



Edited by
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UNTIL THE SUN RISES

Gay Vampire
Erotica

BRUNO GWÜNDER

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INTRODUCTION:

Good to the last drop

What's so alluring about the undead? Is it their charm? Their elegance? Or the fact that they know how to use their mouths?

Whatever the reason, vampire fetishes are as timeless and immortal as vampires themselves. And as diverse. From the terrifying Draculas of Bram Stoker and F.W. Murnau to the sexy heartthrobs of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *The Vampire Diaries*, neck nibblers are the archetypal bad boys—powerful, intelligent, beautiful creatures that are arrogant and predatory, live by their own rules, and are immune to mortal fears like death, heights, or blood. They're also incredibly romantic beings who understand the art of seduction and generally won't ruin the moment by talking too much.

Plus they love necking.

Featuring explicit tales from some of gay erotica's most prolific and acclaimed authors, *Until the Sun Rises* overflows with kinky scenarios of thirsty vampires who are eager for a taste of more than your blood. While any vampirologist will tell you that our nocturnal neighbors can have various cravings—from a victim's life energy or emotions to the earth's elements—up front here, of course, are those in search of some serious monster mashing.

Often labeled incubi or pranic vampires, these sex-driven night stalkers with considerable mileage (Come on, who wouldn't want a guy who's had hundreds of years of practice?) know how to bring out the best in us. "The irony that fucking a dead man made him feel alive did *not* escape him," writes Pink Rushmore of Jack, a lovestruck mortal in "Twice Shy." A similar resurrection is experienced by Riley, the deeply depressed virtual shut-in in Gregory L. Norris's "In the Casket," and Phil, the frustrated screenwriter in Landon Dixon's "Movie Monster Mayhem!"

Some of the stories in this collection depict the sexy frivolity of a vampiric fling (Rob Rosen’s “Little Sucker” and Michael Bracken’s “Moon Doggie and the Nightsurfers at Hammerhead Beach”) while others warn against the dangers of such an encounter. Whether these jugular junkies are offering us something we desperately want, as evidenced by Tommy in Vincent Lambert’s “The Coming Storm” and Zach in David Aprys’s “Irresistible,” or they’re just so desirable—like Alain in P.A. Friday’s “Inhuman Ecstasy”—that we’re temporarily blind to the risks of involvement, these tantalizing tales often leave us with lingering questions about our own depraved erotic wishes.

For example, when your boyfriend gets off with one of the living dead, should that be considered cheating? It’s not like he’ll bring home any diseases. That is, if he comes home at all. Sometimes a romp with an ancient bloodsucker can even bring people closer together, as is the case in Mark Wildyr’s “Black Snow” and Brett Lockhard’s “Shade of Night.” For others—like the insatiable Leo in Ryan Field’s “Sexual Transitioning”—a carnal binge is actually *necessary* to ensure a stable eternity. Or survival in the event of a zombie apocalypse, as evidenced in Chip Masterson’s “Swarm.”

The reason we’re so turned on by these crimson tide connoisseurs is simple: Vampires embody all the traits that we find desirable. They’re sexy, virile, and forever young—frozen in time at their sexual peak. They have a flair for seduction, an eagerness to penetrate with more than their eyes, and an insatiable need to suck things. (And they swallow, rather than spit.) Plus, they make us feel wanted. After all, their libidos and youth are rejuvenated by our blood and our spirit—and to get it, they’re not afraid to use their charm and massive strength to overpower us. (So long as we first invite them in.)

And if that’s not enough of an incentive, dating a vampire always leaves your days free.

Enjoy.

Winston Gieseke
Berlin

IN THE CASKET

Gregory L. Norris

In the weeks before the new tenant moved in to the big old house next door, shadows gathered around Riley and he fell into a state of deep depression. A spell of brisk rain cut the summer short, conjuring ugly, waxy mushrooms across the lawn. The normally bright colors inside Riley's New Englander lost their luster even when the lights were on, and sadness crept in through the windows and past the threshold.

