

The Dark Dance

by Wrestlr

[M/M]

Synopsis: A vampire walks into a metal music club in search of a snack.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Club Inferno reeks of tension tonight. Half of the human crowd is here for the band, which is already an hour late and still hasn't arrived. The other half: the usual regulars, seekers, here in hopes of being noticed by one of my kind. But few of us are here tonight so the competition among the seekers is fierce. The band fans ignore the regulars and my kind, and vice versa. The humans have been drinking steadily; the drinks here are strong and cheap and laced with a mild euphoric, since few of those like me like the taste of fear in our food, but the euphoric does little to quell the crowd's restlessness. Their tension makes them dangerous, ready to explode into sex or violence or both.

From the speakers, music blares: loud and metallic, angry and fast. Masculine. Primal. Music by bands with *Death* or *Apocalypse* in their names seems tailor-made for this dim environment. The crowd stamps its collective feet and howls along with the lyrics, like a cornered beast. Someone throws a bottle at the empty stage. The music and singing drown out the shattering, but I see glass fragments sparkle in the dim light and scatter across the stage.

The nearer portion of the crowd reacts to me as I enter. Some humans, the ones who have only come

here to hear the band, pull away uneasily, like an antelope herd when a predator approaches the watering hole. Others watch me with fascination, hoping I will look upon them, wanting to be preyed upon. The few others like me acknowledge my presence with a deferential glance and nod before going back to what they were doing. I stake out a position by the wall, near the stage. I have, from here, a good view of the crowd. The air is thick with the stink of beer, smoke, and sweat, and it burns my senses. I lean against the wall and pretend supreme indifference to the antics of these animals. The emotions of the crowd assail me like a hot wind, and their energies stoke my hunger. In spite of their tension, the situation is familiar to me, and I begin to relax.

After a few moments, I am no longer novel and the crowd begins to ignore me. The recorded music changes to another song, much like the previous, angry and raw--and the dancing reflects the sound. In the last hundred years or so, I've stopped paying much attention to human fads, finding them to be mostly new names imposed on the same old things by hipsters who want to seem oh-so-much-more current than everyone else. Time and age have given me a different perspective on what matters. Right now, all I care about is my hunger.

Like mating animals, these humans thrash. As the guitars grind and the singer yowls predictable lyrics, the crowd flails, limbs turning them into a writhing knot of bodies. Heads bob, synchronized to the driving bass line. Just in front of the stage, the dancing is the most dangerous and frenzied, like some primitive ritual whose original purpose has been forgotten but must be enacted anyway. The humans have turned the space into a makeshift mosh pit, and there the diehard metal-lovers throw themselves against one other in a violent celebration of their anger, their lives, of nothing at all. The pit forms the core of the firestorm of emotions, and the crowd radiates outward from it. The dancers in the pit are mostly young men whose rage had found an outlet in the battering of bodies: their own and those of others. The pit has become an arena where bodies are bruised by the near-sadistic force of shoulders and flung hands and heavy boots, as moshers collide with each other and ricochet away into someone else.

I am not here to watch the antics of these animals, though. I am here to feed. As always, I look for something unusual, something that will relieve the night-after-night sameness. But whether I find that tonight or not, I must feed.

Tonight the pit is filled with men, mostly shirtless, slamming against one another. I watch the half-naked bodies of those who have ventured into its madness as they flail, their motions and emotions reflecting one another. I feel in myself a strong desire to join them in their pure animal release. I normally avoid such displays of abandon, preferring to stay to the sidelines, to watch and hunt, sometimes wading into the fringes of the fray to claim my prey, but never going into its heart.

Tonight I am on edge; I need to feed, and I need release. I have neither fucked nor fed in two days, and my craving to claim a human for both purposes is strong. In particular, one young man draws my attention. He is shirtless like most of the rest; he wears jeans worn thin in many places from hours of collisions and scrapes during nights like this one. Most of the vamp-seekers have ragged and dim auras from being fed upon multiple times, often recently enough that their life force has not yet fully regenerated. This one, though, stands out because his aura shines so brightly. He has never been fed upon. That in itself is not unusual—half the crowd is here to hear the band, not to become a meal. But something about this one handsome young man calls to me. His head is framed by dark hair, short but not shaved to stubble like many of the other moshers. He is tall but a few inches shorter than I, blue-eyed and slim, his torso and arms roped with lean muscle. His chest is broad, hard, with a small patch of dark hair in its center, a few more hairs around his nipples. His skin in this dim light seems pale as a cloud, but his face and body speak of games in the springtime afternoon, bursting with newly discovered life, so full of energy that I can only stare for a moment. I can imagine him as an athlete in a grassy field, the proud toss of his head, a rascal's smile, a ball in his right hand; the endless sky above him is the same

blue as his eyes. *How did you come to be dancing sweaty and shirtless in this dark place, little angel, I wonder.*

