

Chapter One:

Bound In Blood



The Erotic Journey of a Vampire



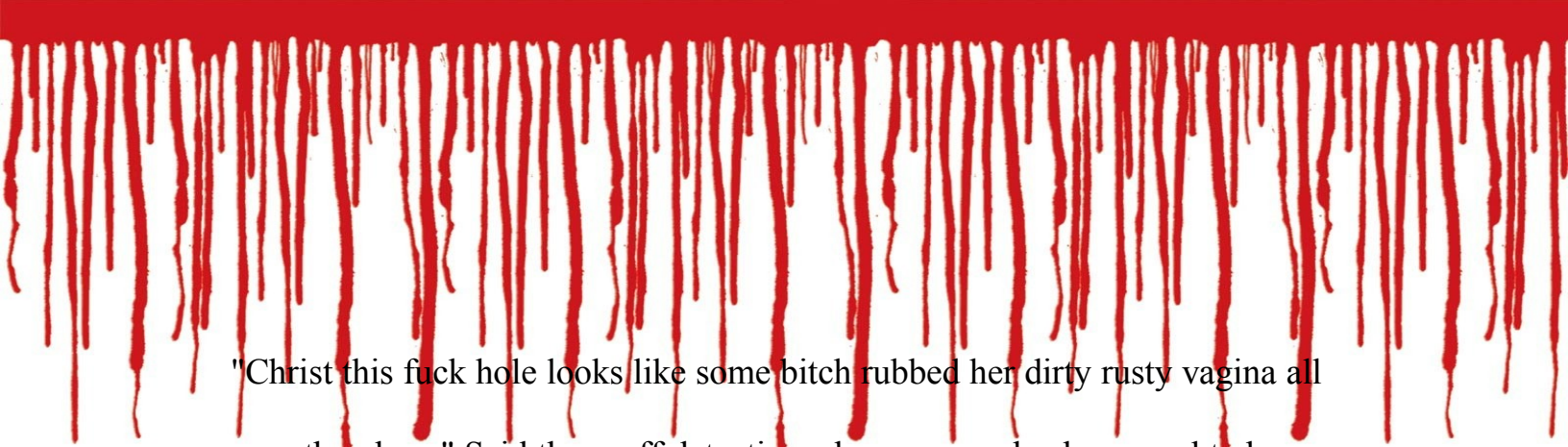
Blood.

Blood covered the walls, floors, and certain parts of the ceiling and bathroom of the dimly lit bar that for some reason had non-working radios all over the walls. Body parts scattered about the floor were also covered in a red-blood-like substance- possibly strawberry syrup.

"I'm too hung over for this shit." thought the protagonist that is yet to be named.

"You are such a little fucking baby." said the antagonist that is yet to be named.

"Bumble bees," yelled Bobby the wedgie picker. Bobby loved picking wedgies, why he was at a crime scene was uncertain and yet to be ascertained.



"Christ this fuck hole looks like some bitch rubbed her dirty rusty vagina all over the place." Said the gruff detective whose name also happened to be Bobby.


"Isn't it amazing that both of our names are Bobby?" said the other Bobby

"Yes," said Bobby, "This is sure to not be confusing at all."

"Maybe we should do some ballistic tests." said Bobby who knew nothing about detective work

"Nah don't force it if its not there that's like fucking a fat girl in the ass without lube." said Bobby.

That Bobby! Bobby was a naughty protagonist. Bobby had a strong penchant for shitty words that nobody uses anymore, like penchant. Bobby



