

Ashton

•Occupation: Vampire Hunter
•Grew up lonely and with a vendetta against vampires after one killed his father when he was young.
•Nowadays goes from place to place, exterminating monsters and making a name for himself.
•Believing himself to now be sufficiently experienced, he has recently returned to his hometown to take his revenge on his father's murderer.



Rifle
Good for ordinary targets,
like wild animals.
Also useful for warning shots.

Crossbow
For killing vampires.





Giselle

- An immortal and beautiful vampire girl, who lives in a western-style estate in the mountain.
- Captured Ashton's father after he stumbled into her home and caught her eye about twenty years ago.
- Unfortunately, out of love, accidentally sucked all of his blood and killed him.
- Captured Ashton, the splitting image of his father, when he came to kill her.
- Using her mysterious vampire powers, remade his body into one that she could love without killing.
- Psychopathically aims to dominate Ashton, and rejects all defiance.





(1)
Despite his years of experience,
the vampire lord overpowered him easily.
He was quickly captured, his weapons
destroyed, and even his consciousness
was taken away from him.
When Ashton awoke, a woman he did not
recognize stared back at him in the mirror,
with a stunned look.



About 20 years ago, Ashton's father died because Giselle fell in love with him at first sight. Although it was not her intent to murder him, her lust for his blood was the end of him.

Giselle trembled with joy when Ashton, who looked so much like his father, came looking for revenge. "This time, I won't kill you. I want to love you forever... That's why I changed your body."

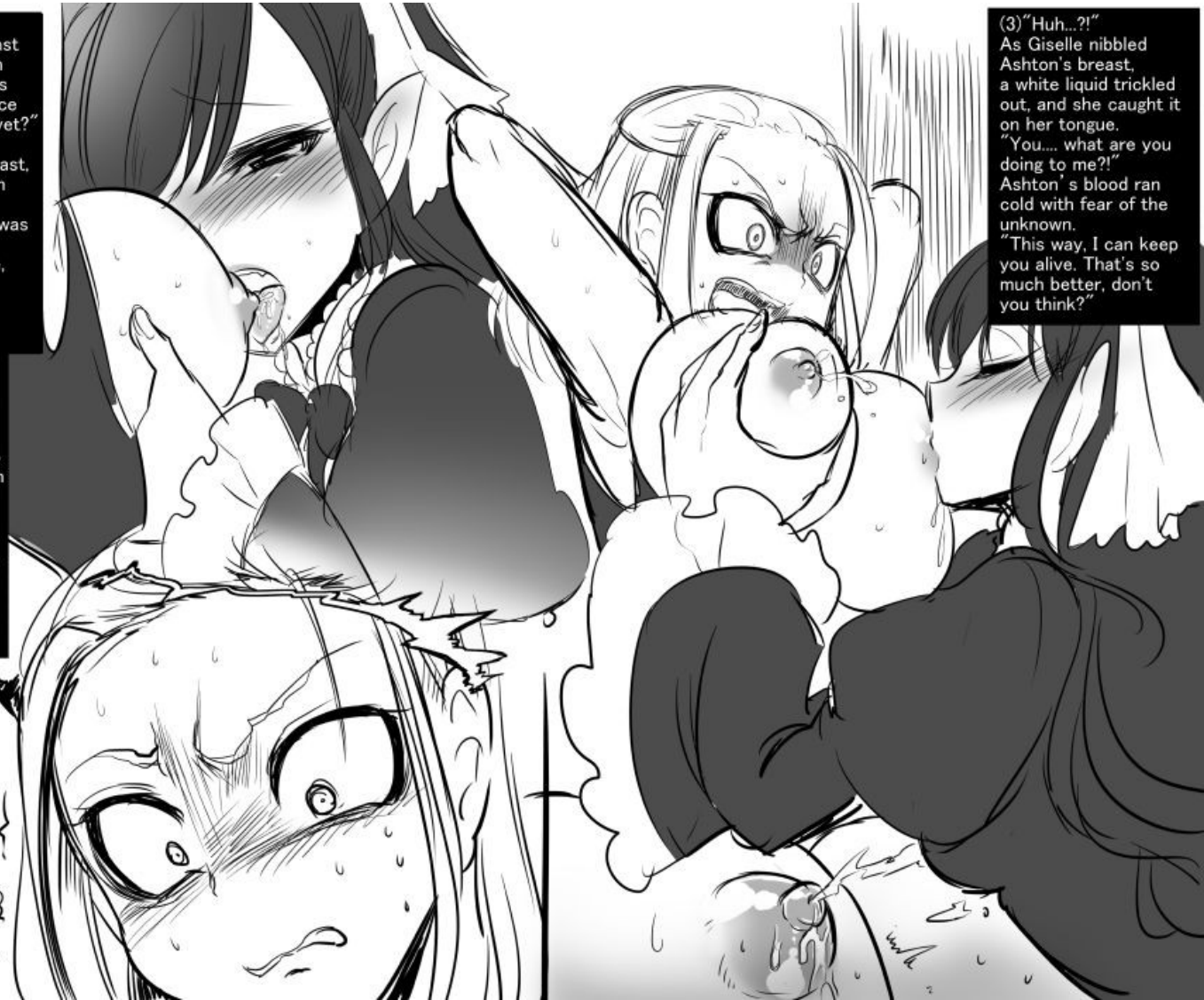
(2) "Just kill me and get it over with!" Death seemed more appealing to Ashton than this humiliation; he was helpless, at the mercy of the monster that killed his father. Giselle just gave him a melty look, and blushed. "Why would I do that? I finally got to meet you..."

"A mammal's breast milk is made from their blood...Or has your human science not gotten there yet?" Giselle suckled onto Ashton's breast, with an expression of pure ecstasy, cradling it as if it was a succulent fruit. From time to time, she massaged it lovingly.

The monster he'd hoped to kill for so long had completely humiliated him, remaking his body into her plaything. Although he should have been consumed by extreme anger, a sensation previously unknown to him overtook his thoughts instead.

It was like the pleasure of holding a woman. Every time Giselle sucked on his breasts, it felt as if a faint current raced through his veins.

(3) "Huh...?!" As Giselle nibbled Ashton's breast, a white liquid trickled out, and she caught it on her tongue. "You... what are you doing to me?!" Ashton's blood ran cold with fear of the unknown. "This way, I can keep you alive. That's so much better, don't you think?"





Ashton trembled at the touch of her gentle hands and her feverish gaze. He had experienced pleasure like this in his "lower" body plenty of times. But this was completely different. Giselle's tongue played with his nipple, sending a throbbing feeling chipped away at his sanity.

"Your milk is so good..."
"And it's all mine..."

(4)Giselle continued milking his breasts, unconcerned with how it dirtied up her beautiful face.

She did not think of herself as anything but a normal woman, loving the body of her man.



Ashton remembered the lonely days since he lost his father, and the trials and tribulations he went through to build himself up from nothing. To think that he went through all that just for everything to end like this, trapped in such a pathetic body. The misery welled up inside him.

(5) "I came here to kill this woman," he thought. "I was going to claim revenge for my father, and make a tranquil life for myself in my hometown. I thought my happy ending was just ahead."

"Not only was I beaten but even my dignity as a man has been taken from me, leaving me in this body... At the whim of the thing I despise the most."



The humiliation was intolerable. Ashton bit his tongue, hard.

A sharp pain shot through his head, and the taste of blood began to fill his mouth.





When Giselle released his lips, his tongue had healed without a trace.

"Poor thing, did you chew on your tongue? If you ever get hurt, I'll smell your blood and come patch you right up."

She licked the splashes of his blood around her lips, like it was a treat.



(6)Death would be preferable than to suffering the whims of his father's murderer any longer.

Bolts of pain flickered through his mind as he prepared to die, but Giselle's white hands gently took him by the cheeks.

A chill ran down Ashton's spine as he realized what she meant: she wouldn't let him kill himself, or run away. There would be no escape.



Her warm tongue slipped through his lips, into his mouth, and rubbed against Ashton's. A moment later, the pain and the taste of blood were gone. All he felt now was her tongue in his mouth.



When Ashton stubbornly kept his mouth closed and refused to eat, Giselle took the bowl of soup and had it all.



(7)Giselle untied him, and took him to what looked like a dining room. As she tied him to a chair, bat demons appeared and brought food to the table. Were they Giselle's servants?

"You need food to make good milk, so eat whatever you"

He hadn't eaten anything since before he came to this place; truthfully, he was so hungry it was painful. But considering the situation, he was not about to touch any of it.

Ashton was relieved. He'd been thinking about giving up. Suddenly her hands were on his neck, and Giselle's fangs closed in on his throat.



If she wouldn't let him bite his tongue and bleed out, he'd just have to starve himself to death.

Giselle went through the dishes on the table, one by one. After each one, she would bite Ashton to pump the nutrition into him, like a mother hen feeding a chick.



Soon, all the dishes were emptied. Ashton could feel his strength returning. And despair began to settle in his heart.

Ashton was no stranger to fear: countless times throughout his journey, as he faced down various demons, he trembled knowing that his next move might be his last. But his fear of Giselle was something else entirely.



(8) It didn't feel like he was having his blood sucked out. Rather, it was like something was pouring into him. Giselle was pumping the nourishment of the soup directly into Ashton's body.

Ashton's natural reaction to being bitten was to struggle. But this only tipped the chair over, pinning him down under Giselle.





He had assumed that if he could be alone in here he might be able to slip outside, but he had no such luck. The window—a skylight, really—was too high to reach, and the drain was so small he could barely fit his arm into it.