Tonight, in this dimly lit club, he dances hard and fast, passionate as a beast ready to fuck or fight. Feral. An angel masquerading as an animal. His body thrashes left then right as he rides the music furiously, losing himself in the rhythm, in his dance. His fists beat at the empty space around him, echoing the thunder of the drums, as though he himself is conjuring the song's underpinnings out of thin air. His eyes are closed, and his smile is one of complete rapture; he has found what he thinks is heaven. He is beautiful, and I feel the energy, the life, in him calling to my hunger. I ache for him. I want to tame him, touch him, fuck him, devour him. Without thinking, I wade into the crowd, which parts for me, so that I can be nearer to him. As I approach the heart of the dance, heedless moshers slam into me, and I shove them aside until I am separated from him by only two or three other bodies. I can clearly see the sweat on his skin as he moves, claiming his space with sudden elbow-jabs when someone gets too close.

I fold myself into the music, calling upon that long-ago time when I was a human too, and I tangle myself along the heartbeat of bass and drum. My arms and feet move, taking on the dance as camouflage, and soon I might almost be one of the many faceless revelers in the pit. At first the other dancers seem instinctively to avoid me, but soon bodies swarm around and past me. I keep one eye on the dancing youth nearby, restraining my desire to grab him, hold him as he struggles against my strength, until he yields so that I can claim him as my own. My prick stiffens as I imagine the way his skin will taste when I run my tongue over his back or into his armpit or beneath his balls. I like the way the dance makes my jeans rub against my stiffness as other moshers pummel me from all sides.

The music blares. I weave closer. Less than an arm's length separates us. I watch him. At first he remains lost in his dance, unaware of me. He glances up. For a moment, I'm just a man looking at him. Then he realizes what he is seeing and his eyes widen, his movements falter. But just for a moment. He whips his eyes away, whips his body ninety degrees to the right, relieved that the quick meeting of our eyes was not enough to paralyze him. No doubt he has heard stories of what looking into a vampire's eyes can do.

I watch him. He dances but doesn't move away, appears to ignore me. But I can sense the flux in him. He sneaks a glance, his eyes safely down-turned so that he sees only my body, my muscular bare chest, my jeans, the promising bulge in the crotch of them. His eyes pull away.

I dance. Moving, but not flailing like the humans. Sharing the music with him. He glances again, bolder. I know his story, have heard it a thousand times before from previous prey: He and his friends came here for the band; they are not vamp-seekers; they planned to ignore anyone who approached them, to leave immediately after the band's performance. Many others have ventured into this club to hear bands and emerged unscathed. It would be easy, they told themselves, just avoid eye contact and stay together and nothing will happen to them. However, the story they told themselves has unfolded in an unforeseen way. His friends have vanished somewhere, in search of sex or drugs or more drinks, whatever, leaving him alone, leaving him where I have found him. If I have my way, something will indeed happen to him. I dance, easing closer, and my hunger stirs.

His body is facing me again, though his face remains declined. He is fascinated. He has probably never met a vampire before. Now one stands before him, seems interested in him. His ego is not immune to the flattery. I can sense his emotions. He likes the way I move, the way my movements harmonize with his own, our dances organic, each of us reacting to the music in his own way but in a way that complements the other. This amuses him.

I move still closer. Not enough to spook him, but enough to advance this courtship. He startles, and his

eyes involuntarily jerk up to my face, seeking in the human way to read my intent. He finds me smiling, looking calmly at him. In spite of the euphoric in his bloodstream from whatever he drank earlier, his fear spikes and he jerks his head away, panicking that I am about to entrance him. He knows what my eyes can do, has heard stories in the human media. Likely too, he has heard other stories about my kind, about what the experience of being fed on is like, though he also has heard of the risks. Masculine ego versus animal fear. Predictable. He is both fascinated and afraid, afraid and fascinated.

