

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review

Jude Mason

Come, explore with me...if you dare!



Jude is pleased to present

~ Families - Blood Kindred

© 2004 Matt Nicholson

They are two people traveling through life in separate worlds, unaware of how situations and circumstances conspire behind their backs to bring them together, and equally unaware of just how little they know of the worlds in which they travel. One, a vampire, fancies himself superior -- a lover of fine women, of breasts and bondage -- a man without ties that prefers it that way. The other, a mortal with a past, denies her heritage while living just outside of it behind a mask of good that she believes will wash away her family's infamy. But blood is thicker than water, and some things simply won't wash away.

This is how Matt Nicholson began his tale. A gentle warning of things to come, a lure if you will for those brave enough, or foolish enough to want more. I'm very pleased to present a small excerpt of his novel in the works, 'Families' More of this amazing story may be seen at [Darker Pleasures](#), a site which Matt hosts and one I'm proud to be a writer for.

FAMILIES

Chapter v - "Blood Kindred"

© 2004 Matt Nicholson

Excerpted from Transcripts of a Vampire - Reflections of the Family, written by Carlotta Ivanov, 2004

Phil Sewall stepped under the red glyphs that spoke of sanctuary to the very few that could read them, through the re-enforced metal doorway; past the heavy bouncer with the goatee; and into the dark safe house without a backward glance. Once inside, he stopped momentarily to let his eyes adjust. Strobes and swinging spotlights appeared to be the only lighting of the evening, bathing everyone in a sea of dark shadows that came and went like smoke. The music was less music and more a steady bass metronome pulsing designed to keep the dark heartbeat in sync. Hundreds of bodies pressed together or gyrated apart to that beat, faces flashing and going dark. It was an overstuffed warehouse of dark leather, black denim and opaque glasses.

After a couple of seconds of acclimation, Phil waded into the press of bodies, pushing them aside without thought until, after less than ten feet, he found her.

She stood out like a neon beacon in the sea of wolves, trying in vain to fit in by dressing like them and acting like them, rubbing and bouncing and making overt sexual contact with whatever collided in to her, men and women alike. She had no partner, which was usually the case with the ones brought in for play. Scouted out by a younger kin, seduced and brought in for play, dinner, and maybe the gift. Once the sheep were through the door, the trap was sprung, and the trapper simply moved on to ones of his own kind, leaving the prey to grope for security in their remaining minutes before their fate arrived. It was obvious to anyone that knew that she was something... less. She was a sheep to the wolves, she was dinner, and Phil Sewall could sense that even she had a vague feeling somewhere in her alcohol and marijuana-deadened mind that something was not right.

He watched her for a moment, her long silky red hair flying with a sudden spin of her head. White breasts and a hint of dark nipple flashing from beneath a low cut leather blouse. Satin-white thighs pumped from under a matching black leather mini-skirt, hinting at something barely secret beneath it's shadow. She met his eyes with a side-long look and a red smile that was solely intended to tease. He noted her dimpled chin, long nose, thin arched brows, and sensual face, then glanced down past the wide leather "V" of her open blouse. He caught a glimpse of silver as a spotlight flew across a briefly exposed pierced nipple. In clubs that harbored her own kind she would have been exceptional. Here, she was simply entertainment.

He memorized her look for later, down to the glimpse of crinkled flesh beside

the cold steel circle, and moved further into the crowd, noting now that the mix was about one sheep for every three wolves. His kind seldom had the opportunity to congregate and then only if the local law enforcement was properly controlled. That was fairly easy to accomplish, especially in New Orleans. When they did get together they apparently enjoyed sharing. Though Phil had never darkened the doors of a place like this before, always having preferred to hunt alone in the country regardless of the commotion he sometimes caused, he had no doubt that he'd enjoy the change of pace of city life for an evening.

Besides, Rochelle had told him that this one was special, and since she'd joined him three months earlier, she had yet to be wrong.

In the months since he'd first dined on Rochelle's succulent young nipples, the young woman had quickly become a queen among the queens of the night. Though she had been taken aback by the way he had ravished her in the beginning, the change had shown her the way. Having watched her since that night, Phil was convinced that she dined more often, and turned more sheep, than he had done at any time since he had joined the ranks a century earlier. And while his tastes ran solely toward women, hers were less restrictive.

Phil wound his way toward the bar, meeting the occasional appraising glance with a slight nod or a cool smile. Once through the throng he started looking over the assortment of drinks, hard liquors, blood mixes, spring waters, and unidentifiable liquids. He'd closed a hand around something green in a wine glass. He was sniffing it, trying to determine if it was laced for humans or fit for kin, when Rochelle's voice whispered playfully in an ear.

"You're new around here, aren't you, stranger?"

Phil looked up, smiling slightly, at the young brunette vampire. Since he'd turned her at the young age of twenty, she would age so slowly that she'd appear that age for years. Even now, he looked less than a decade older than the thirty-two he was when his time came, and his time had come nearer the turn of the century. It was another perk of the virus. "You could say that, love. I see you've brought entertainment." He glanced past Rochelle at a yuppie-turned-stud that followed her.

She followed Phil's gaze and looked back toward at the younger man with a glance that would have dismissed royalty. She selected a clear drink, sniffed it quickly, and handed it to the younger man. "Bottoms up." She downed a crimson drink loaded with ice and watch him try to impress her by doing the same. Once he'd slammed the drink, her voice turned callous. "Now, take a hike, stud."

