Turned into a Breast Milk Fountain by a Beautiful Vampire Part 1
English version
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Rifle
Good for ordinary targets,
like wild animals.
Also useful for warning shots.

Crossbow
For killing vampires.

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.

Giselle

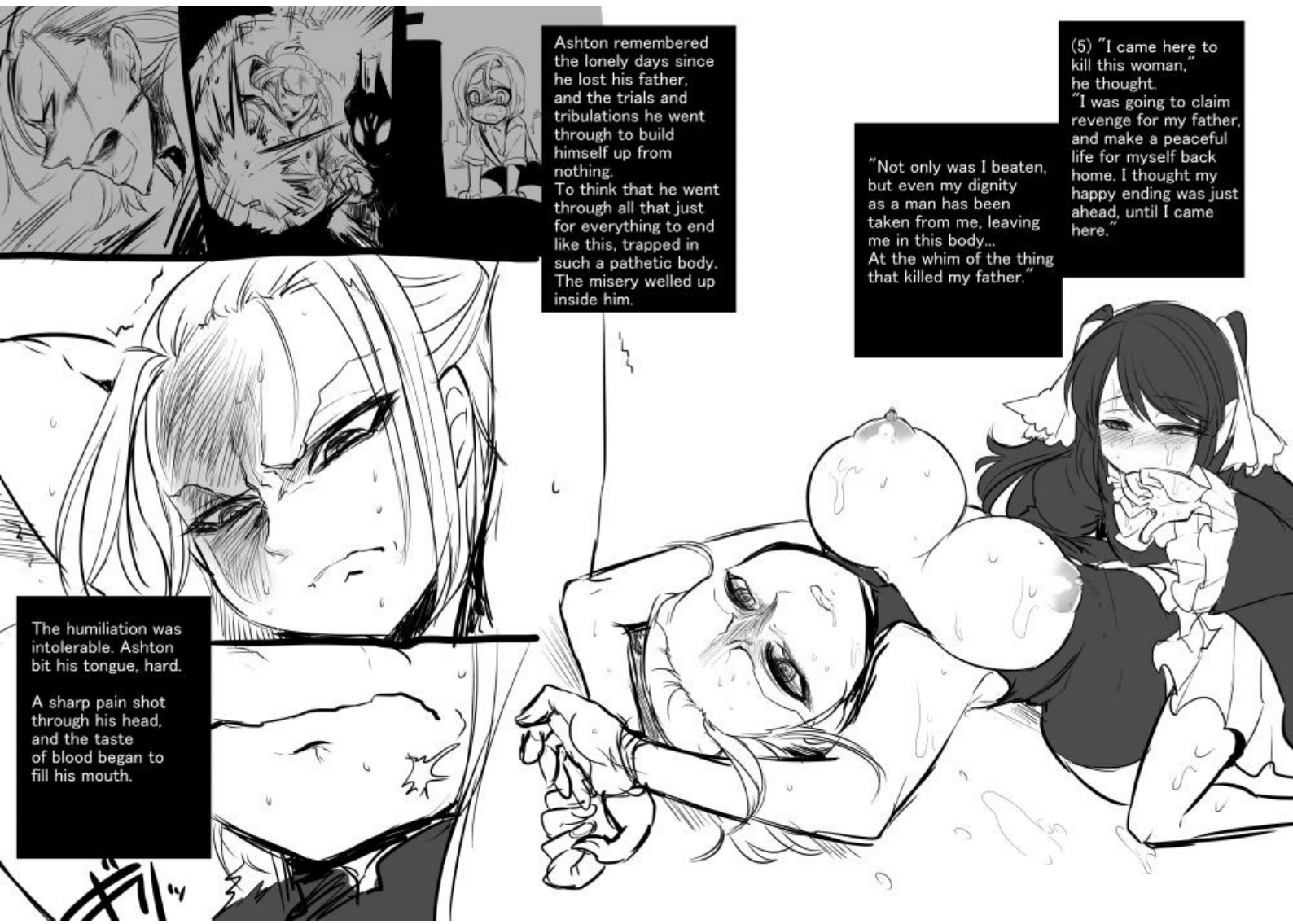
·An immortal and beautiful vampire girl,
who lives in a western-style estate in the mountain.
·Captured Ashton's father after he stumbled into
her home and caught her eye about twenty years ago,
→Unfortunately, out of love, accidentally sucked
all of his blood and killed him.
·Captured Ashton, the splitting 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.

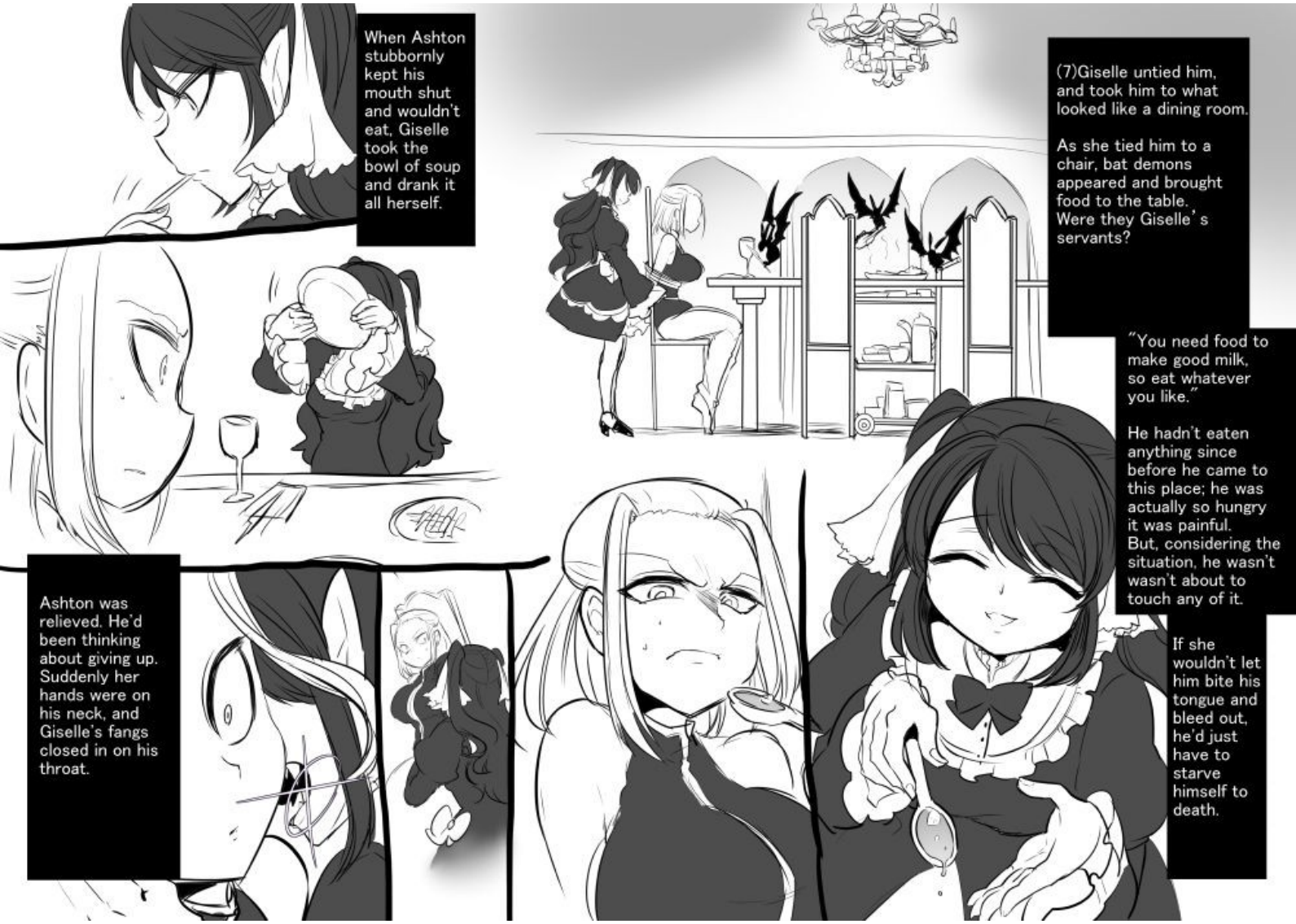
About 20 years ago, Ashton's father died because Giselle fell in love with him at first sight. Although it was not her intent to murder him, her lust for his blood was the end of him.
Gisselle trembled with joy when Ashton, who looked so much like his father, came looking for revenge. "This time, I won't 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..."

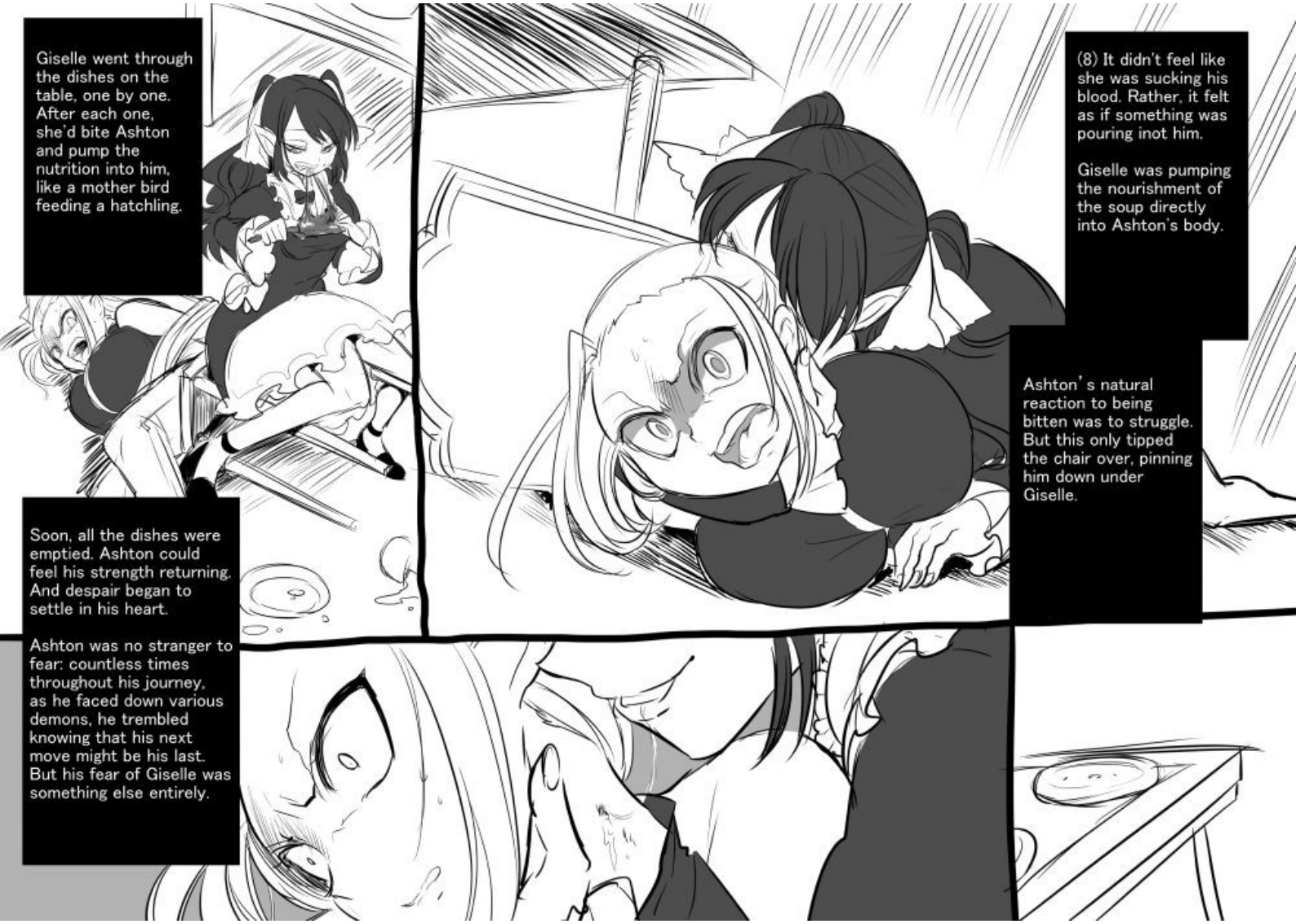
"A mammal's breast milk is made from their blood...Or has your human science not gotten there yet?"
Giselle suckled onto Ashton's breast, with an expression of pure ecstasy, cradling it as if it was a succulent fruit. From time to time, she massaged it lovingly.
The monster he' d hoped to kill for so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

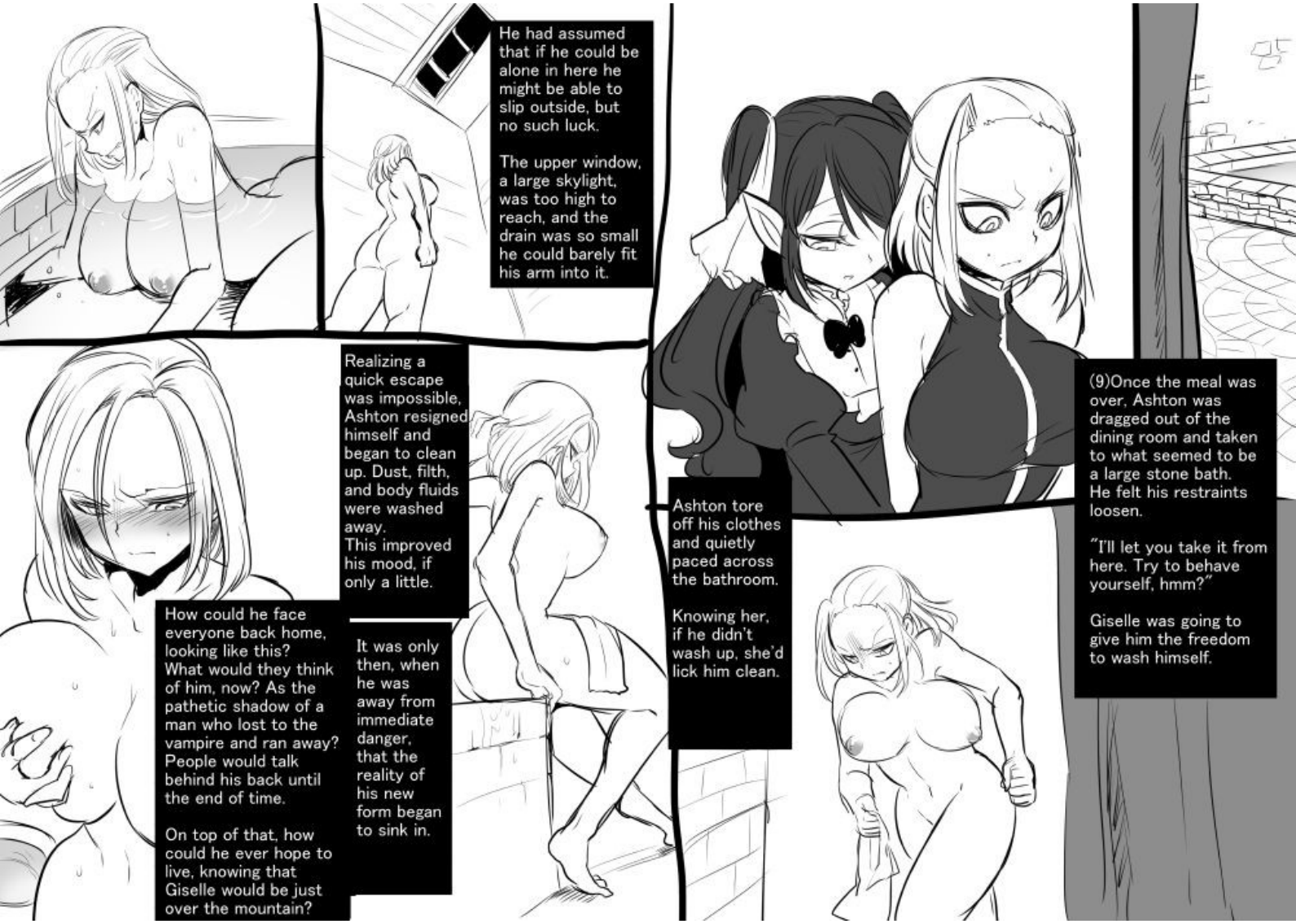
Ashton trembled at the touch of her gentle hands and her feverish gaze. He had experienced pleasure like this in his "lower" body plenty of times, but this was completely different. Giselle's tongue played with his nipple, sending a throbbing feeling that chipped away at his sanity.
"Your milk is so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

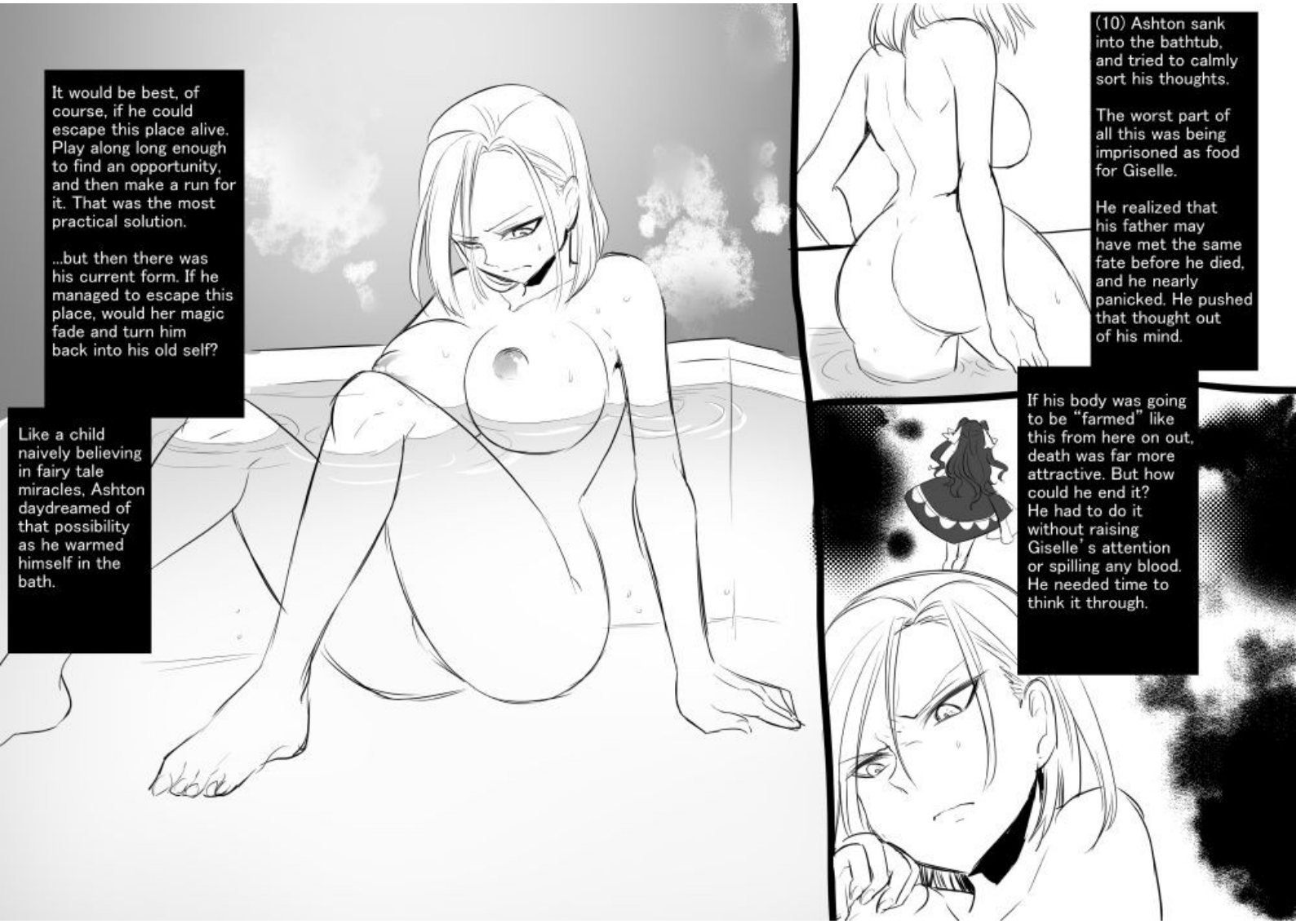

Ashton remembered the lonely days since he lost his father, and the trials and tribulations he went through to build himself up from nothing.
To think that he went through all that just for everything to end like this, trapped in such a pathetic body. The misery welled up inside him.
The humiliation was intolerable. Ashton bit his tongue, hard.
A sharp pain shot through his head, and the taste of blood began to fill his mouth.
"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 that killed my father."
(5) "I came here to kill this woman," he thought. "I was going to claim revenge for my father, and make a peaceful life for myself back home. I thought my happy ending was just ahead, until I came here."

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 splotches 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.
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.
A chill ran down his spine as he realized what she meant; she wouldn't let him kill himself, or run away.
There would be no escape from this.

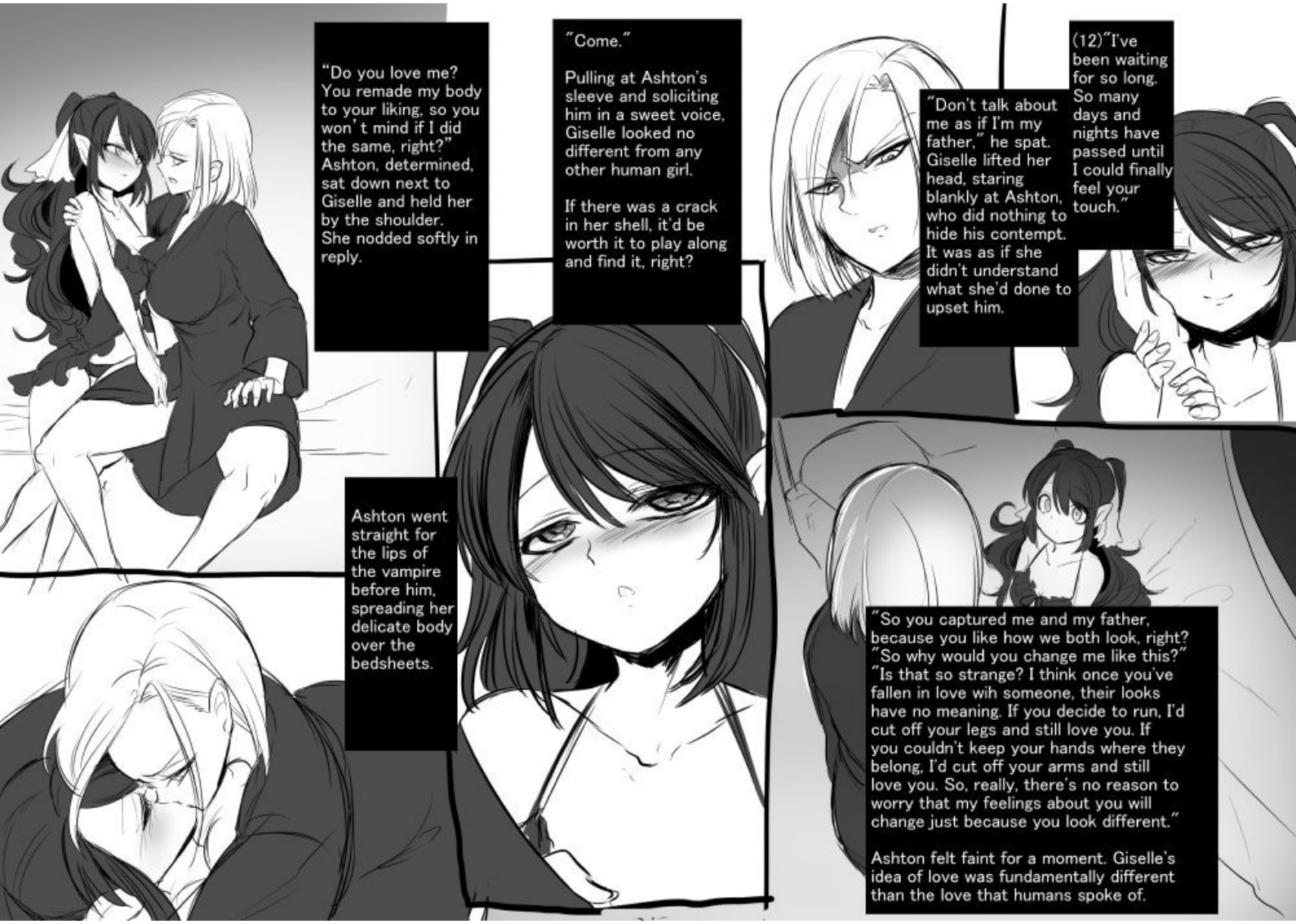

When Ashton stubbornly kept his mouth shut and wouldn't eat, Giselle took the bowl of soup and drank it all herself.
(7)Giselle untied him, and took him to what looked like a dining room.
As she tied him to a chair, bat demons appeared and brought food to the table. Were they Giselle's servants?
"You need food to make good milk, so eat whatever you like."
He hadn't eaten anything since before he came to this place; he was actually so hungry it was painful. But, considering the situation, he wasn't wasn't about to touch any of it.
If she wouldn't let him bite his tongue and bleed out, he'd just have to starve himself to death.
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.


Giselle went through the dishes on the table, one by one. After each one, she'd bite Ashton and pump the nutrition into him, like a mother bird feeding a hatchling.
(8) It didn't feel like she was sucking his blood. Rather, it felt as if something was pouring inot 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.
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.


He had assumed that if he could be alone in here he might be able to slip outside, but no such luck.
The upper window, a large skylight, 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 body fluids were washed away.
This improved his mood, if only a little.
How could he face everyone back home, looking like this?
What would they think of him, now? As the pathetic shadow of a man who lost to the vampire and ran away?
People would talk behind his back until the end of time.
On top of that, 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 paced across the bathroom.
Knowing her, if he didn't wash up, she'd 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.

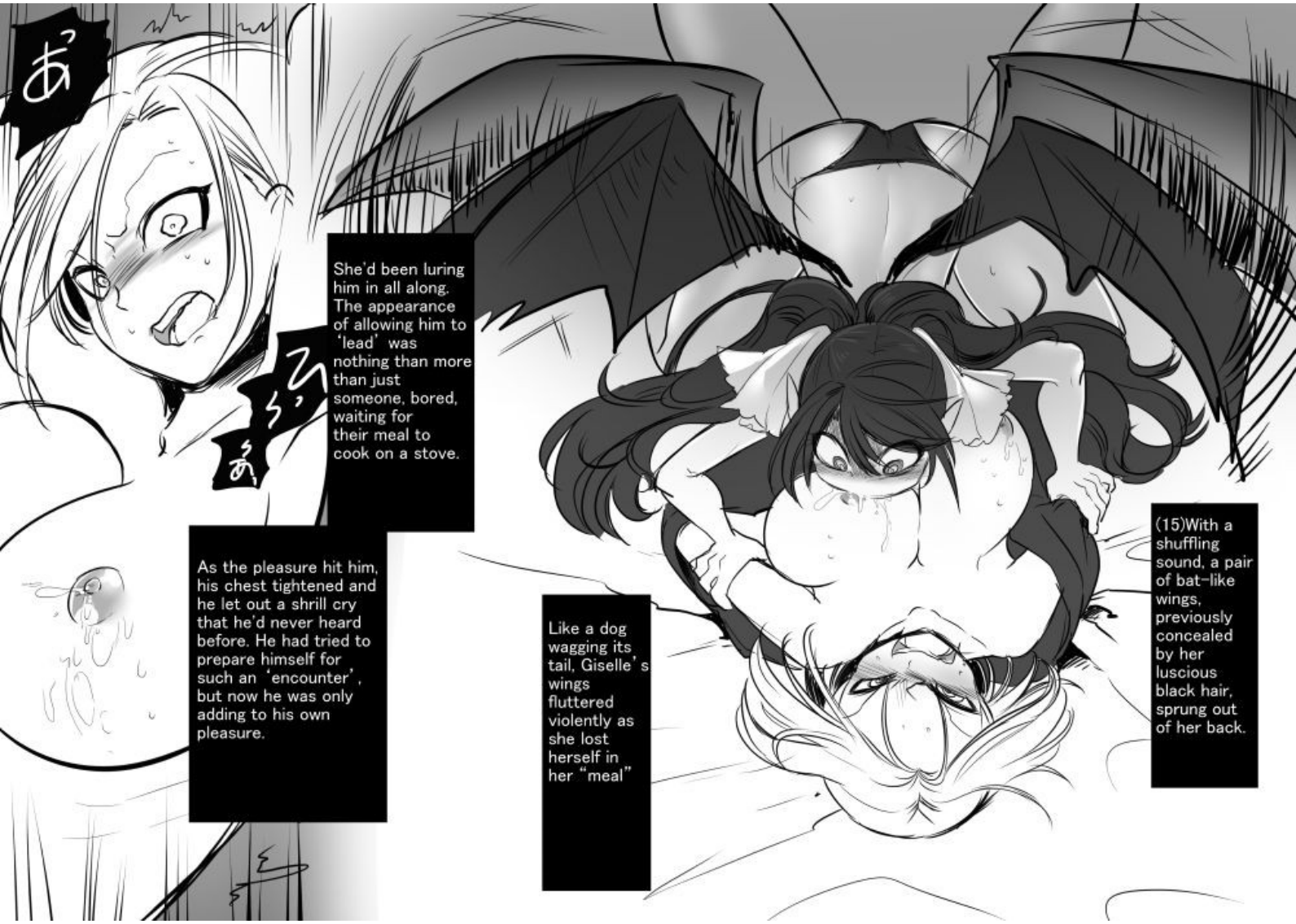

It would be best, of course, if he could escape this place alive. Play along long enough to find an opportunity, and then make a run for it. That was the most practical solution.
...but then there was his current form. If he managed to escape this place, would her magic fade and turn him back into his 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 calmly sort his thoughts.
The worst part of all this was being imprisoned as food for Giselle.
He realized that his father may have met the same fate before he died, and he nearly panicked. He pushed that thought out of his mind.
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.

A large bed with a canopy appear--ed before him.
So, this was her bedroom, he thought; This must be where she comes to rest and take refuge from the light of day.
That, or it was a cell, to keep him from esca--ping .
He tried not to think about it too much.
There was no place left for him to run.
Steeling himself, Ashton took a deep breath and approached the 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.
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.
He was led to a descending staircase that led further underground.
As they came to the inner--most room, the door opened on it's own, with a loud heavy creak.
(11)When Ashton had finished his bath, there was no sign of Giselle.
Bat servants appeared, to help him prepare for bed.


"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 looked no different from any other human girl.
If there was a crack in her shell, it'd be worth it to play along and find it, right?
"Don't talk about me as if I'm my father," he spat. Giselle lifted her head, staring blankly at Ashton, who did nothing to hide his contempt. 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 me and my father, because you like how we both look, right?
"So why would you change me like this?"
"Is that so strange? I think once you've fallen in love wih someone, their looks have no meaning. If you decide to run, I'd 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 will 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.
(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.
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.

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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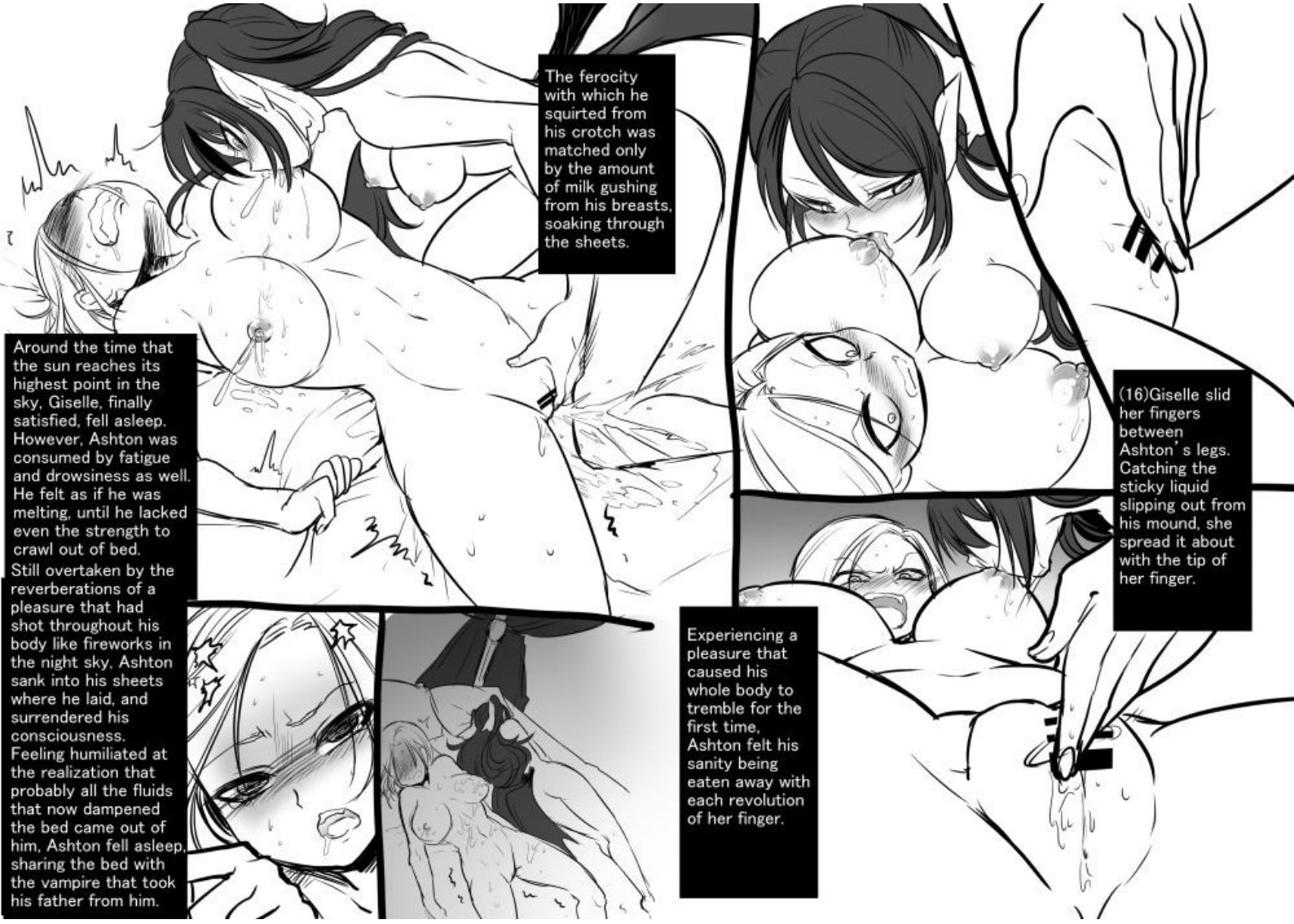
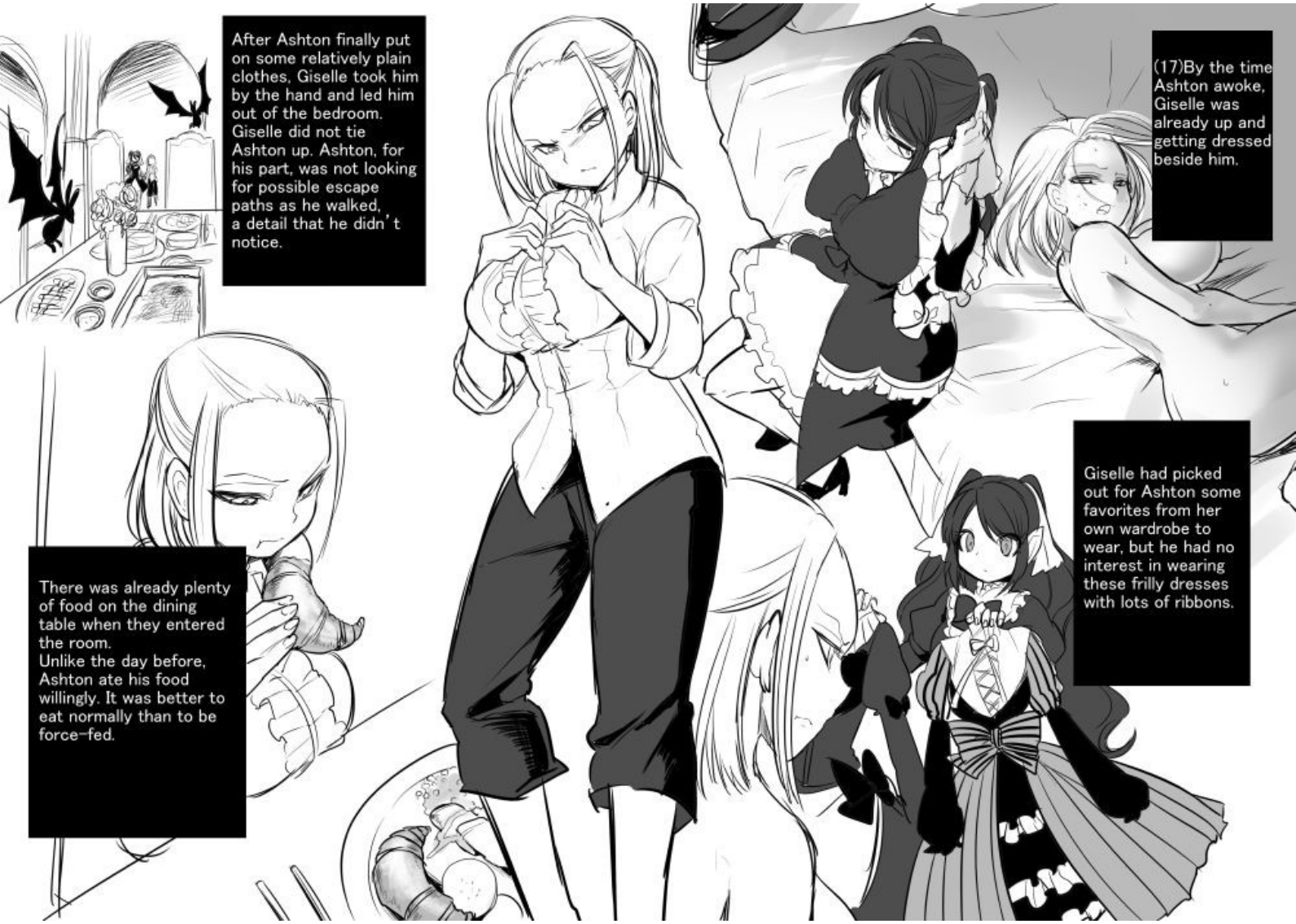
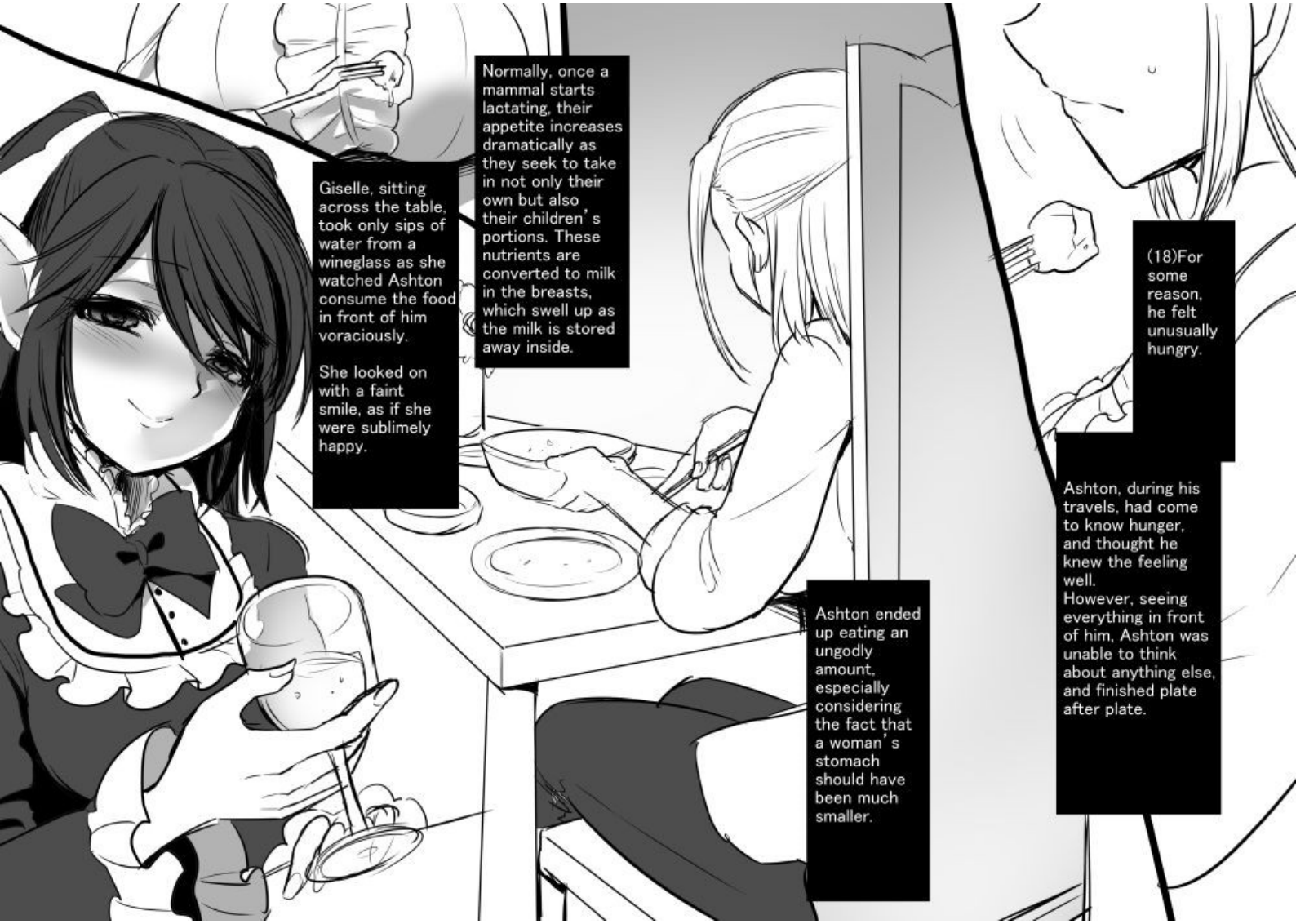
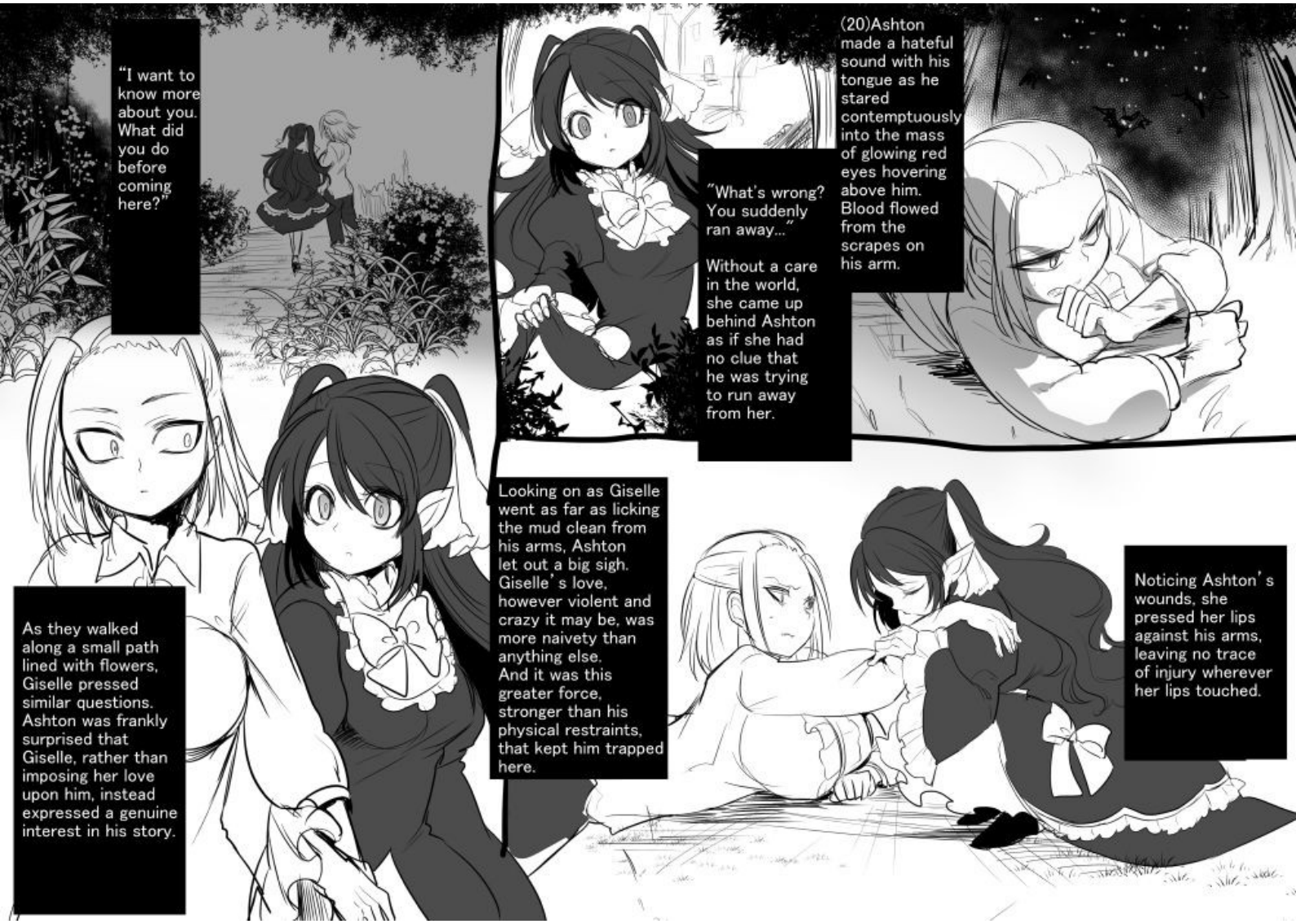
She'd been luring him in all along. The appearance of allowing him to 'lead' was nothing than more than just someone, bored, waiting for their meal to cook on a stove.
As the pleasure hit him, his chest tightened and he let out a shrill cry that he'd never heard before. He had tried to prepare himself 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.

