

Twilight Oasis

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The bouncer taking one look at her, 21-year-old pale-skinned, freckle-faced redheaded Scarlett Holcomb was let into the Twilight Oasis night club to enjoy her first night of drinking. The atmosphere dark and brooding, the music a sad melody, it was nothing like she expected, but everyone and their mother seemed to love the place so reserving judgement, she scanned the large open room while walking up to the crowded bar. A group of about twenty scantily dressed men and women danced provocatively off to the right while two dozen more sat at tables enjoying drinks, meals, and conversations. Then there was the bar. Every stool taken, she squeezed between two very intoxicated men in their thirties that now eyed her like a piece of meat they couldn't wait to sink their teeth into. A hand grabbing her ass, 18 years of martial arts training kicked in. Grabbing it, she twisted the man off the stool and onto the floor.

"You broke my hand you stupid fucking cunt!" the drunken man stammered.

"Doubt it," Scarlett scoffed. "But touch me again and a broken hand will be the least of your problems." And with that, she took the man's seat and got the bartender's attention even as he was already on his way to deal with the commotion.

"Nice move you did there," the bartender declared. Looking at the humiliated man now getting to his feet, he smirked. "I suggest you leave peacefully and never come back."

"Fuck you and this pathetic excuse for a bar," the man huffed before turning and bumping into half a dozen people on his way to the door.

"So, what can I get you, Miss?" the bartender asked.

"Honestly? I have no idea. I just turned twenty-one today and the only thing I know about alcohol is that I want to try it at least once so, I guess I'll let you surprise me."

"One surprise coming up."

A few moments later, Scarlett had a martini glass filled with a vibrant pink-hued liquid and garnished with an orange twist. "And what do you call this?" she asked as she brought the glass to her lips. Taking a sip her tastebuds were hit with a perfect balance of sharp, tangy citric and just enough sweetness from the cranberry and orange liqueur to make it pleasantly enjoyable.

"That's a cosmopolitan or cosmo for short," the bartender answered.

"Mmmm... it's really good."

"That one's on the house for taking care of that asshole."

"Thanks." Not wanting to overdo it her first night out, Scarlett sipped at her drink and when the glass was empty order a second and then third. Feeling buzzed, she paid her tab and then made her way to the dancefloor where she joined a few dozen men and women in showing off her moves. Letting the hypnotic rhythm of the music guide her every movement, she danced up close and personal with a tall, handsome black man before being pulled in by a stunning raven-haired woman with the most beautiful and piercing blue eyes she had ever stared into. Left hand taken into another, she was swirled toward a perky-breasted brunette wearing a black and purple corset dress and knee-high boots. One hand on her ass, and another on her cheek, she was pulled in and given the most passionate kiss she had ever experienced in her life. So much so that despite being straight as an arrow, she melted into the woman's arms and after several beats was kissing her back.

Almost as if the crowd knew what was coming, they parted and formed a ring around the dancefloor as the lover's embrace continued. Mind racing, heart pounding, clit tingling with excitement, Scarlett offered no resistance when the straps of her dress were lowered and the

garment slowly tugged down her fit young body leaving her standing there completely mesmerized in nothing but her strappy heels looking down into the woman's light brown eyes. Everything beyond the immediate vicinity suddenly fading from existence, she let out a guttural moan as the woman's tongue pushed inhumanly deep into her womanhood. Back arching, she pushed her hips forward only for the tongue to be withdrawn. But her groan of frustration suddenly became a moan of pleasure when her clit was sucked and long, sharp fingernails dug into her ass. "Oh my fucking God, Yes!" she purred. "I've never... this is... uhn... uhhnnn... p-please don't stop!" Breasts groped, Scarlett looked down to see two very large black hands just as her nipples were tweaked between fingers and thumbs.