He does not try to escape from me. His pride will not let him; running is not how a man would act. A man has courage, confident that he can handle any situation. The setting is too public, he decides, and he thinks I will not risk taking him by force with so many human witnesses around. He has not realized that I seldom need to use force.

I see every line of his body as he moves. Beads of his sweat spray across my cheek as he shakes his head, and I lick a salty drop from my lip. The crowd shifts, and bodies ricochet into our space. His torso is pushed toward me, and the hairs on his chest brush my arm. My hunger and my nuts both stir when the crowd presses him against me. He pulls away, turns away. All I see is his back. I stare at the muscles flexing beneath his skin and reach out to touch him. I run a fingertip lightly across his shoulder, just to feel the heat of him, wondering whether in the fury of bodies he will even notice.

He notices. He backs closer to me, which surprises me. The rear of his shoulder brushes my chest. Seconds pass, enough time that I know this contact is not simply an accident or the result of other bodies pushing him against me. He thinks to tempt me, toy with me, before scampering away to the safety of his friends, to tell them the story of how he escaped from a hungry vampire who wanted so badly to eat him all up. Well, little angel, others have tried to play that game with me before.

I put my hand on his waist, to see what he will do. He leans back until both of his shoulders touch my chest. My growing hard-on presses against his ass through our jeans. His movements are more restrained now, less flailing, still bucking to the music but not breaking contact. Perhaps he is telling himself that he is teasing me, as he prepares to dance away, leaving me, my hunger, and my hard-on frustrated. Or perhaps he is signaling some growing curiosity about me. The motion of his skin against mine is electric, and my hunger sings louder than the voice from the speakers. I move back and my hand on his waist guides him. He steps back too, to maintain contact. Soon, after just a few steps, we have moved out of the heart of the mosh pit, to the less active, less crowded area to the side of the stage. In the dim light, no one notices that I am holding him.

I wonder where his friends are. Fans who come to this club to hear the bands it books know its reputation and seldom come alone. Safety in numbers, they tell themselves. Herd mentality. Are his friends nearby? Have they seen him with me, me with him? Are they watching us even now? Will they try to intervene?

His back remains against my chest. His skin, still against mine, prickles. Does he fear I will overpower him, drag him into some dark corner, and feed on him here, now? The thought is amusing but impractical, for several reasons. Instead, I run my hands around his torso to the front. He tenses but does not push away. One of my hands explores the hair on his stomach and the firm ridges of his abdomen, then glides up his chest, stroking the soft hair in the center before fingering one of his nipples. He quivers. He is enjoying this more than he intended, even though he is afraid. My other hand slips down across the waistband of his jeans, where I find that his cock is hard and pressed, trapped, down along his left thigh. I pull that hand up, and then dip it inside the waist of his jeans. He gasps at my forwardness. My hand glides farther, meets his cock, skin to skin, and my fingers coil around it. His hard-on feels substantial, thick, and its bullet head fills my palm easily. The quietened motions of his dance in my arms move his body in a way that forces his shaft to slide against my hand, and I stroke him as much as I

can within the confines of his pants.

He is scandalized by what we are doing, of what we are doing here sexually in such a public place where anyone could see. But more than that, he is shocked by the way his body responds to me, the way his flesh reacts to the danger of what I am with flushing arousal. *I can tempt and taunt too, little angel*, I think to myself, *and I have far more experience*. I jerk him off surrounded by dozens of unknowing witnesses while the music shifts to another band, another song, the same hammering beat. Several humans jostle into us, but none seem to notice what we are doing. His cock becomes harder as I toy with it. My fingers slide along its smooth sides, pumping him to the edge. He gasps and trembles, ready to orgasm, but I stop. He whimpers his frustration so quietly I barely hear him. He tries to use his dance to pump his dick in my grip, but I slide my hand out of his jeans. I bring my fingers to my lips and lick the taste of his meat from them. The taste of him makes me want more. I run my fingers over his face and slip one into his gasping mouth. I feel his surprise in the way his body tenses; he wasn't expecting the intimacy of my finger in his mouth; he does not expect himself to allow it, but somehow he does. He sucks gently at my digit, and I slide it in and out just enough to tease him, a sweet torment.

He turns and looks at me, my finger still in his mouth. I look back, smiling. He searches my eyes, seems surprised again that he remains able to look away.

I lean closer. "Follow me," I whisper in his ear.

