She hooked me - part one Blood Rush

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You pass the mirror and see the marks I left behind

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It is a Friday night and you've come home from work and jump in the shower, thinking about the night ahead. You're going to have a couple of drinks and pick up some hot girls, or fish as you like to call them, and take them home for a good night of wild passionate sex till the sun comes up. As your thinking about what you're going to do tonight your body begins to get excited, but you want to keep it down for later.

You step out of the shower and choose your clothes carefully. You shave and put on some black fitted pants and a shirt. You do your hair and put some cologne on and grab your keys, mobile and wallet as you run out the door. As you're walking down the street to the local pub, to meet up with your wing men, you notice a women turn and look at you. There must be a sign saying, "Single, hot and ready to play," written all over you.

As you walk into the pub you spot your mates and walk over to them to start the night's festivities. You start drinking here but this isn't where you're going fishing, it's too close to home. You and your mates, about five in total, hit the clubs moving from one to another not even getting a tug on the line so far.

You realize it's getting late as you are walking to the next club. The guys need to use the john so you find a wall and you all start washing it with piss. While you're arching a yellow stream, you look down the street and see a club. You haven't seen this club before. You ask your mates, who are in a drunken stupor, what's up with this club and why you've never seen it before.

They can't answer you. You keep looking and all you see are two bouncers at the door and a neon sign above it, "Blood Rush," which provides the only light around. The more you stare the more you become intrigued and curious about the place and since you're not getting lucky at any of your normal

clubs you decide to check it out. Your mates don’t share your enthusiasm for the new club and try to lead you away to the next club on their itinerary, pulling your arm.

But you’re inexplicably intrigued with this mysterious club.

You’re drawn to it, like being sucked into a black hole.

Your mates give up and follow. When you approach the bouncers they give you a once over and open the door for you. No hassles. You enter and allow your eyes to adjust from the neon light. The hall is so dark with recesses and dark corners couples can hide in, with the occasional flicker of light coming from ancient looking fire lamps. You continue, with child like excitement in discovering a new cave, with each step leading you in deeper and deeper.

As you descend down the spiral wrought iron stairs that take you down to the basement. You glance around, taking in the room. The walls are plastered but there are spots with exposed brick. Around the room there are brick pillars holding the roof up. On those brick pillars are the same fire lamps that lighted the hall above. A make shift stage for the band stands in one corner, the lighting allows you to barely make out shapes, shadows. As you peer into the dimly lit room you see these inlets in the wall, dark places, along the wall with sporadic booths were patron’s sit. It is filled with people wearing gothic style clothes. It is not like any club you and your mates have been to tonight.

As you enter the room, everyone stops and checks you and your friends out. The boisterous room falls silent. Their eyes seem to bore deep inside you for a minute. And then they returned to what they were doing. Wow, you think. What a strange bunch of people. But then you spot the bar and while your mates find a table you head over to the bar to order drinks. After telling the bartender what you want, you turn back to the room. There’s some strange undercurrent here, you think, it’s giving you a weird vibe and a cold chill. But then the bartender grunts letting you know your orders ready. You grab the drinks and head over to your friends forgetting about the weirdness in the air. As you head back over to your friends, on the other side of the room, you see a large arched doorway with wrought iron gates. A sign above the arch says, VIP Room. You see several people in there.

As you peer inside the gates you see me amongst the members of my coven and are immediately mesmerised by my beauty and something else you can’t put your finger on. My long dark hair is tied high up, a black lace chocker adorns my neck, and I am wearing a black corset that my breasts are bulging and screaming to be released from. Even though you’re hypnotized by my breasts you continue checking me out. I’m wearing a tight skirt which goes down above my knees. My legs are covered by black knee high shiny black patent leather boots with high heels.

I gracefully rise and walk over to the gate.

Sitting the drinks down on the table, your mates look frightened. Some of them stand up wanting to run from the place. The members of my coven are quick and join me at the gate. The whole room abruptly falls quiet as they can smell the fear radiating off you and your mates. Your mates pull you out of the club and down the street.

You continue to another club and drink and dance but you cannot get me out of your head. Every club you look in the VIP rooms wishing you could find me in one of them.

At the next club a girl walks in with dark hair tied up and a black outfit, but alas it’s not me. She throws herself at you. You can’t get me out of your head and your cock has not gone down since you saw me, you need some release. You take her back to your house. As you nail her, all night long, you think of my body and how much you want it.

As you open your eyes the sun billows into your room. The girl is gone. You get up and get some coffee as you think about last night. Was it a dream? Did it happen? Was she real? As you drink your coffee you walk over to your easel and start to paint the woman behind the gate. All day you work, painting me.

