

Blood Red Pleasure

Chapter 1

The damn castle. No, make that the damn castles. Totally useless. Well, not exactly useless but certainly a pain in the ass and very problematic, considering the world of today. No, what am I thinking. I really shouldn't be thinking. That's what I told Mary and that is what Mary has told me.

Elizabeth Gottsched was sitting on the dock in front of her and her husband's castle deep in the Adirondacks of northern New York. She was naked. Her toes were in the water. A bottle of red wine was beside her and from time to time when the mood struck her, she would take a swig from the bottle, followed by a drag from the Pall Mall cigarettes she loved to smoke. Her back was to the castle and she just sat there trying to guess where a loon would next break the surface of the water still cold from winter. She was doing this in an effort to try not to think.

"Fuck it," she said aloud when the loon broke the surface. Its loony cry (in response to her swearing?) caused Beth to laugh at herself and add, "Sometimes one does have to think, even if that someone is a vampire."

Beth knew what her problem was. She was lonely for Mary who was off somewhere in Romania with Ana. She was especially lonely and moody because it was nearing the anniversary of when she turned Mary into being the vampire Mary was meant to be. She worried over Mary. Not that Mary was incapable of taking care of herself. Mary had very quickly become one of the most, if not the most, dangerous vampire Beth had ever known. Maybe the most dangerous vampire ever. But what concerned Beth was her belief that every strength was also a weakness and Mary's ability to protect herself and those whom she chose to protect had also put her dangerously close to exposing her vampire nature to humans who would do everything they could to capture or even attempt to kill her.

Capturing or even killing a real vampire would not be as easy as human fiction about vampires might lead one to believe. The real thing is far more dangerous and has managed to keep the reality of its existence hidden behind the demonic myths of fiction for tens of thousands of years. But the times were rapidly changing with the advent of computers, security cameras and modern forensics - especially in the world gone security mad since 9/11.

In the killings Mary had committed to protect herself and those she loved, both humans and vampires, she had aroused the suspicions of the FBI and CIA. It was concerns over these suspicions that had caused Mary to leave for a "vacation" in Europe in the hope those suspicions would die over time. Beth couldn't disagree with Mary's plan to lay low for a while except for a while might not be long enough.

Sensing the approach of her husband Joseph, she turned her head, smiled and said, "I was wondering if you were going to join me."

"No, you weren't," Joseph said, "You were trying to come up with a plan on what to do with our castles."

"Well now that you are here, maybe the two of us can discuss the matter." But Beth's thoughts were elsewhere, seeing that Joseph was also naked.

Joseph smiled, sat down next to her and said, "Sorry to distract your thoughts."

"Don't be. I love being distracted by you. Want to share some wine with me."

"That and other things. But first, some wine and you're right. We really do need to discuss this place and plan ahead."

Beth had thought ahead in the hope Joseph would join her and had brought a glass for him into which she poured some wine and offered it to him. Handing it to him, she said, "I really do love this place even though it is a bit too much. It makes us characters in some cheap horror fiction. That's what I see as being problematic, what without crematorium and torture apparatus. I've thought of giving it to the state or blowing it up but how would we explain those two features without arousing suspicion? Blowing it up wouldn't destroy everything."

"You're right there. In recent years I have wondered as you have and have been stymied by those two. The torture implements could probably be removed and disposed of in some way. The crematorium would be more difficult."

"Is there any way it could be converted into heating system, one of those wood chip things?"

"Possibly maybe if we first got rid of all the torture stuff, I could hire someone to do the conversion and explain the crematorium away by saying our distant ancestors had it built because they had it built to cremate themselves and their offspring because they didn't believe in burial. That might work, considering years ago people worried about being buried alive."

"So, do we have a plan?"

"I think so. I can dismantle the torture stuff myself, put it in my plane and dump it in some remote Adirondack lake. I wouldn't want to dump it here or take it to the dump transfer station."

"Okay. If we can do those things, then we can decide at our leisure if we want to sell this place or donate to the state."

"Agreed."

"But before we get rid of the torture stuff, could I interest you in joining Mary and my little club?"

"Still don't trust me?" Joseph asked with a laugh.

"No. That's not it. I do trust you. It's what it does to you. It did something to Mary and it did something to me. It makes you stronger. You know the line - no pain, no gain. But if you're worried, I trust you enough to whip me before I whip you. Shouldn't that prove I trust you?"

Joseph frowned. He ran his fingers through Beth's long, black hair, turned her head toward his and kissed her before saying, "I don't want to hurt you."