In a series of swift movements, Scarlett was suddenly on top of the gorgeous woman with lips millimeters from her vulva and a big black cock pushing into her from behind. Every fiber of her being telling her what she was doing was wrong, she could not bring herself to ignore the unimaginable pleasure coursing through her body. Lowering her head, lips made contact with lips and before she realized it she was licking the woman's pussy as the woman and man licked and fucked hers respectively. Drawn to the taste of the woman's intoxicating flavors, she licked, sucked, and fingered her to a gushing orgasm. Thirty seconds later she was squirting around the big black cock slamming in and out of her. And three minutes after that she felt his load shooting deep.

No sooner was the spent cock pulled free, then Scarlett felt another tongue licking her clean followed by another man taking her from behind. A creampie was followed by another lesbian licking, another man fucking his load into her, and another tongue lapping her clean. On and on it went with her bringing the woman beneath her to multiple intense orgasms. Five men. Ten. Fifteen. Pulled off of the woman and onto her sixteenth man, she took him in her pussy. Then, as she such number seventeen into her mouth, eighteen double penetrated her womanhood causing her to almost immediately gush in orgasm. Her first gang bang well and truly underway, she accepted the perverse pleasure and allowed them to use her as their personal fucktoy cum dump. Twenty men. Thirty. Forty-eight. The last of the men cumming deep in her unprotected vagina, she was then passed off to the women.

Eating out a cute blonde with the largest inner labia she had ever seen in her life, Scarlett could not help but to suck and nibble on the meaty folds. Getting a little too excited, she bit hard enough to draw blood, but instead of pulling away and apologizing she was hit with a wave of euphoria that had her sucking the blood down like the sweetest of nectar. Biting again and again to give her more sources to sate an unexplainable, uncontrollable thirst, she felt teeth sinking into her vulva and her blood sucked out. But instead of a shared pleasure, the woman beneath her wailed in agony and shoved so hard Scarlett went flying a solid twenty feet only stopping when she hit the feet of the men forming a ring around the dancefloor.

Confused, Scarlett looked to the woman to see the once cute blonde now looking more like a demon straight from the pits of hell with long fangs and blood-red eyes included. Then in the blink of an eye she once again appeared human. "W-What happened? Did I bite you too hard? I'm so sorry if I..."

"What in the hell are you?" the woman screeched. "What did you... uhhnnn..." the woman groaned as her tanned skinned suddenly turned ghostly pale. Spitting up nearly black blood, she stumbled across the club holding her stomach and groaning as if on death's door.

"I don't understand what's... is she okay?" Scarlett asked with genuine concern just before dropping to her knees and then onto her back in an intense seizure that had her spraying blood from her mouth and dripping from the corners of her eyes and nose.

Waking in an unfamiliar bed in an unfamiliar dimly lit room feeling lightheaded and so weak she found it hard to move, let alone sit up. Seeing a stern-looking redheaded woman standing from a chair in the corner, she groaned. “W-Where am I? What happened? Who are you?”

“You’re in one of the rooms below the Twilight Oasis. I’m Anastasia Black – owner of this fine establishment. As for what happened, that’s an excellent question I’d also love the answer to. I want you to tell me everything you did from the moment you stepped foot in my club until you just woke up. And before you think to refuse, know that the woman you attacked is in critical condition so choose your words carefully.”

“I... I came in to celebrate my twenty-first birthday with a few drinks. I went to the bar where some guy grabbed my ass. I defended myself and then had a couple of cosmopolitans. After that I went to the dancefloor. I don’t really know what came over me but everyone was up close and personal and then some random woman kissed me and thing... things spiral from there. I was groped and licked and then taken in front of everyone but as humiliating and degrading as it was I couldn’t bring myself to stop. And it didn’t stop there. I was fucked over and over and over again. I don’t even know how many men gang banged me. Then... then I was given to women. I was having sex with a blonde – sorry, I didn’t get anyone’s name. I was sucking her inner labia and bit too hard drawing blood. I know it sounds disgusting, but it was the most delicious and intoxicating thing I’ve ever tasted and I couldn’t stop. Then she bit and started drinking blood from my vulva and then... and then she just freaked out. She threw me across the damn dancefloor and then... and then I woke up here.”