He could turn away, but instead he trails behind me without protest. The crowd parts for me; he follows in my wake, until we come to a doorway that leads into the club's bowels. Through the walls, the music is reduced to a dull thudding, like the heart of a giant beast pushing life through its veins. Down the short corridor, I push open the first door. I pull on a string hanging by the door, and a single bare light bulb burns weakly. I usher him inside. He takes in his new surroundings. The room is small, empty except for an old mattress on the floor and a waste basket. The room does not look like much, but here is where he will find what passes for heaven in this place. This room is used for privacy, for feeding. I push the door shut behind me and make sure it locks.

I turn to look at him. "What is your name?" I ask him, drawing my finger across his chest, from shoulder to shoulder. I do not need to know, but I am curious.

"Rich," he answers. His voice is low and husky, hard to hear over the *thump-thump* of the music and his heart and my hunger. He is lying, most likely giving me a variation of his name; is he a *Richard*, or a *Ricky*, or—gods forbid—a *Dick*? No matter. For now he will be Rich, which fits his rich aura. I nod in acknowledgement. He feels emboldened by the small talk, so the next question is his: "What's yours?"

Probably he expects me to answer that my name is *Dracul* or *Vlad* or some other nonsense favored by the younger of my kind. But I tell him, "Dane." The word is less who I am and more a reminder of the distant place where I was once a human. Still, it serves now as well as any other name.

He looks me in the eye as if evaluating me, then quickly looks away. He seems surprised that, again, he has managed to look me in the eye without becoming enthralled. Perhaps, he is telling himself, the stories are not true. Or perhaps, he wonders, he might be immune to the effect? Others in his position have asked themselves these same questions, always finding some way to ignore the simple possibility that I like toying with them. Young humans like him always think themselves invincible. Whatever he decides seems to bolster his confidence because he stands straighter, still nervous, but manufacturing courage by telling himself he can walk away from this—this room, me, this danger--any time he wants.

My next question catches him off-guard: "How old are you?"

He looks down. "Twenty-four."

Again he has lied. I know from the way his fear spikes. Probably he has added two or three years to his age to seem more mature. I do not care, so again I pretend to believe him. He has to be at least eighteen to have gotten past the unforgiving security guard at the door, but he cannot be more than twenty or twenty-one. Away from the crowd, in this dim light that is still brighter than the dark club, he is even more attractive than I first thought, and his lips full and soft. Handsome almost to the point of prettiness. I am a sucker for a pretty face, so to speak, but this close the beautiful glow of his life force is nearly too much for me to bear.

His bare chest trembles, betraying the lingering fear he feels at being here alone with me, knowing what I am, what I can do, what is surely about to happen to him. His dick, though, has not gone soft. He may be afraid, but some part of him is eager too, wants this, wants to learn first-hand if the stories are true--or perhaps, in the silly way of young humans, he just wants to test how far he will go before he loses his nerve. I look at the bulge in his jeans and remember how he felt in my hand, the way his body shook when he nearly climaxed. Thinking about his erection and jerking him off provokes my hunger for him. I am anxious to begin.

"I'm going to fuck you," I tell him, "and I am going to feed on you."

He shakes his head, wide-eyed. "No fucking. I'm straight. I don't want to--"

He is lying again. "Shhh," I breathe quietly as I hold his jaw and tilt his eyes to meet mine. "If you were that straight, you would not have allowed me to put my hand in your pants."

He begins a protest: "I--"

I interrupt: "Hush, boy. You have no need to lie, not to me. I will not harm you. You can still walk away from this, if you are afraid."

His jaw tenses, angrily. His gaze flickers downward at the lower half of my face, away from my eyes, just in case, as he tries to decide how he will respond. By acknowledging his youth and his fear, I have challenged his manhood, so now he must prove his courage to me, to himself. His torso trembles from arousal as much as fear. He is probably thinking the usual thoughts. Does he find me attractive enough to justify allowing this?--Yes. Am I masculine enough?--Yes. Is he horny enough?--Yes. He makes his decision. He pushes his eyes back to meet mine defiantly and does not pull away. I take this as consent and bore my gaze into his, let my eyes take him. The touch of my thoughts against his is irresistible but subtle, so subtle he does not feel it at first. In less than a second, the enthrallment he feared earlier is upon him. He hardly realizes what is happening, knows only a sudden laser-intense way that I have filled his awareness, an overwhelming need to do as I say, to please me. The blaze in his eyes softens as his fear fades. He succumbs. His jaw relaxes in my grip.