Realizing a quick escape was impossible, Ashton resigned himself and began to clean up. Dust, filth, and various body fluids were washed away and his mood improved, if only a little.



How could he face everyone at his village, looking like this? What would they think of him? As the pathetic shadow of a man who had lost to the vampire and ran away? People would talk about him behind his back until the end of time. And even then, how could he ever hope to live knowing that Giselle would be just over the mountain?

It was only then, when he was away from immediate danger, that the reality of his new form began to sink in.



Ashton tore off his clothes and quietly walked across the bathroom.

Knowing her, if he didn't wash up, she might lick him clean.



(9)Once the meal was over, Ashton was dragged out of the dining room and taken to what seemed to be a large stone bath. He felt his restraints loosen.

"I'll let you take it from here. Try to behave yourself, hmm?"

Giselle was going to give him the freedom to wash himself.



It would be best, of course, if he could escape this place alive. Play along long enough to find an opportunity, and then make a run for it. That would be the most realistic positive scenario. ...the problem was his current form. If he managed to escape this place, would her magic fade and turn him back to his old self?

Like a child naively believing in fairy tale miracles, Ashton daydreamed of that possibility as he warmed himself in the bath.



(10) Ashton sank into the bathtub, and tried to coolly sort out his thoughts. The hardest thing to accept was that Giselle was going to keep him imprisoned here as food. The possibility that his father, before he died, could have met a similar fate occurred to Ashton and he panicked, pushing the terrible idea out of his thoughts.

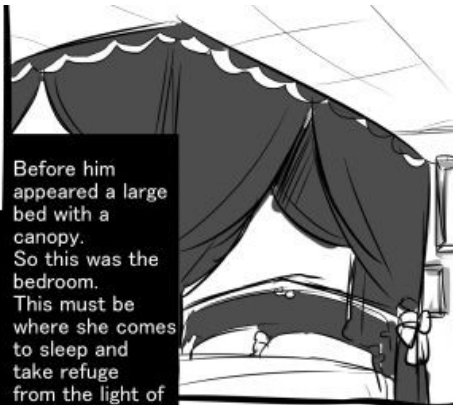


If his body was going to be "farmed" like this from here on out, death was far more attractive. But how could he end it? He had to do it without raising Giselle's attention or spilling any blood. He needed time to think it through.

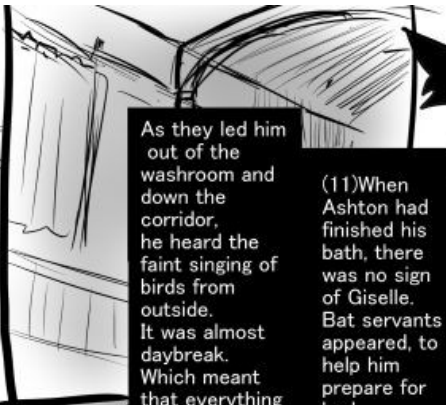




...or it was a cell, to keep him from escaping. He tried not to think about it.



Before him appeared a large bed with a canopy. So this was the bedroom. This must be where she comes to sleep and take refuge from the light of day.



As they led him out of the washroom and down the corridor, he heard the faint singing of birds from outside. It was almost daybreak. Which meant that everything up until now had occurred during the night. It seemed true to fact that Giselle, as a vampire, was nocturnal.

(11)When Ashton had finished his bath, there was no sign of Giselle. Bat servants appeared, to help him prepare for bed.



Giselle, reading quietly propped up on the bed, noticed Ashton and looked up. She narrowed her red eyes and gave him an enchanting smile. Behind him, he heard a bang as the door closed.

There was no place to run in the room. Preparing himself, he took a deep breath and approached the bed.



He was led to a descending staircase that led underground. As they reached the innermost room, the door opened on its own, with a heavy creak.





"Do you love me? You remade my body to your liking, so you won't mind if I did the same, right?" Ashton, determined, sat down next to Giselle and held her by the shoulder. She nodded softly in reply.

"Come"
Pulling at Ashton's sleeve and soliciting him in a sweet voice, Giselle, in this moment, looked no different from any human girl. If there was a crack in her shell, it would be worth it to play along and find it, right?

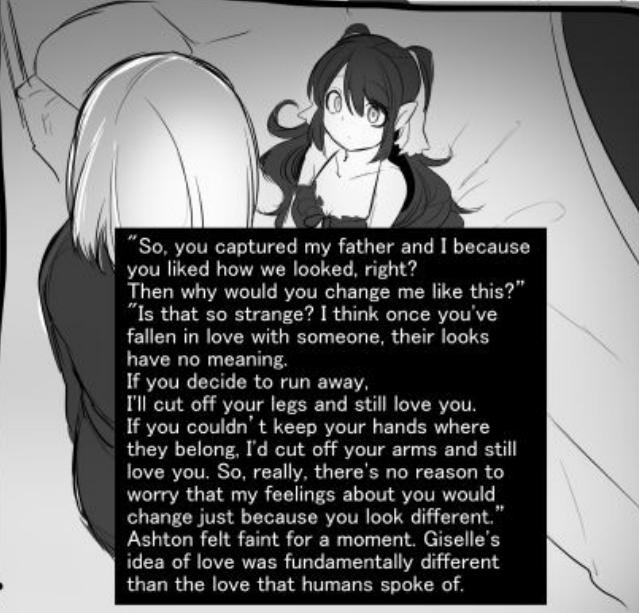


"Don't talk about me as if I was my father." Giselle lifted her head, and gazed blankly at Ashton, who did nothing to hide his extreme displeasure. It was as if she didn't understand what she'd done to upset him.

(12) "I've been waiting for so long. So many days and nights have passed until I could finally feel your touch."



Ashton went straight for the lips of the vampire before him, spreading her delicate body over the bedsheets.



"So, you captured my father and I because you liked how we looked, right? Then why would you change me like this?"
"Is that so strange? I think once you've fallen in love with someone, their looks have no meaning. If you decide to run away, I'll cut off your legs and still love you. If you couldn't keep your hands where they belong, I'd cut off your arms and still love you. So, really, there's no reason to worry that my feelings about you would change just because you look different." Ashton felt faint for a moment. Giselle's idea of love was fundamentally different than the love that humans spoke of.



Ashton reached out and massaged her breasts softly. Giselle leaked a slight, perturbed sigh and rubbed her thighs together. While trying his best to hold back his own lust, Ashton continued to touch her body softly, as to arouse her even further.

If he could tire her out and get her to fall asleep, he might have a chance to escape. By then, the sun would be out. She wouldn't be able to chase after him outside.

He took her baby doll, revealing translucent, white skin and beautiful pink nipples, erect like the buds of a flower in spring. If she was a normal, human girl, there would be no reason at all to be dissatisfied with what was going on.

If it came down to sheer strength, he knew that he had no chance against Giselle, no matter how hard he might try. However, if she loves him as a man, there might be a way to beat her with pleasure.

(13)It was like confronting a demon with gun in hand. His chest struggled to hold back pulsing heartbeats much stronger than his first time with a woman. He had never been so tense before in his life.



In an instant, he was now on his back, and Giselle was on top of him. She pinned him to the bed with strength that seemed impossible for someone with such a delicate frame.

She pressed her lips to a struggling Ashton's nipple, and began sucking the leaking white liquid without a moment's hesitation.



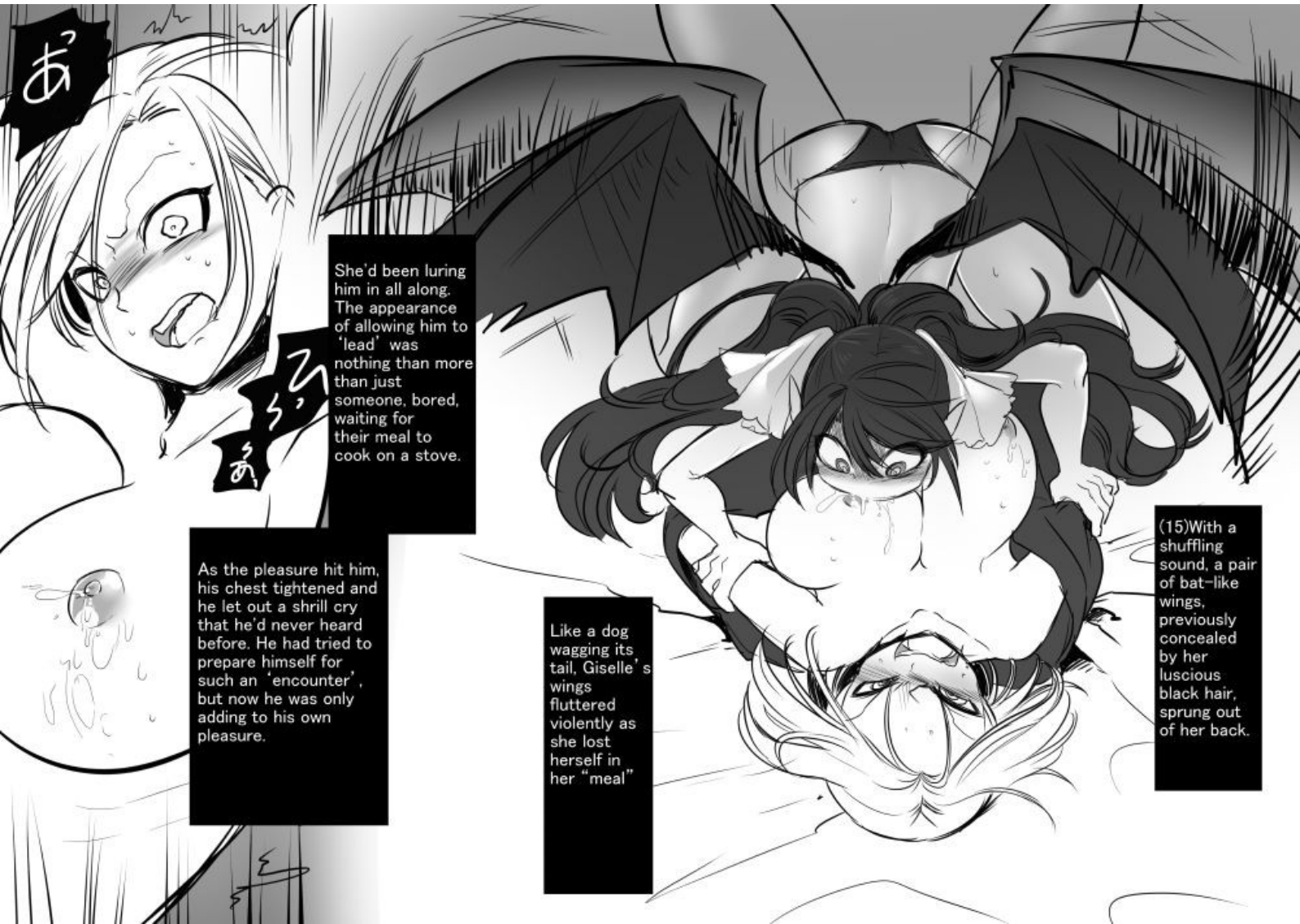
(14) He was about to slip his hand into her panties when he suddenly noticed a soaking warmth that burned on his chest.