“You like the taste of blood?”

“Not normally, but hers was... I don’t know how to explain it. As soon as it hit my tongue I had to have more.”

Walking up to the bed, Anastasia used a long, sharp fingernail to slice into her own right wrist. “Drink.”

“What? Hell no!”

“I said drink!” Anastasia commanded with an authority that would’ve made anyone else latch onto her wrist.

“What the actual fuck? I’m not drinking your blood!”

“Afraid you’ll like it?”

“What the hell kind of freak are you?” Scarlett asked even as she backed across the bed.

“Grabbing a handful of Scarlett’s long red hair, Anastasia pulled her forward and then placed her wrist against the startled young woman’s open mouth.

Panic turning to euphoria the instant the sanguine fluid hit her tongue; Scarlett grabbed Anastasia’s forearm and then began sucking harder. Swearing her canines were much longer than before she started drinking, she gulped down mouthfuls of blood – holding Anastasia’s arm against her lips despite the woman attempting to pull away. Her strength returning and then some, Scarlett swallowed and swallowed until fingernails raked across her right cheek. Reeling back against the headboard, she brought her hands up defensively only for Anastasia’s teeth to sink into her inner thigh.

No sooner did the blood hit her tongue, then Anastasia screeched in pain. Jumping off the bed and into the furthest corner of the room, she looked at Scarlett with unmitigated fear and horror. “It... this isn’t possible!”

“What in God’s name is going on? Why couldn’t I stop drinking your blood? Why did you act like that drinking mine? How the hell am I going to explain...” touching her blood soaked cheek, Scarlett was suddenly incredibly confused at the lack of injury. “W-What are you? What did you do to me?” she demanded to know even as an unrecognized power coursed through her veins. ANSWER ME!”

Her lineage dating back to the dawn of humanity, Anastasia Black had witnessed the rise and fall of countries, she had seen millions decimated by plagues and war. From living in caves under the tyrannical rule of men, to becoming the most powerful and feared being walking the night, Anastasia was now reduced to a pitiful shell of the monster she had spent millennia carefully concealing. “P-Please, tell me who you are?”

“I asked you first!”

“I... I swear I’ll tell you everything, but first I need to know if you come from the Dayes bloodline.”

“Dayes? No, My parents are Bianca and Damien Holcomb. My name is Scarlett Holcomb. Now answer my questions!”

“There’s only one bloodline capable of doing what you did to me and Emilia.”

“And what exactly was that? And what did you do to me? Why do I feel so... strong?”

“If I tell you that you’ll kill me and everyone here.”

“I’m not a murderer now answer me!” Scarlett screamed as she suddenly found herself staring into the frightened woman’s blood-red eyes.

“Take a blood oath that not even you can break and I’ll tell you everything.”

“I’m not doing anything else involving blood so start answering my questions or so help me...”

Seeing the young woman’s eyes turning violet, Anastasia retreated even deeper into the corner. “I... and everyone working here are what humans have called vampire since the dawn of time, but we are not the monsters portrayed in books and movies. Yes, a few have given us a bad name, but the same can be said of humanity with whom we’ve coexisted with for millennia. In exchange for pleasures you experienced for yourself we drink a small amount of your blood and then clean up afterward leaving you – meaning humans, none the wiser.”

“What do you mean by cleaning up afterward?”

“It’s a very simple and harmless process where we literally lick the wounds closed and in the process erase any trace of blood being exchanged from the human’s memory, leaving nothing but the pleasure behind. Unfortunately for my kind, your lineage exists to hunt and destroy my kind at any and all costs. The Dayes bloodline isn’t just immune to our vampiric powers, but as you witnessed firsthand, are capable of gaining them.”

“What do you mean?”

“You said you felt stronger, right? And your face, how many humans can heal such a wound in seconds? And look at you, not even a hint of scarring. Had I known who you were I’d have packed up and fled Emerald City for good, but now... now I accept my fate so all I ask is that you make my death quick and painless.”