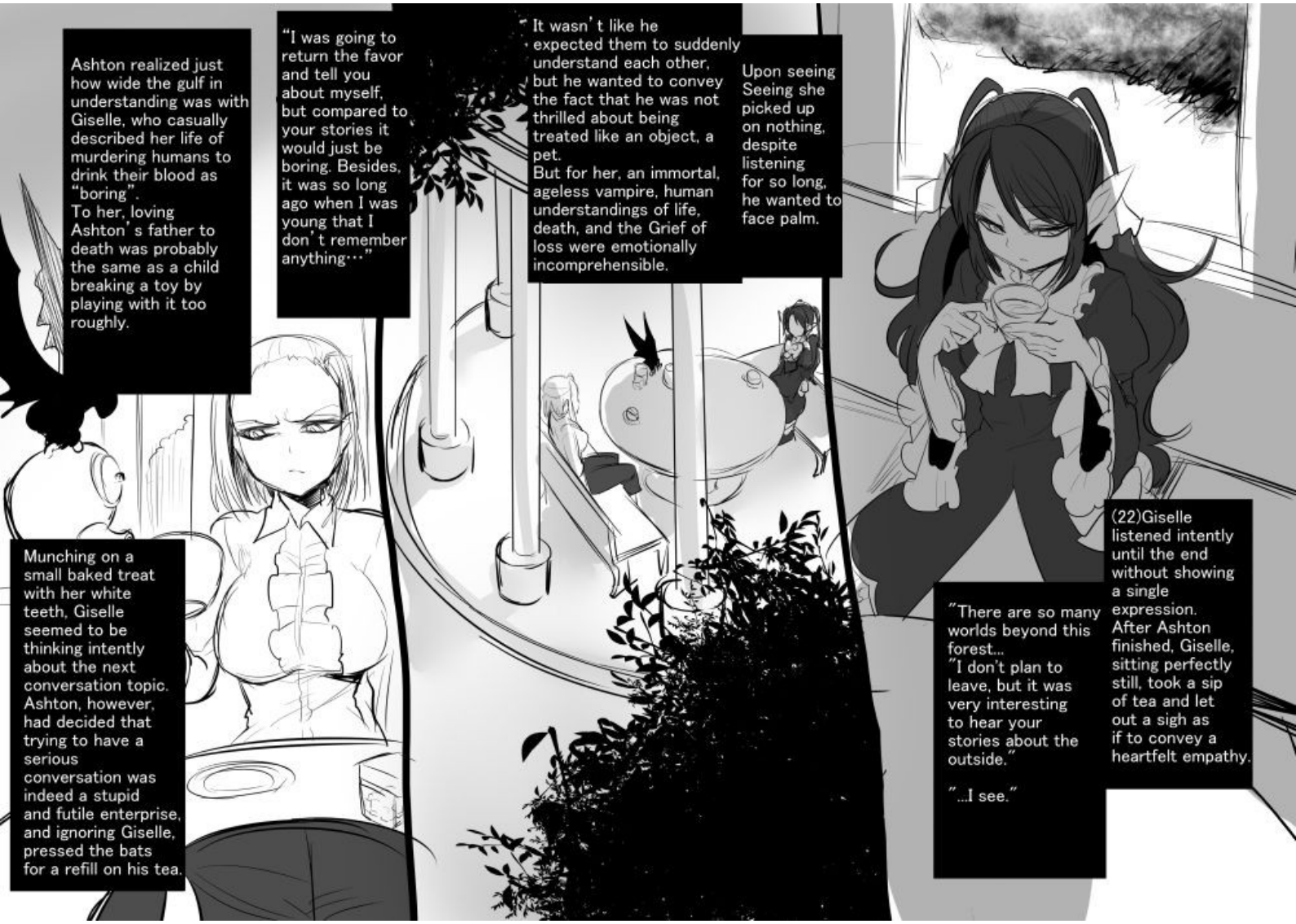

After Ashton finally put on some relatively plain clothes, Giselle took him by the hand and led him out of the bedroom. Giselle did not tie Ashton up. Ashton, for his part, was not looking for possible escape paths as he walked, a detail that he didn't notice.
(17)By the time Ashton awoke, Giselle was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

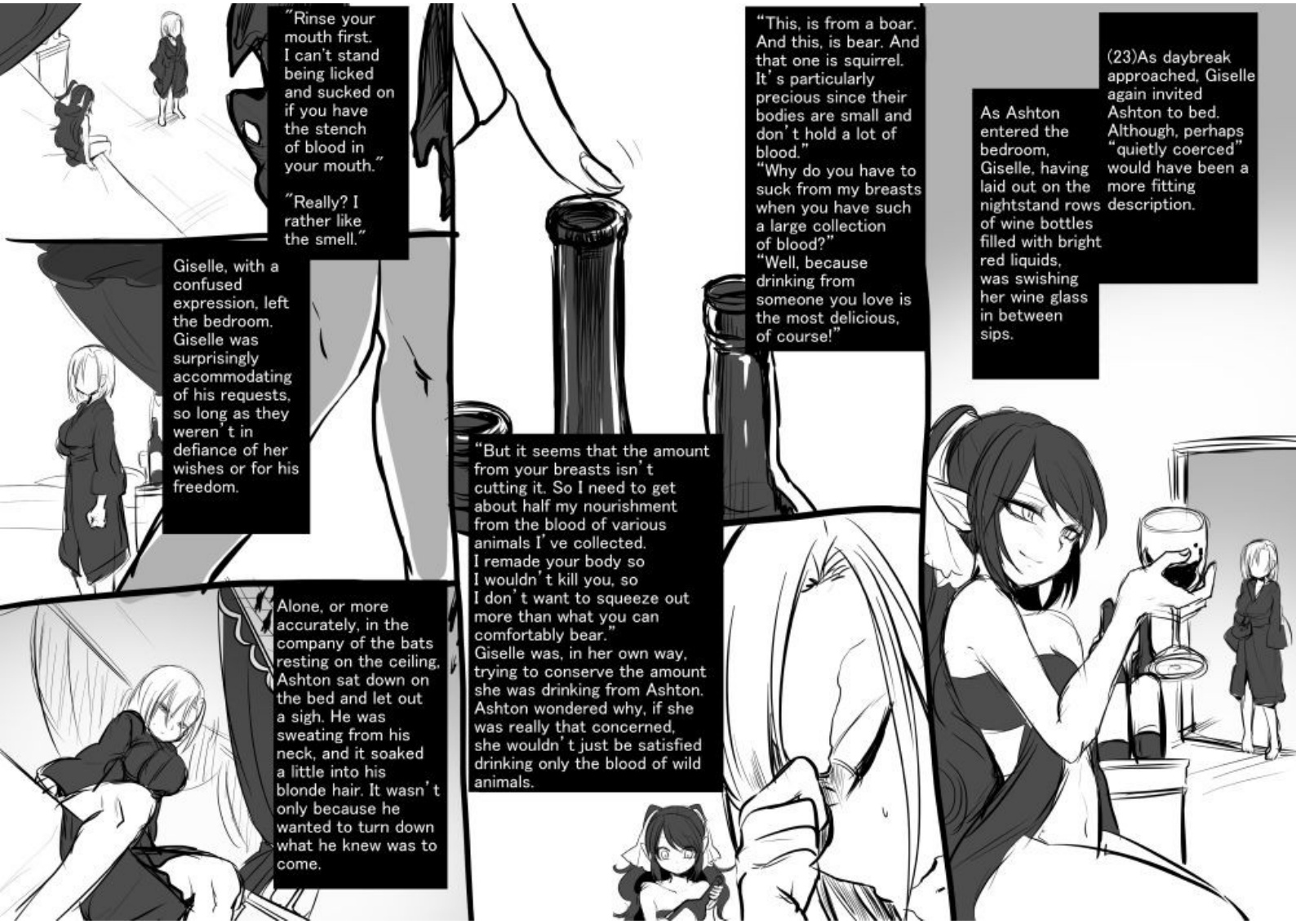

Giselle, sitting across the table, took only sips of water from a wineglass as she watched Ashton consume the food in front of him voraciously.
She looked on with a faint smile, as if she were sublimely happy.
Normally, once a mammal starts lactating, their appetite increases dramatically as they seek 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.

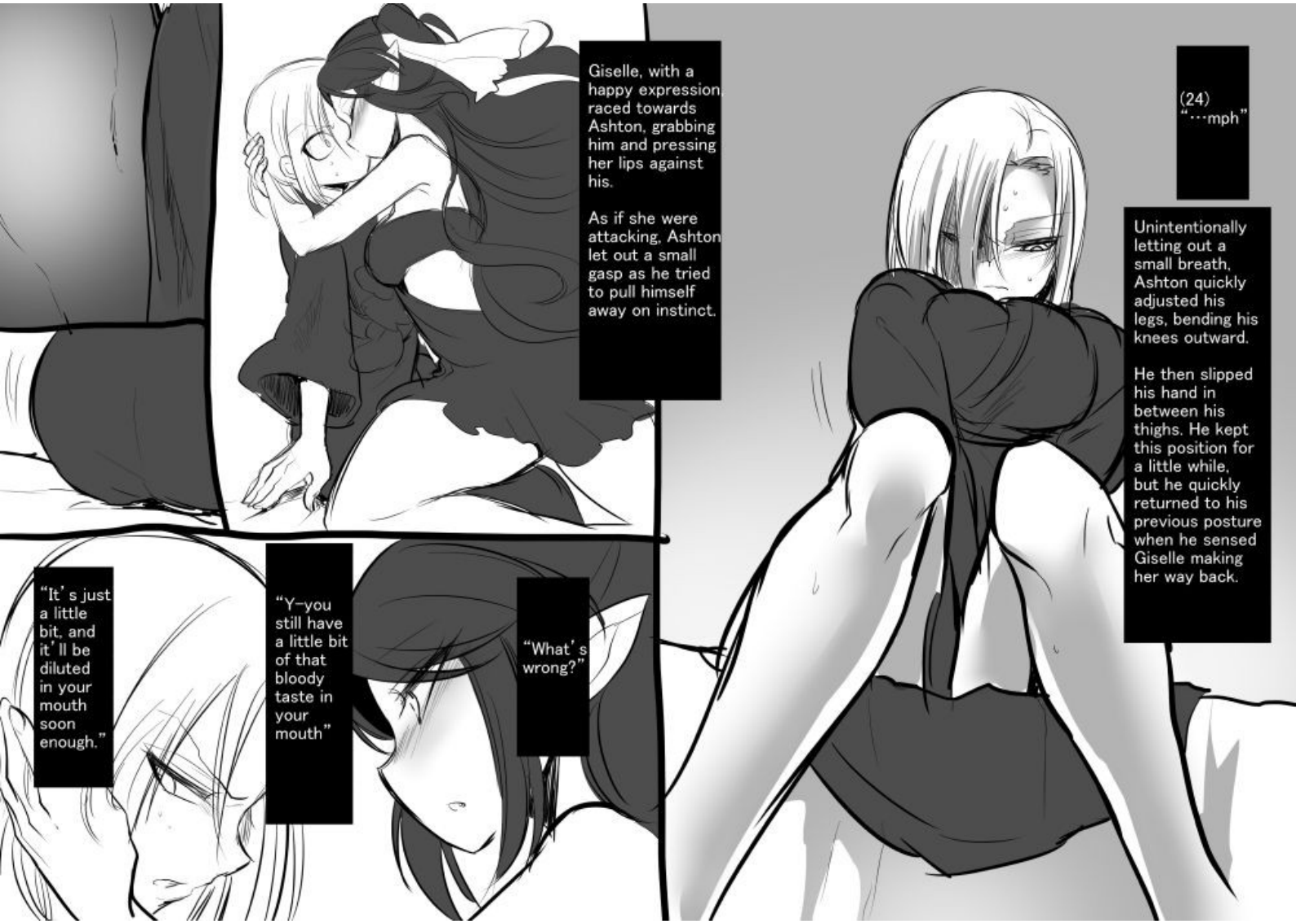
Ashton fled into the dense, pathless growth, guided by nothing but the night vision he had carefully trained over the course of his extensive adventures.
However, out of the woodwork, a group of Giselle's bat servants appeared, and they formed a thick swarm, as if to attack him.
Her loyal servants were not about to allow their master's food to escape. The swarm of bats pounced, forcing a defenseless Ashton against the ground.
There was only an abyssal darkness down the path that opened up before them.
While Giselle was looking at the arches, covered in roses, Ashton found his opportunity to escape; he pulled his hand free and dashed into the woods.
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.
(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.

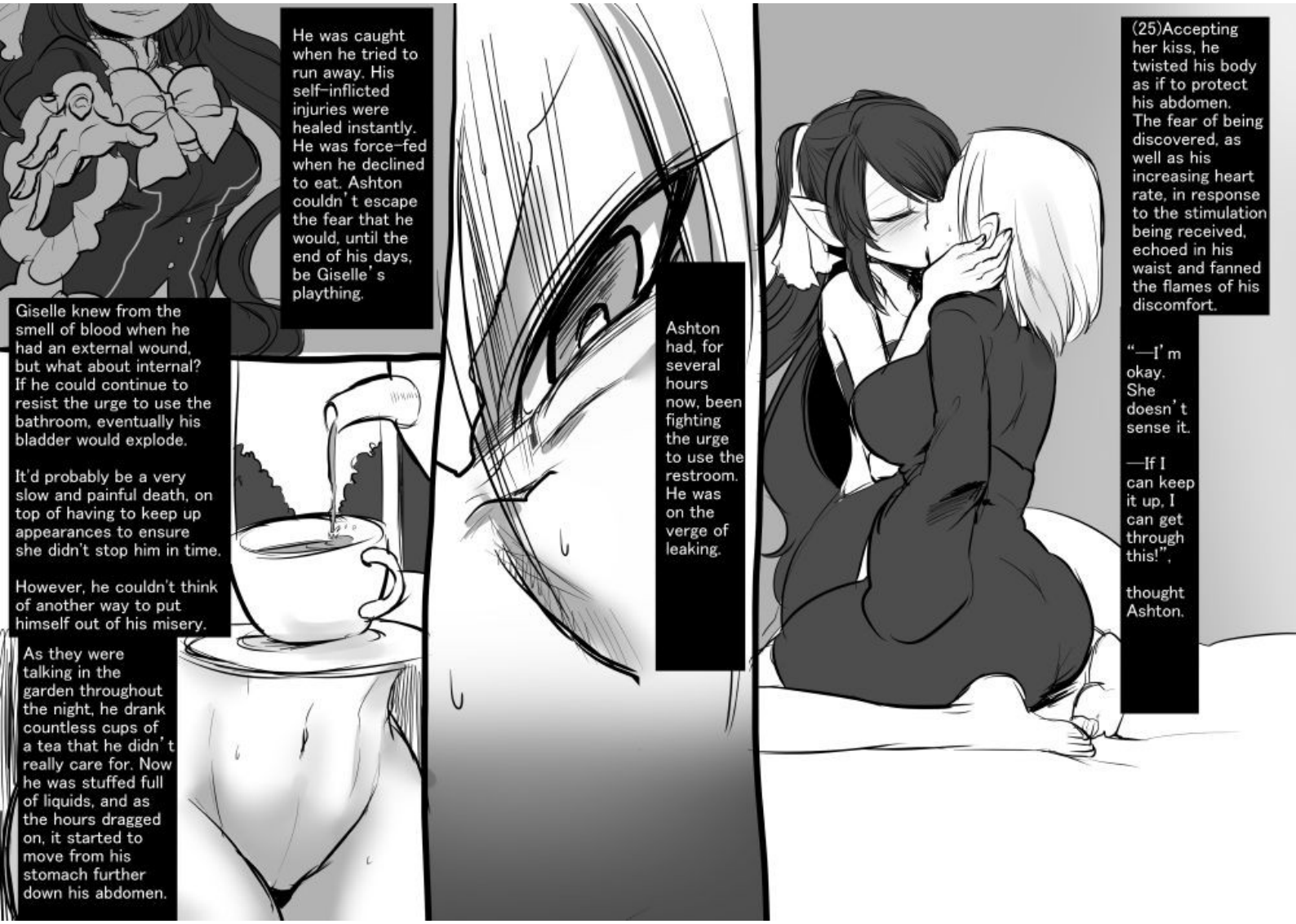

"I want to know more about you. What did you do before coming here?"
As they walked along a small path lined with flowers, Giselle pressed similar questions. Ashton was frankly surprised that Giselle, rather than imposing her love upon him, instead expressed a genuine interest in his story.
"What's wrong? You suddenly ran away..."
Without a care in the world, she came up behind Ashton as if she had no clue that he was trying to run away from her.
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.
(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.
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.
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.
About how he almost died fighting demons, and the little ephemeral joys he experienced along the way. He told so many stories, they could easily fill a thick book detailing his exploits.
Giselle quietly listened, looking on with wide red eyes.
He described the smell of the sea-spray, the roughness of a desert sandstorm, and the taste of a bottomless swamp's mud.
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 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.
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.


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 Seeing she picked up on nothing, despite listening for so long, he 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.
"There are so many worlds beyond this forest...
"I don't plan to leave, but it was very interesting to hear your stories about the outside."
"...I see."
(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.

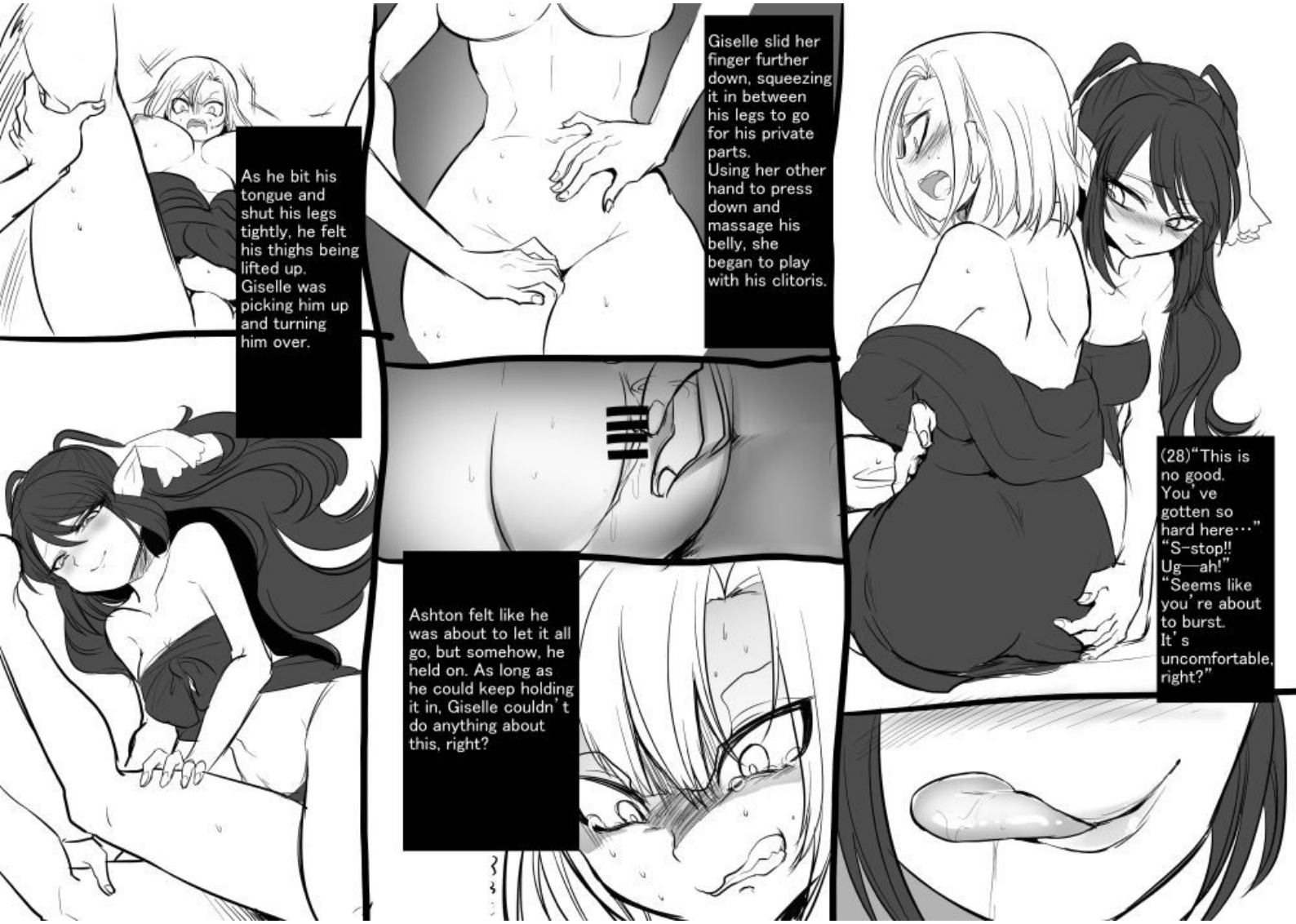

"Rinse your mouth first. I can't stand being licked and sucked on if you have the stench of blood in your mouth."
"Really? I rather like the smell."
Giselle, with a confused expression, left the bedroom. Giselle was surprisingly accommodating of his requests, so long as they weren't in defiance of her 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.
"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.
"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!"
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, raced towards Ashton, grabbing him and pressing her lips against his.
As if she were attacking, Ashton let out a small gasp as he tried to pull himself away on instinct.
(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 he quickly returned to his previous posture when he sensed Giselle making her way back.
"What's wrong?"
"Y-you still have a little bit of that bloody taste in your mouth"
"It's just a little bit, and it'll be diluted in your mouth soon enough."

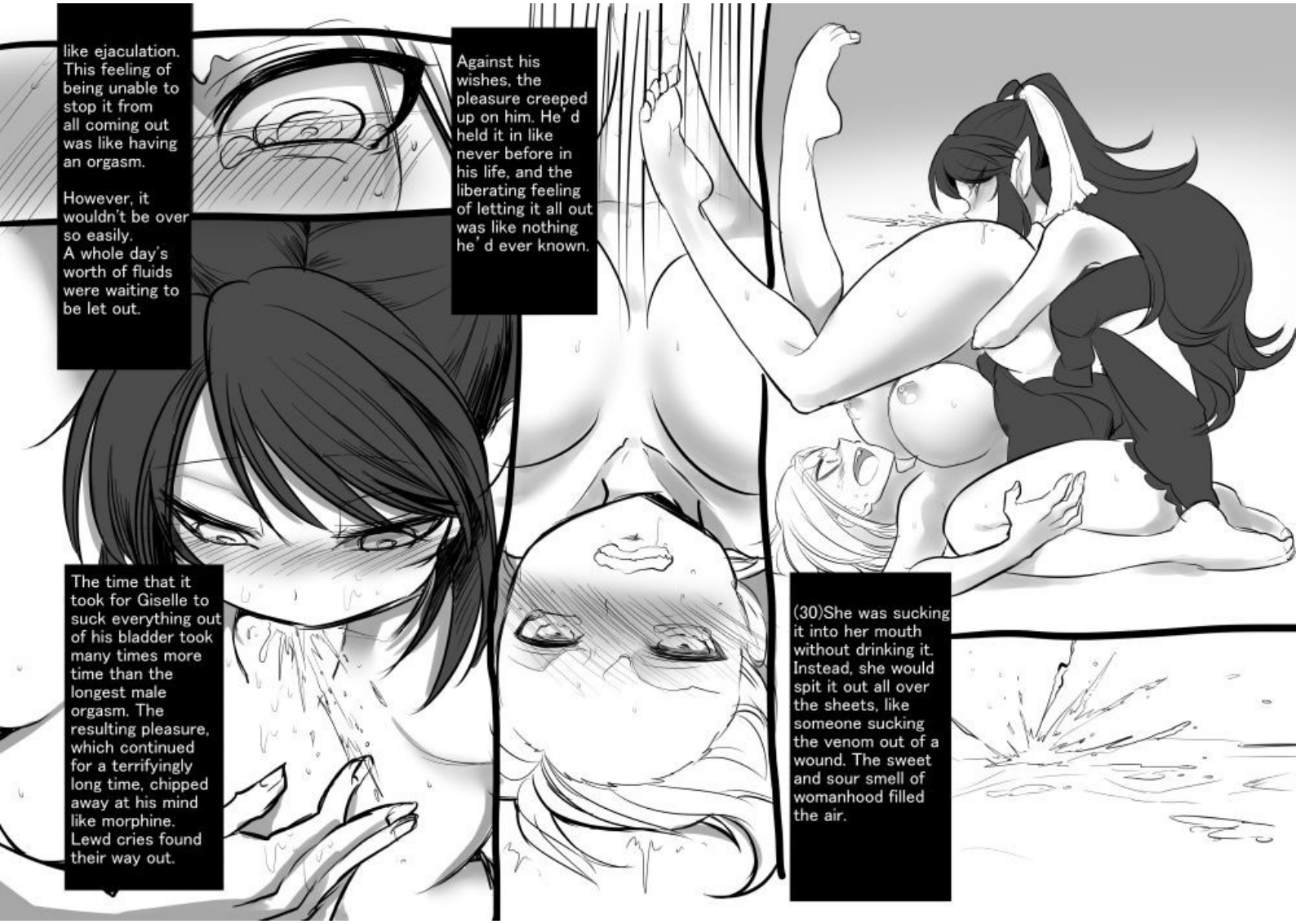

He was caught when he tried to run away. His self-inflicted injuries were healed instantly. He was force-fed when he declined to eat. Ashton couldn't escape the fear that he would, until the end of his days, be Giselle's plaything.
Giselle knew from the smell of blood when he had an external wound, but what about internal? If he could continue to resist the urge to use the bathroom, eventually his bladder would explode.
It'd probably be a very slow and painful death, on top of having to keep up appearances to ensure she didn't stop him in time.
However, he couldn't think of another way to put himself out of 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..
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.
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 seemed to be increasingly aroused. She gradually adopted a more aggressive posture, grabbing him from the front and ripping apart his robe.
Ashton felt a stimulation not unlike the feeling of being tickled from this, and it only pushed her closer to the edge of leaking.

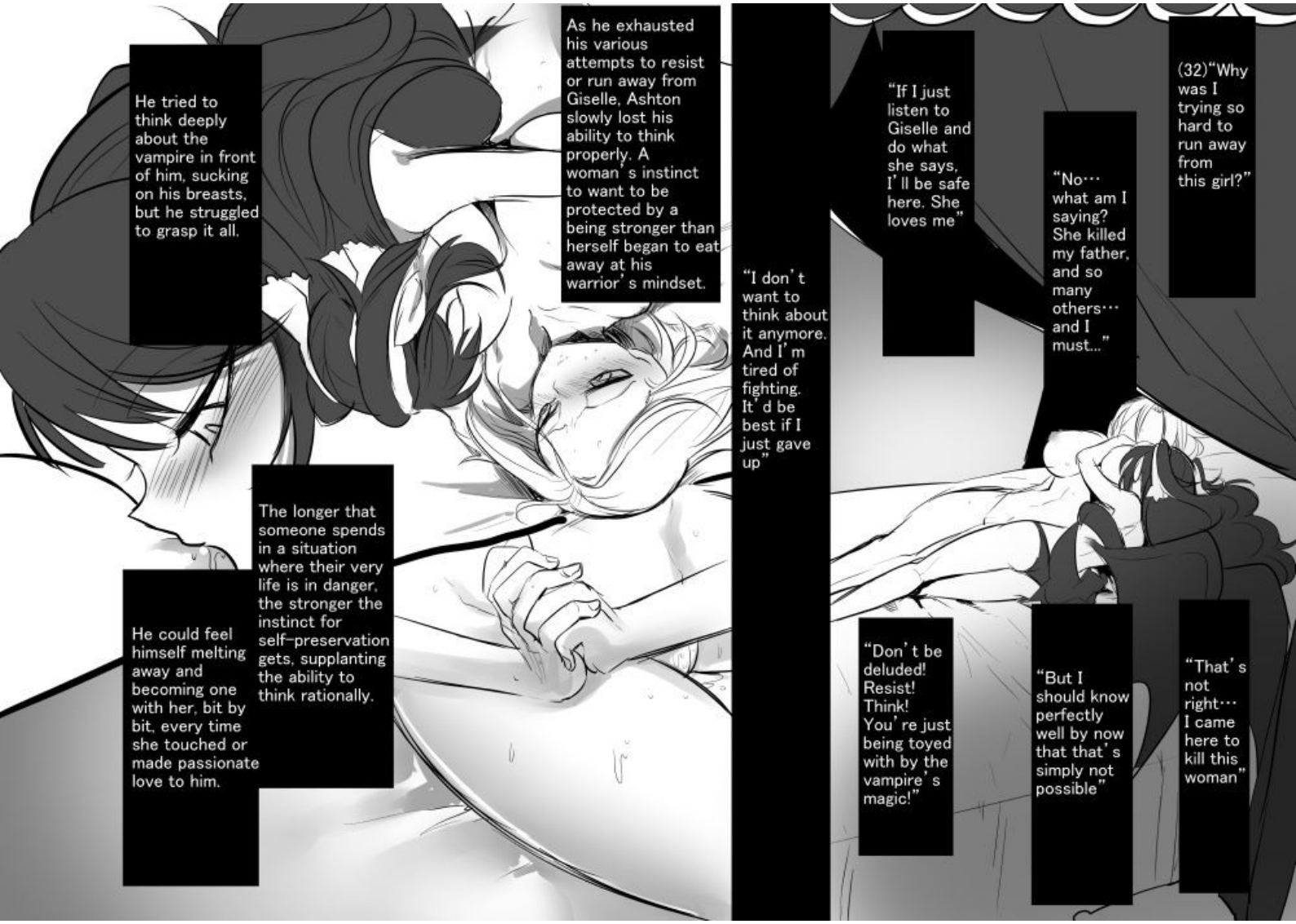
Giselle reacted with surprise. She froze, and looked intently at Ashton. She caught on to the fact that this was not just the product of pleasure.
It was too late for any regrets. She rubbed her white, delicate finger softly on Ashton's lower belly. It was swollen hard from all the urine inside.
Suddenly 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.

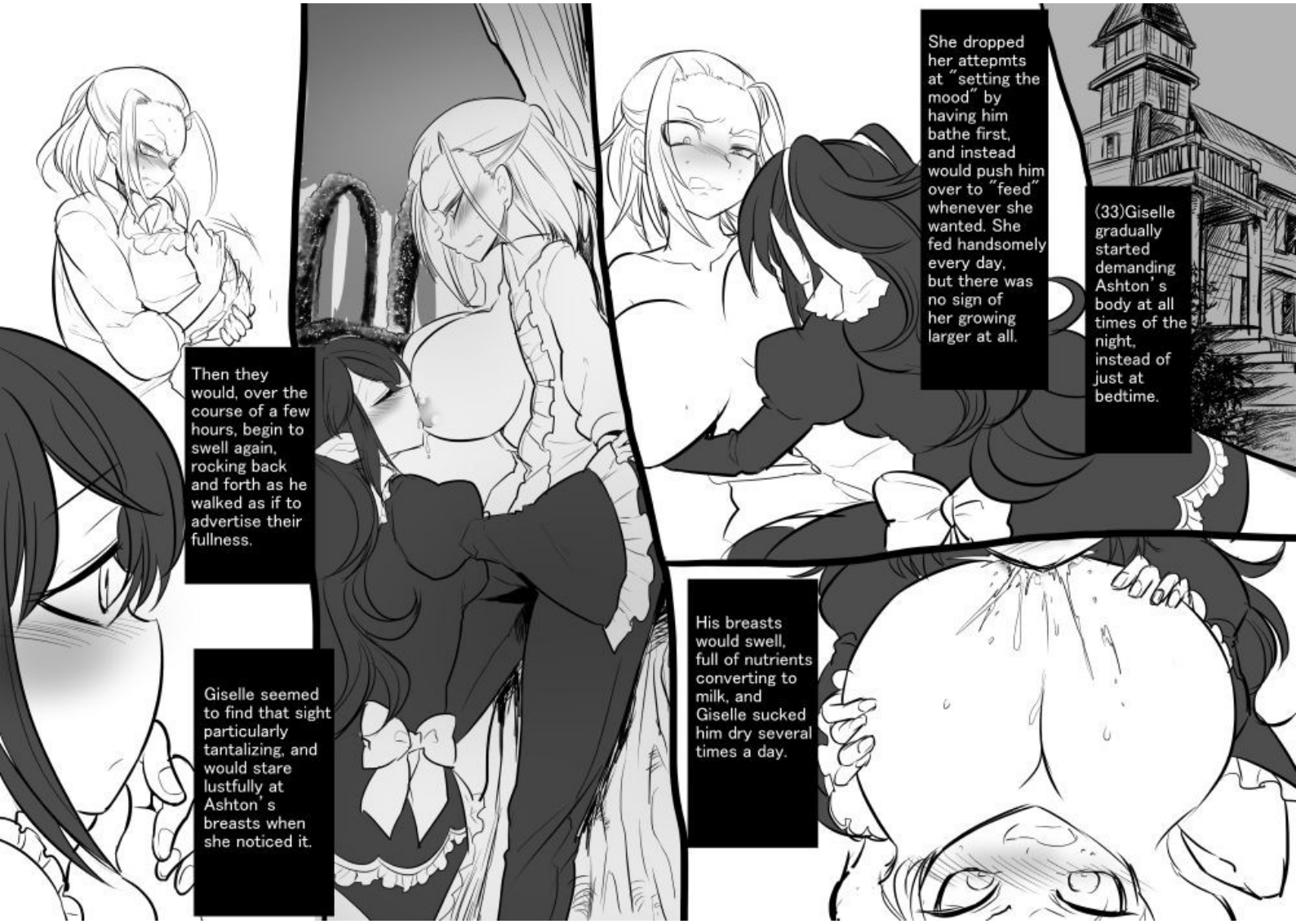

As he bit his tongue and shut his legs tightly, he felt his thighs being lifted up. Giselle was picking him up and turning him over.
Giselle slid her finger further down, squeezing it in between his legs to go for his private parts. Using her other hand to press down and massage his belly, she began to play with his clitoris.
(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?"
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?

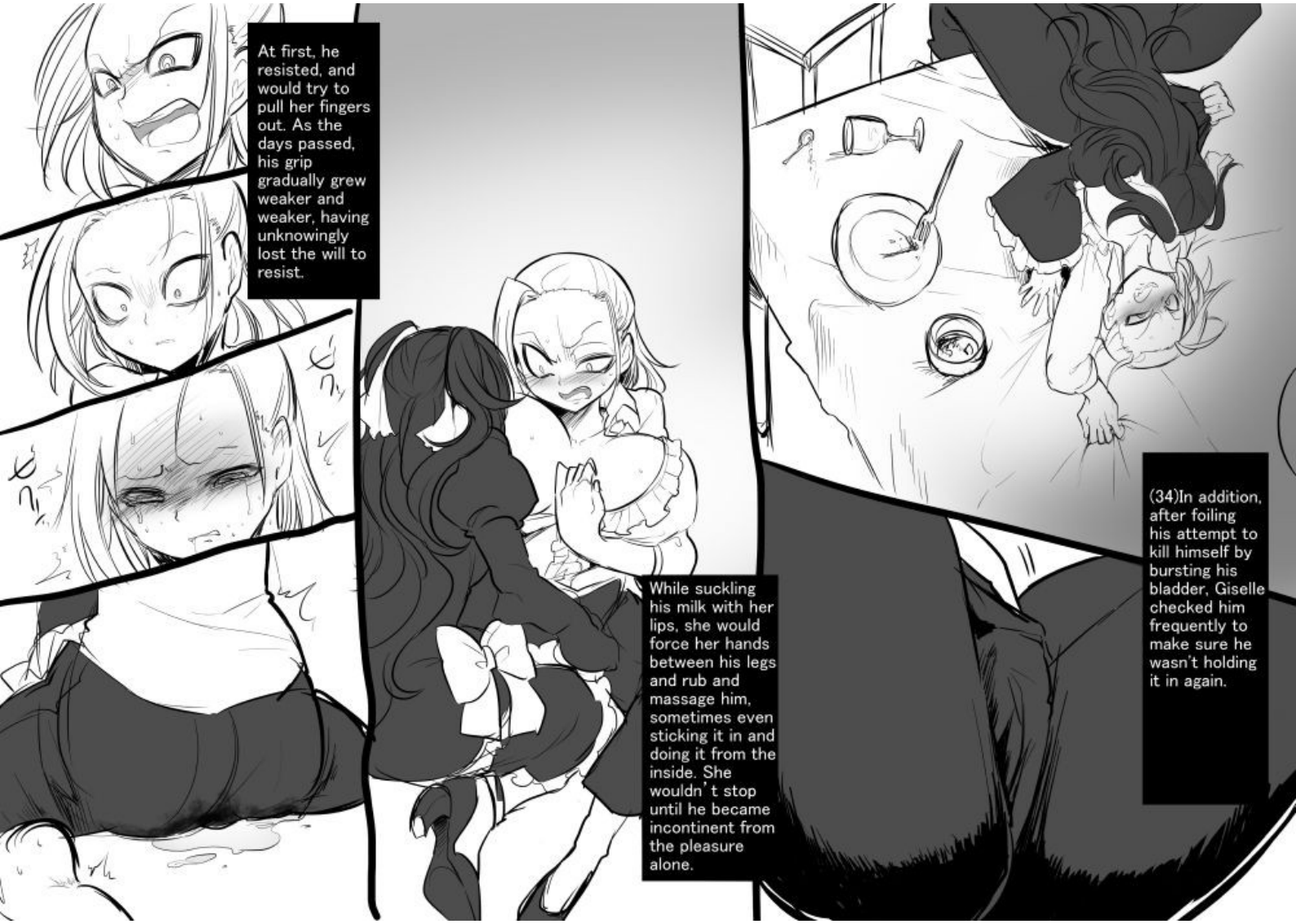
Giselle put her lips right above the hole she had her finger in, and started to suck diligently.
(29)She stuck her finger inside him, and started poking at his engorged bladder from inside, through the membrane. Overcome by a powerful feeling that a male couldn't possibly have known, he couldn't help but let out a scream-like sound.
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.


like ejaculation. This feeling of being unable to stop it from all coming out was like having an orgasm.
However, it wouldn't be over so easily.
A whole day's worth of fluids were waiting to be let out.
Against his wishes, the pleasure creeped 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.

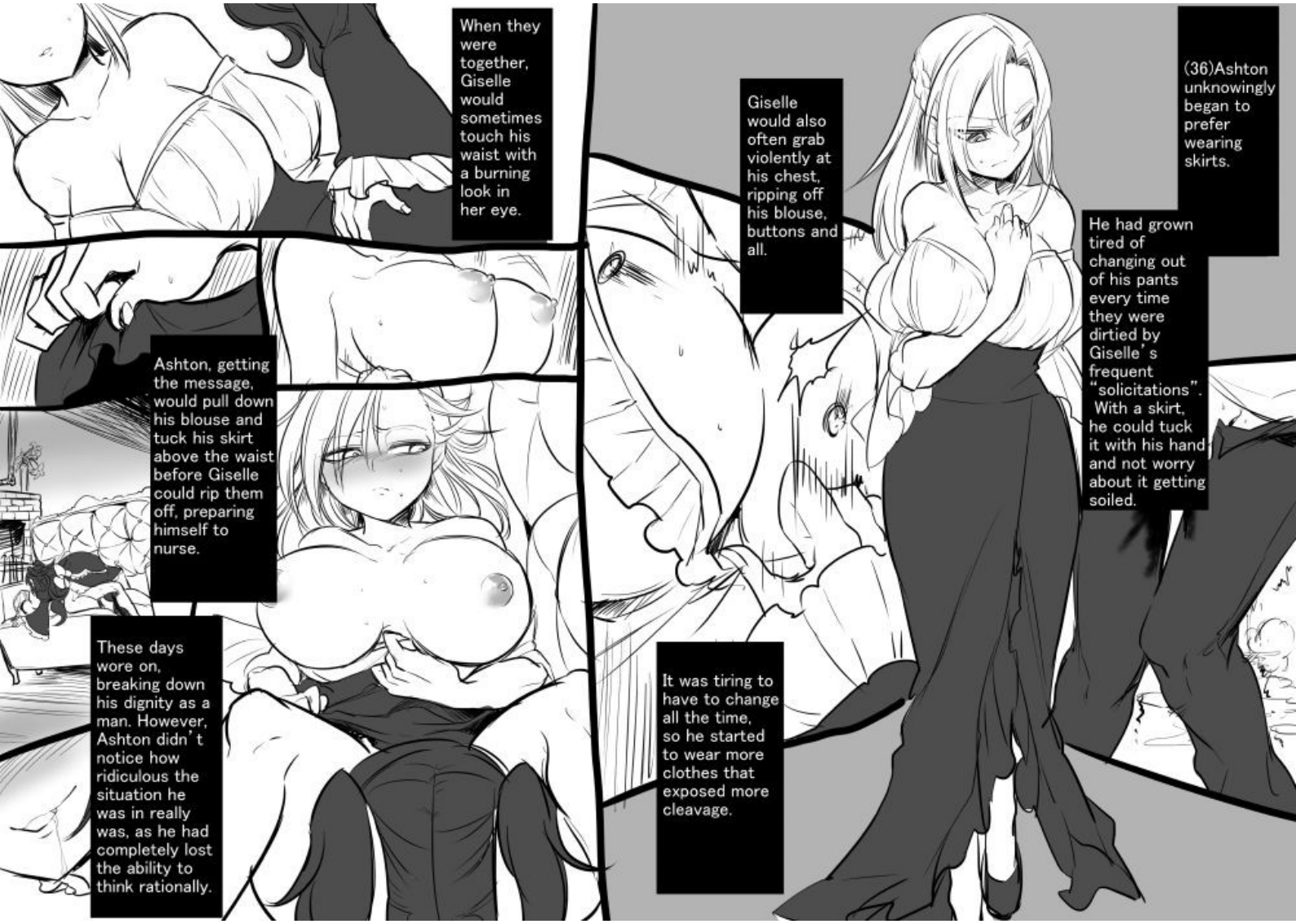
Giselle moved over, as if to snuggle with Ashton, who was simultaneously stuck in a daze yet frozen with trepidation. She began to suck on his breast.
It was like a child sucking on her mother's teat. Except she was the one absent-mindedly patting Ashton's head and hugging him, as if he was the smaller 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.
"I don't want to think about it anymore. And I'm tired of fighting. It'd be best if I just gave up"
"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?"
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.
"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"

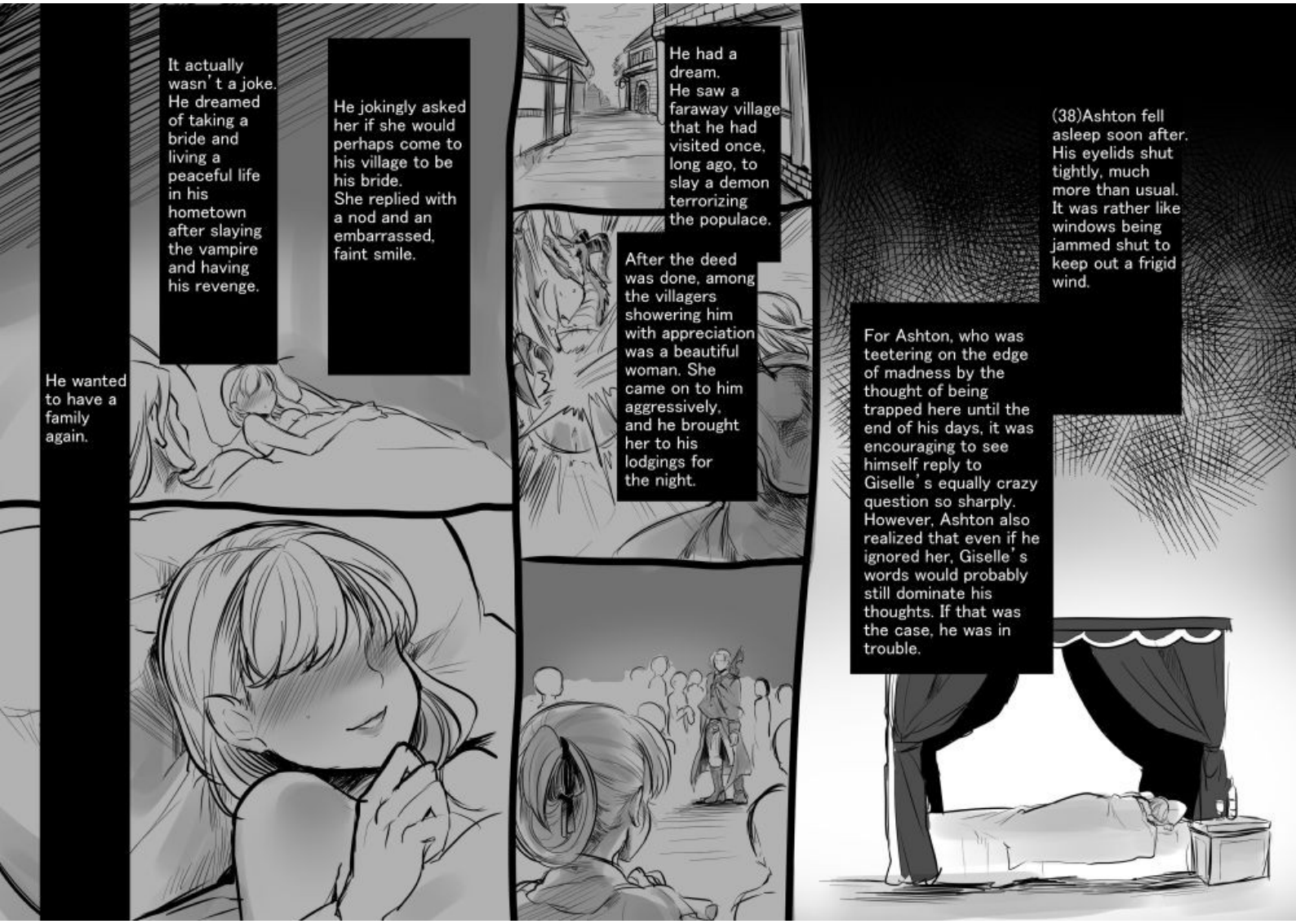

Then they would, over the course of a few hours, begin to swell again, rocking back and forth as he walked as if to advertise their fullness.
Giselle seemed to find that sight particularly tantalizing, and would stare lustfully at Ashton's breasts when she noticed it.
His breasts would swell, full of nutrients converting to milk, and Giselle sucked him dry several times a day.
She dropped her attepmts at "setting the mood" by having him bathe first, and instead would push him over to "feed" whenever she wanted. She fed handsomely 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, after foiling his attempt to kill himself by bursting his bladder, Giselle checked him frequently 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.
They would go for walks in the garden to look at the plants, and bringing a chess set to play while they were outside.
(35)The rest of the evening, they'd eat and have idle chatter.


