



The
guardians'
last
crusade:

Springtime
in Babylon

D.G. BURNS

as his research about, en? He was a murder, . "Your half-truth is To my people, Aral mrosius Van Helsing, much as feared. How

ted.

s history; before you to us, kindly explain ly.

about your precious opulation of vampyre. ven free reign to do e existed the way our ssed between teacher rly community which " Loajnice explained.

replied tartly.

:: Aaron Van Helsing ed to become a priest. r kind made him an feast. Admittedly his is captor was a recent h the young vampire nce's face turned into air, the master and his Van Helsing's son and se and they dedicated ecifically, who killed

"Please continue Mr. Loajnice. You certainly have our undivided attention," Boyd stated flatly.

"Yes, I see. Young Abraham Van Helsing found his father after he had been our feast. Amrosius is his cousin; Viggen is Aaron Van Helsing's nephew. Together they worked with the Church to develop a very effective extermination program. For centuries they have been hunting us. Relentless adversaries, they nearly killed us all, but we were clever and, ultimately, we prevailed. We have a stronger, more powerful master," Loajnice explained.

"I knew the vampyre myth held some degree of truth, but I had no idea that Van Helsing story was part of it," O'Neill asked.

"My precious, naïve child, your Father Viggen is Abraham Van Helsing's last living relative. We thought he, like his murdering cousin, was dead for many years. Recently we learned of his survival. It appears that he sought refuge in the Church after we destroyed the rest of the Van Helsing Family. The coward must have fled to Rome and joined the priesthood to avoid the issues associated with his heritage. He turned his back on his own family and now he has turned his back on you," Loajnice said.

"He has not turned his back on us," Firkin said firmly.

"Maybe not intentionally, but we knew you would be on this ship. And we know that you will not survive this night. Soon, enough you will be turned into members of my coven. It is an honor; we select carefully. Members of the priesthood are a special prize for the master. He directed careful attention to the feast. We have several whores downstairs to indulge your long neglected passions. I assure you all, these

women will submit to even your darkest carnal desires. The master recognizes the impact such deprivation of the flesh can have upon your soul, so we found suitable entertainment while at port. It will be a glorious evening. You will soon learn the power, the fruit, of existing as the undead, and you will learn to enjoy the smell of fear, the taste of innocence, and the excitement of being beyond the grasp of God," Loajnice explained matter-of-factly.

Father Firkin smiled and nodded at his friends. "That is a tempting offer, an orgy of sexual pleasure, alcohol, and extreme violence, but I must confer with my peers." He replied watching the others' face for reactions. He turned back to his host and explained the answer. "Though appreciated, I believe I speak for my peers when I say that we will respectfully decline your offer. Tell your superior that we are touched by his attention to our spiritual needs. It means so much to all of us."

"Your sarcasm is not appreciated, nor is it appropriate given your current circumstances," Loajnice advised. "You will all surely die this eve; it is a matter of fact."

"Well, mate, let me put it to you another way. Death may well come to us tonight, but not easily," Boyd exclaimed through clenched teeth. "And one more thing, darlin', you are not beyond the grasp of the Almighty; you are not beyond the wrath of God. You will learn this first-hand."

"Brave words of desperation," Loajnice replied

"We are not afraid of you," Firkin asserted.

"We shall see," Loajnice answered, gesturing for his soldiers to block the priest's exit. "Lortho, you should enjoy this, the taste of a fraternity member is sweet and lasting."

"I have wait

"Yes, I have
Another hisse

"I have new
drawing his k
not give ourse

"So be it," L
gone, the beas
have free will.
a memorable f
is up to you. I
This is a gift, a
beyond descri
continue, I assi

With an abs
O'Neill, and F
"Aye, then so b

"For God a
Firkin exclaim
be Loajnice's cl

Knowing the
anyway. The t
and O'Neill gra
sardonyx scalpe
priests off. Fear
five nearest var
as they fought
the priests reso
brilliant flash,
the touch of the

ne in their chambers serving their

id nothing. She was trying to put
gether; she examined the situation
new information being offered by
her head to listen when Jezebel
f this history, but I know Iscariot
ent. They possess an untamed lust,
rustration unlike anything I have
she said cautiously, "neither man
; never before have I felt emptied
ey take me, I know I have been

zebel spoke. Despite her evolving
ivities were never too far below
guage and colorful explanation
g a breath, she replied, "Jezebel,
i, nor are they beasts. The beings
soulless creatures searching for
not be. They, like their leader, are
ked at her sisters and continued,
tire situation is ripe with irony."

lilah asked.

ommissioned agent of the Holy
hed, "think of it, one of their
tually Judas; they trusted the
who repaid their trust through
ds of devout believers, so typical
d nervously.

her master. She wanted to know
ve been forced to have sexual

relations with the creatures as we all have, I am not familiar
with this term, 'Vlad the Impaler,' please tell us more," Delilah
requested.