Riley locked the front door in a town where few did. He started an odd pattern of going to bed earlier and sleeping in later, and dreamed strange scenarios about the past decades of his twenty-seven years of living and mostly ignored his present, which was steeped in gauzy mist and smothered by a growing sense of melancholy.

And then late one night he noticed a light coming from the back bedroom of his closest neighbor, a light where none should be. The big green house with the cream-colored shutters had sat vacant for the better part of two years. The previous renters were partiers who'd savaged the place and left behind enough trash to fill two dumpsters. Riley blinked; calcified sleep stung at his eyes. He pinched at their corners and sat up. The light from outside endured, no figment from a dream unwilling to end.

That side of the bed, the right, was only a few steps from the window. Months earlier in that time from another life when he still had a sense of humor, Riley often joked to himself—there was nobody else to yuck it up with in his modest home on Maple Street—that one wrong step and he'd spill through the window, roll down the section of metal roof above the sun porch, and keep on tumbling. Down the driveway, the road, and into the river, never to be seen again. During the maudlin weeks at the end of summer, the joke wasn't as funny as it had been at the beginning. He

wondered if all depressed single people thought up ever more terrifying scenarios about death and dying alone.

The cold hardwood floor tickled Riley's soles. Dressed only in a pair of black boxer-briefs that hugged his body with unpleasant tightness, he moseyed over to the window and opened the drapes. The red velvet panels that denied the sun entrance on the rare mornings when it visited parted, and Riley gazed through bleary eyes at the other house's back bedroom.

The room, empty of artwork and furniture, glowed under the glare of a bald bulb on the ceiling-mounted fixture. Rain plunked, striking the leaves of the big oak at the corner of his backyard and the metal roof. The notes played a sad instrumental soundtrack. At some point in the long seconds that followed, Riley realized his dick was stiff. He gave it a squeeze. Pins and needles rippled in concentric circles, engulfing the rest of his flesh. A shiver teased the nape of his neck. He fought it, failed. Before him was an empty room in an abandoned house.

Maybe the owner had visited to check out the state of the place and had forgotten to switch off the lights. Or someone had broken in. It was also possible that Riley was still asleep and dreaming.

Dreaming, sure. Perhaps he'd dreamed through the entire month of August—dreamed the days now stacked up into weeks of going through motions, aware of the coffee but not its taste, eating dinner but not because he was hungry, just out of habit. Maybe he was a corpse and didn't yet know it—he'd croaked alone in his house, his fortress, and was cursed to Limbo, land of lost souls. He sure felt dead.

Then movement stirred in the empty room. A figure entered and moved directly beneath the bare light bulb—a man. If he was dreaming, Riley mused with a humorless chuckle, he didn't want to wake up.

The man looked older than Riley, with short, dark hair in a neat cut and a face beyond the definition of classically handsome. As Riley's breaths came with increasing difficulty, he agreed the man was almost painful to behold because he was so insanely hot. Pale blue dress shirt was unbuttoned and hanging open, exposing a treasure trail of dark fur that cut him down to—

Still asleep, he had to be! This was simply one last dying gasp of lust manifested in an X-rated dream about to end wet, Riley thought. He was really asleep on his stomach, grinding his cock into the mattress in an attempt to rub out a nocturnal load. Only he caught himself sucking down

air and conscious of the world around him in strokes too concrete to be abstract. His new neighbor was naked apart from the shirt. Riley's eyes locked on the lush pelt of pubic hair beneath the man's defined abs. Lower, on the meaty dick hanging half-hard over two loose balls, the right sagging lower than its twin on the left. As Riley stared, the man's magnificent cock thickened fully without the help of a single stroke.

The man shuffled closer, his image cut off at the knees by the sill, the rest of his magnificence framed by the window. Riley forced his gaze up to see the man's vibrant blue eyes aimed back at him. Panic trumped lust. The drapes fell back in place. Riley stumbled away and landed on his spine atop the bunched bedclothes. Electricity pulsed through his blood, the spark originating at his cock. So handsome! The *handsomest* he'd ever crossed paths with.

