

HSA-801: Skeeters

by Quixerotic

She squealed as she knelt down between his legs. "Be a good meal and let me taste you here first. Then, if I'm not too full, I'll let you play." Her fiendish tongue licked along the side of his aching cock, and she wiggled her ass to tantalize him...

The night had mostly been a bust. Clayton milled at the bar, swigging down his ninth drink of the night. *They keep making them weaker*, he thought. The drinks didn't smell weaker. They smelled like they could strip paint. For that matter, he'd watched the bartender make it, and she'd poured half a glass of bourbon before adding a few drops of soda. He'd asked for a stronger drink each time, eventually leading to her regarding him with the exasperation of someone who had met a foe greater than they could conquer. She was a cute blonde who wore a cutoff shirt that rose up to show the bottom of her sizable tits whenever someone ordered something from the top shelf. Clayton only ordered well drinks. He'd grow broke trying to get drunk off anything else.

Across the bar, his roommate was having some promising luck. Patrick was currently deep in conversation with a pair of brunette sorority girls. Clayton doubted his friend's chances. As much as Patrick wanted a hookup, the guy usually screwed it up at the five yard line. At the moment, Patrick had settled into his "concerned listening" face where the booze in him pushed down his lack of confidence enough for him to make deep, unblinking eye contact with whomever was talking. Patrick thought it made him look thoughtful and considerate. Clayton, and the two brunettes from the looks of things, thought it made him look like a serial killer.

The night began with Patrick making a desperate plea for something to distract him from his misery. Clayton was content to sit around their apartment playing video games all weekend, but he hadn't been recently dumped out of a nine month long relationship. He'd never been in a relationship for that matter. Women just didn't stick to him for some reason, and so far he hadn't minded. Patrick's ex ditching him right at the end of the school year confirmed a suspicion Clayton developed when the two started dating. She'd been in it for consistent drinks and companionship, happy to give up some sex to keep it, but with summer, the girl had no use for Patrick any more, so she left him at college along with an abandoned mini-fridge. Patrick, on the other hand, had been looking for his future wife, convinced himself that he'd found her, and had his heart broken. Like cracking an egg with a sledgehammer. Clayton felt for the guy. Some. Mostly he wanted his friend to quit moping around the apartment. If getting him laid was the fix, then Clayton didn't mind a night or two at the bars.

Unfortunately, summer meant slim pickings. Women normally gravitated to Clayton. It was an effect he'd had since hitting seventeen, but once he got to college, he became a walking nuke of charisma. Other guys always begged to know how he did it, other than the obvious benefit of being built like an Olympian. He was six foot two with sandy blonde hair and bright green eyes, apparently a rare combination. After a night of heavy drinking, he'd go for a run to clear his head, but otherwise he hadn't stepped in a gym since high school football ended. Still, he stayed remarkably in shape, often a point of complaint from Patrick who spent an enormous amount of time lifting in order to keep his physique. But, attraction only went so far, as Patrick often demonstrated. Clayton didn't think he did anything special, however. His leading theory was that the bar for conventionally attractive people was so incredibly low that having even a modicum of personality made them likable.

Patrick took the seat beside him and knocked on the bar before holding up a finger. Clayton glanced at him without turning his head. He took a big swallow from the glass and let

the alcohol sit on his tongue. It tasted awful and burned like hell. *Definitely enough booze in it.* “No luck?” he asked.

“They have an early morning. Driving back to Minneapolis.” Patrick smiled at the bartender as she set down a fresh beer for him. Clayton noted the ease in his friend’s eyes and how the bartender’s gaze lingered on Patrick’s forearm. Now that Patrick believed he didn’t have a shot, the intensity that had scared every woman in the bar off was gone. “But, maybe I’ll run into them again next semester.”

“How much did you spend on them?” Clayton asked.

“Three drinks each. Two rounds of shots.” He paused to swig from his beer. “Fuck.”

Clayton shrugged and put his empty glass down. The bartender asked if he wanted another, but he declined. “They don’t seem to be doing me any good,” he muttered.

“No shit, you’ve been drinking like a fish all night,” Patrick said. “I should be having to drag you out of here. What gives?”

“Dunno, it’s weird. I think I could have downed an entire bottle and not gotten so much as a buzz. It’s actually starting to freak me out a little.”

“Delayed maybe? Half an hour from now you’ll be shit-faced?”

“Good luck if that’s the case. Finish up and let’s get home.”

They paid their tabs, egregiously tipped the bartender, and headed out into the balmy summer night. They lived three blocks from the bar, and Patrick’s drinks were catching up even if Clayton’s weren’t. Clayton slowed his pace and kept an eye on Patrick’s suddenly sluggish feet. Between the two of them, they were succeeding in keeping Patrick from falling on his face, but it meant they didn’t notice as they nearly slammed into a pair of women. Rapid shuffling kept everyone from being knocked over. Clayton intended to keep on going, but Patrick’s desperation had intensified to a point of no return. “Ladies, excuse us,” he said in an overly regal tone.

“Aw, are you boys leaving already,” one of them cooed. Clayton was starting to worry the alcohol would in fact catch up with him. He wasn’t positive he wasn’t having double vision. The two women looked incredibly similar. Too similar. These two looked like mirrored versions of one another. If the one on the left had a scar on her right cheek, then the one on the right would have a scar on her left. Both of them looked emaciated and pale, goth girls who only read half the brochure. One wore a gauzy pink dress and the other one a light green peasant blouse with black pants. Neither outfit sat on their bodies well. A decent meal and a full night’s sleep would likely improve their looks considerably, but Patrick didn’t seem dissuaded by the dark circles around their gray eyes or the hunger in their fawning smiles.

“We can always be lured back for one more drink if the company is right,” Patrick said, managing not to slur his words.

Clayton felt wrong. Whenever he tried to look at the two girls, his head swirled. He clapped a hand on Patrick’s shoulder. “I think I’m gonna keep heading back, man.”

Hands pushed on his chest, “No, you can’t leave me all alone,” one of the women said. “We’re so hungry, and you smell so fucking good.”