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

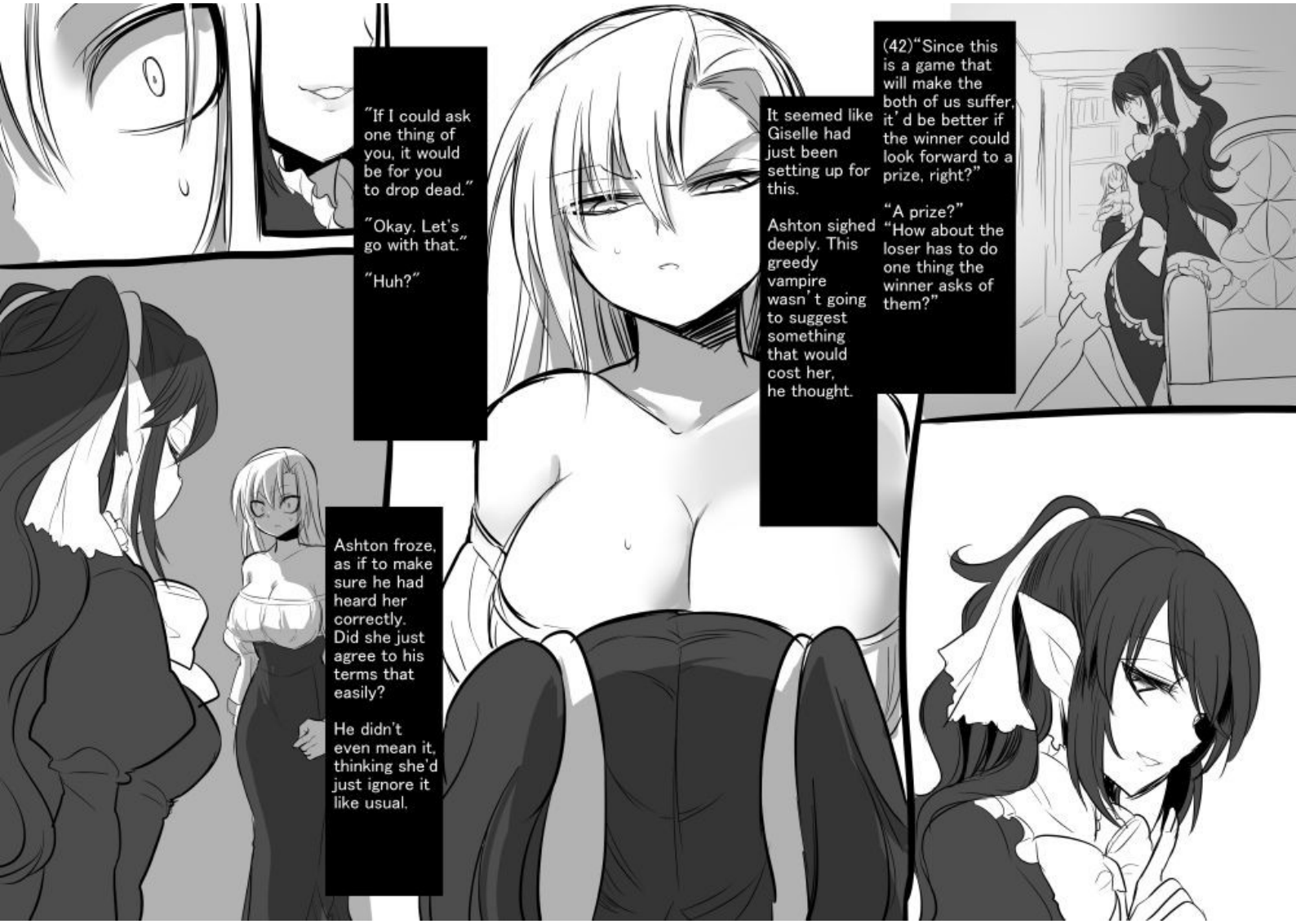
But of course, she just smiled as his insult went in one ear and out the other.
It honestly would have been better if Giselle had blown a fuse and killed him on the spot. This was why Ashton didn't hesitate a second to speak his mind.
"Hey, have you gotten used to living here yet?"
Giselle, who would 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.
He had a dream. He saw a faraway village that he had visited once, long ago, to slay a demon terrorizing the populace.
After the deed was done, among the villagers showering him with appreciation was a beautiful woman. She came on to him aggressively, and he brought her to his lodgings for the night.
(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.

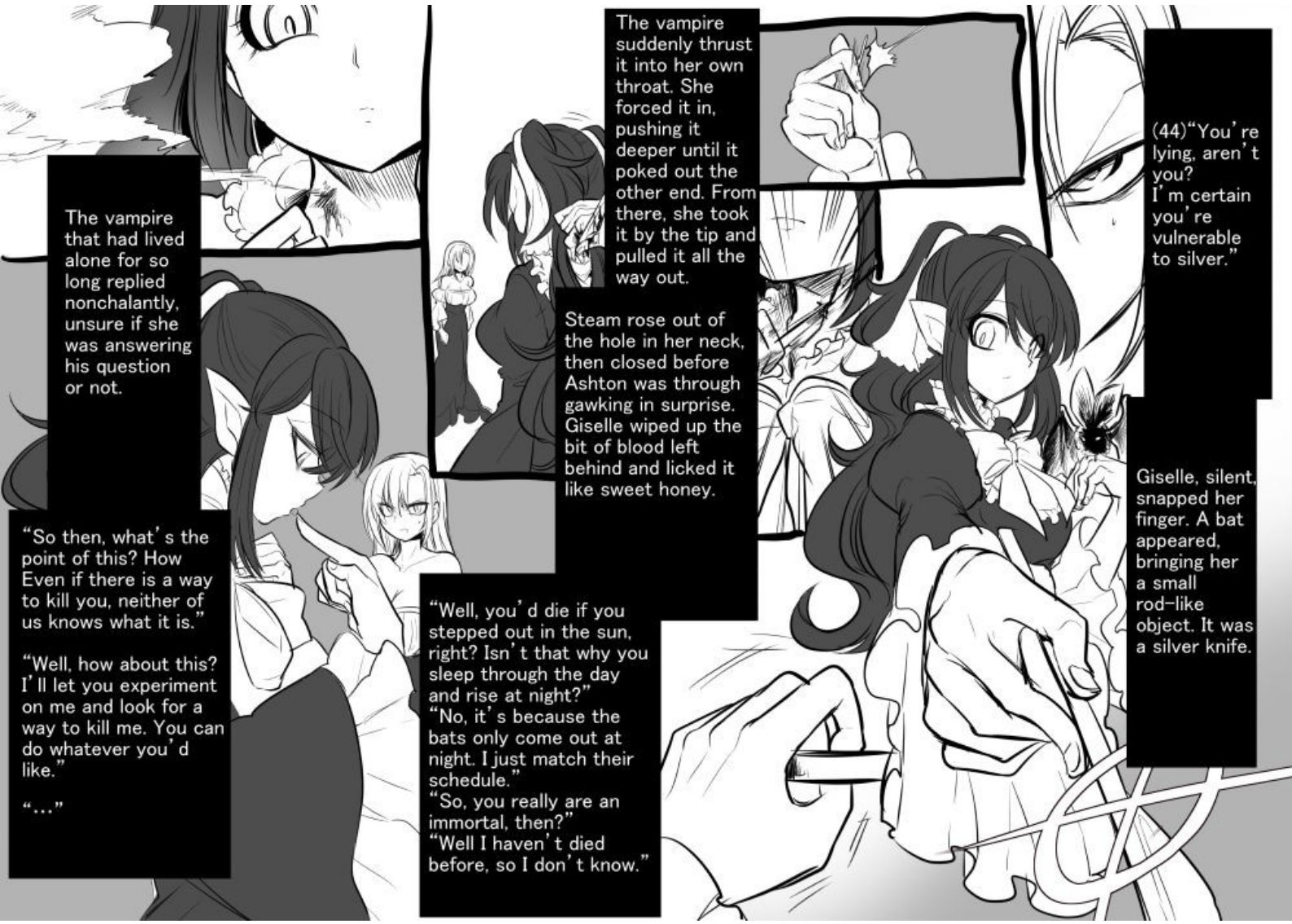
(39)When he woke up, he felt something soft against his cheeks.
It was Giselle's long, black hair. He could also feel her chest against his back.
Up until now, he had never woken up being touched like this.
He was a bit surprised.
Without a word, Giselle scooted away, got up, and left.
She appeared to be enjoying herself, even skpping a bit, but he wasn't sure if it was just his imagination.
As he got up and wondered what was going on, he suddenly noticed an odd feeling on his chest.
There were two metal rings stuck on his nipples.

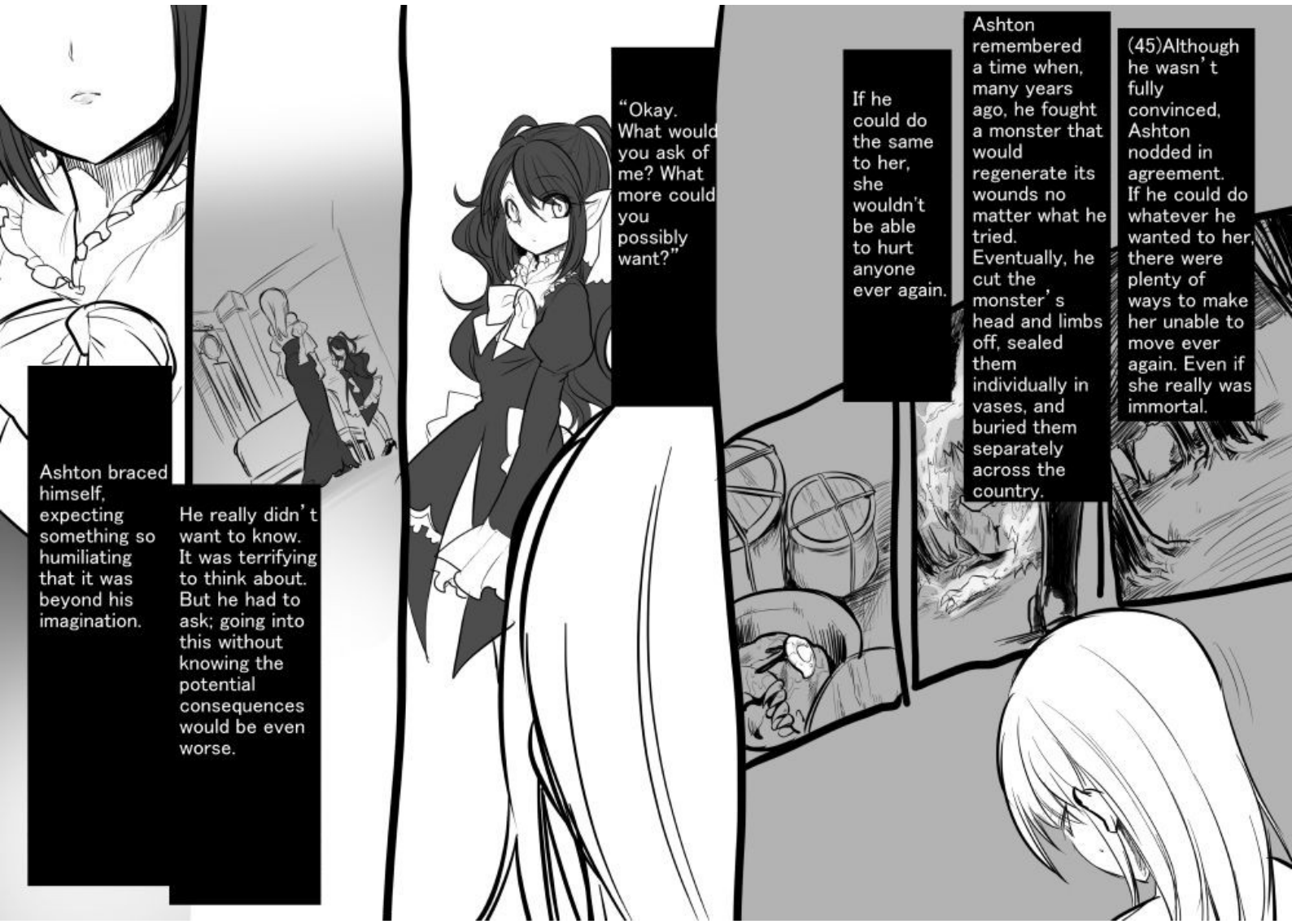
Giselle closed her book and looked straight at Ashton as he demanded to know what the nipple-rings were about. It was as if she had been waiting for him.
He decided to take it up with the person who had put them on in the first place, and found her in the moonlit foyer —if you could even call a room 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.

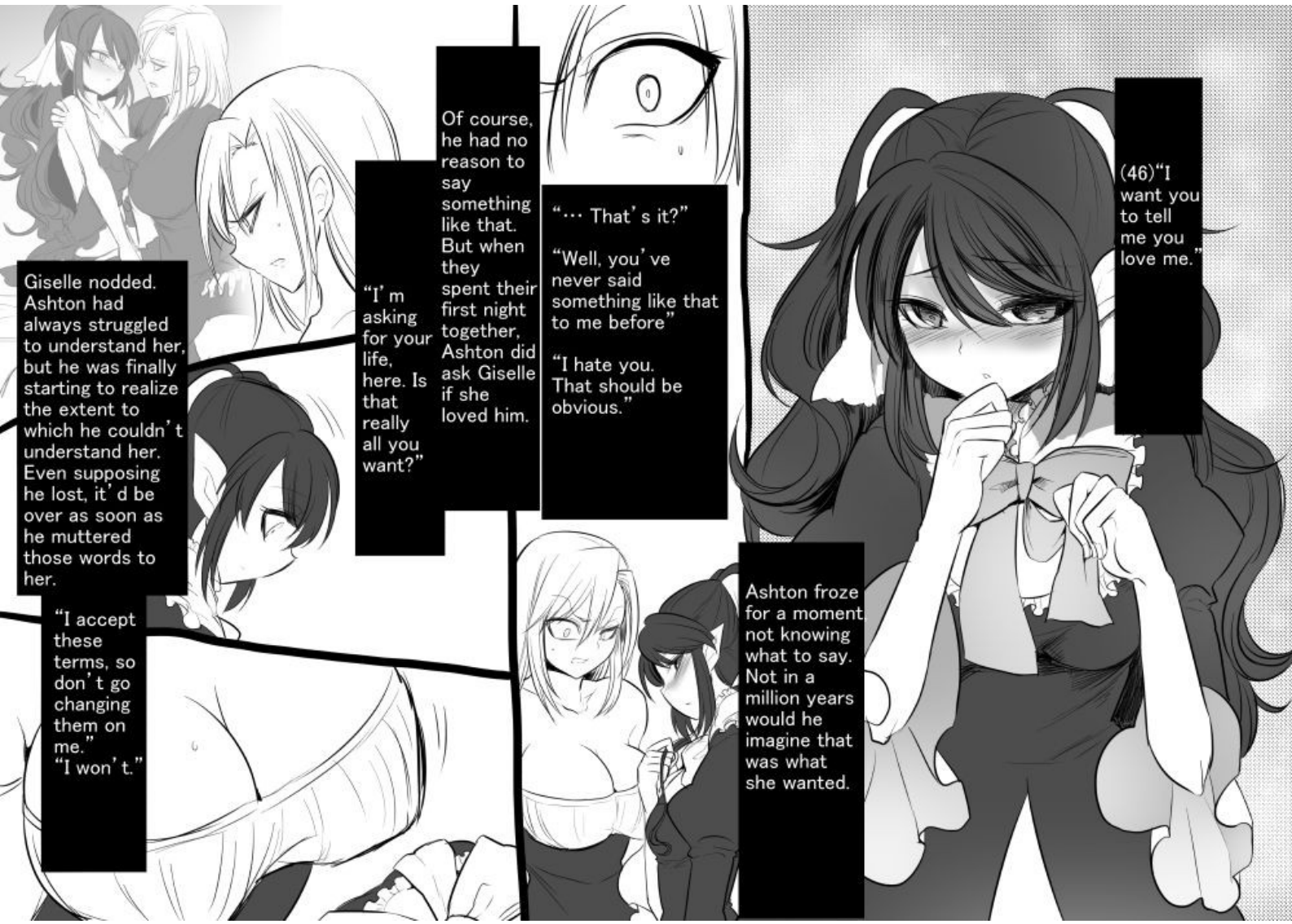
"Right, and if you really feel that way, you should be fine like this for a day or two, right? You hate being touched by me, right? I'll let you do whatever you want so..."
"That's a different matter! These things are in the way! Take them off now!"
(41)"I wanted to play a little game…"
"A game? What 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, it would be for you to drop dead."
"Okay. Let's go with that."
"Huh?"
Ashton froze, as if to make sure he had heard her correctly. Did she just agree to his terms that easily?
He didn't even mean it, thinking she'd just ignore it like usual.
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 the 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?"

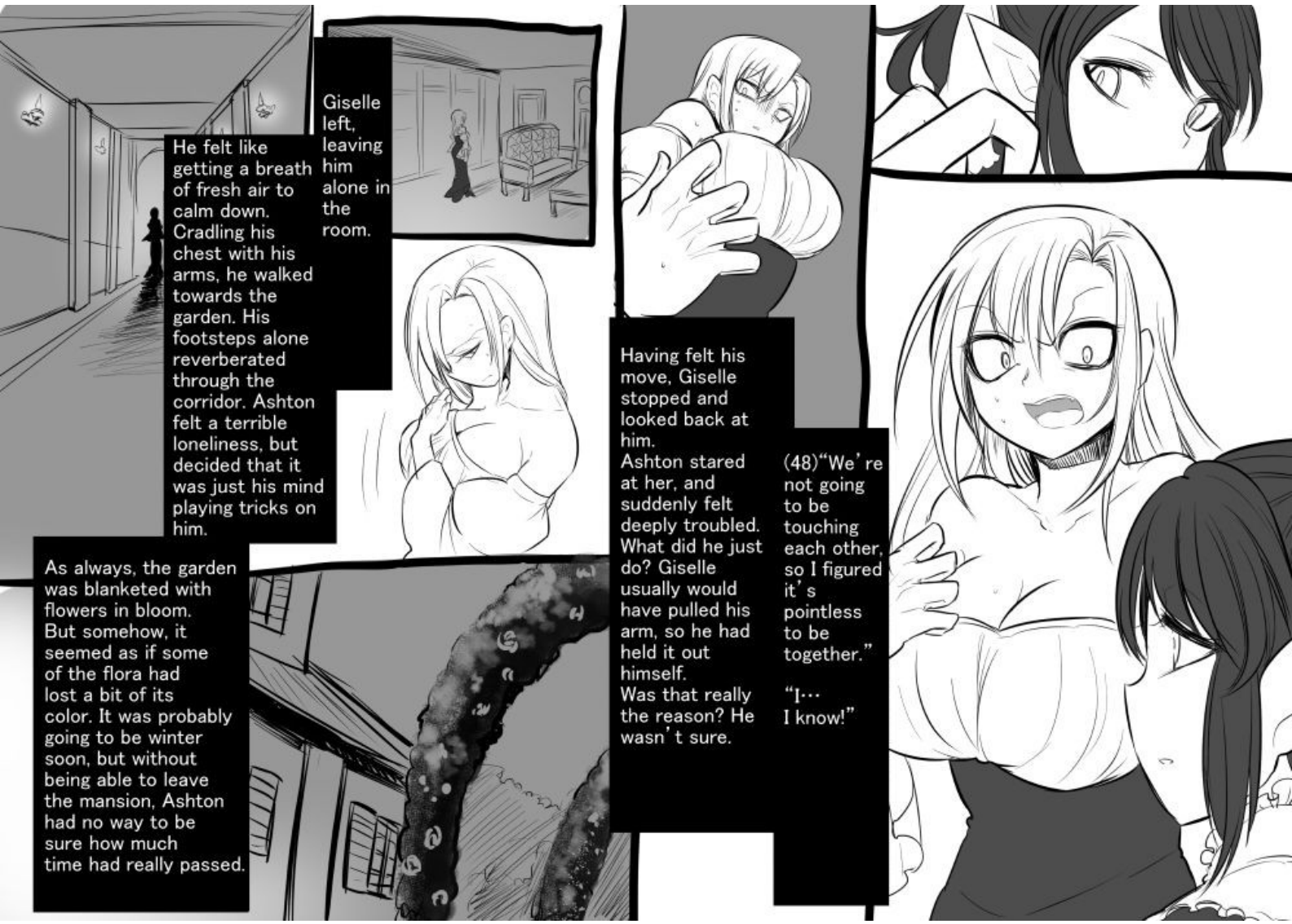
"Suppose I really won. Exactly how would you go about killing yourself? Would you use the silver stake?"
"What's a silver stake?"
"You'd die if you were stabbed with a silver stake or shot with a silver bullet, right?"
"Oh… so you mean that's what rod you were holding when we first met was for?"
"But 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.
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.
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.
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.
(43)"Why are you so surprised? I said I'd do anything."
"What exactly are you up to, here?"
"Only what I said. "

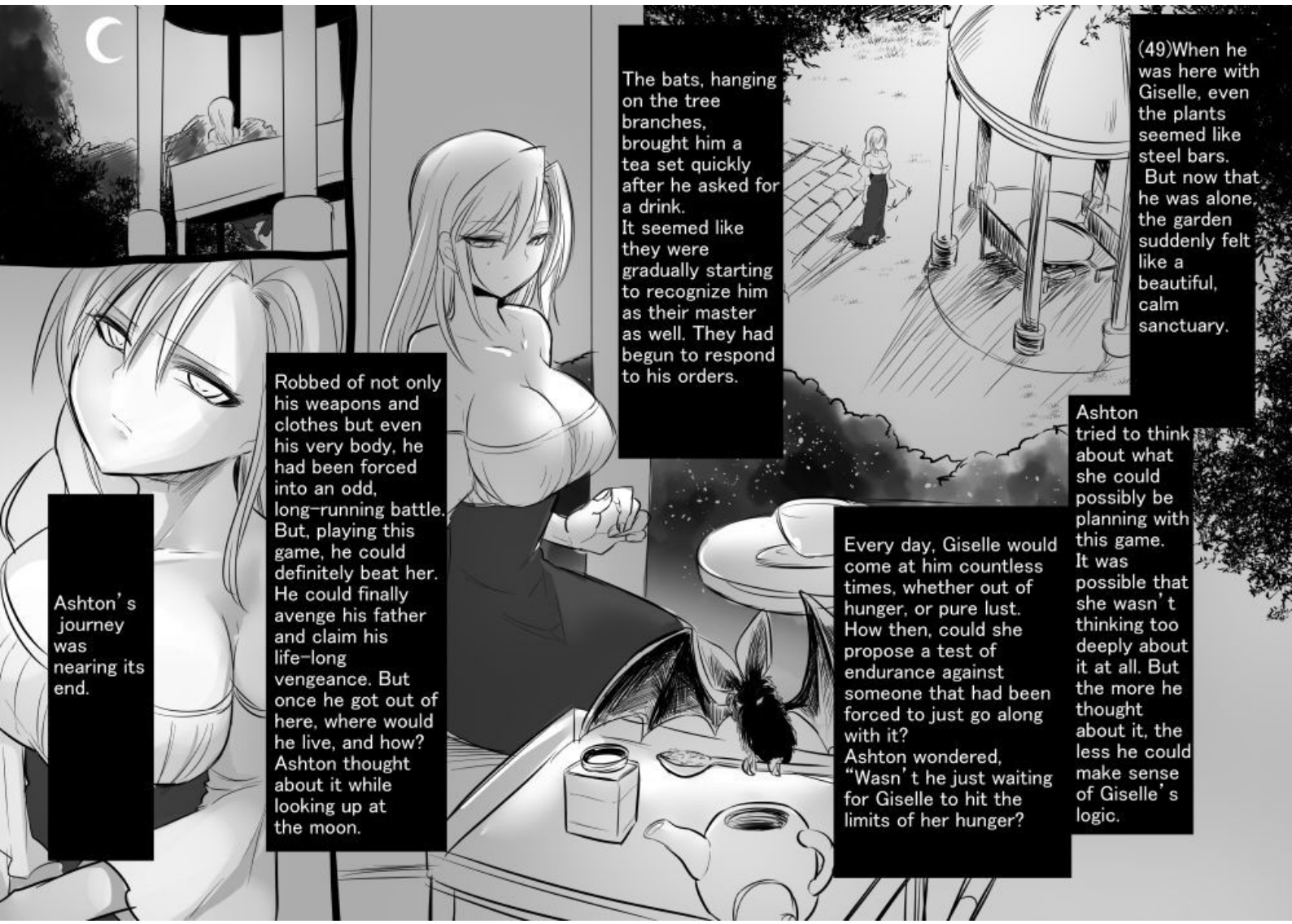

The vampire that had lived alone for so long replied nonchalantly, unsure if she was answering his question or not.
"So then, what's the point of this? How Even if there is a way to kill you, neither of us knows what it is."
"Well, how about this? I'll let you experiment on me and look for a way to kill me. You can do whatever you'd like."
"..."
"Well, you'd die if you stepped out in the sun, right? Isn't that why you sleep through the day and rise at night?"
"No, it's because the bats only come out at night. I just match their schedule."
"So, you really are an immortal, then?"
"Well I haven't died before, so I don't know."
The vampire suddenly thrust it into her own throat. She forced it in, pushing it deeper until it poked out the other end. From there, she took it by the tip and pulled it all the way out.
Steam rose out of the hole in her neck, then closed before Ashton was through gawking in surprise. Giselle wiped up the bit of blood left behind and licked it like sweet honey.
(44)"You're lying, aren't you?
I'm certain you're vulnerable to silver."
Giselle, silent, snapped her finger. A bat appeared, bringing her a small rod-like object. It was a silver knife.

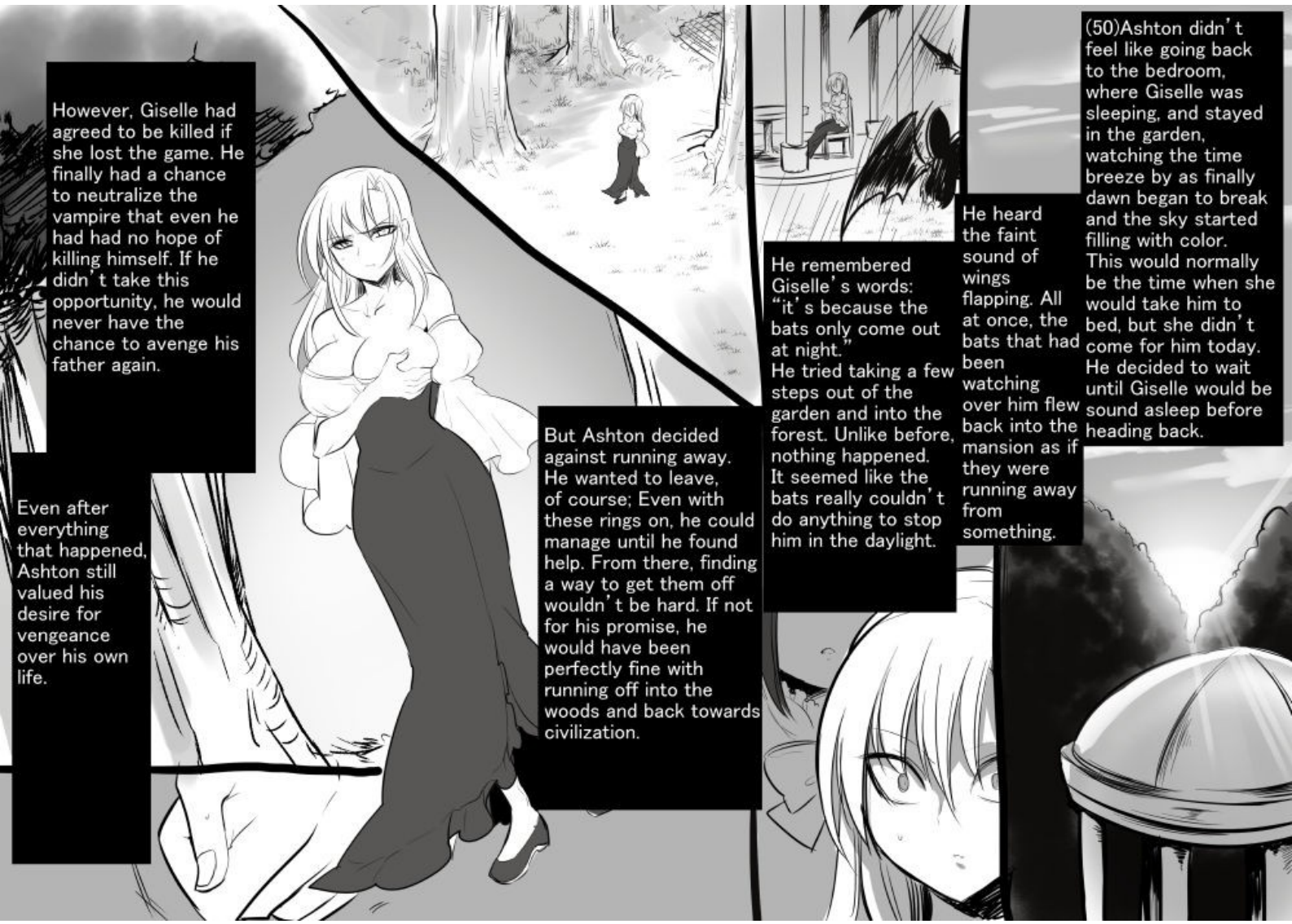

Ashton braced himself, expecting something so humiliating that it was beyond his imagination.
He really didn't want to know. It was terrifying to think about. But he had to ask; going into this without knowing the potential consequences would be even worse.
"Okay. What would you ask of me? What more could you possibly want?"
If he could do the same to her, she wouldn't be able to hurt anyone ever again.
Ashton remembered a time when, many years ago, he fought a monster that would regenerate its wounds no matter what he tried. Eventually, he cut the monster's head and limbs off, sealed them individually in vases, and buried them separately across the country.
(45)Although he wasn't fully convinced, Ashton nodded in agreement. If he could do whatever he wanted to her, there were plenty of ways to make her unable to move ever again. Even if she really was immortal.


Giselle nodded. Ashton had always struggled to understand her, but he was finally starting to realize the extent to which he couldn't understand her. Even supposing he lost, it'd be over as soon as he muttered those words to her.
"I accept these terms, so don't go changing them on me."
"I won't."
"I'm asking for your life, here. Is that really all you want?"
Of course, he had no reason to say something like that. But when they spent their first night together, Ashton did ask Giselle if she loved him.
"… That's it?"
"Well, you've never said something like that to me before"
"I hate you. That should be obvious."
Ashton froze for a moment, not knowing what to say. Not in a million years would he imagine that was what she wanted.
(46)"I want you to tell me you love me."

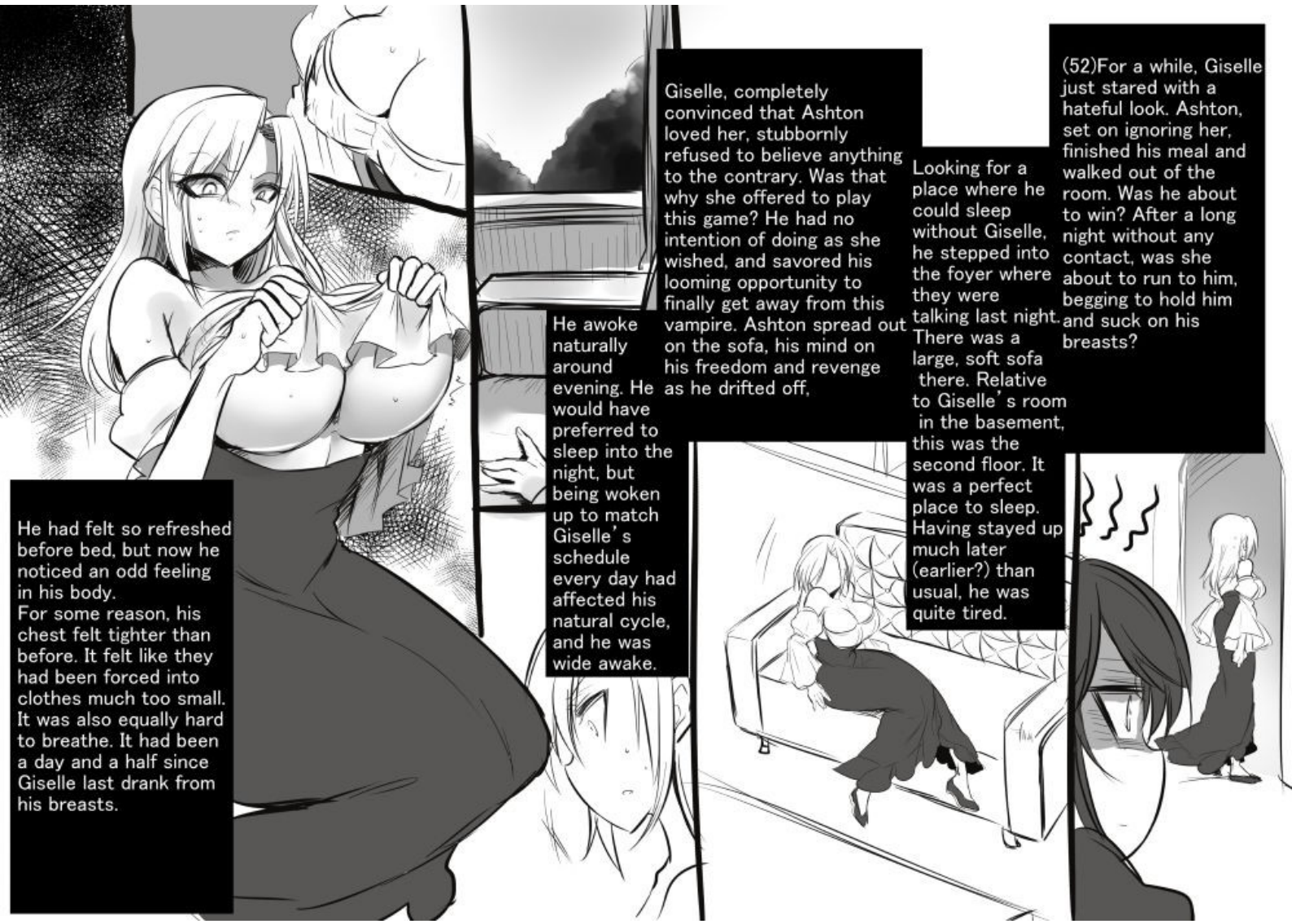
With a cute yawn, Giselle left the room. Ashton, without thinking, went after her, reaching out for her hand.
"Well, now that that's settled, I'm going to take another nap. For some reason, I'm still sleepy."
(47)Giselle looked completely serious. Was that really her idea of love? Was she really putting her life on the line, just to hear a single sentence? Or perhaps she simply wouldn't mind dying if it was by her own hand?
In the end, Ashton agreed to play along with Giselle's little game. But he knew that there must have been something to her logic that he just couldn't understand. It was probably because even though his body was that of a woman, he still had the mind of a man. Ashton was sure that was the reason.


Giselle left, leaving him alone in the room.
He felt like getting a breath of fresh air to calm down. Cradling his chest with his arms, he walked towards the garden. His footsteps alone reverberated through the corridor. Ashton felt a terrible loneliness, but decided that it was just his mind playing tricks on him.
As always, the garden was blanketed with flowers in bloom. But somehow, it seemed as if some of the flora had lost a bit of its color. It was probably going to be winter soon, but without being able to leave the mansion, Ashton had no way to be sure how much time had really passed.
Having felt his move, Giselle stopped and looked back at him.
Ashton stared at her, and suddenly felt deeply troubled. What did he just do? Giselle usually would have pulled his arm, so he had held it out himself.
Was that really the reason? He wasn't sure.
(48)"We're not going to be touching each other, so I figured it's pointless to be together."
"I…
I know!"


Ashton's journey was nearing its end.
Robbed of not only his weapons and clothes but even his very body, he had been forced into an odd, long-running battle. But, playing this game, he could definitely beat her. He could finally avenge his father and claim his life-long vengeance. But once he got out of here, where would he live, and how? Ashton thought about it while looking up at the moon.
The bats, hanging on the tree branches, brought him a tea set quickly after he asked for a drink. It seemed like they were gradually starting to recognize him as their master as well. They had begun to respond to his orders.
Every day, Giselle would come at him countless times, whether out of hunger, or pure lust. How then, could she propose a test of endurance against someone that had been forced to just go along with it? Ashton wondered, "Wasn't he just waiting for Giselle to hit the limits of her hunger?
Ashton tried to think about what she could possibly be planning with this game. It was possible that she wasn't thinking too deeply about it at all. But the more he thought about it, the less he could make sense of Giselle's logic.
(49)When he was here with Giselle, even the plants seemed like steel bars. But now that he was alone, the garden suddenly felt like a beautiful, calm sanctuary.


However, Giselle had agreed to be killed if she lost the game. He finally had a chance to neutralize the vampire that even he had had no hope of killing himself. If he didn't take this opportunity, he would never have the chance to avenge his father again.
Even after everything that happened, Ashton still valued his desire for vengeance over his own life.
But Ashton decided against running away. He wanted to leave, of course; Even with these rings on, he could manage until he found help. From there, finding a way to get them off wouldn't be hard. If not for his promise, he would have been perfectly fine with running off into the woods and back towards civilization.
He remembered Giselle's words: "it's because the bats only come out at night."
He tried taking a few steps out of the garden and into the forest. Unlike before, nothing happened.
It seemed like the bats really couldn't do anything to stop him in the daylight.
He heard the faint sound of wings flapping. All at once, the bats that had been watching over him flew back into the mansion as if they were running away from something.
(50)Ashton didn't feel like going back to the bedroom, where Giselle was sleeping, and stayed in the garden, watching the time breeze by as finally dawn began to break and the sky started filling with color. This would normally be the time when she would take him to bed, but she didn't come for him today. He decided to wait until Giselle would be sound asleep before heading back.

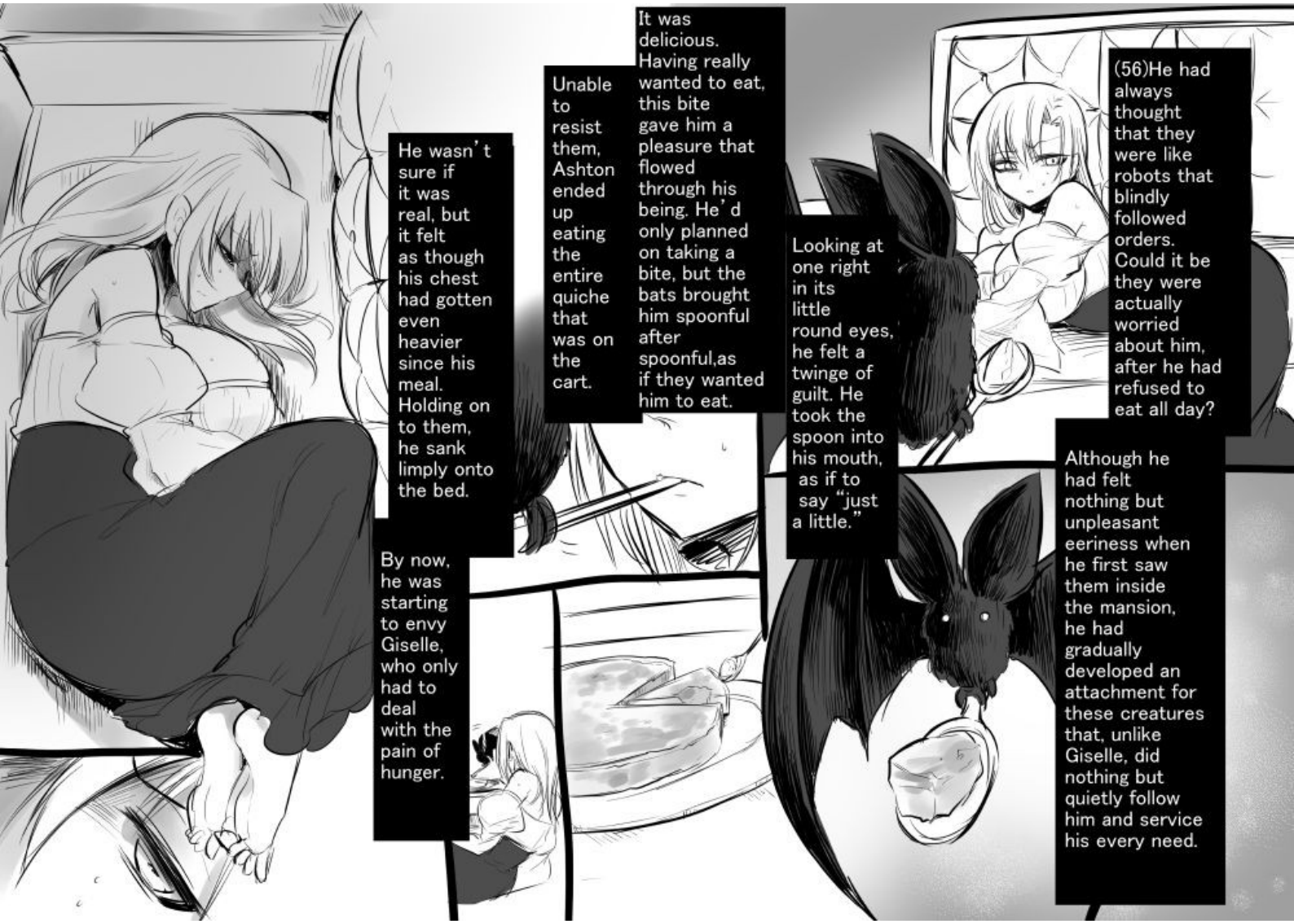
Stepping inside, Ashton suddenly realized that he hadn't had anything but tea in a while, and suddenly felt famished. Walking to the dining room, he noticed Giselle spread out over the sofa, with her head hanging limply over the armrest.
Hearing Ashton approach, she lifted her head and looked on, as if she was about to say something.
He didn't think she could have lasted an entire night. But now she was probably just grumpy from hunger. Regardless, there was no reason to think she would attack him now. Ashton, deciding to ignore her, had the bats bring him food.
(51)Besides; so long as this game kept going, he could always run away tomorrow morning, or the day after. There was no need to rush. Just knowing that there was an escape route was enough. But he would rather leave proudly, after killing Giselle.
It had been quite a while since he had a meal in the morning. According her own rules, while she wouldn't eat anything, Ashton was free to do as he liked. He couldn't understand why she would make up such a condition. She looked like she was about to throw in the towel: Ashton had never seen her so down before.
And with that shortsighted mindset, Ashton went back inside. It kind of felt like his chest had gotten heavier than before he went outside, but he didn't think too hard about it.


He had felt so refreshed before bed, but now he noticed an odd feeling in his body.
For some reason, his chest felt tighter than before. It felt like they had been forced into clothes much too small. It was also equally hard to breathe. It had been a day and a half since Giselle last drank from his breasts.
He awoke naturally around evening. He would have preferred to sleep into the night, but being woken up to match Giselle's schedule every day had affected his natural cycle, and he was wide awake.
Giselle, completely convinced that Ashton loved her, stubbornly refused to believe anything to the contrary. Was that why she offered to play this game? He had no intention of doing as she wished, and savored his looming opportunity to finally get away from this vampire. Ashton spread out on the sofa, his mind on his freedom and revenge as he drifted off,
Looking for a place where he could sleep without Giselle, he stepped into the foyer where they were talking last night. There was a large, soft sofa there. Relative to Giselle's room in the basement, this was the second floor. It was a perfect place to sleep. Having stayed up much later (earlier?) than usual, he was quite tired.
(52)For a while, Giselle just stared with a hateful look. Ashton, set on ignoring her, finished his meal and walked out of the room. Was he about to win? After a long night without any contact, was she about to run to him, begging to hold him and suck on his breasts?

The sun slipped into the hills, and the long night began. The hours had slipped by so quickly the day before, when he thought he was only waiting for Giselle to reach the limits of her own endurance. Now, they dragged on and on…
His breasts tickled from the inside, with a burning sensation that came and went as if he was being cooked under an intermittent flame. The itching and frustration dragged on as they continued to swell.
A body usually tries to expel whatever pent-up fluids build up inside of it. Just as it does it with urine, sweat, tears, semen… His breasts were no exception, and holding back this biological urge was not going to be comfortable.
Ashton realized the desire to let it out was starting to get to him, and he desperately tried to think of other things.
(53)Lifting his breasts, they were quite heavy in his hands. What felt like warm surges washed toward his bursting nipples, and his back reflexively shuddered. However, the tightly secured rings acted like plugs, keeping it all pent up.