With the *thumpa-thumpa* heartbeat of the music as a background, the time has come for us to begin a new dance. I command him, "Show me your ass."

He begins to comply, which surprises him. He seems amazed when he realizes the enthrallment has already happened--surprised, perhaps, that he is still aware of what is happening to him and what he is doing. He feels like himself, only now he finds himself unable to even contemplate resisting the

compulsion to do as I've told him.

He moves slowly--typical of the thrall. He drops his jeans and turns his ass toward me. No underwear. His butt is perfect, almost breathtaking. His round globes are smooth and clean, contrasting to his slightly hairy legs below. The bare moons of flesh look virginal as freshly fallen snow, like they have never been touched. I lick my lips, knowing I will enjoy this.

I command him, "Strip."

He bends at the waist, reaches for the laces of his heavy black combat boots that these young moshers seem to favor. Immediate obedience, rather than forethought, is the hallmark of enthrallment, and his body begins to topple. I am quick, and I grab him by the waist and lower him ass-first to sit on the mattress.

He barely seems to notice because he is intent on obeying my order. He continues to work at the laces, manages to work off his shit-kicker boots, socks, jeans. He has trimmed his pubes to stubble and shaven his balls, which makes his cock, still stiff, look even larger against his naked pale skin. His erection stands out from his groin heavily, the tip of it fat and red. I slip off my own clothing, moving quickly but not rushing. I display my nakedness and my physical need, my hard prick, to him for a moment before I move toward him. Enthralled or not, he is more than willing to accept what I offer. This is what I have waited for, what I need, and my body tingles with anticipation of what is to happen.

I walk around behind him, stand on the thin mattress, and study his ass. I want to smack a cheek and feel the firmness of his skin and muscle beneath my hand. I am going to enjoy fucking his ass, but other things come first. I walk around to stand in front of him.

"On your knees," I direct, and he kneels on the floor in front of me. His knees are spread, and his hands rest on his thighs as he waits. "Look at my cock. You want this in your ass, do you not. It will feel good inside you." I stroke my nine inches to full hardness. I see the change in his eyes as he gazes at my thick shaft and realizes he will be taking it up his butt. He licks his lips as he anticipates the way it will spread his hole and slip into his chute, but some part of him flickers, probably worried about the pain of being penetrated. I will deal with that flicker when the time comes.

My hand under his jaw turns his head up, and our eyes meet again, and I tighten my hold on his thoughts. My other hand is around the base of my hard dick. I slap his face with my cock-head several times. I love the feeling when my dick hits the heavy bones of his jaw, the scrape of his faint beard stubble against my sensitive skin. "Open your mouth," I purr, pure seduction. "Suck it." He opens, and I let him lick just the head of my big tool. When he starts to close his lips around it, I pull away.

"Lick my foot," I tell him, pushing his head downward. "Kiss it. Lick it." He bends forward. His ass cheeks lift and part as he supplicates himself before me, on his hands and knees. He slides his lips and tongue obediently across the top of my bare foot. "Keep going," I tell him.

He kisses his way up my ankle, and then his tongue tickles the hairs on my calf as he works up my leg. His progress is slow but steady, over my knee, up my thigh, as his mouth migrates toward my crotch.

When his forehead nudges my jutting cock, I tilt his face up to meet my eyes again. He looks up expectantly, now welcoming the effect my eyes have on his mind. My dick bobs in the air before him, only inches from his lips. With my other hand, I stroke my cock until a drop of pre-cum glistens at the tip. "Lick it," I whisper. He sticks his tongue out, and I move my cock closer to his mouth. The droplet

hangs at the end of my dick for a moment, waiting for his tongue to swipe it. He slurps the pre-cum as if it were the sweetest honey. He is not resisting at all; he wants this as badly as I do, and that makes me hunger for him still more strongly.

"Suck my dick." I poke the head of my cock against his mouth, which widens, and he takes the head in greedily. I force my entire length into his throat quickly, using my hand on his neck to push him forward onto it. I am surprised when he takes it without much trouble, not even gagging, and soon my balls slap against his chin as my cock-head stretches his throat. Perhaps, I consider, he is not as straight as he claimed, or as virginal as he seemed.