Liquid was overflowing from his nipple. It soaked into his robe, giving off a faint sweet smell.



Giselle flicked her tongue, and her eyes began to glow violently. The cute girl and her soft, tender manner vanished without a trace, and what replaced her eyed him ferociously, like he was prey caught in a trap.



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She'd been luring him in all along. The appearance of allowing him to 'lead' was nothing than more than just someone, bored, waiting for their meal to cook on a stove.

As the pleasure hit him, his chest tightened and he let out a shrill cry that he'd never heard before. He had tried to prepare himself for such an 'encounter', but now he was only adding to his own pleasure.

Like a dog wagging its tail, Giselle's wings fluttered violently as she lost herself in her "meal"

(15)With a shuffling sound, a pair of bat-like wings, previously concealed by her luscious black hair, sprung out of her back.



The ferocity with which he squirted from his crotch was matched only by the amount of milk gushing from his breasts, soaking through the sheets.

Around the time that the sun reaches its highest point in the sky, Giselle, finally satisfied, fell asleep. However, Ashton was consumed by fatigue and drowsiness as well. He felt as if he was melting, until he lacked even the strength to crawl out of bed. Still overtaken by the reverberations of a pleasure that had shot throughout his body like fireworks in the night sky, Ashton sank into his sheets where he laid, and surrendered his consciousness. Feeling humiliated at the realization that probably all the fluids that now dampened the bed came out of him, Ashton fell asleep, sharing the bed with the vampire that took his father from him.



(16)Giselle slid her fingers between Ashton's legs. Catching the sticky liquid slipping out from his mound, she spread it about with the tip of her finger.



Experiencing a pleasure that caused his whole body to tremble for the first time, Ashton felt his sanity being eaten away with each revolution of her finger.



After Ashton finally put on some relatively plain clothes, Giselle took him by the hand and led him out of the bedroom. Giselle did not tie Ashton up. Ashton, for his part, was not looking for possible escape paths as he walked, a detail that he didn't notice.



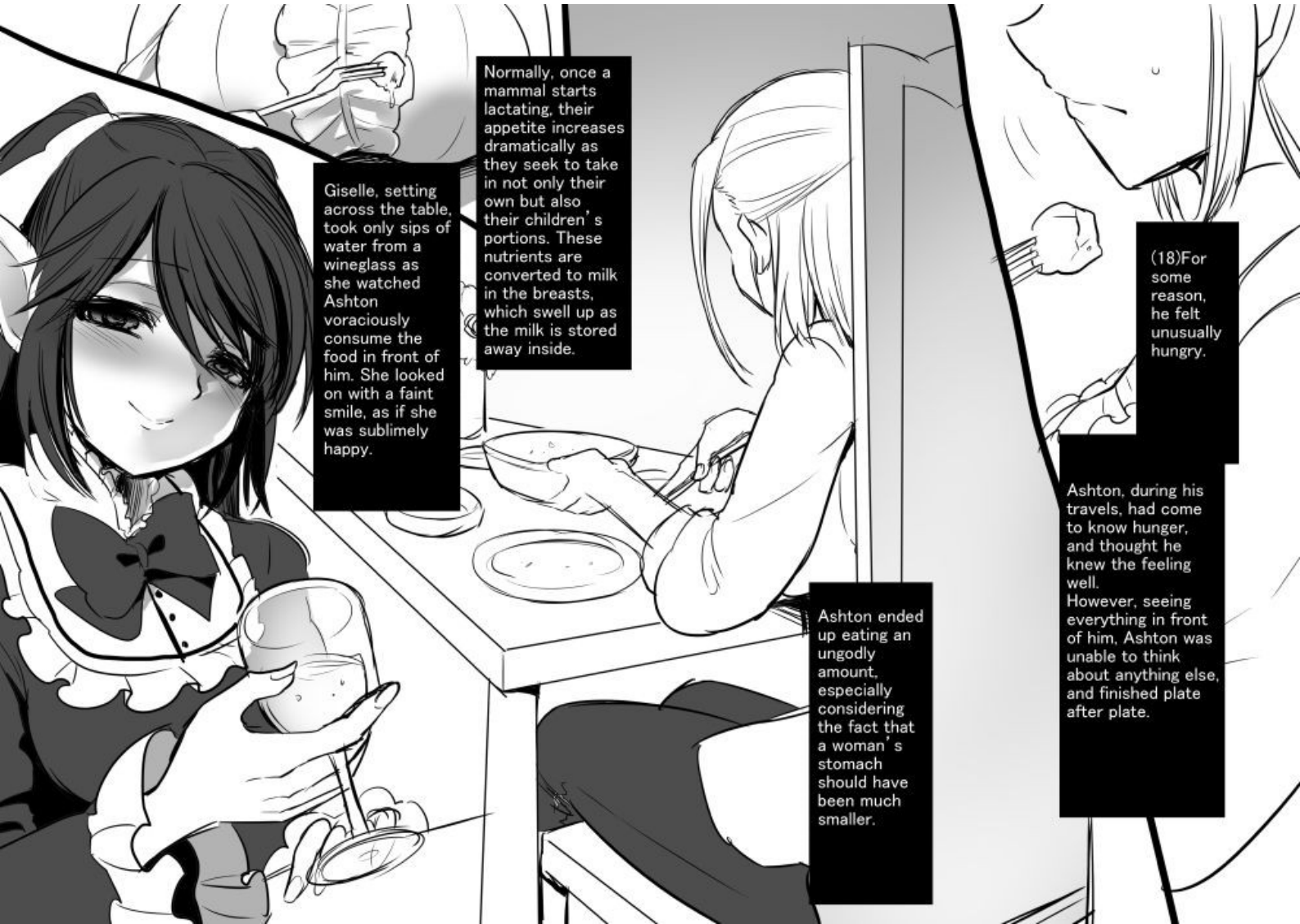
There was already plenty of food on the dining table when they entered the room. Unlike the day before, Ashton ate his food willingly. It was better to eat normally than to be force-fed.



(17)By the time Ashton awoke, Giselle was already up and getting dressed beside him.



Giselle had picked out for Ashton some favorites from her own wardrobe to wear, but he had no interest in wearing these frilly dresses with lots of ribbons.



Giselle, setting across the table, took only sips of water from a wineglass as she watched Ashton voraciously consume the food in front of him. She looked on with a faint smile, as if she was sublimely happy.

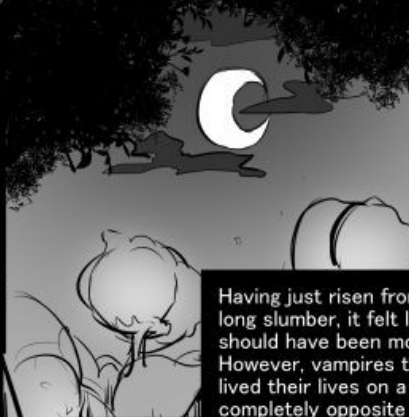
Normally, once a mammal starts lactating, their appetite increases dramatically as they seek to take in not only their own but also their children's portions. These nutrients are converted to milk in the breasts, which swell up as the milk is stored away inside.

Ashton ended up eating an ungodly amount, especially considering the fact that a woman's stomach should have been much smaller.

(18) For some reason, he felt unusually hungry. Ashton, during his travels, had come to know hunger, and thought he knew the feeling well. However, seeing everything in front of him, Ashton was unable to think about anything else, and finished plate after plate.



Ashton fled into the dense, pathless growth, guided by nothing but the night vision he had carefully trained over the course of his extensive adventures. However, out of the woodwork, a group of Giselle's bat servants appeared, and they formed a thick swarm, as if to attack him.



Having just risen from a long slumber, it felt like it should have been morning. However, vampires truly lived their lives on a completely opposite schedule: the sky was already enveloped in darkness.

