



LISA CHANGE

Becoming
Jasmine
(Midnight's Curse)

(soul swapped and turned into a
girl - a dark gothic fantasy &
transgender romance)

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Sneak Preview

(skip this bit to avoid spoilers)

The first thing Jason noticed was the light.

It was soft and red, seeming to caress him, to surround him. For a moment, he simply lay there, suspended in space, letting the red wash over him.

And then his memories came crashing back down and he immediately sat bolt upright.

He was in a bedroom somewhere, sat in the middle of a large, four poster bed. High above his head, the red velvet canopy dipped invitingly, the light from the chandelier above it giving the material a ghostly glow.

A large, antique wardrobe sat in one corner, almost as if it was sulking. A makeup desk with a large ornate mirror stood beside it. There was a soft, inviting-looking white rug on the floor, a high-backed wooden chair stood beside it, its back to him.

“Where the hell *am* I?” Jason whispered.

Immediately, he wished he hadn’t.

The voice that came out his mouth was *wrong*. Where Jason was used to have a voice that was masculine and deep, the words now came out his mouth all soft and high-pitched.

Wait, that’s not right...

He cleared his throat, tried again.

“Hello? Hello?”

Laughter seemed to come from the darkest corners of the room, faint and mocking, like the shadows were sniggering at him. In fright, Jason raised one dainty hand and held it to his elegant, swan-like neck.

“Christ! What the fuck is-?”

His words trailed off. Jason frowned.

Dainty hand... swan-like neck? What the hell? It’s almost like I’m describing a gir-

And then something clicked in his memories, and suddenly Jason was scrabbling on the bed, gaping down at his new body and *screaming*.

His strong, dependable man body – the body that had helped him fight and kill hundreds of vampires over the last decade – was *gone*. In its place...

In its place was something out of a *nightmare*.

The body below Jason's neck was no longer *his*. Where it had once had a strong, manly chest, it now had a pair of breasts that stuck out in front of him, big and ripe and pert.

Where it had once gone in a V-shape, tapering down from his broad shoulders to his muscular groin, it now looked like an hourglass, with a wide pair of hips and the *tightest* little waist.

His legs too had changed. A pair of long, slender hairless legs poked out the bottom of the elegant green cocktail dress he was suddenly wearing. He *grabbed* wildly at its hem and tried to pull it down, only to shrink in fright at his dainty new hands, with their pianist's fingers and long nails painted a deep, luscious red.

Jason couldn't help himself. He screamed again.

“Oh my *God!*”

The voice came out ear-splittingly high, like a squeaky-voiced girl in the throes of terror, but Jason was too busy taking in his appalling new body to even notice it.

He wildly grabbed at the locks of shiny chestnut hair that tumbled in waves from his crown, held them up before his face with a hapless wail.

He stuck his hands between his legs, felt the horrifying *emptiness* there, the soft and plump little mound that had magically replaced his fat penis.

He threw his hands to his face, felt his plump new lips, his tiny, button nose, his soft, hairless cheeks and high cheekbones, the earrings dangling from his ears.

Then, slowly, dreading what he would find, he let his fingertips gently touch the edges of his incisors. Two razor-sharp teeth poked out, making little dimples in his skin.

There was no more denying it. He was now a girl. And not just any girl.

He, Jason Harker, hunter extraordinaire...

...was trapped as a *vampire* girl.

Now read on...

Book One

I

The night was cold. The moon hung over the trees, a dull, fat, bloated yellow. Strange noises whispered on the wind; demonic voices, muttering unspeakable things. It was the sort of night that could chill even the most unimaginative soul to the core...

Jason Harker smirked at the thought. He knew better.

The heavy sports satchel thudded dully against his back as he walked up the lonely road, still shining with the rain that had fallen hours ago. His booted feet tapped out a purposeful rhythm, like the ticking of a clock: *thud... thud...*

No. Better still.

Like the beating of a heart.

The thought made Jason's face lapse into a moody frown. No matter who was watching this wiry, athletic young man, with his mop of dark hair and deep brown eyes, they would know he meant business.

Only we're not interested in 'who' is watching, are we? A little voice murmured inside Jason's head. Nah, we're more interested in 'what'...

After all, *what* was the very reason he was here, on this darkened country road so far from the city, from the chaos and noise and endless horrors of The War. *What* was the reason he'd spent the last decade of his life fighting his unseen battles in the dead of night, the thing that was driving him on.

What was the reason the inhabitants of Bram Mansion were soon gonna be very sorry they'd ever been reborn.

Unless, that was, they decided to cooperate...

Thud... thud...

Up ahead, the trees gave way. One by one they slipped into shadows, until the roadside was bare and you could only see dead, withered scrubland surrounding it.

The mansion of the Count himself.

Jason stopped on the very edge of the unkempt lawn. Slowly surveyed the

house, a tiny spark of wry amusement in his tired eyes.

You gotta hand it to vampires, he said to himself, they certainly know what they want in a place...

The mansion was like something ripped from a gothic horror story.

A great timber frame rose from the earth, towering four stories into the air, its every joint seeming to creak and groan and hover on the verge of collapse. A gabled roof spiked upwards over dark, eye-like windows that seemed to somehow watch him.

Around the upper floors, southern-style balconies dangled with moss, all worn and sagging. The French windows were shuttered against the outside world, cracked and moody with broken edges. On one side, a wooden tower scratched at the clouds, the sort of place you could torture someone without their screams ever being heard.

It was decayed. Spooky. Designed to invoke shivers.

And, to a hunter like Jason, it was as thrilling familiar as the contours of a breathless woman's body.

He could already picture the layout in his head. The sweeping staircase in the grand entrance hall. The dusty chandeliers that hadn't been lit in decades.

The coffins all lined up in the basement, waiting for their occupants to return from a night of feasting.

Speaking of which...

With deliberately casual movements, Jason unhooked his satchel from his shoulder, reached one hand inside. As he did so, he started walking up the overgrown path towards the dilapidated porch, his footsteps now muffled against the earth.

For a second, he wondered if he'd done this right. If this time he'd been a little *too* brazen and the monsters inside had figured out he was no ordinary human.

And then it happened.

At the top of the path, a pool of shadows began to swirl. Streams of black smoke knitted themselves together, forming around a pair of luminescent green eyes.

Long, dark hair coiled out of nowhere. An elegant black dress formed. China white skin emerged from the darkness, turned into long, slender legs, delicate arms and a beautiful face with high cheek bones and a shark-like smile. A hungry tongue ran over a pair of bright red lips.

“Why, hello there,” crooned the female vampire, a seductive smile on her face.

She took one step towards Jason, who quietly noted her six inch stiletto heels. Her tight waist. Her small, perfect breasts.

His fingers closed around the hard tube in his bag.

“You must be...” The woman’s green eyes narrowed. “*Lunch.*”

She threw her head back, her dark haired shimmered. There was a flash of white, pointed teeth, an animal-like snarl...

...and then Jason was dropping the bag, raising his hand, pressing the button and suddenly the woman was throwing up her arms, *screaming* as the violet light hit her, as her flesh started to scorch and burn.

“UV torch.” Jason’s voice was deep, steady. “Thirty seconds of this baby and you’ll be nothing but dust and bone.”

The woman shrieked, tried to back away. Smoke rose from her flesh, her pale skin bubbling and turning red and nasty and-

With a deft flick of his wrist, Jason switched the flashlight off.

The purple beam faded. The vampire’s screams stopped. She lowered one burned arm and looked at him with burning hatred.

Jason kept his thumb hovering over the ‘on’ switch. Now came the hard part.

“You know why I’m here.”

At his words, the vampire let out a hiss.

“You want to kill us, like all the others...”

In all the years of this twilight war, Jason had never gotten used to hearing such savage words from the lips of elegant, beautiful women. Even as the battles grew bloodier and the bodies piled up, he still couldn’t shake the nagging feeling that these were still real men and women he was fighting. Humans who could still be saved.

For a moment, Jason almost felt a stab of pity for this poor, burned creature. Her family ripped apart by The War, her soul torn out, her lifeless body forced to serve the Count.

Almost.

The vampire was laughing now, a dark laugh that didn't reach her watchful, feral eyes.

“You still don't get it, do you, Mr. hunter? We're everywhere. There are more of us than a *pathetic* mortal like you could ever dream of. We're in your governments, your businesses, your homes. Even as we die by the thousands, we're building our base. By the time you humans realize what's happening, it'll be too-!”

Jason pressed the on switch.

“I didn't walk all this way for a goddamn lecture,” he grunted, his words lost beneath the vampire's agonizing screams, “not even from a cutie like you.”

He turned the flashlight off.

“So cut the infodump and listen to *me* for a change.”

The girl looked at him with an expression of pure loathing, her lips twisted into a snarl, her blackened arms pulled tight across her chest.

It should have been ugly, but Jason felt something stirring in his pants. A reaction to the helplessness of this gorgeous monster, a reaction to his sudden power over her.

He flicked a switch, and she died. He lowered his arm, she lived (well, as much as the undead *could* live). It was power, the same power he'd discovered on the urban battlefields of Detroit or Atlanta, dark and intoxicating.

The power of the vampire.

“I'm here to speak to the big guy. That's all. Take me to the Count, and I'll let you be. I won't even burn the nest. You can keep on hiding out here, where you think The War won't reach you.”

“And if I don't?”

Jason raised the flashlight.

“Then it’s open season,” he said, flatly. “And I’ll make sure your precious Count burns as slow as possible.”

He could see her, watching him. See the thoughts ticking over in her predator’s mind. The fear of what he’d do to her if she disobeyed. The fear of what the *Count* might do to her if she didn’t.

At last, the woman straightened up. Gave Jason a condescending sneer.

“Why not. It’s not as if a pathetic worm like *you* could hurt him.”

“Who said anything about hurting? I’m just here to talk.”

“Whatever.” The girl let out a tinkling laugh. “You hunters are all the same. You want to bag the big guy...”

A crafty look came into her eyes. She gave Jason a slow, sensuous smile.

“And you want to *fuck* his wives.”

Her fangs were gone, her skin healed. Suddenly, Jason was looking at human; a stunning, *gorgeous* human who was slowly walking toward him, her hips curving, biting her lower lip as she looked up at him, her green eyes seeming to draw him in.

Dazedly, Jason felt the flashlight slip from his fingers, heard it hit the floor with a distant *thud*. He raised his arms, like a man in a dream, slipped them around the girl’s waist, pulled her closer to him.

He felt her pert breasts bump against his strong chest. Felt her hips move against his. Their faces were only inches apart now. Kissing close.

The girl giggled.

“See what I mean?” She purred, her soft voice almost hypnotic. “You men are all the same...”

She gently ran one hand down Jason’s cheek, her long, red nails teasing at his skin. Her red lips parted, she tilted her head back, ready to receive his tongue, ready to become *his*.

“So predictable,” she whispered, “and so *delicious*...”

On the word *delicious*, her expression changed. Fangs appeared. She *threw* her back, lunged at Jason’s neck...

...and suddenly her eyes went wide as she realized she was falling, falling

through space.

The vampire hit the dirt, her legs raising up at the impact. In one fluid movement, Jason *pulled* one leg up, tore the spiked heel from her foot, and dropped down on top of her, using his body weight to *drive* the stiletto into her chest. The vampire shrieked as her heart was pierced...

...and then stopped. A confused look came into her eyes. She glanced down at the shoe sticking out her chest, Jason's masculine form lying on top of her, and the hole in her flesh that was *just* to the left of her heart.

"Seriously," Jason growled, "just take me to the big guy, OK?"

II

The inside of the mansion was exactly as he'd predicted.

Great staircases swept away, watched over by glass chandeliers. Red drapes hung over windows, keeping daylight a forbidden secret. Wood paneled corridors led away to distant crypts, filled with dusty, silk-lined coffins.

And then there were the women.

They lounged in pairs on marble banisters, or else lay draped alone over velvet chaise longue, watching Jason pass with bared teeth and little hisses.

Each was dressed immaculately, in dark designer dresses and killer heels. Each had hair that shimmered, legs that were long and slender, tight waists and perfect breasts. Each was maddeningly beautiful, the sort of beauty you used to see in fashion catalogues, before The War chased humans from their cities.

The Count's wives.

Not many people knew the truth of vampires. Even now when their existence was barely a secret, they thought they lived in gangs or packs, mindless, animal-like predators.

But ten years of fighting and killing these monsters had shown Jason the truth: that every male vampire created a nest of his own, where female vampires served his every whim.

It seemed the only way the Count was different was in the size of his nest.

There were maybe fifteen women in total. Redheads. Blondes. Brunettes. All slender. All unimaginably attractive.

Walking among them, Jason could feel the male side of his brain yearning for their flesh, to pull them into an embrace, to make them *his*.

At the same time, he could read on their faces, too, their desire for him. A powerful, sexual desire that had been turned into hunger. A desire to seduce and destroy this intruder, and celebrate on the remains of his blood-soaked carcass.

He gripped his flashlight tighter.

“This way,” his guide nonchalantly tossed over her shoulder.

They passed a pair of vampires on a red sofa, a 20-something platinum blonde Jason thought looked vaguely familiar, and an 18-year old girl with large breasts and raven hair styled like a girl from the Jazz Age.

They were both naked except for a tiny pair of silk panties that matched the color of their hair, their nipples pointed and on display as they hungrily kissed one another, biting at each other’s lips hard enough to draw blood.

As Jason passed, the raven girl glanced up at him, the older blonde trembling in her arms. She smiled a slow, savage smile at Jason, pinching one of the blonde’s nipples hard enough to draw blood.

“The Count likes us to break in the new girls,” his guide said without looking back. “Some who arrive here have these strange notions that they exist for anything *but* his pleasure.”

A tear rolled down the blonde’s porcelain cheek, she looked like she wanted to be anywhere but on that sofa with her teacher.

That was a human just a few weeks ago, Jason thought, and here she is, still trying to cling onto her humanity...

He gave himself a little shake. It wouldn’t last. It never did.

By the time the next hunter found her, she’d be writhing on that sofa seductively, delighting in the whimpers of the new girl *she* was teasing and tormenting.

At last, his guide stopped before a heavy wooden door.

“Here we are,” she leaned up against the wall, giving Jason that hungry, sexual look again. “Go through there and the Count is yours.”

When Jason merely nodded, she let her eyes drift slowly down to his flashlight.

“You think you can kill him? He’s been around a *long* time, you know.”

“You really think I can’t?”

The vampire shrugged her slender shoulders, a dreamy smile on her lips.

“I can’t think anything he doesn’t want me to. After he turns us, we’re forced to give ourselves to him, body, mind, and soul.”

She let out a soft sigh, it came out sounding like the sigh of a woman on the brink of orgasm.

“He can make me feel, think, say and do anything he wants me to, and I’m powerless to stop it. He could make me seduce, kill and feast on my own son and all I’d feel would be gratitude towards him.”

She let one hand trail dreamily down the door’s wooden front, as if the thought was one she enjoyed lingering on.

“That’s the trouble with being a female vampire, we exist only to serve. If I’d become a *male* vampire, the Count would have my soul, but my body and mind would be mine. I could start my own nest.”

Her eyes gleamed.

“Be the slaver, not the *slave*.” She leaned her head back with a teasing moan, exposing her long neck. “But you already know all this, right? Haven’t you killed enough of us to know by now?”

Male vampire...? Jason was thinking, a frown on his handsome, boyish features, *how could she become a male vampire...?*

He shook the thought away. There was no time to worry about that now. He focused on something else the vampire had said.