“Death?” Scarlett gasped even as she stumbled back as if shoved hard in the chest. “I... I’m not a murderer!”

“If not now you soon will be and when that day comes my kind will no longer be safe. Our blood gives you power, while yours destroys us.”

“If that were true then why aren’t you, well, destroyed?”

“When I say your bloodline kills or destroys my kind I don’t mean we turn into a pile of ash. We call it death, but you would call it a cure.”

“Okay, then why aren’t you and Emilia cured then?”

“She is. Fortunately for me, my blood is far more potent than all other vampires combined so while a single drink was enough to cause me a great deal of pain, it’ll take more than that to... cure me. That being said, if you’re not going to kill us then please let us go. We’ll leave this city and you’ll never see or hear from us again.”

“Why aren’t you trying to escape right now?”

“I... I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because... because I’m now blood bonded to you.”

“Blood bonded?”

“Normally it only applied to kindred – that’s what we collectively call ourselves, and happens when a younger, less powerful vampire drinks the blood of one who’s vitae is far more potent. For a time the younger, less powerful Kindred becomes enthralled to the more powerful one unable to act without command. But in the case of your bloodline... there are very few with vitae potent enough to resist the cure.”

“So, you’re saying you’ll do whatever I command?”

“Without question or hesitation whether I like it or not. Unless said command would lead to my permanent death that is. And yes, that includes commanding me to drink more of your blood.”

“And how long will this blood bond work?”

“It all depends on the power dynamic between the two kindred, but the last time I saw one of my kind blood bound to the Dayes bloodline it only ended when that kindred met it’s end three centuries later.”

“Three centuries? How is that even possible?”

“You’re not mortal. Once one of your bloodline drinks kindred vitae you become Dal’eshod – think of it as a vampire with all the benefits and none of the weaknesses.”

“So, what you’re telling me is that through a series of flukes the oldest, most powerful, and honestly hottest vampire in existence is now blood bound to me for centuries?”

“That is correct.”

“So, why not kill me and free yourself?”

“Do you not see me cowering in the corner? You’re not just the most feared thing to kindred existence, but I cannot cause you harm even if I wanted to. Like it or not, I am yours to command.”

“Are there others in this city powerful enough to resist the cure?”

“There are two for certain and two probables.”

“Do you know them personally?”

“They all work here and you had sex with them all. The woman with the black hair that drew you in is Danika and the black man that kicked off your gang bang is Kylar. There was another redhead you had sex with named Raven and another of the men named Brayden. Danika and Kylar will resist for sure.”

“You will call them here one by one and you will command them to let me drink their blood and for them to drink mine.”

“I’m sorry, but even as powerful as I am I cannot command another kindred to possible death.”

“You said Kylar and Danika would resist for sure.”

“I did, but there’s still a possibility they could succumb to it so I cannot command them to drink your blood.”

“Then I command you to never speak of this conversation and what I apparently am to anyone – kindred, human, or whatever other supernatural beings may exist for as long as you live or unlive. Is that understood?”

“This conversation and your secret will die with me.”

“Great. I meant what I said about not wishing you any harm, but at the same time I cannot ignore the unimaginable pleasure drinking your blood brings me so this my deal and promise to you and your kind. You are going to sign this club over to me and then teach me everything I need to know to keep it up and running for centuries to come. You are then going to inform every kindred working for you that they are to allow me to drink of their blood whenever I desire, but they are forbidden from drinking mine. You will also teach me everything you know about kindred and any other supernatural beings coexisting with humanity. And in exchange I vow to never cause your kind harm and to come to your aid should it be required, unless your kind attacks me first.”

“To make it binding we would have to partake in a blood oath which would only serve to deepen your hold over me.”

“The choice is yours. You can do as I command, or I drink of their blood and let them drink of mine. And in case you’re considering it, neither you, nor any kindred under your influence will leave Emerald City without my permission. Is that understood?”