"Unfortunately, I only know small slivers of the story. But
he was evil, pure evil. In his sixth year of rule he impaled
over 30,000 of his own people for sheer enjoyment; he hung
their bodies in a human forest. His methods were sadistic, he
impaled women in a particularly painful manner using their
vaginas as the entry point for the sharpened poles he hung
his victims upon, and their own weight eventually caused their
bodies to slide down the pole, making death a prolonged,
excruciating process," Sarah replied.

"But how does that relate to us?" Jezebel asked.

"So you believe that he will continue to use us for his
pleasure, for the entertainment of his soldiers, until he
determines the best timing to use us to assist him in drawing
Alexander and his followers into a trap; I understand and
accept this. But I believe you are suggesting that after we keep
our end of the bargain, he will discard us, or worse?" Delilah
asked.

"Yes, that would be consistent with his character to do
exactly that. Don't you see?" Sarah paused to think for a
moment. "Oh my, it all makes such perfect sense to me now;
he will continue to enjoy our pleasures, until he must use
his vampires against us. They will include us in their rituals,
perhaps even feasting upon us, us, the women needed to bring
about the final ritual itself, the reenactment of Golgotha and
Pentecost," Sarah muttered near tears.

"If they turn on us, we have no hope, especially me! I
wasn't able to turn David; I kept him occupied and confused
him, but I wasn't able to turn him," Delilah cried.

for more touch, added caress. Delilah was overcome with the need to taste and suckle the engorged breasts now at her disposal. She wrapped both her hands around Sarah's left breasts and pulled Sarah down on top of her; Sarah began to thrust into Delilah purposefully building friction to spur even more arousal.

Delilah's orgasm was powerful, but ultimately unfulfilling. Even as climax cascaded into climax, their hungry bodies craved more and still more pleasure. After their initial orgasms, Sarah feverishly buried herself in Delilah's essence, happily lapping up every ounce of her passion. Using her hands and arms to pull her lover closer, ever closer, Sarah freed Delilah's inhibitions. Delilah looked down and saw her lover's hair; she reached down and began to fondle Sarah's breasts. Again, their arousal expanded the fire; their burning need for satisfaction erased all other matters.

Nearly exhausted after Sarah's latest caresses, Delilah saw the flicker of need in her lover's eye. Recognizing the opportunity to return what was given, Delilah eased Sarah onto the edge of the bed; she spread her legs apart and began kissing Sarah's ankles, shins, and inner thighs. Delilah then pushed Sarah back onto the bed, exposing her fully. Satisfied with the more convenient positioning of her lover, Delilah used her hands to massage Sarah's nipples and breasts, while simultaneously employing her tongue to more urgent needs. Soon, Sarah arched her back in ecstasy; Delilah calmly pushed her back onto the bed and continued on.

Sarah, now fully entranced by their encounter, clutched onto the covers atop the bed, unable to maintain control; she let loose of everything she had, every fear, every hope, and every desire. Throughout the evening and into the dawn, the lovers adroitly used their environment to discover new pleasures, and new approaches to provide it. Together

they te
consum
zealous
celebra
nature o
cemente
could.

04 M
Rave
12 m

The c
Hudson
twilight.
the mark
pile of di
graves an
eluded h
time on
him for
series of
personal
loss of h
but he st
he thoug

Blaine
were told
anguish
child was
childbirt
the relea
daughter
that Ang

In a whirl of unexpected movement, Alexander found himself behind Delilah; she was resting above the ground on her hands and knees. Her head was touching the ground between her hands, her long hair hanging behind. Delilah recognized the surprise on her lover's face and smiled. "David, this is my gift to you; tame me, tame me now!" Alexander leaned over her body and began to caress her skin, to enjoy the taste of her. His every touch was electric, sending shockwaves throughout her body; she began to moan. With her left hand she reached for Alexander and glided him into position; instinctively his own hands reached around her breasts and began to massage them. Alexander, using his knees for balance, began thrusting into Delilah with passionate fervor. Delilah's moans only intensified Alexander's needs for climax. Her moans were replaced by whispered, hoarse commands, "David, have your way with me! This is how it was intended, this is how we served our men; this is my gift to you!"