“You have a son?”

“I *did*,” the vampire smiled. “Until my master made me seduce him, kill him and feast on his blood. It was the first year of The War. From the way he smiled, I think he thought I’d decided to switch sides...”

A pause.

“His last words to me were *please Mom, I love you*. Before he finally died, my master forced me to make love to him. His cock was still inside me when his life finally drained away.”

Another pause.

“Go on in. He’s waiting.”

The heavy oak door swung open on a long, wood paneled dining hall. Candles burned in metal brackets on the walls. A great fire roared in a stone hearth against one wall, casting evil, flickering shadows on the vast table.

But none of this was what caught Jason's eye and made him grip his weapon tighter.

Sat at the head of the table, all the way across the room, was the Count.

He was slightly older than Jason, maybe in his late thirties, with a square jaw, dark, smoldering eyes, and lips that were pressed into a thin, amused smile.

Dark stubble dusted his cheeks. His black hair was short and slightly mussed, giving him a stylishly disheveled look. His shoulders were broad, his forearms strong, his red, collared shirt slightly open at the top to reveal a dark dusting of hairs across his chest.

He looked like a movie star. A strong, handsome stud of a man. The only giveaway was the tiny white nub of two fangs, pressed gently against his lower lip.

"Welcome," the Count said, giving the table a lazy gesture, "please. Won't you have a seat?"

To Jason's surprise, he spoke with a faint accent. Not the cultured, aristocratic tones of a man from eastern Europe, but a softer, Spanish-influenced one. Like you could hear the beat of feet against dancefloors and the cries of Andalusian peasants in his slow, seductive voice.

"You'll have to excuse me. I was just waiting for my dinner." The Count gestured the empty plate and wine glass before him with a charming smile.

"Your girls having trouble picking up prey tonight?"

"Not at all. I *was* waiting for dinner," the Count's dark eyes twinkled. "And now it has arrived."

Jason smiled to himself, slipped into the seat opposite the Count. With a table this long, he'd have time to grab his chair and break a leg off into a weapon before the vampire was even halfway toward him.

"Didn't your little Vixen tell you? I came prepared."

As if to emphasize, he held up his flashlight.

The handsome vampire gave it a disinterested smile.

"Ah, yes, ultraviolet light. The bane of my people. Do you know?" He suddenly spread his hands wide, "just how hard it is getting maintenance men

to drive out here in the middle of the night? Last time the pipes broke in the east wing it took us a *month* to get a plumber!”

“Want me to feel sorry for you?” Jason sneered.

The Count shrugged.

“Feel sorry for *him*. He tried to overcharge me. But I taught him some manners. Before he died, I even managed to get a promise of discounts on future work.”

Something cracked in the fire, sending a plume of sparks up. Shadows jumped and twisted across the two men’s unsmiling faces.

Time to move things up a gear...

“Know why I’m here?” Jason asked, deliberately keeping his voice hard.

The Count gave the slightest incline of his head.

“You asked my Katherine the same thing, before you burned her, yes? I believe her answer to be substantively correct. You are here to kill me. Even though I have chosen to stay apart from this ludicrous little war of ours.”

He leaned back.

“Of course, my job is to ensure I kill *you* first.”

He tapped one finger against his empty wine glass.

“Then maybe at last I can get my dinner, no?”

Jason smiled to himself. He couldn’t wait to see the old bastard’s face.

“I’ve got enough holy water and UV on me to tear this nest apart,” he said, slowly. “Sure, I might not be able to kill all of you before one of your girls got her fangs into me...”

He looked the Count dead in the eye.

“But I’d make it a *priority* to make sure you burned first.”

He paused, letting his threat sink in. The Count didn’t smile, didn’t blink. Just sat there, watching Jason with his cold and watchful eyes.

“Of course, there *is* a way we can end this without either of us dying.”

He nodded at the empty wineglass.

“One where you *still* get your dinner.”

The Count remained silent, his handsome face genial, but his eyes shrewd with questions, calculations.

At last, he nodded.

“What would you, Mr. Harker – may I call you that? – what would you *propose*?”

“Easy. Just give me what I want.”

The Count’s laughter seemed real this time.

“Let me guess. One of my wives used to be someone in your life, and you’ve searched high and low to release her from my-”

“I couldn’t give a shit about those bitches.” The words were out before Jason could stop himself.

It’s time, all right...

“I mean, I don’t want one of your girls released from her spell. Nu-uh.”

Jason shook his head, making sure not to take his eyes off the Count.

“I want my *own* girls. I want fifteen hot young sluts who will do whatever *I* want them to. I want to be master of my own little nest, controlling these little bitches’ lives. *I* want...”

He took a deep breath.

“...to be a *vampire*.”

The silence was eternal, infinite. In the dark of the room, Jason watched the Count watching him with eyes that were narrowed, trying to figure out what this latest twist meant, where it left them.

Finally, the handsome Spanish man stirred again.

“Why?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Jason spread his arms. “It’s like that little Vix-... *Katherine* said. You’ve got vampires in government, businesses, all that crap. No matter how many us hunters kill, your numbers are growing all the time. You’ve *already won*.”

He set his face.

“Know what I’ve realized after ten years fighting you monsters? We were

never going to win. *Never*. Know why? Because none of us *care* enough. We don't want to triumph. We don't want to create a vampire-free utopia for humanity...

"We just want to live. To be left alone. And stacked up against your side..."

"What good is that?"

The Count narrowed his eyes.

"The War has worn you out. Understandable, no? But Mr. Harker, perhaps you can explain..."

He shifted forwards in his chair.

"Why *I* should care? You meet my kind every day, do you not? Why walk all this way out here, why bother my humble nest when you could simply-?"

Jason gave a hollow laugh.

"Think they'd turn me, after all the vampires I've killed? They'd slice me up in front of a cheering crowd. Or if they *did* turn me, they'd make me fight in their stupid army. That's not what I'm after..."

"I just wanna be left alone. I don't want to save the world, for humans *or* vampires. And if I've got some dumb bitches I can lord over while I'm alone, so much the better."

For the first time, the Count gave a genuine smile.

"It's a seductive concept, no? Complete control over a group of women, unquestioning loyalty, able to make them do *anything* you want them to."

Jason nodded firmly.

"You bet. I got tired of dealing with human women *years* ago. All that crap about boundaries and consent, like they've forgotten we're being hunted to extinction..."

A shrug.

"I just can't be *bothered* with saving them anymore, you know?"

"So you've embraced the darker side of your personality, the sadist. The one who wants to keep women as slaves. Good, that's what being a vampire is all about. If we were kind and selfless, we'd be angels."

The Count picked up his empty glass, began turning it between his fingers.

“So you want to be a vampire. Which means I must turn you. One question. How do you know I will not take this opportunity to kill you instead?”

Jason smirked.

“Coz you care about this war as little as I do. Coz killing me might drag you into it, force you to get involved. And you’re having way too much fun being neutral.”

The Count gave a slow smile.

“Very good, Mr. Harker, but a little wide of the mark, if you don’t mind my saying? No, the correct answer is that if I wanted to kill you…”

“I could have done so already.”

The speed with which Jason found himself face to face with the vampire was enough to make his entire body tense up. In less than a quarter of a second, the Count had gone from sitting opposite him all the way over there to standing beside him, his lips inches from Jason’s neck.

Jesus Christ this guy is fast!

The Count smiled.

“Do not be afraid, Mr. Harker. As you have said, it is in my interests to let you live. Albeit no longer technically alive.”

Jason swallowed. His heart was still pounding from the Count’s speed.

“You know how this works, yes? You drink some of my blood, and then I take you to the brink of death. Quite an experience, as I recall it.”

As he spoke, the vampire slipped a dagger out his shirt pocket. He ran the blade along his thick wrist, then held it over the empty wine glass.

Jason watched in numb fascination as the red liquid collected, pooling thickly at the bottom. The Count handed him the glass.

“Drink up. You will pass out, and when you come round, you will be a vampire.” He gave a significant pause. “And your soul will be mine.”

“Yeah?” Jason held up the glass, “well, I wasn’t using it for much anyways.”

He drank the liquid down in one gulp, trying to ignore its sweet, metallic

taste. The Count smiled, let one strong hand run gently through Jason's thick black hair.

"Good. Now, I must take you to the brink of death."

He leaned down, until Jason could feel his hot breath against his neck. He trembled, waiting for the pain, waiting for the prick as the handsome Count sank his teeth into his flesh.

"Of course," the words were quiet, casual, yet loaded with amusement. "Your body and mind will be mine, too."

Jason frowned. He was feeling sleepy, the vampire blood setting to work on him

"Wait... whaddya mean?"

"I assure you it's straightforward enough," the vampire crooned as he gently stroked Jason's cheek, caressing him tenderly, "male vampires lose their souls, but keep their independence, yes. But female vampires, as you saw..."

His words took on a dark edge.

"...become nothing but my *helpless slaves*."

"But..." Jason was falling into a soft cloud of darkness, he struggled to stay awake, "but I *am* male... how can I...?"

"You are indeed male. And you would likely stay that way, had you not drank the blood of a *female vampire*."

The dagger appeared in the haze of Jason's vision. A strong thumb pushed a hidden catch, and blood began to flow from its end, dribbling down the sides.

"I keep it filled with Katherine's blood at all times. After all, she is the only *true* female here. The rest? Oh, but that would be a spoiler, would it not?"

The vampire leaned closer, closer, until his lips were brushing against Jason's ear, the handsome man's deep, seductive voice seeming to fill his soul.

"Let's just say... you will soon find out for yourself."

And then there was a sharp pain and the muscular Count was biting Jason, biting down on his neck, sucking, nibbling on his skin, making him *his*.

Strong arms wrapped themselves around Jason's male frame, held him *tight* against the Count's body. Even in his drugged daze, he could feel the

vampire's muscles through his shirt, feel his raw, masculine *power*.

No... he wanted to whimper, dear God, please no...

But it was too late.

As the vampire drank from his artery, Jason's arms went limp. His head lolled to one side. He felt himself falling, falling into the vampire's embrace, falling into his arms...

And then there was nothing but blackness.

III

The first thing Jason noticed was the light.

It was soft and red, seeming to caress him, to surround him. For a moment, he simply lay there, suspended in space, letting the red wash over him.

And then his memories came crashing back down and he immediately sat bolt upright.

He was in a bedroom somewhere, sat in the middle of a large, four poster bed. High above his head, the red velvet canopy dipped invitingly, the light from the chandelier above it giving the material a ghostly glow.

A large, antique wardrobe sat in one corner, almost as if it was sulking. A makeup desk with a large ornate mirror stood beside it. There was a soft, inviting-looking white rug on the floor, a high-backed wooden chair stood beside it, its back to him.

“Where the hell *am* I?” Jason whispered.

Immediately, he wished he hadn’t.

The voice that came out his mouth was *wrong*. Where Jason was used to have a voice that was masculine and deep, the words now came out his mouth all soft and high-pitched.

Wait, that’s not right...

He cleared his throat, tried again.

“Hello? Hello? Hey, what’s happened to my voice?!”

Laughter seemed to come from the darkest corners of the room, faint and mocking, like the shadows were sniggering at him. In fright, Jason raised one dainty hand and held it to his elegant, swan-like neck.

“Christ! What the fuck is-?”

His words trailed off. Jason frowned.

Dainty hand... swan-like neck? What the hell? It’s almost like I’m describing a gir-

And then something clicked in his memories, and suddenly Jason was

scrabbling on the bed, gaping down at his new body and *screaming*.

His strong, dependable man body – the body that had helped him fight and kill hundreds of vampires over the last decade – was *gone*. In its place...

In its place was something out of a *nightmare*.

The body below Jason's neck was no longer *his*. Where it had once had a strong, manly chest, it now had a pair of breasts that stuck out in front of him, big and ripe and pert.

Where it had once gone in a V-shape, tapering down from his broad shoulders to his muscular groin, it now looked like an hourglass, with a wide pair of hips and the *tightest* little waist.

His legs too had changed. A pair of long, slender hairless legs poked out the bottom of the elegant green cocktail dress he was suddenly wearing. He *grabbed* wildly at its hem and tried to pull it down, only to shrink in fright at his dainty new hands, with their pianist's fingers and long nails painted a deep, luscious red.

Jason couldn't help himself. He screamed again.

"Oh my *God!*"

The voice came out ear-splittingly high, like a squeaky-voiced girl in the throes of terror, but Jason was too busy taking in his appalling new body to even notice it.

He wildly grabbed at the locks of shiny chestnut hair that tumbled in waves from his crown, held them up before his face with a hapless wail.

He stuck his hands between his legs, felt the horrifying *emptiness* there, the soft and plump little mound that had magically replaced his fat penis.

He threw his hands to his face, felt his plump new lips, his tiny, button nose, his soft, hairless cheeks and high cheekbones, the earrings dangling from his ears.

Then, slowly, he let his fingertips gently touch the edges of his incisors. Two razor-sharp teeth poked out, making little dimples in his skin.

There was no more denying it. He was now a girl.

A *vampire* girl.

A soft wail escaped Jason's new lips. He buried his face in his hands, trying to ignore the way his curly, reddish hair tumbled past his shoulders, its ends tickling against his bare arms.

It would be bad enough being transformed into a girl, but a *vampire girl*?!

Sure, he'd told the Count that he wanted to be a vampire (to his horror, Jason felt a little thrill run through his new body at the thought of that hunky Spanish stud), but not like *this*!

Male vampires were immortals with the power to make their slaves do anything. Female vampires...

Well, female vampires *were* the slaves.

That bastard! Jason thought, bitterly, *how could he do this to me?!*

No sooner had he had the thought than a new, strange thought rose up in his brain, eclipsing it.

He's not a bastard, it whispered in a soft, feminine voice, *he's wonderful and you live to serve him. Now, why don't you stop being such a silly little girl, hmm?*

Jason blinked. Gently shook his pretty little head.

"Stop being such a silly little girl," he scolded himself in his new, female voice, "it's not the Count's fault you're stuck like this. He's wonderful, remember?"

For some reason, he felt like there was something... *wrong* with what he was saying. Like the words somehow weren't *his*.

Of course they are. I thought them, didn't I? He whispered uneasily in his head. *And the Count is wonderful. Of course he is. Why else would I devote my life to serving him?*

There still seemed something off with the thought, but he couldn't quite put his finger on why. For a moment, he thought he heard another distant laugh, but it was probably just the wind outside.

Besides, he had more *important* stuff to worry about right now.

Trying to control his panicked breathing, Jason hotched his new body over to the edge of the bed. It was easier to move than his male one, almost infinitely

lighter.

If I'm not careful, I'll send myself flying every time I try to get up...

He gently lowered his legs over the side of the mattress, rested his tiny feet against the floor. For a moment they wouldn't go properly flat and he wondered what was wrong, and then he realized it was because he was wearing a pair of silver heels with 6 inch spiked stilettos.

Great. I'm female and fashionable...

With a feeling of misery, Jason pulled himself to his feet. For a split second, he thought he was gonna fall over on his ridiculous new heels, but he managed to find his balance.

Then, with a feeling like a man trapped in a nightmare, he tried to examine his new body.

He was tall for a girl. From his current height, the floor didn't look any further away than it did when he was a man, with his 6ft1 man-body. Of course, he was in heels now, but even so, he would probably tower over most girls he knew.

He was slender, too, almost supernaturally so. His body was like that of a model from the mid-2000s, when size zero was still all the rage, with an absurdly tight waist he could easily fit his fingers round.