The light of the stars and the moon were completely blocked by the dense forest, and nothing but darkness reached into the garden. If one tried, they could faintly hear the sounds of wildlife as they went about their business deep in the forest.

There was nothing but an abyssal darkness further down the path that opened up before them. While Giselle was looking at the rose-covered arches, Ashton found his opportunity to escape, ripping his hand and dashing into the woods.



Her loyal servants were not about to allow their master's food to escape. The swarm of bats pounced, forcing a defenseless Ashton against the ground.



(19) Giselle suggested that they head outside for a walk. Hand in hand, they left through an entrance on the opposite side m where Ashton had sneaked in. Through this back door was a garden full of flowers in bloom. The sun rarely shined here, as it was surrounded by dense growth, in the shadow of the mansion. All the same, however, flowers carpeted the garden with colors unnaturally vibrant.

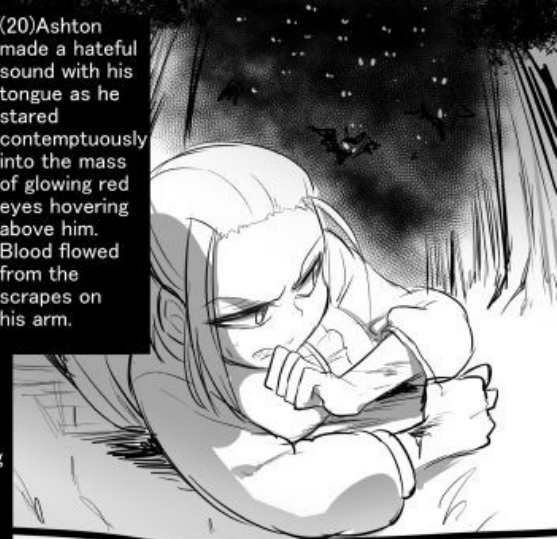


"I want to know more about you. What did you do before coming here?"



"What happened? You suddenly started running..." Giselle, without a sign of worry, strolled up behind Ashton. It was as if she had no clue that Ashton was trying to run away from her.

(20) Ashton made a hateful sound with his tongue as he stared contemptuously into the mass of glowing red eyes hovering above him. Blood flowed from the scrapes on his arm.



As they walked along a small path lined with flowers, Giselle pressed similar questions. Ashton was frankly surprised that Giselle, rather than imposing her love upon him, instead expressed a genuine interest in his story.

Looking on as Giselle went as far as licking the mud clean from his arms, Ashton let out a big sigh. Giselle's love, however violent and crazy it may be, was more naivety than anything else. And it was this greater force, stronger than his physical restraints, that kept him trapped here.



Noticing Ashton's wounds, she pressed her lips against his arms, leaving no trace of injury wherever her lips touched.

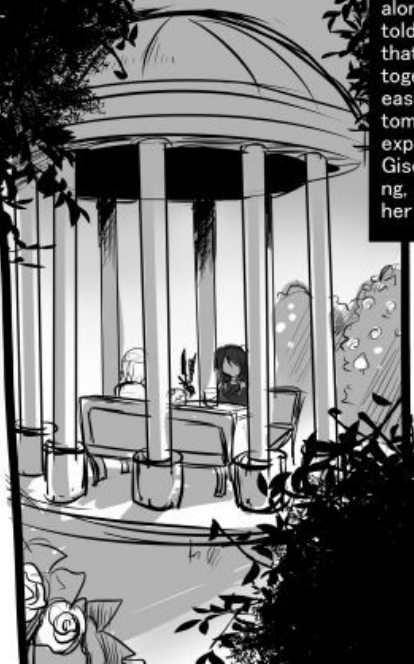


The conversation went deeper and deeper, until finally, Ashton spoke of what he did immediately before meeting Giselle. He had returned to his hometown with a singular purpose: to take revenge on the vampire that had killed his father.



This vampire, in taking his father away from him, was the reason why Ashton had to grow up poor and alone. Ashton finished his story by speaking in great detail about how much he hated this vampire. Of course, this was merely for the sake of irony.

The faintly blue moon moved across the sky, and the night went on. They sat in the eastern room, tucked in the corner of the garden, and Ashton continued recanting his stories as they sipped black tea, prepared for them by the bats.



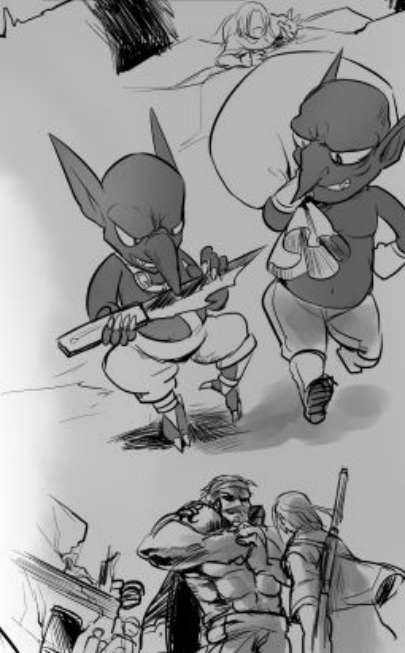
He told the story of how, after a vicious battle to the last breath, defeated a manticore that was terrorizing a village far, far away, and how he was treated like a hero afterwards. He had accepted the determined advances of a young maiden, and the two spent a passionate night together.

He described the smell of the sea-spray, the roughness of a desert sandstorm, and the taste of a bottomless swamp's mud.

And about how he almost died fighting demons, and the little, ephemeral joys he had experienced along the way. He told so many stories that, if collected together, would easily make a thick tome detailing his exploits. Giselle, quietly listening, looked on with her red eyes widened.

He told the story of how he was robbed of all his possessions by a mob of goblins the very first night after setting out from his village. He described the taste of the expensive liquor he enjoyed as a reward after his first successful extermination. And about how it felt to almost die after getting into a fist fight with the leader of a group of bandits.

(21) Ashton began to recount his tale.



Ashton realized just how wide the gulf in understanding was with Giselle, who casually described her life of murdering humans to drink their blood as "boring". To her, loving Ashton's father to death was probably the same as a child breaking a toy by playing with it too roughly.

"I was going to return the favor and tell you about myself, but compared to your stories it would just be boring. Besides, it was so long ago when I was young that I don't remember anything..."

It wasn't like he expected them to suddenly understand each other, but he wanted to convey the fact that he was not thrilled about being treated like an object, a pet. But for her, an immortal, ageless vampire, human understandings of life, death, and the Grief of loss were emotionally incomprehensible.

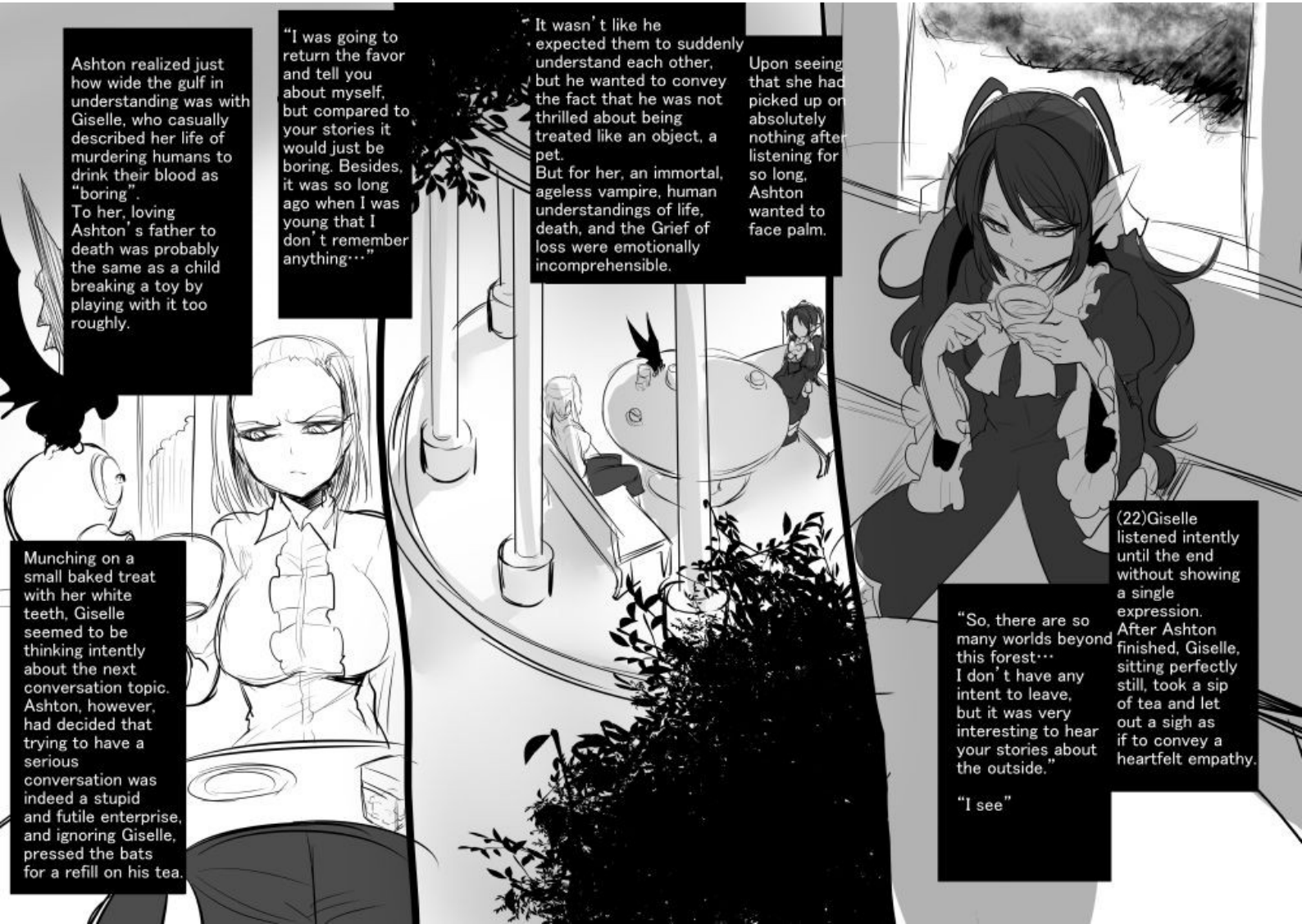
Upon seeing that she had picked up on absolutely nothing after listening for so long, Ashton wanted to face palm.