“Understood. But to do everything you commanded will require a blood oath which means performing an ancient rite ending with drinking from each other until our blood is an even mix. Once done it cannot be undone and breaking it – even accidentally, will result in death. That being said, are you sure you want to stand by your commands?”

“I do.”

“I’ll need a few nights to prepare the ritual so come back next Friday and we’ll perform it.”

“I’ll be back to perform the ritual, but you’ll start the process of signing the club over to me tonight.”

“Unfortunately, I cannot obey that command as dawn approaches and the day sleep cannot be resisted.”

“So, every kindred working here will soon be asleep?”

“That is correct. We all have chambers here below the club where we’re safe from the sun. I don’t know what you’re thinking right now, but I beg you not to harm them.”

“As long as you keep your word, I’ll keep mine. That being said, I’m feeling a bit thirsty.” No sooner were the words out, then Anastasia’s freshly cut wrist was pressed against Scarlett’s lips. As with the previous two experiences, the euphoric sensation washed over her in an instant. As did the sensation of being a thousand times stronger and faster. And while she didn’t know how far underground they were, she could hear the music playing and the people engaging in everything from idle conversation to fevered sex coming from the club above. Swallowing another mouthful, her vision sharpened allowing her to see colors she was certain didn’t exist. Pulling back, she gasped and panted. “W-What’s happening to me?”

“What are you experiencing?”

“I can hear things from far away. My eyesight is clearer and sharper than humanly possible. And your blood. I’m tasting things in it I didn’t before.”

“All part of the process of awakening your true self. Are you sated or would you like a bit more?”

“What happens if I continue drinking?”

“You’ll continue gaining my powers and awakening your own. But if you drain me dry then I go into torpor until fed.”

“Torpor?”

“Think of it as a coma. Anything from grievous injury to starvation can put kindred into torpor, but only blood – human blood, can bring us out of it.”

“How do I know when to stop drinking?”

“Seeing our undead or bestial nature coming to surface is a pretty good indicator of when you should stop.”

“So, I wasn’t imagining things when I saw Emilia suddenly looking like a demon? Or how you appeared briefly after drinking my blood?”

“That was the frenzy – a state of fear so powerful no kindred can resist. Few things cause it, but when it happens beware as it can very quickly lead to injury, death, and a lot of bloodshed.”

“Good to know. I’m going to go home now, but I’ll be back this evening to continue this conversation, but before I go as a sign you’ll keep your word and we can remain civil You will take a small drink of my blood. Just a mouthful,” Scarlett said as she offered her left wrist.

Placing her hands around her owner’s wrist and elbow, Anastasia bit into the young woman’s forearm. Resisting the frenzy only because she now knew what to expect, she drank. One mouthful. Two. Three. Five. The pain growing unbearable, she pulled back and licked her lips. “I hope that is proof I want nothing more than four our mutually beneficial relationship to continue.”

“It does,” Scarlett said as she watched the puncture would closing on their own. Bringing her arm to her lips, she licked the last traces of blood from her skin and then turned her attention back to her thrall. “I’ll return this evening. Until then rest well.”

“Thank you. I have to say you’re unlike any Dayes I’ve ever met and I mean that in the best way possible. Perhaps together we can find a middle ground where humans and kindred can coexist peacefully.”

“That is a goal I’m willing to work toward. Now, can you tell me how to get out of here?”

“Of course. When you leave the room take a left and then the first right. At the end of the hallway take the steps up. The door code is five-four-six-three-seven-three-three. If you ever forget it’s kindred on a telephone keypad. Once through that door you’ll go down the only hallway, take another three flights of stair up to another locked door with the code eight-two-six-seven-four-seven-three, or vampire. That will take you to a small room off the kitchen where you may leave through the back door. I ask that you please use the back door as it will auto lock ten seconds after it’s shut.”

Pulling Anastasia in, Scarlett kissed the ancient kindred on the lips. “I’ll see you tonight.”

Standing there staring at her owner in stunned silence, Anastasia watched Scarlett leave the small bedroom shocked anyone of the Dayes bloodline would show such affection for kindred kind.