There was *one* difference, though...

With a groan, Jason hesitantly reached up, grasped his new breasts in his tiny hands. They were big, bigger than Jason had ever seen outside of a porno, and he'd kinda expected them to easily squash inwards, like it must be an illusion or something.

Instead, to his horror, his new breasts had pushed back against his hands, firm and supple and pert. Instinctively, he gave them a jiggle, and was mortified at the weird feeling it caused in his chest.

He found his new eyes taking in his clothes. Normally, Jason wasn't one to bother about what he was wearing, much beyond whether it was functional and could hide bloodstains.

But it was like his new body couldn't help but linger over the dress he'd been forced into. Over the expensive, emerald green fabric, with its single,

diamond-studded shoulder strap. Over the tastefully-frilly edges at its hem. At the way it accentuated his curves and stopped *just* below his pussy, as if inviting men to let their gaze hover there.

My pussy... Dear God, I have a pussy!

In wonder, Jason tugged up the hem of his dress, *stared* down at the lacy white panties he was now wearing, so see-through you could easily make out the dark line hidden away inside them. The plump, tender lips guarding a tight and moist little hole.

He dropped the edge of his dress, wildly shook his head, sending shiny curls of hair trailing.

I've got to find a mirror. I need to see what he's done to me!

There was one on the other side of the room, by the makeup chest. Jason desperately wanted to run over there and fling himself at it, but he could already tell that running on his new heels would leave him lying splayed out on the floor.

So he forced himself to walk, placing one heeled foot tentatively in front of the other, hating the way each step made his new hips curve and his new bum wiggle.

Hating how self-consciously *sexy* he suddenly felt.

At long, long last, he'd made it. The mirror. Jason took a deep breath, steadied himself.

He didn't want to do it. He really didn't. He'd give anything right now to fling himself back on the bed, close his eyes and pretend this wasn't happening.

But that was the trouble. It *was* happening. And he needed to know how bad the situation was as soon as possible.

So, stealing himself, Jason took a deep breath, trying not to notice the way it made his big breasts rise up in the bottom of his vision. And then he looked.

And he looked.

And *looked*.

Of course... he thought, dully. *How stupid of me.*

Staring back at him, from the depths of the mirror was...

...nothing.

An empty room hovered before his eyes, as if he were looking into a painting rather than a mirror.

It was just then that Jason heard a little giggle behind him.

“Oh, so you figured it out, did you? Trust me, this isn’t the worst of it. Rearranging your hair when you’ve got no reflection is a total *pain*...”

Jason frowned in the mirror. There was no-one in the room at all.

Another giggle.

“Ohh, c’mon, Jasmine, you can’t be *that* dim.”

Jasmine?! Am I called-?

The penny dropped. Jason slowly turned and faced the familiar blonde vampire sitting in the high-backed chair, watching him with a knowing smile on her face.

“*You*.” The word was out before he could stop himself.

The blonde girl smiled, a smile that seemed to light up her cute baby face. She looked much better than she had when Jason last saw her, whimpering on the sofa at the mercy of the raven haired girl.

“*Me*,” she laughed, a little trill in her voice. “They sent me to keep an eye on you, help you out when you woke up. Here.”

She started to rummage in a stylish little clutch bag. Jason noticed that she was now wearing a strapless white cocktail dress the color of snow, her firm breasts stowed away.

Even paler than her skin...

“They even let me get dressed, believe that? I’ve had these tits of mine out ever since he gave me them... *ah!* Here you are, babes.”

She chucked Jason what looked like a clip-shut pocket mirror. He caught it and looked at it dubiously.

“Polished silver. If you wanted to have a peek. It’s only glass we can’t be seen in.”

Jason flipped open the case, peered into the reflective metal.

And immediately wished he hadn't.

The image was duller than it would be in a mirror, slightly distorted. But it was enough for Jason to get a good idea of what sort of girl the Count had turned him into.

The answer was not a happy one.

The girl looking back at him was *stunning*. She had high cheek bones, deep, red lips, a cute little button nose and eyes that were green like emeralds.

Eyeshadow exaggerated her lids, mascara gave her lashes volume. All around her tumbled a waterfall of reddish-brownish hair that shone and bounced over her bare shoulders, which were the color of bone.

She was young, around 19; over a decade younger than Jason's male body had been. She was slim, beautiful, *sexy*. Only two tiny sharp white nubs resting her lower lip gave away her vampire status.

And she was *him*.

At the sight of Jasmine, Jason let out a soft moan. He'd already been able to guess his new body was attractive, but this was *ridiculous*! He looked like a model, like a young man's sexy fantasy, like...

Oh, God... he whimpered to himself. I look exactly like the sort of vampire girl I dreamed of enslaving!

He snapped the silver mirror shut, took a deep breath.

"You don't need to do that."

"What?" Jason glanced down at the metallic case in confusion.

The blonde vampire smiled.

"Breathe. You're dead now, remember?" She paused. "Hear that?"

Jason shook his pretty head.

The blonde raised her eyebrows.

"There you are, then."

For a second, Jason thought she was deliberately winding him up. Then it all clicked into place.

He could hear *nothing*. The faint, subconscious rhythm of his heart was gone. The tiny whistling sounds of breath entering and leaving his lungs had vanished. The almost-imperceptible rush of blood swirling round his circulatory system, all of it was gone.

For the first time in his life, Jason's body was completely still.

"You'll get used to it," the blonde said, lazily, "I've only been here five weeks, and look at me."

She struck a pose on the chair, kicking out her legs, throwing her hands behind her platinum hair and fluttering her eyelashes at him.

"I'm as happy as a clam. Especially now *you're* here."

There was something about her that seemed... *familiar* to Jason, somehow. He trawled the back of his memory, thinking where he could have possibly seen this vampire girl before, before encountering her draped across that sofa, exchanging blood with the raven-haired...

His mouth dropped open.

"Holy shit!" The coarse swearing sounded odd in his squeaky, female voice. "You're Doug Simons, the hunter who... but-but, I don't understand, why are you...?"

The blonde winked at him.

"You're not the only one who wanted out, babes. After that clusterfuck in Atlanta, I decided maybe it was time to switch sides..."

She laughed, a tinkling, carefree sound.

"I came looking for immortality, but he gave me something even better. A body capable of loving him as he deserves to be loved. A body he can *fuck*. A body that can..."

Her eyes shined with passion.

"Carry his babies."

Her words triggered something deep in Jason's brain. A desire to shout *no, that's not right. Vampires can't have babies!*

But he ignored it. He knew the Count could do whatever he wanted. That was why he was Jason's master. He was *perfect*.

Yes, that's it, giggled the alien female voice in his brain. Listen to yourself... you love the Count. His will is everything. You exist only to please him...

"I exist only to please him..." Jason whispered in his soft voice, unaware he was even moving his lips.

Not that the girl who used to be called Doug Simons noticed, either.

"It's *perfect*," she was whispering, a bright smile on her cute features, "this life. We get to be his slaves, we get to serve his whims, we get to *worship* his cock... oh, sure the hazing's pretty tough, but I'm over that now. Can't even remember what I was sobbing about..."

"They've stopped torturing you?" So Jason had been right. They'd broken blondie in, and now the last traces of her humanity – a humanity that had once led her to fight vampires at the head of the human army – had vanished forever.

"Of course. And, hey, call me Dodi," Dodi giggled again. "They only do that to the *new* girl."

Her eyes twinkled.

"And I'm not the new girl anymore, am I, *Jasmine*?"

There was a deathly silence. Jason was suddenly very aware that the girl was watching him with that cruel, hungry look he was so used to seeing on vampires.

I may be a girl now, but I still haven't forgotten what that means...

"I guess not," he said, deliberately keeping his voice light as he toyed with Dodi's silver mirror, trying not to let his fear show. "Oh, hey, Dodi, one more thing."

The blonde raised her eyebrows.

"Duck."

The mirror *shot* out of Jason's hand, straight for Dodi's eyes. The pretty vampire automatically threw up her hands...

...it was all the time Jason needed.

Quick as a flash, he was turning, running towards the makeup chest, kicking off his heels, sending one spinning towards the great glass mirror.

The mirror broke into a million pieces. With his bare hands, Jason *yanked* a sharp piece out, ignoring the way it cut into his palms, ignoring everything except his need to *survive*.

He span round, expecting to see Dodi at his heels, expecting to drive the shard of glass deep into her heart, skewering her as effectively as any stake...

But Dodi was still sitting in the chair, recovering from her shock of having the mirror thrown at her, a small smile starting to spread across her dead lips.

For a moment, her reaction threw Jason, he wavered, dangerously. But experience at killing vampires taught him not to let confusion distract him, but to go in for the kill.

With a feminine *scream*, he leapt through the air, raising the glass shard high above his head. He was surprised at how *strong* his skinny female form was, and then he felt his teeth elongating and realized he'd been blessed with the powers of the undead.

Dodi was still smiling as he landed with a *crash* in front of her, grabbed her hair, pulled her head back, swung the glass to decapitate her-

“Stop.”

-and froze as stiff as a board, unable to move.

The glass was only a fraction of an inch from Dodi's jugular. Jason desperately willed his bleeding hand to keep traveling that last little bit, to cut the undead bitch's head off, but it was like he'd turned into a female statue.

At the word *stop*, his entire body had ceased to be under his control.

“That's better,” Dodi murmured, her voice soft and filled with lust. “I only just got my new toy. I don't want to miss my chance to *play* with her...”

She looked at Jason's arm, holding onto her platinum hair.

“Let go.”

Without any input from his brain, Jason's fingers fell open. Dodi's hair dropped behind her back, like a slow-moving waterfall. The blonde gave him a toothy smile.

“Drop the glass.”

There was a tinkling as the shard of glass shattered against the floorboards.

Jason didn't see it break. He was still frozen in position, unable to even move his eyeballs.

"Mmm... that's better, don't you think, babes?"

Gently, Dodi reached out, took Jason's bleeding hand in her two small, pale ones. Unlike a normal vampire's, her touch wasn't cold.

Then Jason remembered that his skin was cold as marble, too, now, and he wouldn't feel it even if she was.

"I guess you're wondering," Dodi murmured, gently pulling Jason's dainty hand towards her, "what's going on?"

She suddenly *gripped* his wrist, forcing his palm open. She leaned forward and delicately licked at his open wound, the blood dribbling over her lips. Her eyes closed in bliss.

There was nothing Jason could do but watch as she lapped away, tenderly kissing his palm, sucking on the flesh, until the blood dripped down her chin, making little maroon blotches on her expensive white dress.

"Oh *God...*" Dodi sighed, "oh God, Jasmine, you taste *so good...*"

Her words came out breathless, high-pitched, the sort of voice you usually only hear when a girl is teetering on the brink of orgasm. Dodi feasted some more, giving little gasps as she did so.

"He's working through me... the Count. He can see inside our minds at any time, make us think or do anything, even when he's not here. And right now..."

A grin broke over her cute, babyish features.

"He wants *me* to take complete control of *you*."

A giggle. She leaned back, her lips bright, ruby red. She ran her tongue across her sharpened teeth, slow, seductive.

"Until the spell is broken, I can make you do *anything* I want. Isn't that neat? Watch..."

She sighed.

"Slap yourself."

No sooner had the words left her lips than there was a horrific *crack!* Jason's

world lurched violently, nearly knocking him off his feet. A warm pain exploded across one soft cheek, matched by a stinging in his dainty palm.

“Now pinch those big titties of yours. Nice and *hard*.”

It was like his body was no longer his.

Trapped in his female form, Jason felt himself yank down the front of his dress. Felt the cool air against his breasts, then felt his fingertips start savagely pinching his new nipples, twisting them, his long nails digging in.

He whimpered helplessly. Cried out in his squeaky voice, tears of shame coursing down his cheeks as pain flashed through his big new chest, red with the fire of humiliation.

He wanted to scream. Wanted to cry, to beg Dodi to stop. But it was no use.

The Count wanted Dodi to torture Jasmine. And that meant Jason had no choice but to accept his punishment.

“OK, that’s enough, Jasmine,” Dodi sighed after an eternity.

Jason’s hands fell limply to his sides. His naked breasts stuck out in front of him, their nipples hard and pointed and full of pain. His breathing was heavy, his body still unable to understand it didn’t need oxygen.

“Good girl, good little Jasmine. Now...” Dodi’s eyes flashed. “Kneel before me.”

Jason tried to fight it. He really did. But it was like his will was not his own any more.

No sooner had Dodi said *kneel* than he was already sinking down onto his haunches, feeling the broken glass *crunch* beneath his bare flesh, slicing into his skin, feeling the blood dampen his dress.

“Kiss my feet.”

He was no longer a human. He wasn’t even a vampire. He was a puppet, forced to twitch and jerk on its strings until the Count decided to slice the wires and let him free.

With slow movements, Jason bent forward, his long hair falling in curls past his face, dangling towards the floor. He felt his bud-like lips part. Saw Dodi’s high heels rise in his vision...

...and then he was pressing his lips against her toes, passionately kissing her feet. Kissing the feet of his new mistress, while his body writhed and he heard himself moan and whimper, like debasing himself before Dodi was the height of forbidden pleasure.

Dodi kept him down there for five whole minutes, until his dress was stained and ruined with blood. At long last, she jerked her foot back.

“That’s enough... no, no more!” She shouted when Jason pathetically tried to claw after her foot, to keep kissing it. “God, you’re a miserable worm. What are you?”

“A miserable worm,” Jason breathed in his soft voice, unhappily.

“You bet you are. Right, time for the sequel... No, no, you stay there, Jasmine. I have a special treat in store for you.”

There was light, female laughter, the high heels moved, and then Jason was stuck in his stupid crouch, unable to do anything but stare at the spot Dodi’s feet had once been, his lips pursed and ready to start kissing again at a moment’s notice.

For a long, long time, the room was silent expect for the *clack, clack* of Dodi’s heels against the floor as she looked for something. All Jason could do was wait, wait for whatever fresh hell the vampire chose to unleash on him.

At long last, the *clacking* got louder, and then Dodi was stood above him, something dangling from her hands.

“If it was up to me, babes,” she whispered, “I’d take a sword and disembowel you, nice and slow, while I made you tell me how *wonderful* I was. Afterwards, I’d make you eat your own tits.”

Her legs visibly shivered.

“That’s the joy of becoming a vampire. We get to be the darker side of human nature. God it feels so good... I don’t know why we ever fought against it...”

A despondent note entered her voice.

“But he wants you alive and in good enough shape to serve him, with those pretty lips and that pert ass and those big boobies of yours. All I’m allowed to

do is get you ready to obey. First by humiliating you, and second by making you feast. Look up, babes.”

A catch seemed to move in Jason’s neck. He looked.

The vampire towered over his prostate, female form, a leather whip coiled between her hands. Its edges were studded with flecks of iron, razor-sharp and deadly.

“Open your mouth, OK? There’s a good girl. Remember, this is what he wishes...”

She waited until Jason had obeyed, and then the vampire girl who used to be a hunter *gripped* the whip as hard as she could and twisted it in her hands.

A trickle of blood ran down her porcelain skin, leaving a bright red rivulet. It formed into a drop that dangled, shining, from her outstretched fist, before falling, falling down into Jason’s upturned mouth.

There was a faint *plop* as the drop landed on his tongue. For a moment, Jason simply sat there, frozen.

Then he felt it. Welling up in him. The hunger. The craving.

The *need* for human blood.

“Mmm... I think she likes it.” Dodi giggled, twisted her hands tighter round the whip. “A little more?”