"You wouldn't. Not really. I can take it and I know you can take it. It's about trust. Don't we trust each other even more when we take each other's blood?"

There was no disputing that line of reasoning. The sharing of blood was dangerous. When your blood was being pulled by another vampire, the pleasure was so extreme that you never thought of stopping them before they took too much and killed you. The sharing of blood was an act of complete trust . . . Just thinking about it aroused in Joseph the desire to have Beth take as much of his blood she might want. It caused him to have an erection and made him say, "Of course I trust you. I always have."

Beth smiled and said, "You're just hot for me." Taking the glass of wine from him, she took a sip from the glass before pouring the balance on his erect cock and saying, "You just lay back on the dock and I'll give you a treat as sweet as what I'll take from you."

In their hundreds of years together, neither had ever grown tired of the countless ways they could pleasure each other. All ways were good ways but the one Beth knew to be Joseph's favorite was having her go down on him with her mouth and suck on his cock, first with her tongue and mouth, then finish him off with her fangs drawing his precious blood into her. And she had to admit she enjoyed it too.

Joseph laid back and closed his eyes to better feel Beth's tongue begin by lapping his balls, then his engorged cock with long strokes. Lifting and parting his legs, she continued the licking to include his anus and the area between it and his testicles. She could be merciless in the way her tongue would tease him down there and he loved every minute of it while his cock throbbed in anticipation.

Beth was having fun. She enjoyed the tease and she enjoyed looking at his cock hard with desire. It was something to love and honor because when it was in her and Joseph was fucking her, it gave her such exquisite pleasure. But when it was in her, she couldn't see it and what she was now doing was implanting the visual of it deep in her mind for her to remember when being fucked by it.

Joseph sighed when Beth started the dance of her tongue around the head of his penis, sometimes parting its opening with the tip of her tongue, sometimes kissing it with her lips. It wouldn't be long before she would take it in. Although Joseph had sex with many men before going after the blood he wanted, no man had ever been anywhere near as good as Beth when it came to sucking his cock.

"Of course not," Beth had once told him. "They only want your cock. I love you and your cock. That's the difference."

"Yes," he sighed when her lips closed around it and took it deep into her mouth. It was only then he opened his eyes to look down and see how most of his cock was hidden behind her lips and her eyes were focused on his.

Love, hunger and respect were what each other's eyes were telling each other. And trust. "Yes, trust," thought Joseph

Over the years he had given much thought to what truly made vampires different from humans. The living without aging was certainly nice. How could it not be when living hundreds of years as he and Beth had done or even thousands as some had done? Who could endure looking and feeling older and older for hundreds or even thousands of years? But without love and trust, what was the value of years even if you didn't age? It would be boring. It would be like a human waiting forever to be seen in a doctor's office. He had known humans old by human standards who wondered why they were still alive. He had even taken pity on some and had pulled their blood as an act of mercy. No. Life was to be lived and you needed love to want to live. You needed someone to trust for love to survive the ups and downs of life. It was trust that made vampires so unique, Joseph had come to believe. Every time two vampires made love, the sharing of blood was involved. And it wasn't just the risk of dying if one vampire drew too much blood. It was also the risk of being totally exposed to the other by the thoughts and experiences hidden in the blood of the vampire.

"Yes," thought Joseph as he felt the pleasure of Beth's fangs pulling his blood from his penis up into her brain. "See how I have always loved you even when you doubted me."

Waves of pleasure mounted and eventually crashed to deposit Joseph on top of Beth. Groggy from loss of blood and drunk from pleasure, it took Joseph a few minutes to regain some sense of where he was and what had happened. He was on top of Beth because Beth had taken all she dared take from him and had put him on top of her so that he could take the blood from her he needed to survive. Looking down, he saw how she had turned her head to expose her neck to him. God but she is lovely, he thought, seeing how some of his blood and semen was still on her lips and finally noticing how she had taken the time to insert his still hard cock into her vagina.

Beth turned her head to look up at him and say, "Don't hesitate. You need my blood. Take it, Joe."

“Yes. Of course. But first a kiss.”

Sucking her tongue into his mouth, he pierced it with his fangs and began pulling on her blood as he adjusted the thrusts of his cock to the beat of her heart.

“Oh, god,” Beth thought. “It’s been years since you took blood from my tongue while fucking me. Fuck me, Joe. Fuck me hard. I want you in me deep while my blood nourishes your brain.”