

Thirst swelled within me. The thirst for blood every vampire was cursed with. A hunger that could never be fully sated. I was sitting on a roof, scanning the streets for my next victim. All those little people were rushing through the night, too ignorant to see what was waiting out in the darkness. I grinned to myself. If they knew, they would never be so careless. My gaze shifted from the streets toward the sky above. The night was dark, the moon and stars hidden beyond heavy clouds. I sniffed the air. *It's going to rain soon.* Uninvited, a scent filled my nostrils, a scent that made me stand up and search for its origin. Then I saw her. Hair the color of sunset, I would never be able to see again. The blue dress was hugging her generous curves like a second skin, and her smell... even from afar it was intoxicating! I was drawn to her, like a moth to a flame, despite everything I was taught. Despite everything in me screaming it was wrong. It was more of an impulse than a conscious decision when I leaped down from the roof. I landed on my feet, the height meaning very little to me. I smoothed my long black dress and started following her. The hunt had just begun.

There were three main rules every single vampire followed if my "father's" words were to be trusted. Never leave witnesses. Never feed on another vampire. Never feed on the same sex. I never understood the last rule, but I never dared to disobey, even though I was tempted a couple of times. But this time, I wasn't sure if I could resist the temptation, never felt the drawing as strongly as this.

I followed her, drinking in every sway of her hips. I licked my lips, thinking of tasting her blood. *Oh, how delicious it must be!* I heard it before I saw it, the night club she was heading for, but not even the annoying repetitive sounds could deter me. She disappeared inside and like in a dream I followed. The bouncer stepped in my way, but as soon as he saw me in my black dress he moved aside again, letting me through. I was just twenty when I was turned, a little over a hundred years ago. I didn't quite remember what I looked like, though, unable to see my reflection in the mirror, so all I had was a painting to remind me, but I didn't know how accurate it was. All I knew for sure was that I was tall, 5'11", with blonde hair falling past my shoulder blades and an hourglass shaped body that made men go crazy, making my hunt very easy on most nights. Upon entering the club, I closed my eyes, blinded by the strobing lights. The music, obnoxious when outside, became downright painful with the beats pounding in my skull. I shook my head a little and opened my eyes again. It took me only a second before I spotted my prey, as she was making her way towards the bar. Through the crowd of people I followed. It took only a moment before a guy stepped in my way.

"Hey, gorgeous!" He shouted over the music. He was tall, muscular and generally good looking, but he reeked of sweat and alcohol. I wouldn't have touched him, even if I wasn't fixed on prey already. I ignored him, walking right past him, when he grabbed me by the shoulder.

"Leave me alone!" I hissed, pushing him aside with my inhuman strength. The guy fell to the floor and I disappeared in the crowd before he could get to his feet and do something stupid that would cost him his life.

The redhead, my prey, sat on a bar stool at the bar focused on the phone in her hand. This close to her, her smell was almost irresistible and I had to fight with every fiber of my being not to bury my fangs into her lovely neck. Until now I only caught glimpses of her beauty, but now, seeing it up close... She was incredible! I was pretty busty, my brassiere size was 32D, but I couldn't compete with the woman in question. The dress fit her perfectly, but for her chest. Full, heavy and perfectly shaped, her breasts stretched the fabric to its limits, drawing more attention to their carrier.

“Are you gonna stare at me all night, or are you gonna buy me a drink?” She shouted over the noise from the music, without even looking up from her phone.

I smiled to myself. *Oh, she’s confident! This is going to be fun!*

In the decades since turning I had become quite proficient at deceiving mortals. With just a little adjustment to my posture and my facial expression, I could look younger and... less experienced than I really was. I sat down next to my prey, drinking in her side profile as her chest hovered just millimeters from resting on top of the bar counter.

“Uhm, sure.” I said barely loud enough for her to hear, feigning nervousness. It was a simple trick that worked perfectly. She leaned closer to make sure not to miss a word I would say, her long hair brushing against my forearm. *And she’s interested. She doesn’t know it yet, but she’s mine already.*

“Hi, I’m-” I started to introduce myself, but she stopped me with a finger on my lips.

“No names. Names only complicate things. Let us enjoy tonight like it’s the last night we have.

I nodded. *That makes it easier for me.* “No names. But what do I call you tonight?”

The redhead thought about it for a few seconds, looking over my body as if she was judging it. Then she grinned. “You’ve got legs for days, girl, so that’s who you are for tonight, Legs. And I’m Curves.” She said, pushing her boobs together with her arms as if to emphasize.