More blood pattered down onto Jason’s pouty lips, onto his soft cheeks, onto his pretty, upturned face. He could feel it, sticky against his skin. Smell its aroma, invading his nostrils, making his vampire brain whirl.

He desperately tried to get hold of himself. To stop the red mist rising.

But there was nothing he could do.

“Just a little more...” Dodi’s voice cut through his mind, tormenting him, “then I’ll let you do it...”

It was like torture! His vampire body was *straining*, calling out to feed!

He could feel the blood on his tongue, feel it dripping toward the back of his throat. *Feel* the way his newly-female body was responding, its nipples getting harder, its mound getting wet. Almost as if... almost as if...

Almost as if Dodi was preparing him for sex.

“OK, I think that’s enough. Ready, babes? Now...” her voice grew hard. “*Do it.*”

It was all the command Jason’s obedient new body needed.

With a feminine shriek, he swallowed the blood Dodi had given him, lapped it off his cheeks, drank it down.

He threw his dainty hands up, caught more drops, wiped them over his red and pouty lips, overcome with bloodlust.

“She’s doing it!” He heard Dodi squeal in delight. “She’s doing it! Do you see, master? She didn’t even try to fight it...”

Jason hardly heard her.

His entire body was alive with fire. It was like rage and all-consuming sexual desire and dangerous hunger were all pouring through him at once, mingling in his cold, undead heart.

Pinpricks of heat washed over his skin. The world seemed to grow blurry, distant. He felt like he was watching a movie; a slave to his desires, to his lust and hunger.

He lapped away, pulling himself up, biting down on Dodi’s wounded hand, drinking from her, letting the red fluid cascade over him, letting it further soak his already-ruined dress.

“*Good girl...*” Dodi’s breathing was ragged, “*good girl...* now, if we just...”

Suddenly, her hand was gone, snatched away. Jason heard his body scream furiously. He looked up with blazing eyes and saw his tormentor standing on the rug, her white dress covered in red blotches, a cruel, aroused smile on her features.

Dodi held out her wounded hand.

“Come and get it,” she hissed.

With an impossible bound, he crossed the room, leaped on Dodi with a cry...
...and then the two girls were writhing on the carpet, clawing biting, *screaming*, their bodies swept away on an uncontrollable wave of vampiric lust.

Jason was dimly aware that he was screaming. That his hips were bucking,

his pussy dripping with desire. He buried his face against Dodi's elegant neck and wasn't sure if he was kissing her or biting her, fucking her or killing her.

The vampire held him close against her, nibbling against his neck, her blonde hair lying in streaks across her face as she moaned and coiled and *gasp*ed.

With one hand, she tore the dress from Jason's shoulders, *yanked* it down until his large, heaving breasts were dangling free, their nipples all pointed with the cold. Then her head was buried in Jason's bosom as she bit at and sucked on his sweet tits, forcing Jason to *moan* out loud with both pain and pleasure.

As his lover worked his new breasts, Jason felt a wave of feeling unrolling over him, unlike anything he'd ever felt as a man.

He *grabbed* Dodi's bloodied hand and smeared it against his face, licking her wound, even as she teased his areola with her tongue, a sensation in his mind like he was going mad and didn't care one little bit.

Blood flowed. His pussy was wet. He *pushed* his hips against Dodi's, grinding them madly, and felt her grind back, too.

Felt her pinching at his tits, felt her rolling onto her side, pulling him with her. Felt her lips against his, kissing, biting, hurting him, making his female form feel *alive* with pleasure.

The two girls fought or fucked like that for what felt like forever, Jason lost in a private world of lust and greed and animal desire. No longer caring that he was a male vampire hunter trapped in the body of a beautiful, submissive female vampire. Caring only about the twin feelings in his stomach and his new pussy, as Dodi used and abused his tender new form.

Blood ran down his bare breasts, splattered on Dodi's porcelain white face. Blood flowed from the blonde vampire's lips, washing into Jason's mouth, intoxicating him, making him drunk.

He felt one of Dodi's hands pressed roughly against his new pussy, one finger teasing his damp slit. He threaded his fingers through her straight blonde hair, grabbed a handful and *pulled*, making his new lover snarl.

He bit her neck, felt her bite his shoulder. Felt her fingers slip into his new cunt. Felt her grinding her pussy up against his leg. Her long nails dug into his back, tearing deep scratches into his skin that turned red and flowed.

Images flooded his mind. Of Doug, when he used to be Doug, male and handsome. Fighting on the battlefields of Atlanta, his voice a deep roar, his tendons straining in his arms as he cut through wave after wave of female vampires. Killing them, slaughtering them, hurting them, like he was hurting Jason now.

I knew it even then... part of Jason thought numbly, as Dodi's tongue invaded his mouth and her fingers pinched at his bottom, *I knew even then I wanted to be one of your victims, Doug. One of those girls you hurt so much...*

Please hurt me, Doug. Please hurt me like the nasty little bitch I am.

As images of male Doug coursed through Jason's mind, something happened. A switch was thrown and then Jason was arching his narrow back against the soft rug and gasping, his big breasts thrust forward, little cries escaping his lips as his vision went blurry.

He wasn't sure if it was a female orgasm, or his vampire side reaching the climax of its feast, or *what*.

He just knew that he wanted this feeling to last forever, and that he'd accept *any* punishment to ensure it did.

Finally, the feeling faded. Jason's high-pitched gasps slowed down. He returned to earth, dimly aware that Dodi was gasping and growling as loudly as he was, her eyes closed, her expression pulled back in a look of helpless, cruel pleasure.

The two girls rolled over on their backs, stared up at the ceiling with far-away looks on their supermodel faces, their unnaturally red lips still streaked with blood. Unbeknownst to them, their wounds had already healed, their dresses already magically repaired themselves.

"That..." panted Dodi.

"...was so *good*." Finished Jason.

Inside, he couldn't believe what was happening. Here he was, a female vampire, coming down from the impossible high of her first feast. Utterly obedient, ready to serve, ready to do whatever the Count wanted of him to get this feeling back.

Once Dodi was done with him, of course.

Not that he was in a hurry to finish his obedience training with this beautiful, awful blonde monster.

In fact, Jason was already beginning to think the Count's cruel trick hadn't been so cruel after all.

IV

Far away, on the other side of the mansion, the Count smiled to himself. He was sat with his head cocked to one side, as if listening to something distant only he could hear.

Katherine crouched at his feet, naked except for her high heels and a leather collar around her neck, attached to a chain in the Count's strong hand. She smiled up at her master, bent forward and gently kissed his foot.

"Good news, oh my Lord and master?"

"Very."

The Count tugged at her chain. Katherine obediently crawled closer to him, draping herself across his lap, her bare breasts rubbing against his legs. The other vampires lounged around the room looked up in envy as she started kissing the Count's stomach, jealous hisses escaping their lips.

The Count twinkled his eyes at them. They were his toys, to do with as he pleased.

And now he had a wonderful new addition to his fold.

"I was merely thinking," he murmured, as he sensuously stroked Katherine's long, dark hair, "that perhaps my darling Jasmine will be ready sooner than I expected."

Katherine let out an orgasmic gasp at his words. Whatever pleased the Count made her experience impossible bliss. All around the room, the elegant women the Count had surrounded himself with moaned and whimpered in time, began to gently stroke one another's nubile bodies.

"In fact," the Count went on, his smile getting wider. "I think she shall be joining us up here before we know it."

He gripped the chain.

"Now. Show me your devotion."

He glared at the chamber.

"All of you. *Show me!*" He roared.

His voice was ferocious, making the entire mansion seem to shake. The

vampire girls writhed in fear, whimpering exactly as they knew the Count liked, their soft, nubile flesh on display.

Inside them, fourteen men looked hopelessly out of the female bodies that had been forced on them, disgusted by what they were doing, but unable to disobey their puppet-master's cruel commands.

Like robots, they fell down on all fours. Like robots, they tore their dresses from their skin, until they were only clad in panties, their breasts dangling and their cold white flesh on display.

Then, like the pathetic dogs they were, the Count's beautiful, gender-swapped wives began caressing each other's naked forms, biting one another's nipples, lapping at one another's dripping cunts. Kissing, gasping, writhing...

...all to please the Count.

Between his legs, the handsome Spanish vampire felt delicate fingers undo his fly. Felt Katherine pull out something of his that was big and long and *thick*.

Crouched before him, the chained girl looked up at her master with starry-eyed devotion.

"Thank you, my Lord," she whispered, an ecstatic look on her beautiful features.

And then she gently parted her dark red lips, retracted her teeth, leaned forward, and took the Count's ten-inch member deep inside her mouth.

As his slave slobbered on his dick, as the girls around him masturbated and mindlessly fucked for him, the Count felt a cruel smile cross his lips.

He was not one often given to displays of emotion – his upbringing in the ossified court of Carlos II had seen to that – but when the time was right... when the time was right...

And now, the time felt *very* right indeed.

"I shall see you very soon, Mr. Harker," he murmured to himself, running one strong hand through Katherine's dark hair, pushing her head deeper into his crotch. "And when you meet me in your new form..."

His smile grew darker-still.

“You will learn not only to be my slave, but also...”

His eyes glittered.

“My *Queen*.”

Elsewhere, deep in the bowels of the mansion, Jason obediently lay naked across the four poster bed, his big boobies swelling and his pussy dripping as Dodi savagely whipped his naked bottom, making him scream out with girly cries of pain.

He didn't know it, but his journey as a beautiful, obedient and very *female* vampire was only just beginning.

Book Two

I

It was a gloomy, stormy day.

Outside the house, the air was heavy, humid, charged with static. Dense gray clouds swirled above the empty landscape. What little sunlight broke through fell in momentary shafts, only to be extinguished in seconds.

It was a day for drama. A day when even the least-poetic could tell something significant was going to happen, simply by craning their necks up to the sky.

Inside the house, Jason saw exactly none of this.

He was far, *far* too busy with his prey.

“This, uh... this really your place?”

The young man looked dubiously around the broken, decaying mansion. At its boarded windows, dusty drapes and darkened corners. A frowned creased his handsome face.

“It seems, y’know, an odd home for a Count.”

Leaning demurely back against the shut front door, Jason closed his eyes. A wan smile flitted across his beautiful, feminine features.

You don’t know the half of it...

Outwardly though, he kept his cool. It wouldn’t do to have the Jesus freak realize the truth.

Not unless Jason wanted something very, *very* bad to happen.

“We’re renovating,” he heard himself say in his soft, high-pitched voice. A voice that, try as he might, he just couldn’t remove the silky, seductive edge from. “Just wait till we’re done with it. You’d be amazed at what my master is capable of.”

Trapped inside his new body, no more able to control his own actions than a gorgeous, handcrafted puppet, Jason shivered at his own words.

Amazed didn’t even begin to cover it.

Less than two weeks ago, he’d been Jason Harker: fearless vampire hunter, handsome stud, a good guy in the war against the darkness, the war the

humans were losing.

And then he'd made the mistake of coming to visit the Count, of trying to broker a deal with him to save his own life. The muscular Spanish aristocrat had manipulated Jason's lust for immortality, his thirst to become lord of his own clan of undead servants, and tricked him into drinking the blood of a female vampire. It had made Jason immortal, all right, but not in the way he'd been expecting...

"And is, uh, is the Count available for a quick chat?"

Jason's eyes flew open. He smiled at his victim. A mysterious smile that made the poor sap give him a goofy grin in return.

So it's true what they say, a detached part of his brain murmured, even on the eve of our destruction, there are humans out there who have no idea this war is even happening...

"I'm afraid my master is sleeping," he said, gently pushing his curvy body off the doorframe and drifting slowly towards the intruder. "But perhaps I can... *entertain* you?"

With each step, Jason could feel his hips curving seductively, his pert ass twitching beneath the fabric of his elegant, expensive dress. His long, chestnut hair trailed lazily behind him, as if he was a supermodel in a commercial.

He could feel the man's eyes, reluctantly drinking in his figure. Helplessly tracing the outline of his body. He could almost *hear* the man's thoughts, dark and animal, full of violent, confused desires.

Jason had never had a man look at him with lust before. To his horror, he realized that he kinda *liked* it. It gave him a... power he'd never known women possessed. Like he was some slinking, elegant feline, and this man was...

Well. A helpless little *mouse*.

Can you blame him? Purred a female voice in Jason's brain. *I mean... have you even seen yourself recently?*

To which the male side of Jason's brain responded:

Kinda hard when you don't cast a reflection.

After making him drink the blood of his undead wife, Katherine, the Count had feasted on Jason, taking him to the brink of death. The ritual had taken away Jason's humanity, made him into a vampire.

But it had also done something else. When he'd finally recovered, Jason had been horrified to discover that his strong, male body had been magicked away...

...and replaced with a gorgeous *female* one.

He could still picture it perfectly, even now. The way he'd looked down to see two firm, ripe breasts dangling from his chest. The way he'd jumped to his feet and tottered in his high heels, staring in shock at his smooth, slender new legs.

The way he'd slipped a dainty hand beneath the hem of his green, figure-hugging dress, and felt the warm, moist mound where his dick had once been.

He'd wanted to scream, wanted to cry. Wanted to smash his fist into the Count's handsome face and shriek at him until he gave him his body back.

But he'd been unable to do *any* of those things. His new body – with its supermodel face, wide, innocent eyes, tight waist and pouty red lips – was no longer *his*.

Like all female vampires, he was nothing but an extension of his male master. A beautiful automaton, completely under the Count's control.

And that meant that when some evangelist came knocking on the door, still acting like the world wasn't going to hell, he had no choice but to do the Count's awful bidding.

Jason came to a stop right in front of the Jesus freak. He smiled up at him, taking in his neatly-combed blond hair, his handsome, square-jawed face, his openly nervous expression.

"A quick chat, huh? What, exactly did you want to talk about..." Jason flicked the boy's plastic name badge with one teasing, long-nailed finger, "Gus?"

Gus visibly swallowed, his neck briefly bulging under his tightly-buttoned collar. He clearly wasn't used to standing this close to any woman – let alone one as darkly flirtatious as Jason was being forced to be – and the sight

should have been amusing.

But Jason didn't just have a female brain, now. He had a monster's brain. A *vampire* brain.

And the sight of this strong man's jugular swelling up like that was enough to make his mouth go dry.

"I-I, uh, wanted to ask the Count if h-he'd managed to find Jesus in his life?" Gus mumbled, adjusting his glasses and looking anywhere but at Jason. "In these troubled times, it-it's never too late to let the Lord in..."

At his words, Jason gave a light, tinkling laugh. He raised one dainty hand to his lips, felt his eyelashes flutter briefly.

"No? Well, that'll come as news to my master..." He turned, waved one hand vaguely at the sofa, "why don't you have a seat?"

Gus mumbled something behind him, clumsily started moving toward the sofa, but Jason barely noticed him.

He was too busy trying to figure out what the *fuck* he was gonna do.

The Count wanted him to kill this intruder. In nearly two weeks, Jason hadn't yet feasted on a live human being, and learning to kill your own prey was a big part of any transition from human to vampire.

And Jason was fine with that. Really. When he'd come looking for safety, to jump ship before all the remaining humans went down with it, he'd known that slaughter was gonna be part of his undead existence.

But that was the issue. He it wasn't *his* existence anymore. He was a slave of the Count, incapable of disobeying his master's commands, and slaughter simply because the Count enjoyed it...

Well, that made Jason feel all sorts of irritated.

