the two puncture holes healed before my eyes.

"Amunet, will you release me now?" I asked

"Not just yet, I still have need of you. And there is still the little matter of payment. I still owe you a gift."

"You owe me nothing, your action have given me more pleasure that I have received in this life. Just let me go on my way and I will tell no one of our meeting."

"How sweet, but as I said I still have need of you"

"What could you still" I froze as the thought of what she might want materialized.

"Do you mean to drain me of all my blood?" I asked, afraid of what her answer would be.

"Yes and No" she answered" Yes, I do mean to feed upon you again" She said as she stroked my semi hard length. "

"And No I am not going to drain all of your blood, just most of it."

Before I could speak she was upon me again, this time she was squatting over my hardness, rubbing its head across her slick hot wetness.

"But first I need you to feed me this" she said and with one movement impaled herself on me.

I moaned as I entered her. She was slick and as tight as if she was newly deflowered. She looked down and me as she began to rub and pinch her nipples between her fingers. She cupped and squeezed each breast, bringing them one by one to her elongated tongue. She slowly licked and caressed each one, taking time to tease each hard nipple over and over again.

All I could do was stare up at her, at the erotic spectacle she was putting on for me. She ran her hands down her abdomen, resting them in the wisp of pubic hair that covered her flower. She slowly caressed the budding focal point of her pleasure. Moaning loudly, she arched her head back causing her hips to drive down forcing me deeper in to her depths.

"OHHH….your spear is so deep in me. Can you feel how deep you are?" she asked

"Yes…oh ...yes…I can feel it." I said

"It has been sooo long since someone has been in me...Ohh…and no one has ever been so deep."

She rubbed her fingers faster and faster over her sex as she looked down at me.

"Your hands are free now, use them to touch me" she ordered.

Slowly I moved my hands to her breast, and they were as firm as I had imagined. I roughly pull on her nipple causing an immediate reaction. She arched her back again pushing her breast more fully into my hands, and my cock again deeper into her sex. Reaching down she pulled my head to her breast and instructed me to suck. I took her nipple to my lips and greedily licked and bit it. Her skin tasted good, and I savored the feeling of her hard nipple on my lips and tongue.

"Yes… you love the taste of flesh don’t you" she hissed.

I answered her by doubling my efforts. She was right, I did love the taste of her skin, and how it felt as licked, bit, and utterly tried to devour her breast.

It was then that she released my head from her breast, pushing me back to the rug. She then grabbed both of my hands and held them down above my head. This was the first time that I really understood just how truly strong she was. I attempted pushing her back only to find that my hands were in an iron grasp. I struggled for a minute but to no avail, so I just gave in.

"If you are as strong as you are why it is that you cast a spell on me to prevent me from moving" I asked

She leaned down bringing her face so near to mine that our noses touched.

"I never did cast a spell on you. What I did do however, was to use my mind to control yours. That is how you able to hear me speaking in your head. And yes, if I did so wish it, I could have taken you by force. But doing it that way often ends up very messy. Besides, you did save my life. And in some way I did not want to insult your manhood after you took the trouble to rescue me." She said smiling down at me.

"So what you are saying is that you really did not need my help at all." I said.

"Alas, it is true. I was just about to dispatch, my would be dispatchers when you arrived. But you were so handsome and brave that I thought I would play along for a while."

"So you did kill all those people in your husband's village?"

"I did no such thing. Ok, I did kill one, but he was very old and ready to go. Well, two if you were to include my father-in-law."

"You killed your father-in-law?!"

"Yes I did, he tried to take me by force shortly after the marriage ceremony. They found us not too differently that you and I are now. The only difference being that he was not inside me as you are. And your throat had not been ripped out like his was."

Slowly she began to rock her hips, and I felt my hardness slid in and out of tight wet pink flower.

"Auggg… by the Gods you feel so wonderful" I moaned as I first really began to feel the muscles of her sex gripping my hardness. She smiled and arched her head back giving me a perfect view of her razor sharp fangs. I was no longer afraid for my life, mostly because I figured if she truly wanted me dead, I would already be. However the sight of her fangs did give me some reason to worry.

"*Relax, as I said I'm not going to hurt you. I just have something to give to you*" I heard in my head.