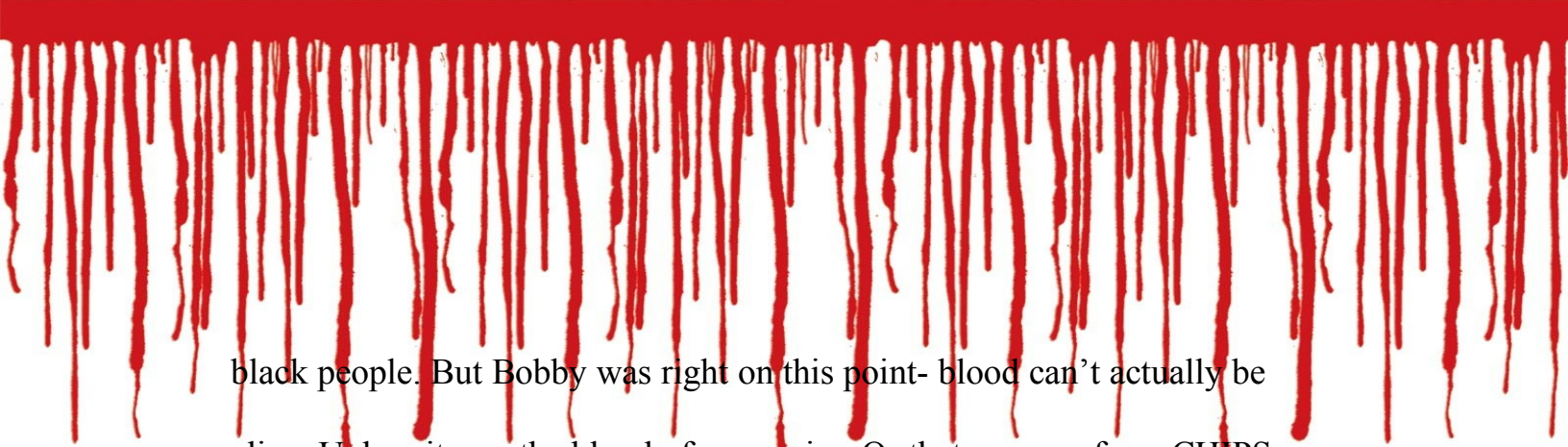
was a bulky six feet tall and weighed in just a pinch over 400 pounds. That fact alone will makes this the grossest erotic fiction ever.

Bobby began to strip naked, because that's how he does his best detective work. Layer after layer was slowly peeled off of his fat, sweaty, gravy covered body.

"You know I've been thinking about changing my name to Bobbi, with an I." Bobby, still spelled with a y, said as he dipped his penis in blood. "Wait a minute!" He screamed slamming his penis against a wall. "This blood is still alive!"

"You fuck-tard blood can't be alive." Said the antagonist Bobby who used words like fuck-tard. This sure was a literary crowd.

Antagonist Bobby was wrong about a lot of things. Like how he thought that slavery should be reinstated but this time calling it funnery as to confuse



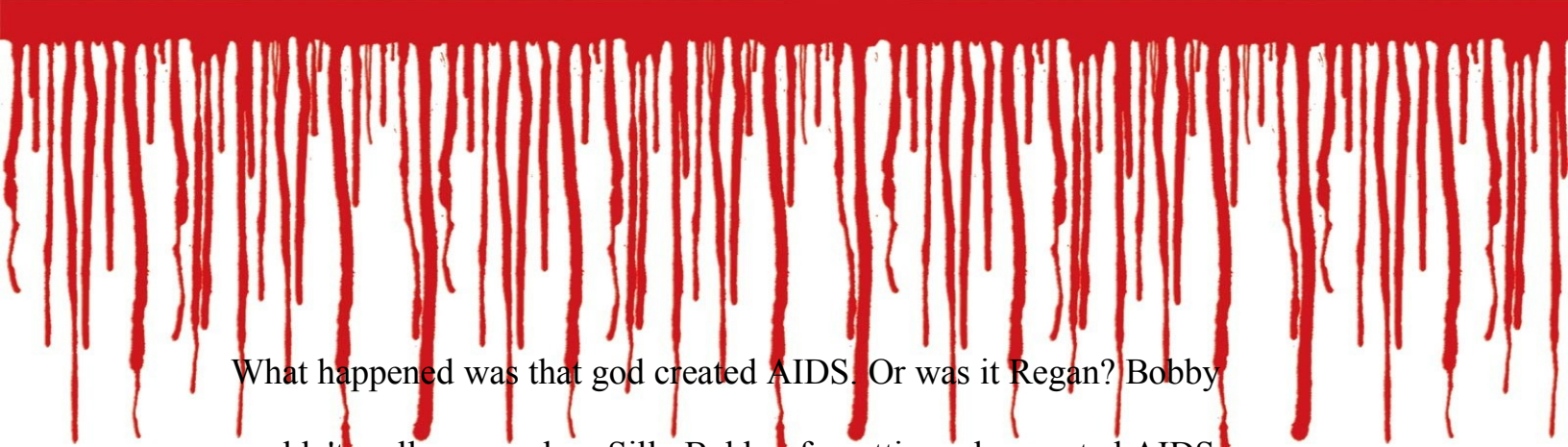
black people. But Bobby was right on this point- blood can't actually be alive. Unless it was the blood of a vampire. Or that gay cop from CHIPS.