Each new step in his transition felt like a part of his identity being chipped away. With each item he ticked off the vampire checklist, he felt like strong, dependable Jason was vanishing and beautiful, evil Jasmine replacing him.

He'd already been forced to drink blood. Been forced to become the lesbian love slave of a cruel vampire bitch named Dodi. How many more humiliations could he take?

No, he needed to figure out a way to let Gus leave here *alive*.

How he was gonna do that when his female body was *desperate* to feast on him was another matter entirely.

“Tell me, Gus, do you love Jesus?” Jason murmured, his body turning to face the kid and leaning seductively on the back of a tall, ornate chair.

From his perch on the old leather couch, Gus nodded furiously, his cheeks pink as he looked at the floor, trying to ignore Jason’s generous cleavage.

He really is kinda handsome... Jason had no idea if the thought was his, his female body’s, or the Count exerting gentle control over his mind.

“In that case...” Jason raised one perfectly-sculpted eyebrow, “I guess you must carry a crucifix?”

To his surprise, Gus gave him a thunderstruck look.

“That’s *Catholics!*” He snapped, before steadying himself. “Uh, sorry, ma’am.”

Shit...

“Don’t mention it.” Jason smiled demurely, the female expression feeling eerily uncomfortable on his face. “But, *surely* you’ve got a picture of a cross somewhere? On your Bible cover? A tattoo? Like you said, these are troubled times...”

The kid was looking at him like he was speaking in tongues. Jason could feel the predator’s part of his brain looking back at him, calculating how long it’d take to leap across the room, cut his throat with one long nail and let the blood spray over his hands, pour down his dress, pool at his feet.

He wanted to cry out. *HOW?* How could this-this *idiot* not realize what was happening? Did he really believe all that crap in the media, that Atlanta was a terrorist attack, that the violence plaguing the Earth *wasn’t* because the undead were on the warpath...?

He shook his pretty little head, quickly dislodging the thought. The movement made his long, reddish hair trail around him.

“What about holy water, then? Or garlic? You’re not on your way back from the store, are you?”

“M-maybe I could just read you a passage,” Gus mumbled, fumbling for his little pocket Bible, “and we could talk about-”

It was no use. Jason could feel the hunger, growing. Could feel the heat, radiating off Gus’s nice, warm body. Could almost *taste* his sweat, the sweet, tangy taste of an animal that’s afraid.

The kid’s got maybe 20 seconds to find something to ward me off with, he realized with a shudder, or else I’m gonna...

Well, he didn’t really want to think about that yet.

“Listen, Gus. Maybe...”

You should go, was what he’d meant to say. But to invite the poor boy to leave would be to defy the Count’s wishes, and in his submissive, female body that just wasn’t an option.

Besides... a large part of him didn’t *want* Gus to go. A dark part, rising up in him. A part that wanted nothing more than to tear the clothes from this boy’s body, and roughly fuck him, letting Gus’s big dick lance deep into his womb as he felt his heartbeat weaken in his muscular chest.

Fifteen seconds...

Gus was looking at him with wide, nervous eyes. Jason hesitated, trying to think of something – *anything* – that would drag them off this path they were on.

His bewitching, emerald green eyes suddenly went wide.

“Maybe you should read me Revelation 16:14,” he said, lightly, trying to keep Jasmine’s voice nonchalant, trying to keep the warning from the female part of his brain. “And maybe you should really think about how it applies to your current situation.”

His body was moving round the chair now, slinking towards Gus with almost imperceptible steps, a deadly, hungry smile on its gorgeous features.

Come on, come on you idiot!

And, below that:

Ten seconds...

“R-revelation? I’m not such a fan of...”

Jason gave a throaty, playful laugh.

“Oh, go on. It’s my favorite passage.”

One high-heeled foot moved in front of the other, drawing him inexorably on. Prickles of desire ran across Jason’s cold, marble-like skin, making him shiver, fogging his brain.

This is it, our last chance. If he doesn’t hurry up and read it now...

For what felt like forever, Gus simply looked at Jason, his innocent face uncomprehending. Filled with foreboding, but without knowing why.

Then his shoulders sagged slightly. He gave Jason a weak smile.

“OK, sure.” A hollow laugh. “I gotta admit, Miss...? Uh, whatever your name is. You’re not like the usual folks I see.”

“No?”

Just get on with it!

Five seconds...

“16:14, was it, miss? Right. Here it is...”

Gus frowned down at his Bible, the pocket-sized book trembling in his fingers. Jason felt himself curve his body, lowering himself sexily down onto the sofa beside Gus. He wrapped one cold arm round the boy’s strong shoulders, leaned against him, deliberately letting one firm breast press against his arm.

The boy’s neck was so, so close now. It filled Jason’s vision, seemed to hypnotize him. The rushing of Gus’s blood filled his ears. The dark thing rose in him, swamping his brain, washing his male side away.

Two seconds...

“You just need the start bit,” Jason heard himself murmur in his high-pitched, feminine voice, “just the first few words.”

“Really? OK. Here we go...”

Gus took a breath. Began reading.

“For they are demonic spirits, p-p-performing...”

The Bible slipped weakly from his hands, fell to the floor. The darkness

engulfed Jason's mind, drowning him. From the depths of his hunger, he thought he heard a female voice.

No seconds. My turn.

And then he was suddenly smiling, his eyes shining with a secret, hidden delight as he took Gus's cheeks in his hands, gently turned his handsome head toward him, looked deep into his terrified blue eyes.

"My, my," Jason whispered, helpless to stop himself, "you *are* a cutie, aren't you?"

And then they were kissing. Kissing like their lives depended on it. Kissing like two people who have been swept away on a black sea of desire, who are no longer in control of their actions.

Jason felt Gus's tongue swirling round the inside of his mouth, tickling the insides of his cheeks, like the strong boy was trying to *devour* him. He held the kid's head tight in his hands and kissed him roughly back, biting down on his lip, loving him, hurting him.

The warmth of Gus's body was like a drug, enveloping Jason, making his mind whirl. At the same time, the boy's strong torso was making his female form go woozy with desire. He could feel his hard pecs through his starched shirt, feel his raw, sexual energy, locked away inside his polite evangelist's clothes.

The boy was whimpering as they kissed, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. But he didn't stop. His strong hands clasped Jason, one running through his long hair, the other drifting up one cold, slender leg, grasping at his perfect ass.

Oh yes... the female voice in Jason's brain whispered gleefully, oh God, that's so good...

There was a sudden break. Gus pulled back, looked at Jason with wild eyes, his strong arms holding him back against the sofa.

"Wh-what are we *doing*?! I-I can't... I have a wife..."

In response, Jason grinned hungrily, bit his lower lip. His fangs were showing and they pricked the skin, causing little red drops of blood to appear.

"It's too late for that. You made your choice. Now *live with it.*"

With one fierce movement, he *batted* Gus's thick, farm boy arms away. *Shoved* him back against the armrest and leaped on top of him, his slender, female legs spread either side the boy's strong hips.

Their crotches were touching now, Jason could feel something hard and thick pressing up against his mound, trying to force its way in. He started to rub his pussy gently against its tip, grinding his hips against the boy's, kissing his lips, his cheeks, his neck.

It was like watching a movie. No, it was more like losing control of your body. Inside his mind, Jason tried to make himself stop, but it was like his thoughts were no longer connected to anything.

All that was left was this throbbing desire and dark hunger, dictating his every move.

He tore open Gus's shirt, kissed his strong chest, letting his lips drink in the taste of this muscular stranger, his red hair tumbling past his face, leaving rivulets of desire across the boy's rock solid abs.

He ripped open the boy's fly, unbuckled his belt, pulled something out from inside his pants that jutted up into the air, hard and thick and true.

Jason held Gus's cock in his tiny hands, marveling at its size, gently running his tongue along its length, delicately kissing its tip, luxuriating in its strange, salty taste.

Gus gave a weak little moan. Helplessly ran a hand through Jason's hair, looked at him with that same feeling of abandonment that Jason felt.

Jason smiled, took one of the boy's hands, started kissing his calloused palm, sucking on his thick fingers.

"Oh God... y-you're so *fucking hot*... I-I want to *hurt* you... I-I want to *rape* you! I..."

"Shh..." Jason whispered, letting his lips run sensuously over Gus's wrist, his incisors elongating at the feeling of warmth against his cold body. "Don't talk. Just let it happen."

And then he took the boy's dick, casually pulled his own panties to one side, angled his hips and let Gus's fat cock slip deep inside him.

The boy's dick was so thick Jason could feel it stretching the walls of his

pussy. He was so wet his juices dribbled out and mingled in Gus's golden pubic thatch, even as the tip of his dick penetrated Jason's womb.

"Fuck! *Oh fuck!* Y-you're amazing..."

"I said don't talk," Jason growled. "Just *fuck.*"

The boy didn't need telling twice.

With quick, powerful movements, he bucked his hips against Jason's, driving his dick deep inside him, making Jason's female body moan and whimper out loud.

One strong, masculine hand tore the front of Jason's dress open, exposing his heavy breasts with their pink, pointed nipples. The other slipped behind his back and began squeezing his pert ass, kneading its flesh so hard it hurt.

Like a man in a trance, Gus leaned forward, his tongue exploring Jason's nipples, flicking over them, making them hard as bullets. He greedily suckled on Jason's glorious tits, whimpering to himself over and over again, even as his dick pounded into Jason's tight and tender cunt.

As they roughly fucked, Jason threw back his head and *gasp*ed, his mouth wide open, staring at the ceiling with a feeling like a girl in a dream, his mind lost on this churning tide of pleasure.

The feeling of Gus's dick, violating his hole, made him moan and whimper with pleasure. The feeling of his teeth, biting at his nipples, was enough to make him feel woozy.

He wanted to corrupt this boy. To let him fuck him in any hole he wanted. To suck his dick and let him lick his asshole until his mind was dirtied and beyond redemption. Until his God would have no choice but to cast him into the darkness where creatures like Jason and the Count lurked, far from the corrupting influence of the light.

But he wanted to do more than that. He wanted to *feed*. To satiate this bloodlust rising in him. He wanted to kill this boy and writhe in his blood while he rubbed himself to orgasm.

He was a vampire now. A *female* vampire.

And he only lived to kill and screw.

The boy was whispering something, over and over again, even as he kissed

Jason's magnificent breasts. A prayer, maybe, or a call for help. Jason ran a delicate hand through his short, neat hair. *Gripped* it tight, pulling his head back so his neck was exposed.

Gus looked up at Jason with a numbed expression, still mechanically thrusting his hips, fucking this gorgeous woman, even as his lust gave way to fear.

Still riding his cock, Jason grinned down at this helpless man, at his prey. He wasn't going to kill Gus after all this, oh no.

He was going to use his powers to turn him into a vampire. To make him one of the undead.

The Count was wrong if he thought Jason would just do his bidding. Jason was strong. He'd corrupt and turn this boy and serve *him* instead. Start a new nest, where Gus would rule as a soulless king, living out all the dark fantasies his religious mind refused to indulge in. And Jason would rule beside him as his beautiful, seductive queen.

He could see it now, clear as day. How they'd hide from the other vampires. How they'd slaughter the humans. How they'd live in evil, decadent sin until Gus was as hideous and twisted as the Count, until they were powerful enough to take this world for themselves...

It was at that moment that he saw her.

She was walking silently across the room, her feet not seeming to touch the floor.

Her platinum blonde hair fell in straight lines either side of her oh-so familiar face, a cruel, mocking smile on her red lips. There was something clasped in her hands, something long and silver that caught the light and made Jason feel like moaning.

He tried to catch her eye, tried to shake his head. To plead. *No... don't!*

But it was too late.

There was a sudden, savage thrust against Jason's hips. Gus let out a loud, animal grunt as he came, flooding Jason's womb with sperm. Tears ran down his cheeks. Dodi's eyes glinted, she raised her arms.

There was a flash of silver. A wet *thud*. The boy's body spasmed once,

twice...

...and then it was all over.

In silence, Jason raised his hands. Felt the sticky fluid on his soft cheeks. The dark liquid that had sprayed so savagely from Gus's open neck.

He slowly shook his head. Looked up at the tall blonde woman smiling down at him. Felt something that had been long and hard go limp inside him.

"What did you *do*?" he whispered.

In response, Dodi raised the ornate samurai sword to her lips, delicately licked a dribble of blood from its razor-sharp edge.

"Mmm... I always think Evangelicals taste better, don't you? Catholics are just so *salty*..."

Jason glared at her.

"You didn't have to do that," he growled, unable to move from his position astride Gus's corpse. "I was gonna turn him."

"Yeah, into your new master." Dodi lowered the sword. "What was it again? Oh yeah. *I'll corrupt and turn this boy and serve him instead.* You really think our master wouldn't *hear* that, babes? He can hear everything, you dumb bitch."

At mention of the Count, Jason's new body automatically spoke.

"Praise him."

"Praise him," Dodi agreed.

For a moment the two women looked blank, unable to do anything but think about how wonderful their master was, how they only lived to serve him.

At long, long last, Dodi blinked. She gave Jason a cruel smile.

"Your dumb, bitch plan wouldn't have worked anyway. *We* can't turn people. Only *male* vampires can do that. Chicks like us are only here to serve."

She pointed her sword right at Jason.

"Anyway, babes, he wants to see you now. Maybe you'll get lucky."

Her smile grew wider.

"Or maybe *I* will. I'd kill for a chance to cut a little skank like you up, nice

and slow. Maybe this'll be it."

Jason didn't reply. He knew from experience that Dodi had been savage enough as a human male named Doug. As a vampire dedicated to darkness, he couldn't even begin to imagine how cruel she would be.

"Maybe you'd like to torture me, too. Good, that means you're coming along." Dodi lowered her sword again. "That's all being a vampire is, babes. Letting all that dark shit come flowing out, rather than bottling it all up. Like we idiots used to."

She gave the headless body on the sofa a disinterested glance.

"There's no hurry. You can have a snack before you see him. Take your time."

She bent over, deliberately giving Jason a clear view of her cleavage, knowing it would turn him on. Picked up the boy's head.

"Don't forget to clear up after yourself, huh? He doesn't like a mess."

And then she was gone, drifting away into the dark mansion, a trail of blood and sadistic laughter following in her wake.

Jason watched her go with a weird mixture of loathing and admiration. Of desire and hatred. She was everything he'd always wanted to destroy, everything he found repulsive...

...but she was also everything he secretly wanted to *be*.

Inside his pussy, he felt Gus's dick going limp, his spunk starting to cool inside Jason's womb. It felt almost like jelly.

Wasn't this what he wanted? When he came to see the Count, hadn't he dreamed of doing things like this, of experiencing this shameful cruelty, free of guilt, as a creature of sin?

Wasn't that why he'd wanted to be a vampire all along?

Turning the thought over in his mind, still unsure what he believed, Jason let out a soft, feminine sigh. Lowered his head until his lips rested against the jagged flesh of Gus's neck.

Then, with a frown on her beautiful face, the Count's newest wife quietly began to feed.

II

Sex and death. That's all a vampire's life is, my darling. Sex and death...

The female voice kept crooning those same words over and over inside Jason's mind as he obediently made his way towards the Count's chambers.

With every step his new breasts wobbled slightly in their fancy, lacy push up bra. Curls of shining hair bounced off his shoulders. His pussy throbbed faintly, sore from the fucking Gus had given it.

But even confronted with the awful, day-to-day reality of his transformation into a female vampire, Jason couldn't think about anything but that stupid mantra.

Sex and death... sex and death...