Clayton dumbly thought they must have the bar’s kitchen smell on them. His feel grew lighter. A second later he thudded into a wall. They’d moved to the alley at some point. It was dim, but he could see Patrick pressed against the wall opposite him. The other woman writhed against him. A hand slid down his pants and hot fingers touched his bare cock. “Won’t be as good, getting your heart pumping will tide us over, won’t it, sister?”

“Mine could go now,” the one pressed against Patrick said. “Perhaps a kiss would be better.”

The world looked like it was underwater as Clayton watched the girl open her mouth wide. Patrick awkwardly probed forward with his mouth open and tongue searching. The girl slid a tooth — a fang — against his tongue, causing a sudden rush of blood. Patrick jerked back with a yelp as the woman closed her mouth over his. “Oh, vampires,” Clayton said a few seconds before he felt claws digging in to his cock. Reality skipped, and he was looking at the one who had chosen him. She held up her claws, admiring the dark red drops of blood on them. She licked them clean as her eyes fluttered.

Clayton thought the night could have gone better and blacked out.

Agent Oliver Deacon stepped into the diner and had the surreal feeling he’d stepped through time or space. This was not due to the aesthetic inside the diner, one of the glory days of the 1950s, but because he had experience stepping through time and space. *It would explain how the HSA managed to keep all these diners in business, he thought. Little pocket dimensions sliced out of Americana for the explicit purpose of having suspicious meetings.*

The cook cast a glance at him before turning back to the grill. “There’s coffee,” the man said as he put down his spatula and went to prepare a cup.

Another man sitting at the bar made no attempt to hide the open evaluation and suspicion of Deacon. Deacon returned the glare as he settled down where the cook placed the cup. “Thanks,” he muttered.

“What else?” the cook asked, sounding incredibly annoyed for a man in an out of the way diner with two customers.

“Coffee’s fine for now,” Deacon said with a wink.

The other man at the counter seemed to make a decision while the cook refilled the cup in front of him. Once the cook was back at the grill, the other man shuffled down the counter to sit a single stool away from Deacon. “You know, I heard a story once that a little place like this was actually a big living organism made entirely out of malleable human flesh. It would parade around waitresses in skimpy outfits or cooks with barrel chests and suspicious bulges to lure people in after a long day of driving. Then, like a venus flytrap, it would close up around its prey.”

“Sounds like horse shit,” Deacon said. He sipped the coffee, surprised at the richness of it.

“How long have you been with the agency?” the stranger asked.

“Long enough to know better than to answer questions from someone I don’t know in a place I was sent to by a phone call,” Deacon answered.

The man stuck his hand out, “Agent Timothy Ross.”

Deacon ignored the handshake. “Never heard of him.”

Behind them, the door squeaked as it opened again. Deacon looked over his shoulder and felt a wave of relief as the growing tension in the room dissipated. A man of middle height and cheerful disposition was brushing dust off of his seersucker suit. Deacon wondered how many of them the man owned. This one had a tinge of purple in the cotton. The man finished appraising his own looks and gave the two men at the counter a wave. “Agents! Wonderful, thank you for coming. Getting along chummily, are you?”

“We’d just met,” Agent Ross said. “Working our way through introductions.”

Beaumont shuffled over to them as he pointed to one of the tables. “Come, sit, can’t very well have a decent conversation sitting in a line, can we? Hold on, let me say hello to Pauly.”

Deacon gathered his coffee and headed to a corner of the table Beaumont had indicated. Ross took the corner beside him. “Guess we’re on the same team after all,” Deacon said, grudgingly. “Oliver Deacon.”

They shook hands. “No, you’re right to be suspicious. Should have known Beaumont wouldn’t think to key you in on who you were meeting, or that you’d be meeting with someone else.”

“Are you why I’m here?”

Ross paused a moment, “I don’t think so. Can’t imagine you’re why I’m here either. I

got enough out of Beaumont to know that this was a two man job, not who the other man was or what the job entailed.”

“Shit,” Deacon said.

“Perks of climbing the ladder,” Ross said in agreement.

HSA operations that required two field agents rarely ended with both of them still sane. Beaumont finished talking to the cook and came over, making a big show taking off his coat and draping it over the back of his chair. He’d brought a small file with him, not the kind that usually accompanied a two man job. Once he was finally seated, he knitted his fingers together and beamed at the two men sitting across the table. “Isn’t it nice to be around others who know you’re not insane?”

Deacon didn’t know a good answer to that. “What’s all this about?”

“Straight to business as always, I see,” Beaumont said. “But in this case, it’s probably for the best. There’s a time matter involved in this one, so it’s better to be on our feet than on our butts, so to speak. You two have never interacted before, correct?” He waited for both of them to nod. “Good. I suppose I’m the link between you then. Agent Ross and I worked together a few years ago resolving an issue for the Boston Succubi Coven. One of their younger females had gone missing, risking a deterioration of our peace agreement. Agent Ross managed to locate the poor thing and return it to the coven without incident. Top notch work.”

Ross grinned. “They were *dangerously* appreciative.”

“Agent Deacon and I crossed paths when an Acolyte of Rosh-Al’Thag chose to usher in an apocalypse instead of the normal ritual. Agent Deacon managed to locate and diffuse the situation in time to keep Rosh-Al’Thag from being forcibly drawn into our dimension, which, as I’m sure you both are aware, would have caused all human life to die in a horrible symphony of screaming death.”

Deacon noted Ross’s raised eyebrows. “Eldritch god that essentially exists to channel surf dimensions for porn. We put on a show for it, and it keeps all its wriggling limbs away. Most of his acolytes are pretty decent folk. One took it a little too far. Pretty routine bringing him in.”

“You did have to decapitate him after he manifested the horror visage,” Beaumont said cheerfully. “Whole body turned into four dimensional genitalia. Except his head which began oozing semen out of his eyes and ears.”

Ross’s grin became an unsettled scowl. Deacon shrugged, “Don’t fuck with the tentacle shit if you can. Beaumont, no one in our line of work likes reminiscing about the past.” A frown crossed the man’s face. Deacon hadn’t spent more than a few weeks working with Beaumont, but still he had the impression that he’d never in all that time seen the man frown. Not even

when cleaning up a decapitated pile of cosmic horror. He swigged down another gulp of coffee. “What’re we here for?”