“Curves... I like that!” A smile spread across my face. *This is going to be even more fun than I thought!*

Nightclubs are no place for conversations, so after having our drinks we headed to the dancefloor. To see her body in motion was a real treat. The way her hips swayed, her breasts jiggled and her hair flew around her was mesmerizing and it took some actual willpower not to attack her right then and there. My fangs started to elongate in my mouth. The urge was stronger than I’ve ever known, but I couldn’t do it in public. If I did I would have to kill each and every person in here and that was more work than I was willing to do in a single night. *I have to resist!* But I didn’t. Instead, I lowered my head to her elegant neck, opened my mouth and- **“It is forbidden!”** My ‘father’s’ voice rang in my ears. I jerked my head and looked around, but **he** wasn’t there. *Just an old memory.* It stopped me from making a fatal mistake though. Slowly my fangs retracted again before Curves could notice anything. Back in control, I could fully focus on dancing again. Our bodies were brushing against each other and for a moment I almost forgot it was all just a charade, enjoying myself in a way I haven’t for decades. I remembered the days when I was still a mortal, dancing with my friends. The dances were a lot different than this, more structured, following a clear set of rules. I knew the memory should feel sad, but a vampire’s heart, my heart, was above such emotions, so I only felt a hint of it. More like a whisper on the edge of my mind. I watched my prey move. Her eyes stared at me with hunger, not much different from the hunger in my own eyes. Suddenly she grabbed me and pulled closer, her breasts pressing against me.

“Want to go somewhere more private?!” She shouted into my ear.

Finally! I thought, smiling. I nodded and let her drag me through the crowd. *She thinks she’s the one in charge... Let’s keep this illusion going.*

Curves pushed me against a wall, her soft lips locked with mine. She tasted amazing! I bit her lip, careful not to break the skin, and she let out a moan. Pressed against me as she was, I could hear every beat of her heart as it quickened with every second of us giving in to temptation. Then the first droplets of rain fell on our skin, breaking the spell between us. Curves took a step back, her eyes wide with barely contained lust, breathing heavily. It seemed like she was considering something. Then she finally spoke. "I live only a few blocks from here. Why don't we move there and keep this party going?"

"That's perfect! Let's go!" I didn't need to look at the sky to know it would rain quite heavily in just a few moments.

By the time we arrived at her building, we were both drenched to the bone. It was as if the sky had opened and tried to snuff out the flames of our desires. But it was far too late for that. The wet dresses stuck to our figures even more, emphasizing our curves that much more. Once we were hidden from the rain, Curves took a long look at me. "You know Legs, you've got a nice pair of tits as well!"

I'd blush if I still were a mortal. Not only was I surprised by the compliment itself and by her crudeness about it, but it felt even better when said by someone as endowed as she was.

She opened the door leading to her apartment. I pretended to be distracted by something on the wall, after all, I was still a vampire and vampires couldn't enter a place of residence without an invitation.

"What are you waiting for? Come on in!"

I smiled, taking one long step over the threshold. *There is no help for you now, little girl!*

Her flat was on the smaller side, very different from the mansion of my clan, but from what I saw it was very decently designed. Unlike Curves' outfit, nothing there stood out and it gave off a cosy vibe I wouldn't have expected from someone like Curves. I didn't really have much time to look around, because Curves grabbed me, planted her lips onto mine and started to push me in the direction of her bedroom. *Her lips feel so hot!* Suddenly she broke the kiss and pushed me. I fell on my back onto her bed. She unzipped and took off her dress faster than I thought possible without ripping it and stood above me in all of her curvy glory. Her figure was dominated by her breasts, each about twice the size of my own, yet they were sitting high on her torso, laughing in the face of gravity. Her stomach was flat and her narrow waist was in direct contrast with her flared out hips.

"Your turn, Legs!" She commanded, still convinced to be in control.

I obeyed, pulling the dress over my head. Even when sticky from rain, it was far less tight than Curves' dress ever was.

She watched me like an appraiser. "That will do Legs, that will do." She leaned down towards me, until her giant left boob was right in front of my face. "Now be a good girl and suck my nipples!"

I didn't hesitate. There was only one thing I wanted to do all night, so I sunk my fingers into her impossibly soft flesh and guided her nipple between my lips. Curves let out a moan of pure pleasure, her eyes rolling back as if looking into the back of her head. I teased her with my tongue, making tight circles around the tip, while my left hand grabbed onto her other breast. My fingers sank deep into her flesh, kneading it like dough, enjoying its weight.

Tasting her body, I could no longer fight with my thirst. My fangs were growing in my mouth once more, so I let go of her nipple and rose to my feet. I leaned towards her neck, hearing my father's voice once more. "It is forbidden." This time it sounded weakly as if from a distance.

Curves opened her eyes, noticing something was wrong. "Legs, wh-"

I sunk my teeth into her neck before she could finish her sentence. Her blood started to pour into my mouth and I drank. *Oh, the taste... It's so sweet!* Then something happened, something I didn't expect. My mind was suddenly flooded with Curves' memories. And my chest started to tingle.