The stud puffed up territorially, surprised at the sudden change in what he had thought was a successful come-on. "What the fuck?" He tried to cover the pain of rejection with a half-angered glare at Phil. "I didn't come here with you to

get blown off for some old piece of meat, bitch." He looked askance at the empty glass in his hand. "And what was that shit, piss?"

Phil raised a brow, took a half-step forward, and lowered a black-gloved hand menacingly toward an empty jacket pocket. "No, Stud, piss is salty, not bitter. I'm surprised you had to ask. Now, like the lady said, 'Take a hike.'"

"Stud" held his puff for several seconds, trying to match Phil's stare. For a few moments Phil thought that the kid might be stupid enough to try, but he finally whirled with an angry "Fuck this!" and tried to storm off between a gyrating kindred couple. Phil turned his back on what went on after that, choosing instead to spend some quality moments with the company.

"You'd think they could recognize the taste of aspirin. And it's far too noisy in here."

Rochelle laughed and grabbed his arm. "It's the Viagra and tequila, throws 'em off every time." Without warning she started pulling him through the crowd, yelling back toward him as they passed one of several large concrete gargoyle that ringed the room. "Give it another five minutes. When the fun starts you'll forget about the noise. Seen anything that's caught your eye?"

Phil followed reluctantly, raising his voice to match hers. He'd never been much of a crowd person even before his turning, and he wasn't becoming more of one in one night. "I saw your red head near the doors..." He recalled the stark contrast between the red-head's white breasts and the black leather. He noticed that Rochelle had taken to wearing black, too.

She abruptly changed directions and began pressing toward the door. "The sexy one with the nice white tits and nipple ring. I should have known. We'd best get close or she'll be taken." When they got within a few feet of the spinning red hair, Rochelle stopped, threw her hands up in the air and started grinding herself against him, rotating her hips in time to the bass thrumming. After a moment she turned him roughly so she could look over his shoulder at the fully exposed cleavage of the red-head that they'd settled on. "I take it you prefer the left, it's a little larger?"

Phil chuckled. He'd created a monster in this one. He was fortunate that that there were always two breasts to a meal, or there had been times when he thought he might have had to do battle. Rochelle had been a good choice. The best he'd made in decades. "I will defer to you, dear. They both look quite delicious to me, but what about "Stud?"

Rochelle spun him back around and crushed her breasts against him as she slid down and up. "Don't like his style. There are plenty here for him." On an up-slide she deliberately let the front of her blouse catch against a button of his

jacket, giving him an unobstructed view of her own very tempting breasts.

“Besides, I’m anxious to see how you react to what’s coming up.”

Phil nodded absently and braced himself while his partner “danced,” feeling her grind against his body in the minutes that passed as the tempo increased, until the first feral scream broke over the electronic noise. Wolves spun and it was then that the sheep started to realize the trap. Rochelle spun with the rest and pulled Phil toward the red-head, who had stopped in mid-motion trying to figure out where her fear was coming from. Before they could reach her, a wiry vampire that looked half Phil’s age reached out and took the woman in a steely grasp by the back of the neck while tearing the left front of her leather top like tissue.

Rochelle moved to save their choice, grabbing the woman’s arm as if she were simply property. “This one’s ours, Cevin.” Instead of backing off, the other vampire tightened his grip on the girl’s neck and whipped a menacing growl at Rochelle. “Bugger off, Rochelle!”

Phil tuned out the screams in the background and ignored the frightened cries of the woman that was about to become a wishbone. He stepped forward and, with the type of guttural snarl that he almost always kept in check, brought the back of his fist around in a circular swing that dislocated the wiry vampire’s jaw and sent him flying back into the seething mass. For the briefest of moments Phil saw appreciation in the red-head’s eyes, but that moment vanished when his fangs gleamed and he closed his hand roughly around the exposed breast, crushing it callously between his open fingers.

Just as he began to lift, a cool voice from behind him drowned out the woman’s rising whine. The voice spoke fluent Latin. “You will regret having done that, half-blood!”

The end

**About
Matt Nicholson
of Darker Pleasures**

His name's Matt Nicholson. At least that's what most of the writers, photographers, models, and members of Darker Pleasures call him. The few that don't, use other choice words that aren't typically found in those little baby name books. Matt's the webmaster for that adult-oriented BDSM web site. Unlike half a

gazillion other adult-oriented BDSM web sites, Darker Pleasures has one focus. Breasts. More specifically, the bondage and erotic torment thereof. It features exclusive pictures, art, resources and stories, written by some of the Internet's top names in erotica. Unlike many pay sites, it has class. At least he prefers to think so.

Matt, and a beautiful brunette named Christine Dannemont, created the site in 2000. He admits to having done this for two reasons, then he corrects himself to "three." Money, and Christine's lovely assets. What started out as some playful photographic fun between the two has grown into what is arguably the Internet's only web site of its kind. He has also written quite a bit himself, including his ongoing web-novel, *Families*, the story of vampires who aren't much on biting necks, as well as a critically acclaimed article entitled "Matt Nicholson's Breast Punishment Primer," and the just released, "Matt Nicholson's Dummies Guide to Tit Torture Photography." All of his stuff, as well as all sorts of other writings that would give you plenty of extra insight on both him and his favorite pastime can be found inside the "pages" of Darker Pleasures

- - -

Jude Mason – Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare

Website: <http://www.my-haven2001.com/>

Newsletter on yahoo: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Jude_Masons_Newsletter/

Custom Erotica Fantasies; <http://customeroticafantasies.blogspot.com/>

To sign up for my mailing list, email me: jude.mason@yahoo.ca