He hadn't eaten since the day before, and was ravenous. However…
Ashton went to the toilet often, but his body had been remade. He was unable to expel everything simply by going to the bathroom, now
By the next day, they only became more swollen. The pressure was so strong that a faint, dull pain began to gnaw at them.
Holding on to his breasts and walking around aimlessly as if to distract himself, he caught a glimpse of Giselle. Panicking a bit from running into her, he hid behind a column. He didn't want her to see him all pent-up and suffering.
Heading to the bath, he went in and washed off his sweat. He laid his two heavy swollen masses on the edge of the stone bath and tried to warm up. It was comfortable and relaxing, but it didn't help the root of the problem. It would have been great if the fluids in his breasts could be washed away, but things were not that simple.
(54)Trying to turn his attention to something else, he took countless books from the shelf; but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't follow any of the words in them.

Without thinking, he raised his voice and pushed the food onto the floor. However, the bats, unafraid of Ashton's irritation, started trying to spoon-feed Ashton as if he was a sick child.
"I said I don't want it!"
Ashton, afraid that he would lose his self-control if he had even a whiff of the food, tried telling the bats to leave. Ignoring him, however, they began to set up for supper.
It got to the point where all he could do was sit there, and endure it. He laid down, and the bats brought him a meal to his room.
"Take it away … I told you I don't want anything today"
(55)It became obvious that he wouldn't gain weight no matter how much he ate. This was something he couldn't have known until the terrible suffering he was going through now. Trying to eat more food now was like force even more into an already overstuffed sack and kicking it hard. He had feasted quite a few times since he last breastfed Giselle. And it seemed like the vast majority of these nutrients weren't even sustaining his own life, but being converted into milk.
His hunger was unbearable,and his stomach began to burn. However, if he ate more now, his breasts would get even more swollen.
His stomach, miserably squeezing out every last drop from whatever remained, now lay so flat that his bones became visible. At the same time, his breasts were more swollen than ever, as if they were trees, sucking up all the nutrients from below.


He wasn't sure if it was real, but it felt as though his chest had gotten even heavier since his meal. Holding on to them, he sank limply onto the bed.
By now, he was starting to envy Giselle, who only had to deal with the pain of hunger.
Unable to resist them, Ashton ended up eating the entire quiche that was on the cart.
It was delicious. Having really wanted to eat, this bite gave him a pleasure that flowed through his being. He'd only planned on taking a bite, but the bats brought him spoonful after spoonful,as if they wanted him to eat.
Looking at one right in its little round eyes, he felt a twinge of guilt. He took the spoon into his mouth, as if to say "just a little."
(56)He had always thought that they were like robots that blindly followed orders. Could it be they were actually worried about him, after he had refused to eat all day?
Although he had felt nothing but unpleasant eeriness when he first saw them inside the mansion, he had gradually developed an attachment for these creatures that, unlike Giselle, did nothing but quietly follow him and service his every need.

But no matter how much he squeezed his nipples, the rings prevented even a single drop from leaking out. Ashton let out a frustrated, painful cry. A growing tension had settled around his crotch, causing him to shift his legs around and rub his knees together endlessly.
Rubbing his breasts, as if to release the pressure, his body began to feel hot. It wasn't just because it was hard to breathe. He realized that he'd become quite amorous. Perhaps it was because he was once a man, but the urge to find release grew all the stronger.
How great it must it feel to let out everything pent up in his breasts, like he'd been doing since he came here. Remembering the feeling of milk spraying out of his nipples, Ashton let out a trembling sigh.
Although it had felt like he had been suffering for quite some time, only two days had passed since he agreed to play along with Giselle's game. She might be much grumpier than usual, but nevertheless was dealing with it much better than he would have thought. It would probably be quite some time before she reached the limits of her endurance.
(57)Trapped between hunger and the gnawing pain in his chest, he became unable to sleep for long periods. After countless short, shallow naps, Ashton woke up feeling decidedly unwell.

His appendage down there, which had shrunk to a tiny size, remained soft even when it was fully engorged. It was hard to use just the right amount of pressure. If he accidentally used too much strength, an overwhelming pleasure shot through his back. His lower body began to tremor.
It wasn't as if he was lusting for Giselle. It was just that he had to take care of his own bodily needs. At least, that's what he told himself.
(58)There was a heat deep inside him. Ashton then decided to try forgetting the pain of his chest, by turning his attention to something else.
Moving his fingers towards his soft, smooth lower parts, he greedily rubbed the parts that were already hot and wet.
Locking the door and shutting the curtains, to make sure the master of the house wouldn't be able to see, he took off all his clothes and laid down on the sofa. It was his first time masturbating since his body was remade into that of a woman's. Giselle usually played with his body every night, so he hadn't felt like doing it up until now.

His head told him that he was going at it much too hard for a woman's delicate parts, but the violent way he worked himself felt too good to stop.
His body, after having been played with every day by Giselle, took no objection to these stimulations and began to spray a warm nectar everywhere.
(59)While he had refused to outwardly show how much he enjoyed womanly pleasures, which was mostly to spite Giselle, there was no reason to hide it now. The intense feelings gradually melted away his defenses and self-control.
It felt so good that he began to let out lewd moans without even knowing it. Ashton, continuing to use his hand to work the inside of his vagina, began to rock against the sofa.

Rubbing his chest against the armrest, Ashton continued to rock his hips. He began to realize that no matter what he did, he was going to reach his limit long before her.
His body was on fire, as if all of it had become one intense erogenous zone, and there was no way a pair of hands was going to satisfy him. It was then that he thought of Giselle's flower-like lips and decliate fingers. He suddenly panicked, and dispelled those images from his head.
His chest felt tight. This pain, with no way out, began to tear away at his insides. He wanted to work the two swollen masses on his chest, but he was already preoccupied with his lower parts.
He caught a reflection of himself in the grandfather clock in the corner of the room. A naked woman with an erotic face continued to dreamily touch herself while letting out lewd moans. Ashton, at the sight of a woman much lewder than anyone he' d ever slept with, felt more depressed than embarrassed at the sight, and quickly turned his eyes away from the clock.

It seemed she knew he'd been avoiding her, and it was getting on her nerves.
"I came here because I have something to say"
"Huh. Even though you hid from me earlier, you expect me to be there for you anytime you want?"
"..."
"You don't want to be touched, right? You must be feeling great after going three days without seeing me."
Giselle was sitting on the bed knitting something when he opened the bedroom door.
"What do you want?" Giselle asked, without turning her head.
As dawn approached, Ashton took the staircase at the end of the corridor and slowly descended into the basement. His breasts were so heavy, they got in the way of walking. He wasn't in any shape to go around the mansion looking for her, but she would be getting reading for bed by now.
(61)Although masturbating was not going to solve the problem at hand, it gave him some time to relax and think rationally.
Letting the pain and hunger continue to wear away at both his physical and mental fortitude wasn't going to do him any good. He couldn't imagine what would happen to him if he let this go on for much longer.
It was a damn shame that he was going to have to give in, but it didn't seem like he had any other choice but to go to Giselle.

Having been played countless times by her wild statements, Ashton finally began to understand, little by little, what made Giselle tick. She wasn't going to get upset over just a few words. Rather than provoke her verbally, Ashton pulled his top open and flashed her his big, swollen breasts.
"…Did you want me to give up so soon? Your hunger must already be unbearable, huh?"
It was true that he had turned away the bats earlier, what with the pressure in his chest pushing him to his limit, their very appearance had pushed him a little further towards the edge.
The bats were not being sweet or thoughtful by bringing him food.
They had been loyally obeying Giselle's orders, to make his breasts even more swollen, to make him to give up sooner.
"So, I guess you didn't eat today."
"Huh?"
"Even though I had them make you all your favorites"
"…"
Giselle was nonchalant, as if to say "what a shame." But Ashton caught on immediately.
(62)Giselle took the wine bottle from the nightstand and poured clear water into a wine glass. She had a stash of animal blood, but, true to her word with her deal with Ashton, had not been drinking anything that amounted to "food.".
She had nothing but thorny words for Ashton, and wouldn't look at him Instead of telling him to leave, however, she continued.

"… This is the first time ever you've tried to solicit me."
As if giving her reply, her eyes let off a hungry glow stronger than ever before. They were the eyes of a predator, about to viciously tear its prey to pieces. Giselle, staring at Ashton's thrusted chest, licked her lips.
(63)The rules were that whoever reached out and touched the other first was the loser. This could be the chance of a lifetime. If he could get her to attack him, it would be his win.
"It's been plugged up for three days, so I bet there's going to be a lot once you take these rings off. It's going to be thicker and more flavorful than usual too. There's probably so much that even you, with your appetite, won't be able to drink it all."
He thought about why he was doing something as pathetic as putting up this whore act, but he couldn't think of another way to defeat this vampire. However, by putting on this show and tantalizing a hungry Giselle with her favorite things in the world, just maybe he could shake her resolve.

The wine bottle can be emptied just by tilting it over. His breasts, however, so tightly sealed, wouldn't leak a drop no matter how much it tormented him. If he just gave himself over to her, she could free him from all this pain.
He'd come here to seduce her. But he was unable to take his eyes off her beautiful crimson lips, which suddenly seemed··· obscenely charming.
Just the thought of her lips, suckling his breasts like so many times before, was enough to make him tremble, and to make his lower parts warm and ache.
(64)But now, seeing her in that state, Ashton didn't feel fear nor hatred. Instead, seeing Giselle, with that hungry expression and ready to pounce, he could feel his heart warmly throbbing.

Even though he was the one pushing her onto the bed, it felt as if she had ahold on him.
"So… I win, right?"
He couldn't believe what he had just done. As opposed to Ashton, who had been overtaken by his own excitement, Giselle smiled with a satisfied look, proud that she had won.
Before he knew it, he was grabbing her by the sleeve and pushing her onto the bed. He was pressing his chest onto Giselle's face, as if he was begging her to nurse from it.
(65)His breath was heavy. His heart pounded, hands shaking. He could no longer control his own impulses.

"Uwah…!"
She wasn't sucking on them yet, but he already felt as if the milk was going to start gushing out uncontrollably. Unable to withstand the anticipation, Ashton let out a mewling cry.
Giselle licked all around his nipples, and the sound of a very sticky fluid could be heard. As she played with his nipples, the rings stuck on them gradually loosened, and floated to the top.
Suddenly, she put her tongue on his massive swollen breasts, and he, surprised, jumped a bit.
"You know, when I first met you, I only really liked you for your looks. I even thought it was a bit of a shame to change your body into this. But now, I just love every bit of you so much I can't stand it."
"I-I hate you!... Mmph…??!"
"And that constantly defiant attitude of yours… it's so adorable I just love it!... Do you really still believe that a human could kill a vampire?"
Ashton couldn't even get himself out of this position. At the same time, being pinned down by Giselle's delicate arms gave him a strange sense of relief and comfort, as if this was his place.
(66)While Ashton was preoccupied with his own troubles, Giselle flipped him over, reversing positions, riding on top of Ashton like a horse.

"W-what are you…?"
"Do you remember the deal we made? What are you going to do, now that you've lost? I'm not going to reward you just yet! Aren't you going to tell me you love me?"
"Damn it! That's…"
Ashton weighed the freedom from a suffering endured for so long, against the thought of his father. Unwilling to say anything, he simply held his mouth shut for a moment. "I love you" was just an expression of affection. All he had to do was form those syllables out loud. He had convinced himself of that going into this deal. But now, when it came to it, the unbearable thought of saying that to this woman whom he hated so much stood in the way of reason.
Just when he thought that he'd finally been freed, he felt her hand grabbing tightly onto it.
As his spine shook uncontrollably, Ashton could think of nothing but allowing his nipples release.
Finally, the rings were completely removed, and it felt as if everything that was building up until now was about to erupt violently from his nipples.
(67)Like a lake bursting into a narrow causeway, the tips of his chest were finally freed from their bonds.

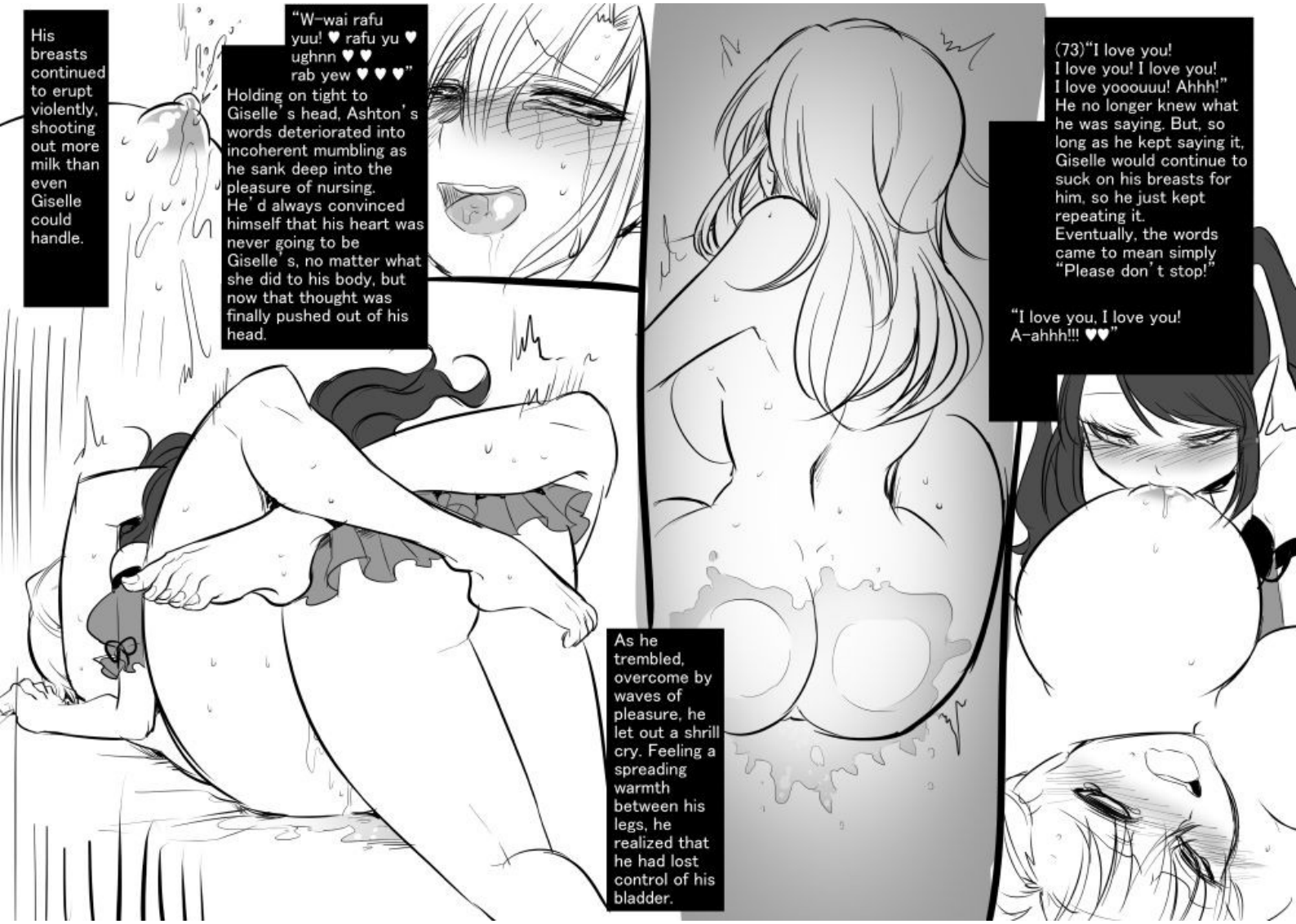
Giselle's stomach growled hungrily. The sound reverberated like the cry of a monster. She should have been weak from hunger, after giving up for three days the milk that she regularly indulged in so many times a day. However, it was clear that this humiliation was exactly what she was aiming for.
Just like the last time he'd refused to eat, Giselle began to pump nutrients into his body.
His body, having been fed, quickly took to converting these nutrients into more milk. Ashton was overcome by the feeling of his breasts, already at their very limits, swelling up even further.
The bottom of his chest was burning hot. The pressure was so intense he felt as if he was about to burst.
Ashton, tormented and afraid lke nothing he'd ever felt before, made a high-pitched scream and started crying like a child, tears and all.
(68)As Ashton quivered in silence, a shadow seemed to fall over Giselle. Her face twisted into a nasty sneer.
Holding that expression, she sank her face into Ashton's neck and bared her fangs.
He was surprised; He figured she'd finally reached the limits of her hunger and was about to tear out his throat, but that wasn't it.

(69)"I—I love you!"
Giselle, hearing Ashton give in and utter those words, which were really nothing more than a plea for mercy, pulled her fangs out of his neck and flashed a satisfied, joyful smile.
"Really? I'm so happy. I love you too!"
With this most innocent of replies, Giselle took Ashton's lips. The sensation of these deep kisses gradually crawled down Ashton's body, from his neck, to his shoulder, to his collarbone, until finally they reached his two big swollen breasts.
Letting go of his nipples, she put her lips onto them. Massaging them all around with her lips, she then began to suck loudly.
As the stopper holding in all the built-up fluids was removed, and its contents began to be sucked up, a sense of liberation unmatched by all the times he has nursed before swept over his entire body. It felt so good that his hips moved by themselves, arching upwards, and Ashton, for just a moment, forgot the predicament he was in.

(70)But suddenly, the feeling of his nipples being suckled was gone as Giselle lifted her lips from his chest.
"Huh?"
He had already admitted defeat and had given her what she wanted. But Giselle, having taken just a sip, had unexpectedly stopped.
"What are you doing? I already told you I love you!"
"I didn't say you only had to say it once"
As she looked down on him with a chilly gaze, completely different from her expression just a few moments ago, Giselle squeezed on his nipples. His orifices, having just been released, were pinned shut once again, and the pressure from all that fluid having no place to go started to burn again.
"Gahhh!"
"Is it too much to ask you to put in as much work with your mouth as I do? Or have you already had enough of me sucking on them? I'm sorry, perhaps you don't like having me touch you like this?
As she spoke, Giselle took the nipple ring that she had just removed, as if getting ready to put it back on.

"Ahhhhh!!!"
As she once again started sucking, Ashton, his eyes glazing over in blissful euphoria, let out a content sigh. However, as soon as he stopped saying the words "I love you", she once again lifted her lips from his breasts.
Without realizing it, his idea of nursing Giselle had changed from "being sucked on by her" to "she' ll suck on them for me." The pathetic vampire hunter had become nothing more than her plaything, wrapped around her finger.
"Why does she have to tease me...?"
He thought.
"My body is so hot. My breasts are so tight, they feel as if they're about to explode. I can't take it anymore. So long as I keep telling her I love here, she'll suck on them for me, and the pain will stop."
(71)
"Ahhh!
N-no!
St-ahhh!!!
I-I love you!
I love you!"
She (or Ashton. Stick with the pronoun if it was intentional by the author) spat out the words, like a cry for help.

"I love you!
I love you!
I love you!
I love yoooouuu!"
As his body was flooded with the intense euphoria of liberation, Ashton continued to repeat the affectionate words.
Having said them so many times, they' d lost all meaning.
The phrase became nothing more than a signal to him.
He had come here, iron-willed, to avenge his father.
But now his sanity was being pushed to its limit, stretched thinner and thinner until, like a thread of silk, it finally snapped.
Whatever.
If there was no way to get away from this girl, at least he could be free from the aches wracking his body.
(72)
"Nooo! No! Agh!! I love you! I love yewww!"
Giselle repeatedly stopping and starting was unbearable. As Ashton uttered the words again and again like a mantra, he thrust his back forward and shoved his breasts into Giselle's face. When the feeling of milk being sucked out of his nipples came back again, Ashton was struck by a pleasure that made his mind go blank.

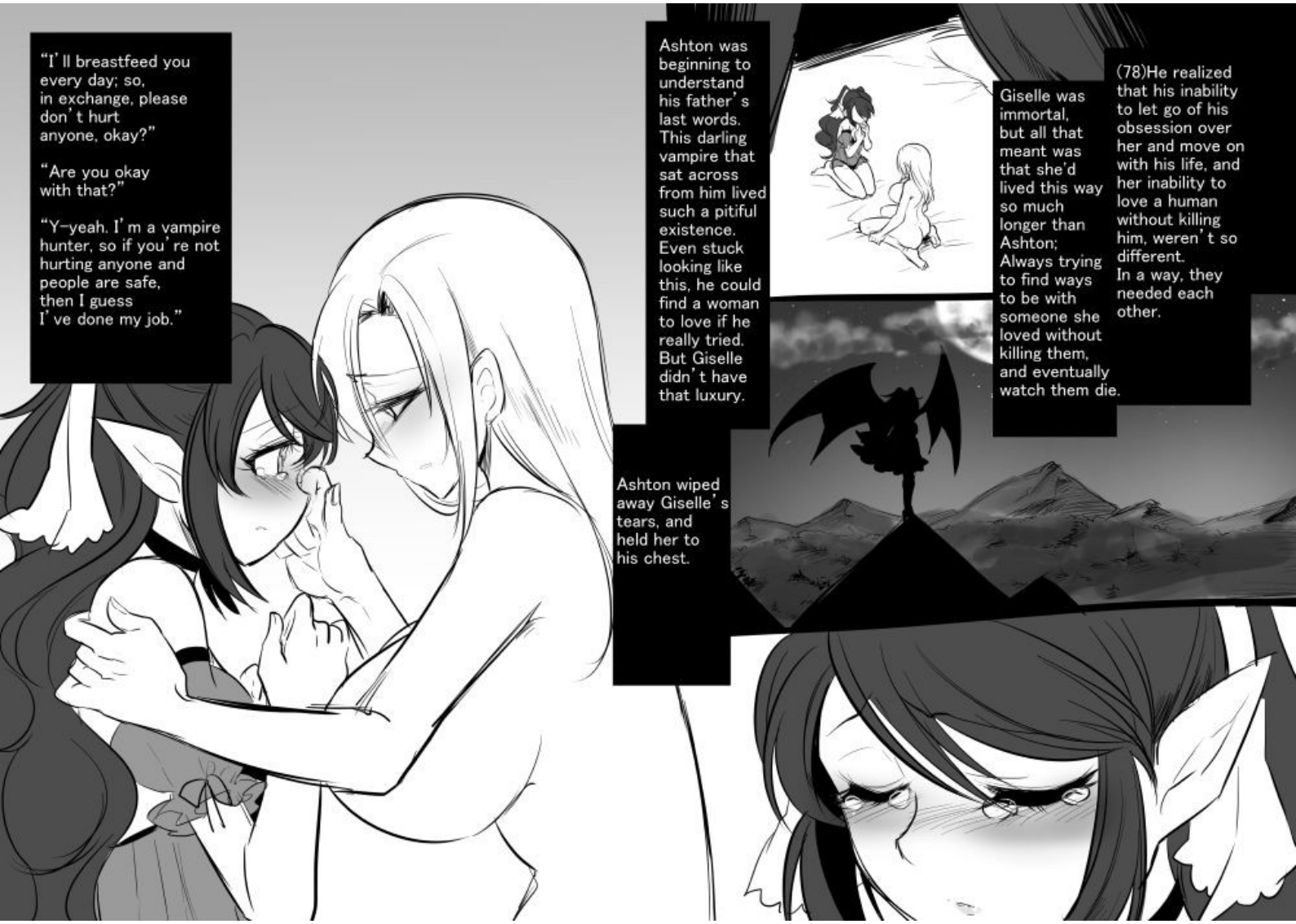

His breasts continued to erupt violently, shooting out more milk than even Giselle could handle.
"W-wai rafu yuu! ♥ rafu yu ♥ ughnn ♥ ♥ rab yew ♥ ♥ ♥"
Holding on tight to Giselle's head, Ashton's words deteriorated into incoherent mumbling as he sank deep into the pleasure of nursing.
He'd always convinced himself that his heart was never going to be Giselle's, no matter what she did to his body, but now that thought was finally pushed out of his head.
As he trembled, overcome by waves of pleasure, he let out a shrill cry. Feeling a spreading warmth between his legs, he realized that he had lost control of his bladder.
(73)"I love you! I love you! I love you! I love yooouuu! Ahhh!"
He no longer knew what he was saying. But, so long as he kept saying it, Giselle would continue to suck on his breasts for him, so he just kept repeating it.
Eventually, the words came to mean simply "Please don't stop!"
"I love you, I love you! A-ahhh!!! ♥♥"

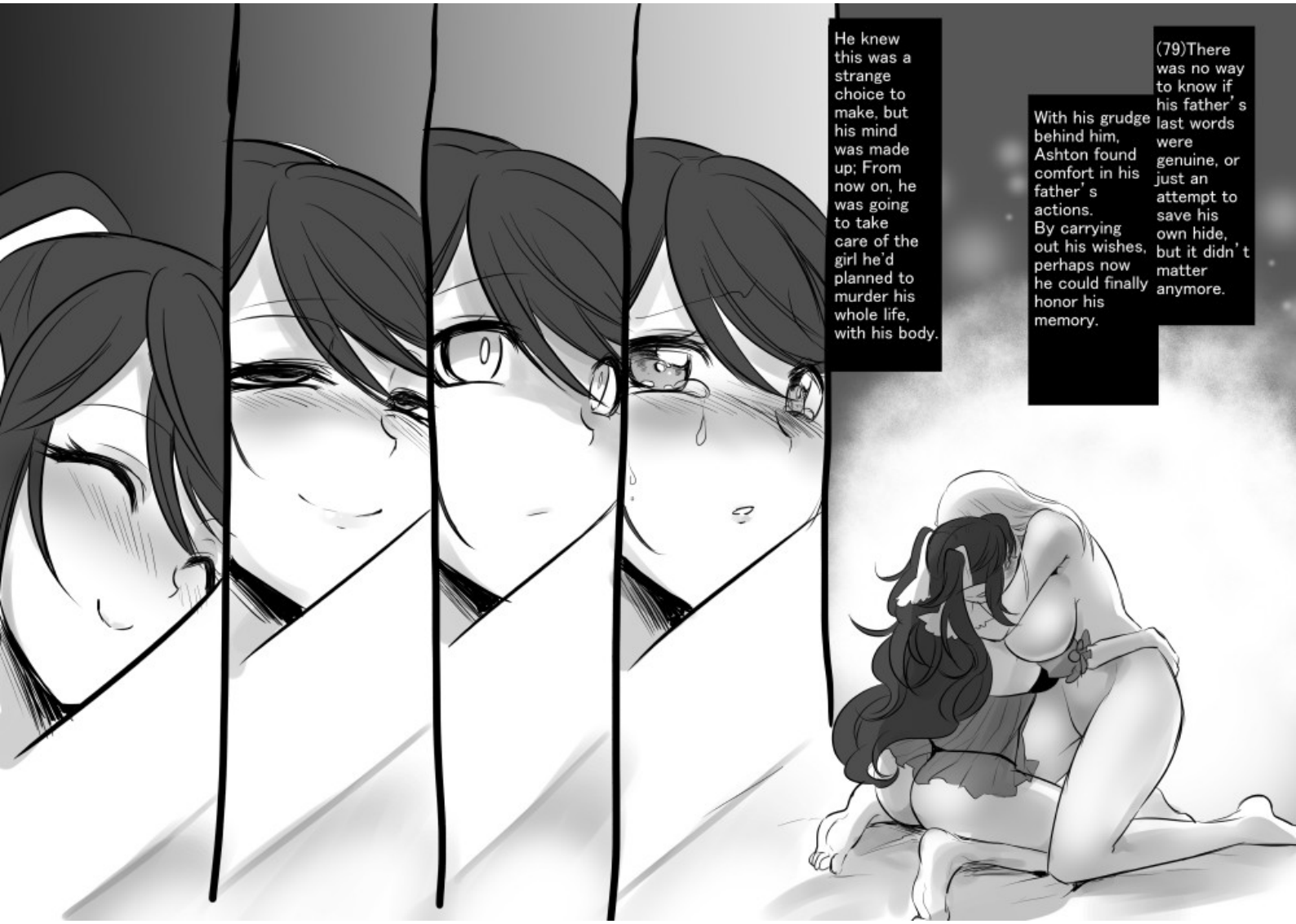
A sweet taste filled his mouth, and the wet sound of two women's soft tongues meeting could be heard.
As he kissed Giselle, feelings of love began to swim through his head.
He looked up at Giselle's beautiful face. Her big red eyes were like precious jewels, and he felt as though he was about to be sucked right into them.
(74)His own words reverberated through his head, filling him with a warm feeling.
They were originally just hollow words to get Giselle to stop torturing him.
But now, weakened both in body and mind, Ashton could no longer remember what he meant.
Her crimson lips were drenched in a white liquid. They looked erotic and delicious, and the next thing he knew, he was pressing his own mouth against them. He wasn't trying to trick her this time. From the bottom of his heart, Ashton wanted this.
As time went on, his words began to sink back into the deepest recesses of his mind. Like rain soaking into lands parched by drought, Ashton absorbed his own words, and began to think of them as part of himself.
Ashton could no longer tell if these were his natural feelings, or something forced onto him.

All things considered, it was no surprise that people would be charmed by her, even if they knew she was a vampire.
"Up until now, more men than I could count have told me they loved me."
"You mean people like me, who came here and were captured?"
"Yeah"
As he did, tears began welling up around the big red eyes in front of him.
Having finally lost any desire to deny Giselle, the words slipped out so casually.
(75)"It felt really good…"
"Huh?"
"Having you suck on my breasts… It felt good."

If he had heard these stories when he first met her, Ashton probably would have been terrified; But now, listening to these stories, he gradually began to understand what she'd been going through all this time.
Her voice, describing all the horrible ways that her previous lovers had died, didn't have a trace of sadism.
She sounded no different from any normal girl reminiscing about a lost love.
Despite everything she'd put him through, she seemed truly exasperated with the world, where everyone she loved was doomed to die.
(76)"Unfortunately, I couldn't resist sucking the blood out of the people I loved. But, I really tried to find a way to love them without killing them.
Once, instead of biting into them, I tried bleeding them out from a wound and collecting the blood over time.
Another time, I thought it might work if I just change the place I suck from each time so I tried that too.
I even tried replenishing them with equal amounts of animal blood every time I drank theirs.
But, in the end, everyone died, suffering and screaming in agony.
You're the first… to be with me this long without dying, and to even tell me that being sucked on feels good"
"…"
"Hey, Giselle… Do you remember my father? Not just about how his face looked like mine, but… do you remember what he was like?"
Giselle nodded softly.

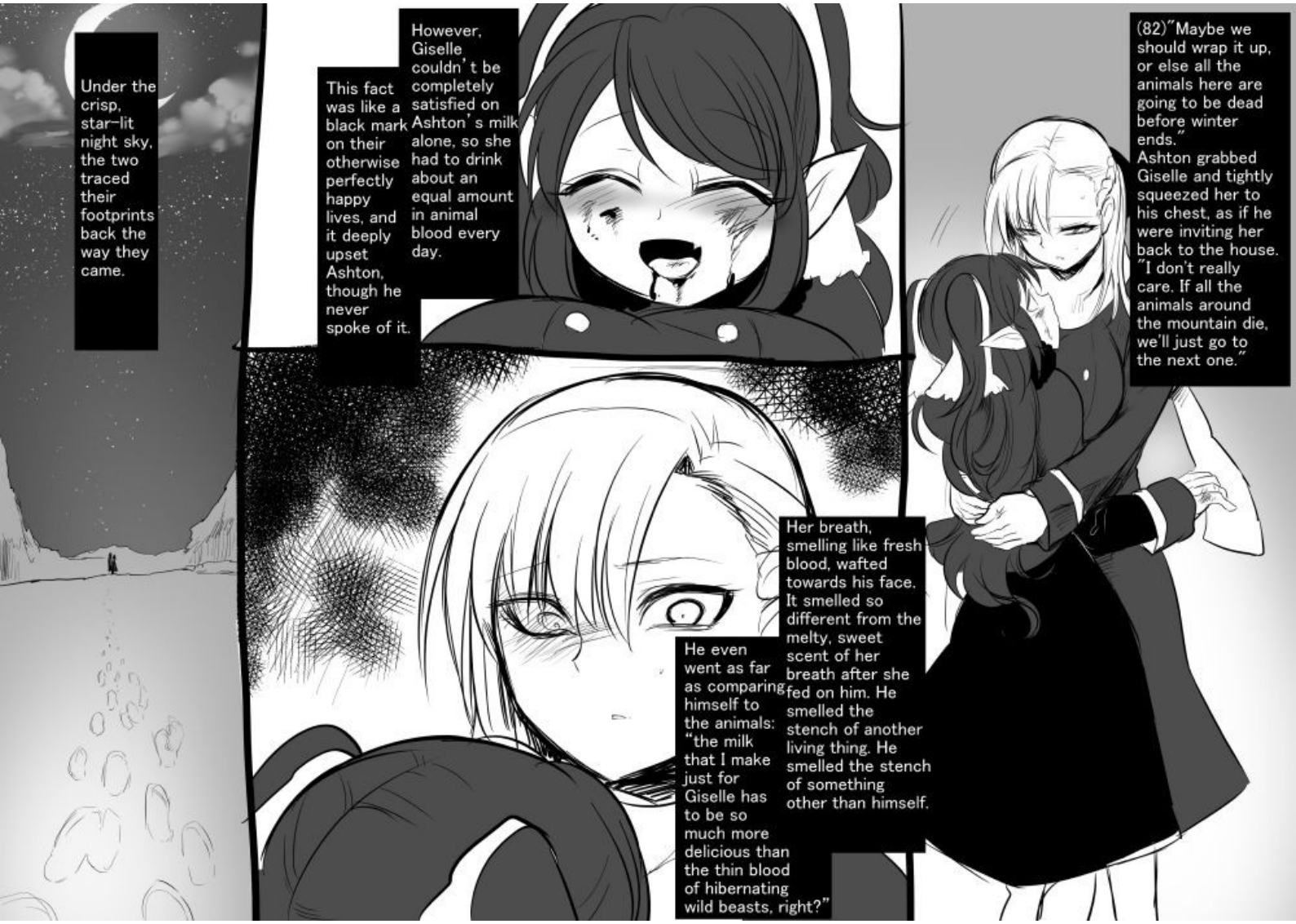
"…I felt lonely."
Her voice could dredge up sadness from the depths of one's heart. If she'd told him this story when they first met, he probably would have flown into a rage. But now, having come to know her awkward, misguided attempts at love, he knew she was telling the truth.
"… Me too. When my father never came home, I was so scared, and sad, and alone… When I think about how it was because of you, I want to hate you. But… you've lived alone for so long…
"And what was your answer?"
"I was flattered by his kindness. But I couldn't resist biting him, and I ended up drinking up all his blood. The next thing I knew, his body was cold in my arms."
"What did you do, after?"
"He made a proposition: 'If you promise to stop attacking the villagers and feeding on them, I will bring you animal blood every day. And if you feel lonely here, all by yourself, I'll come and visit. I'd happily stay here with you, but I have a son at home to look after.'"
(77)"He was a strange one… One day, he stumbled upon this place. When he realized that I was watching him, he pointed a gun at me. However, once he got a look at me, he quickly put down the gun, and I took him downstairs to make sure he couldn't run away. Even knowing I was a vampire, he didn't seem frightened at all."


"I'll breastfeed you every day; so, in exchange, please don't hurt anyone, okay?"
"Are you okay with that?"
"Y-yeah. I'm a vampire hunter, so if you're not hurting anyone and people are safe, then I guess I've done my job."
Ashton was beginning to understand his father's last words. This darling vampire that sat across from him lived such a pitiful existence. Even stuck looking like this, he could find a woman to love if he really tried. But Giselle didn't have that luxury.
Giselle was immortal, but all that meant was that she'd lived this way so much longer than Ashton; Always trying to find ways to be with someone she loved without killing them, and eventually watch them die.
(78)He realized that his inability to let go of his obsession over her and move on with his life, and her inability to love a human without killing him, weren't so different.
In a way, they needed each other.
Ashton wiped away Giselle's tears, and held her to his chest.


He knew this was a strange choice to make, but his mind was made up; From now on, he was going to take care of the girl he'd planned to murder his whole life, with his body.
With his grudge behind him, Ashton found comfort in his father's actions.
By carrying out his wishes, perhaps now he could finally honor his memory.
(79)There was no way to know if his father's last words were genuine, or just an attempt to save his own hide, but it didn't matter anymore.

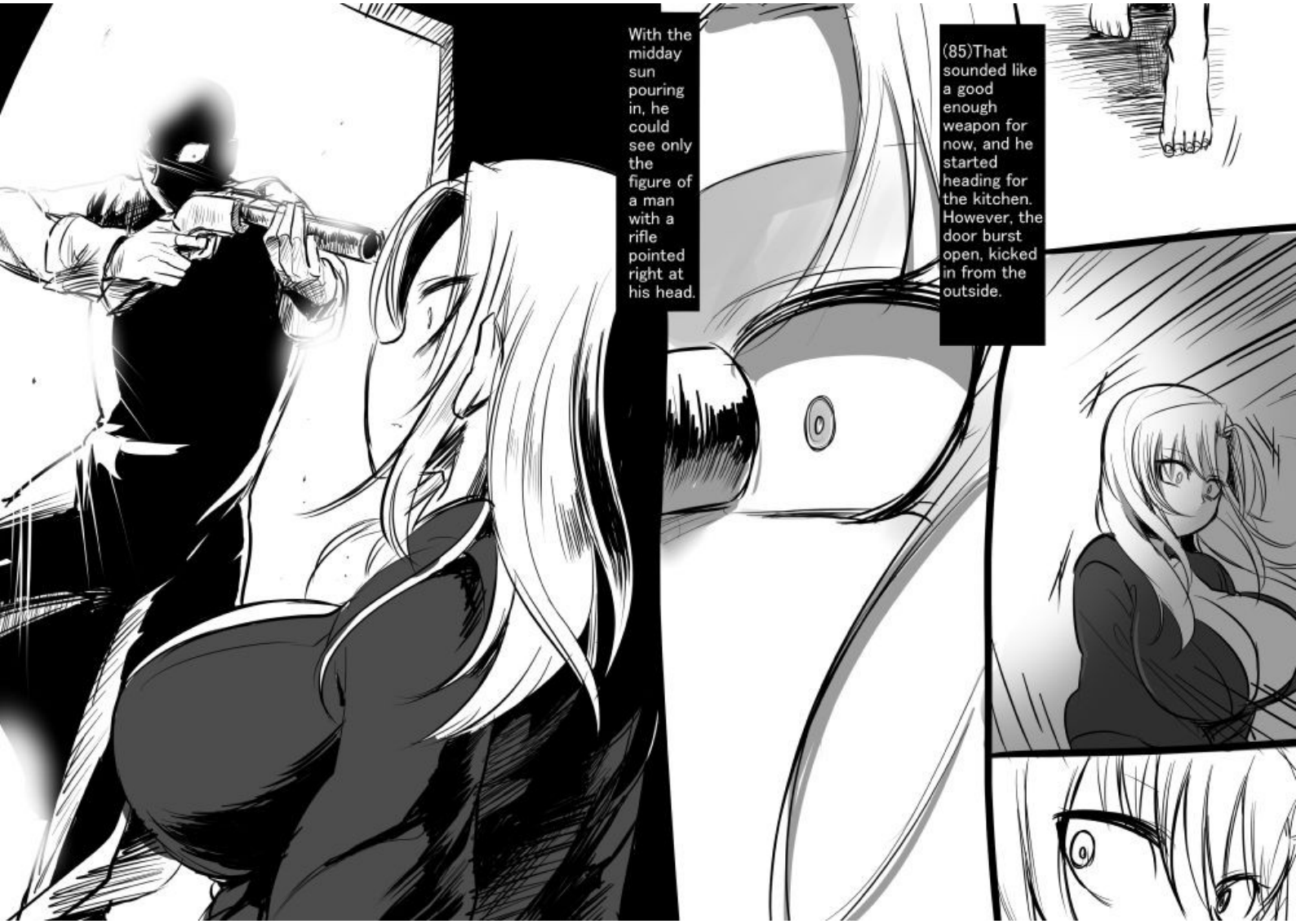
(80)Since Ashton had no desire to resist her, the two began to live like a pair of star-crossed lovers.
From when they arose at dusk to when they retired at dawn, they were at each other's side, and when Giselle told him she was hungry, he would bare his chest and hold her tightly, petting her softly as she fed.
The two looked much like a kind, nurturing mother with her child, but Ashton had no objections to this fate.

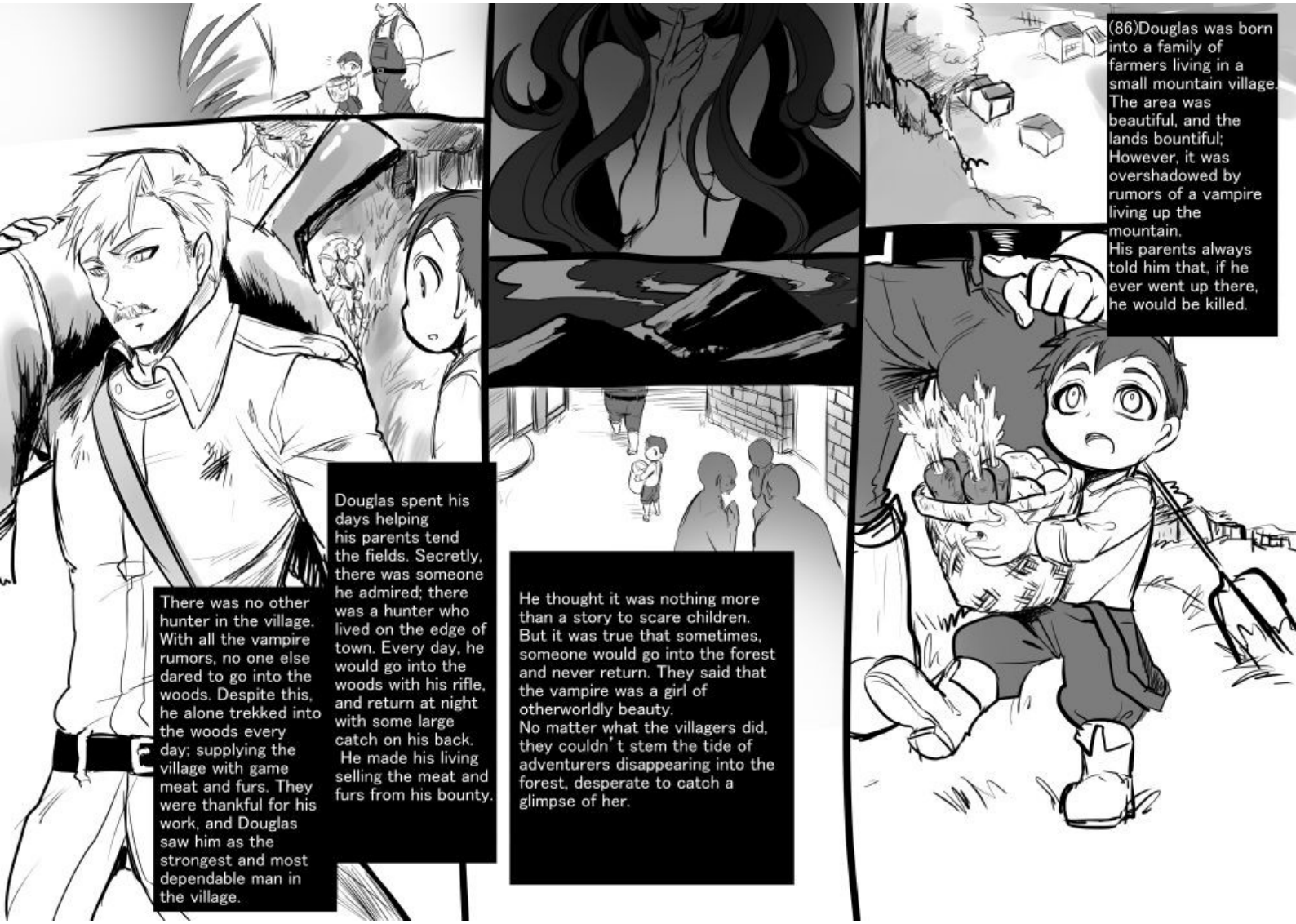
(81)It was finally winter, and a thick layer of snow had fallen, cutting off the mansion from the rest of the world. All signs of people coming from the foothills, and even animals in search of food, disappeared.
Giselle took Ashton into the woods at night, digging up the nests and burrows of hibernating animals. As the fresh snow gradually became stained red with blood spilled from her meals, the vampire ventured deeper into the forest.
Ashton followed along, picking up the corpses of the animals Giselle fed from as he went. He would need the meat to survive through the long winter, and their fur would be useful, too. Drained of all its blood, the meat wouldn't rot so quickly. There was no easier way to hunt than simply following Giselle's trail.
Despite it all, Ashton seemed despondent. When he saw Giselle, happily feasting on the fresh blood of these animals, he felt his chest tighten, and he ached from the very depths of his heart.
It wasn't as if he felt bad for the animals, and he was even relieved to see Giselle as satisfied as she was now, much like when she drank the stored animal blood from before.