“Ah,” Beaumont brightened. “A series of disappearances caught the attention of a Watcher a few weeks ago. All in Knoxville. All last scene near a bar district where co-eds drink socially. This raised an eye, but as you both know, disappearances alone are far from our purview.” He opened the file and pulled out a photo. As it slid onto the table, Deacon heard Ross hiss. Beaumont continued, “This was discovered last Tuesday. The building was due for destruction and had been unmonitored for over a year. Five bodies, all desiccated to the point of dust. Each of them one of the missing persons. The sixth was still alive, but catatonic.”

Another photo slid across the table. Ross didn’t look. Deacon winced. The poor soul in the photo was for all purposes a corpse, even if their heart had still been weakly beating. Deacon pushed down his revulsion and tried to see the body more analytically. It was a man. For reasons that he suspected related to his work’s mission, the man’s genitals were the only thing still remotely healthy. The flaccid penis was marked with scar tissue. Similar marks covered the man’s groin and torso. On his thigh, they were more distinct. “Puncture wounds. In pairs? Succubi don’t bite.”

“Unless you ask them to,” Ross said, darkly.

Beaumont took the photo back, tucking it behind the other pages in the folder. “Succubi was the first suspicion, but quickly ruled out.”

“Vampires aren’t our field,” Deacon said, ticking boxes off a horrible list of creatures in his head. “Even ones who like to fuck their victims.”

Ross shifted forward. “Skeeters,” he said with a pinch of his brow.

“Pardon?”

Beaumont cleared his throat. “Agent Ross tends to refer to this type of creatures as ‘skeeters’ or mosquitoes. The agency has not given them an official designation, referring to them as *edunt anime*. Eaters of spirit.”

“They’re parasites,” Ross said. “One of my first jobs was to clear out a nest of the things in Baton Rouge. I can tell you that most of the stuff we deal with can be fucked up or terrifying or mind melting, but skeeters are just fucking gross. They model their bodies based on memories harvested out of their victims. Whatever someone jerked it to before they got caught, most likely. So, usually you wind up with something that looks like a living replica of a porn star, but taken one step further. Tits a little bigger, ass a little softer. Enough to put any thoughts of resistance out of your head. Not that their victims resist. Every one of those guys in that pile of corpses wanted to go another round right up until they became a husk. The skeeter infects the victim, makes him crave her as much as she craves him. In the Baton Rouge nest, two guys were still alive, but too far gone. When their skeeters were killed, they lost their minds, bashed their

own heads in. If they'd waited five seconds, I could have put a bullet in them to make it easier."

Deacon nodded along. He wasn't surprised, but he did hate the messy jobs. "So, there's a nest near the bars. We find it and take it out. How do you kill them? Decapitation?"

Ross was staring at Beaumont with a furrowed brow. "No. Well, I mean, yeah. Chopping off a head would do the trick, but they're not strong or anything. Weaker than humans, really. Just watch out when they die. Gets worse. You're still thinking vampire, but think worse. Vampires model themselves after humans. They have thoughts, ideas, plans. Skeeters are animals. They use human forms as bait, like that little light on an angler fish. They drink blood, but usually in a specific way. Any blood will do in a pinch, but what they really need is blood heightened by sexual arousal. They get some kind of mystical energy from it. The best they can get, though, is when they mix ejaculate and blood together. That's how they feed. Blowjobs topped off by bites."

"Sounds like a heck of a way to go," Deacon mused.

"They're gross, like I said. Thing is though, they're barely dangerous if you know what to watch out for. Anyone could clear out a nest with no problem. Most of the work is in cleanup and recovery. A rookie job, if you take my meaning. So, Beaumont, I have two questions. Why are you here? This isn't your department. And, what would necessitate the overkill of two agents for a *edunt anime* nest that's two skeeters at most."

Beaumont waited as Pauly arrived with a fresh carafe of coffee and a slice of key lime pie for Beaumont. Once the rattle of plates and cups subsided, Beaumont spent an excruciating amount of time savoring his first bite. "You boys really should eat something," he muttered. "But, Agent Ross is correct. This is not my department. We're not appeasing anyone or anything, so far as I know. The higher ups seem to think that something bigger is going on that relates to this case. They're being very tight lipped about what that might be, but it's why I'm here. They wanted someone from management to directly oversee the operation so that things could be adjusted to with fluidity. Agent Ross was brought on for his expertise in *edunt anime*. Between Baton Rouge, Denver, Toronto, and Savannah, Agent Ross has a healthy lead for successful eradications of 'skeeters' across the entire agency."

"And me?" Deacon asked.

Beaumont frowned again. This time with a bite of pie halfway to his mouth. "I'm sorry, Agent Deacon, but you're here for the worst reason. It seems a Watcher asked for you by name, specifically."

Deacon heard Ross's low whistle and mentally translated it as "we're totally and completely fucked." Watchers were the ironically named men with no eyes who spent their time in some kind of psychic trance trying to sift through the whole country to find anomalies. They rarely spoke, not even to their handlers. A few of them, though, dedicated their time to monitoring the more existential threats to the HSA. The anomalies that seemed to have a will of

their own, to know the HSA was trying to stop them, and to be attempting to stop the HSA first. A few years ago, the Accalian Wolf God somehow led two agents on a goose chase that ended up with both of them transformed into monsters. It resulted in a long string of agency memos regarding the procedure for dealing with meta-anomaly threats. And, not-coincidentally, inter office relationships.

“Right, so I’ve got the mark of doom on me,” Deacon said. “Where do we start?”

Clayton roused with little memory of the moments before he lost consciousness. With that blank, he assumed the alcohol had hit, and he’d gone into a drunken haze. He didn’t feel hung over or lethargic, though. He also didn’t know where he was, but it was clearly some place he shouldn’t be. He was on a mattress in an old house. Paint peeled off the walls. The only window was thoroughly blocked by planks nailed into the frame. A door was the room’s only exit, and the dangling bulb in the center of the room gave everything an eerie orange glow. Despite the condition of the place, everything looked amazingly clean. The mattress was either brand new or close to it. To his dismay, he realized it was likely a better mattress than his own.

