

## **Bite**

As I penetrated him I felt his cock, which was in my left hand, stiffen. My right hand was at his throat, the grip not yet tight enough to choke him, but enough to pull his head back so that I could bite and hold his earlobe in my teeth.

At the same time, I felt his sphincter tighten around my cock and I held it there, in his ass, letting his muscle hold it tight, then loosen. At once I thrust my cock in deeper, and at the same time yanked his head back with my right hand so that he gasped for breath, lost his breath, and then lost consciousness.

We were in a stall of the toilets of some club. The music, even in the toilets, was so loud that no-one would have heard, even had he screamed, which I would not have allowed him to do. Screamed in ecstasy, or in terror.

His whole body went limp, and I caught him with my left arm around his chest. I slid my cock, still hard, from his ass, and, still holding him up with my left arm, pulled up his pants and fastened them, button and zip, with my right hand. What might be called my superhuman strength, is, undoubtedly, a symptom of my condition. My ability to undo and refasten other men's shirts, zips, buttons, and so forth, either way around, without having to see what my fingers are doing — well, I'm not certain if that capability is another result of my condition or the practice of many years of doing such things.

Whatever the case, I did him up, pulled down his shirt (I had earlier been caressing his flat belly, particularly the tufts that clumped between his navel and his groin), and transferred his

weight to my right arm, but now so that he was facing forward, and could be carried along. I was, am, strong enough to hold him upright, despite the sag of head, and in a crowded club he would most likely be seen as half-walking, stumbling, perhaps.

I took him out of the toilets, and through the club, pushing hard at the dancers, in their mindless trance, or the loiterers, equally tranced. “Let me through,” I shouted as I pushed. They were quite prepared to see someone helping out a friend who’d had too many drugs, even way too many drugs, but were so trashed themselves they would not intervene. The bouncers neither, as long as I got him out the club.

“Let me through, let me through,” I chanted, dragging him to the door. As the bouncer (if, as it is said, he was once a woman, then he had been a frighteningly large woman) saw me I pulled my cellphone from my pocket, hit the keypad so that it lit up, and shouted at it: “I’m going straight to emergency!”

The bouncer stood aside.

I got him into the car and back to my house. That was all easy; I am practised at these things. I lay him on the bed; he seemed to show some faint signs of coming round, but there were also so many drugs in his system that his eyelids would merely flutter, and then he would subside again. I probably *could* have dropped him off at emergency.

But I still had business with him. I never leave corpses in club toilets, or anywhere else for that matter. That would be very foolish. I always get them home, to my large house in large grounds in an exclusive suburb (waved through the security checks, smiled at by the well-paid security guards). There I would do what I had to do and eventually bury the body in the large, overgrown garden, to nourish further the tangled plants. I was practised at that too.

I undressed the boy. He lay there on my huge bed, pallid against the dark sheets, the hair of his body in turn dark against his pale skin. His cock, now flaccid, nestled in more darkness, while the soft overhead light cast shadows from his cheekbones. Light, darkness, light, darkness. Is there any escape from such metaphors?

For a while I simply admired him. I arranged his languid limbs a little more prettily; I almost got out the camera. But I already had more photographs than I could count; for heaven's sake, I had the coffee-table book. Once I had relished each seizing of each aesthetic moment, each composition of — yes, light and dark. I had been celebrated, in a minor way, for such art, for the capturing or making or both of such beauty. All that was gone now, the lust to fix such images. Let it all slip away. Anyway, that persona was dead. Short of a sudden efflorescence of posthumous work (which may yet be an option), it was not worth the bother. Why try to catch it? There were so many, there will be so many more.

Still, I would admire him. I would drink in his beauty, frozen now temporarily, still living, not yet cold or framed in black and white. The charm of his moving physical presence was already lost, almost forgotten (though it had indeed been charming), replaced by stillness and the fall of light on flesh.

He really was a beauty, this one. After a while I got up and stood over him, looking down at his face, at the contrast of dark hair and pale skin and blue eyes — the lastnamed, alas, closed. An unfortunate by-product of the process. A pity, in a way, that I would never see them, stoned or sober, stare into mine.