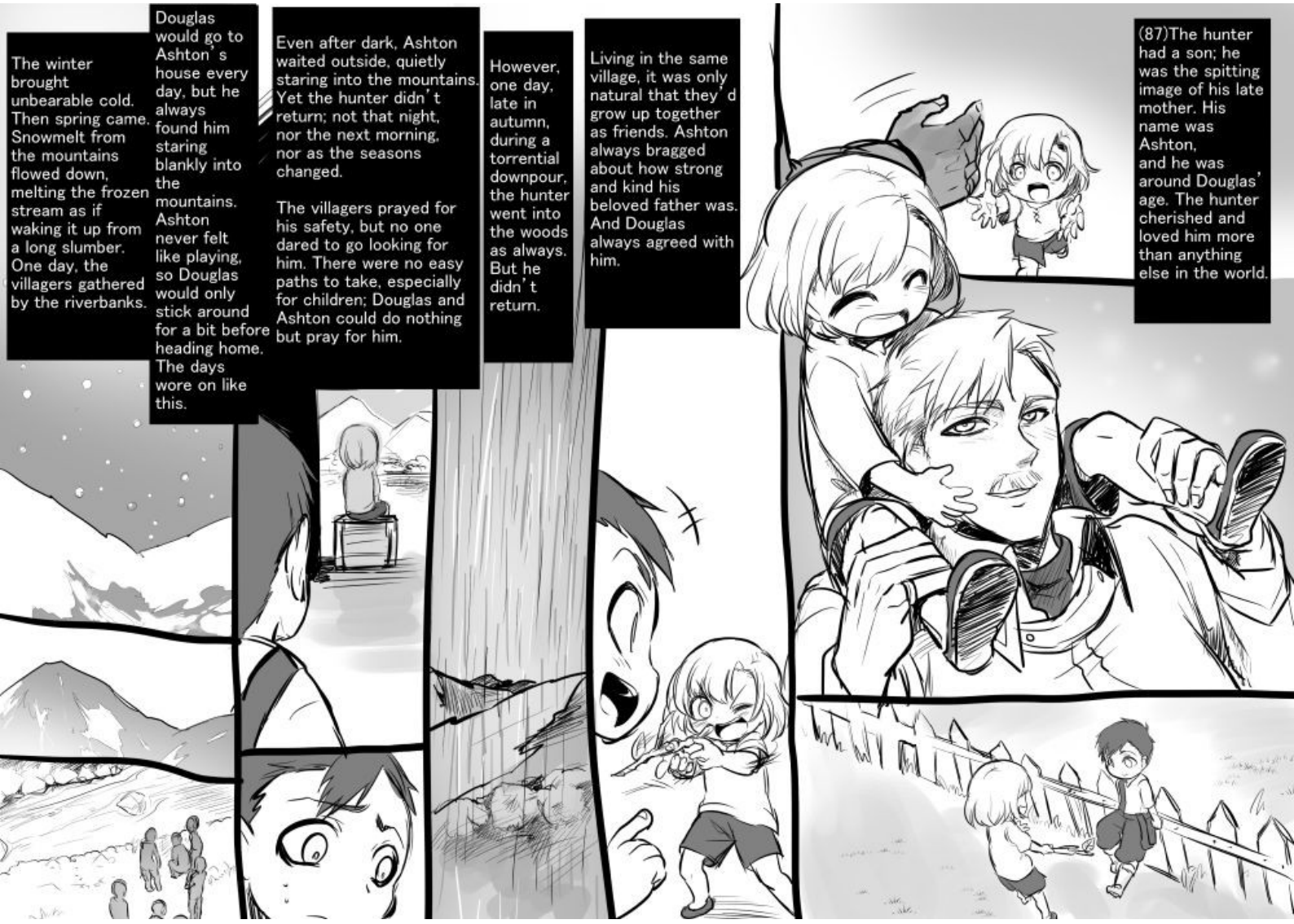

Under the crisp, star-lit night sky, the two traced their footprints back the way they came.
This fact was like a black mark on their otherwise perfectly happy lives, and it deeply upset Ashton, though he never spoke of it.
However, Giselle couldn't be completely satisfied on Ashton's milk alone, so she had to drink about an equal amount in animal blood every day.
He even went as far as comparing himself to the animals: "the milk that I make just for Giselle has to be so much more delicious than the thin blood of hibernating wild beasts, right?"
Her breath, smelling like fresh blood, wafted towards his face. It smelled so different from the melty, sweet scent of her breath after she fed on him. He smelled the stench of another living thing. He smelled the stench of something other than himself.
(82)"Maybe we should wrap it up, or else all the animals here are going to be dead before winter ends."
Ashton grabbed Giselle and tightly squeezed her to his chest, as if he were inviting her back to the house.
"I don't really care. If all the animals around the mountain die, we'll just go to the next one."

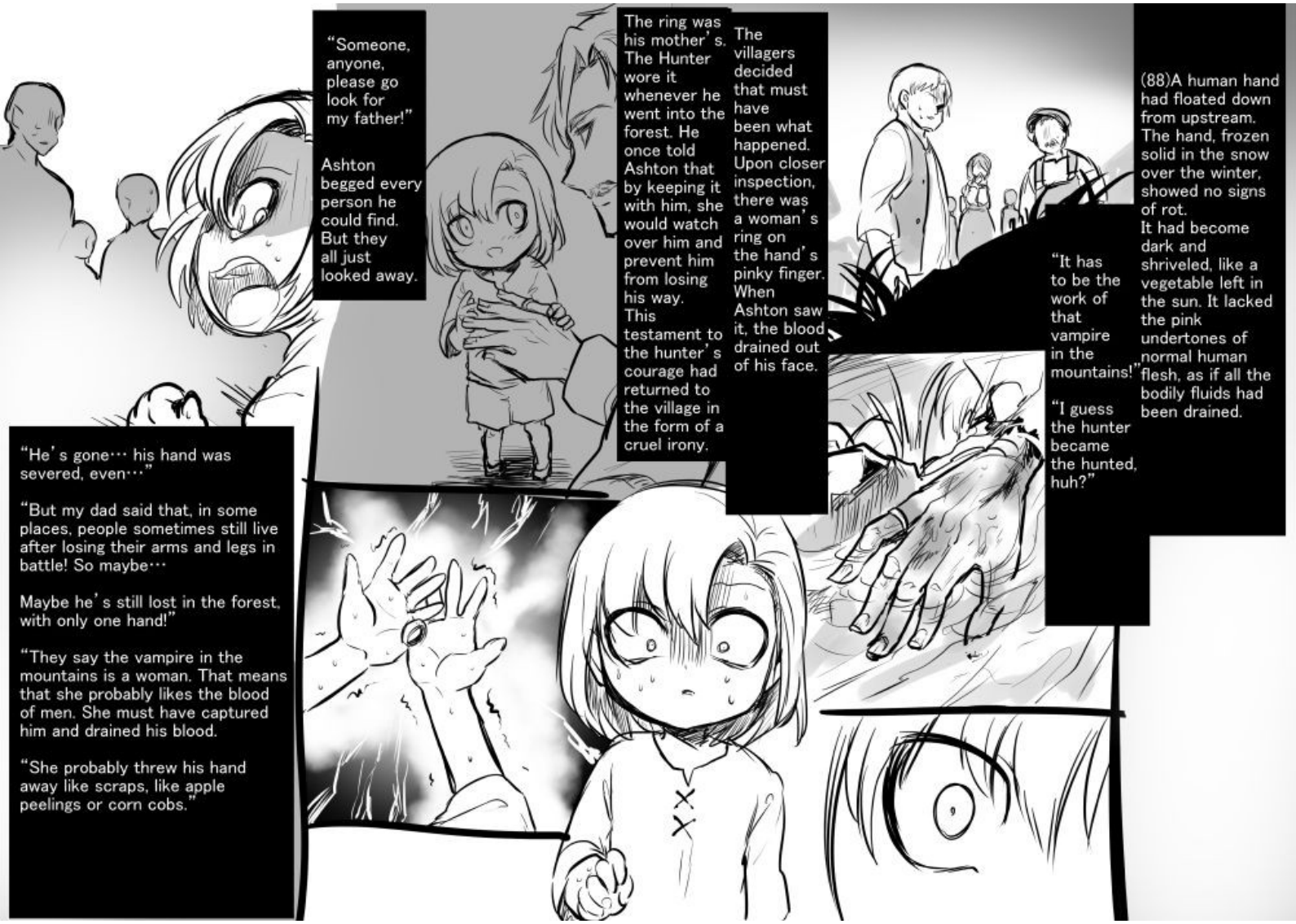
(83)It was noon, when the two were usually fast asleep. Ashton woke up; he felt something bothersome, nipping at his fingertips.
There was a single bat, sitting on his hand and flapping its wings. Giselle slumbered quietly beside him. The bat was quite clearly trying to wake him up without alarming its master. He'd never seen them do something like this before.
"What the hell is going on…?" Ashton asked the bat in a hushed voice, and the bat, flapping its wings much more quietly than usual, left the room as if to say "follow me." The bat was giving him orders, much like its master would have done.

··· He suddenly felt the presence of something beyond the door. His breathing got heavy as his hunter instincts kicked in. He quickly thought over his options. His hunting rifle had been destroyed by Giselle long ago. If he took a knife from the kitchen, he could probably take out a bear or wolf, if it was alone.
He noticed numerous pairs of glowing red lights huddled together in the darkness. It was the bats. Perfectly still, they were all staring at the entrance.
Curious, Ashton approached the front door to see what all the fuss was about.
(84)Coming out of the basement and down the corridor, he arrived at the entrance. Tiny rays of sunlight beamed through the edges of the curtains.

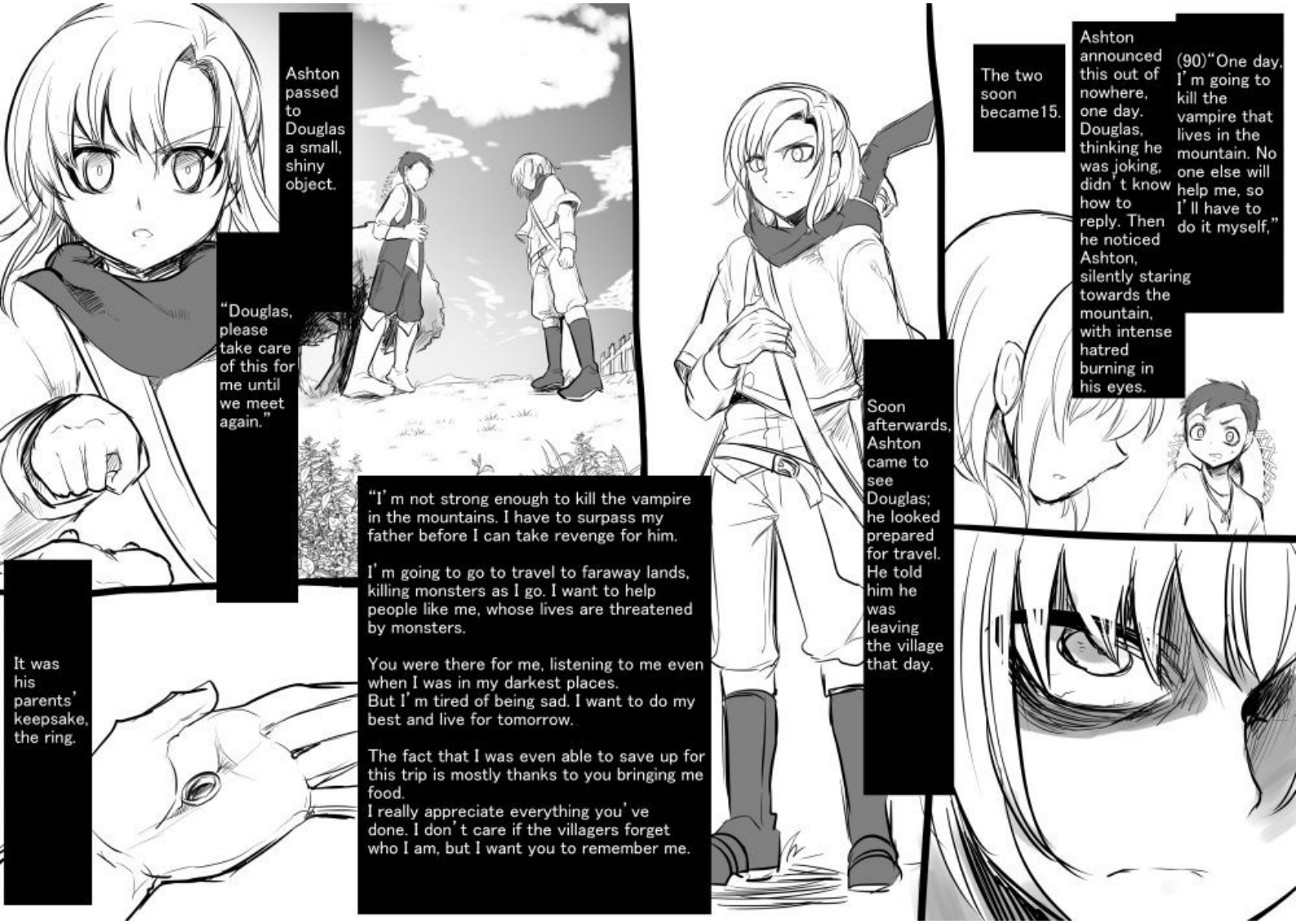

With the midday sun pouring in, he could see only the figure of a man with a rifle pointed right at his head.
(85)That sounded like a good enough weapon for now, and he started heading for the kitchen. However, the door burst open, kicked in from the outside.


(86)Douglas was born into a family of farmers living in a small mountain village. The area was beautiful, and the lands bountiful; However, it was overshadowed by rumors of a vampire living up the mountain.
His parents always told him that, if he ever went up there, he would be killed.
He thought it was nothing more than a story to scare children. But it was true that sometimes, someone would go into the forest and never return. They said that the vampire was a girl of otherworldly beauty.
No matter what the villagers did, they couldn't stem the tide of adventurers disappearing into the forest, desperate to catch a glimpse of her.
Douglas spent his days helping his parents tend the fields. Secretly, there was someone he admired; there was a hunter who lived on the edge of town. Every day, he would go into the woods with his rifle, and return at night with some large catch on his back.
He made his living selling the meat and furs from his bounty.
There was no other hunter in the village. With all the vampire rumors, no one else dared to go into the woods. Despite this, he alone trekked into the woods every day; supplying the village with game meat and furs. They were thankful for his work, and Douglas saw him as the strongest and most dependable man in the village.

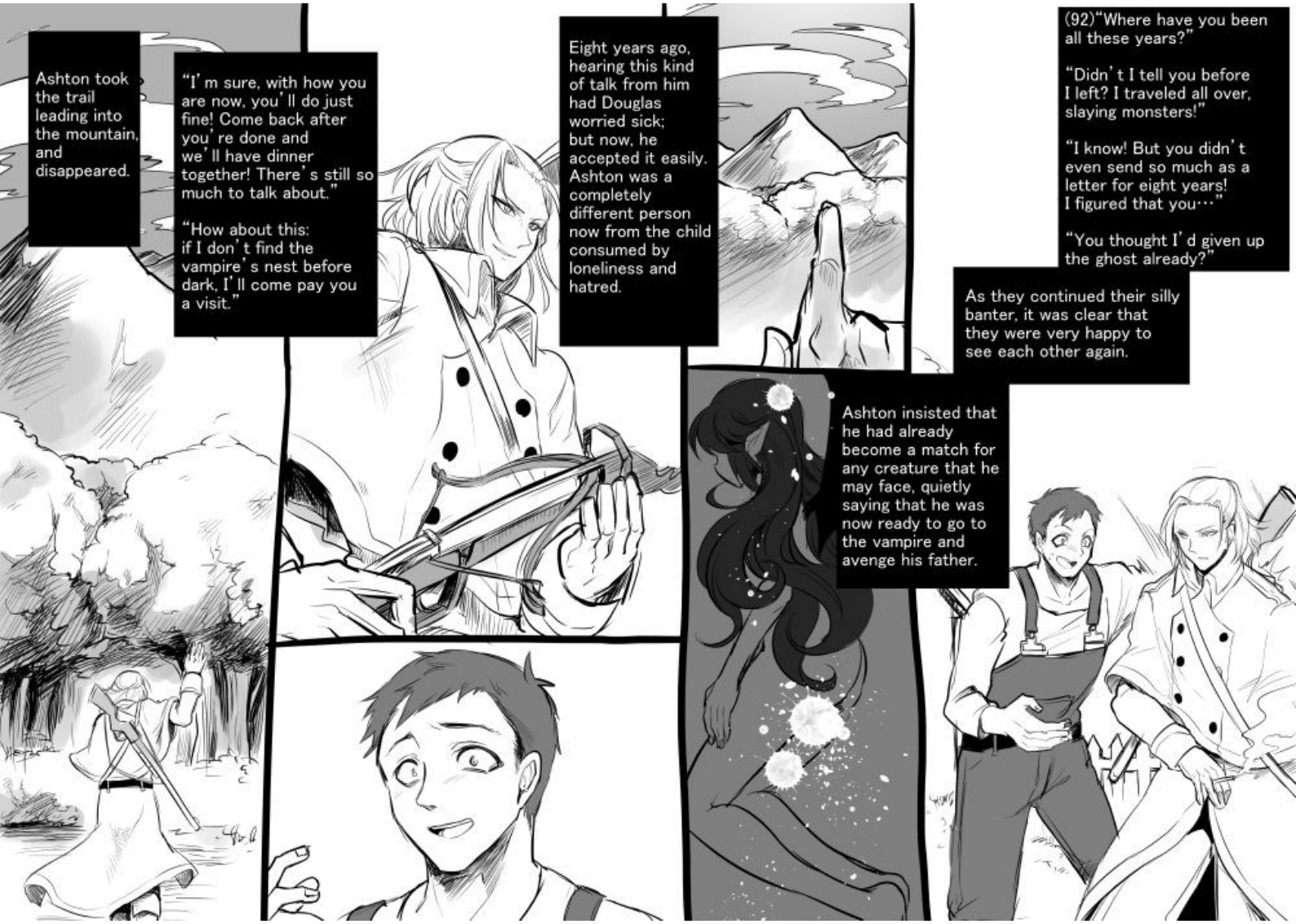

The winter brought unbearable cold. Then spring came. Snowmelt from the mountains flowed down, melting the frozen stream as if waking it up from a long slumber. One day, the villagers gathered by the riverbanks.
Douglas would go to Ashton's house every day, but he always found him staring blankly into the mountains. Ashton never felt like playing, so Douglas would only stick around for a bit before heading home. The days wore on like this.
Even after dark, Ashton waited outside, quietly staring into the mountains. Yet the hunter didn't return; not that night, nor the next morning, nor as the seasons changed.
The villagers prayed for his safety, but no one dared to go looking for him. There were no easy paths to take, especially for children; Douglas and Ashton could do nothing but pray for him.
However, one day, late in autumn, during a torrential downpour, the hunter went into the woods as always. But he didn't return.
Living in the same village, it was only natural that they'd grow up together as friends. Ashton always bragged about how strong and kind his beloved father was. And Douglas always agreed with him.
(87)The hunter had a son; he was the spitting image of his late mother. His name was Ashton, and he was around Douglas' age. The hunter cherished and loved him more than anything else in the world.

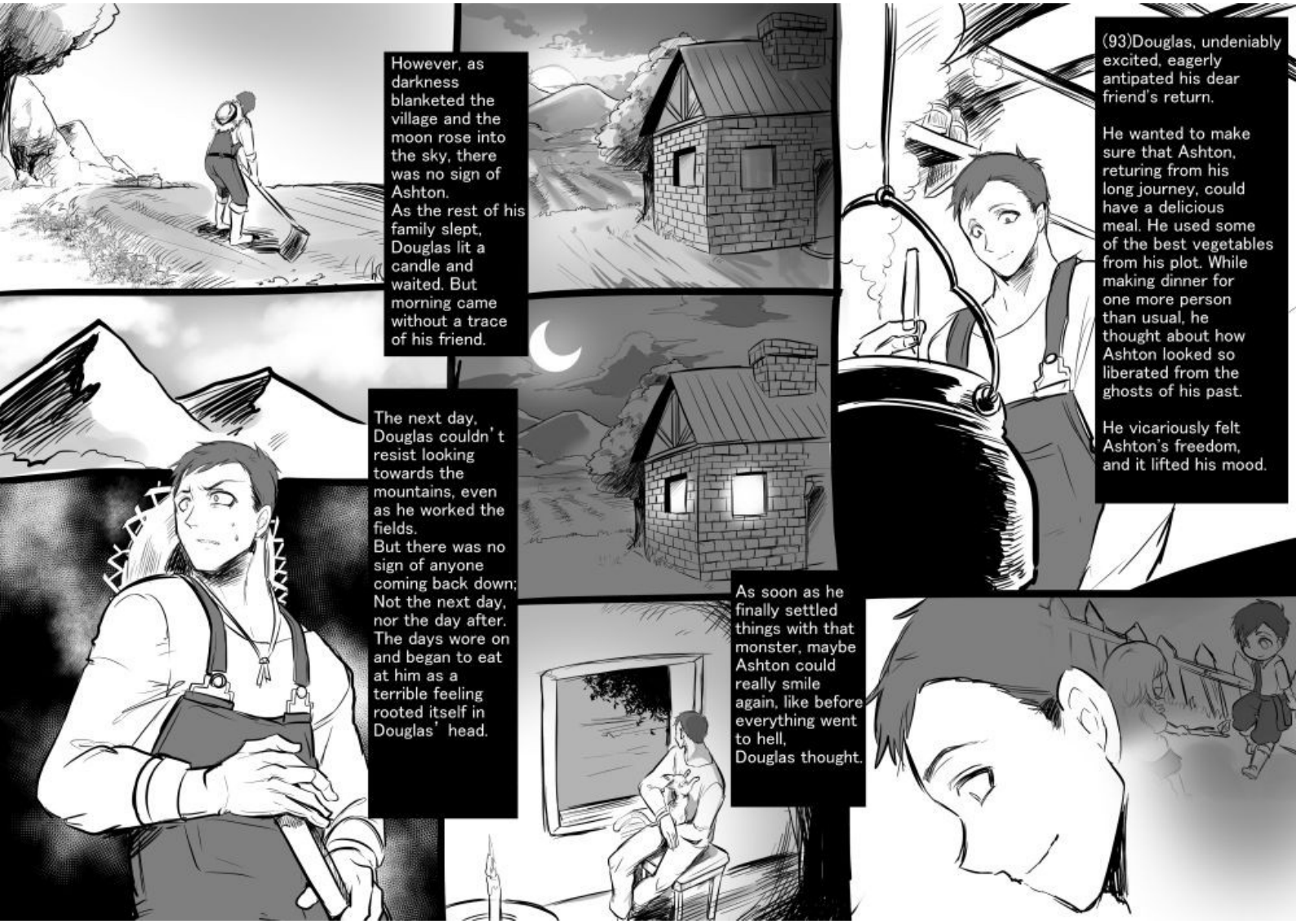

"He's gone… his hand was severed, even…"
"But my dad said that, in some places, people sometimes still live after losing their arms and legs in battle! So maybe…
Maybe he's still lost in the forest, with only one hand!"
"They say the vampire in the mountains is a woman. That means that she probably likes the blood of men. She must have captured him and drained his blood.
"She probably threw his hand away like scraps, like apple peelings or corn cobs."
"Someone, anyone, please go look for my father!"
Ashton begged every person he could find. But they all just looked away.
The ring was his mother's. The Hunter wore it whenever he went into the forest. He once told Ashton that by keeping it with him, she would watch over him and prevent him from losing his way. This testament to the hunter's courage had returned to the village in the form of a cruel irony.
The villagers decided that must have been what happened. Upon closer inspection, there was a woman's ring on the hand's pinky finger. When Ashton saw it, the blood drained out of his face.
(88)A human hand had floated down from upstream. The hand, frozen solid in the snow over the winter, showed no signs of rot.
It had become dark and shriveled, like a vegetable left in the sun. It lacked the pink undertones of normal human flesh, as if all the bodily fluids had been drained.
"It has to be the work of that vampire in the mountains!"
"I guess the hunter became the hunted, huh?"

Now living a solitary existence, Ashton lost his talkativeness, and rarely spoke to the villagers. But, when Douglas would drop by, he'd open up a little; complaining about his work and such. Douglas would lend him an ear and listen to his stories, and nod. He hoped that by spending time with Ashton, he could help him forget his loneliness, for a little while.
Douglas couldn't stand the sight of Ashton being treated this way by the same people that refused to help save his father. He did everything he could to help, even smuggling food from his own home.
In the end, the villagers pretended not to care and left him. Only Ashton, curled up and crying, and Douglas, who didn't know what to say, were left by the riverbank. The boy, who had faithfully waited through the winter without losing hope, had been forced to accept the truth.
(89)"Why won't you guys go save him? He was always hunting animals to help everyone in the village!"
"He's lost a hand… even if he somehow was still alive, he couldn't possibly hunt ever again…"
Now an orphan, Ashton was forced to scrape by on the pittance he received for doing small jobs; carrying cargo, fetching water, cutting firewood, polishing shoes, and so on.

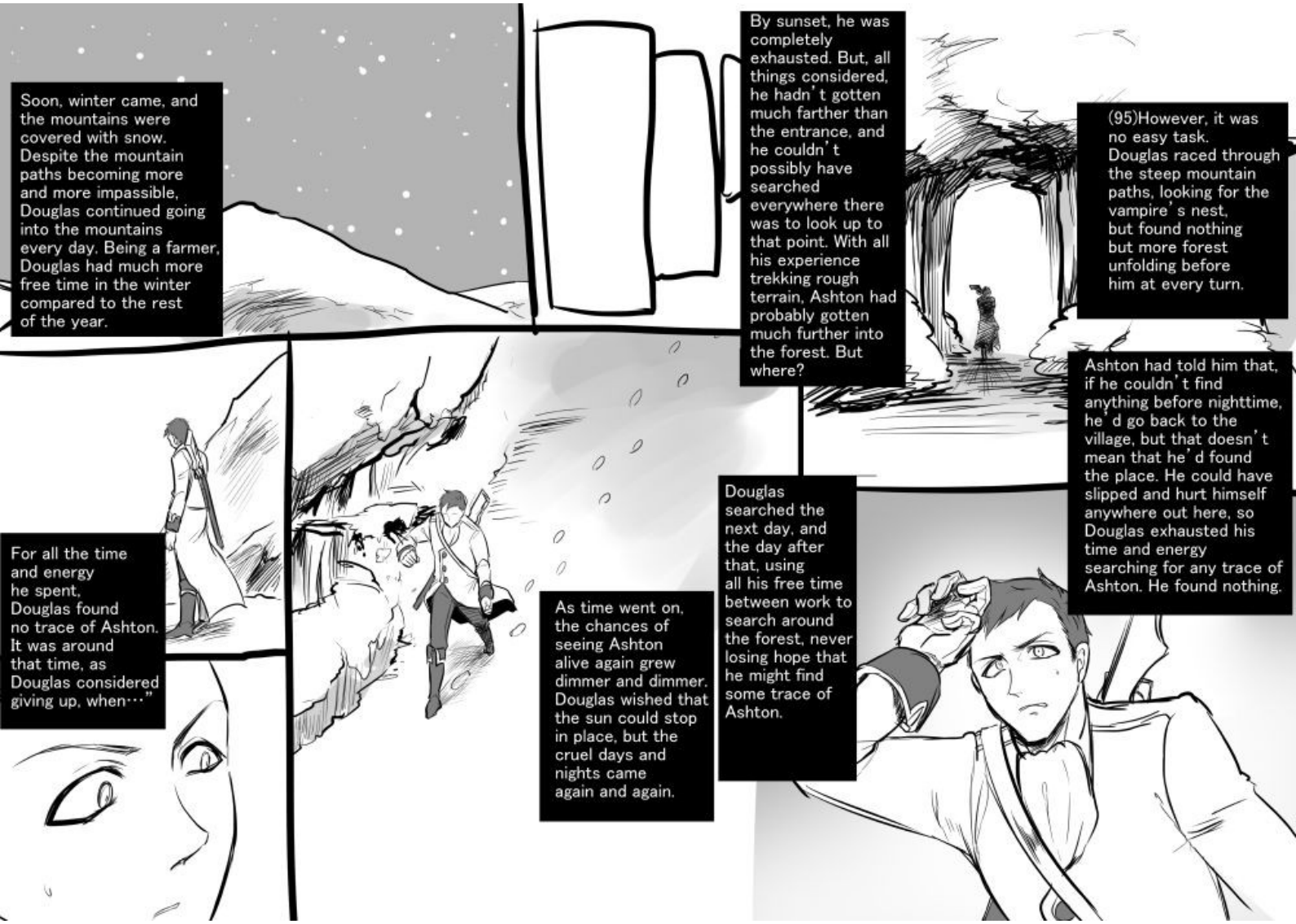

Ashton passed to Douglas a small, shiny object.
"Douglas, please take care of this for me until we meet again."
It was his parents' keepsake, the ring.
"I'm not strong enough to kill the vampire in the mountains. I have to surpass my father before I can take revenge for him.
I'm going to go to travel to faraway lands, killing monsters as I go. I want to help people like me, whose lives are threatened by monsters.
You were there for me, listening to me even when I was in my darkest places.
But I'm tired of being sad. I want to do my best and live for tomorrow.
The fact that I was even able to save up for this trip is mostly thanks to you bringing me food.
I really appreciate everything you've done. I don't care if the villagers forget who I am, but I want you to remember me.
Soon afterwards, Ashton came to see Douglas; he looked prepared for travel. He told him he was leaving the village that day.
The two soon became15.
Ashton announced this out of nowhere, one day. Douglas, thinking he was joking, didn't know how to reply. Then he noticed Ashton, silently staring towards the mountain, with intense hatred burning in his eyes.
(90)"One day, I'm going to kill the vampire that lives in the mountain. No one else will help me, so I'll have to do it myself,"

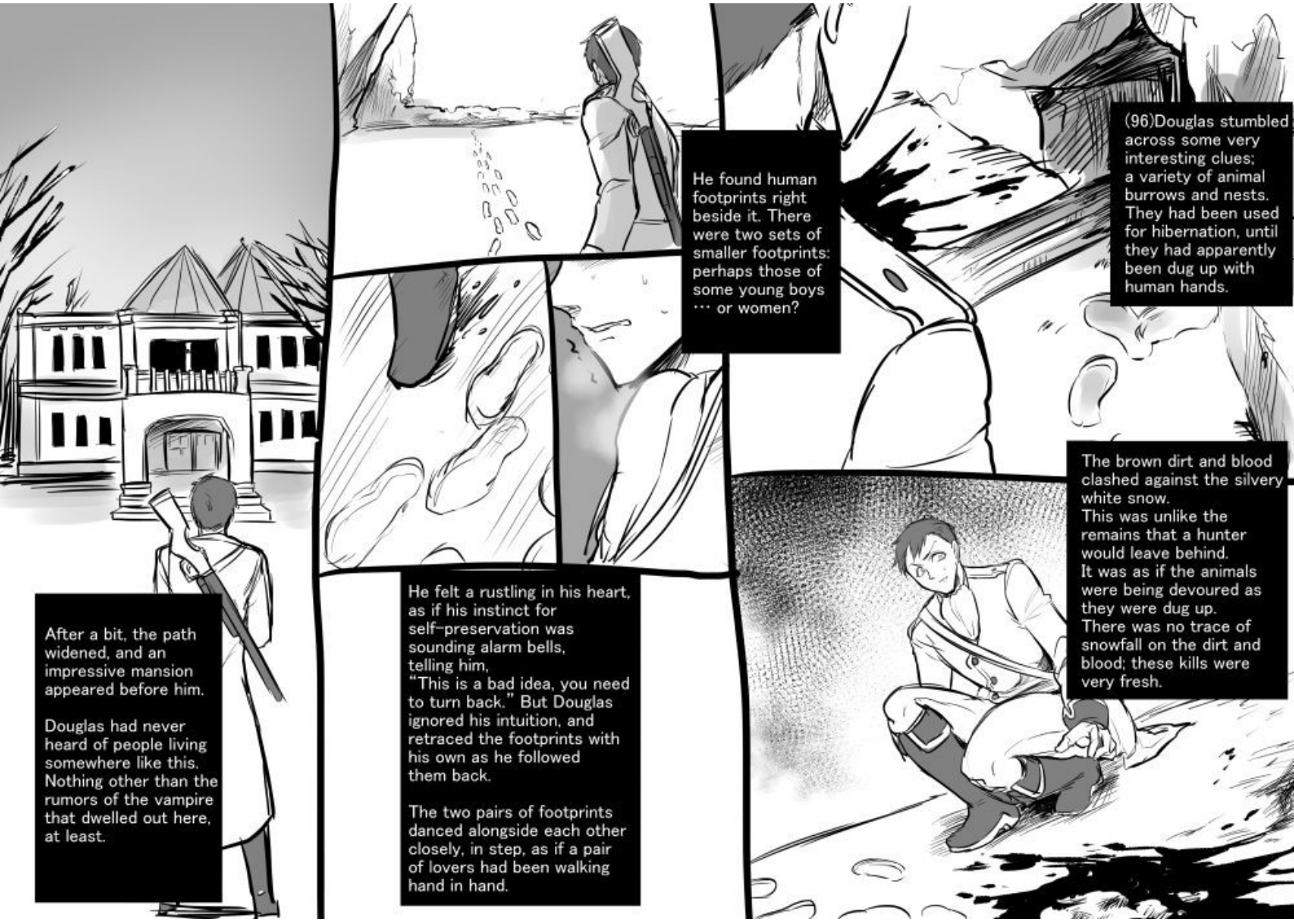
Eight years slowly passed. One day, Ashton suddenly returned. He looked toughened beyond recognition, and had become the spitting image of his father.
(91)"But… why would you leave this behind? Isn't it important? Your father kept it so he wouldn't lose his way, right? It'll probably help you find your way when you're travelling!"
"That's why I want you to keep it. I'm more worried about you getting lost. And if I ever find myself staring death in the face, someplace far away? The thought of you, the only one who was always there for me, living on in our hometown will help me keep going.
Please hold on to that kindness while I get stronger, and don't forget it before I come back again. And if you ever feel yourself getting lost, just remember that I wouldn't be here now, if not for you. And if my travels take too long and I forget who you are, well… then just hit me until I remember. You're the best friend I ever had."
Following the road to the next village, Ashton left. It would have been a lie to say that Douglas didn't want to stop him, but knowing that Ashton cherished him for his kindness, he decided it was best to see him off on his journey.


Ashton took the trail leading into the mountain, and disappeared.
"I'm sure, with how you are now, you'll do just fine! Come back after you're done and we'll have dinner together! There's still so much to talk about."
"How about this: if I don't find the vampire's nest before dark, I'll come pay you a visit."
Eight years ago, hearing this kind of talk from him had Douglas worried sick; but now, he accepted it easily. Ashton was a completely different person now from the child consumed by loneliness and hatred.
Ashton insisted that he had already become a match for any creature that he may face, quietly saying that he was now ready to go to the vampire and avenge his father.
(92)"Where have you been all these years?"
"Didn't I tell you before I left? I traveled all over, slaying monsters!"
"I know! But you didn't even send so much as a letter for eight years! I figured that you…"
"You thought I'd given up the ghost already?"
As they continued their silly banter, it was clear that they were very happy to see each other again.

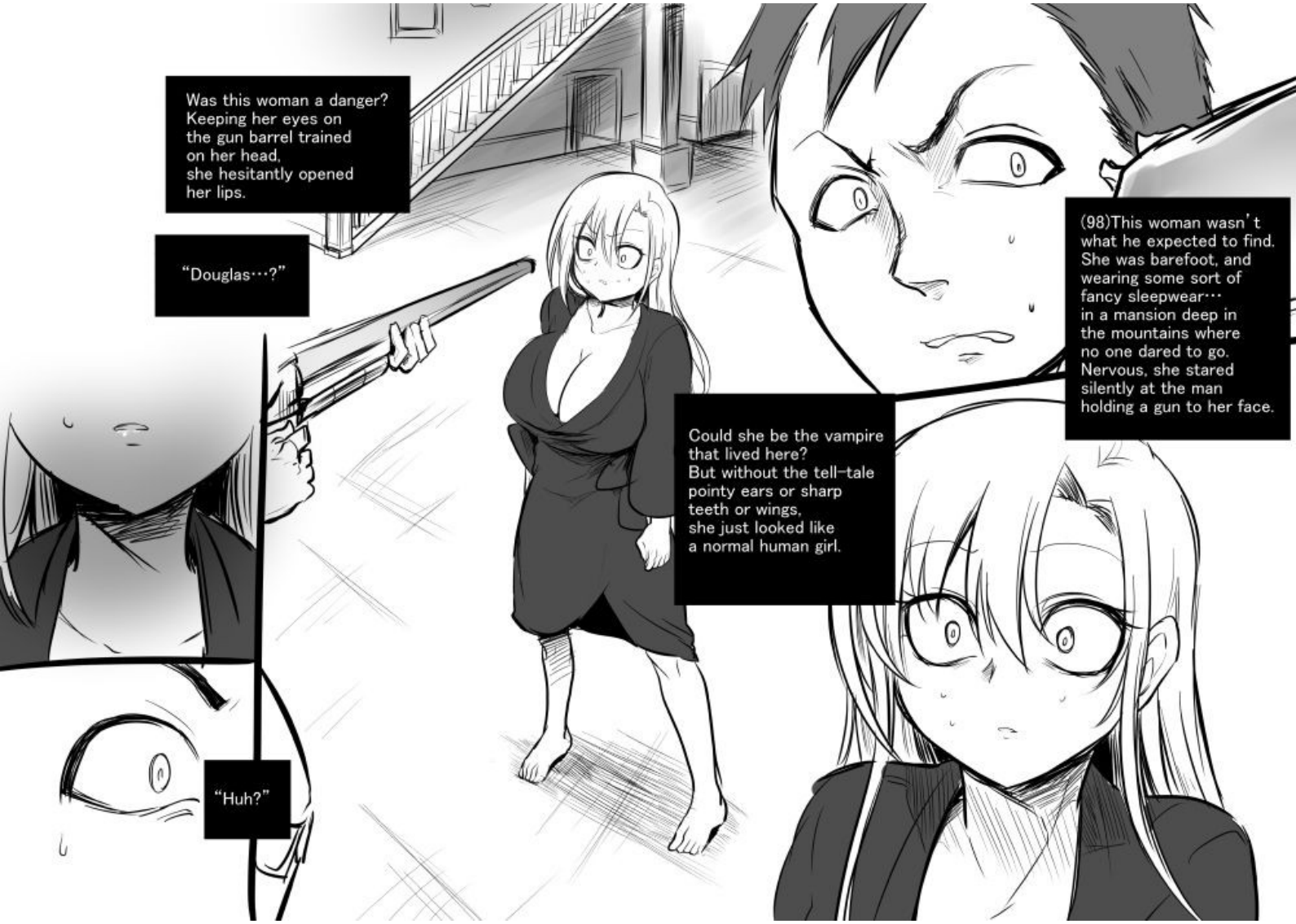

However, as darkness blanketed the village and the moon rose into the sky, there was no sign of Ashton.
As the rest of his family slept, Douglas lit a candle and waited. But morning came without a trace of his friend.
The next day, Douglas couldn't resist looking towards the mountains, even as he worked the fields.
But there was no sign of anyone coming back down; Not the next day, nor the day after. The days wore on and began to eat at him as a terrible feeling rooted itself in Douglas' head.
As soon as he finally settled things with that monster, maybe Ashton could really smile again, like before everything went to hell, Douglas thought.
(93)Douglas, undeniably excited, eagerly antipated his dear friend's return.
He wanted to make sure that Ashton, returing from his long journey, could have a delicious meal. He used some of the best vegetables from his plot. While making dinner for one more person than usual, he thought about how Ashton looked so liberated from the ghosts of his past.
He vicariously felt Ashton's freedom, and it lifted his mood.

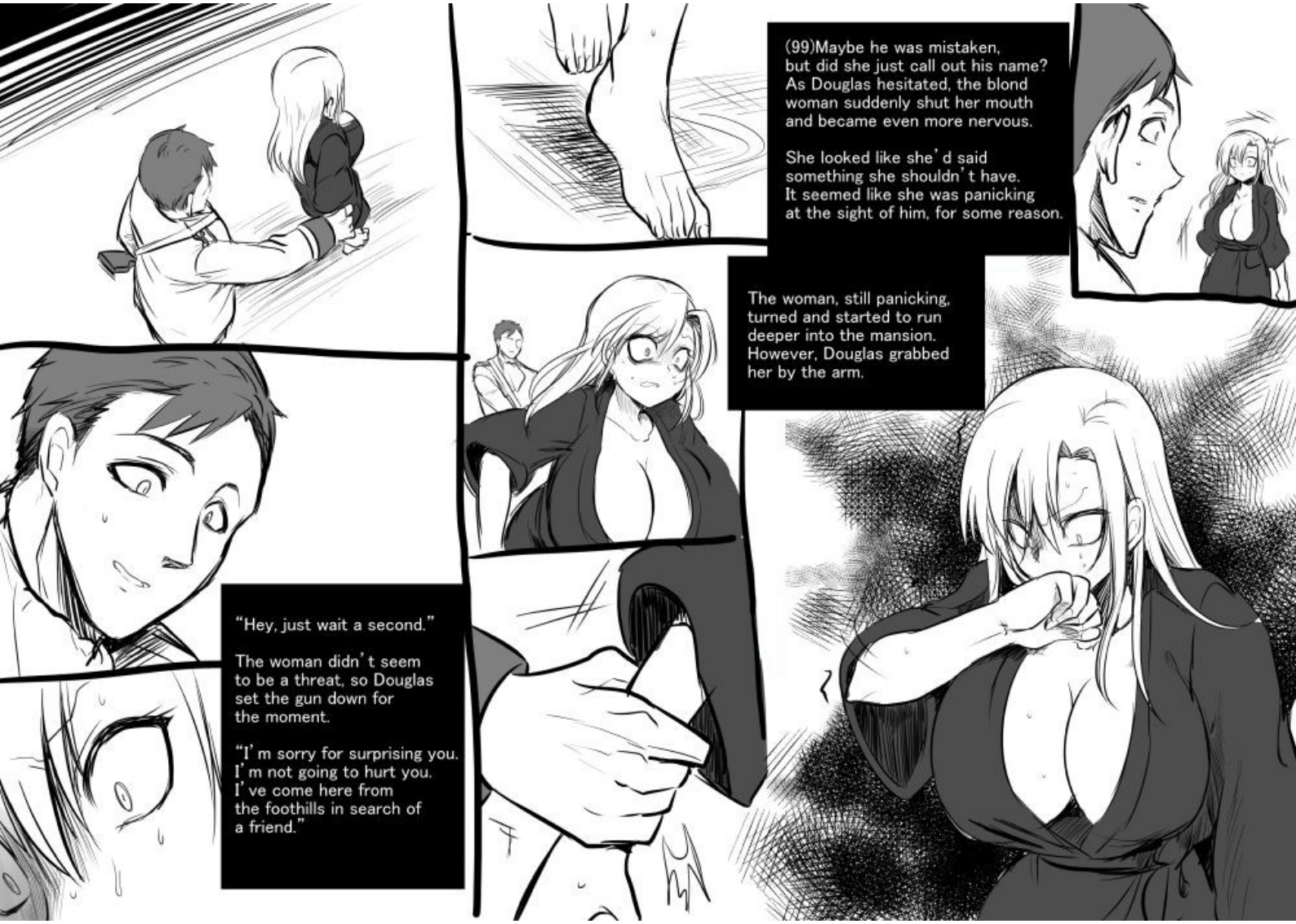
Douglas couldn't stand the idea of sitting around and doing nothing while his dear childhood friend, who was on the cusp of being freed from the ghosts of his past, might be meeting the same fate as his father.
The next morning, Douglas took what little savings he had and rushed to the only store that sold weapons in the village. There, he bought a brand-new hunting rifle. Only pausing to make sure it worked, he went into the woods, retracing the path Ashton had taken to the best of his memory.
(94) It was the night of the seventh day since he last saw Ashton.
In a dream, he saw a hand washing down from upstream.
He woke up, screaming.