Getting to a sitting position, he realized he had another problem. He was naked. *Naked in a strange house with no memory of how I got here. At least I still have both kidneys.* None of his clothes were in the room. He doubted the only door led to a closet where his clothes had been laundered and put into a neat pile. His ears picked up the sound of movement. Someone was coming. He had no idea how to prepare himself and no idea what to expect. So far as he knew, he’d kicked in someone’s door, pissed himself, and passed out. His surprised host could have then took pity on him, cleaned him up a little too thoroughly, and put him in a spare room to sleep it off. Unlikely, but Clayton didn’t want to murder a good Samaritan. On the other hand, he might be trapped in a sex dungeon about to be trafficked into some heinous existence.

Ultimately, his resources for defense came down to his fists. He got to his feet and braced himself. If they came at him aggressively, he could likely get in a shot or two. They probably expected him to be suffering from an intense hangover. He’d never felt more alive in his life. Whatever came through the door would get a full view of him poised to kick their ass.

The door opened, and he hesitated. A naked woman, curvy with black hair, cocked her head to one side. *She’s surprised to see me on my feet.* Otherwise, though, she didn’t react. She turned around, showing him her ass and causing any hint of fear or aggression to dissipate out of Clayton’s mind. A second later, jealousy flared as the woman brought in another male, leading him into the room with a gentle grip on his wrist. *Patrick?*

Clayton’s roommate was also naked. He was pale, but had a dumb, broad smile on his face. Patrick shuffled into the room at the woman’s direction. He didn’t react at all to the other naked man in the room, instead walking to the center and standing still. Clayton quickly assessed his friend’s condition. His first guess was some kind of intense drug, until he noticed the marks on Patrick’s thighs and...*dick? What the fuck.* Clayton had never seen Patrick naked, let alone fully erect. That no longer being true wasn’t nearly as surprising as the two holes

roughly halfway down Patrick's shaft. Confused, Clayton looked at the woman. She smiled, showing a pair of fangs jutting down where her center teeth should have been. All at once, Clayton's memories rushed back. The alley, the two women, the strangely enjoyable sensation of having his skin pierced.

The woman ran her tongue over her upper lip. "My sister will be in for you soon. But don't worry. I want to play with you, too. I lost the coin toss. Not that your friend isn't tasty." She gave her hip a small shake that caused her ass to jiggle enticingly. A maddening urge to grab her seized on Clayton's thoughts. He wanted to shove her against the wall to rut his cock between those ass cheeks. He would even let her petite little fangs nip at his finger while he did it. She gave him a wink and slipped out of the room, closing the door behind her with a click of the lock.

At once, Patrick crumpled like someone had snatched the bones out of his body. Clayton moved quick enough to catch his friend's head before it cracked on the wood floor. "Patrick, what happened? What the fuck did they do to you?"

Patrick's eyes fluttered and slowly focused. "Clayton? You're...oh, oh fuck!" He shot back, scrambling to the far wall like a scuttling crab. The sudden burst of activity drained even more color from his face. He nearly blacked out again, but braced himself against the far wall. "Where is she?"

"The chick? She led you in here. What is she?"

Patrick realized how exposed he was and turned to his side, hiding away the still throbbing erection and the damning marks on it. "Some fucking vampire thing."

"And you fucked her?"

"No!" he barked. "I mean, not exactly. Gimme a minute to think." Patrick brought his knees to his chest and rested his head on his knees. Clayton took the time to move to the adjacent wall. He didn't bother trying to be modest since it would only serve to make him uncomfortable. He did hide his own dick through some careful positioning. The fact that it was half erect disturbed him since he couldn't pinpoint what would arouse him at all. He'd seen a naked woman — *vampire*, but one that had presumably just torture fucked his friend. Patrick made a growling noise of frustration. "Do you remember how we got here?"

Clayton shook his head. "I woke up maybe five minutes ago. Do you know where we are?"

"I came around maybe a half hour ago. I was already drunk when they found us." He paused to gather his courage or mental strength. "Two of them. Identical once they're naked. Or they were anyway. The one that had me calls herself Sunny. The other one is Skye. I woke up in here. I think you were still out. They'd stripped us before I woke up. I tried to get you to come around, but you looked dead. Figured we'd been drugged. A few minutes later, Sunny came in.

“She said something. I’m not sure they were actually words, but it was like she said the exact right thing that I wanted to hear. Every sense I had got shoved to the back of my head. She could have told me to jump out of the window, and I would have. But that’s not what she wanted. She told me to go with her, so I did. They have another room where they live, I think. Skye was waiting. She helped Sunny chain me to the wall. I would have helped, too, if I could. Couldn’t chain myself though. The whole time, both of them are rubbing against me. Fucking dragging their naked tits up my body or straddling me, letting my dick rub against their pussy. Maddening shit. Once they had me locked into place, Skye kneels beside me and starts masturbating. I think I’ve died and gone to heaven. Weird, kinky heaven, but still heaven. Sunny gets between my legs and starts blowing me. Everything is amazing and then...”

Patrick’s eyes lost focus. For a moment, he looked to be enjoying the memory all over again. Clayton even caught a glimpse of the other guy’s cock twitching. It made him impatient, “Patrick?”

He coughed, “Uh, and then right when I was about to cum, she bites. Felt like a mistake at first, like I’d gotten too excited and moved when she didn’t expect. Then I looked down and saw blood. I wanted to scream or fight back or at least stop fucking her mouth, but I couldn’t. I was so close to cumming, and she’d sunk those fangs into my dick. I knew she was drinking it, and still I wanted to keep going. I wanted to give her more...I begged her to let me.” His head sunk down again.

“Jesus, fuck,” Clayton said. He figured his friend could deal with the psychological damage later. For the moment, they needed a way out. “Did you see the exit? Any open windows? If they come back, can we just fight them?”

“Why would you fight them?” Patrick asked in a strange, empty voice. “You don’t get it yet, but you will. It’s the most intense fucking thing I’ve ever felt or will ever feel. Clayton, once she drinks you, even if you’re horrified, you won’t want to leave.” The eerie blankness spread out into his expression. “Sunny could open the door right now, and I would still beg her to do it again.”