Munching on a small baked treat with her white teeth, Giselle seemed to be thinking intently about the next conversation topic. Ashton, however, had decided that trying to have a serious conversation was indeed a stupid and futile enterprise, and ignoring Giselle, pressed the bats for a refill on his tea.

(22) Giselle listened intently until the end without showing a single expression. After Ashton finished, Giselle, sitting perfectly still, took a sip of tea and let out a sigh as if to convey a heartfelt empathy.

"So, there are so many worlds beyond this forest... I don't have any intent to leave, but it was very interesting to hear your stories about the outside."

"I see"





"Rise your mouth before coming. I can't stand being licked and sucked on if you have that foul stench of blood in your mouth."
 "Really? I actually quite like that smell."



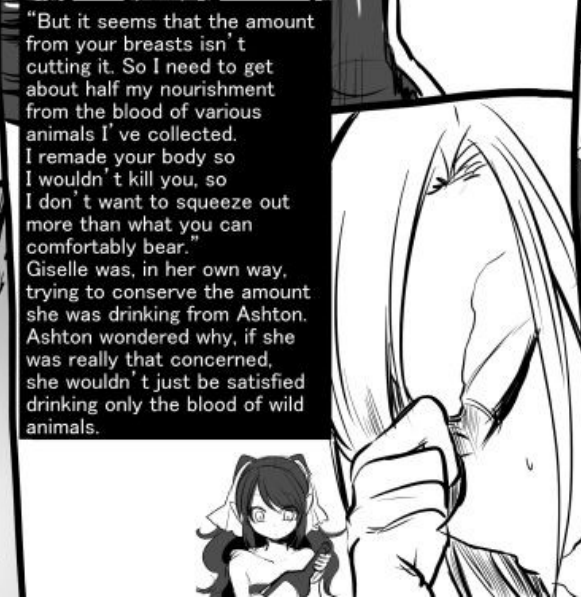
Giselle, with a confused expression, left the bedroom. Giselle was surprisingly accommodating of his requests, so long as they weren't in defiance of her wishes or for his freedom.



Alone, or more accurately, in the company of the bats resting on the ceiling, Ashton sat down on the bed and let out a sigh. He was sweating from his neck, and it soaked a little into his blonde hair. It wasn't only because he wanted to turn down what he knew was to come.



"This, is from a boar. And this, is bear. And that one is squirrel. It's particularly precious since their bodies are small and don't hold a lot of blood."
 "Why do you have to suck from my breasts when you have such a large collection of blood?"
 "Well, because drinking from someone you love is the most delicious, of course!"



"But it seems that the amount from your breasts isn't cutting it. So I need to get about half my nourishment from the blood of various animals I've collected. I remade your body so I wouldn't kill you, so I don't want to squeeze out more than what you can comfortably bear."
 Giselle was, in her own way, trying to conserve the amount she was drinking from Ashton. Ashton wondered why, if she was really that concerned, she wouldn't just be satisfied drinking only the blood of wild animals.



As Ashton entered the bedroom, Giselle, having laid out on the nightstand rows of wine bottles filled with bright red liquids, was swishing her wine glass in between sips.

(23)As daybreak approached, Giselle again invited Ashton to bed. Although, perhaps "quietly coerced" would have been a more fitting description.



Giselle, with a happy expression on her face, raced towards Ashton, grabbing him and pressing her lips against his. Frontally attacked with a hug, Ashton let out a small gasp as his body as he tried to pull away a little.

(24)
“...mph”

Unintentionally letting out a small breath, Ashton quickly adjusted his legs, bending his knees outward. He then slipped his hand in between his thighs. He kept this position for a little while, but upon sensing that Giselle was about to return, hurriedly returned to his previous posture. (changed “her” to “his” in the final sentence fragment)

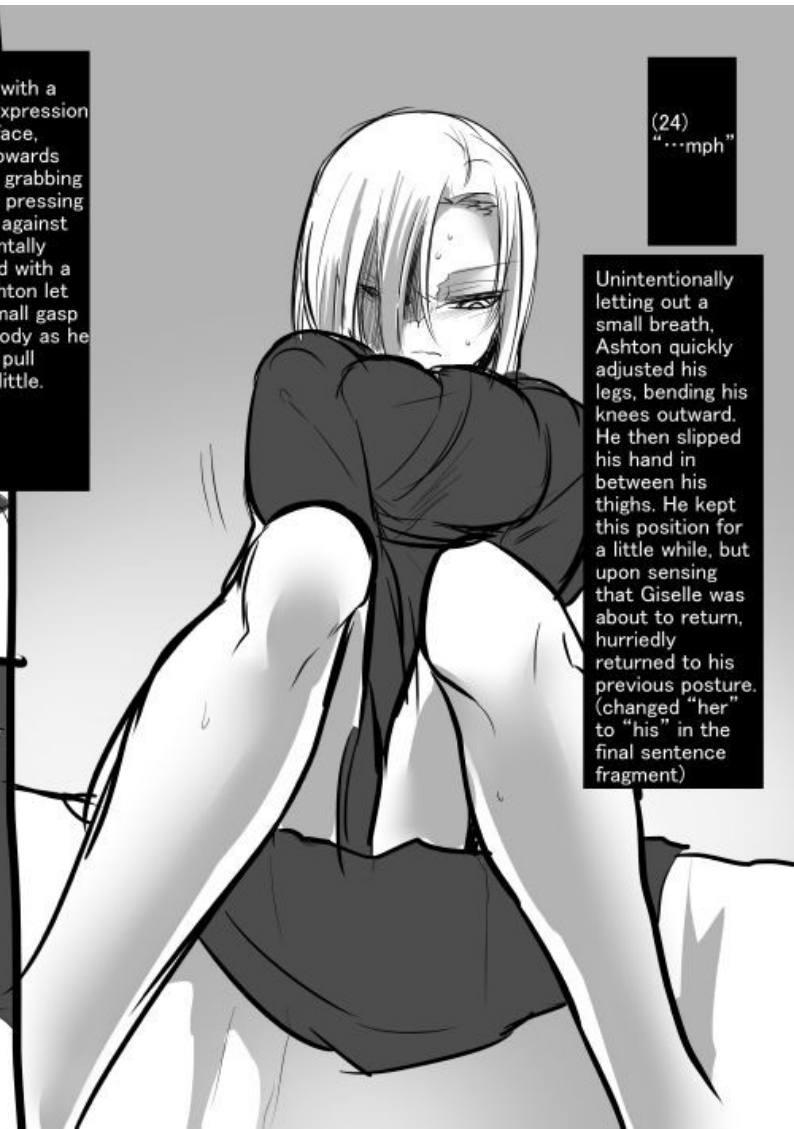


“It’s just a little bit, and it’ll be diluted in your mouth soon enough.”

“Y—you still have a little bit of that bloody taste in your mouth”



“What’s wrong?”





He was caught when he tried to run away. His self-inflicted injuries were healed instantly. He was force-fed when he declined to eat. Ashton couldn't escape the fear that he would, until the end of his days, be Giselle's plaything.

Giselle can tell through the smell of blood when he receives an external wound, but what about an internal one?

If he can continue to resist the urge to the bathroom, his bladder would eventually explode. It would probably be a slow and extremely painful death, plus he needed to keep up his appearances and make sure Giselle doesn't notice until it's already too late. However, he couldn't really think of any other ways to end his misery.

As they were talking in the garden throughout the night, he drank countless cups of a tea that he didn't really care for. Now he was stuffed full of liquids, and as the hours dragged on, it started to move from his stomach further down his abdomen.



Ashton had, for several hours now, been fighting the urge to use the restroom. He was on the verge of leaking.



(25) Accepting her kiss, he twisted his body as if to protect his abdomen. The fear of being discovered, as well as his increasing heart rate, in response to the stimulation being received, echoed in his waist and fanned the flames of his discomfort.

"—I'm okay. She doesn't sense it. —If I can keep it up, I can get through this!"

thought Ashton.



Ashton couldn't let Giselle catch on to his plans, but he twisted his waist just a bit as to allow himself to apply a bit of pressure with his thighs in small, repetitive movements. Suddenly, Giselle spread her own thighs across him, and pressed onto his crotch, rocking his body.

(26) Females have much shorter urethras than males, meaning that if both were holding in an equal amount of urine, the female would feel many times greater pain than the male. As dawn approached, his urge to urinate caused his spine to tremor uncontrollably. His urge to urinate was so much worse than the feeling of having held it in all day..