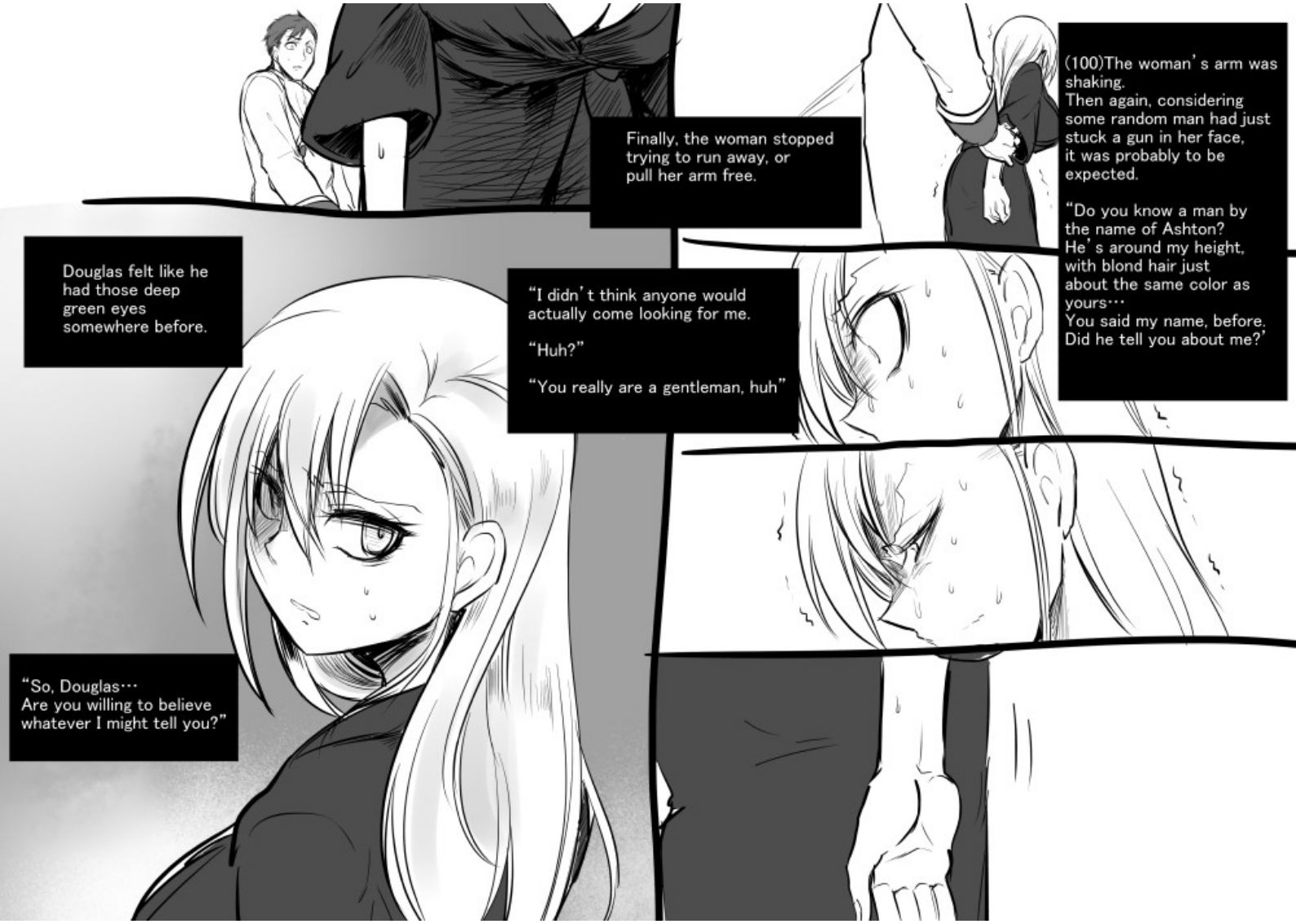

Soon, winter came, and the mountains were covered with snow. Despite the mountain paths becoming more and more impassible, Douglas continued going into the mountains every day. Being a farmer, Douglas had much more free time in the winter compared to the rest of the year.
By sunset, he was completely exhausted. But, all things considered, he hadn't gotten much farther than the entrance, and he couldn't possibly have searched everywhere there was to look up to that point. With all his experience trekking rough terrain, Ashton had probably gotten much further into the forest. But where?
(95)However, it was no easy task. Douglas raced through the steep mountain paths, looking for the vampire's nest, but found nothing but more forest unfolding before him at every turn.
Ashton had told him that, if he couldn't find anything before nighttime, he'd go back to the village, but that doesn't mean that he'd found the place. He could have slipped and hurt himself anywhere out here, so Douglas exhausted his time and energy searching for any trace of Ashton. He found nothing.
Douglas searched the next day, and the day after that, using all his free time between work to search around the forest, never losing hope that he might find some trace of Ashton.
As time went on, the chances of seeing Ashton alive again grew dimmer and dimmer. Douglas wished that the sun could stop in place, but the cruel days and nights came again and again.
For all the time and energy he spent, Douglas found no trace of Ashton. It was around that time, as Douglas considered giving up, when…"

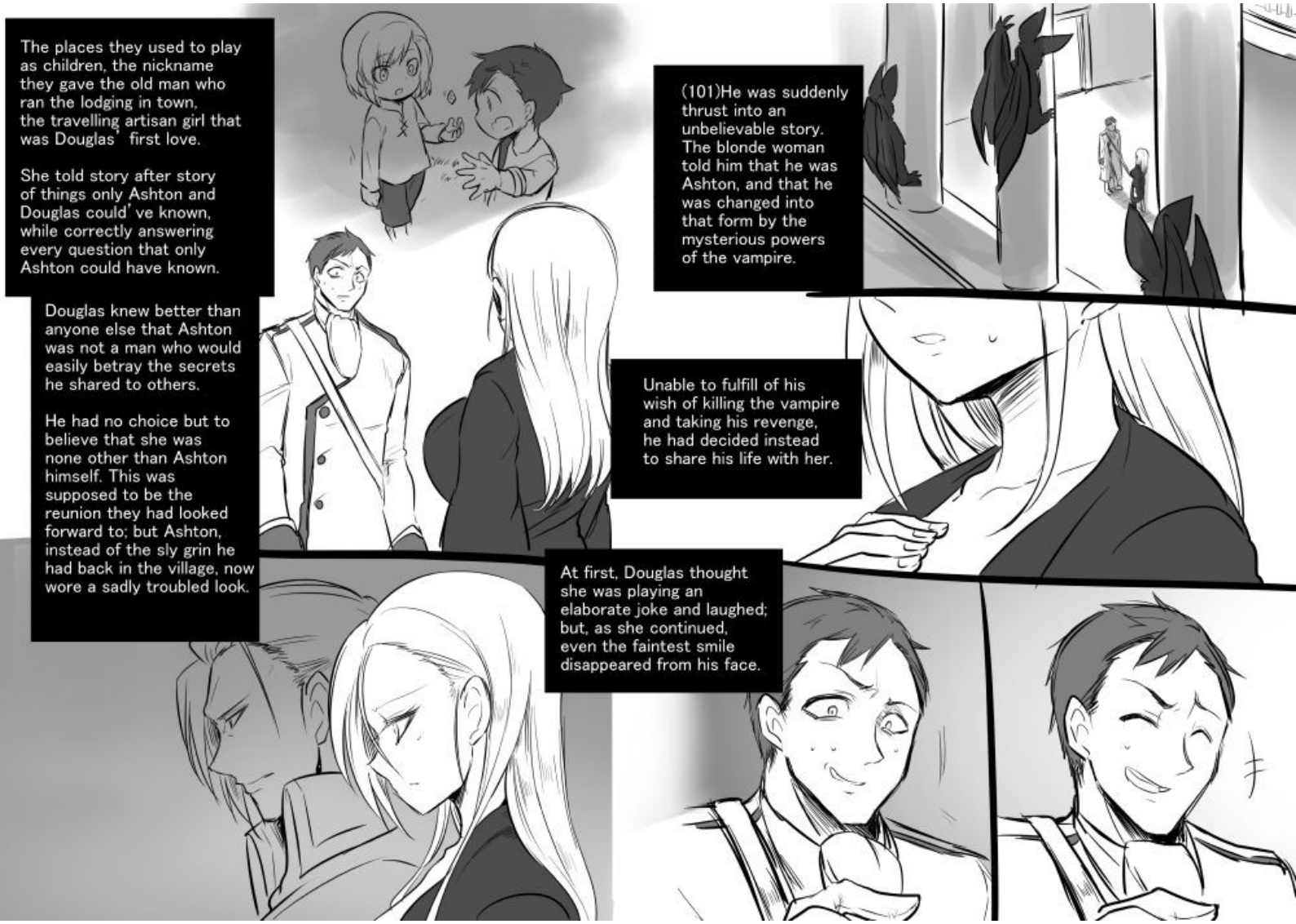

After a bit, the path widened, and an impressive mansion appeared before him.
Douglas had never heard of people living somewhere like this. Nothing other than the rumors of the vampire that dwelled out here, at least.
He felt a rustling in his heart, as if his instinct for self-preservation was sounding alarm bells, telling him, "This is a bad idea, you need to turn back." But Douglas ignored his intuition, and retraced the footprints with his own as he followed them back.
The two pairs of footprints danced alongside each other closely, in step, as if a pair of lovers had been walking hand in hand.
He found human footprints right beside it. There were two sets of smaller footprints: perhaps those of some young boys … or women?
(96)Douglas stumbled across some very interesting clues; a variety of animal burrows and nests. They had been used for hibernation, until they had apparently been dug up with human hands.
The brown dirt and blood clashed against the silvery white snow.
This was unlike the remains that a hunter would leave behind.
It was as if the animals were being devoured as they were dug up.
There was no trace of snowfall on the dirt and blood; these kills were very fresh.

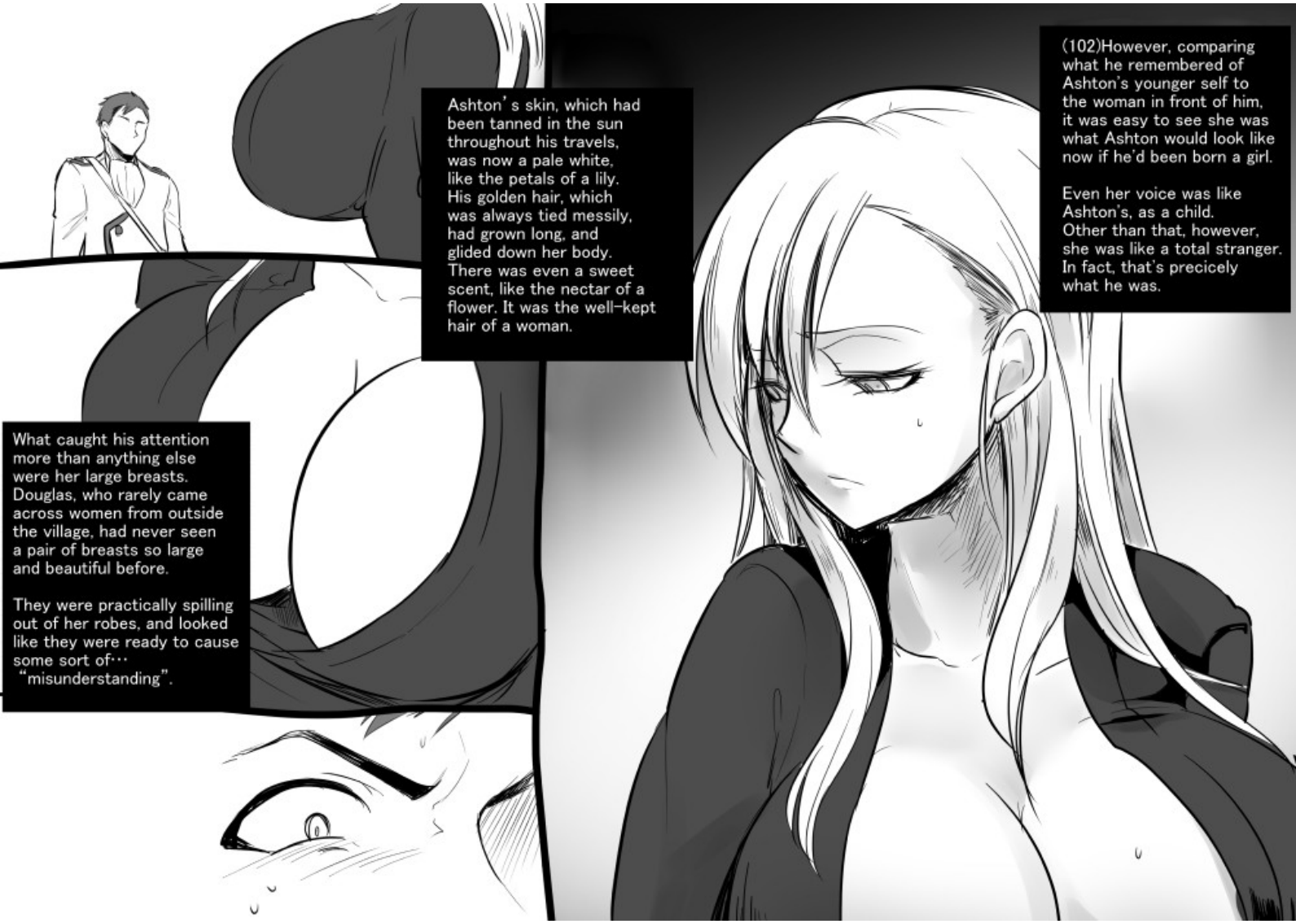
Images of Ashton and his father floating in his head, Douglas, for the first time in his life, felt a rush of adrenaline, and his heart racing in his chest.
(97)Douglas took a deep breath. Paying close attention to his surroundings, he slowly approached the building, and put his ear against the front door.
With his finger on the trigger, Douglas kicked the door open with one swift blow.
He could feel the presence of someone on the other side.
He heard a faint sound, like the slight ruffling of clothes; someone was backing away. Were they afraid of the unexpected company? If it was the vampire, he couldn't afford to give them a chance to react.
A dark foyer, without a single light, opened up before his eyes. And standing before him was an unfamiliar blonde woman.

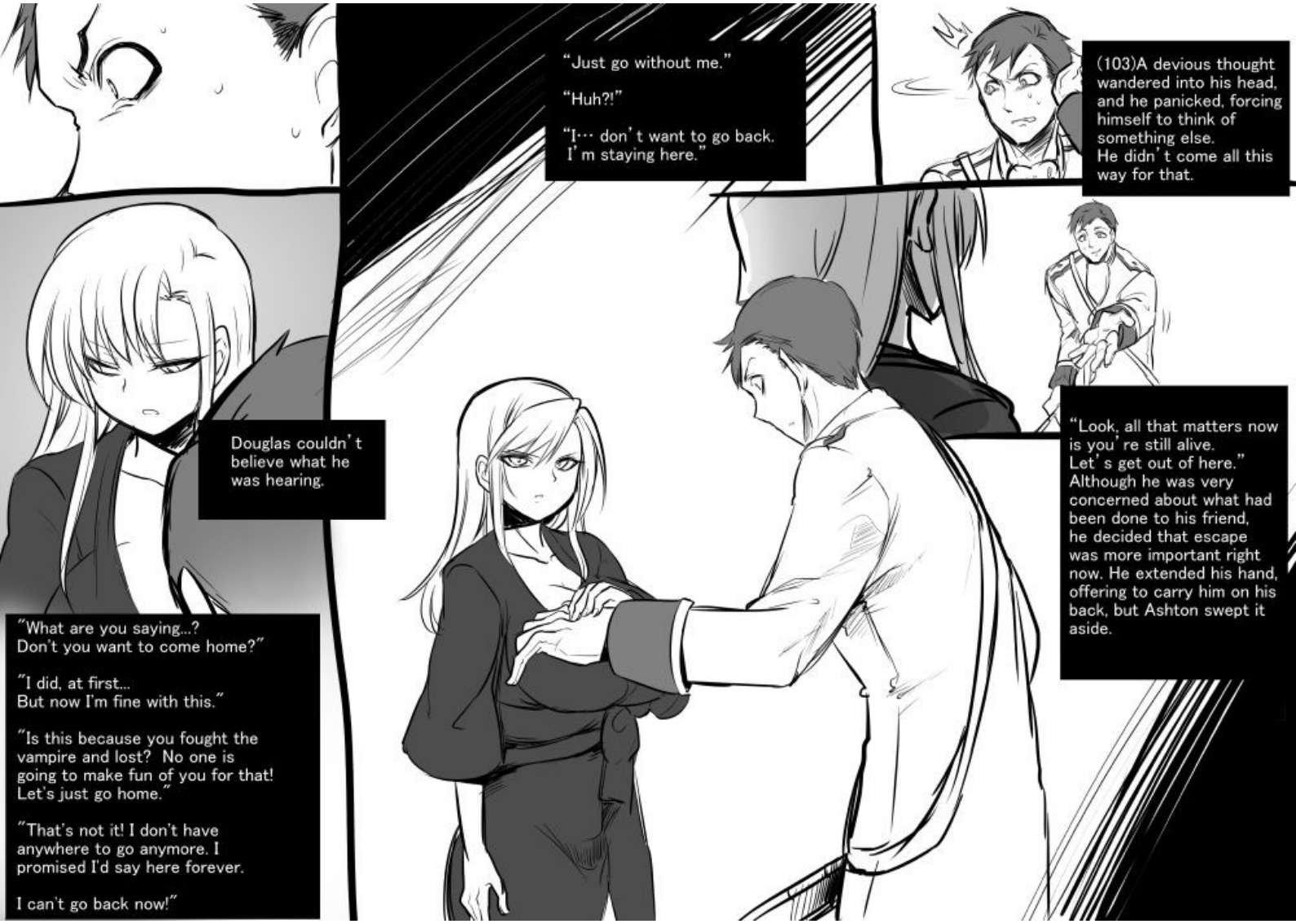

Was this woman a danger?
Keeping her eyes on
the gun barrel trained
on her head,
she hesitantly opened
her lips.
"Douglas…?"
"Huh?"
(98)This woman wasn't
what he expected to find.
She was barefoot, and
wearing some sort of
fancy sleepwear…
in a mansion deep in
the mountains where
no one dared to go.
Nervous, she stared
silently at the man
holding a gun to her face.
Could she be the vampire
that lived here?
But without the tell-tale
pointy ears or sharp
teeth or wings,
she just looked like
a normal human girl.

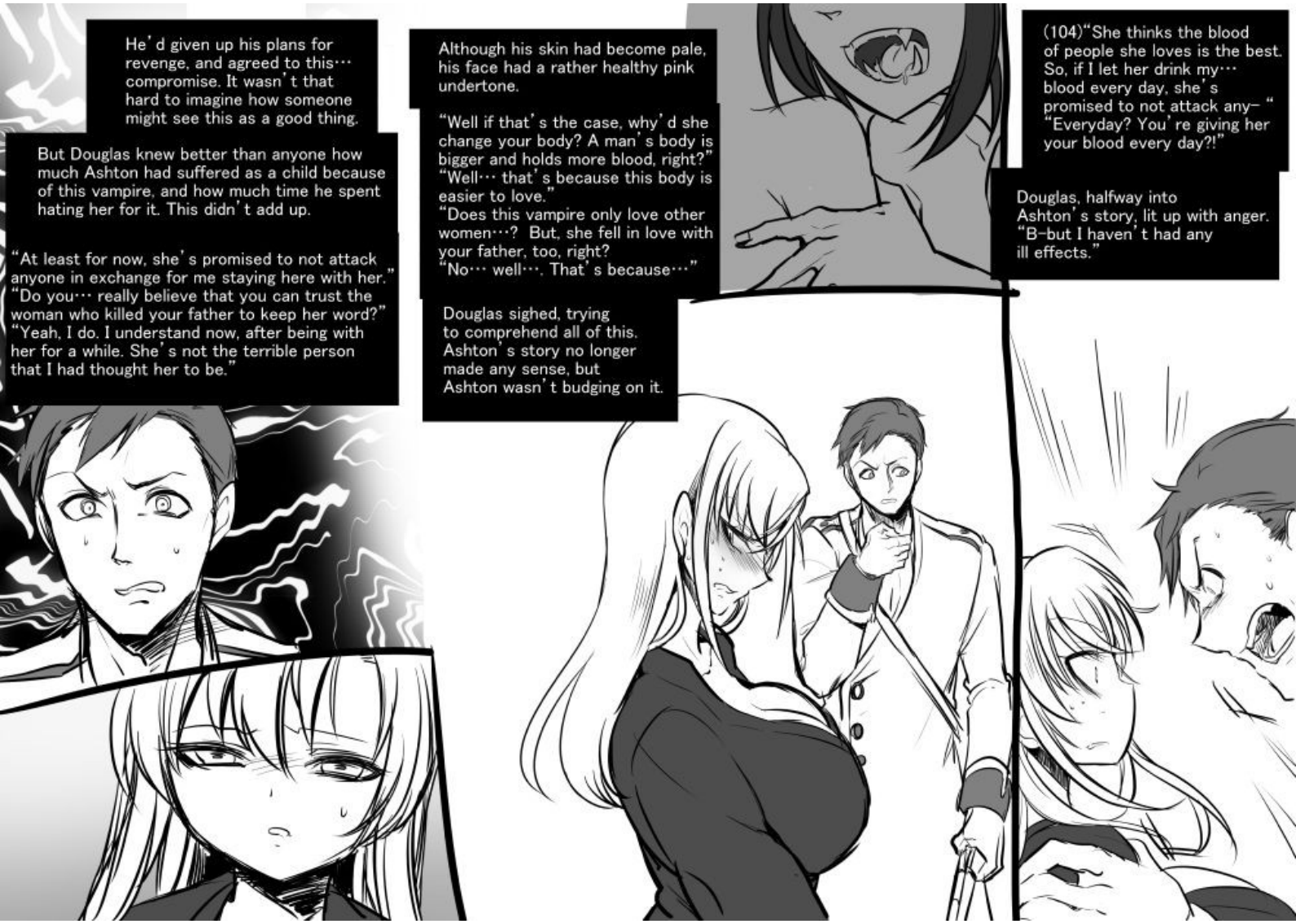

"Hey, just wait a second."
The woman didn't seem to be a threat, so Douglas set the gun down for the moment.
"I'm sorry for surprising you. I'm not going to hurt you. I've come here from the foothills in search of a friend."
The woman, still panicking, turned and started to run deeper into the mansion. However, Douglas grabbed her by the arm.
(99)Maybe he was mistaken, but did she just call out his name? As Douglas hesitated, the blond woman suddenly shut her mouth and became even more nervous.
She looked like she'd said something she shouldn't have. It seemed like she was panicking at the sight of him, for some reason.

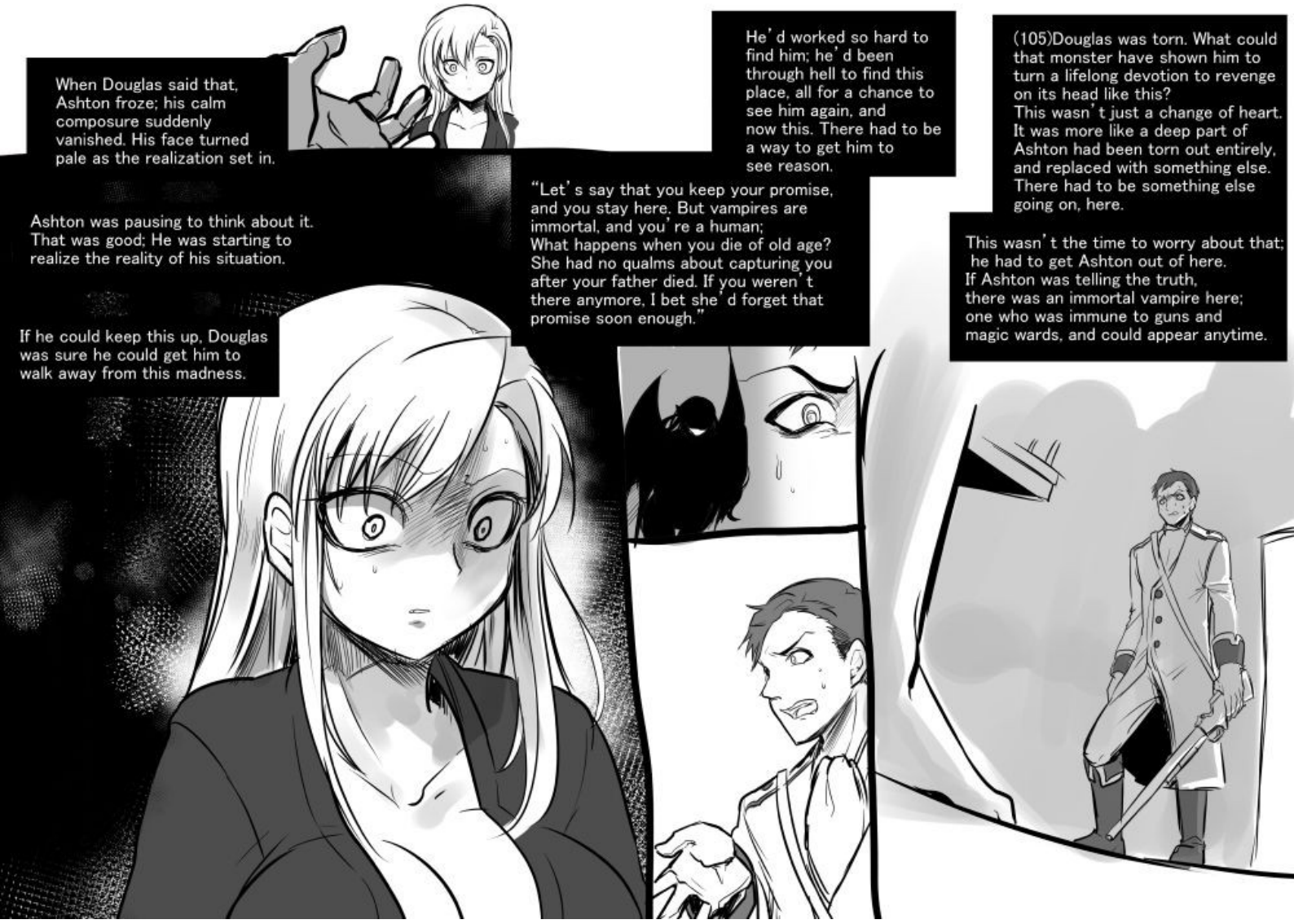

Finally, the woman stopped trying to run away, or pull her arm free.
(100)The woman's arm was shaking.
Then again, considering some random man had just stuck a gun in her face, it was probably to be expected.
"Do you know a man by the name of Ashton? He's around my height, with blond hair just about the same color as yours…
You said my name, before. Did he tell you about me?'
Douglas felt like he had those deep green eyes somewhere before.
"I didn't think anyone would actually come looking for me.
"Huh?"
"You really are a gentleman, huh"
"So, Douglas…
Are you willing to believe whatever I might tell you?"

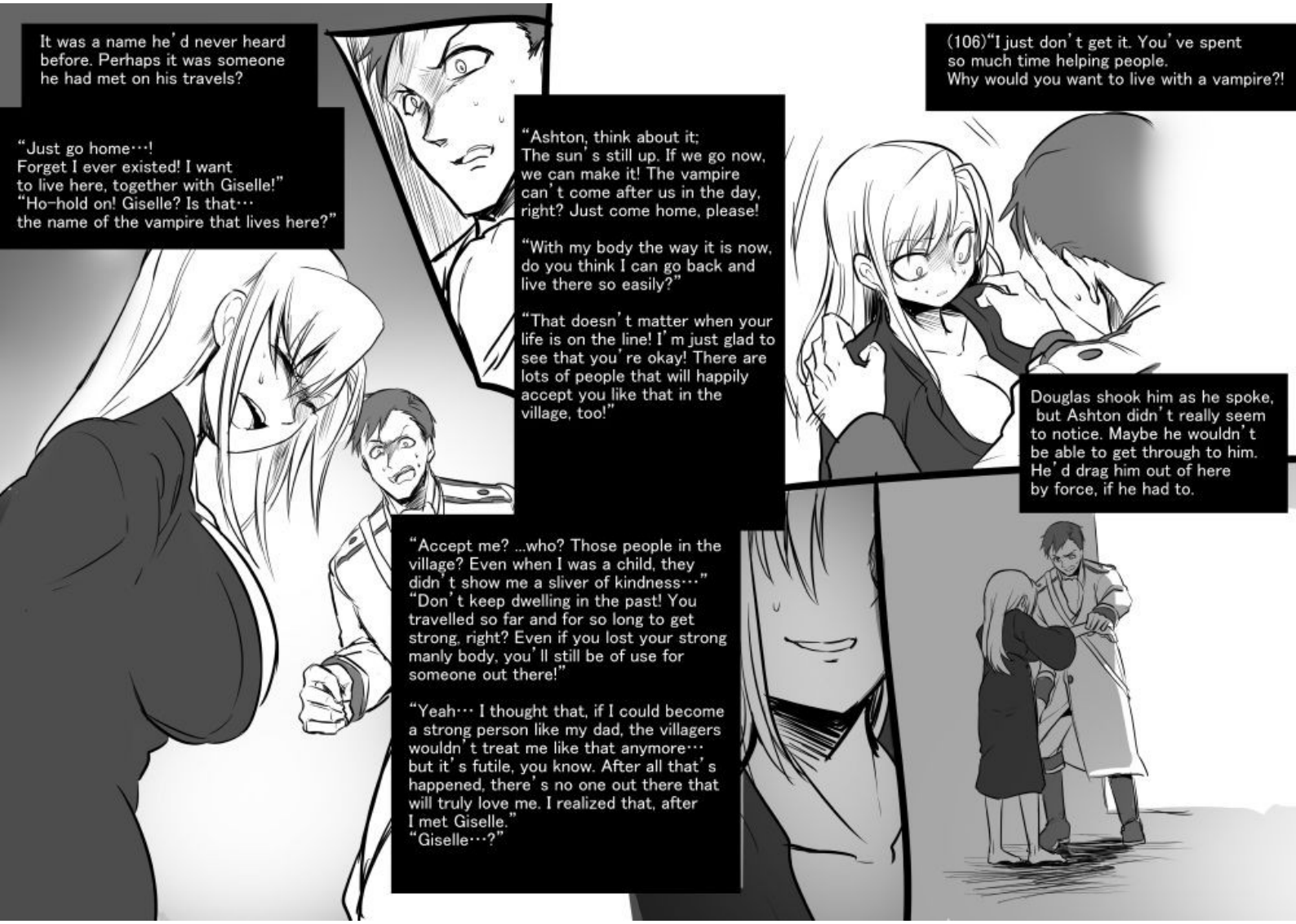

The places they used to play as children, the nickname they gave the old man who ran the lodging in town, the travelling artisan girl that was Douglas' first love.
She told story after story of things only Ashton and Douglas could've known, while correctly answering every question that only Ashton could have known.
Douglas knew better than anyone else that Ashton was not a man who would easily betray the secrets he shared to others.
He had no choice but to believe that she was none other than Ashton himself. This was supposed to be the reunion they had looked forward to; but Ashton, instead of the sly grin he had back in the village, now wore a sadly troubled look.
(101)He was suddenly thrust into an unbelievable story. The blonde woman told him that he was Ashton, and that he was changed into that form by the mysterious powers of the vampire.
Unable to fulfill of his wish of killing the vampire and taking his revenge, he had decided instead to share his life with her.
At first, Douglas thought she was playing an elaborate joke and laughed; but, as she continued, even the faintest smile disappeared from his face.

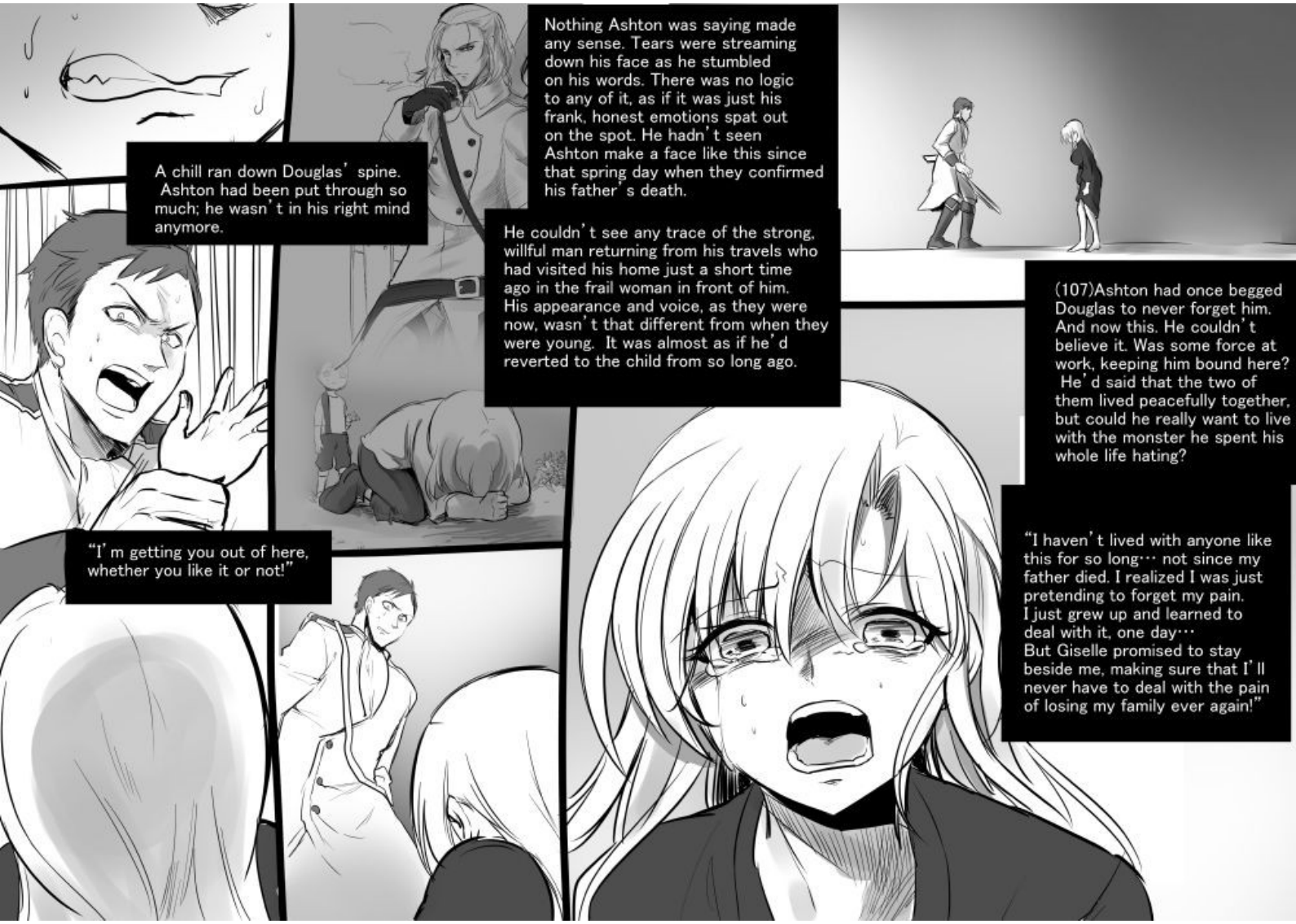

What caught his attention more than anything else were her large breasts. Douglas, who rarely came across women from outside the village, had never seen a pair of breasts so large and beautiful before.
They were practically spilling out of her robes, and looked like they were ready to cause some sort of… "misunderstanding".
Ashton's skin, which had been tanned in the sun throughout his travels, was now a pale white, like the petals of a lily. His golden hair, which was always tied messily, had grown long, and glided down her body. There was even a sweet scent, like the nectar of a flower. It was the well-kept hair of a woman.
(102)However, comparing what he remembered of Ashton's younger self to the woman in front of him, it was easy to see she was what Ashton would look like now if he'd been born a girl.
Even her voice was like Ashton's, as a child. Other than that, however, she was like a total stranger. In fact, that's precicely what he was.

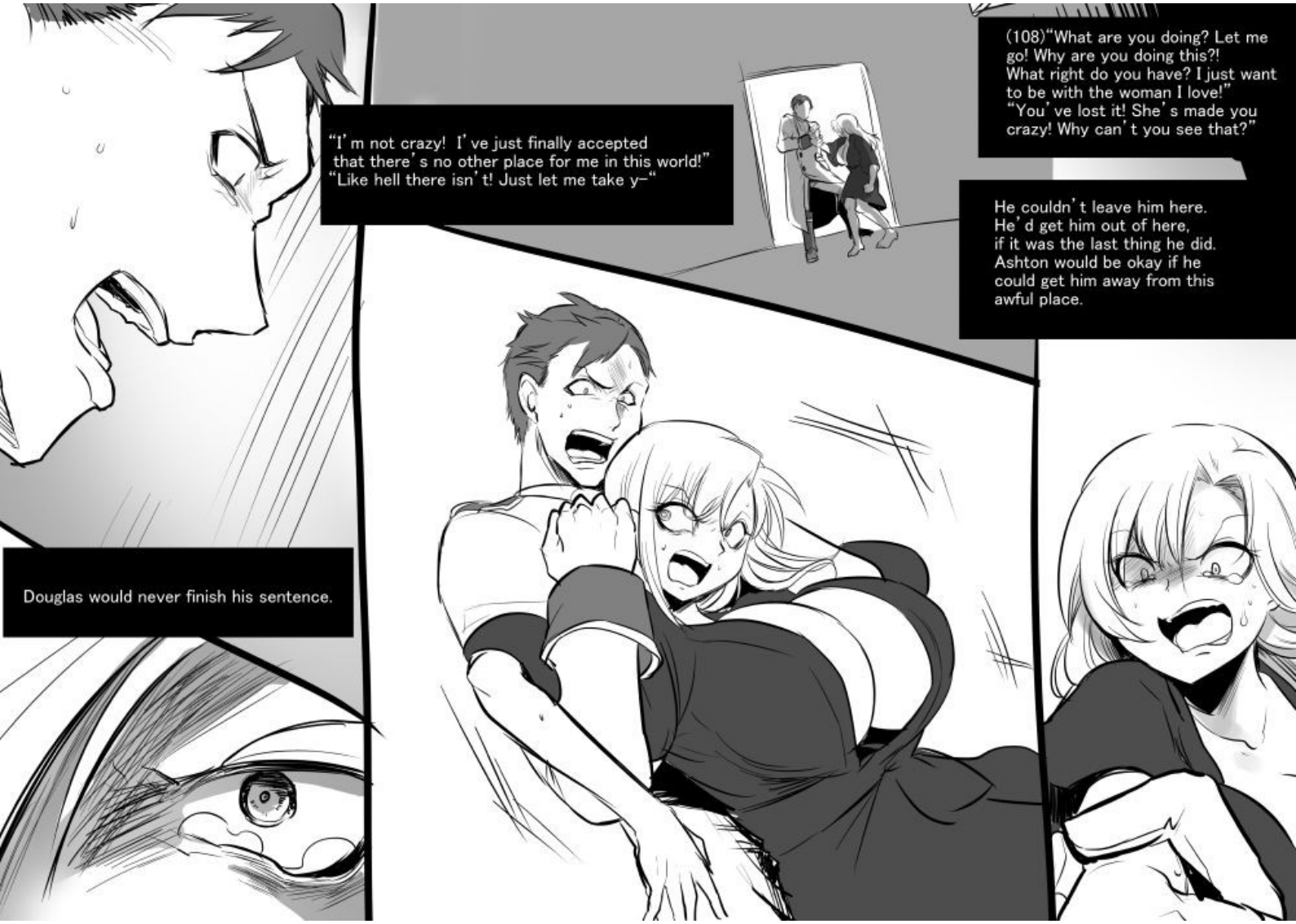

"Just go without me."
"Huh?!"
"I… don't want to go back. I'm staying here."
(103)A devious thought wandered into his head, and he panicked, forcing himself to think of something else.
He didn't come all this way for that.
Douglas couldn't believe what he was hearing.
"Look, all that matters now is you're still alive.
Let's get out of here."
Although he was very concerned about what had been done to his friend, he decided that escape was more important right now. He extended his hand, offering to carry him on his back, but Ashton swept it aside.
"What are you saying...?
Don't you want to come home?"
"I did, at first...
But now I'm fine with this."
"Is this because you fought the vampire and lost? No one is going to make fun of you for that! Let's just go home."
"That's not it! I don't have anywhere to go anymore. I promised I'd say here forever.
I can't go back now!"


He'd given up his plans for revenge, and agreed to this… compromise. It wasn't that hard to imagine how someone might see this as a good thing.
But Douglas knew better than anyone how much Ashton had suffered as a child because of this vampire, and how much time he spent hating her for it. This didn't add up.
"At least for now, she's promised to not attack anyone in exchange for me staying here with her."
"Do you… really believe that you can trust the woman who killed your father to keep her word?"
"Yeah, I do. I understand now, after being with her for a while. She's not the terrible person that I had thought her to be."
Although his skin had become pale, his face had a rather healthy pink undertone.
"Well if that's the case, why'd she change your body? A man's body is bigger and holds more blood, right?"
"Well… that's because this body is easier to love."
"Does this vampire only love other women…? But, she fell in love with your father, too, right?
"No… well…. That's because…"
Douglas sighed, trying to comprehend all of this. Ashton's story no longer made any sense, but Ashton wasn't budging on it.
(104)"She thinks the blood of people she loves is the best. So, if I let her drink my… blood every day, she's promised to not attack any– "
"Everyday? You're giving her your blood every day?!"
Douglas, halfway into Ashton's story, lit up with anger.
"B-but I haven't had any ill effects."

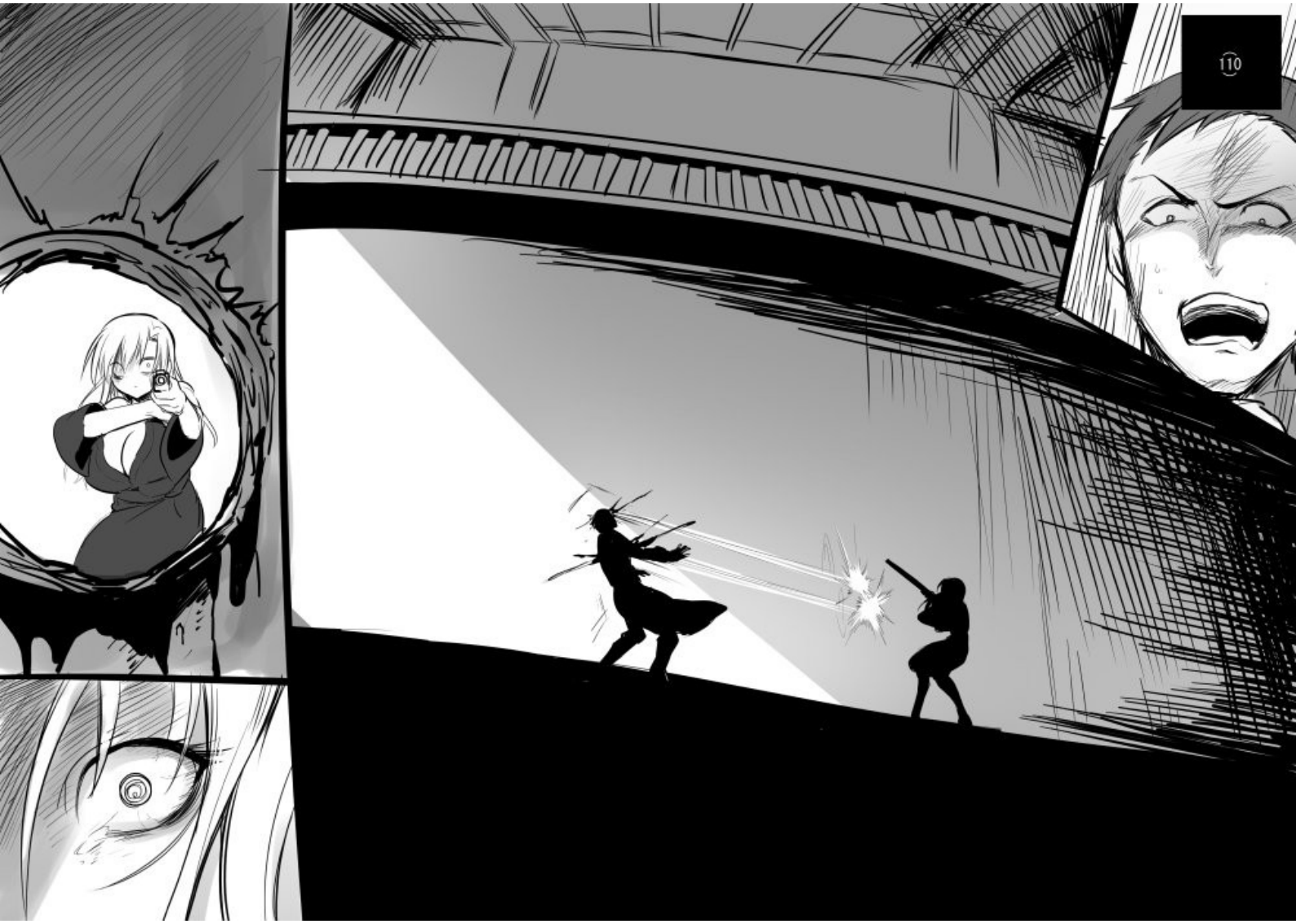

When Douglas said that, Ashton froze; his calm composure suddenly vanished. His face turned pale as the realization set in.
Ashton was pausing to think about it. That was good; He was starting to realize the reality of his situation.
If he could keep this up, Douglas was sure he could get him to walk away from this madness.
"Let's say that you keep your promise, and you stay here. But vampires are immortal, and you're a human; What happens when you die of old age? She had no qualms about capturing you after your father died. If you weren't there anymore, I bet she'd forget that promise soon enough."
He'd worked so hard to find him; he'd been through hell to find this place, all for a chance to see him again, and now this. There had to be a way to get him to see reason.
(105)Douglas was torn. What could that monster have shown him to turn a lifelong devotion to revenge on its head like this? This wasn't just a change of heart. It was more like a deep part of Ashton had been torn out entirely, and replaced with something else. There had to be something else going on, here.
This wasn't the time to worry about that; he had to get Ashton out of here. If Ashton was telling the truth, there was an immortal vampire here; one who was immune to guns and magic wards, and could appear anytime.


It was a name he'd never heard before. Perhaps it was someone he had met on his travels?
"Just go home…! Forget I ever existed! I want to live here, together with Giselle!"
"Ho-hold on! Giselle? Is that… the name of the vampire that lives here?"
"Ashton, think about it; The sun's still up. If we go now, we can make it! The vampire can't come after us in the day, right? Just come home, please!
"With my body the way it is now, do you think I can go back and live there so easily?"
"That doesn't matter when your life is on the line! I'm just glad to see that you're okay! There are lots of people that will happily accept you like that in the village, too!"
"Accept me? ...who? Those people in the village? Even when I was a child, they didn't show me a sliver of kindness…"
"Don't keep dwelling in the past! You travelled so far and for so long to get strong, right? Even if you lost your strong manly body, you'll still be of use for someone out there!"
"Yeah… I thought that, if I could become a strong person like my dad, the villagers wouldn't treat me like that anymore… but it's futile, you know. After all that's happened, there's no one out there that will truly love me. I realized that, after I met Giselle."
"Giselle…?"
(106)"I just don't get it. You've spent so much time helping people. Why would you want to live with a vampire?!
Douglas shook him as he spoke, but Ashton didn't really seem to notice. Maybe he wouldn't be able to get through to him. He'd drag him out of here by force, if he had to.


A chill ran down Douglas' spine. Ashton had been put through so much; he wasn't in his right mind anymore.
Nothing Ashton was saying made any sense. Tears were streaming down his face as he stumbled on his words. There was no logic to any of it, as if it was just his frank, honest emotions spat out on the spot. He hadn't seen Ashton make a face like this since that spring day when they confirmed his father's death.
He couldn't see any trace of the strong, willful man returning from his travels who had visited his home just a short time ago in the frail woman in front of him. His appearance and voice, as they were now, wasn't that different from when they were young. It was almost as if he'd reverted to the child from so long ago.
(107)Ashton had once begged Douglas to never forget him. And now this. He couldn't believe it. Was some force at work, keeping him bound here? He'd said that the two of them lived peacefully together, but could he really want to live with the monster he spent his whole life hating?
"I'm getting you out of here, whether you like it or not!"
"I haven't lived with anyone like this for so long… not since my father died. I realized I was just pretending to forget my pain. I just grew up and learned to deal with it, one day… But Giselle promised to stay beside me, making sure that I'll never have to deal with the pain of losing my family ever again!"