Oh, he’s lost his goddamn mind. Great. “Sure,” Clayton said. The last thing he wanted was to fight Patrick as well as two vampires. He thought of a different approach. “Did you see anyone other than the two vampires?”

“No,” Patrick said, almost proudly. “Just the corpse room.”

The fucking what. “Yeah, and where would that be?”

“Next door. Those guys couldn’t handle them. They’re really hungry. I know I have enough for Sunny, but I don’t think I can handle both of them. God, man, I’m glad you’re here, too. Skye is really excited for you. She had those little fingers of hers right in her pussy beside me. I’ve never seen a girl play with herself like that, but she let me watch so her sister could

feed. I wanted to feed Skye. Sunny said maybe I could later.” He lapsed into a scowl, fighting some inner debate.

Great. Trapped in a vampire brothel with a corpse room and my enthralled roommate. Clayton eyed the planks nailed over the window and wondered if he could get one off. If he snapped it in half, one end would be jagged enough to make a flimsy stake. *Or, I might just gash open my foot and cause a feeding frenzy.* His mind raced back through everything, hoping to find something he could use. It settled on something strange. A memory of the vampires from when they’d first attacked flashed in his mind. They’d been emaciated, nearly starving. Attractive, but gaunt. When Sunny brought Patrick to the room, she’d been exceedingly curvy. “Patrick? Hey, buddy. Did drinking from you make Sunny stronger?”

“Stronger? I dunno,” he mused, apparently pleased to talk about his new parasite in a positive manner. “Hotter, definitely. The third or fourth time she made me cum, I saw her ass actually grow. Skye said they get thicker and thicker until they’re ready to reproduce. Every time I came, Sunny’s tits got bigger and bigger. I wanted to keep going, but she said I needed to rest. Otherwise, I’d have her with tits fat enough to keep her from walking around, right?”

Clayton tried to keep his unnerved sneer from showing. Hearing Patrick talk about the vampire swelling up like a tick from sucking dick was unsettling, especially since Patrick seemed to think they were sharing morning after war stories of sexual conquest. If Clayton managed to overpower the two vampires, he hoped Patrick would snap out of whatever spell they had over him. *If they don’t do the same thing to me.*

His ears caught the sound of footsteps again. “Shit.”

“Oh, you lucky dog. Your turn! Hey, man, if you see Sunny out there, and she looks hungry, tell her I’m ready to go. I mean, I guess you could let her suck you off, too, but you *do* have your own slut to feed. Do the responsible thing, Clayton.”

Clayton moved across the room with speed that surprised both of them. The slap only surprised Patrick. Betrayed confusion played across Patrick’s face as he reeled from the hard crack of Clayton’s hand against his cheek. “Wake the fuck up,” Clayton yelled.

The door opened. Clayton spun around, ready to fight, but as his gaze fell on Skye’s thin body, his knees buckled. Her head cocked to the side like a dog trying to understand something. He railed against the unseen force driving him into darkness as he toppled face first to the floor.

Over the past three days, Deacon had come to two conclusions about Agent Ross. First, the man was absolutely insufferable about most things. Second, he was also correct an irritating amount of the time.

They began their search for the nest by asking around at local bars, comparing patterns around the missing persons, and chasing down a few leads that all ended in nothing. Both agents

had predicted as much. Most anomalies tended to cover their tracks remarkably well, no matter how brutally or insidiously they treated their victims. Once the legwork had been put aside, Ross focused on a different tact. He'd started calling real estate agents. It took a few calls before someone grabbed the bait, but when Ross got his mark, the realtor was happy to share projected new market opportunities with a wealthy investor. "Gentrification," Ross explained, "the plague of modern affordable living."

The previous nest had been in an abandoned building set up for demolition, but, according to Ross, skeeters never spawned in the same place twice. He had apparently undersold his experience dealing with the creatures. "They'll find a similar place that's near their feeding ground, but as far from where they spawned as possible. They spread exponentially, but always stay a certain distance from one another. When they can't find a place suitable, they book it to a different city. Once a nest of four reach their spawning point, that usually scatters two or three of them to new places. Based on the number of bodies found at the first spot, we're only at the first spawn."

Working together, he and Deacon quickly canvased the three potential locations. The third turned out to be the most promising, but their first sweep found nothing. Ross wanted to double check, making Deacon repeat the phrase "I'll see it, even if it's not there," over and over as they searched. At the third building, they found loose teeth and bone powder beneath a window.

"Odds on us really freaking out some meth addicts?" Ross asked as they huddled on either side of a dark doorway. The front had been nailed shut, but the back door was shattered open.

"Those are probably more dangerous than a skeeter, right?"

"Definitely. More paperwork if you shoot one, too." Ross grimaced and caught Deacon's accusatory gaze. "What? You never got spooked by something when looking for a hell beast?"

"No," Deacon answered.

"Well, then it's good you're going in first."

Deacon rolled his eyes and swept into the dark house. Everything was still and silent. His flashlight moved slowly across the walls. The back door led into the house's small kitchen, which had apparently been gutted and not used since. Deacon led the way, stepping cautiously to avoid the crunch of broken glass. Ross had told him that skeeters would go into a fugue state that was one loud breath away from full alertness. The second room looked like a bombed out rat's nest. Refuse and torn cloth was piled into heaps, but gave no sign of anything out of the ordinary. The next room took them to the front of the house, and Deacon went still. The light focused on the rear of the front door where bloody hand prints covered the heavy planks. Ross moved up beside him. The other agent's eyes lost their playful antagonism. Ross directed his light to the stairs and gestured at the bloody footprints leading down them. Steeling himself,

Deacon checked the final room, and then turned his attention to the second floor.

The stairs creaked, but the blood was dry. Deacon didn't know if that was a promising sign or not. When they reached the upstairs, he counted three rooms and a smaller door, likely a bathroom. He also noticed the dark stain halfway down the hall. Ross moved around him and positioned himself by the first door. Opening it slowly, their lights swung in to shine on a few piles of dust. They moved on to the next and repeated the entry. The second room had another large spot where blood had weakened the floor. Both agents scowled at it, neither sure of what it indicated. A mattress and chains were in the room as well, along with other small bits of trash and used food containers. The smell was far from pleasant. Moving on, they checked the third room finding it unusually clean, occupied only by another mattress. Deacon slowly relaxed until he heard the faintest hint of movement coming from the bathroom.