She pressed her lips to mine and kissed me gently. She then moved her lips to my neck just below my ear and whispered "Now my savior, it is time to feed the demon." I felt her hips drive into me with a powerful thrust. Caught by surprise I yelled "By the gods!"

"*No my savior, this has nothing to do with the gods"* I heard in my head as she began to kiss and lick my neck and ear. She drove into me again and again driving me deeper and deeper with every thrust.

"Yes… Oooooo yes…Soooo Goood" she moaned as she began to pick up the pace of her assault. With every thrust I could feel my body being pushed deeper in to the sand. "Oh yes …it will not be long now…..Ooooo….It's almost time to feed the demon" she screamed, as she once again increased the pace of her grinding and rocking. I was amazed at the sheer speed that her hips were moving, and overwhelming pleasure I was receiving from there movement. I could feel the familiar tingle in my balls, signaling my approaching climax. I began to drive my hips up to meet her downward thrust. I could feel the head of my cock and it rammed her womb over and over again.

Then it happened. Amunet Screamed "YESSSSSSSS!!!!" and I learned that her great strength was not limited to just her limbs. Her sex clamped down on my helpless member and with every contraction pulled me deeper and deeper. I moaned as felt my own rapture reach its peak. And as my first hot stream of seed hit her womb, I felt her hot mouth then sharp fangs dig into my flesh.

I felt the suction of her mouth and her sex as they both relieved me of my essence. I remember thinking "I suppose, this is not the worst way to meet my end."

She never stopped grinding her sex on to me, even as my shaft began to soften. I felt her body pressed against mine as I slowly began to lose consciousness.

"Rest my great champion, by morning you will be born anew. I will protect you from the night…So rest there is no need to fear." I heard her say in my head just before it all went dark.

When I awoke, the sun had just begun to rise. I sat up in the sand trying to get a grip on what had happened the night before. "Was it a dream" I wondered."

"No it was not a dream Olijimi" I heard from behind me.

I turned, and there stood Amunet, she was naked and covered in blood.

"Why are you covered in blood?" I asked, struggling to my feet. I was weak, and my body was sore, but most of all I was hungry.

"It would seem that while you slept, my husbands' brothers Akil and Ako returned with more men. No need to worry I took care of them."

"Took care of them?" I asked as I slowly, painfully walked to her. "Well how many were they?" I asked.

"There were 20, now there is just one." She said.

"You killed them all?"

"Yes, they would have killed us both if I had not" she said as she licked blood from her small fingers.

"Why did you leave one alive" I asked.

"That one my savior, is for you. He is tied up over"

"Over that small dune behind the oasis" I cut her off.

"I see that your senses have begun their change"

She was right; I could hear his heartbeat, and smell his skin. I could see the heat from his body even in the hot sun light. But most of all I could smell his blood.

She took my arm and led me to the man, and told me that I must feed or I would die. She explained that it would not be this way always. She said that the first time must be done soon after being turned or my body would not be able to heal its self, and I would die. By this time I was so filled with the hunger that before she could finish talking I was upon him. I drove my fangs into his neck and tasted for the first time the sweet rapture of blood. It did not take me long to drain him dry, and I felt the power racing all over my body with each swallow.

When I was done, Amunet told me that she would stay with me for a time to teach me about my new body and powers. And stay she did, for five years she taught me all that I needed to know to survive. She taught me how to feed without killing. And more importantly she taught me how to erase the memory of the feeding from my victims mind. This was important; she explained that our kind should only kill as a last resort. She said killing bring too much attention, and too many questions.

Then one night she told me that my training was done. She kissed me and we made love under the stars next to a river near my village. She told me that in the morning she would be gone, and for me to remember all she had taught me. She told me that one day we would meet again, and I could tell her of all my adventures. She said she would always be able to find me because she had turned me, and we were connected.

When I awoke the next morning she was indeed gone. We did meet up again several times over the centuries, but that is another story for another time. I know she still lives because I can still feel her. And I believe that we will meet again.

And that is the story of how I was turned into a vampire. That was a long time ago in a far away land. Now I live in Ohio now, where I own a vampire club. It is almost funny to think that in this want to be vampire sub-culture that there are a few real vampires.