Alexander soon reached fever pitch; he used his extraordinary strength to make every movement pleasurable, each stroke purposeful. Soon enough their mutual effort began to provide an indescribable, mounting, river of pleasure. As they began to enjoy the motion of their union, he moved his hands from her breasts to her supple shoulders, for her part, Delilah squatted down further to magnify the sensations associated with each, and every thrust. Nearing the point of uncontrollable lust, Alexander clenched her shoulders, hoping to regain control of his building climax. Sensing his coming explosion, she guided his hands to her lower back. "Place your hands around me, pull me to you!" She demanded in a low growl, "Faster, harder, plunge your full measure into me, I am yours tonight, do whatever you desire!"

Alexander answered her desire with action; he moved his hands from her shoulder to the front of her thighs. He was

her thighs, and the soft skin of her buttocks. "Harder, faster, deeper!" the vixen hissed. She reached his face and slapped it hard. "Take me you bastard! Drive me through the wall!" Crittenden replied with forceful, passionate zeal.

The young vampire pushed his sexual temptress across the floor. Now fully aroused, Crittenden zealously continued their encounter, ever harder, ever deeper, and with as much force as he could muster. Every thrust pushed her head into the soft plaster adorning the wall. The intensity of their passion caused him to grip her shoulders hard. Unknowingly, his claws dug into flesh and blood soon dripped from the punctures. Jezebel went mad; her penchant for carnal depravity was expanding onto new horizons of pain as well as pleasure. The mounting pain inspired her; she reached back and dabbed some of the blood onto her hands. Jezebel reveled in the taste of her own blood; it brought her to climax. "I want you to hurt me, hurt me like I am your slave..." she moaned the pleasure undeniable in her tone. Crittenden was consumed with lustful desire, and now atop one of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He hungrily embraced the limitless spoils of his new existence. In that moment, the universe—past, present, as well as future—crystallized into awareness. The young vampire became enlightened; the spirit of the Vampire, he discovered, was nurtured and sustained through the undisciplined exercise of passion, and he reveled in it.

For several minutes, all eyes watched Crittenden and Jezebel. Though her demands tonight were unusual, they were not unknown. Once Jezebel gave into her carnal hungers, it was clear to all that she would be busy with the young vampire for a while. Sarah and Delilah knew their task would be taking care of Iscariot's needs. At first, they took turns allowing the aging vampire to saturate one and then the other; soon they became drawn to a mutual exploration

of affection. ample. taut bod his favor be sure the iron penetra his new

The apart, p With ev only ser the cou thrusts vampire again. F long, si turning playfull This on expand after Is stared a their wo Sarah r her lips. Sarah's other, e for all c wish: C would a preferre

Unkn Delilah'

of affection. Iscariot always took pleasure fondling Sarah's ample breasts, but he enjoyed Delilah's skill: savoring her taut body, tight muscles, and measured control was in reality his favorite form of sexual pleasure. Sarah had her place, to be sure, the vampire thought, but Iscariot especially enjoyed the irony of the moment. He already knew the secret; he was penetrating, violently so, purposefully so, the very chamber his new nemesis had developed a particular attachment for.

The aging vampire smiled as he spread Delilah's legs apart, pinned her arms to the floor below, and thrust away. With every stroke the vampire savored his victory; his climax only served to create more arousal; so he leaned his slave over the couch and took her from behind. Long, deep, powerful thrusts followed. Her moans of pain added pleasure for the vampire; 'vengeance is mine,' he muttered while climaxing again. Following his release, he held her still, caressing her long, silky back; he bent down and kissed her bust. Slowly turning Delilah around, he fondled her breasts and then playfully used her chest as a human canvas for his excess. This only served to arouse the demon and spur the orgy, now expanded to include both Delilah and Sarah, forward. Later, after Iscariot was satisfied three more times, the women stared at the exhausted vampire lying beside them. Relieved their work was nearly done, they turned attention elsewhere. Sarah reached over to Delilah and gently kissed her cheek, her lips, and then her breasts. Delilah responded by fondling Sarah's favorite, most sensitive body parts. Smiling to each other, each knew that tonight would be a memorable night for all of them. Later, the two sisters would give Jezebel her wish: Crittenden for the evening. This seemingly selfless act would actually allow the two women additional time for their preferred method of mutual satisfaction.