Ross held up a hand and moved to check. The area in front of the mirror was clear, but small, pale fingers clamped the edge of the bathtub. The drew back slowly as Ross approached. He tossed a look back to Deacon. Trying to be reassuring, Deacon nodded in return. Ross took a heavy breath.

Flinging back the curtain sent the creature into a high pitched screech. Ross ignored it, grabbing the thing by the throat and hauling it out of the bathroom. He slammed it into a wall as its face stretched wide, fangs gleaming in the light. Deacon kept his gun trained on it while Ross shouted at it to calm down. Long seconds passed before the thing was subdued. Following Ross's instruction, Deacon kept his eyes on the thing's fangs, not allowing himself to forget what they were dealing with. "What happened here?" Ross asked. "Answer my questions, and I'll give you a nice bloody treat."

"Liar," the thing growled.

"Maybe. Don't answer the questions, and I'll turn you into a blood splatter like whatever happened to your spawnmate. Tell me what happened."

Deacon was shocked to see the thing look afraid. He'd never had a case where the anomaly looked so overwhelmed by fear. Other creatures he'd encountered showed plenty of malice or rage, but none of them had ever been afraid, not even as they were destroyed. Notably, this one wasn't afraid of him or Ross, but something else. "Did something attack you?"

The creature's eyes fixed on him, "Something attacked."

"Careful," Ross growled as he maintained his grip. "They don't do higher reasoning well, but they can twist your questions. We need to know if she's the only one left."

Deacon nodded. Since the creature remained focused on him, he asked, "Where is your spawn mate?"

In answer, the creature's eyes darted to the blood stain in the hallway.

“Well, that accounts for one,” Ross said.

Deacon slightly lowered his gun. The thing’s teeth looked fascinating. He wondered how sharp they could be to so easily and cleanly puncture skin. “The other stain,” he said, “in the room. What made that stain?”

“Skye spawned. Skye became Stars. Stars crawled away. Stars hid. Skye died. Sunny died. Stars stayed hidden.”

“Any others?” Ross asked.

The creature ignored him. Deacon felt its gaze boring into him. “He would have killed us, too. Spawning not fast enough. Too much. But you. You are enough. I would love to taste you.”

Deacon was ready to let her. His focus drifted up slowly until he was looking at her eyes. Deep pools of black that invited him to do wicked things to her body. A deep thought in his head stirred to life. *The other male will take her from you. Kill him. Claim her. Feed her.*

“Ah, shit. Guess interrogation is over.” Ross hurled the creature to the ground and snapped off a shot before Deacon’s scream left his lips. The bullet tore through the skeeter’s head. As it did, her body rippled and collapsed. All her features melted into nothing more than a splash of blood that rapidly congealed. Deacon’s scream died immediately, and he nearly fainted. Ross held him up while keeping one hand on Deacon’s gun. “Good?”

“Yeah, I’m good,” Deacon answered as the world righted itself. “Hate when they fuck with my head.”

“You held out longer than most, if that’s any consolation.” Ross let go of him and turned to survey the area. He scratched his head and holstered his gun. “Shit. What a fucking dead end this turned out to be. Nest this size can’t fit more than two. Not really more than one.”

“What did she mean?” Deacon asked. “Stars? Sky?”

“Names,” Ross said. “They usually latch on to some kind of conceptual thing. Had one nest that was all named shit like ‘shadow’ or ‘dusk’. This one apparently went with celestial terms. Not sure why they do it or how they decide. Some really fucked up word association game, probably.”

Deacon was only half listening. Something didn’t make sense, but his thoughts had been shaken around like a snow globe. “She said —”

“It,” Ross corrected him. “That thing wasn’t human. Forgetting that is a dangerous thing.”

“Right, sure, — *give me ten seconds to unscramble my brain you sanctimonious prick* — it said spawning wasn’t fast enough. Files say they require nearly ten victims before they reach a spawn state. At most, there’s three missing persons here. Maybe four. That’s not nearly enough, right?”

Ross shrugged, “Maybe they hooked a fish bigger than them. Ran afoul of the Jackal or something. That thing likes to prowl around college campuses. Not hard to think these skeeters wandered into someone else’s turf. You’re right though, two recently spawned would take at least eight victims each, usually over the course of months before they were capable of spawning. The garbage downstairs will probably have discarded clothes. We’ll call it in, and the sweep team will pick through it all. We can I.D. the bodies with dental records, maybe match that against the missing persons. See if we can’t get a look at the one that got away.” He pulled out his phone as he stepped over the cooling blood. “Teeth always survive. I think because it’s just fucking creepier that way.”

Clayton woke to a thundering in his ears and a feeling of pressure on his chest. He lurched up and gasped for breath only to feel the hard pinch of iron cutting into his wrists. His arms jerked against restraints, and he flopped back against the mattress in a daze. Sunny was nearby, reclined against a wall with her legs spread. Despite everything, seeing her fingers sliding along that slick opening caused a fresh pulse between his legs. She snaked her tongue over the two fangs, drawing her own blood and smearing it across her teeth. Clayton looked away from her, focusing instead on the other creature lingering between his legs.

Skye sat on her heels, naked as the other vampire. Her body was skeletal with nearly no fat or muscle on it at all. Only her face looked remotely healthy. He realized she’d had the rest of her body covered when they first encountered them outside of the bar. Her ribs and spine were distinct. Her stomach sunk was little more than a concave drum of skin stretched over her bones. The tips of her fingers had long nails that she grazed along his inner thighs. Her eyes, sunken and dark, peered at him as though she expected some kind of reaction. Clayton braced, waiting for the pull of her enchantment to drown him underneath vapid desire. Yet, he felt nothing.

“He resists,” Sunny said, a mocking lilt in her near monotone voice.

Skye frowned at him. “Weak. You should have shared the other.”

“Tasted too good. Too fresh. Wanted him. He loves me.”

“This one will love me,” Skye said back.