Giselle seemed to be increasingly aroused. She gradually adopted a more aggressive posture, grabbing him from the front and ripping apart his robe.

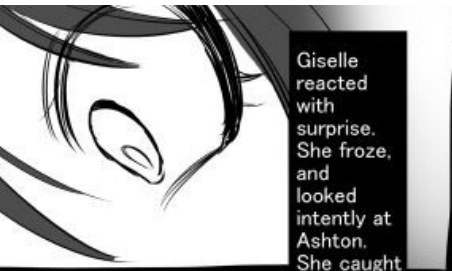
But it seems like Giselle still hasn't noticed. Judging from her eyes, Giselle seemed to think that Ashton's movements were natural reactions to pleasure from their interactions.



Ashton felt a stimulation not unlike the feeling of being tickled from this, and it only pushed her closer to the edge of leaking.

Giselle held on tightly, and traced her lips across his neck, massaging it with her tongue. Maybe she just wanted to take a big bite. Her way of kissing was very similar to how she played with his nipples and sucked on his breasts.





Giselle reacted with surprise. She froze, and looked intently at Ashton. She caught on to the fact that this was not just the product of pleasure.



It was too late for any regrets. She rubbed her white, delicate finger softly on Ashton's lower belly. It was swollen hard from all the urine inside.



Suddenly faced with this wave of pleasure, milk gushed out of his breasts like never before. This feeling in turn ran down her spine and rocked her hips. Ashton was at his limit, and with a loud cry, began to leak. Warm liquids sprayed out, onto Giselle's thighs and soaking into her panties.



(27) She put her lips to his breasts, sucking up the precum-like liquid pouring out. This stimulation of his erogenous zones sent a pulse running through to his lower parts, which reflexively tightened, making it even harder to hold it in.





As he bit his tongue and shut his legs tightly, he felt his thighs being lifted up. Giselle was picking him up and turning him over.



Giselle slid her finger further down, squeezing it in between his legs to go for his private parts. Using her other hand to press down and massage his belly, she began to play with his clitoris.



Ashton felt like he was about to let it all go, but somehow, he held on. As long as he could keep holding it in, Giselle couldn't do anything about this, right?



(28) "This is no good. You've gotten so hard here..." "S-stop!! Ug—ah!" "Seems like you're about to burst. It's uncomfortable, right?"





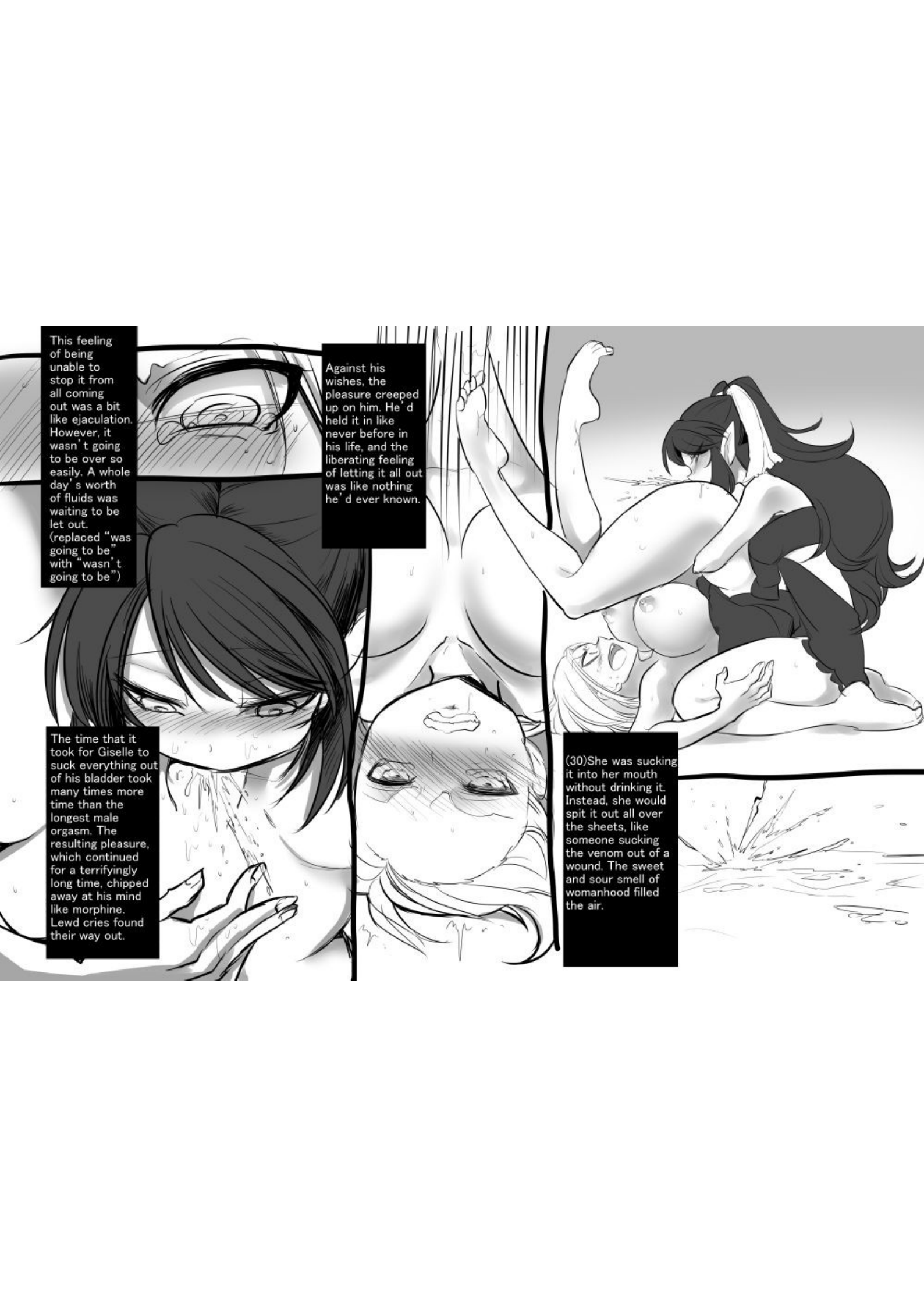
The already strained floodgates burst, and urine began spraying out uncontrollably. He wanted to resist the embarrassment of being held in this pathetic pose and having his bodily functions being observed from such a close distance, but his hands, trembling as he continued to piss uncontrollably, could not find the strength to pull Giselle's finger out.



Giselle put her lips right above the hole she had her finger in, and started to suck diligently.



(29) She stuck her finger inside him, and started poking at his engorged bladder from inside, through the membrane. Overcome by a powerful feeling that a male couldn't possibly have known, he couldn't help but let out a scream-like sound.

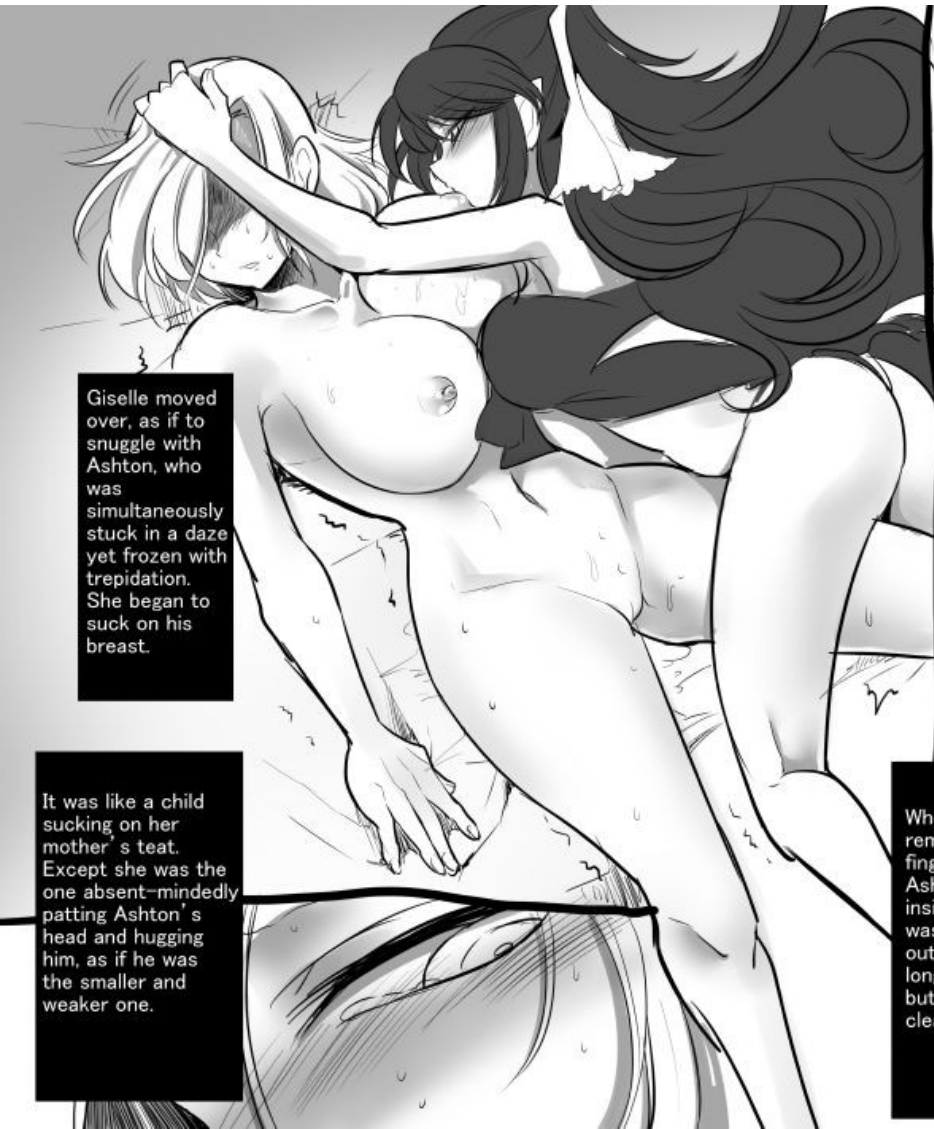


This feeling of being unable to stop it from all coming out was a bit like ejaculation. However, it wasn't going to be over so easily. A whole day's worth of fluids was waiting to be let out.
(replaced "was going to be" with "wasn't going to be")

Against his wishes, the pleasure crept up on him. He'd held it in like never before in his life, and the liberating feeling of letting it all out was like nothing he'd ever known.