The red velvet drapes mocked him, obstructing his view into the wonderland beyond the sun porch roof. The rain fell, its music in counterpoint against the rapid drum solo of his heartbeat. The organ had jumped out of his chest and into his cock, which had alchemized from flesh to steel.

"What the fuck ...?" Riley whispered out loud to the lonely room.

An answer came from somewhere beyond, not in words but energy and dark emotion. His dripping cock attempted to take aim at the window like a divining rod attracted to water, held back only by the cotton noose of his boxer briefs. Curiously, Riley choked down a heavy swallow to find his mouth had gone completely dry. On his feet again, he maneuvered toward the drapes, drawn forward by his erection. Every cell in Riley's body now served his cock. He was *all* cock.

Riley reached the window. In a daze, he pulled the drapes aside. Light from the other house spilled in and, long last, the gloom that had smothered the world for weeks lifted.

"Yes," Riley groaned, and smiled.

Days earlier, as the rain robbed the world of color and turned the inside of the house as well as the view outside into ashy shades of gray, Riley'd opened his yearbooks from school and jerked off to black and white photographs of his Western Civ teacher, gym teacher, and an endless succession of former classmates—faces and names he wouldn't have remembered otherwise.

Pumping his dick to old yearbook photos? Riley realized he'd surrounded himself with ghosts. Worse, his life force drained, he'd become one himself.

A man. In the house next door. In the window.

Riley rolled over. Sunlight streamed through the opened drapes. The heavy red velvet fabric ballooned, stirred by a warm breeze that kept the dreamy smile on his lips.

He jolted up, caught the stale sweat smell, that of sex between men, only to plummet back down, a drop that felt like falling into a bottomless pit. The room spun. Riley's cock pulsed. Sliding his right hand down, he found where all the blood draining from his face had gone. Outside in the oak tree, a mourning dove cooed its sad song.

Eyes closed, Riley's smile widened. He stroked his cock and relived the details.

The drapes opened. The man—so handsome that it hurt to gaze directly at him, like staring too long at the surface of the sun—was still there. He flashed a cocky smirk that showed a length of clean white teeth, the gesture more snarl than actual smile. One big hand worked his cock, pumping the shaft up and down and forcing the head out from moist folds of foreskin. He tugged at his nuts with the other.

Unable to look away, Riley sighed, "*Fuck.*"

His next sip of air proved almost impossible, as breathing was no longer easy or even involuntary. Unconsciously, he licked his lips. The man in the house next door offered a tip of his chin, that universal gesture between males that makes instant buddies out of strangers. He'd noticed Riley, acknowledged him—only the man's expression seemed equal parts hungry and horny.

The man stroked his thickness. Wetness glistened on the head and foreskin, its glow in the light of the bare bulb steadily hypnotizing Riley's eyes. The ever-present music from the rain waned; all he heard was the liquid telltale beat of his own heart.

Riley groped his erection and worked it free of his underwear. It wouldn't take much for him to shoot. And when he busted, it would be with the full force of the best nuttings of his life—and then some. Up and down, he watched the man's performance, matching the strokes.

What the fuck was going on, and how was this possible?

He thought the questions, but somehow they jumped out of his skull and past Riley's lips.

"I'm here because you need me ... and I need you," the man said, his voice a husky baritone. Sexy, it matched the rest of his components.

Riley blinked, and suddenly the man was directly outside his window, perched on the metal roof with cat-like grace. *Impossible*, Riley thought.

"Open up and invite me in," the man said.

Riley froze. Rain lashed the man's body. Up close, the full perfection of his limbs and muscles came clearly despite the broken quality of the light from the other house.

"How did you—?" Riley asked.

The man smiled. His cock pulsed left to right between his legs, moving under its own power. The man's balls flexed, too, his meaty tanks puffing visibly as the muscles of his dick exerted pull.

"Open up now," the man said, "or I'll look for another companion."

