

Derrick Dampeel

People have come a long way in the Twentieth Century. They have learned to fly; developed computers; and have even visited the moon. In fact it is now rare to find anyone who is still afraid of the dark. "There is nothing in the Dark which is not there in the Light" they say. They have forgotten

The Vampire has never forgotten.

There are many ways to feed, but all agree that the best blood is that of passion. When a human reaches orgasm they are at the highest point of power and energy that they can achieve. The blood is rich with power, drunk with endorphins and adrenaline, and rich with sugars. It has been known to happen that, if the Vampire is killed or interrupted before he can finish this type of feeding, he leaves behind his seed which sometimes finds fertile ground. The result is a bastard of light and darkness, a half-breed bastard known as a Dampeel.

The Dampeel is an outcast in all aspects of society. Feared by Men, considered unworthy by Vampires, the Dampeel wanders the world in loneliness, sometimes for hundreds of years. Many try to curb the Beast within and live in human society. They feed on blue steaks, rare burgers; blood-puddings and the occasional animal. They can survive, but only in seclusion, for the temptation to feed properly is often too powerful and the results are always disastrous.

Derrick had long been living life as a normal man. His father, finding out about Derrick's existence, gave him gifts of wealth and land for the Vampire was very proud and no child of his, even a Dampeel, was going to lurk hungrily through filthy streets for the next few hundred years. Derrick had moved to Canada shortly after the collapse of the USSR. In Canada there was no war going on, the air was clean and he could feed on the occasional deer, a challenge worthy of him, but not truly satisfying.

In order to alleviate the boredom he enrolled in the local University. It had been almost a hundred years since he had spent time amongst the scholars and craved the intellectual challenges. He had not counted on progress though and found it very distressing to be suddenly surrounded by beautiful young women. Their smell permeated every inch of the building and the way that they dressed was enough to make even a mortal man suffer against the power of his desire.

Derrick should not have allowed his guard down. He should not have been at the school so late. He should not have been alone. Lynda was also alone when Derrick ran into her in the semi-light of the hallway near the loading docks. It was a connection between the study areas and the cafeteria otherwise neither of them might have been there at all and everything would still be all right.

"Derrick, how are you doing?" Her voice was like honey.

"I'm, um.. I've been studying for exams." Her tight jeans seemed to be painted onto her well sculpted thighs and beautifully rounded ass.

"You look really tired, and I've noticed that your colour's been off lately." It was true, he hadn't fed on anything for a while, too much work. His ears began to ring. The hallway was starting to spin a little. He tried to fight it.

"I.. I um... I haven't been eating properly." Wisps of her silky brown hair trailed down over her shoulders and framed the low-cut V of her tight green T-shirt displaying smooth shadows of cleavage. Large, sparkling green eyes looked up at him from behind long flirtatious lashes.

“Well we should do something about that. Greco’s is still open. We could grab a pizza, my treat.” Her smile was a perfect arc, and her lips soft crimson pads.

“I really must... I have to get going.” The ringing in his ears was reaching a fever pitch. The fire in his chest, in his loins. The hunger was beginning to loose itself. He could not allow the Beast to take control.

“You’re not getting away on me that easily buddy.” She grabbed his arm. His eyes pleaded with her for a moment before his entire countenance changed.

Suddenly he stood straight and strong, his eyes, powerfully hypnotic. He pulled her to him and grabbed her about the waist as she yielded to his kiss. So fine, her sweet mouth like apples. She moaned softly and responded with her own pressure. Her probing tongue parted his lips, tasted his power. Her desire was overwhelming as her hot, hard nipples pressed through her T-shirt into his chest.

He pulled his mouth away and lifted her off the ground with one arm. He opened the door to a dark classroom and swept the desk clean scattering pens, papers and books across the floor, clearing a place to perch his prize. His foot shot out and slammed the door into place.

“Oh Derrick, Oh baby, I never thought you could be so passionate.” He tore her shirt to shreds revealing her large, round, beautiful breasts, nipples hard as rocks, aureole crumpled into intricate patterns. His hands ran down the sides tracing the line from under her arms around the bottom of her lovely tits holding them up to his loving mouth.

Shivering with excitement, Lynda leaned back so that she could arch her chest towards him and slide her pants off. The smell of her musk, already impassioned, overwhelmed Derrick’s powerful sense of smell. His feeble human consciousness stood screaming in the dark recesses of his mind, watching in horror as the Beast took control of his body. He had always liked Lynda and now he was helpless to help her, to save her.

Removing his own clothes Derrick mounted her smoothly, grabbing her hips and lifting her to him while she remained propped up by her elbows, her only contact with the desk. Lynda threw her head back letting her long, soft brown hair cascade over the back of the desk and cried out in passion.

“Oh Derrick, Oh yes, Oh baby, faster.. Oh please faster, Fuck me baby... Oh YEAH...”

His tempo increased fucking her hard, the sound of her ass slapping against his thighs inspired him to greater power and speed.

“Derrick I’m coming, Oh yeah, oh Baby... YES!” Her whole body tightened as she screamed out in total ecstasy, a signal to the Beast, who also reached his sexual release. Like Lightning his mouth struck the pulsing vein which stood out wide and strong on her ivory white neck.

The power of the orgasm racking her body caused the blood to splash hot and sweet into Derrick’s mouth. Swallowing hard he could feel the blood forcing itself down his throat. Continuing to fuck her, prolonging her orgasm, he forced the blood out of every inch of her. Moaning in passion Lynda felt the bite of her lover, a victory welt as she had given many times before. She moved against him harder, the waves of orgasm too good to let wane.

Still moving along his throbbing member Lynda felt herself tiring, slowly losing consciousness. How beautiful, how lovely to fall asleep within the throws of love. The silky blackness of final sleep slowly pulled itself across her mind.

Derrick threw his head back in a triumphant roar of power, a hollow, rich sound from the pits of hell. The Beast had been fed. The Beast was happy as it withdrew itself from the female body which lay across the desk. The Beast withdrew into the depths of the mind in which it lived.

Derrick stood naked before the beautiful girl who had been named Lynda. He tried to spit the taste of blood from his mouth. He knew that she would be dead, there was no way the Beast would have left anything in her, it had been too hungry. He gathered her limp form up in his arms and slumped to the floor tears already running down his face.

He cradled her in his arms as he wept. How beautiful she had been, how full of life. He stroked her, still warm, breast. How lovely, how horrible. Sobbing, he buried his face in her sweat dampened hair, gently kissing the side of her face he whispered to her spirit in hopes that it could still hear him.

“I’m so sorry Lynda, so sorry. I told you that I had to go, why did you tempt him, why did you evoke him. Oh GOD I’m sooo sorry.”

Derrick wept for her. He wept for the future that had just been cut off. He wept for her friends and her family who would find her raped and killed and drained of blood. And he wept for himself for he knew he would have to disappear again, return to the shadows. He had failed to be a man, to live amongst human beings, to be one of them. And most of all it meant that he could never know love.

The Beast knew sex, it knew how to feed and it knew how to fuck, but it could never know how to love. Derrick knew how to love, and he had so much love to give, but a demon lived behind his eyes that could never know love. The Beast only knows how to feed.... only knows how to feed.