The time that it took for Giselle to suck everything out of his bladder took many times more time than the longest male orgasm. The resulting pleasure, which continued for a terrifyingly long time, chipped away at his mind like morphine. Lewd cries found their way out.

(30)She was sucking it into her mouth without drinking it. Instead, she would spit it out all over the sheets, like someone sucking the venom out of a wound. The sweet and sour smell of womanhood filled the air.



Giselle moved over, as if to snuggle with Ashton, who was simultaneously stuck in a daze yet frozen with trepidation. She began to suck on his breast.

It was like a child sucking on her mother's teat. Except she was the one absent-mindedly patting Ashton's head and hugging him, as if he was the smaller and weaker one.

When Giselle removed her finger from Ashton's inside, what was gushing out was no longer urine but a stringy, clear fluid.



(31) There was no more sign of the strong young man who had made his living out of hunting demons. Lying on the bed now was just a woman who just had her body ravaged by previously unknown ecstasies.



He tried to think deeply about the vampire in front of him, sucking on his breasts, but he struggled to grasp it all.

As he exhausted his various attempts to resist or run away from Giselle, Ashton slowly lost his ability to think properly. A woman's instinct to want to be protected by a being stronger than herself began to eat away at his warrior's mindset.

The longer that someone spends in a situation where their very life is in danger, the stronger the instinct for self-preservation gets, supplanting the ability to think rationally.

He could feel himself melting away and becoming one with her, bit by bit, every time she touched or made passionate love to him.



"If I just listen to Giselle and do what she says, I'll be safe here. She loves me"

"No... what am I saying? She killed my father, and so many others... and I must..."

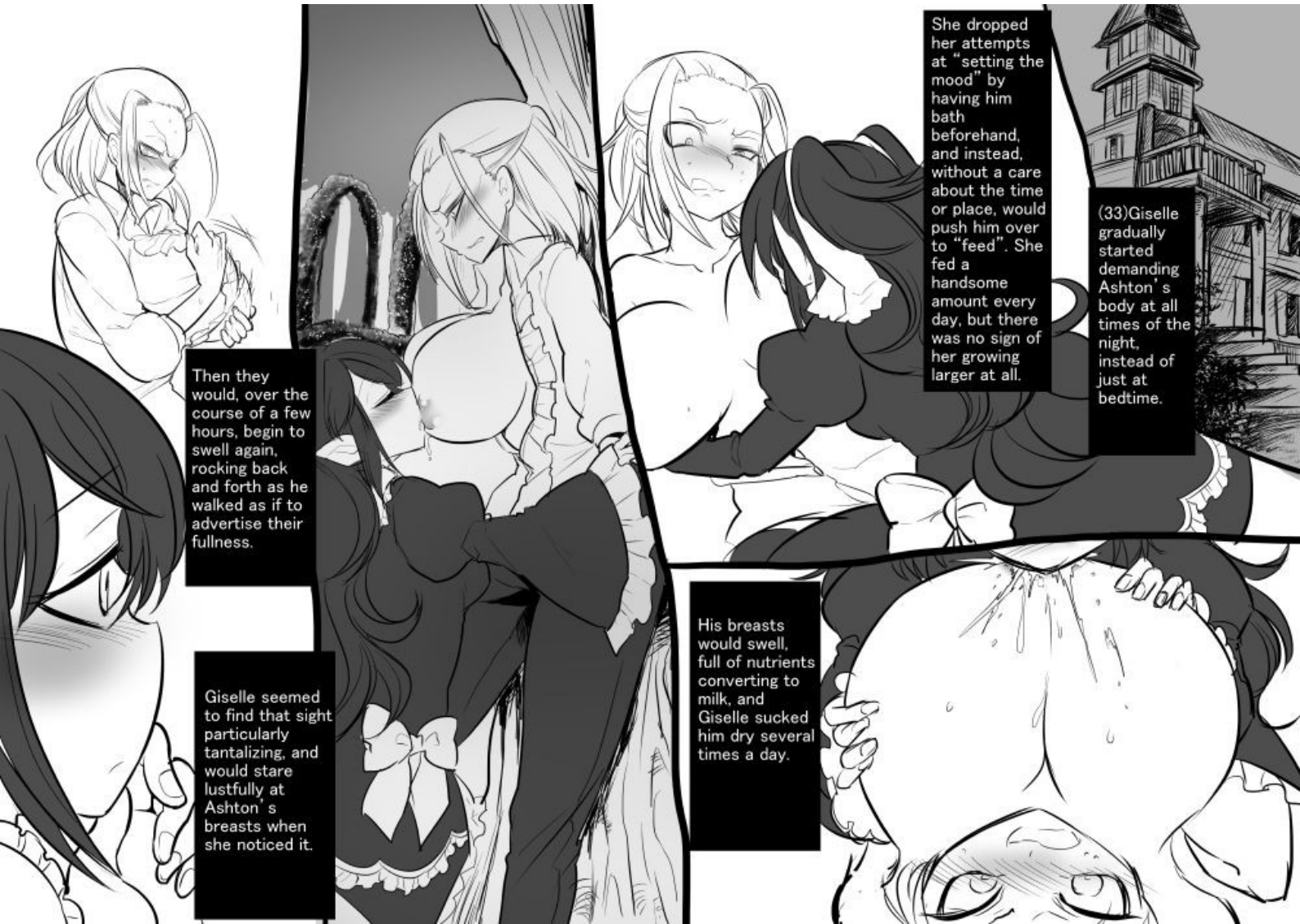
(32) "Why was I trying so hard to run away from this girl?"

"I don't want to think about it anymore. And I'm tired of fighting. It'd be best if I just gave up"

"Don't be deluded! Resist! Think! You're just being toyed with by the vampire's magic!"

"But I should know perfectly well by now that that's simply not possible"

"That's not right... I came here to kill this woman"



Then they would, over the course of a few hours, begin to swell again, rocking back and forth as he walked as if to advertise their fullness.

Giselle seemed to find that sight particularly tantalizing, and would stare lustfully at Ashton's breasts when she noticed it.

His breasts would swell, full of nutrients converting to milk, and Giselle sucked him dry several times a day.

She dropped her attempts at "setting the mood" by having him bath beforehand, and instead, without a care about the time or place, would push him over to "feed". She fed a handsome amount every day, but there was no sign of her growing larger at all.

(33)Giselle gradually started demanding Ashton's body at all times of the night, instead of just at bedtime.



At first, he resisted, and would try to pull her fingers out. As the days passed, his grip gradually grew weaker and weaker, having unknowingly lost the will to resist.



While suckling his milk with her lips, she would force her hands between his legs and rub and massage him, sometimes even sticking it in and doing it from the inside. She wouldn't stop until he became incontinent from the pleasure alone.



(34) In addition, having foiling his attempt to kill himself by bursting his bladder, Giselle checked every time to make sure he wasn't holding it in again.



Days like these, trapped in a mansion in the forest and cut off from all outside contact, repeated on and on, breaking Ashton down a little more with every passing day.



Giselle wanted the kind of "normalcy" that people in love would have. Frankly, she probably thought she already had exactly that.



(35)The rest of the time, they would eat together and have idle chatter.



They would go for walks in the garden to look at the plants, and bringing a chess set to play while they were outside.





When they were together, Giselle would, with a burning look in her eye, touch around his neck his waist.



Ashton, getting the message, would pull down his blouse and tuck his skirt above the waist before Giselle could rip them off, preparing himself to nurse.



These days wore on, breaking down his dignity as a man. However, Ashton didn't notice how ridiculous the situation he was in really was, as he had completely lost the ability to think rationally.



Giselle would also often grab violently at his chest, ripping off his blouse, buttons and all.

(36) Ashton unknowingly began to prefer wearing skirts.

He had grown tired of changing out of his pants every time they were dirtied by Giselle's frequent "solicitations". With a skirt, he could tuck it with his hand and not worry about it getting soiled.

It was tiring to have to change all the time, so he started to wear more clothes that exposed more cleavage.



But of course, she just smiled as his insult went in one ear and out the other.

It honestly would have been better if Giselle just blew a fuse and killed him right there. Which is why Ashton didn't hesitate at all before blurting out his sharp reply.



"Hey, have you gotten used to living here yet?"

Giselle, who would usually turn around and go to sleep after feeding, asked Ashton a question instead. "There's no way I could get used to this..." "How much do you love me?" "So much that I would cry tears of joy if you just up and died."



(37) One day, as morning crept closer, Ashton was napping next to a satisfied Giselle. He was exhausted and on the verge of being lured into an entrancing slumber.