Their eyes again connected. The man's glowed with preternatural luminescence, like those of a wild predator caught in the glow of a car's headlights out on some desolate country road. Blue, the color of summer skies and morning glories and precious sapphires, only electrified. And unavoidable.

"No—stay," Riley said, and raised the window.

Light of a kind filled the room. An undercurrent of energy thrummed through the air, mimicking Riley's pulse, only from a bigger heart. A cosmic engine, he thought in that last rational moment before the man was there beside him. No, he wasn't simply a man but a force of nature. The cosmic engine was housed in his cock.

"Yes," the man said. He cupped Riley's chin in one big hand and gazed upon him like his was the most attractive face in the history of the world.

His other guided Riley's touch to the prize between his legs. Invisible fire crackled over Riley's fingertips, unleashing more cold than heat. Their mouths pressed together. The man's lips deepened the chill. Then Riley was on his knees beside the bed, high from the scent of rain on the man's skin, and none of his worries over the rest of the details challenged his excitement. For the first time in too long, Riley felt alive.

Sunlight streamed down. Through the splinters and spokes of gold, Riley relived the encounter in sips: rain-soaked shirt, smelling of the storm and

the man's natural scent, dropping to the floor beside large bare feet, lush leg hair, and those wild eyes when Riley glanced up.

In the morning, with sunshine spilling into the room and pins and needles gossiping over his flesh, Riley reached down and found his cock at its hardest mast, eager for attention. He gave it a pump. Pre-cum oozed between his fingers, making spit or other lubrication unnecessary. Riley sucked in a deep sip of air, held it, and then just as deeply released the bottled breath. A lusty grin formed on his lips.

Riley remembered.

He took the other man's cock into his mouth.

One hand on fur-covered leg muscles, Riley's other was full of balls, gently tugging, rolling stones around in their hairy sac. The fullness pressed on his tongue in response. The taste of his handsome night visitor's flesh, salty at its tip, killed the last of his doubt.

Riley sucked the man's dick, and the invisible weight stacked onto his shoulders over the years evaporated. A lightness washed through him. If not for the man's dick between his lips and his hand on the back of his head, keeping him grounded, Riley imagined his body levitating off the floor. Through the bedroom window, fulfilling that scenario ... only instead of tumbling down, down to the river, he'd float up into the turbulent night sky.

It was OK to provide oral sex to this man, perfectly acceptable in the greater scheme of things to lick his balls, to hunger for his feet, his ass, his seed. Lightning crackled in the distance and thunder boomed, but the world didn't topple off its axis and the gods didn't unleash their rage upon the rest of the universe because one male showered affection on another's dick. As he attempted to deep-throat the man's cock all the way to the balls, it struck Riley that the only damned soul in the room was his, and he'd condemned it through so many years of denial.

A dream—this had to be a scenario playing out of his imagination, the most elaborate dream ever. Dreams could be liberating, and this one gave him permission to tongue behind the man's meaty nuts, to bury his nose in the lush curls wreathed around his dick, to suck harder, faster, savoring the taste of his cock-sock and knowing the man was quickly growing close to climaxing. Riley also knew he would swallow down the load once it squirted across his tongue—because none of this was real.

The man tensed and drove his dick in fully. A grunt sounded overhead in counterpoint. Wetness sprayed the roof of Riley's mouth. He gulped it down. A dream, nothing more.

"Oh fuck, yes!" the man groaned.

Several additional shots followed. At one point, the hand on the back of Riley's skull reached lower, grabbed him around the shoulder, and drew him back to his feet. Riley's eyes again fell into the gravity of the man's hypnotic blue gaze. A shiver tripped down his spine.

The man crushed his mouth over Riley's. They kissed. The pressure from Riley's dick, now stabbing into the meat of the man's spent erection, and the knowledge that the handsome stranger willingly tasted himself on their damp kisses, teased him to the edge. But before Riley's dick started to shoot, the man's mouth slid from cheek to throat. Electricity cascaded over Riley's flesh. The man sucked at tender skin, harder and with greater lust according to his rabid grunts. The scrape of teeth drew a moan from Riley's lips.