His elegant dress flowed around him, magically cleaned of blood. Not twenty minutes ago, he'd been lapping at the great wound in the boy's neck, as intimately close to him as they had been during sex, able to feel his body slowly cooling as the blood dripped from it.

Sex and death...

As he crossed the great upstairs landing, a handful of the Count's other wives looked up, watching him pass with anything from indifference to outright hostility, their fangs bared.

Like him, they all used to be men. Like him, they'd all been tricked by the Count. And, like him, they now all lived to serve him, his personal harem of supermodels, ready to indulge his every whim.

Unlike him, though, they'd all finished their transformations. Lost their last flickers of humanity, forgotten what it was like to be warm, to have a heartbeat.

No wonder they hated him so.

Jason primly stepped over a raven-haired girl on all fours, her narrow body hidden away inside a tiny black cocktail dress, her face buried between the legs of a baby-faced blonde.

As he passed, blondie closed her eyes and let out a long, sensuous gasp,

grinding her pussy gently against the raven girl's face, her strapless red dress bunched up around her waist.

Somewhere in her mind, the Count was moving her body, forcing her to experience this pleasure, just as he was forcing the raven girl to give it to her. With a shudder, Jason realized that would soon be him. A personal sex toy, nothing more.

Sex and...

The door. He raised one tiny hand, his long fingers curled into an elegant fist. He tapped daintily against the wooden frame, glumly noting the alien way he now held his hand; loose-wristed, like a girl.

“Come.”

...death.

The door swung open. Jason stepped into the gloom.

“Ah, my darling Jasmine. It has been far too long.”

At the warm, Spanish tones of the Count's voice, Jason felt a thrill pass through him. His nipples hardened in their bra, his pussy immediately became moist between his legs.

“*Master...*” he heard himself breathe in his soft voice, angry at the words he was being forced to say, “I live to serve you.”

From the depths of a red velvet armchair, the Count smiled up at him, his thin lips amused, his dark eyes half-lidded and lazy.

A fire crackled away beside him, surrounded by book shelves heaving with ancient volumes. In the distant gloom, Jason could just make out an antique four poster bed, like a ghost floating in nothingness.

“I am glad you came so promptly after my call, even though you were busy. It is a good feeling, no? To finally feast.”

A lazy silence.

“Dodi said that you had made your first kill. What was his name? Gavin, Gary...?”

“Gus.” Jason couldn't help himself. The name came out sounding small and silly. The name of a victim, not a ruler.

I can't believe I was going to serve him...

The Count's eyes reflected back the flickering flames.

"Gus. And you, you merely-" he gave a lazy flick of his wrist, "and then he went from being Gus to our *degustation*."

Another smile.

"I take it you enjoyed the feast?"

For a moment, Jason was silent. There was something about their conversation that was unnerving him.

Didn't Dodi tell him the truth...? He wondered, uneasily. *Didn't she tell him I wasn't the one to kill...*

But he couldn't risk the Count seeing the thought cross his beautiful face. He nodded his pretty little head.

"Yes, master. I always think..." he mentally steeled himself, "that Evangelicals taste better, don't you?"

The Count shrugged.

"Personally, I cannot taste the difference. My palate is perhaps not so refined as yours, Mr. Har... I am so sorry, *Miss Jasmine*."

A half-suppressed chuckle.

"Forgive me. I forget. You are one of us now. Or one of *mine*, at any rate."

He eyed Jason up and down, his brown eyes lazily tracing the outline of his curvy, female figure.

"Come to me."

Without any input from his brain, Jason's body started walking, crossing the room to the Count with slow, seductive steps. He stopped before his new master, feeling a sultry expression cross his new face as if his muscles were being pulled on wires.

The Count raised one eyebrow. Spread his hands slightly. Looked at the floor.

Something clicked in Jason's brain. He forced up an apologetic smile.

"I'm sorry, master. Forgive me."

With slow movements, he lowered himself down onto the old, expensive rug. Curled his slender legs beneath his supermodel frame. Lowered his head demurely.

“Ah, yes,” whispered the Count. “There it is. You know, I cannot abide a woman who refuses to kneel. It is extremely bad manners.”

Crouched before his muscular owner, Jason could only gently incline his head. His transformation had put him in the Count’s possession, mind, body and soul.

If the Count thought something, the only possible action Jason could take was to agree with it.

A thick hand reached out, its knuckles dusted with faint, dark hairs. Began to gently stroke Jason’s long hair, tenderly hooking it back behind one small ear.

“When I was a boy,” the monster sighed in his cultured voice, “so very, very long ago, it was not uncommon for the rich lords to make us kneel like this before them, peasants that we were. They would come riding into town – *clip clop, clip clop* – and we would have to bend forward and, as they used to say, ‘kiss the dust’. It is an ugly expression, no? Lacking in poetry.”

Frozen at his feet, Jason had no choice but to listen, no choice but to feel his female body react to the Count’s touch, like a schoolgirl experiencing her first kiss.

Where’s he going with this...?

And, underneath that, the female voice in his brain:

It doesn’t matter. He is your God, your master. You live only to serve him. If he wishes to talk, then a silly slut like you must listen.

“I remember, one day, how an aristocrat came to our village, not long after the harvest. We had had our little celebrations just the day before, and I had watched my mother dance to the pauper’s tunes. She was a great beauty, my mother, and that day I had dreamed of growing up to marry someone just like her. Strong. Passionate.”

A laugh.

“What can I say? I was five years old. You can imagine how I felt when

mister Freud started writing, two centuries later. He was right, I told everyone who would listen, he was right!”

“But I was not the only one to think such thoughts about my mother. That aristocrat, he came into our village. He made us kneel. And you know what he did then?”

The Count’s fingers were winding tighter and tighter through Jason’s hair, chasing tenderness away and replacing it with pain.

“He had his men cut off my father’s head. And he took my mother, dragged her away to live with him. My, how she screamed. Of course I, being a boy, screamed too. So the men started to beat me – *bang, bang, bang* – until everyone thought I was going to die. They were right, you understand, but only in a philosophical sense. My mother intervened, and you know what she said? She said, *if you let him be, I will come quietly*. So he did, and she did. And I went with her, dragged off to a new life in the court.”

“It is funny, is it not, how times change? Back then, my daddy’s head was – *thwap* – sliced off, and his killer became my new papa. But I didn’t hate my new father, not at all. To tell the truth, I *admired* him. Any man, I thought, any man who can make the world kneel before him, who can make women his slaves, *that* is a happy man.”

“*That* is the man I want to be.”

A log exploded in the fireplace, sending sparks spinning out into the room. Jason tried not to whimper. The Count’s fingers were now digging into his flesh, twisting his hair. *Hurting* him.

“He understood, you see?” The Count whispered. “He understood the little secret at the heart of us all, us humans. Sex... and death. The desire to kill our enemies. Rape their women. To ensure we will die a *victor*.”

“Only I happened to find a *better* system, better even than that of my fellow bloodsuckers. One without the unnecessary dying, where I could make my enemies *into* women. And with one blow...”

“Sex and death.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

Jason had meant the question to come out sounding tough, in the sort of sneer

he'd used when dealing with vampires for decades.

But instead, it came out in a servile little whimper. The sound not of a strong alpha male, but a pathetic little sissy slave.

“Why?” The Count seemed genuinely surprised. “It is an interesting story, no? We haven't even got to the denouement, where I am a grown man and I return to face my past... but maybe we should leave that for a moment.”

He suddenly *yanked* Jason's head back, so hard it made him squeal; a high-pitched, girly noise. He looked in terror up at the vampire's face, suddenly horribly aware of how exposed his throat was.

The Count seemed to read his mind. He smiled, letting the fingers of one free hand trace a delicate pattern over Jason's jugular, down to his clavicle.

“You are right, though, my darling Jasmine, I do indeed have a purpose in telling you this. You see, we vampires are nothing more than what that old aristocrat was. To be sure, we live longer, don't age, and can be killed by holy water and garlic – an ailment I trust this lord did not suffer from, judging by his awful breath...”

His probing hand reached down, slipped beneath the fabric of Jason's dress, began squeezing his breast. To his horror, Jason immediately felt his female body begin to respond, to become aroused. The monster's eyes glittered.

“But in the essence, we are the same. We eat, we make love, we slaughter for fun, sometimes all at once. We do what each of those peasants in my village wished to do themselves, in the secret corners of their minds, but were too afraid or too poor to be capable of. What all humanity wishes it could do, if only it had the power.”

“Why am I telling you this? Because, like me, you now have that power. You feasted earlier, that is true, but you also lied to me. You have not yet killed.”

He leaned close, until his lips were almost brushing Jason's earlobe. In fright, Jason realized his fangs were now at full length. His other hand was cruelly pinching Jason's nipple, making it painfully hard.

“And now,” The Count murmured, his voice barely audible above the crackling of the fire, “it is time you learned to do so.”

His hand suddenly relaxed. Jason collapsed against the floor, pathetically

glad to be free of this monster's grasp.

He's mad... he's completely mad!

If the Count knew what was happening in his mind, he didn't show it. Instead, he straightened up, looked towards the door. Clapped his hands.

"Come."

What now...?! Jason had just enough time to wonder, before the heavy wooden door swung open and he felt his stomach drop out.

Stood in the doorway, something sharp clasped in her hands and an evil smile on her face, was Dodi.

"You called, my master?" She laughed as she stepped into the room, the fireplace casting strange shadows on her long, straight hair.

The Count's eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Indeed I did, my sweet, sweet Dodi. I see you bought what I asked of you?"

Dodi giggled, raised the sharpened wooden stake in her hands, wiggled it at Jason's pathetic, prostate form, a demonic look in her eyes.

"One stake for one little bitch. Oh *please* let me do it, master. Let me stake this whore for you, good and proper..."

Lying at the Count's feet, Jason whimpered with fear, his vampire body suddenly screaming at him to *run!*

This couldn't be happening... it couldn't! He couldn't be destined to become a vampire, only to die at the hands of *Dodi!* It was wrong, it was *horrible...*

And, he realized with a feeling of nausea, there was nothing he could do about it.

Dodi was still looking at him with the expression of an evil little girl at Christmas. In their female bodies, Jason thought they were probably physical equals, but one word from the Count and he would be incapable of moving, incapable of fighting back...

Beside him, the Count gave a good-natured chuckle.

"My darling Dodi, I think you may have, as they say, got the wrong end of the *stake.*"

“You see, that stake you are holding so hopefully is indeed for Miss Jasmine. But not to be placed through her heart, oh no...”

“It is for her to hold in those wonderful hands of hers. For her to drive deep into the chest of *her* victim...”

“In short, my darling Dodi, it is for her to kill *you* with.”

The silence that followed was sickening, a nauseating, yellow silence that was broken only by the occasional *crack* from the fireplace. Dodi *stared* at the Count, who merely looked back at her with a casual, friendly smile.

“*What?!*” Dodi hissed at last, baring her fangs.

The Count shrugged.

“What can I say? I am capricious, like an infant with his toys, no? I have a brand new toy...”

He lazily gestured Jason, whose head was swimming as he tried to take this all in.

“...and so I have decided, like all spoiled brats, to break my old one.”

“You-you can’t *do* this.” Dodi whispered, her dead face paler than ever. “I *trusted* you. You promised me immortality...”

She suddenly began screaming.

“I’m Doug Simons you *fuck!* I’ve killed thousands of monsters like you! I’m a legend, a warrior, I’ll cut your fucking-!”

The Count gave a small sigh, let out a *tsk* noise. He raised one large hand.

“Silence.”

And Dodi’s mouth *snapped* shut. The elegant vampire raised her fingers to her lips in horror. Jason could see her frantically working her jaw muscles, but it was useless.

She could no more open her mouth again than she could disobey the laws of gravity.

“What a relief. The one thing I cannot abide more than a woman who refuses to kneel is a woman who raises her voice. It is *such* a nauseating sound.”

Dodi wasn’t listening. She was busy knotting her fingers together into a

begging pose, her eyes wild and shining with tears. The sight of her like that made something flip in Jason's stomach.

But it made something else happen, too. Something shameful and horrible but undeniable, too.

At the sight of Dodi, so utterly helpless, Jason felt a darkly overwhelming urge to *laugh*.

"It is interesting, no?" Murmured the Count, his face still friendly, his eyes still on Dodi. "How the evil seem to think they are worth more than their victims. You, my darling Dodi, you *begged* me to turn you, you laughed when you made your first kill, you enjoyed the idea of killing my little Jasmine here, perhaps even too much..."

"But now that the tables, as they say, are turned, you suddenly develop a concept of mercy. Provided it is extended to you, of course."

To Jason's surprise, the Count looked down and gave him a jovial wink.

"The human condition, again, you see!" He laughed. "I learned it all at Carlos the second's court, that mad old sadist! We each wish we could hurt and rape without consequence, but when we are on the receiving end..."

He turned his smile back to Dodi.

"We suddenly become remarkably interested in things like *justice*, and *fairness*, and *due process*..."

His smile faded.

"Unfortunately, my darling Dodi, our God does not look kindly on hypocrites. You want to experience the dark rush that comes with being a killer, yes? Then you must not complain when someone decides to kill *you*."

He turned to Jason.

"She is yours to do with as you please. I would advise a lingering death, as it is most-certainly what she had in mind for you."

"And-and if I don't?" Breathed Jason, his squeaky voice coming out cracked, nervous.

The Count shrugged.

"Then I will hand back control of you to darling Dodi, and let her do what

she wishes. Don't think this brush with death would make her go easy on you. It is another foible of humans and vampires alike, those who have experienced hurt are far more likely to hurt in return, remarkable to say."

"Now. Choose."

There was nothing he could do.

His weak, female legs trembling, Jason pulled himself to his feet. Nervously walked toward Dodi, his high heels tapping out a rhythm on the floor, like the slow beats of a dying heart.

Clack... clack...

He could see the fear in Dodi's blue eyes, the horror on her supermodel face. Soft moans escaped her throat, even as her lips remained obediently sealed. Her legs trembled, her body unable to turn and run unless the Count wished it.

Clack... clack...

His slender arms heavy, like he was moving through treacle, Jason reached out. Gently took Dodi's hands in his own. The two girls looked into one another's eyes as Jason brought his curvy body closer to Dodi's elegant frame. Closer... closer...

...clack.

Dodi's soft lips were inches from Jason's. Their noses almost touching. Their hips rested against one another's, their crotches pressed together.

It was like the last moves of a seductive dance. The moment before two girls kiss for the first time, terrified of the dark lust they are giving in to, but helpless to stop themselves.

Dodi looked up at Jason with shining eyes, her magically-sealed lips trembling. Quietly, Jason unknotted her long fingers, took the long, hard thing in his tiny hands.

There was a squeak from Dodi. She blinked back tears. Jason slowly shook his pretty little head.

"Shhh..." he whispered, his soft voice tender. "It's OK. It's all OK..."

He leaned forward, grasped his tool tighter. At the last second, Dodi seemed

to realize what was happening. A faint smile crossed her perfect features. She closed her eyes, tilted her head back, parted her lips...

...and then the two girls were kissing, delicately biting at one another's tongues, sucking on each other's lips, their nipples hardening, their breasts faintly swelling with desire.

In the darkness behind his closed eyelids, Jason could feel the dizziness overtaking him, the rush of lust that transformed his crotch into a warm, moist marsh, sloppy and sticky and wet.

He tenderly reached up, clasped Dodi's light little head with one hand. Felt the gorgeous vampire wrap her arms round his shoulders, falling into his embrace.