No matter. I let him suck me at his own pace for a while. I savor the way his lips slide over my shaft and pull hungrily at my knob-head. He knows what he is doing. He brings me close to the edge several times, and I pull back each time, wanting to prolong the sweet animal agony of the experience. His hands pull roughly on my balls while he blows me. I do not mind letting him lead this part of our new dance; I enjoy watching him milk me until I am slick with his spit and the pre-cum that steadily oozes from my dick.

I hear footsteps outside in the corridor, voices, passing by. The band he came to see is finally arriving. He will miss their show, but I think what he is about to experience will more than compensate.

I feel myself nearing climax again, so I reclaim control of our dance and start to fuck his face harder. Holding his head still, I slam my cock again and again into his warm, wet mouth, making his face press harder into my belly with each thrust until I wonder how he can breathe. My balls pound as my pent-up load begins to boil. I pull out of his mouth, give my cock a final few strokes with his spit as lube, and I cum all over him. Fat cords of my sperm splatter across his shoulder, covering his neck and part of his chest as I shoot repeatedly. Long strings of my cum trail down his chest. His mouth still hangs open, and I release another blast toward his mouth but miss; it drips from his cheek.

When I finish shooting, his neck and half of his shoulder are covered in my juice. His fat dick stands out, rock-hard, between his legs. I push my slimy cock back into his mouth, and he sucks on me until I am stiff again, which does not take long. I pull out and tell him to sit on the mattress. I push him onto his back on the mattress and direct him to pull his legs up. This spreads his ass cheeks wide, and I can see the center of his pucker. The skin is pink and tender, darker and rosier as it nears his hole. As he breathes, the tiny portal flutters.

I kneel, which puts my face in front of his hole. As he holds his legs back, I lean forward and run my tongue, lightly, along the lines of his cheeks and up to his balls. His skin is satin-smooth beneath my tongue as I lap at the ridge from his asshole to his scrotum and pull one of his plump nuts into my mouth. His body trembles as I suck forcefully, my tongue pressing one sensitive egg against the roof of my mouth and then the other.

I move back down, licking his asshole with long strokes of my tongue, letting the tip tickle his ass-pucker until he begins to groan. I tease him and tongue-torture him, taking my time. When his crevice is suitably wet, I slide into it, my lips pressing against his skin as I burrow deep into his chute. His thighs clamp around my face as I push in, stretching him wider and wider. The harder I fuck his ass with my tongue and one finger, the more he groans, until he is whimpering. The part of him that is still aware is ready for me to stick my cock in him, wants it, craves it, craves the sensation.

Instead, I push two fingers into his sphincter. He squirms as I spread them and loosen his hole, fisting his prick with my other hand as I work my fingers farther inside him. His face contorts with pain and ecstasy. By the time I have four fingers slipping in and out, he is almost crying. I slap his ass sharply as I

finger-fuck him to the rhythm pounding through the walls, the sound mixing with his heavy moans as he writhes. He will climax soon.

"Look at me," I say. Our eyes meet and lock. "Let go."

His body relaxes completely. Pushing his legs back, I ram my tool straight into his asshole until I slap forcefully against him and my balls smack against his cheeks. His head rolls slightly to one side without breaking our gaze, and his cock stands up away from his belly. I grip his dick tightly at the base to prevent him from shooting and feel it swell in my fingers as he almost cums. I twitch my prick inside him and watch him gasp, his lips parting slightly. His ass-ring tightens around my shaft, part of the involuntary spasms that rack his body.

I start to pump my dick in his ass, grinding in and out of his hole in long thrusts. Soon I am slamming into him, again, again, my hips bucking furiously as I satisfy his need and mine too. He wants to jerk his big crank, wants it badly, but the way I have relaxed his body has him too deliciously limp to move. The way his prick bounces and slaps against his belly as I thrust in and out of his ass feels nearly as good as beating off anyway. I smell the rich leather scent from his boots lingering on his ankles as they rub against my shoulders, and I turn my head to lick the pale skin. The hairs on his lower leg scrape my tongue as I lap along the length of his calf, his muscular ankle gripped tightly in my fingers.

My hunger is an exquisite fire within me. His ass is an exquisite heat around my cock. As I increase my speed, sliding in and out of his ass, I drop a hand to play with his nipple. Then I rub his balls before I give him what he craves: the grip of my hand around his cock. The sensation is nearly too much, and he is about to cum, and I pull my hand away.

Outside, the recorded music cuts off, and the crowd cheers. Without introduction, the band starts playing. The crowd cheers louder. The singer's wail slices through the wall.