A hickey? Riley closed his eyes, right as the mildly painful jolts pushed his cock past the precipice.

He came again in the wash of morning sunlight. The wide smile on Riley's face persisted. A dream, yes. The best dream in history.

Riley slipped out of bed and moseyed into the upstairs bathroom to wash his hands. Standing half-hard, his eyes drifted toward the mirror above the sink and, for a startling instant, his reflection seemed only half there. He blinked, and his naked body solidified in front of his eyes, enough for him to notice the bruise on his throat, a purple blemish with four raised scabs, perfectly spaced like bite marks.

He wandered back into the bedroom to see that the window facing the empty house was open.

Riley paced. If those two elements of the previous night were real, had the rest of it happened? He scratched at the beard that had started out as day-old scruff weeks earlier and steadily thickened over the course of the summer's end.

A light where none should be. A man in a house where nobody lived. And what a man at that!

A man. Riley choked down a dry swallow and reached for the sweating glass on the counter. The rush of bubbles drove out his discomfort enough

and allowed him to think. He touched his throat. Riley's dick twitched in his loose-fit cotton jogging shorts. Heat soared around him, reminding him of the fullness of his balls, which hung heavy without the constriction of underwear.

The man couldn't be real. The memory of the dream—if it was a dream—pushed him back to full stiffness. Riley scratched at his nuts and adjusted his cock. His toes curled in his sneakers, and the day's temperature instantly doubled.

Riley's cock tempted him to stroke it and relive the encounter. But the strange details soon had his feet in motion. Out of the house, into the sunlight, and down the driveway. He crossed through the strip of neatly mown lawn on his side of the property line, past the big oak tree in the backyard, and then through the tangled overgrowth beyond.

The For Sale sign was where he expected to find it—YOU'RE INVITED TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE it read beneath an Internet address for a virtual tour. Riley marched past the sign and up the front steps, aware of his tick-tocking erection. He knocked. Nobody answered. Riley's heart hammered in his ears. He knocked again, reached down to adjust his crotch, and winced. After standing at the door for another minute that felt more like an hour, he gave up and plodded home.

He'd always known he was attracted to men, but growing up in a conservative family Riley learned to keep the truth close to his heart. Maybe the intense desire for male companionship he'd walled up behind emotional brick and mortar had finally caused him to snap. There was no man in the house next door—the handsome demon-angel was simply a figment created by a mind that had lived in the closet too long and gone crazy over guilt and regret.

A balmy summer breeze swept through the house. Riley struggled to breathe, aware of his erection and the building pressure. Both the depression and the storm were over, the rain gone. Color and light had returned to the world. An illusion of happiness, too. But at what cost?

Night swept over the town. Riley ascended the stairs and plodded into his bedroom. At the back window, he opened the drapes. The house beyond sat dark. He stared and waited. Riley's cock pulsed. He groped its thickness and again heard the cadence of his heartbeat, broadcast out of his body and into the shadows.

A light switched on in the room across from his. Riley moaned a breathless, “*Fuck*,” and worked his fingers into his shorts. Wide eyes scanned the room’s bare walls for any sign of life. A flash of motion flickered from the periphery—there one moment, gone the next.

“Riley,” growled a masculine baritone.

For a second or so, Riley couldn’t be sure if the voice was real or only inside his head—wishful thinking and further proof he’d come undone. Then he turned and froze. Blue eyes glowed in the dark. The man’s body materialized around them.

“You,” Riley gasped. “You’re real!”

The man stepped closer. Riley attempted to match him in retreat. The backs of his legs met the windowsill. Warm air surged up, a reminder of the drop to the roof below and the danger of falling, falling, dying beyond.

The man’s lips formed a crooked smile. “Very real. My name’s Derek.”

“How did you get in here?”

“You invited me.”

The drapes billowed. Riley stepped away from the window, and he and the handsome intruder did a slow circle that again put Riley near the bed.

“Do you want me to go?”