"Hmm..."



"No, it's something even better. Ashton, is there anything you want me to do for you?" "Well, I know you won't let me go home, or turn me back, but can you not touch me and leave me alone, even if just for a day?"



"You know, I just thought of something fun. I think it'll bring us closer together." "Do you want to play chess or something?"

He wanted to have a family again.

It actually wasn't a joke. He dreamed of taking a bride and living a peaceful life in his hometown after slaying the vampire and having his revenge.

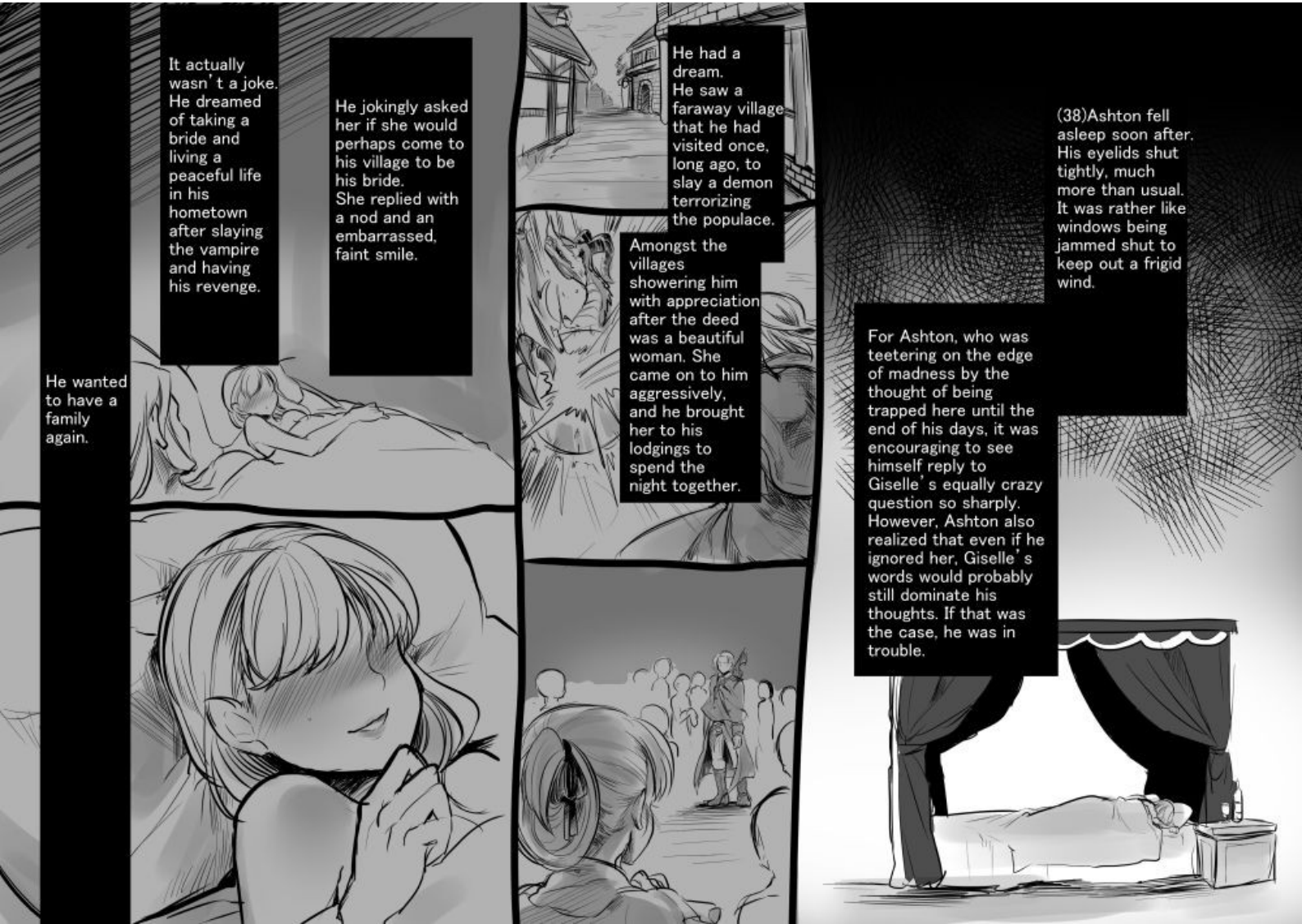
He jokingly asked her if she would perhaps come to his village to be his bride. She replied with a nod and an embarrassed, faint smile.

Amongst the villages showering him with appreciation after the deed was a beautiful woman. She came on to him aggressively, and he brought her to his lodgings to spend the night together.

He had a dream. He saw a faraway village that he had visited once, long ago, to slay a demon terrorizing the populace.

(38) Ashton fell asleep soon after. His eyelids shut tightly, much more than usual. It was rather like windows being jammed shut to keep out a frigid wind.

For Ashton, who was teetering on the edge of madness by the thought of being trapped here until the end of his days, it was encouraging to see himself reply to Giselle's equally crazy question so sharply. However, Ashton also realized that even if he ignored her, Giselle's words would probably still dominate his thoughts. If that was the case, he was in trouble.





She appeared to be enjoying herself, even skipping a bit, but he couldn't tell if it was just his mind playing tricks.

As he was getting up and wondering to himself about what was going on, he suddenly noticed an odd feeling on his chest. There were two metal rings stuck onto his nipples.

Up until now, he had never woken up being touched like this before, and he looked up, a bit surprised. Giselle, without a word, scooted away, got up, and left the room.

(39) When he woke up, he felt something soft against his cheeks. It was Giselle's long, black hair. He could also feel her chest against his back.



Giselle closed her book and looked straight at Ashton as he demanded to know what the nipple-rings were about. It was as if she had been waiting for him.

He decided to take it up with the person who had put them on in the first place, and found her in the moonlit foyer —if you could even call a room in a house that almost never received guests a foyer— sitting on the windowsill flipping through the pages of some book.



(41)He tried pulling them off, but couldn't no matter how hard he tried. Curiously, they wouldn't budge. Not even a bit. His struggles to get them off only stimulated his nipples, making them erect and even more uncomfortable, and he gave up trying to pull them off.



"Right, and if you really feel that way, you should be fine like this for a day or two, right? You hate being touched by me, right? I'll let you do whatever you want so..."
 "That's a different matter! These things are in the way! Take them off now!"



(41) "I wanted to play a little game..."
 "A game? What game?"
 "Hmm..."
 I guess, in short, a game of endurance? I'll take them off after we're done."

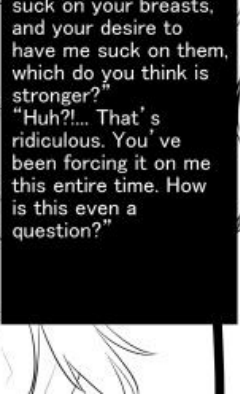


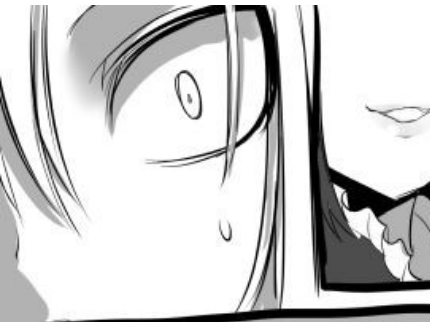
It briefly occurred to Ashton that what he had said the night before in bed may have actually gotten to her, but he wasn't going to back down now.

Because they squeezed his nipples and forced them erect, the slightest movement would force them to rub against his clothes. If he didn't hold his chest still, even walking was difficult. It didn't seem like he would be able to make it through the night like this.



"Between my desire to suck on your breasts, and your desire to have me suck on them, which do you think is stronger?"
 "Huh?!... That's ridiculous. You've been forcing it on me this entire time. How is this even a question?"





"If I could ask one thing of you, I think it would be to kindly just die."

"Okay. Let's go with that."

"Eh?"



It seemed like Giselle had just been setting up for this.

Ashton sighed deeply. This greedy vampire wasn't going to suggest something that would cost her, he thought.

(42) "Since this is a game that will make both of us suffer, it'd be better if the winner could look forward to a prize, right?"

"A prize?"

"How about the loser has to do one thing the winner asks of them?"



Ashton froze, as if to make sure he had just heard her correctly. Did she just agree to this so easily? just agree so easily to this? He didn't even mean it, thinking that she would just ignore it like she usually did.



"Suppose I really won. Exactly how would you go about killing yourself? Would you use the silver stake?"
"What's a silver stake?"
"You'd die if you were stabbed with a silver stake or shot with a silver bullet, right?"
"Oh... so you mean that's what that rod you were holding when we first met was for?"
"But you took it from me and destroyed it. Wasn't that because it was a threat?"
"Not really. I took it because I worried that you could have hurt yourself with it."



This was certainly quite different compared to what he had planned for, but perhaps this really was an opportunity to take his revenge and avenge his father.

(43) "Why are you so surprised? I said I'll do anything."

"What are you planning, saying that?"

"Nothing more than what I've already said. If you win the game, I'll happily off myself for you. If you don't want that we can change the prize."



Giselle spoke like a mother finally figuring out her child's stupid games. It didn't occur to her that the silver stake signified his intent to kill.



Even then, he wasn't convinced. He didn't trust her completely, but if she really meant what she said, then perhaps Giselle, who couldn't be killed by an expert demon hunter no matter how hard he tried, would offer her life up herself.

He thought it through looking for anything that could be a loophole, but couldn't find anything.