But one must have no regrets. I sat, then, next to him, and played with his limp cock while I took off my clothes. I retracted the foreskin and gave the soft acorn a lick. It swelled a little, then stopped. But that wouldn't be a problem, no matter how many drugs he'd taken.

Naked now, I lifted my blade from its repository beside the bed, and could feel its sharpness in my very bones. The boy's head was thrown back in his daze, his neck stretched out, the veins traced in translucent parchment.

I made a swift incision and the blood welled. I covered his body with mine and drank.

I could taste the rich cocktail of drugs in his blood, the cloying sweetness of xtasy, a hint of something sharper, either coke or kat, and an undercurrent of something far vaguer, a soft white blur of ... heroin, must be. I had not tasted it before, or at least not in such a deep concentration. Perhaps it was just the way it melded with his blood, which as I lapped and sucked began to emerge: slightly caustic, a bit highly strung, maybe, but so red — red, red, so that I could taste the very redness of it on my tongue.

I swallowed and let the warmth of his blood spread through my system. It was instantly metabolized — my body is as receptive to the blood of others as a nicotine receptor in an ordinary person's brain. I can almost feel my flesh absorbing his ... redness.

And though I longed for a moment to take it all in a huge rush, as I often had before — sometimes simply the best way, with some boys — I did not. I wanted this one to last; he, I felt, had it in him to go the distance, and it would be worth it in the end.

I clenched the inner muscles of my stomach and some of his blood, already half-alchemized by my body, began to rise up in my throat. I tasted it again, now even richer, and with my own familiar favour about it. It felt like a burning ichor; I knew, though, that to his lips it would taste like divine nectar, like the sweetest strongest drug he had ever imbibed. It might kill him, but, for him, too, it would be worth it.

I bent over his lips, which were now gasping gently at the air, and pressed my mouth to his. I let the warm ichor on my tongue flow over his and down his throat. I held his body as it

undulated languidly with the shock of absorption, felt it relax, and moved down to his groin. His cock was already swinging upwards, moving with the rush in his veins, and it throbbed to full hardness just as my mouth closed over it.

I could feel his consciousness rise too, glide up through the murk of drugs and asphyxia and burst through some surface, as if from underwater, into an element more airy and much warmer. He began to moan, and to writhe, and to grab at my head, but I evaded his hands, flipping him over, lifting him up, and plunging my tongue into his hole.

His body, his spirit, or whatever you wish to call that projection of mind, all surfing upward on a rising tide of ecstasy. I could feel it in him, and would feel it again, and take it to yet higher heights, wreaking pleasure on his body with my tongue and my cock, lapping at his bleeding neck, regurgitating the blood into his mouth, feeling him rise once more ...

Oh, I knew his ecstasy. I could feel its echo in my own flesh, but I was also watching it from a distance. I could not lose myself in it as he could, or, at least, I could only after I'd taken the last drop of redness from him. When I had finally felt his spirit, along with his semen (which I would likewise lap up) and his blood — then, finally, I could surrender, could let it wash through me, obliterate me.

For a time. And then it would start again, the thirst.

But this time it was different. Yes, we rollercoastered the rails of sexual bliss, if you want a twentieth-century metaphor. He as much, if not more than, me — for me it was feeding, replenishing my aching arteries, a dire necessity turned with labour and skill into pleasure.

For him, it was the most explosive physical and, I hesitate to say it, spiritual experience of his life.

I let him live.

The first, ever, or at least in a few thousand years. I had sworn not to do it again. Not even to dispense with them a little later, which was in some ways easier and in some ways harder. One had to be very cold-hearted. Would it be weeks, months, years? Better to restrict it to single encounters only, to get it over within the night.

[I had only painful memories of those I had tried to keep by me, over the millennia ... ]

How ever long they last (even for centuries, as did my former slave boy, Gratus), and even if they don't try some day to betray you and usurp you, in some way, even so, it will end. For a long time I had felt that if it were to end, as it must, then why even begin?