She bent down arching her emaciated form in an effort to entice him. He found nothing alluring about her, but Sunny had a body capable of stirring even a dead man to lust. Watching her was enough to cause his cock to swell, but something more filled the back of Clayton’s

thoughts. A metallic scent filled the air, and he knew it was coming from the other vampire. *From her arousal.* His heart quickened at the idea right as Skye's fang punctured his thigh. She made a small purr of eagerness that he barely registered over the sudden wave of heat scorching through his body. His gaze focused on Sunny. She seemed pleased as one hand toyed with her nipple and the other finally stopped teasing, sliding deep inside herself.

Clayton didn't know how long he watched, but when the slurping at his thigh stopped, he looked back at Skye to see her body convulsing in pleasure as she wiped his blood from her lips and licked it from the side of her hand. Her breasts grew from nothing to heavy teardrops capped by rose colored nipples. Her lips plumped into fattened rose petals while her hair became lustrous and curled. Her hips widened as they filled out with ample cushioning that was exceeded only by the jutting growth of her rear. She made a breathy sigh as she leaned further back and spread open her knees. Clayton immediately caught her scent, distinguishing it from Sunny's by the strange differences in metallic tones. *They both smell of blood.* His cock surged even harder at the thought. *I should be disgusted, horrified, afraid — why don't I?*

"See, sister," Skye said as she stood. "Mine is the better. Richer blood. Stronger heart. Yours won't last a week. Mine may last until I spawn."

Sunny looked pathetically chaste compared to the new and improved Skye, Clayton thought. He pulled against the chains again, pleased to hear the crank of bending metal as he did. He wanted to be free. He'd given her those tits and that ass. By right, he was the one who should get to fully enjoy them. With a growl in his voice that alarmed him he said, "Free my hands, and I will make your fangs curl while I pump you full of cum."

"Spirit!" she squealed as she knelt down between his legs again. "Be a good meal and let me taste you here first. Then, if I'm not too full, I'll let you play." Her fiendish tongue licked along the side of his aching cock as she wiggled her ass to tantalize him. Those puffy lips closed around the head of his cock while her tongue swirled over the wet slit at the tip. Clayton knew his precum was intoxicating her, driving her wild. She moaned as more of his cock slid into her mouth. Her fangs grazed along the top, not cutting, but teasing. He wanted her to take more. She was an inhuman monster, no reason she couldn't shove his whole cock down her throat.

All of it? What am I thinking? She's a fucking parasite. The protest was a weak one considering she'd brought her hands up to tug on his cum laden balls, but something more curious had drawn his attention. Skye's body had changed, but so had his. He remembered that Patrick's dick had been half erect after the vampire's bite. Maybe Skye was already having a similar effect on him. *Cause my dick is definitely bigger than it should be.* As she pulled back to the tip, Skye seemed to realize it as well. The head pressed against her lips, barely fitting as she pulled back and stroked him. Unwilling to relinquish her prize that easily, she sank back down, undulating her tongue along the underside of his shaft. "Do it," he growled. "Bite me while I cum down your throat." *While I what?!*

The creature's next moan buzzed through his whole body and sent him over the edge. The first spurt of cum made it halfway up his cock before her fangs instinctively sank into his

flesh. Pleasure roared through Clayton's mind. He'd never felt anything so perfect or exquisite. He *needed* to touch her. With a roar, he jerked both arms hard against the restraints. They snapped the chains clean. His hands grabbed hold of Skye's head, forcing her to stay locked onto his erupting cock. His hips bucked upward into her mouth as more and more of him poured into her. With each shudder, her body quaked with growth. He thought she was a wet dream already, but she was rapidly approaching fertility goddess. *I can feel her tits growing between my legs. Nnngh, that ass. I have to feel that fucking ass.*

As his orgasm subsided, Skye's fangs retracted. She released her hold on his cock with a content gurgle. "Now play?"

Clayton watched the small punctures rapidly heal. His cock throbbed. It looked more monstrous than anything either of the vampires had done so far. It had to be at least twice as big as he remembered. "Yes," he groaned. "Now play."

Moving with his eerie speed, he slid around behind her. Skye moaned and pulled her wobbling cheeks open for him. He paused a moment to admire the slick opening and to draw in her scent. *A plaything*, a voice inside his head told him. *A key*. Clayton ignored it. He refused to be distracted from his lust. His hand pressed into the impossibly soft cushions of her ass as he pushed her open wider with one knee. The head of his cock teased at her slit while he watched her massive breasts quake from the movement. Right before he slid into her, he glanced at the other vampire. "Once I've pumped this one full, you'll be next," he said. The other vampire shivered with need as he sank into the blazing heat.

He didn't wait for her to adjust and suspected she didn't need to. Though her walls gripped him with agonizing pleasure, he felt no resistance as he shoved his full length into her. The hard smack of his body hitting her plush ass made him smile. He only wished he could fuck her like this while also having her fangs in his cock. His balls ached for release — *already?* — and the creature speared on his length moaned for it. He thrust into her, quick and hard, over and over. The thing bit into her own hand, drinking down her blood as she squealed around the sensations his cock caused. His eyes grew heavy with need as he neared his climax. "Hope you're ready, you fucking slut. Cause I'm about to fuck you so full of my cum that you'll be the enchanted one, blessed by my huge cock." With a final grunt, he slammed into her and erupted.

The waves of pleasure rolled up his length before spraying into Skye's depths. Her moans became shrieks. Between the euphoric peaks, Clayton grinned at how easily he'd turned the tables on the two of them. He didn't have any idea how he'd so easily bent two monsters to the will of his cock, but he wasn't going to complain. Until the one impaled on his dick started to rip herself in half.

"Too much. SPAWNING!" Skye bleated out the word as her head seemed to both move to the right and stay in the same place. The effect continued down her neck and shoulders and all the way to her hip. Little by little, with each spurt of cum milked out of Clayton's cock, another woman was pulling herself out of Skye's body. As she did, Skye shrank, the mass redistributed into a completely new form. *Goddamn vampire mitosis*. As though possessed, his hands gripped

her even harder as though trying to force the two entities to stay together. *Not until I'm done fucking this tight pussy.*

His cock was still twitching inside of Skye as the new creature's head popped out of its creator. The two heads looked dazed even as their torsos snapped apart. All four tits jiggled as they tried to get their orientation. Clayton's strokes became languid and deep as he watched the duplication move closer to her ass. He swatted her ass as her walls tightened to an unbearable level. *Because my cock's about to be guillotined between two separating cunts.* He pulled out with a hard jerk sending a fresh splash of cum over her rippling cheeks as the new creature fell out of Skye's body. He looked at the two of them for a minute before focusing back on Skye. "I wasn't done," he growled. Yanking her ankle up in the air, he spun her to her back and sank easily back into her welcoming snatch.