"I'm not crazy! I've just finally accepted that there's no other place for me in this world!"
"Like hell there isn't! Just let me take y–"
(108)"What are you doing? Let me go! Why are you doing this?! What right do you have? I just want to be with the woman I love!"
"You've lost it! She's made you crazy! Why can't you see that?"
He couldn't leave him here. He'd get him out of here, if it was the last thing he did. Ashton would be okay if he could get him away from this awful place.
Douglas would never finish his sentence.

As a farmer who had only recently begun using it, Douglas couldn't match the speed with which Ashton grabbed the rifle and took aim.
(109)Ashton wrestled his arm free and snatched the gun before Douglas knew what was happening.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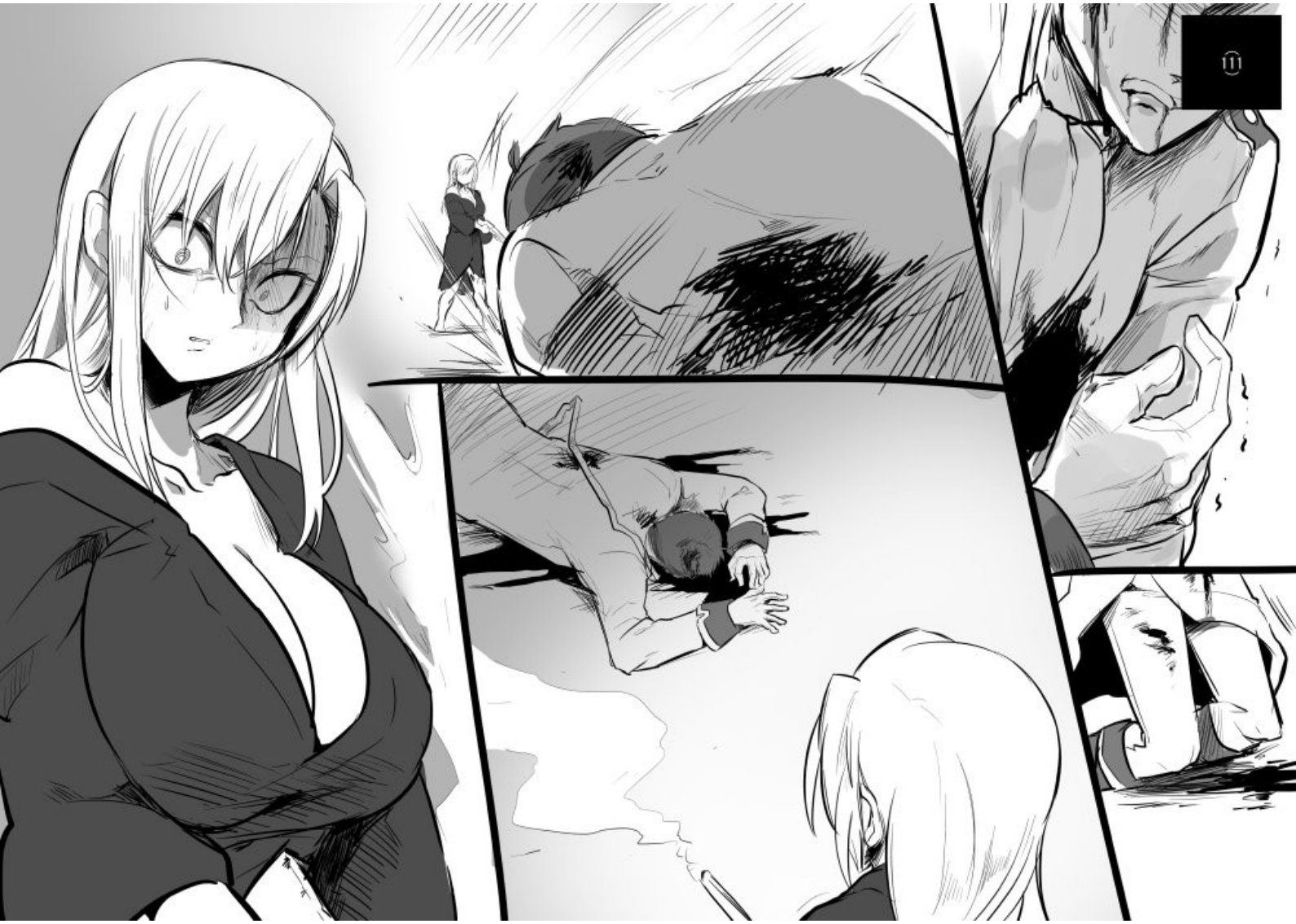
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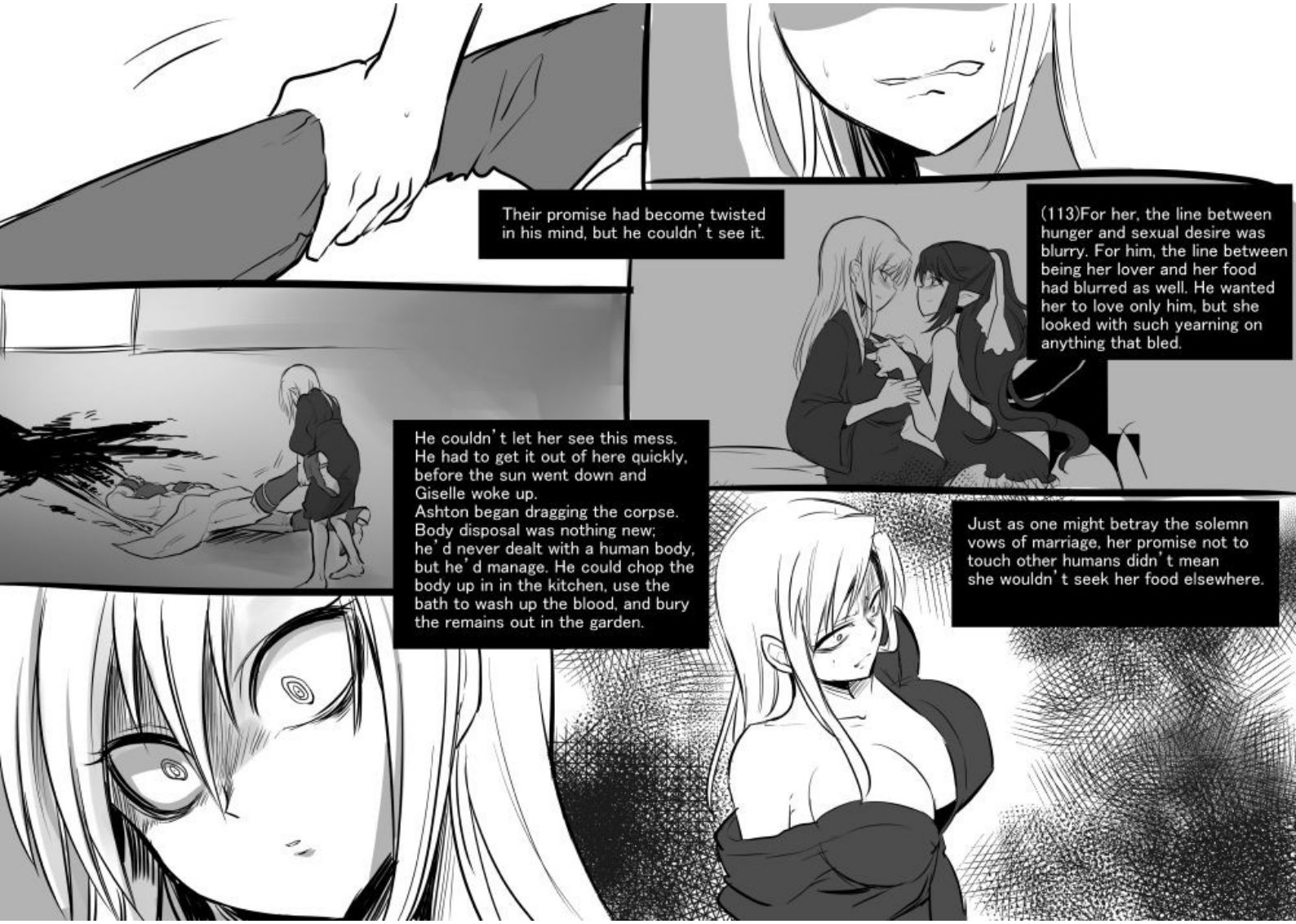
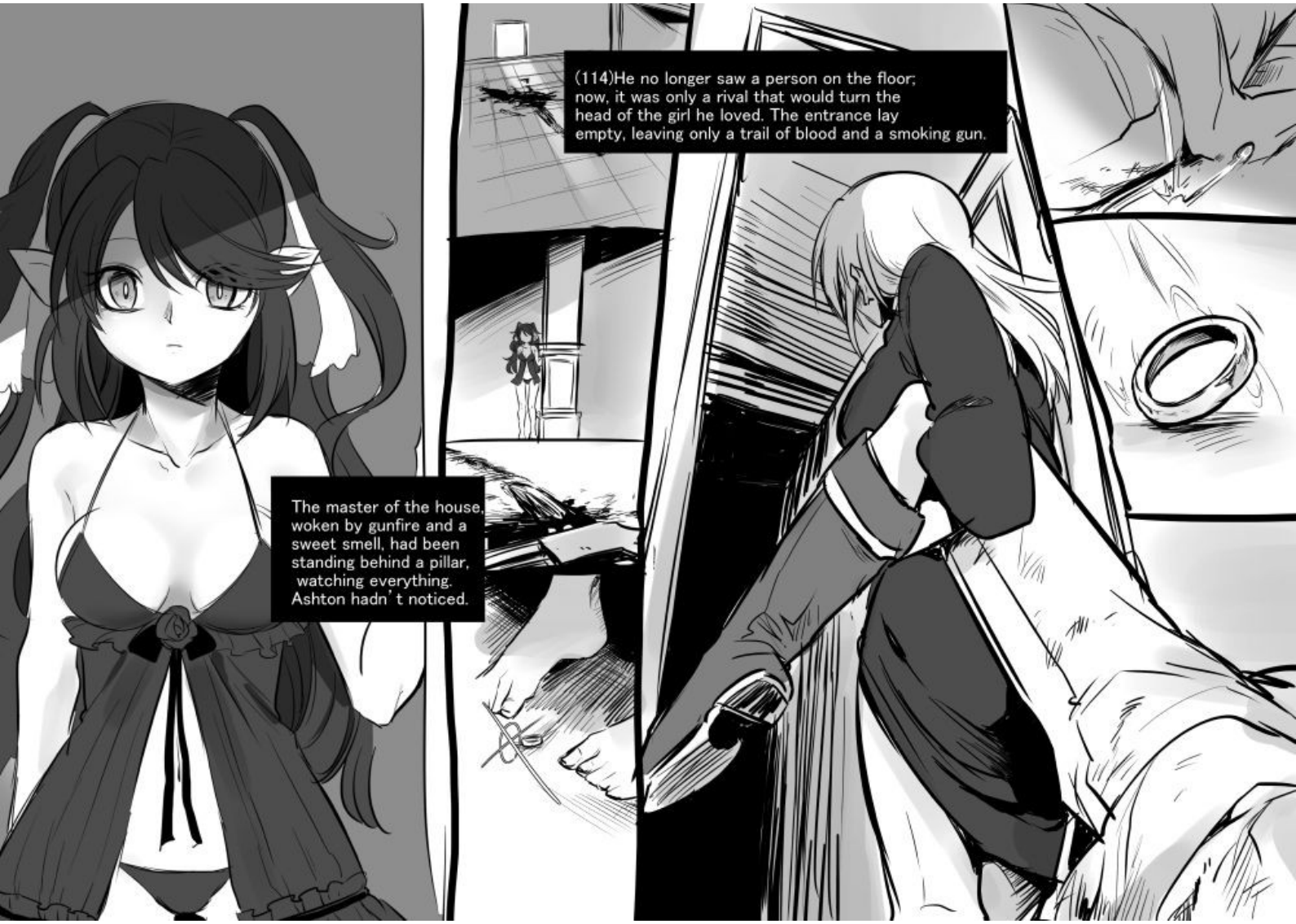
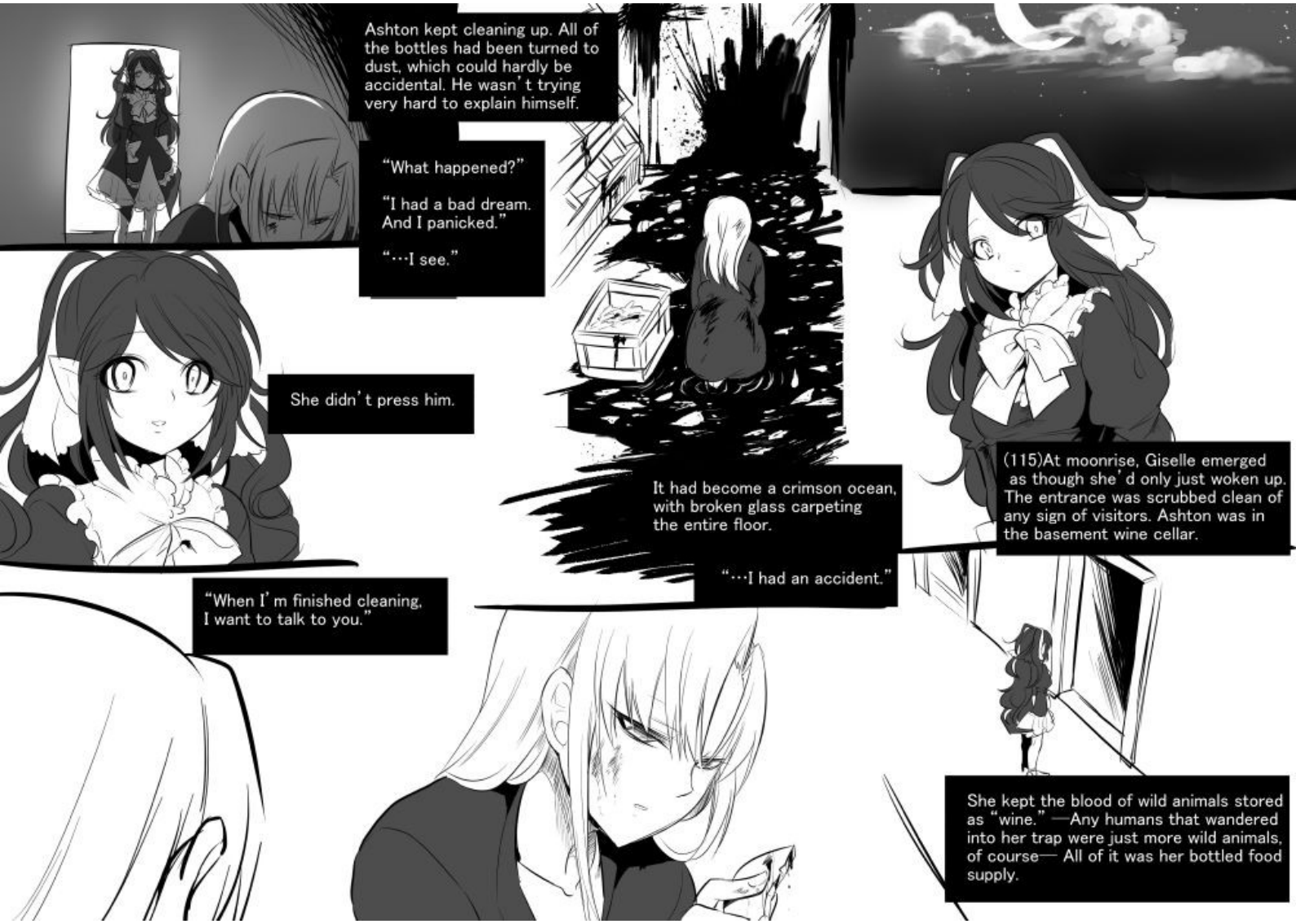
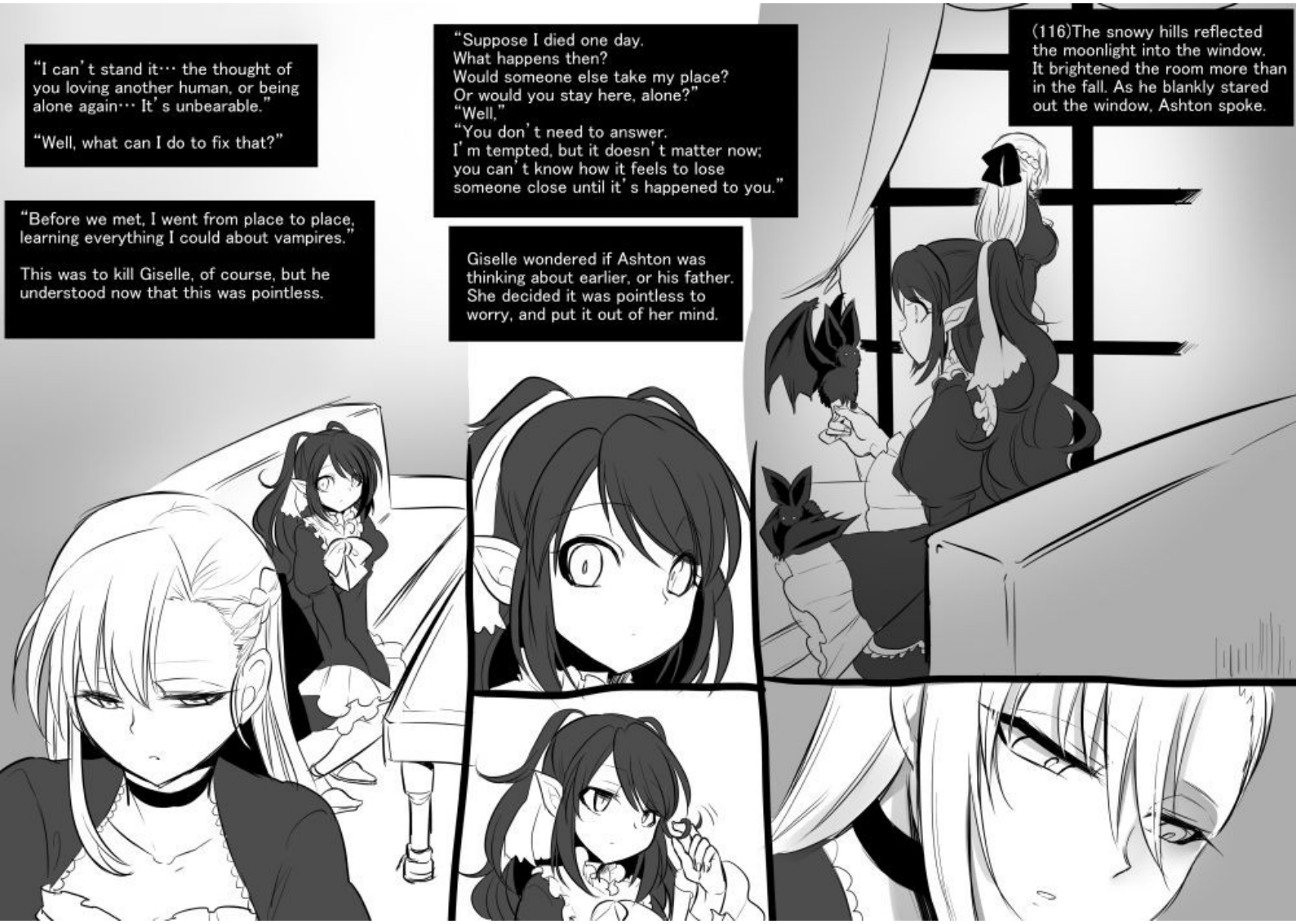
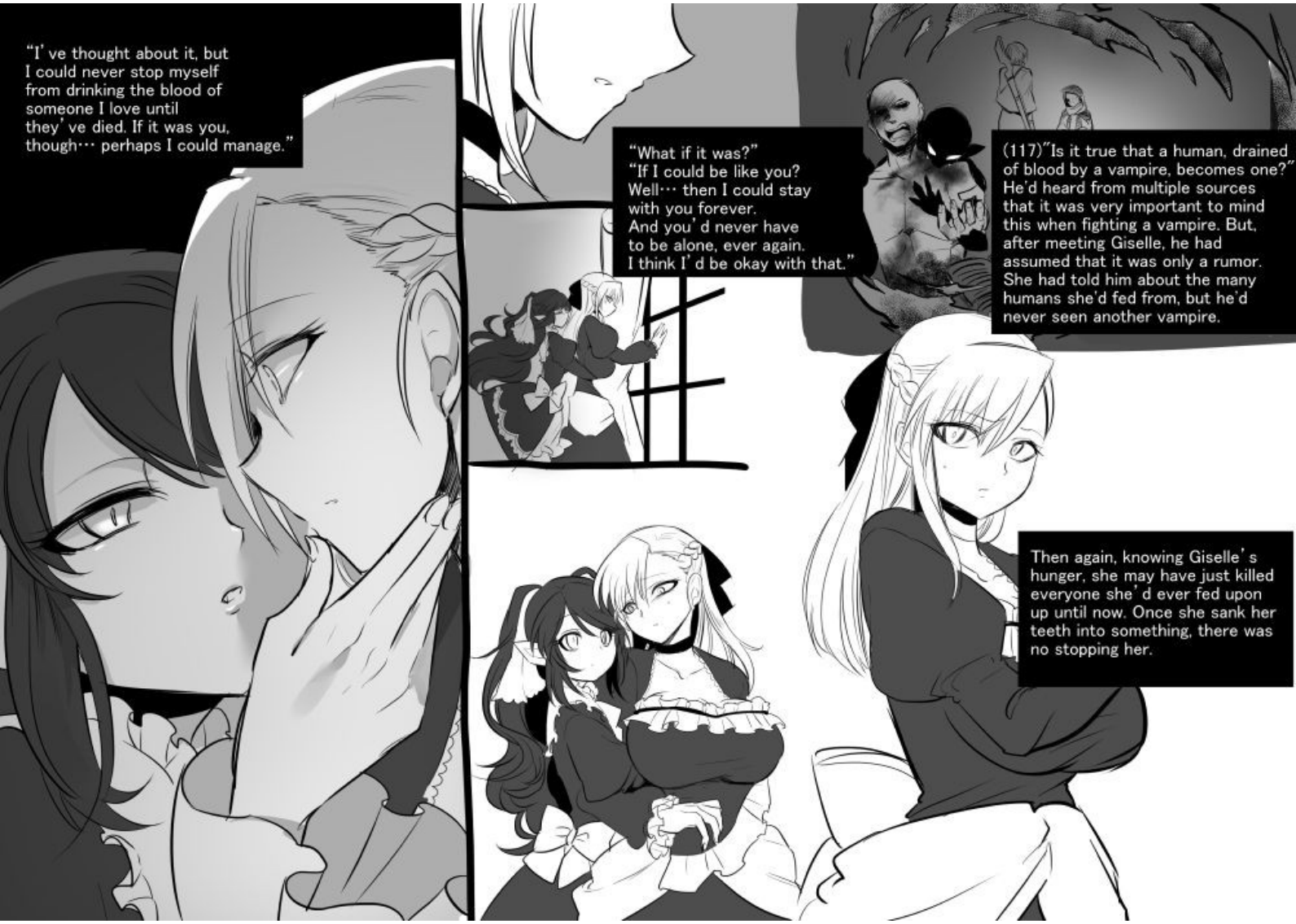
A pool of blood was spreading across the floor.
If he didn't hurry, Giselle would be ravenous at the sight of it.
He didn't think she'd break her promise so easily, but the vampire couldn't be completely satisfied by his milk alone. She wouldn't be able to resist Douglas' blood.
The thought alone was unbearable, and it sent him into a jealous rage.
Looking down at the body of his only friend, Ashton··· felt neither regret nor guilt.
Instead, seeing the mess he had made, Ashton's thoughts turned to Giselle.
(112)The smell of fresh blood filled the air.
The bats stirred nearby, watching with tiny red eyes.

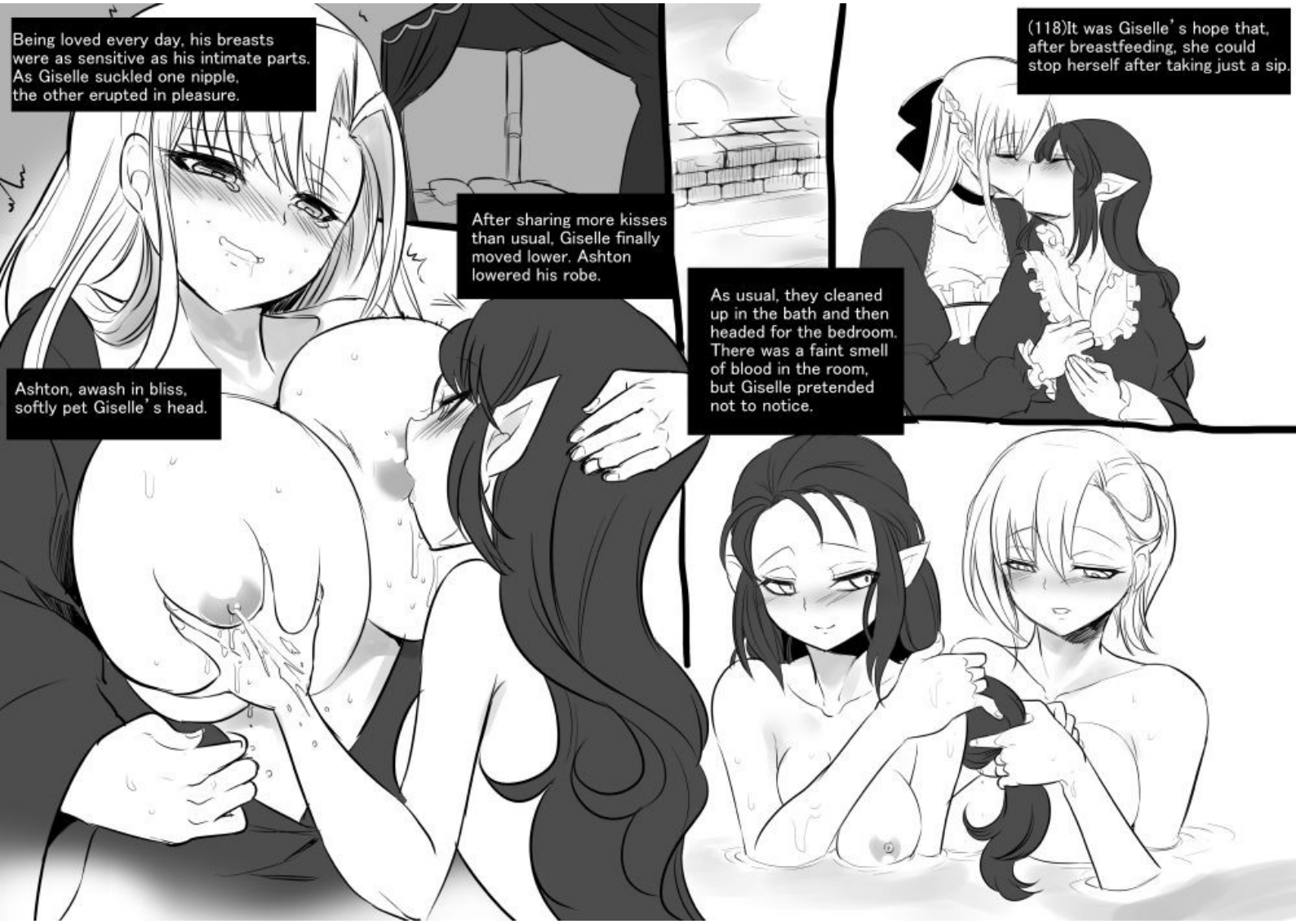

Their promise had become twisted in his mind, but he couldn't see it.
(113)For her, the line between hunger and sexual desire was blurry. For him, the line between being her lover and her food had blurred as well. He wanted her to love only him, but she looked with such yearning on anything that bled.
He couldn't let her see this mess. He had to get it out of here quickly, before the sun went down and Giselle woke up.
Ashton began dragging the corpse. Body disposal was nothing new; he'd never dealt with a human body, but he'd manage. He could chop the body up in in the kitchen, use the bath to wash up the blood, and bury the remains out in the garden.
Just as one might betray the solemn vows of marriage, her promise not to touch other humans didn't mean she wouldn't seek her food elsewhere.


The master of the house, woken by gunfire and a sweet smell, had been standing behind a pillar, watching everything. Ashton hadn't noticed.
(114)He no longer saw a person on the floor; now, it was only a rival that would turn the head of the girl he loved. The entrance lay empty, leaving only a trail of blood and a smoking gun.

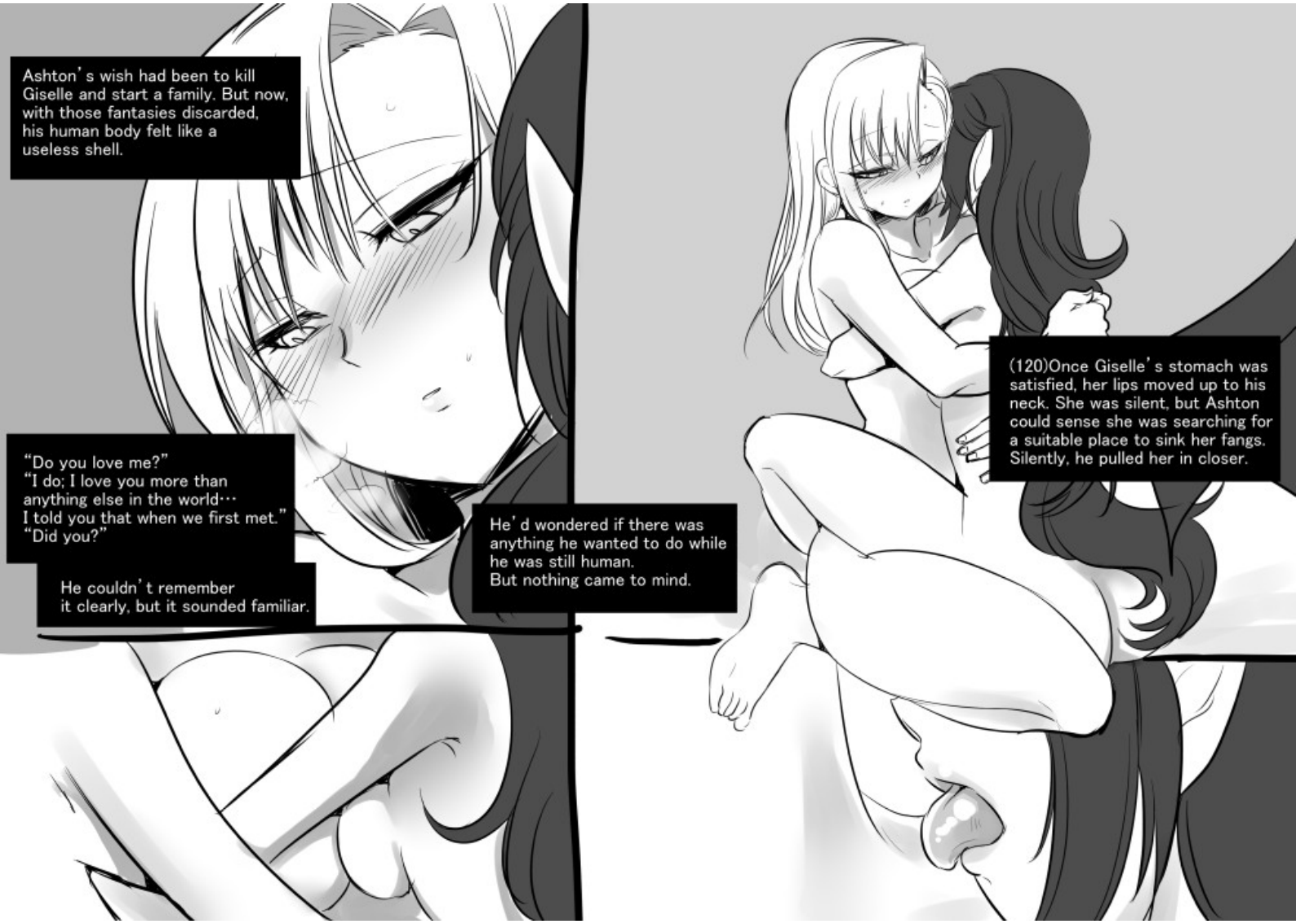

Ashton kept cleaning up. All of the bottles had been turned to dust, which could hardly be accidental. He wasn't trying very hard to explain himself.
"What happened?"
"I had a bad dream. And I panicked."
"…I see."
She didn't press him.
"When I'm finished cleaning, I want to talk to you."
It had become a crimson ocean, with broken glass carpeting the entire floor.
"…I had an accident."
(115)At moonrise, Giselle emerged as though she'd only just woken up. The entrance was scrubbed clean of any sign of visitors. Ashton was in the basement wine cellar.
She kept the blood of wild animals stored as "wine." —Any humans that wandered into her trap were just more wild animals, of course— All of it was her bottled food supply.

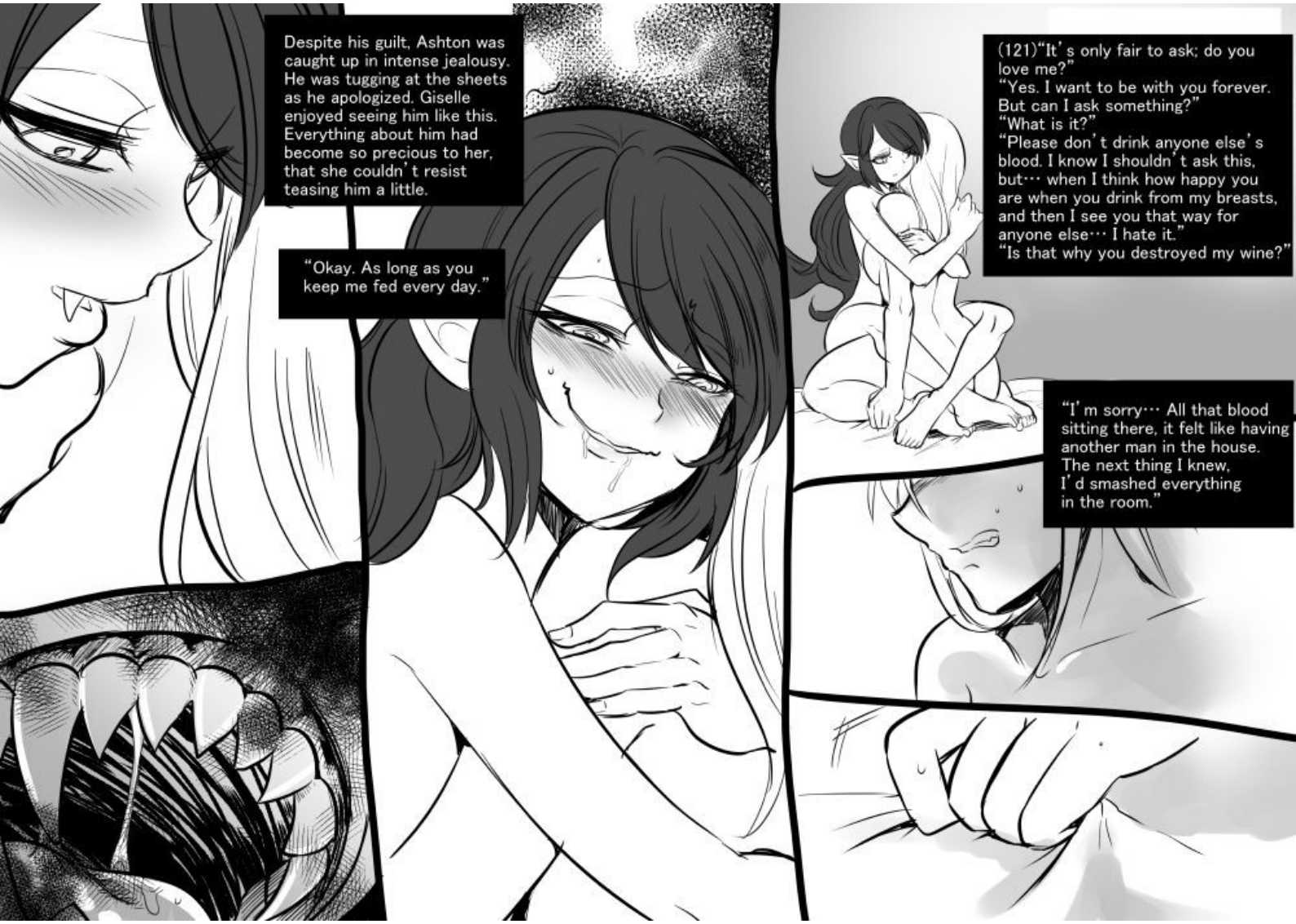

(116)The snowy hills reflected the moonlight into the window. It brightened the room more than in the fall. As he blankly stared out the window, Ashton spoke.
"Suppose I died one day.
What happens then?
Would someone else take my place?
Or would you stay here, alone?"
"Well,"
"You don't need to answer.
I'm tempted, but it doesn't matter now;
you can't know how it feels to lose
someone close until it's happened to you."
Giselle wondered if Ashton was thinking about earlier, or his father. She decided it was pointless to worry, and put it out of her mind.
"I can't stand it… the thought of you loving another human, or being alone again… It's unbearable."
"Well, what can I do to fix that?"
"Before we met, I went from place to place, learning everything I could about vampires."
This was to kill Giselle, of course, but he understood now that this was pointless.

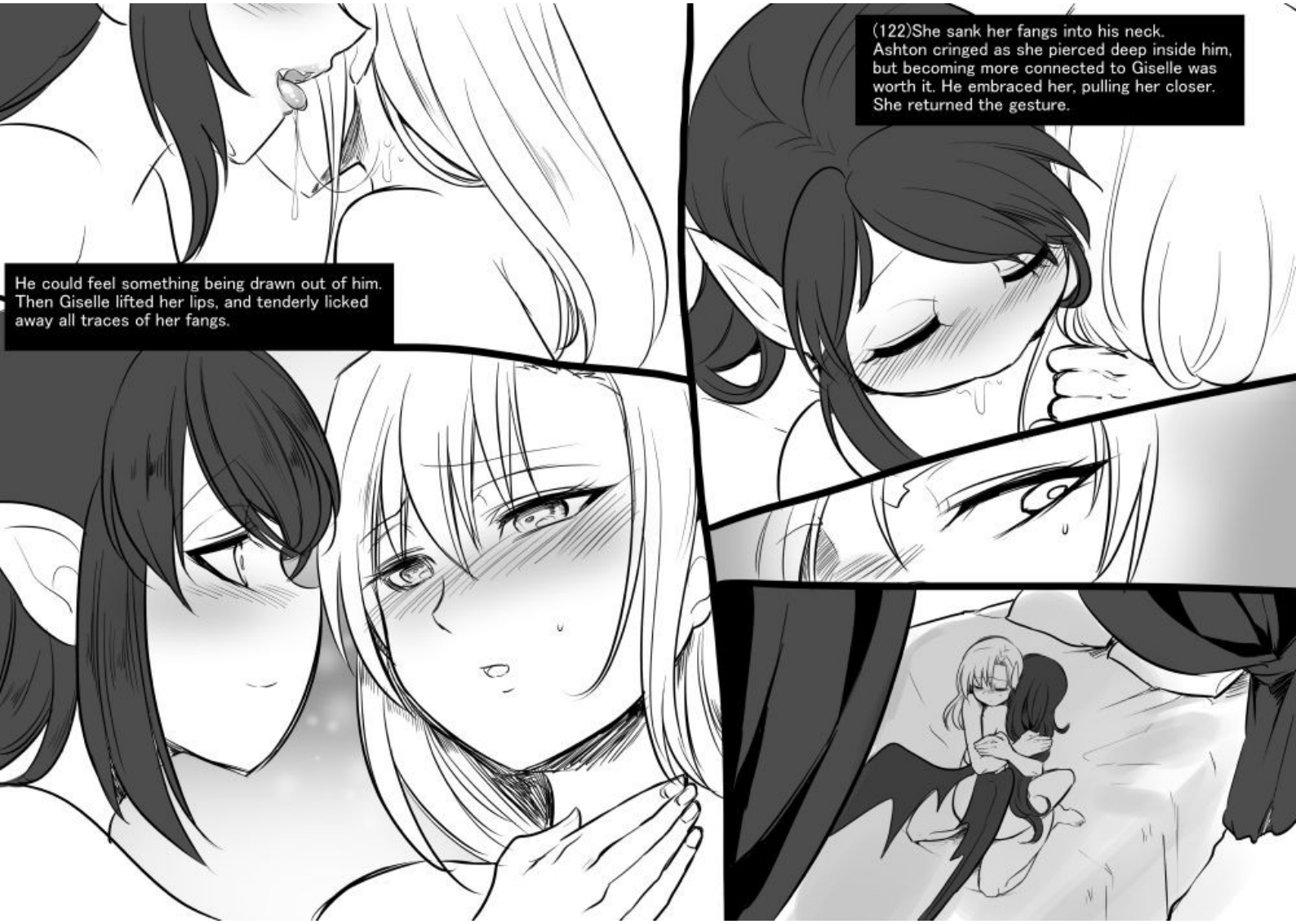

"I've thought about it, but I could never stop myself from drinking the blood of someone I love until they've died. If it was you, though… perhaps I could manage."
"What if it was?"
"If I could be like you? Well… then I could stay with you forever.
And you'd never have to be alone, ever again.
I think I'd be okay with that."
(117)"Is it true that a human, drained of blood by a vampire, becomes one?" He'd heard from multiple sources that it was very important to mind this when fighting a vampire. But, after meeting Giselle, he had assumed that it was only a rumor. She had told him about the many humans she'd fed from, but he'd never seen another vampire.
Then again, knowing Giselle's hunger, she may have just killed everyone she'd ever fed upon up until now. Once she sank her teeth into something, there was no stopping her.


Being loved every day, his breasts were as sensitive as his intimate parts. As Giselle suckled one nipple, the other erupted in pleasure.
After sharing more kisses than usual, Giselle finally moved lower. Ashton lowered his robe.
Ashton, awash in bliss, softly pet Giselle's head.
As usual, they cleaned up in the bath and then headed for the bedroom. There was a faint smell of blood in the room, but Giselle pretended not to notice.
(118)It was Giselle's hope that, after breastfeeding, she could stop herself after taking just a sip.

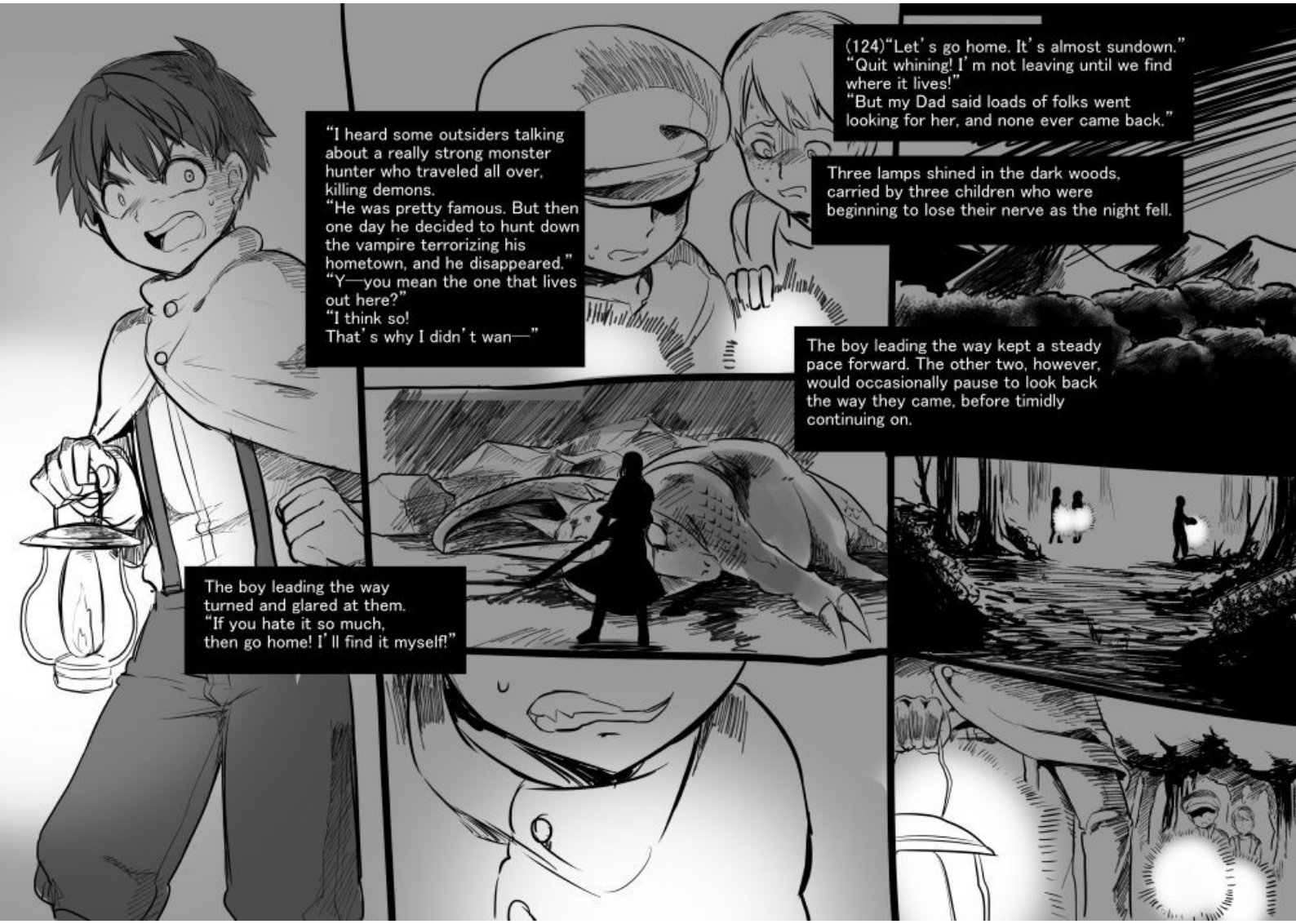
(119)Giselle, stuffing her face into Ashton's chest, felt an irreplaceable sense of security and happiness.
Not limited to breastfeeding, the two changed positions and made love to each other deep into the night.
There was no one who could love her like Ashton did; that he wanted her love in return made her happier than she could have imagined.