Riley sucked down a breath and smelled the seductive scent of the intruder’s skin. The man—a magnificent demigod—folded his arms and waited for an answer. Riley saw that his visitor’s chest was bare.

“I—” he stuttered.

“If you don’t want me here, just say so.”

“Did you bite my neck?” asked Riley.

“Did you suck my dick?” Derek countered, his voice cool and confident, matching his grin. “Because if you did, we both got exactly what we wanted.”

Derek uncrossed his arms and stepped forward.

“What we *needed*.”

Riley’s feet tangled. He dropped onto the bed. Derek strutted up to him, and he saw the other man’s magnificent body was as bare beneath the waist as above. Derek’s cock metronomed back and forth at its hardest, head protruding fully from a ring of damp foreskin. Riley’s mouth watered.

“I heard your sadness, felt the hurt in your heart, and thought we should help one another. I know what you need.”

Riley forced his eyes back up to Derek's. "Heard my sadness? What are you?"

"I can offer you a chance to forget all your ridiculous guilt, to explore and enjoy every one of your secret lusts," Derek said. "I can give you happiness. But only if you want it."

Riley considered the man's words without comment. Derek shrugged and turned toward the window, his bare feet whispering across the floor, as though levitating just above the hardwood.

"Wait," Riley called. In the seconds he struggled to get the word past his lips, Riley saw himself lost in the house, only partially there. A living ghost. Alone.

Derek halted and spun around. The other man flashed a sharp smile on his return to the bed. He seized Riley's face in his hands and crushed their mouths together. Riley's racing pulse jumped out of his body and drummed through the heat and darkness. Mouths locked. Hands groped. Derek freed him of what little covered his body, and their cocks wrangled like their tongues.

The kiss broke. Derek straightened and guided his dick toward Riley's lips.

Riley woke in a pool of sunlight. He licked his lips and tasted the dregs of Derek's nectar. Riley's cock pulsed in response. He briefly groped his dick before fingers wandered back up to his throat. His smile widened.

He slipped out of bed and padded naked down the stairs, aware of the lightness in his steps. He paused at the door to the basement. There, Derek's voice played in his thoughts.

I need an assistant who will protect me during the daylight. In exchange for your loyalty, I promise to protect you and care for all of your needs as well.

"Derek," he sighed.

Riley closed his eyes and jerked his cock. He couldn't remember a morning when he'd felt happier. A dead man had brought him back to life.

SHADE OF NIGHT

Brett Lockhard

Through the window Ethan looked past the full branches of the giant oak. Beyond it the azure sky was expansive and hopeful. He lingered here, his mind quiet, relishing the tranquility of the cottage he had rented with his partner Jack, who slept beside him. These were halcyon minutes, his eyes soft in the early day, the sunlight gentle as it splashed into the bedroom. All of it belied the first of the season's leaves beginning to yellow outside, a harbinger of what was to come.

Waking up slowly next to him, Jack dragged his hand through the hair of Ethan's broad chest, and the touch of it sent his cock surging within seconds. He felt the ridges of Ethan's indomitable abs and looked up to admire the creases that had just started forming around his deep set green eyes. He reached for Ethan's monster-thick cock—a thing of so much rank fantasy over the years, a thing that now proved useful on mornings like these, mornings that accommodated the passion that still tore through him after all this time together.

With not a word yet spoken, Jack kissed a path through the soft fur of Ethan's stomach and finally, gratefully, stopped to inhale the warm musk of the man's pubes. His tongue made a familiar pass around the head of Ethan's nine-inch cock. He licked carefully at first, wetting the entire tip and an inch of the shaft, pulling back to tease him, then approaching again, this time sucking but still only at the head. Ethan watched intently, excited by the way his pre-cum stretched from Jack's lips when he pulled away. He waited for the predictable surge that told Jack it was time to take it all. Ethan's cock head swelled, unfathomable though it might seem to grow even bigger, and Jack dove hungrily on it. Ethan liked to watch as the inches disappeared. Reaching the back of the throat, he waited for Jack's steadying inhale