She gently bucked her hips against his, let out a little whimper. Jason opened his eyes slightly, pulled back, looked at Dodi with tenderness and breathless desire. Watched her watching him with half-lidded eyes, dizzy and woozy with pleasure. He clasped the wood hard in his hand...

"Doug..." he whispered, his soft voice coming out in a desperate female moan, "I'm so sorry. You were always the best of us."

...and then he was thrusting forwards, thrusting deep into her. Dodi's eyes went wide, unfocused. A gasp escaped her red lips. She *gripped* Jason tight against her, her body writhing, moaning.

Jason pulled back out. He thrust again. Penetrated Dodi's heart once, twice, three times.

He was aware he and Dodi were squealing. Not the sounds of women in the throes of fear. The passionate, animal screams of girls who are fucking, fighting, teetering on the brink of orgasm...

And then it was over. There was a rush of wind, a scattering of dust, and Jason was stood alone.

He blinked, suddenly aware that he was holding a hard wooden stake out in front of him, his long chestnut hair and expensive green dress stained with gray ash. Aware, too, that his pussy was damp, and his cold skin prickling with the heat of arousal.

Dazedly, he looked down at his feet, at the collection of charred bones that

lay there, already smoldering away to nothing. At the broken vampire skull, looking up at him with unseeing, reproachful eyes.

A slow clap made him turn round.

The Count was sat in his chair, watching Jason with that same amused smile, like a man who has just witnessed a mildly-diverting play.

“Congratulations, Mr. Harker. You make an *excellent* little vampire, even if I do say so myself. I had hoped you might torture poor Dodi, but, alas, we cannot always get what we want.”

Jason barely heard him, he was too busy looking in faint disgust at the *thing* he still held in his dainty hand. Six inches of hard wood. What was the point in it?

“Don’t call me that,” he whispered.

“What, Mr. Harker?”

“I said don’t call me that!”

Jason angrily flung the worthless stake aside, glared at the Count with burning, female eyes.

“It’s *Jasmine*, OK? My name is Jasmine!”

He felt disgusted with himself, without knowing why. Disgusted at his very existence.

He’d killed vampires before. Hundreds of them. Staked them, burned them, sliced their heads off, tortured them in beams of sunlight.

But not like this. Never as a vampire before. Never as a *woman*.

And, suddenly, he never wanted to do it ever again.

“Jason’s *gone*. You killed him.” He shook his head, sadly, his long hair trailing out around him. “And I’m all that’s left.”

The Count’s smile was gone, replaced by a thoughtful expression. His dark eyes studied the girl before him with an intensity Jason wasn’t sure he liked. He felt the tiny hairs on the nape of his neck rise up.

Is he going to kill me?

At last, the Count stirred. Slowly, the strong, muscular monster pulled

himself to his feet. Walked towards Jason with steps that were slow, confident, masculine.

Jason watched him with unhappy eyes, wanting to look away, but unable to stop himself from greedily taking in the broadness of his master's shoulders. The power locked away in his biceps. The intoxicating *dominance* rising from his every pore.

The Count stopped directly before poor little Jason. Trapped inside his female body, he couldn't help but notice how much *smaller* he was than this powerful man. How much *weaker*.

How *perfect* it was.

The Count raised one thick, masculine hand, his dark eyes not leaving Jason's wide, green ones. He gently rested his palm against Jason's cheek – so tender for such a big man – and let his thumb drift softly across his pink lips.

Jason couldn't help it. He felt his lips part. Tasted the seductive sweat of the vampire. Tasted his forbidden fruit.

“You know something, my dear Jasmine?” Murmured the Count, his masculine voice sending little shivers through Jason's female body. “I believe you may be my greatest success.”

He leaned forward, until his dark eyes filled Jason's vision. Without wanting to, Jason felt his head tilt back, felt his lips part. He closed his eyes...

...but the kiss never came. Instead, the vampire leaned down until his lips were almost brushing Jason's ear.

“You have mastered death, my beautiful slave. That leaves only one thing left, no?”

Jason felt a strong hand slip around his waist, clasp him closer to his master. He whimpered with all the servile pleasure of a girl, with all the dark desire of a vampire.

“One thing left for my darling Jasmine to experience...”

His fingers played out a secret rhythm against Jason's soft, feminine flesh, hypnotizing him, holding him. Jason trembled. He knew exactly what had to happen now.

Sex... the female voice in his mind whispered, dreamy with desire. Sex...
...*and death.*

III

The white sheets of the bed hung in the darkness. Their pale satin glowed like two ghosts.

Jason whimpered as the Count slipped a strong arm round his naked frame. Felt himself lean back, even as his crotch grew damp. His nipples pierced the darkness in front of him, rising from his pert breasts, pointed and true.

“Hush,” murmured the Count, putting one finger to Jason’s soft lips. “There is no going back now.”

“It is time for you to become a woman.”

Deep inside himself, Jason thought he could hear a male voice pleading no, begging him to stop. But it was washed away on a black tide of desire, a shameful longing he could no more fight against than he could stop a river with his bare hands.

Slowly, he raised a hand. Placed it, palm flat, against the Count’s muscular chest. Gently entwined his fingers in the dark, curly hairs that dusted his broad pecs, fascinated by the monster’s raw strength, a strength that he no longer wished he possessed.

Men were strong, and women were soft. It felt like a truth he couldn’t deny. As a man, he had wanted to be the possessor, wanted to be the one giving orders.

Now, in his female form, he felt only a need to *be* possessed. To writhe helplessly in someone’s arms. To obey and live only for his lover’s pleasure. He was a girl. And what he wanted right now – more than anything in the world – was to be seduced and fucked by a strong, handsome man.

The Count was kissing him now. Kissing his long, swan-like neck. His fangs were bared, making little pinpricks in Jason’s skin, threatening to sink in at any time, a threat that made Jason’s female body shiver with desire.

He reached up, clasped the monster’s head against his body. Began gently grinding his hips against one thick, hairy leg. Delicate sparks of pleasure danced across his skin. He let out a whimper.

And then, suddenly, he was falling. Falling through endless space. The Count

swept him into his arms, Jason bit down on his shoulder, and they were sinking into a black abyss.

He landed with a soft *flump* on the bedsheets, felt them tangle beneath his skin. He looked up with half lidded eyes as the Count started kissing his shoulders, kissing his breasts, biting at his nipples.

With gentle movements, Jason felt his legs part, felt the gap between his legs, moist and desperate to be filled. He let out a soft moan as the Count placed the palm of one hand firmly against his mound...

...and then he felt a finger slip inside him and was carried away on a tidal wave of pleasure.

Jason's hips bucked automatically, inviting the Count further in, letting his finger penetrate him, possess him. He could feel the walls of his pussy stretching as his master scissored him, the movement making him wail and moan like a helpless girl.

Fucking Gus had been like being lost on a churning sea of passion. This was something else.

Trapped beneath the Count's broad frame, unable to move as his former nemesis used his new body for his pleasure, was like becoming a prisoner of his female desires. Knowing that his pleasure was wrong, but being powerless to stop it.

He was the Count's newest wife. And, like a good little wife, he was incapable of wanting anything more than to please his muscular husband.

The Count was working him faster now, invading poor Jason's tight little cunt with his fingers, making him arch his back and moan and wail with pleasure, like the sissy he was.

"Oh *God...*"

The words had escaped his lips before he even realized what he was saying. Like a girl in a daze, Jason let his free hand drift down, grasped hold of the vampire's cock, began furiously pumping it, trying to make his master ready, ready to fuck his newest slave.

The feeling of another man's dick in his hand should have been awful, humiliating. Instead, something about its shape seemed to send urgent signals

deep into Jason's female brain, heightening his pleasure, making him more aroused than ever.

A soft moan escaped his lips. He worked his wrist harder, wanting nothing more than to hear the Count gasp and feel his hot, sticky come rain down across his naked breasts.

But the Count had other ideas.

“Get up. On all fours.”

The words were rough, impossible to obey. Jason immediately pulled himself upright, turned and placed his face against the sheets, his pert ass rising high into the air, his heavy breasts dangling, their nipples grazing the sheets.

For a moment, he thought that might be it, that the Count might have taken him to the brink of orgasm, only to leave him crouched here, dripping wet and humiliated, his ass and pussy exposed for the world to see.

Then he felt the bed shift under the weight of the Count's powerful frame. Felt a presence behind him, crouching low over his prostate form.

The Count kissed his bare back once, twice, three times, his thin lips leaving invisible tattoos of pleasure on Jason's pale skin. Then the monster was whispering in his ear, his dark words swirling through Jason's mind, making him drunk and dizzy with pleasure.

“And now, my darling Jasmine, it is time for you to become my *Queen*.”

The strong, masculine vampire straightened up, clasped Jason's feminine hips, and *thrust* his big cock deep inside him.

The pleasure was immediate, overwhelming, unbelievable. Jason bit down on his lower lip to stop himself from crying out; with pleasure, with pain, he didn't know. The Count's big dick – far, far bigger than his last lover's had been – *stretched* the walls of his new pussy, until Jason thought he might scream.

Then, just when he thought he couldn't take it anymore, and that he'd faint or die from pleasure, the Count gripped his hips tightly, and started thrusting.

His movements were soft at first, but quickly got stronger, his big dick lancing deep into Jason's womb, his strong hips *thwacking* against Jason's upraised ass.

Each thrust sent shockwaves of pleasure through Jason, made him feel like he was about to start crying. His big tits bounced and wobbled in time with the Count's movements, forcibly reminding him of his newfound femininity. His long red hair lay across his face in streaks.

Dimly, Jason was aware he was whimpering, moaning, crying out his master's name. Begging him to fuck his tight pussy harder, to spank him. To fuck him like the naughty girl he now was, and show him what a *real* man was like.

The Count's balls smacked against Jason's exposed clit, making him gasp. The monster's cock drilled deep into his cunt. One strong hand was pushed between his shoulder blades, pinning him to the bed, trapping him in this never-ending nightmare of pleasure.

And all Jason could do was moan softly and wish that it would never end.

The two old enemies fucked like that for what felt like forever. Fucked like animals until the world seemed to fade into blackness and nothing remained but the fire in Jason's pussy and the feeling of the Count, thrusting against him.

Then, at long last, he heard it. The growled command, possessing his brain, taking over his body.

"Now, you bitch," the Count hissed. "Come. I *order you to come!*"

No sooner were the words out his mouth than Jason was screaming, his vision going blurry as high-pitched squeals escaped his girly lips.

He came for what felt like forever, his brain lost in a cloud of pink fire as the Count kept drilling into him, making his orgasm build and build and build until it seemed like his whole mind would be swept away.

At last, his orgasm peaked. As he floated back down to earth, he heard the Count give a grunt behind him, felt his old enemy go stiff.

Without even realizing he was going to do it, Jason pulled himself off the vampire's dick, quickly turned round and pulled himself into a kneeling position, his big tits clasped in his hands, his mouth expectantly open.

The Count came with an animal growl, his white hot come squirting out over Jason's raised tits, into his mouth, spattering down onto his soft, supermodel

face.

Jason closed his eyes and smiled dreamily as the taste of spunk filled his mouth, salty, tangy and delicious. He swallowed everything the Count gave him, then leaned forward and obediently licked the pools of come off his large breasts, luxuriating in the taste. Luxuriating in his own helpless servility.

Jason is gone now, the female voice inside him whispered triumphantly, now there is only Jasmine...

When he'd finally eaten every last drop of spunk, he looked back up at the Count with shining eyes, his face glowing with ecstasy.

"Thank you, master," Jason whispered, enjoying the softness of his female voice, "Thank you for letting a little slut like me be your slave."

The Count gave him a kindly smile.

"Don't mention it, my dearest Jasmine," he whispered, reaching out and stroking Jason's hair again, tenderly. "I have longed to find a wife such as you for centuries, one as worthy of worshipping my cock as you are."

The monster sighed.

"I will make you my Queen, Jasmine, the first among my wives. You will rule over them all, you will attend to my every need. And, one day, when this frivolous war is finally over and humans are but a memory...

"I will impregnate you. And you will carry my child to term. The first *natural born* vampire in history."

The Count leaned forward, gently kissed Jason's forehead. His Queen closed her eyes in bliss.

"He will grow to be a king. He will make war on the other vampires, and he will win. Then, when this Earth is his, he will rule it for a hundred thousand years. And we, my darling, we shall rule alongside him...

"The king and queen of this brave new world."

Jason smiled at his master's words. He leaned gently forward, kissed the tip of the Count's erect cock, letting his tongue gently dance around the rim.

Wasn't this everything he'd ever dreamed of? For the rest of his long, undead

existence, he would serve the Count's every whim. He would lord it over the other women here, making them his slaves, reveling in their helpless jealousy, of the way he commanded the Count's attention.

And, when at last the Count was ready, he would carry their child, the child that would destroy the world he'd loved so much as a human, who would worship Jason as every little boy worships his mother.

With a rush of darkness, Jason suddenly knew he'd never wanted anything else in all his miserable existence. Realized he'd spent every waking minute of his life as a hunter silently, subconsciously wishing he could be the thing he most despised.

And now he would be, until the end of time. And he'd never felt happier.

As Jason was tenderly kissing the Count's dick – the dick he would now be forced to worship like a God – a thought struck him. He sat back on his haunches, a curious expression on his beautiful face.

“Master... may I ask a question?”

The Count seemed surprised.

“I have no secrets from you, my Queen. What would you wish to know?”

Jason gently bit his lower lip, looked up at the Count with eyes that were full of female devotion.

“The aristocrat, in your story...” he said, slowly, “what happened to him?”

The Count let out a good-natured laugh.

“So you *are* curious? I knew it! Well, it is simple enough.”

He smiled again at Jason, loving, tender.

“When I became a vampire, I waited until my mother had died, then returned to his mansion. There, I killed all his servants, took him to the brink of death, and, like you, turned him into a girl. I made him become my wife, and fall in love with me, and kneel before me and worship the ground I walked on.”

“I had a half-brother, too, born after the man had snatched my mother. I made my new wife seduce him, murder him, and feast on his corpse. She smiled the whole time, but, inside, it gave me comfort to know she was crying.”

“I renamed her Katherine, and wiped her memory. To this day, she thinks she

was born female.”

A pause.

“Every hundred years, I find a male descendant of hers, and make her believe this is her son. Then I again make her seduce and kill him, and relive the whole sordid incident. A good revenge, is it not?”

He reached out, gently stroked one of Jason’s come-splattered cheeks.

“Almost as good as the revenge I have taken upon *you*, Mr. Harker. My slave. My whore.”

His voice dropped to a whisper.

“*My Queen.*”

For a moment, Jason thought he could hear a male voice screaming in the darkness, screaming at the horror and insanity swirling around him. And, above that, a distant, demonic laugh.

Then the thought was gone from his mind, along with all thoughts, all doubts, all worries.

The female vampire before the Count smiled obediently, whispered her master’s praises.

If the Count wanted her to think his story was a good one, then she was powerless to believe otherwise.

Epilogue

The night was cold. The moon hung over the trees, a dull, fat, bloated yellow. Strange noises whispered on the wind; demonic voices, muttering unspeakable things. The old mansion creaked in the breeze, a place of loathsome secrets and horrific darkness.

The hunter stood on the slick tarmac of the road, still shining with the aftereffects of the day's rain. He watched the house, his lined face set and grim.

Well, here we are...

Somewhere, far away, the human world was in flames. Cities were crumbling into dust. Men were being herded into farms, women were being turned, forced to feast on their own children. Blood flowed in the streets. The last of humanity was winking out.

