I remember thinking when I met him that Jonathan Harker was the most beautiful man I had ever seen. You must remember that at the time I had not much traveled, except during ancient wars with the Turks and Armenians, and I was used to seeing the short, stolid, round-bodied, ill-nourished peasants of my native Transylvania, and perhaps the occasional greasy-haired, swarthy-skinned Gypsy or Mediterranean traveler.

I had seen portraits of other peoples, naturally, and in my research of London (to purchase my new estate at Carfax) I’d read many testimonies to the pale beauty the English possessed, none of them adequate to prepare me for the presence of Jonathan at my castle gate.

I had not given a thought to his appearance beforehand; it had seemed inconsequential. I was interested in leaving the hollow tatters of my homeland for London, which held great promise as a new base from which to rebuild my special race. For three hundred years, from the time of its remarkable Queen Elizabeth, the mighty British Empire had expanded in power, wealth, and world influence. When, under its new queen, Victoria, it captured legendary India, I knew it was the place to begin anew. What energy, what vitality its people would have to offer me. How better to invigorate my breed than with these bold young souls?

I corresponded with estate brokers in London, and arranged the purchase of property outside the city. I requested they send one of their agents to me, so that I might work out the details of my move, and also practice my English with a native speaker. They sent me Jonathan Harker.

By heaven, he was magnificent! Tall and slender, strong and self-assured, a crown of pale gold hair above handsome finely-chiseled features—strong chin, straight nose, well-defined lips and brows. His eyes were sharp blue gray, like cut Venetian glass, and his skin fair and clear, smooth as a child’s. I thought of how the Anglos came by that title, Latin for angels, because their fair hair and features reminded the ancients of otherworldly spirits. You see, I was mesmerized from the first. And even now, after I have traveled much and seen so many new people, I still consider Jonathan a pinnacle by which to measure male beauty.

He had been with me only a short period of time before I discarded my original plan to conceal my nature and let him return to England unmolested. I wanted him for one of my own, but tested him subtly first, to see if he could be persuaded rather than forced. Unfortunately, though a charming man, he was so innocent that my hints and dropped clues eluded him almost entirely. He was consistently confused or re-
pulsed by matters relating to the nightworld, and began to regard me with a thinly disguised attitude of dread. I realized I would have to convert him soon, before his fear caused him to flee.

Matters came to an unexpected turn almost immediately, however. I had just returned from an early evening foray outside, bringing back a child for my female acolytes to feast upon. Jonathan, despite warnings from me, had chosen to explore the castle after dark. He had found his way into my acolytes’ parlor, where the protective barrier I’d placed over it caused him to faint and slumber there into the night. My ladies Madeleine, Natasha, and Helene discovered him there, insensate upon a lounge, and thought him a present from me.

I arrived barely in time to grasp Helene’s neck and pull her away from Jonathan’s recumbent form. Though I could see her teeth had not yet penetrated, I flung her back and angrily scolded all three women. “He is mine,” I reminded them. “How dare you kiss him before I have finished with him?” They argued with me, restless with their own desires, but I held firm and directed them to the child I’d chosen for them earlier.

I turned my attention back to Jonathan as they left, and saw he was gazing dreamily upon the scene through half-closed lids. Leaning over him, I exerted the full force of my will to make him sleep and forget. A small moan escaped his lips, as if he fought for consciousness, then his lashes fell closed, light brown smudges against his flushed cheeks. He lay there motionless, lips parted slightly, arms and legs in lax repose, chest swelling and falling gently with each breath, head tipped back to expose his exquisite inviting throat. He was irresistible.

I knew I had to remove him from the parlor for his own safety, but rather than guide him entranced from the room, I passed my arms carefully under his back and thighs, lifting him gently to carry him to his bed.

Even at that late stage, my immediate intentions were honorable. I meant only to secure him in his room for the duration of the night, and discipline my ladies for their improper attentions. It was a long walk back to the wing his room was in, and though I never tired, I grew steadily more aware of the weighty burden I bore along, the scent and feel and look of him. His blond head rested upon my shoulder; his lean body was cradled unresisting within my arms. Vices I had not indulged in for ages began to crowd my imagination.

I reached his room and placed him softly on the bed. Rummaging through the wardrobe I found his nightclothes and tossed them on the chair beside the bed. Then I bent over Jonathan and began unbuttoning his vest.

