

# **Vampire Virgin**

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The only child of parents that were only children themselves, I was left with nowhere to go when they were killed and at age seven I found myself another statistic in a broken system. The first family I was sent to live with tried their best to give me the love and attention they thought I deserved, but the pain of losing the only family I had sent me into a very dark place that manifested itself by increasingly more violent outbursts. Unable to control me, I was put back into the system and for the next six years bounced from one home to another before finally giving up at fourteen when I ran and kept running until I was on the other side of the country.

Stealing became my sole means of survival be it picking the pockets of some perv that wanted to show me a good time, or breaking into homes for food to fill my belly and small things I could sell to give me enough for a room in a seedy motel that gave seedy motels a bad name. Another strategy I discovered worked miracles was dressing in the revealing clothes I stole from someone's home and offering myself to drunk men outside of bars. Many willingly handed over wads of money and I ran away laughing with my virginity still in tack. Was it risky? Absolutely. But I had no fear of them going to the police. After all, what were they going to tell them, that they propositioned a fourteen year old for sex?

This was my life for four years and for the most part I got used to the routine, but deep down the loss of my parents still weighed heavily on my heart and I desperately longed for a real home, family and friends that weren't just being nice because they knew they could use me to get what they wanted.

When I was unable to sleep I walked and when the insomnia was really strong I would walk all night, sometimes finding myself in another city entirely. Walking down a deserted country road, the skies darkened and moments later the rain began to fall. Depression setting in, I spotted a mansion surrounded by a stone wall and my mind went right into breaking and entering mode even though I normally stayed away from such places as they typically had security systems, but there was something about this place that called to me.

Walking along the front wall and gate I did not see any cameras, nor did I see or hear dogs within. Going down the right wall towards the back of the property, I again saw no cameras. Heart pounding in my chest, I easily climbed the wall, but instead of hopping over to the other side, I sat on top and watched the house. The lights were off and there were no cars in the driveway, but that did not mean the place was empty. After maybe an hour, I stood on top of the wall and then walked around the perimeter. When I still saw no movement I hopped down and cautiously approached the home.

Peeking in windows, I saw glimpses of expensive furniture. The garage doors were the kind without windows so I had no idea if the place was actually empty or the occupants were simply in bed, but more importantly, I saw no signs of alarms. Going to the back door, I popped the lock with a set of picks and made my way inside. Heart pounding in my chest, I turned on a small flashlight and was suddenly lifted off my feet as a powerful hand wrapped around my throat. I tried screaming, but the only thing to come out was a muffled yelp.

The room was dark, but my eyes were adjusting and I could just make out the handsome features of a shirtless, clean-cut man in his thirties. His hand still around my neck, my feet dangling a good foot off the floor he carried me across the kitchen and into a large living room. "I don't take kindly to people breaking into my home," he said, his voice eerily calm. "What's your name, thief?"

The grip loosened. “A-A-Aria. Please, I’m sorry, I’m just uhnmph…” my voice was cut off as he once again tightened his grip.

“Do you have a last name?”

“Drake. My name is Aria Drake.”

“How old are you Aria Drake?”

“Eighteen.”

“So if I call the police you’ll go to adult prison. Is that what you want, Aria? Do you want to go to prison for being a thief?”

“N-No.”

“Then why have you broken into my home?”

“I..I’m homeless and need to steal to survive.”

“Because getting a job is too hard,” he said, shaking his head.

“Please, I’m sorry. I just need to get money so I can eat. I’ve tried working but no one will hire anyone with an eighth grade education.”

“Eighth?”

“Do you really want to hear my life story? Please, just let me go and you’ll never see me again.”

“I’m going to give you a choice Aria. I can call the police and have you arrested for breaking and entering and burglary for which you’ll spend the next twenty years in prison, or you can accept my help.”

“Help? Why would you want to help me? No one wants to help a worthless street rat like me.”