But this one was different, somehow. Was it just because it was so long since I'd done it? Was there something in me that still longed? It was not because he was particularly beautiful; he was beautiful, indeed, but no more so than many another I'd dispatched without hesitation. Was there something attractive in his personality that appealed to me? I had very little sense of his personality before it started; we had not spoken at all by the time we found ourselves in the toilets of the club, fucking.

Did he remind me of someone? Gratus, perhaps — but then they all remind me, in some way, how ever small, of Gratus. Did he, perhaps, in some subtle manner, remind me of myself?

In the time I cared for him, I needed more blood than ever. I was giving him life, a new life, but until he was strong enough to take up that burden on his own his life had to come from me. It was, I suppose, like a mother suckling a particularly draining child.

To nourish him, I needed at least one life a day. So I went out on the streets, and did distasteful things like shake a stinking beggar from his torpor, in the dark doorway of a closed shop, and give him one last ecstasy. For they do find in the deaths I give them some form of what the French are pleased to call *jouissance*. I can feel it as the blood flows out of them into me, feel their entire bodies convulse in a transport of bliss.

Perhaps there is some kind of mysterious chemical reaction, like those caused by some varieties of poisonous plant, that pays my victims a natural recompense.

I consumed several female prostitutes, of which there seemed to be a plenitude. (I ran out of boy whores rather soon.) I had not expected particularly to enjoy those women, but the ones amongst them with the darkest skins had an extraordinary richness of blood. [Something to pursue, someday, perhaps.] It has been a long time since a woman's blood appealed to me, though of course I have of necessity, as now, consumed many. Perhaps some memory of long ago — I have forgotten so much.

Still, I know that there were aeons, and aeons ago, when I partook of both male and female equally. Some centuries ago, however, the aesthetic sense that seems to be mine overwhelmed the craving for blood in its own right, and I was able to quench that craving only when my desire for beauty was being satisfied at the same time. And, for centuries, as I say, only the male form has fulfilled that desire, or, perhaps, it was only the male form that called forth that desire in me.

Now, suddenly, the blood of women, especially the darkest of them, was appealing to me again. Even as this surprised me with its newness, it hinted at something old. Had I awoken an ancient taste in myself? What was I recalling?

I had no time to ponder such questions, though — I paused only to note them. The priority was to feed as much as possible so that I could feed my strength back to the boy on the bed in my house.

For seventeen days he lay there, without fully waking. At times he mumbled or even yelled, sounds that did not form words, and certainly his sleep was often restless, but his mind was always submerged. That was good: the longer he could be kept in such a state of limbo the better his body would adapt to its new constitution, to its reconstitution.

I did not drink from him, except when it was necessary to entrance him once more, to let his conscious mind slip again just below the surface of its own awareness, that shimmering meniscus between dream and wakefulness. Mostly I fed him from my own mouth.

On the eighteenth day, my lips as they pressed against his flesh could feel the rising of life in him — a rising that I could not now push back. It was the new being in him taking command, the being born of the blood I had fed him. It would not be denied; if it were, it might finish him entirely.

So I let it come. I lay close to him while the first surges made his body jolt, comforting him with a cool hand, then retreated into the deeper darkness at the edges of the room as I felt his consciousness float up and into the light like a bubble.

From the shadows I saw his eyes open, gradually focus, then swivel around the room. He had not seen me. He thought he was alone. He shifted his legs, sent an automatic hand down to cradle and then squeeze his genitals, as if to reconnect with the substance of things, the



materiality of his own body. A form of reassurance, no doubt — is there an unparalyzed male human who does not do this each dawn upon waking?

His other hand played over the mauled tangle of bedclothes around him. He did not look at them, but lay there staring at the ceiling. Perhaps he was communing with something in himself, some new feeling, or was just resting.

Slowly I came forward. I made no noise, but his newly tender senses responded and he sat up on one elbow, still tired, still lazy, but by no means the exhausted wreck he had been. As I came towards him, I searched out his eyes and within them a sign of recognition, an answer to me, to what I was, from the thing in him that was, now, like me.

He met my gaze, apparently without puzzlement ...