I think this was the point where my resolve failed, for I cannot honestly say whether I was truly interested in making Jonathan comfortable for the night, or only in the excuse to undress him and satisfy my curiosity about his body. I worked slowly, partially because I did not want to rouse him from the stupor I’d cast on him, but also because it was an enjoyable task to linger over. First off were his vest and shirt; then I drew his undershirt over his head, stopping to admire the lightly-haired chest before moving on to his shoes, stockings, and then the trousers. It was with less than steady fingers that I removed his last undergarment, revealing his dark gold curls and the perfectly formed organs nestled there.

I picked up his nightshirt from the chair, moved to pull it over him, and faltered. He was enchanting, so invitingly stretched out, compliant and helpless. I put the nightshirt back down and touched my finger to his forehead.

“Rouse,” I whispered. “Rouse but do not wake.”

He sighed and slowly twisted his head on the pillow. His limbs stretched then relaxed, and his blue eyes opened fractionally, clouded and unfocused. I trailed my hand down his stomach, watching his muscles ripple after, his torso squirm in reaction.

“No memory,” I intoned. “You will feel what is done, but have no understanding, keep
no memory.” I meant to protect him as well as myself, for his fragile human mind might otherwise have crumbled with terror at the experience.

I stroked his penis, making him gasp and strain up at my touch for more. “Mina…” he groaned, staring beyond me, dazed. I knew from our earlier conversations that Mina was his fiancée, and felt a flash of annoyance that he should call for her while I tended him.

“Shh,” I soothed. “Don’t speak.” I continued stroking him, watching with delighted interest as his penis rose in my hand, darkening to deep red as it swelled. His testes tightened up toward his shaft, and a rosy flush spread across his chest, arms, and face. That display of the warm blood within him stabbed me through with desire. With shaking fingers I drew off my own apparel, lowering myself to crouch between his thighs, resting my arms upon his warm drowsy form. The contact of skin was like a jolt of fire. He moved sensuously beneath me, twisting in erotic reaction to the hard pressure of my limbs restricting his.

“Jonathan,” I murmured, stroking his fair hair. “Tonight you are mine, Jonathan.” His mouth opened slightly with a soft cry as my pelvis brushed softly over his. “Tonight is for pleasure, my beautiful child. Feel me hold you. Feel me within you.”

So saying, I caused him to bend his knees and draw them up, resting his legs across my back. His restless hands I kissed and placed around my own shaft. His touch had me hard at once, for the other visual and tactile stimulation had prepared me. I moved his hands to his own body, setting them the task of opening his anal passage to me. His fingers caught the hemispheres of his firm buttocks, parting them to expose the entryway to his inner body. All this was at my subliminal instruction, impossible for him to resist in his helpless state of trance.

I licked my middle finger and placed it at the point of entry. Obediently, he held himself open as I drove it inward, parting the tender tissue. He groaned at my violation of previously unmolested flesh, and though I’d been reasonably certain he was a virgin, that groan of unfamiliarity with pain and pleasure combined satisfied me as to his unspoiled history.

Covering his rosy shaft with my other hand, I caressed it to keep him aroused while my finger moved deeper within him. I prolonged this exploration, a probing which stretched and prepared him to receive me, for I had to be careful that the pain of my entry would not be too great, or it might tear him from the trance under which I kept him.

Once he had been squirming and quivering beneath me for a good length of time, I pulled my finger from his anus and anointed the rosebud surface with saliva, flicking my tongue at it while he shivered in anticipation. In truth, I too could wait no longer, and pressed forward my penis with steady pressure, pinning his hips to the mattress with my straining motion. He twisted beneath me, moaning at my implacable inward penetration. His opening yielded to my determined assault, and I slowly sank into his rectum, groaning myself as I felt his passage stretching around my advancing staff. It was very sweet, the victorious feeling of claiming his lovely body. I sighed with the satisfaction of burying myself fully, and the further arousal from Jonathan’s weak efforts to expel me. Oh, he himself did not fight me; I had rendered him incapable of resisting. But his body was unused to such exertions as were demanded of it now, and instinctively he undulated and squirmed to be free of the strange hard presence within him. It did not signify, for his movements had no effect but to further stimulate me, and I began a slow rhythmic pushing back and forth in his rectum.

Jonathan’s mouth shaped a silent “Oh!”, and he breathed with shaky sobbing breaths as I continued the deep thrusting. His blond head tossed more violently on the pillow, and I brought my hands up to hold him steady. The arteries in his neck stood out in sharp relief now, pulsing rapidly in measure to his arousal, calling loudly to my blood thirst. It was time.
“Jonathan, Jonathan my treasure, you will not feel pain. Raise your chin, so, and feel only the thrill, the pleasure.”