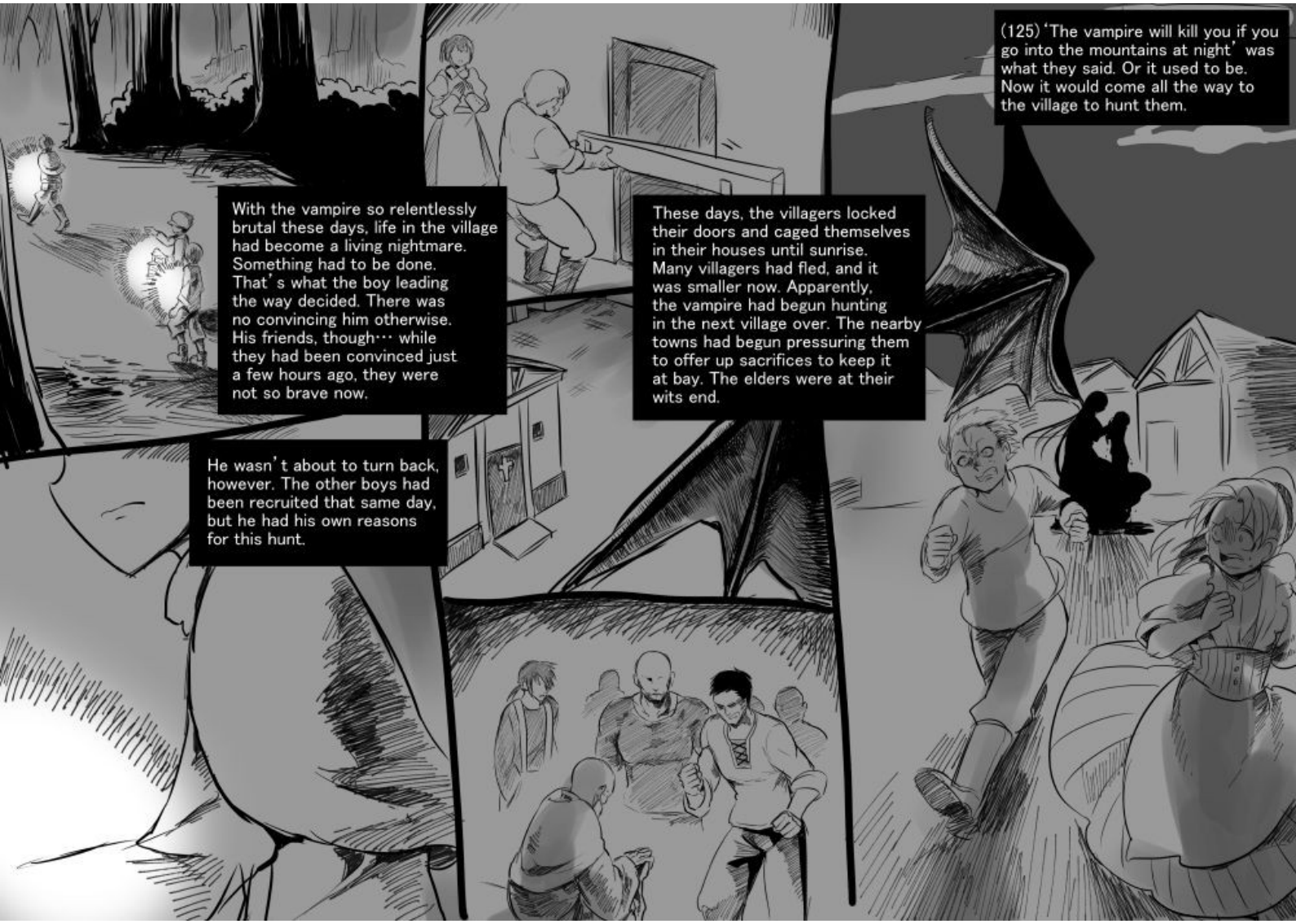

Ashton's wish had been to kill Giselle and start a family. But now, with those fantasies discarded, his human body felt like a useless shell.
"Do you love me?"
"I do; I love you more than anything else in the world…
I told you that when we first met."
"Did you?"
He couldn't remember it clearly, but it sounded familiar.
He'd wondered if there was anything he wanted to do while he was still human.
But nothing came to mind.
(120)Once Giselle's stomach was satisfied, her lips moved up to his neck. She was silent, but Ashton could sense she was searching for a suitable place to sink her fangs. Silently, he pulled her in closer.

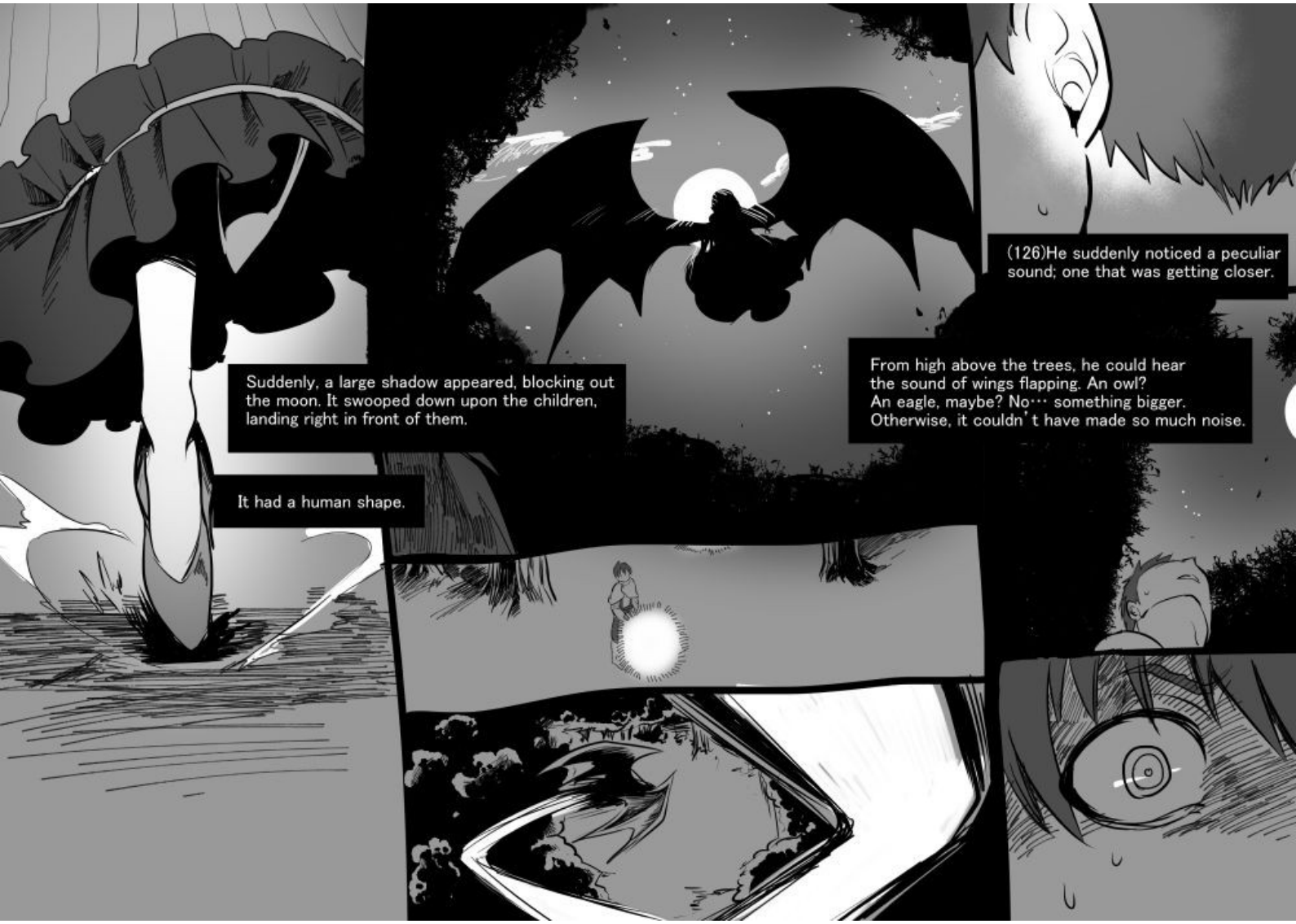

Despite his guilt, Ashton was caught up in intense jealousy. He was tugging at the sheets as he apologized. Giselle enjoyed seeing him like this. Everything about him had become so precious to her, that she couldn't resist teasing him a little.
"Okay. As long as you keep me fed every day."
(121)"It's only fair to ask; do you love me?"
"Yes. I want to be with you forever. But can I ask something?"
"What is it?"
"Please don't drink anyone else's blood. I know I shouldn't ask this, but… when I think how happy you are when you drink from my breasts, and then I see you that way for anyone else… I hate it."
"Is that why you destroyed my wine?"
"I'm sorry… All that blood sitting there, it felt like having another man in the house. The next thing I knew, I'd smashed everything in the room."


He could feel something being drawn out of him. Then Giselle lifted her lips, and tenderly licked away all traces of her fangs.
(122)She sank her fangs into his neck. Ashton cringed as she pierced deep inside him, but becoming more connected to Giselle was worth it. He embraced her, pulling her closer. She returned the gesture.

The chills, fever, pain and nausea went on and on without end. For days he knew only endless suffering, as his body was remade.
Giselle never left his side as he endured it, wiping away his sweat and drool, and cradled him.
(123)The changes came almost instantly.
Agony tore through him, as if he'd been ripped apart, and it was hard to breathe. His head throbbed, as if church bells were ringing in his skull. Unable to bear it, Ashton began to vomit.
He'd dealt with disease and poisons of all kinds over the years, but nothing like this. Even in his original body, he couldn't have withstood this. If it hadn't been Giselle that brought it on, he would have begged her to kill him.
First came chills. It was unbearably cold, as if he'd plunged into an icy lake, and he shook violently. Then came a high fever; it was like he was boiling from the inside.
A long, long time passed.


(124)"Let's go home. It's almost sundown."
"Quit whining! I'm not leaving until we find where it lives!"
"But my Dad said loads of folks went looking for her, and none ever came back."
Three lamps shined in the dark woods, carried by three children who were beginning to lose their nerve as the night fell.
"I heard some outsiders talking about a really strong monster hunter who traveled all over, killing demons.
"He was pretty famous. But then one day he decided to hunt down the vampire terrorizing his hometown, and he disappeared."
"Y—you mean the one that lives out here?"
"I think so!
That's why I didn't wan—"
The boy leading the way kept a steady pace forward. The other two, however, would occasionally pause to look back the way they came, before timidly continuing on.
The boy leading the way turned and glared at them.
"If you hate it so much, then go home! I'll find it myself!"


With the vampire so relentlessly brutal these days, life in the village had become a living nightmare. Something had to be done. That's what the boy leading the way decided. There was no convincing him otherwise. His friends, though… while they had been convinced just a few hours ago, they were not so brave now.
He wasn't about to turn back, however. The other boys had been recruited that same day, but he had his own reasons for this hunt.
These days, the villagers locked their doors and caged themselves in their houses until sunrise. Many villagers had fled, and it was smaller now. Apparently, the vampire had begun hunting in the next village over. The nearby towns had begun pressuring them to offer up sacrifices to keep it at bay. The elders were at their wits end.
(125) 'The vampire will kill you if you go into the mountains at night' was what they said. Or it used to be. Now it would come all the way to the village to hunt them.

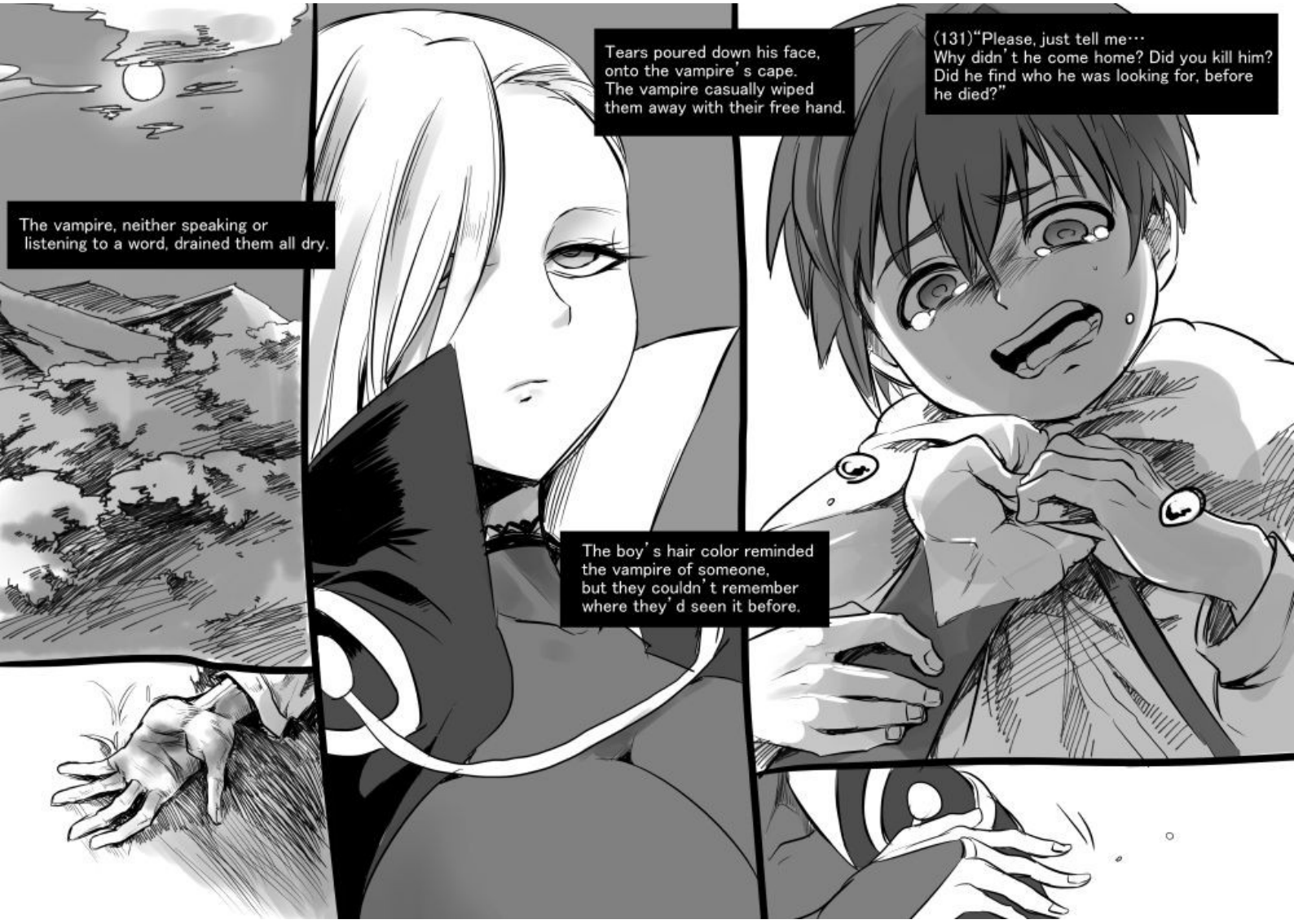

(126)He suddenly noticed a peculiar sound; one that was getting closer.
From high above the trees, he could hear the sound of wings flapping. An owl? An eagle, maybe? No··· something bigger. Otherwise, it couldn't have made so much noise.
Suddenly, a large shadow appeared, blocking out the moon. It swooped down upon the children, landing right in front of them.
It had a human shape.

Its wings, no longer needed, morphed into a black cape.
Its long blonde hair glimmered in the moonlight.
Its crimson eyes had a strange glow.
It didn't say a word, but its presence was undeniable.
This woman was the vampire of the mountains.
(127)Just as this human figure touched the ground, the woods became silent — as though the owls and insects and even the very wind cowered in fear of it.

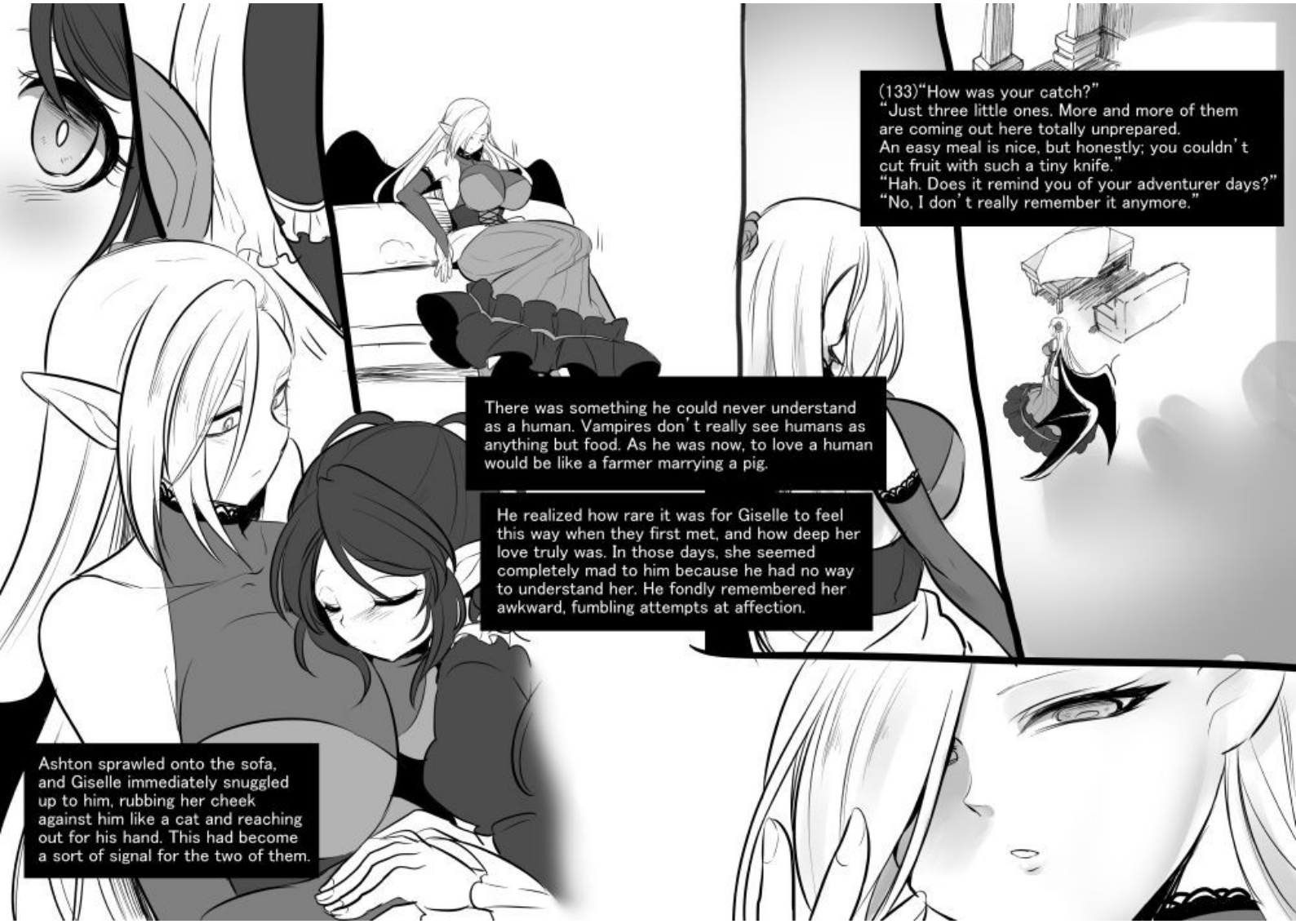
Black shadows struck them, pinning them to the trees.
"No! I don't want to die! Help me!"
"I—I won't ever come back into the mountain again! Please let me go!"
As they panicked and begged, the vampire didn't even look at them.
(128)The vampire was staring at them, as if she was wizing up her meal.
The two in the back whimpered, and they ran.
Only the brown-haired boy that led them here stood his ground, brandishing a knife.
"M-my father came here to find your nest, when I was little."

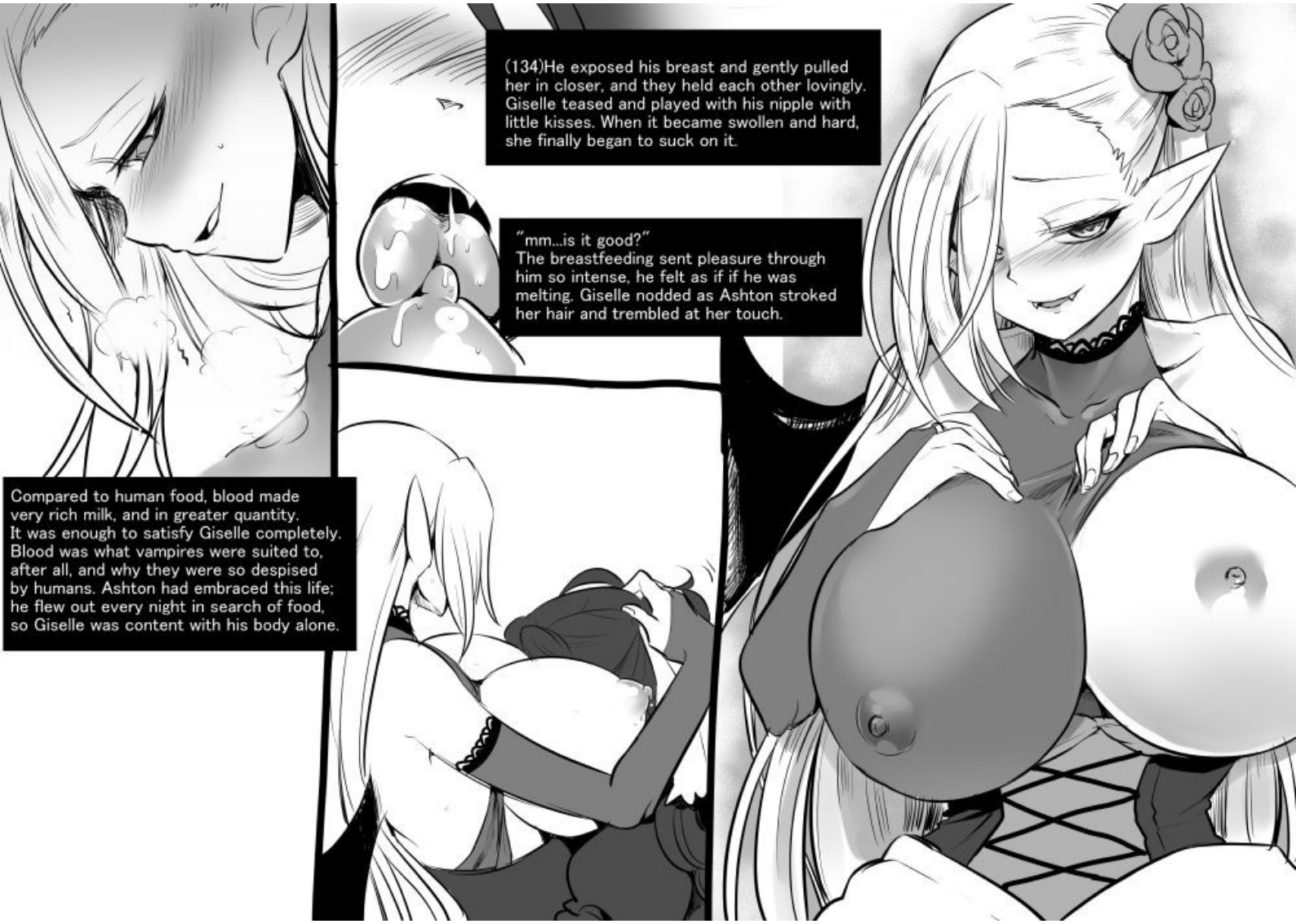
The vampire didn't hear a word. His howling and crying meant as much to a vampire as the squealing of livestock did to a human.
"You…drank his blood and killed him! Give him back! Give me back my father!"
(129)He was shaking, but kept his grip on the knife. The vampire slowly closed in on him, her red dress swaying with each step.
"He told my Mom that his best friend was in trouble, and so he left to rescue him… but he never came back!"

"Ugh… Aaaagh!"
Completely overwhelmed by its strength, the boy cried out in pain. In his struggle, he saw its eyes, and he froze in a moment of realization; It didn't even see him as a person.
(130)The boy lunged forward, stabbing at the vampire's abdomen, but it stopped his attack using only its fingers.
How much blood is it carrying?
Where should I tear it open?
That's all this was to her.
The boy realized then how short his time was, and he stopped struggling.

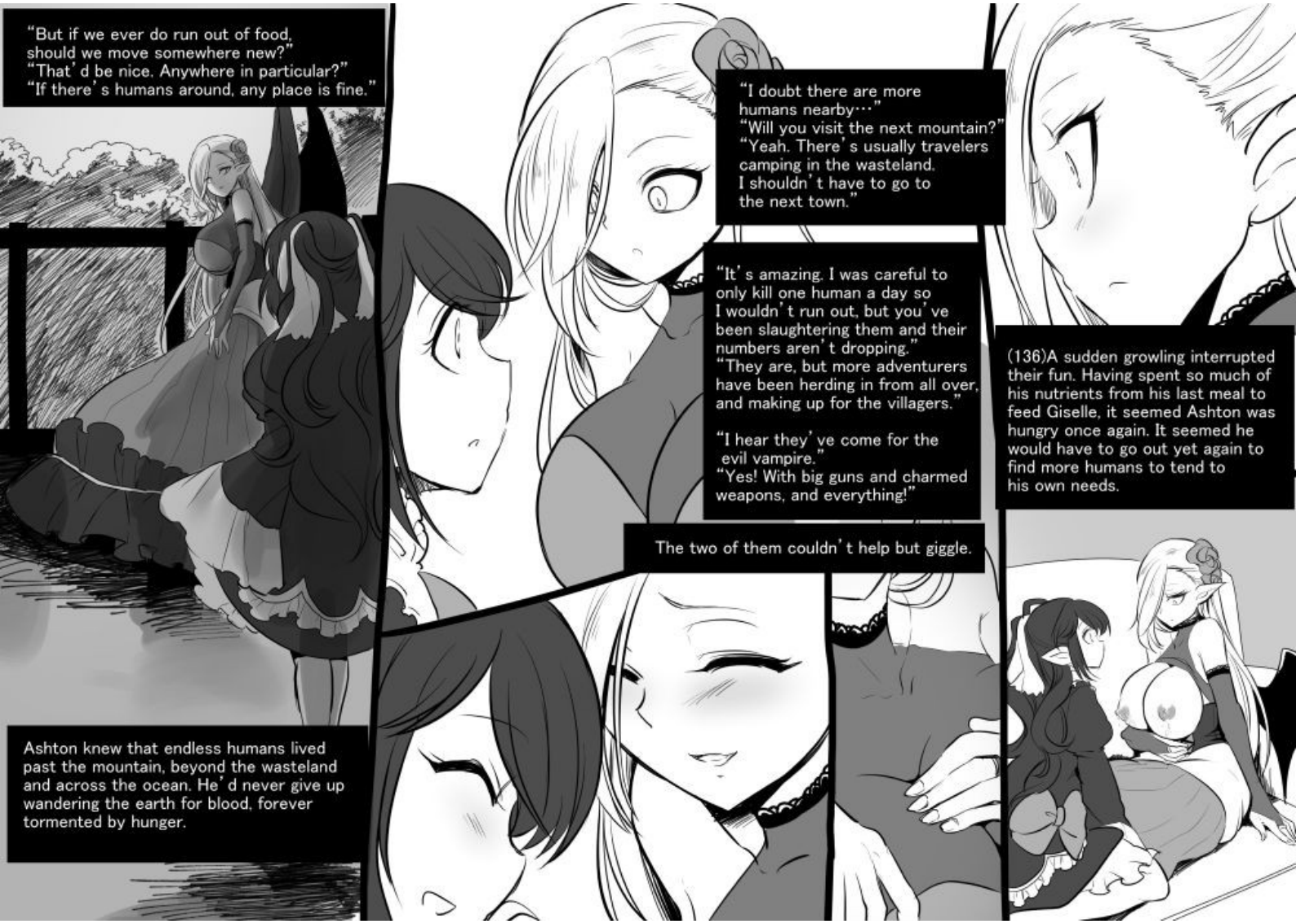

The vampire, neither speaking or listening to a word, drained them all dry.
Tears poured down his face, onto the vampire's cape. The vampire casually wiped them away with their free hand.
(131)"Please, just tell me… Why didn't he come home? Did you kill him? Did he find who he was looking for, before he died?"
The boy's hair color reminded the vampire of someone, but they couldn't remember where they'd seen it before.

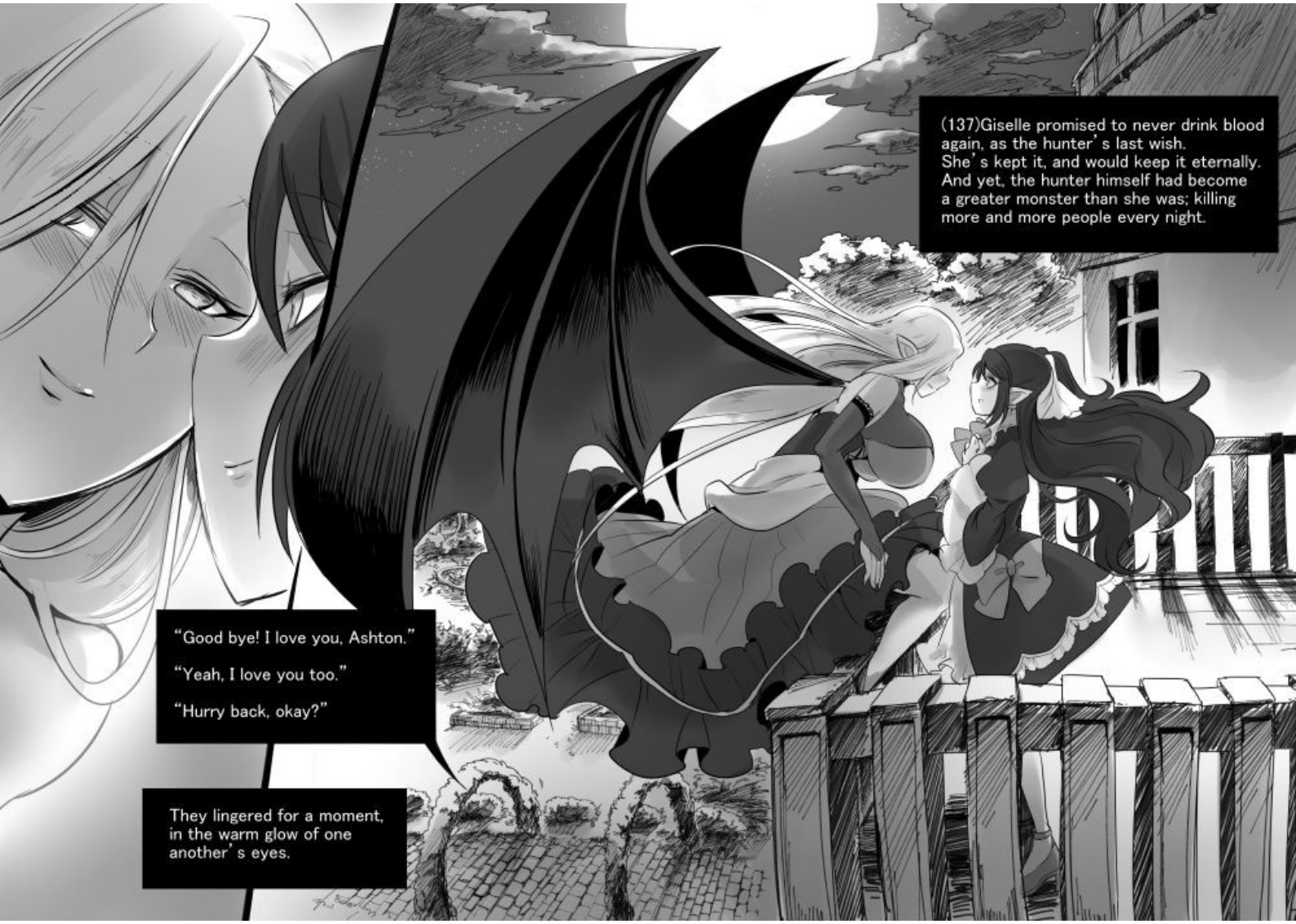
(132)"Must you use the balcony? It's bad manners."
"Going all the way to the front door is a hassle. Besides, I like seeing the roses on my way in."
"Are you still sore about hitting your wing on that tree? If you practiced more, it wouldn't be a hassle; otherwise, you'll just end up hitting the balcony."
"....shut up."
The two entered a dimly lit room, formerly the dining room. The long table had been replaced with a large sofa and an end table. Nearly everything in the kitchen was covered in thick dust. Only a tea set remained on the service cart.
Ashton tidied up his wing, blushing as Giselle lectured him. That cold, heartless expression he wore while on the hunt was gone. Even as she nagged him, he struggled to hold back a smile around her.

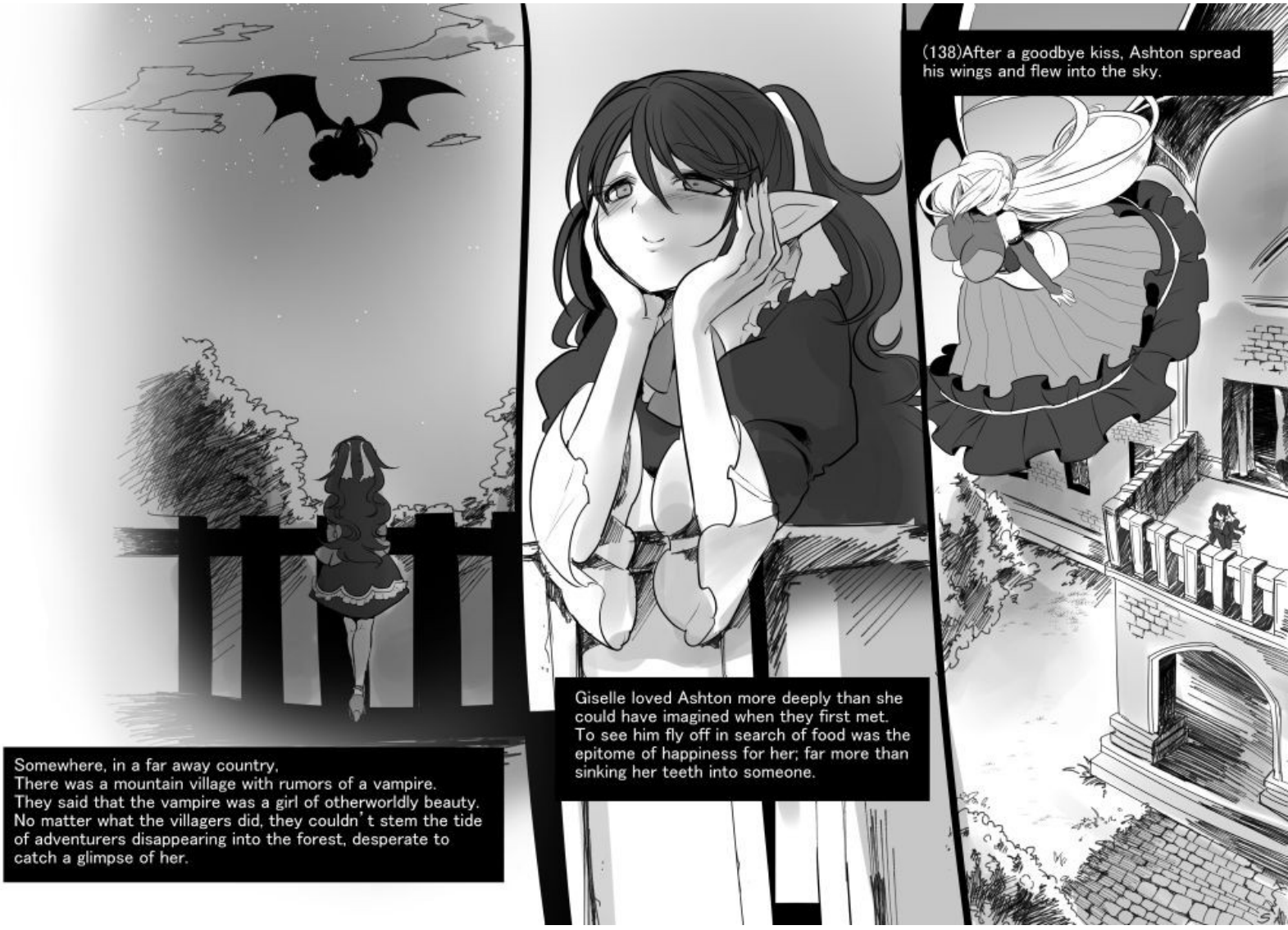

(133)"How was your catch?"
"Just three little ones. More and more of them are coming out here totally unprepared.
An easy meal is nice, but honestly; you couldn't cut fruit with such a tiny knife."
"Hah. Does it remind you of your adventurer days?"
"No, I don't really remember it anymore."
There was something he could never understand as a human. Vampires don't really see humans as anything but food. As he was now, to love a human would be like a farmer marrying a pig.
He realized how rare it was for Giselle to feel this way when they first met, and how deep her love truly was. In those days, she seemed completely mad to him because he had no way to understand her. He fondly remembered her awkward, fumbling attempts at affection.
Ashton sprawled onto the sofa, and Giselle immediately snuggled up to him, rubbing her cheek against him like a cat and reaching out for his hand. This had become a sort of signal for the two of them.


(134)He exposed his breast and gently pulled her in closer, and they held each other lovingly. Giselle teased and played with his nipple with little kisses. When it became swollen and hard, she finally began to suck on it.
"mm...is it good?"
The breastfeeding sent pleasure through him so intense, he felt as if if he was melting. Giselle nodded as Ashton stroked her hair and trembled at her touch.
Compared to human food, blood made very rich milk, and in greater quantity. It was enough to satisfy Giselle completely. Blood was what vampires were suited to, after all, and why they were so despised by humans. Ashton had embraced this life; he flew out every night in search of food, so Giselle was content with his body alone.

(135)Despite being a vampire, Giselle hadn't tasted the blood of a living thing in many years. Everything she needed came from Ashton now, other than the black tea and sweets they enjoyed now and then.
Moans echoed in the dark. Two beautiful vampires, deeply entwined, held each other lovingly.
Ashton found immense satisfaction, knowing that Giselle was completely dependent on his milk to survive. He'd given up his mortal life to feed her forever, and Giselle adored him more than anything for it.
Satisfied at last, Giselle lifted her lips from his nipple and began kissing his breast.
This was also a signal of sorts, that she was done eating, and it warmed his heart.


"But if we ever do run out of food, should we move somewhere new?"
"That' d be nice. Anywhere in particular?"
"If there' s humans around, any place is fine."
Ashton knew that endless humans lived past the mountain, beyond the wasteland and across the ocean. He' d never give up wandering the earth for blood, forever tormented by hunger.
"I doubt there are more humans nearby…"
"Will you visit the next mountain?"
"Yeah. There' s usually travelers camping in the wasteland. I shouldn' t have to go to the next town."
"It' s amazing. I was careful to only kill one human a day so I wouldn' t run out, but you' ve been slaughtering them and their numbers aren' t dropping."
"They are, but more adventurers have been herding in from all over, and making up for the villagers."
"I hear they' ve come for the evil vampire."
"Yes! With big guns and charmed weapons, and everything!"
The two of them couldn' t help but giggle.
(136)A sudden growling interrupted their fun. Having spent so much of his nutrients from his last meal to feed Giselle, it seemed Ashton was hungry once again. It seemed he would have to go out yet again to find more humans to tend to his own needs.


(137)Giselle promised to never drink blood again, as the hunter's last wish.
She's kept it, and would keep it eternally.
And yet, the hunter himself had become a greater monster than she was; killing more and more people every night.
"Good bye! I love you, Ashton."
"Yeah, I love you too."
"Hurry back, okay?"
They lingered for a moment, in the warm glow of one another's eyes.


Somewhere, in a far away country,
There was a mountain village with rumors of a vampire.
They said that the vampire was a girl of otherworldly beauty.
No matter what the villagers did, they couldn't stem the tide of adventurers disappearing into the forest, desperate to catch a glimpse of her.
Giselle loved Ashton more deeply than she could have imagined when they first met.
To see him fly off in search of food was the epitome of happiness for her; far more than sinking her teeth into someone.
(138)After a goodbye kiss, Ashton spread his wings and flew into the sky.

読んでくださってありがとうございました。
残りページは一枚絵とか構想用のラフとか没プロットの落書きとか入れてます。

Rejected Plot 1
(The clothes that Ashton wore when he entered the mansion were made into a lecherous one piece that he is forced to wear.
The fabric covering the chest area is so thin as to be transparent, and easily lifted. With his hands bound, he is forced to walk around the mansion in his lecherous outfit.)

Rejected Plot 1-2

(Giselle had kept cows for their milk, and Ashton is kept with the cows and held down on all fours as he is milked into a bucket)

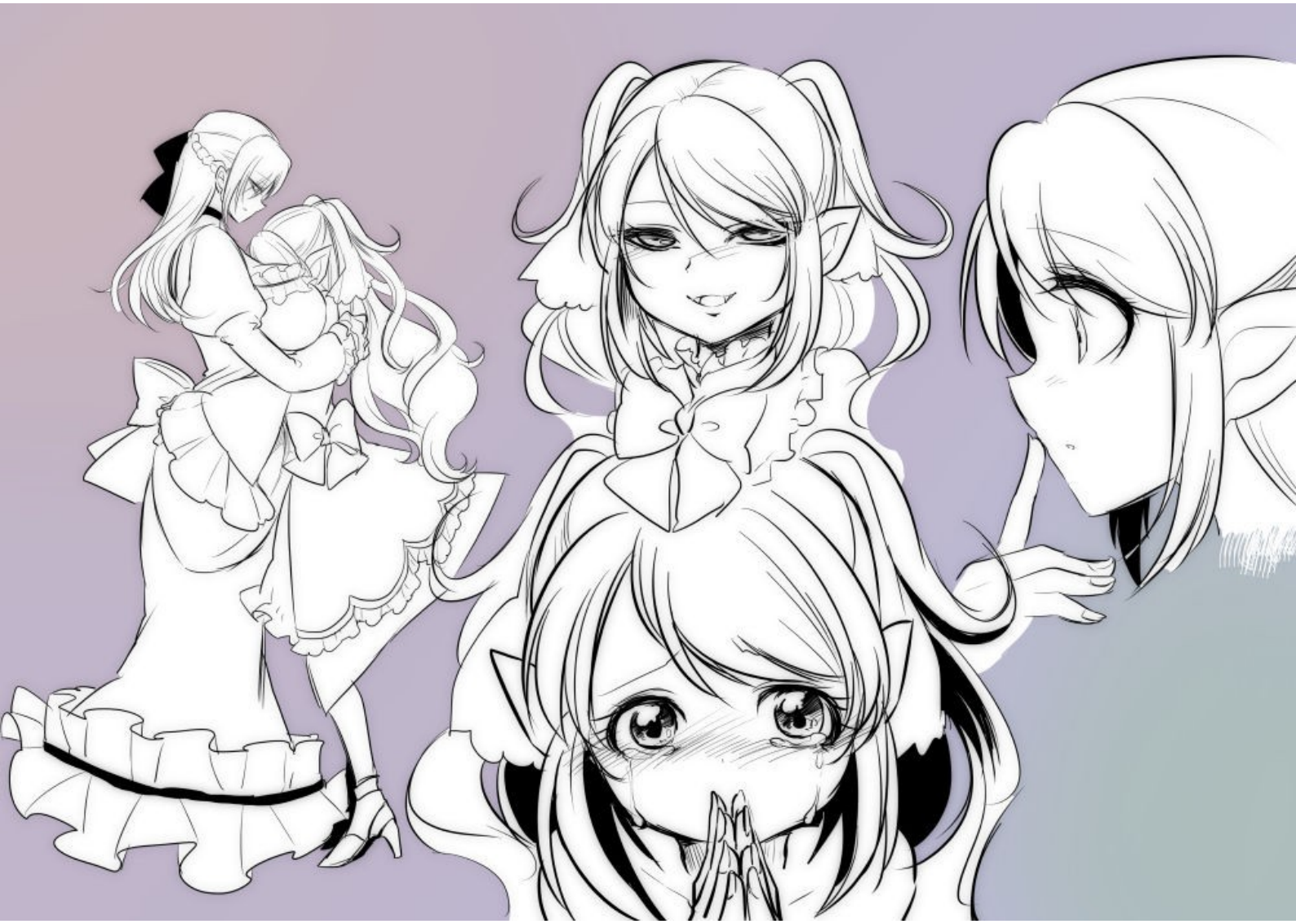
Rejected Plot 2
(Ashton, waking up, finds blood dripping out of his lower body. The sheets underneath his waist are soaked with blood. Giselle, taking notice, drools with bloodlust. Ashton rips off the dirtied sheets and runs out of the bedroom.)

Rejected Plot 3
(An alternative ending from around the end of part I?)
(After separating rather amicably from Giselle and returning to the village, he pretends to be Douglas' wife visiting from far away, and while pretending to work as a hunter, disappears into the mountain every day to feed Giselle.)

•いろんなことが
だんだん
どうでもよく
なってきた
• 夜型生活のせいか
色白になってきた

（胸元のデザインで悩んで
何度か描き直した痕跡）

・かみのけ　＝ 茶色
・前髪にかかり
・おだやかそうな感じ
・田舎の農夫なので
全体的に服とか
かんたんなかっこ
まゆげもっと
太くてもいいかも



没コマ切り出して清書したやつ