



Eat
Prey
Blood

By Dana Ellington

BECOMMING

So you're a vampire. Perhaps you're brand new or maybe you've been doing this for a long, long, LONG while. Either way, here you are with this book in your hands, wondering, how my story could possibly be helpful.

Well, it's because I was a vampire just like you. For twelve years, I managed to thrive as a freelance travel blogger and find my soul mate, all while learning to live as a member of the undead.

I wrote this book for those of you who may feel like a human trapped in a blood sucking monstrous vessel. I want you to instead embrace your new found existence so you can awaken to your predators' prowess and know that you are not alone.



As far as vampire bites go, the one I got sucked. It was so not how I'd pictured it. I mean it wasn't anything like what they show in the old movies. You know the scene, the sexy vampire has the woman in a loving embrace. She's usually leaning or reclining back in his arms and he's there chewing on her neck, in a gentle, 'we're just making out' sort of way.

Yeah, I wish. Instead, I was curled up on my side, twitching like a woman possessed as this dry withered thing damn near ripped my throat to pieces. I mean that thing was ANCIENT. He made the crypt keeper from that old TV show look like a Hollywood leading man. He smelled of rot, and mold, and all things damp underground. I didn't have any super powers or magic to rely on so really, there's no way to know just how old this thing was. I would have thrown up from the stench of him for sure had he not been making a mess of my throat.

I blamed Travis¹. As far as I was concerned, it was all his fault. Feeding me that romantic bullshit about how our first weekend away together would be so great if we spent it camping instead of in some fancy hotel with indoor plumbing and soft beds. I thought I was in love with Travis so I agreed. And I guess I was in love with him, right up until the apparition misted out of the air at the edge of our campsite.

You know how your brain just refuses to make sense of something when it seems so far outside the realm of normalcy? My brain doesn't usually work that way. I tend to take things as they appear so of course, as soon as I saw the corpse, I thought zombie or vampire. Either way, our geeses were cooked. We should run.

I jumped up and got ready to beat feet. Travis on the other hand must have thought someone was playing a joke on us and proceeded to walk toward the creature. That's when I stopped being in love with him. How could I love somebody so flippin' stupid? I knew he'd seen the movies, because I was the one playing them dang near every time

¹ Of course his, and my name obviously, have been changed to protect our identities.

he came over. However it worked out, any idiot knows you don't walk TOWARD the monster. Any idiot except Travis apparently.

But whatever. He got about five feet away from It when I think it finally dawned on him that something was horribly wrong with this picture. About that time the corpse did this crazy, slithery run, jump move. Travis screamed like a little girl and tried to run. Buuut, he didn't quite make it. The beastie leapt on him like stink on shit. I didn't stick around for the carnage, but I could hear it clear enough even over my breathing as I took off into the woods back down the short trail to Travis' Jeep.

I almost made it. Had my hand on the handle when this dry, flaky hand - I equated the feel of it to the flaky crust on a gourmet pastry - closed on my shoulder. When I tell you It had a grip, please believe me. I heard my clavicle break, my shoulder blade snapped as well.

I didn't scream though. Any horror movie fans who are annoyed at the one chick who screams her head off at the first hint of drama would have been proud. I didn't know it at the time but I was saving those loud, throat bursting sounds for when he spun me around and I got to be face to face with the dead thing walking. The eyes weren't the worst. Jet black, no pupils, just all black. I could handle that.

What drove me to finally start screaming was that patches of his face didn't exist anymore. I could see straight through his cheek at the skull and what little muscle lay beneath. There were of course the crazy long, sharp canines. Of which, I could only see the one on the side where the cheek and some of the lips were missing. There was a patch missing over his left eye as well. Not much to see there except the grey of the skull beneath.

Right about then, my brain sort of clicked over to straight crazy mode and I screamed. A couple of real blood-curdlers as the great writers might have written. I'm willing to bet a bunch of the other campers had nightmares that night after hearing me scream like that. Providing that the dead thing hadn't done away with them already. I wasn't really caring at that point. He let me scream for a good minute before just launching himself at my neck.

Even in crazy mode, I tried to protect myself. I dropped to my knees as best I could with him attached to my neck like some freakishly large Sy-Fy movie mutated leach. I curled my legs up trying to maybe get my knees between us but as you know, vampires are awesomely strong. He just kept chewing and I kept trying to get away.

It was really kind of funny in a sad, "you know there's no hope for you surviving this", kind of way. I'd always imagined getting bit as a more sensual type activity. There'd be soft light; the vampire would be some sexy, hunk of masculinity who would have used his powers of beguilement to make me want the bite. At some point in the biting, I'd have the most powerful orgasm ever, then pass quietly into the darkness that would mean either death or I'd transformation.

I was hoping for transformation. Somehow though, I didn't think that would be the case as I lie just a foot away from the truck, curled into the best imitation of a fetal position I could manage, with the world's oldest non-living blood sucker giving me the world's most serious and most likely fatal hickey.

Damn Travis and his camping trip.



Sunlight. Never thought it would give me the grief it gave me that morning. I crawled under the truck and lie there waiting for the burning to subside. I thought about sleeping, even made a good run at it but I kept coming awake whenever the sun inched around the vehicle. Did you know that there are a ton of gaps in the body of a Jeep Grand Cherokee, vintage 2008?

Let me tell you, there are. Spots of sunlight chased me all around the ground underneath that thing. I got burned like an ant underneath a relatively small but intense magnifying glass. I dozed, got burned, moved, dozed again. Yeah, the idea that I was still alive did manage to creep into my consciousness as did the remembrance of how I died the night before. Seriously, I felt that thing make me good to the last drop. It's a weird feeling when your heart is trying to pump air. It was lights out at that point.

I have read accounts of out of body, near death experiences, and 'I died but came back', stories. There was no tunnel, no bright light. No image of loved ones waiting to carry me on to the other side. I was actually looking forward to at least seeing my life flash before my eyes.

I'd lived quite the life up to that point; full of adventures and such. You see, right before I finished college, I dropped out. Sold my few belongings for a plane ticket to London. From there I did my best imitation of a nomad and spent a year wondering around Europe. It was hard, working all those dirty, basement low paying jobs, but I ate regularly, made a bunch of friends and lived life on my own terms.

I got to walk around places that were as old, if not older, than that thing that bit me. I'd started a travel blog which brought a bit of notoriety and eventually a small, but steady stream of income. I graduated to doing YouTube which added a medium sized, steady stream of income, and by the time I got bit, I had been globe hopping with a bit of style.

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