His head tipped back and a blissful expression stole over his features as I bent my mouth to his throat. “No pain,” I repeated, too giddy with sensation to proceed slowly. My thrusts were deep and brutal as I fastened my teeth on the soft skin of his throat and bit through to the life-carrying vein beneath. Jonathan whimpered only, a small wounded sound laced with such unbearable sweetness that my loins shuddered in reaction. Warm blood spilled into my mouth, triggering the lust frenzy I’d known of old.

I seized his hips, pulling him close as my penis stabbed repeatedly within him and my mouth sucked hard at his neck. For that moment he was everything I could ever desire, perfection in my grasp, and I devoured him.

Feeling the moment approach, I buried myself within him, one hand holding him still, the other clasped about his straining shaft. Jonathan gasped as I forced his orgasm upon him to coincide with mine. My phallus swelled and spasmed, pouring semen into him as I drained him in return, his seed with my hand and his blood with my mouth. On and on my unceasing pleasure pulsed; on and on I drove him through a prolonged unremitting climax for himself. He shuddered and cried out, overwhelmed by the physical assault on his body and senses, then wept silent tears of confusion when at last I permitted his orgasm to end.

I moved tentatively within him, feeling his passage grow tighter as I hardened again. Still, I hesitated. Although I had the stamina to continue, the passion had been so great, the release so fulsome, that I feared further excitements might disappoint in comparison. But then, rocking gently on the passive figure of my victim, I decided it was enjoyable enough a sensation to continue. And not so all alone.

“Jonathan,” I whispered. “Jonathan, hear me. Rouse again, my treasure. No memories, my own, rouse fresh.” I caressed his face tenderly, still rocking against his cushioning form. Jonathan gave the faintest of sighs. “That’s right, my precious,” I encouraged. “Enjoy this sensation. No memory of before, let this be again the first time.” He was responding, slowly drifting up through layers of consciousness to squirm at my touch, without crossing the threshold of actual awareness.

I used him shamelessly that night, raping both his mouth and rectum, endless couplings which I made him comply with, made him respond to every penetration as if it were the first. Despite his increasing fatigue I raised him to repeated climaxes so as to share the pleasure, that pleasure which he was giving to me. The spasms wrenched at him, making him clench within as they tore through him. His soft whimpers and cries at each orgasm primed me for renewal, and I plundered his body over and over throughout the night.

I took pity on his exhaustion finally, sensing that although I could have continued indefinitely, his human body could not be driven to ecstasy so repeatedly without rest, else it might suffer collapse. Reluctantly I pulled free of him, stealing a kiss from his moist lips before instructing him to sleep deeply and peacefully. When I had sufficiently recovered myself, I went to fetch a bowl of warm water and a cloth to cleanse his skin of sweat and semen. Having part with such extraordinary pleasure as I had just known, and I felt my penis stir with renewed interest as I regarded the slumbering figure in my arms.

I lay upon him quietly for some time after, recovering physically as I struggled to regain my aloof disinterest. It was hopeless. Even stilled, his body called to me, filled my senses. I had not yet pulled out of him, loath to
bathed him and removed the evidence of our exertions, I tenderly dressed him in his night clothes and settled him under the blanket. He bore all this unresisting, wrapped now in a healing mantle of deep sleep.

It was nearly dawn by the time I closed his door behind me. I hurried to my resting place, thoughts and plans tumbling in my head as I tried to decide what course to follow now. It would take a while to convert the man; one bloodletting alone—no matter how ecstatic—was not enough. But the bond had been established. I could sense him already, felt how in his bed he curled one hand under his cheek and the other over his groin. I knew that if Jonathan escaped before the deed was complete, he would be easy to track.

That was what happened of course. Although I clouded his memories of that night, he fled my castle in terror not long after. There were too many other discrepancies to hide from him and I suppose his own subconscious had cried out to him from the first, warning him of the danger to his mortal life.

I was not unduly concerned by his flight. It was not what I wished, but I had time on my side, all the time in the world. I have always been a selfish creature, and it seemed quite reasonable to me that I should eventually track him down, destroy his Mina and other loves, and so have him to myself. Forever.

And so it might have been too, had not a Dr. Van Helsing arisen to obstruct me. In another place, in another time, I like to think that I might have won Jonathan at last. In that never-never land we are together, immortal.