Unknown to Delilah, Sarah had told Iscariot about Delilah's secret rendezvous with Alexander. And unknown to

Sarah, this night would be her last encounter with the object of her desire. Even as caress followed caress, climax after climax, the lovers were unaware of the treachery already in motion. Delilah's feelings for Sarah were real, but different than they were for Alexander. She wanted to tell her partner, but didn't know how, or when. Sarah too wanted to share with her partner what she had done, and why. After telling Iscariot of the blossoming romance, Sarah had been assured that Alexander would be taken care of and that, in time, Delilah would learn to love Sarah as she deserved to be loved. In fact, Iscariot pledged to resolve the matter personally.

After the unholy orgy had reached its zenith, the entire room was exhausted, even Iscariot. Fifteen creatures had participated in the debauchery; two had perished in an unexpected accident involving cutting techniques. Finally, Iscariot rang the bell and his personal attendant delivered the late evening meal: raw lamb and blood sausage. It was a delicacy that Iscariot allowed his coven to share. Once the meal was finished and their bellies full, the guests recognized that it was time to leave their master so he could have some time alone. Sensing Iscariot's mounting impatience, all quickly dressed and readied themselves for travel. Iscariot instructed the witches to take his apprentice home and continue fulfilling his every desire, until Crittenden was satisfied, fully satisfied. They nodded, kissed him, and complied.

When he was totally alone, Iscariot put on his clothes, left the room, and made his way to his office. He walked in and poured himself a drink; the vampire lit a Cuban cigar. Sitting in the chair behind the desk, he picked up the box and looked at it. "I beat you then, you son of a bitch! I will do so again!" He screamed. "You no longer have any power over me, I gave you an opportunity to fulfill your rightful destiny; I handed you over so that you could prove who you were, who you were supposed to be! Now, I am the invincible one!" In a rage, the

vamp
the c
and h
that
nearl
the o

13
09
Pe
Ne

Th
the a
wood
ambi
conn
area v
eight
1864,
ethni
at Pet
of the
trimm
In th
all wa
tranq

To
of the
Every
patien
table
men

a panic, Marius jumped to his feet and charged the slayer. Ignoring his broken bones and crushed face, he ran towards Alexander screaming inaudible obscenities as he slapped, punched, and kicked for his very life. For a brief moment, the demon appeared to gain the advantage.

Sensing the need to do so, Marius tapped into his reserve; with a last gasping resurgence of power, the vampire firmly held onto Alexander's head with one hand while pounding it with his other, now clenched into a tight fist. Soon after, the vampire sank his fingernails into Alexander's face, his chest, and his arms. The wafting scent of Alexander's blood added to the rush of exhilaration associated with the anticipated impending demise of the slayer; it fueled Marius' rage. His passions now rendered beyond control, he cracked the sidewalk and used a piece of cement to strike the slayer's chest. Marius savored the moment. Attempting to destroy Alexander's will to continue, the creature proudly shared the most intimate, grisly details of his crimes. "I want your head to be as ugly as that whore of yours!" He screamed. "Listen, listen to me, David, that bitch was screaming for you to help her when I cut her heart out, she was still alive when I defiled her mouth! That's right, after I cut off her head, after I began to consume her heart, I continued satisfying myself!" The creature pulled Alexander closer to him and whispered, "I violated her before, during, and after I killed her, and I did it all for you."

Alexander, long deadened to the throbbing pain, lost awareness. Upon hearing Marius' explicit account of wretched debauchery, time itself stood still. Alexander lifted himself up and shook himself free from the grasp of the demon. Consumed with white-hot fury, an intensity of anger previously unknown to any mortal man, Alexander lashed out. He became a whirlwind of viciousness; this fight already personal, became righteous. "No, no, you will not have satisfaction this day!" Alexander screamed, reaching out for

the v
and
was
outst
instr
Alex:
happ
his e:

M
Once
rod a
vamp
creat
limb.
vamp
slaye:
part,
from
Alex:
giver
wine
to ca
long
willi
anate
sure
giver

T
Alex:
He k
the c
Delil
be p
vamp
right