I yank my prick out of him. I pull him to his feet and turn him around, push him face-first against the wall. I shove my dick back up his ass. My arms go around him; I twist his tits roughly, stretching out his throbbing buds. His body is buffeted between my seismic thrusts in his ass and the wall that vibrates with the thunder of the band he came to hear. Will he tell his friends about being pinned between me and the music, this special experience that is his alone? I do not care either way.

My mouth moves to his neck, and I lick the vein at his throat—sensing the eagerness in him, hungering for the throb of his life. Not yet, I think, and instead my tongue follows his neck muscle upward to a sensitive spot beneath his ear, where I nip his skin as I fuck him from behind. I nip again, teasing him with the barest shadow of what is to come. My groin and stomach rub against his ass cheeks and back as I nail him mercilessly, and I feel his hard-on swing and jump with each slap from my body.

I turn him around and drop to my knees before him. I clamp one hand around my cock and the other around his, and I use my strokes to hold his rod out of the way. After only a few jacks, he starts to suck his breath in long gasps. I kiss the inside of his thigh, close to his nuts, and bite into his life force there. Cum explodes from his dick-head and covers my hand in a smear. The sensation of his life exploding into me, feeding my insatiable hunger, and the taste of his orgasm burning through his body sends me over the edge, and I give one final wicked tug on my cock before climaxing myself, emptying my nuts on the floor between his legs. I fall against him and press him to the wall as the cum gushes out of me and his life gushes in.

I do not take much, just enough to sate my hunger for now. He is semiconscious when I finish, his

nervous system overloaded, drunk on the dual pleasure from orgasming and being fed upon. I nip into his life force again and leave my mark on it, branding him as my own. No other of my kind will dare feed on him until his life force is regenerated and the mark fades in a few weeks.

I stay there until the rush fades, my body pressed to his, feeling his heart beating against my skin.

When I pull away, this angelic youth smells wonderfully of sweat and sex.

His skin is sticky in my hands as I pull his pants and boots back on. I have to do all the work because he is still too dazed, too limp, to obey my orders. The sound of music flows through the walls and, when I feel his life throbbing between us, I want to take it all, to drain him dry, but I do not.

Instead, I unlock the door and carry his still-limp body farther down the hall. The cool-down room is staffed with humans who watch over those who need to recover, whether from being fed upon and or from chemical over-indulgence. I lower this youth gently to one of the mats. The caretakers are polite but cautious around me, keep their distance; they know my kind are seldom more dangerous than when we've just fed—our hungers have been unleashed but have not been fully satisfied—we could lose control and grab for the nearest available meal and drain them dry. Fortunately for these caretakers, I have excellent control over my appetites.

"He said his name is Rich," I tell them. "He is here with friends who will be looking for him." Will his friends tease him when they learn what has happened to him? I do not care.

The caretakers nod. They will take care of the details. I nod in return and disappear back into the club.

Tomorrow night, or perhaps the night after, I will call through the energy from Rich that lingers inside me, and my mark upon his life force will respond like a beacon, guiding me to him, wherever he is. I will go to him, and he will give himself willingly to me—how could he not after he has sampled the ecstasy I can give him? I will take him again, my little angel; I will take what I need from him and give him this heaven again.

Our dance is not yet finished, Rich's and mine, and we shall dance it again soon, perhaps for a few days, perhaps for a week, until I grow bored and move on to fresher meals. My boredom will be your salvation, little angel, at least temporarily. You are but the latest in a string of beautiful meals, and I am a realist—my kind has to be, because we are long-lived and dreams fade too quickly. Soon I will move on to other, fuller meals before your aura resembles those tired, tattered regulars' in this club.

But a few days after my mark upon you fades, Rich, others of my kind will be only too happy to step in and they might not be as considerate as I. They will gladly feast on everything you have left. What attracted me to you most was your untouched quality, but the novelty of that can never be fully reclaimed. Your dance with me may taint you for some time to come, my little angel, and I do not know whether you will continue to seek out the heaven of danger and physical bliss that I have shown you, like all the other vampire-seekers, heedless of the cost. But my long existence has taught me this: where the music takes you is less important than the vigor with which you dance.

Like all falls, my little angel, yours is just beginning. But now that you have sampled what my kind can offer, will you welcome it? Will you seek it out regardless of the danger and the cost? Knowing the minutes of heaven they can make you feel, will you yield to the temptation to seek them out?--Or will you be strong enough to save yourself?