The vampires were winning. Had maybe won already, during the long days it had taken him to walk here. And yet... and yet...

And yet we still have work to do...

The hunter looked down at the crumpled picture in his hand, the faded photo he'd snatched from the old house in that godforsaken town, just before it fell to the vampire hordes.

A handsome face looked out broodingly, its dark eyes shadowed by a mop of black hair. There was an edge to the expression, the sort of grit that only comes with a decade or so of hunting.

"Jason Harker..." murmured the hunter. "So you went the way of Doug, did you?"

As humanity fell, there had been an exodus. The best hunters had run, run to vampires on neutral territory, begging to be turned, begging to become the thing they'd fought so passionately not three weeks earlier.

Doug, Jason, Sammy, Dean, Oliver... so many good men, now willingly part of the armies of the night.

Traitors, the hunter thought, spitting on the ground, *fucking traitors, all of them...*

Humanity may have lost the war, but the Earth was not gone. The last hunters were going underground, where they could pick off vampire high command, where they could launch attacks on vampire civilians.

And, most importantly, where they could hunt down the traitors, and exact their gruesome revenge.

“I guess you’re in there somewhere,” the hunter muttered, surveying the dark house, “enjoying your new life. Well, old friend, don’t get too comfortable...”

He gripped the crossbow in his left hand tighter. The one with his initials carved on the base: Dr. V.H.

“...I’m here to make sure you never disappoint anyone, ever again.”

With that, the man cast the photo aside. Began the long walk up to the nest, the nest he intended to burn, to purify in the fires of God.

The vampires thought that darkness always won. That was their essential mistake. They thought that killing and revenge and sadism were humanity’s default settings, the method by which the world would end.

Well, he was gonna show them just how wrong they were. Just how far this war was from over.

He hoped.

Up on the top floor of the broken, creaking house, a beautiful woman with flowing chestnut hair looked out a shattered window, watching the advancing figure with an unreadable expression on her supermodel face. One dainty, china white hand traced slow circles over her belly, visibly swollen through her emerald green dress.

Here he is, the Queen of vampires thought idly to herself, the last of the hunters...

Casually, she clicked her fingers, thought two names. Didn’t even turn to look as two beautiful women knit themselves out of the shadows, their eyes alive with evil laughter.

“Katherine,” she whispered, “Elina.”

The dark haired beauty and the raven haired girl both bowed before their mistress, identical smiles on their perfect features.

“It seems we have an uninvited guest. My husband is busy and not to be disturbed... perhaps you two would take care of him for me?”

She hesitated, then went on in her soft, hypnotic voice.

“Please don’t kill him. I need a wet nurse, and I think my husband could make this worthless man into an *excellent* nanny.”

The pregnant woman ignored her slaves’ simultaneous cries of *yes, mistress!* She didn’t even watch as they disappeared, vanished to confront the newcomer.

She was too busy thinking about her unborn child’s glorious future.

Right now, her husband – the only person in the world she must always obey – was sealed in the library, reciting the ancient spells that allowed her to carry this child, that would allow her to give birth. The forgotten spells he’d quietly acquired while the humans and vampires were busy with their silly little war.

The spells that would let the two of them rule the world for all eternity.

She worried sometimes that he worked too hard, that using this ancient magic was taking its toll on him. But she never said anything out loud.

She was a good wife. Her husband was her master.

And she could no more disagree with him than she could go back to being that miserable worm of a man again.

Sex and death... the Queen thought, tenderly stroking her swollen belly, *but now also life...*

The gorgeous vampire sighed and smiled to herself. There was no doubting it. Humanity had had its time.

Now it was *her* turn to shape the future of this decaying world.

Far below, the last hunter gripped his crossbow, smiled grimly as the shadows wove themselves into a pair of dark eyes, a waterfall of black hair, an elegant figure in a black cocktail dress.

“I’m looking for Mr. Harker,” he said gruffly, his finger on the trigger. “I don’t suppose you’d be able to help me, would you, ma’am?”

He was so busy keeping his eye on the creature that he didn’t even notice the other vampire appear behind him, a cruel smile on her beautiful, awful face.

Didn't even notice the Queen stood in the window high above, smiling blissfully down at the proud human man who was about to become her newest female slave.

The End

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Becoming Juliet

“Good.” Selina gave him a cool nod. “Thank you, Juliet.”

“My pleasure, prefect,” James heard himself mumble automatically.

He went to sit, desperate to get out the limelight, to bow his head and vanish from the hall's memory, but then Selina's voice was in his ear again, cold and powerful.

“What do you think you're doing, Juliet?”

“Sitting down, prefect,” James looked at the tall girl in confusion.

Surely she can't want any more from me...

“I haven't given you permission,” Selina replied. “Nor will I.”

She turned to the hall at large.

“This filthy whore,” she said, calmly, gesturing James, “broke one of our rules earlier. Like the snobby little bitch she is, she *dared* to swear in front of a prefect.”

A collective gasp went round the hall. Girls glanced at one another, their faces ashen. Across the table, James saw Marie's eyes go wide.

“What was it you said again, Juliet?” Selina asked. “Please repeat it, so the whole school can hear.”

This isn't fair! James thought, wildly, *she can't make me!*

He glanced helplessly at Li, who avoided his gaze. Beside her, Marie was shaking her head in denial, as if she couldn't believe how stupid he'd been.

“Well, bitch?” Selina asked, her cool voice never rising, never getting angry.

“We're waiting.”

There was no way out. Delicately, James swallowed.

“I said, ‘who the fuck are you?’.” He whispered, ashamed.

“You see?” Selina asked the hall at large. “You see what a *dirty slut* this bitch

is? And we all know what Selina does to pottymouths, don't we, bitches?"

"*Punish them, prefect,*" the hall mumbled in unison. James was horrified to discover he spoke right along with them.

"Exactly." Selina's dead eyes settled on James's pretty face. "Juliet, would you come here, please?"

Like a condemned man walking to the gallows, James crossed the hall. Every table he passed, girls turned away from him, as if not wanting to catch his eye. He heard whispers, gasps, but no giggles this time.

"Good girl." Selina smiled down at him. "Now, could you come up on stage?"

Slowly, James mounted the short stairs up onto the wooden stage. With each step he felt his ass curve seductively, felt his big boobies wobble gently in his bra.

At last, he found himself face-to-face with Selina.

"Finally." The tall girl smiled down at his tiny, 5ft3 frame. At his new height, James was eye-level with her large breasts.

"Wendy?" She said, not taking her eyes off James. "Bring me your chair."

At the prefect's table, one of the brunette girls calmly got her feet. She had large, black-rimmed glasses that balanced on a small nose, giving her pale face a sculpted look. She obediently picked up her chair, carried it over and placed it behind James.

"Thank you. Now," Selina smiled calmly at James's nervousness, gesturing the chair. "Would you?"

Unsure where this could be heading, James slowly sat down, tucking his skirt underneath his cute little butt as he did so. There was a nervous giggle in the hall. Selina's smile tugged slightly larger.

"Not like *that*, you silly little girl. Wendy, would you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Wendy roughly grabbed James under one arm, her long fingernails pinching his skin, and pulled him to his feet.

"Ow!" Protested James in his girl voice, "you're hurting me!"

But Wendy ignored him. With rough movements, she span him round so he was facing the chair, then *pushed* his body forwards.

James's dainty hands automatically reached out and grabbed the high back of the chair. He was now bent double, his hands resting on the chair's back, his heavy boobies dangling from his frame and his ass pointing high into the air.

"Perfect. Make sure she doesn't move." By craning his neck, James could see Selina, looking down at him with a mixture of contempt and power. "Now. Stephanie?"

The redhead prefect obediently got to her feet. She was slightly smaller than the others, her long red hair woven into a plait that fell down her back. She picked something up from the prefect's table and brought it over to Selina, smiling as she did so.

"Thank you." Selina took the object and turned to James. "Now, I think it's time this little bitch learned her lesson."

At the sight of what was in her hand, James's blood ran cold. His heart started hammering in his chest. He tried to stand back up, but Wendy grasped his dainty hands and pinned them against the chair.

No, he thought, weakly, *please, anything but that!*

Selina brought the black leather riding crop down against the palm of one hand with a loud *thwack*, a cruel look in her pale eyes. She casually played with the tassels, eyeing James's pert little ass.

"Selina...!" James started to beg, "*prefect, please!*"

Wendy's long nails dug into his hands, making him squeal in pain. He gave her a helpless, pleading look, and was horrified to see she was clearly *enjoying* hurting him.

"Not another word," she said, her voice higher and crueler than Selina's.

"Speak again before our mistress is finished with you and I'll slap you so hard you'll be spitting blood."

One of Selina's hands was resting on James's raised ass now, fondling him with gentle squeezes. As James tried not to whimper, she casually flicked his skirt up and tugged his lacy panties down, so the whole school could see his pert and smooth bottom.

“My, my,” Selina’s low voice was everywhere at once again, magically projected throughout the hall. “What a *cute* little backside you have, Juliet. If I were a man, I’d want nothing more than to fuck it till you squealed like a little piggie.”

No... please! James wanted to beg, but Wendy’s nails were still embedded in his skin, the prefect watching him with evil laughter in her dark eyes.

“But since I’m a schoolgirl,” Selina continued, “I guess I’ll just have to settle for the next best thing.”

Then suddenly she stood back and raised the crop.

“Now *smile*, bitch, and *take your punishment!*”

Selina brought the riding crop *thwacking* down against James’s bare ass hard enough to knock the breath out of his girly chest. Fire exploded over his poor bottom, making him squeak in pain. It was like someone was holding a coil of flame against his skin, burning him!

He tried to twist away, but Wendy dug her nails in deeper, adding to his pain. James helplessly tried to turn and shoot Selina a pleading look, strands of blonde hair plastered across his pretty face. But it was no use.

He knew Selina wouldn’t stop until he’d been punished *properly*.

The blows came thick and fast. Each one sent a *thwack* noise echoing round the stone hall. Each one sent a spear of pain lancing through James. Each one made him arch his back and grit his teeth and desperately try not to scream.

By the fifth blow, though, he’d given up trying to hold it in.

As the crop came whipping down for the sixth time, James threw back his head, opened his pretty mouth and *screamed*.

It was horrible! Tears were pricking at the corners of his eyes. Hair lay across his face. His poor, sexy bum felt like someone was holding a red hot poker to it!

It was dreadful. It was misery and humiliation and *horribleness...*

Then something strange happened.

As Selina spanked him for the seventh time, James heard his body let out a low moan. Not the moan of a teenage girl in pain.

It was the moan of a girl experiencing unimaginable *pleasure*...

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They Turned Me Into My Girlfriend's Mom

With dazed movements, feeling like I was in a crazy, fucked up dream, I swung my slender new legs out of the bed. Felt the morning cold of the wooden floor beneath my feet. Stood up, started hesitantly crossing the room towards where I knew the mirror was, the big, full-length mirror I'd glimpsed Natalie trying on jackets in.

With each step, I felt my new hips automatically curving, my new butt wiggling in a seductive, feminine way. Felt my heavy breasts, wobbling slightly, making me wish I was wearing a bra.

I crossed to the expensive, modern closet with its familiar wood finishing. The light from the vast picture window looking toward the lake flooded in, only slightly diffused by the thin white curtains.

I stopped on the soft, white rug just before the mirror. Looked down, my dark hair tumbling past my eyes, its tips tickling at my cleavage, looked down at my toes, their nails painted red, nervously playing with the thick fibers of the rug.

Knowing already what I was going to see, but not wanting to see it.

We have to, an unhappy voice whispered in my brain, *we need to know. We need to know how bad this really is.*

I already know! I wanted to yell. But the voice was right. There was still a tiny – a *tiny* – chance that things weren't quite as insane as I thought they were. And the only way to know was to-

I looked.

And what I saw made me want to start crying.

There, reflected back from inside the mirror, a scared, miserable look on her beautiful, 37-year old face...

Was Natalie.

She was dressed only in a tight white tank top that barely contained her breasts and left a sliver of stomach on display, and a pair of white, lacy panties with delicate little frills around their edges.

Her dark hair was mussed from a long night's sleep, lazily swept back so it tumbled down between her shoulders.

Her heavy, hipster glasses sat awkwardly on the bridge of her nose, magnifying her eyes ever so slightly, making them look bigger and cuter than ever.

Traces of last night's makeup were still visible around her eyes, her lips. She looked tired but beautiful. Disheveled but sexy.

She looked as she had always looked in my dreams of waking up beside her, gorgeous and homely all at once.

And she was *me*.

"No..." I heard myself whimper in my soft new voice, Natalie's lips moving in time with mine, "no, please..."

I slowly raised one hand, palm out, up to head level. Watched in horror and misery as Natalie raised her hand in perfect sync with me.

I gently shook my head. Ran my hands over my prominent new hips, my kinked-in sides, over my swollen boobs. Grabbed hold of my long new hair and *screamed*.

Everything I did, the Natalie in the mirror did in perfect time with me. There was no doubting it.

My wish, the wish I made to have complete control over Natalie, had come true. Her body, her mind, her *life* were now mine, in a terrifyingly literal sense.

I was now the 37-year old beauty of my dreams.

I was *my girlfriend's mom*...

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Also by Lisa Change

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School of Swap

18-year old Zack has always lived in the shadows. Bullied by his brother. Teased by his schoolmates. Laughed at by girls. But all that is about to change...

One day, Zack discovers a magic notebook that can make **anything** written in its pages come true. There's only one catch. To use it he'll have to give up his gender – and become a beautiful, all-powerful Goddess!

Transformed into the luscious, flame-haired Goddess Zoe, Zack will now use his new powers to exact a **dark and kinky revenge**. In no time at all, the boy who bullied him has been turned into a busty stripper, his nasty older brother has become a *petite* French maid, and the girls who laughed at him have been turned into their own darkest desires! As Zack's reign of terror swaps every boy at school into skirts, a small band of kids tries to fight the angry Goddess.

But how can you defeat a girl with the power to turn you into **anything at all...?**

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Turned into a Fembot

In the burning heat of the Californian desert, billionaire scientist Jacob Flex is about to make the breakthrough of a lifetime. Along with his sexy assistant Jen, Jacob has discovered the key to life. To giving robots a *soul*. But what happens when that soul belongs to Jacob Flex himself...?

Uploaded into the body of a gorgeous blonde fembot, his male form destroyed, and reprogrammed to pleasure any man or woman who crosses his path, Jacob soon finds himself thrown headlong into a **kinky nightmare**. Trapped as busty bimbo-bot Candie, Jacob's about to find out what life is like as a **literal sex object!**

Can Jacob escape his stunning synthetic form and regain his manhood? Or is he about to find out that life as a trashy bimbo **programed for total obedience** is too delicious to resist?

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Turned into His Sister's Maid

Chris is an ordinary teenage boy who enjoys nothing more than annoying his younger sister. But when their parents go on vacation to Costa Rica, Jasmine decides to get her revenge in the kinkiest way possible. She uses a birthday wish to turn Chris into her sexy maid!

Trapped as the gorgeous Christina, Chris is forced to wear a skimpy French maid's outfit and obey his sister's every command. Utterly obedient and constantly horny, he's made to scrub floors, humiliate himself in public and sexually service other men. With the whole school coming round for Jasmine's birthday bash, will Chris be able to keep his new identity a secret? Or will he be outed as a little sissy in front of all his friends?

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About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

To see hot new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her brand new [blog](#).

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