“No one is completely worthless. You did manage to break into my home, after all, and I’m guessing it wasn’t your first time.”

“How are you going to help me? If you’re thinking of putting me on the street as a hooker you can forget it. I’m a virgin and I intend to remain that way.”

“I will give you a place to live, food to eat and the education you so desperately need. I will also give you a job so that you’ll one day be able to afford a place of your own.”

“In exchange for what?”

“Your company.”

“I’m not having sex with you.”

“Not the kind of company I require. So, what’ll it be? A life in prison and living on the streets or the chance to make something of yourself?”

“I still don’t trust you, but I’ll accept the offer. But I’m not responsible for what happens if you attempt to do anything to me.”

“Honey, I’ve been holding you by the throat since you broke into my home. Do you really think there’s anything you can do to hurt me?”

My right foot came up between his legs, but was stopped short of its target and twisted hard. “Aahgh!”

“I wouldn’t try that again.” He stared into my eyes and I felt my resolve crumbling. “I’m going to sit you down and you’re going to stand there in silence while I give you a new life.” My feet touched the carpeted floor and while my mind screamed for me to run, my body refused to obey. He took me in his arms and lightly kissed my cheek. Moving down, he kissed my neck and then I felt overwhelming pain. I wanted to scream, but a moan came out instead. I felt the blood being sucked from my veins, the life leaving my body and still I moaned – my entire being on

fire with pleasure I never imagined possible. Since I've never had one I was not entirely sure, but I think I may have had an orgasm just as consciousness left me.

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I woke feeling weak, ravenously hungry and locked in a metal box barely large enough for me to fit in. I beat on the tightly closed lid and screaming at the tops of my lungs for help until it opened and I was yanked out.

"You're no doubt hungry, but that's no excuse to throw a tantrum," the man whose house I had broken into said. "Follow."

I did not want to obey his command, but my feet moved of their own accord. In another basement room I saw a young naked woman standing with her hands clasped behind her back. I could hear her heart beating, the blood flowing through her veins and my belly rumbled. "Why do you have a naked woman in your basement?"

"To teach you how to feed."

"Feed? What in the hell are you talking about? Please, I need some food before I starve to death."

"She is your food, Aria, and you will drink without killing her."

"You're out of your mind! There's...there..." I tried resisting, but even as I did her blood called to me and I knew I had to taste it. Moving faster than I thought humanly possible, I grabbed a handful of her long blonde hair, yanked her head to the left and my teeth, no, fangs sank into her flesh. I was disgusted, but unable to stop as the warm fluid filled my mouth. To my surprise she did not struggle. Quite the contrary, she moaned and pulled me tighter.

"Slowly," the man standing behind me commanded. "You must learn to control the feed." But I was starving and her blood was like nectar I could not get enough of. Sucking harder, her pleasure-filled moans became grunts and groans of agony and then I was slammed into a concrete wall. "I said slowly you damn fool."

"FUCK YOU! I'm hungry. I need more." Getting up, I ran back to the woman but was stopped short by a hand around the throat. "Let go of me you bastard!" Seeing the blood flowing down the woman's neck, shoulder and chest I suddenly felt sick. "Oh god, what have I done?"

"You will stand there in silence." Letting go, he walked over to the woman. I thought he was draining the last of the blood from her body, but when he stood back the wound was gone. He picked her up and disappeared through another door. I wanted to follow, but my body refused to obey. I tried to scream, but nothing came out. The man returned a while later and closed the door behind him. "First things first, my name is Eli Marshall. I'm sure you have questions so feel free to calmly ask them."

"What did you do to me?"

"I've given you a new life. Like me, you are now one of the kindred."

"What does that mean?"

"We are vampire."

"Um, okay, there's no such thing as vampires."

"Says the woman that nearly drained another of blood."

"I didn't...I couldn't..."

"No need to panic. It is what you are now and in the coming nights you'll learn to control the hunger and how to hide your feeding."

"Why would you do this to me?"