Give her more. Drown her in it. They thought to take your seed. To take your blood. Give them what they wanted. Show them what you are. Show them the price of their arrogance.

He roared as he emptied into her again. His skin burned as glowing runes blazed on his chest. The reflection of his glowing eyes peered back at him from the dark pools of the creature beneath him. Her face lost all hint of pleasure or satisfaction as it contorted. "Too much?" he asked petulantly. He pulled out again, jerking himself onto the creature's tits. As he did, her body tried to split again. *But there's not enough to do it.*

Clayton's gleeful malice diminished into gut twisting horror. He lurched back as Sunny screeched. Skye's face ripped in half. Her arm fell off in a splash of liquefying flesh. Clayton thought he would be sick, but new instincts pushed down the impulse. The other one, the newest freak, had gone. *How long was I fucking her?* Skye's body continued imploding, reducing down to nothing more than a bubbling pool of blood. Knowing he needed to escape, he fixated on the remaining obstacle. Sunny leapt to her feet and made for the door. Clayton followed.

He caught her halfway down the hall, and the world dimmed. He wanted to stop her and force her to let his friend free of the spell. Instead, one hand clamped on Sunny's shoulder while the other pried her head clean off her body. The husk disintegrated into another splash of blood. It coated his hands and feet, dots of the stuff up and down his body. He looked around, sniffing like an animal, but the other's scent had never registered. Even if it had, too much blood filled the house for him to discern anything. *Get Patrick. And get the fuck out of here.*

Kicking down the door wasn't as easy as tearing off the vampire's head, but he managed. Patrick was in a daze. Clayton figured that was better than resisting even if it meant he had to carry his naked friend out of the building. With some effort, he made it downstairs, carrying Patrick on one shoulder until he dropped him on the bottom steps. Desperate to escape the house of horrors, Clayton made a vain attempt to prise the boards nailing the front door shut. Apparently his new strength was tapped out. *Adrenaline rush all used up,* he figured. *They had to get us in here somehow though.* He quickly searched the rest of the house and found the back door broken open. He also found their clothes in piles of garbage along with running water in the kitchen. With some effort he got himself clean of blood and did the same for Patrick. As he

cleaned his roommate, the other young man responded strangely. Clayton did, too, but — *I'll deal with that shit later.*

Dressing himself went quickly. Dressing a half coherent Patrick was less efficient. Finally, he managed to get them out of the house and into some random neighborhood of abandoned buildings. Cursing, he wished he'd found his phone and lugged Patrick along. New issues quickly popped up. He was getting weaker by the second. Patrick seemed to be less able to support his own body weight with every step. *Supernatural bullshit aside, we lost a lot of blood in there.* He also realized with a shock that he had no way of knowing how long had passed since he'd left the alley. As he shuffled down the block hoping to find any kind of human to help him, a prickling feeling ran up the back of his neck.

Danger.

Clayton thought first of the vampire that got away. But then, he hadn't been afraid of those things even when he'd been at their mercy. Now, a cold spike of fear surged in his gut. At the end of the block, he saw headlights turning slowly toward him. Every bit of reason in his head said that no one in that car could be more dangerous than another ten minutes struggling by himself. But still, the voice warned him.

As the light spread near the sidewalk, Clayton lugged Patrick into the shadows between buildings, tucking them behind a short wall. He was at least glad to catch his breath.

“Hey, what’s happening?” Patrick asked in a whisper. “Where’s...uh...where’s that chick that wanted to fuck me.”

“Gone,” Clayton said. *I ripped off her head.* “Sit tight. I’m gonna get us out of this. Catching my breath is all.”

Patrick looked at him with suspicion before finally shrugging and slumping back against the dirty wall. “You’re a good wing man, Clay. Thanks for coming out tonight.”

Fucking hell. If he doesn't remember, I'll kill him.

Minutes of the Second Meeting of the As-Of-Yet-Non-Designated HSA Anomaly Task Force

“First order of business?” — Beaumont

“Establishing that we are not a task force,” — Ross

“Tabled. Second order?” — Beaumont

“Christ, Beaumont, we’ve had a hell of a night. Can we get the important bits down and

then get some sleep?” — Deacon

“Of course. Ahem, as of last night, that is August 19th, 2023, Agent Ross and Agent Deacon discovered and destroyed the remnant of an edunt anime nest. Details have been submitted for review. However, our investigation remains ongoing as to the nature of two victims. Agent Deacon?” — Beaumont

“Uhm, right. We have reason to believe that the edunt anime encountered some type of other anomaly. Evidence from the scene indicates that at least one, but likely two males escaped, destroying two of the edunt anime in the process. The surviving skeeter — sorry, edunt anime was interrogated before destruction. Though its information was inconclusive, it supported the theory that some being of greater power was able to overcome the edunt anime’s charms and fight back. Items recovered at the scene have provided no leads. However, uh, Ross you have that readout?” — Deacon

“Yes. We picked up some security footage from two blocks over. I guess I’ll describe it for the tape. The image depicts two males, young adults. Faces are not discernible. One is partially wounded. The other is of particular interest. Camera picked up a signal distortion on his chest. Rune symbol like those often found in other feeder cultures — well then what the fuck am I supposed to call them. Really? Fine. — found in other anima consumption species such as incubi or succubi.” — Ross

“We’re pursuing the investigation from this. We believe this person may be an unactivated Incubus who was triggered by the edunt anime attack.” — Deacon

“That would put a nice bow on things, wouldn’t it?” — Beaumont

“The fuck does that mean?” — Ross

“C’mon man. Think about who we work for. How often does anything get a neat bow?” — Deacon

“Are you sure neither of you want to try this pie?” — Beaumont

End of official minutes.