The sun begins to fall, and you hop in the shower. You’re determined to find me tonight. You shave, dress and put cologne on and leave you apartment in search of me, the mysterious woman behind the gate. No friends to save you this time. You have trouble finding the club. The fact you were intoxicated hinders you. Frustrated and depressed you are about to give up and go home when you turn another corner. There it is!

There is something different this time. That magnetic pull doesn’t seem to be there. You walk up and the bouncers let you in. The hall is deserted, only two lamps light your way down the hall, the shadows even darker. The basement club is nearly desolate, only two people sitting at dark tables. They look passed out. You take a seat at one of the booths. You don’t feel my presence like you did last night. The emptiness is a vast black cave inside you.

A girl comes up, slides in to the booth beside you. She gets close and says “You’re new here,” then kisses your neck. But you feel uncomfortable and try to slide away.

You think about splitting as it seems I’m not around. You get up to leave, but an invisible force pushes you back into your seat. You look up as I walk into the club, my coven following me. My presence captivates you, draws your attention like never before. The rest of my coven wind their way through the club to the VIP room. I walk over to your booth.

Your mouth can’t form words, but as I get closer the excitement inside you builds.

I say to the woman, “Jane, nice to see you are back. “

“Lillian! My Quee.... My Mistress, I am sorry,” Jane says as she falls to the floor

“Jane, get up and stop being a fool.”

“Lillian, my mistress, I did not know he was yours.”

I turn to you and look deep into your eyes and for the first time you look deep into my dark deep eyes as I ask, “Do you want to be mine?”

Your brain is scrambling trying to find the words. Your mouth is like dry wood on desert sands and your tongue feels like a bee has stung it and doubled in size. You stare in stunned silence.

After a few moments of silence, “I have a little task for you. Go get drinks for Jane and me.”

Somehow you are able to choke out, “What would you . . . ?”

“The task is to get the drinks without us telling you,” I tell you.

As in a trance you get up and walk towards the bar.

You hear in your head my voice, “Tequila for me. Get Jane a cocktail.”

You turn thinking I am standing behind you. But I’m at the booth with Jane, deep in conversation. Stunned at first, you realize it must have been just your imagination. You get the drinks and return.

Jane says, “Thanks,” and leaves.

I turn to you again with alluring eyes and say, “Do you really want to be mine?”

You have a war going on in your body, your mind verses your heart, but you reply, “Ah . . . Yes I do, Lillian.” You feel compelled to say, “I must confess you have been on my mind since last night.”

“Maybe even before that,” I say with a glint in my eye.

You think back and then reply, “Yes, maybe. . . I am not sure. It is just when I saw you I knew you

were the woman I have been looking for my entire life.”

I run my hand over yours and then up your arm, you feel a tingling sensation, as my cool touch moves through your body. I slide up besides you, getting close but as I do, you become more intoxicated by me. I kiss your neck and your lips let loose a moan. I stop and move away trying to restrain my urges but I see you are surrendering to my desire, losing your will. I stand and reach out my hand to you. You take it and follow me to the VIP room. You watch me glide, as if flying, across the floor, with grace and elegance.

We sit together in a plush couch. I lean into you and kiss your neck and whisper in your ear asking you one more time, “Do you want to be mine?”

You dreamily answer again, “Oh yes.”

You feel my fangs brush your neck then gently pierce it. You feel the hot blood draining from your body as I drink, and then you feel someone undoing your pants and a pair of hot lips on your granite hard cock. You shiver, and look down to see Jane sucking on you. You take a breath quickly but then ecstasy takes over your body.

Jane sucks you deeper as I drink, the lust intensify. As it does your hand finds its way onto Janes head and you force you cock deeper into her throat. I moan on your neck. Your balls are so tight and the pleasure builds as Jane licks your balls and as I consume your blood. It is more then you can handle. Your cock begins to fill while I suck harder on your throat bringing you over the edge. My coven watches as you’re being brought up to the pinnacle of pleasure and ecstasy.

You let go and give yourself over completely to me. As you do you explode your cum in Janes throat, filling her mouth with your essence. I pull away. The room is swimming in your mind, around and around like hazy smoke, the ecstasy is so powerful.

Through the haze you hear me say, “Holy shit! That was close.”

Then you fall into a deep slumber.

You awake in your bed. You don’t remember how you got there or what day is it. You look at your mobile phone. It says Tuesday. You wonder where the last few days went. You try to get out of bed but feel light headed and so you sit on the edge for a bit. After a few minutes you get up and go to the bathroom. You pass a mirror and see the marks I left behind. As you see the puncture wounds, you have a flash back of a memory, of the events the night before and one sticks out, you look down to your wrists and on both of them you have slave braclets with a very intricate design in white-gold, with

an emblem in blood red.

It was not a dream.....NOW you’re Lillian’s!

To be continued. . . .