"Hi, I'm that gay cop from CHIPS." said the gay cop from CHIPS as he entered the bar. "Why doesn't anyone remember me?"

Bobby and Bobby looked at each other, confused as to why they were suddenly rubbing bacon on the floor.

"You guys making omelets?" asked the gay cop from CHIPS.

Then suddenly, something happened. Something so extraordinary, so powerful, that it would change the course of the rest of this book. Something mind blowing and amazing, that if it were shown in a movie would be a shit load of CGI, camera effects, and pyrotechnics.



What happened was that god created AIDS. Or was it Regan? Bobby couldn't really remember. Silly Bobby, forgetting who created AIDS, thought Bobby as he looked sensually into Bobby's chestnut eyes.

“Oh, Bobby.” said Bobby.

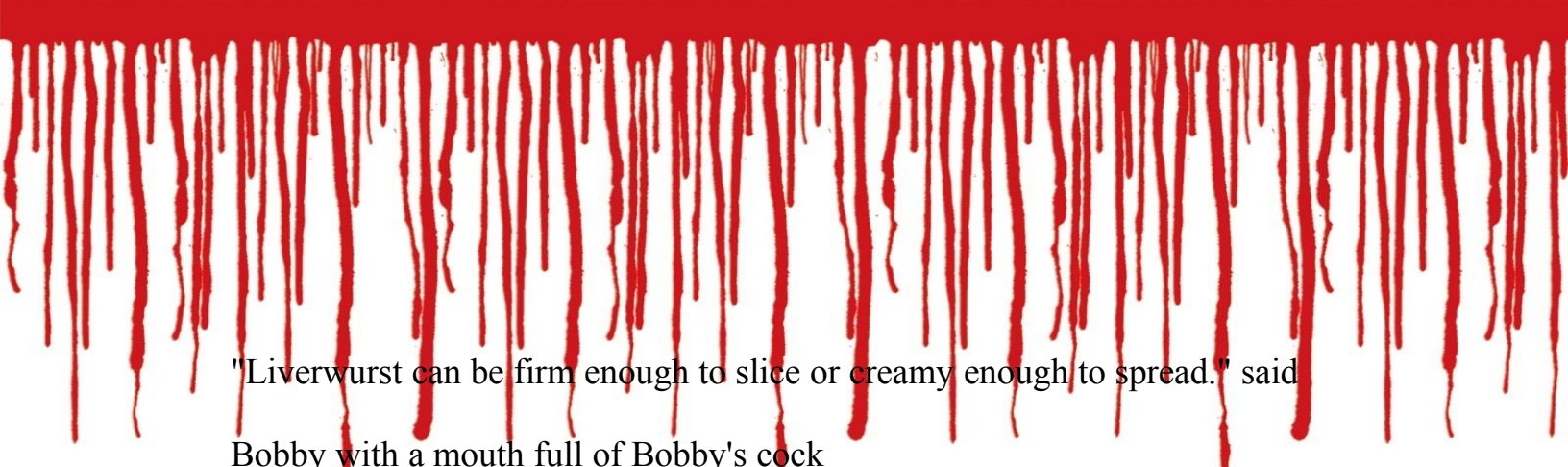
“Yes, Bobby?” murmured Bobby.

“It’s just... no I cant say it.” whispered a blushing Bobby. “It would be so ...”

“No we cant, not here, not now.” announced Bobby.

“I’m the gay cop from CHIPS.” said the gay cop from CHIPS.

"Liverwurst is made from at least 30 percent pork liver mixed with pork or other meats." Bobby said as he began to lick up Bobby's side toward his armpit.

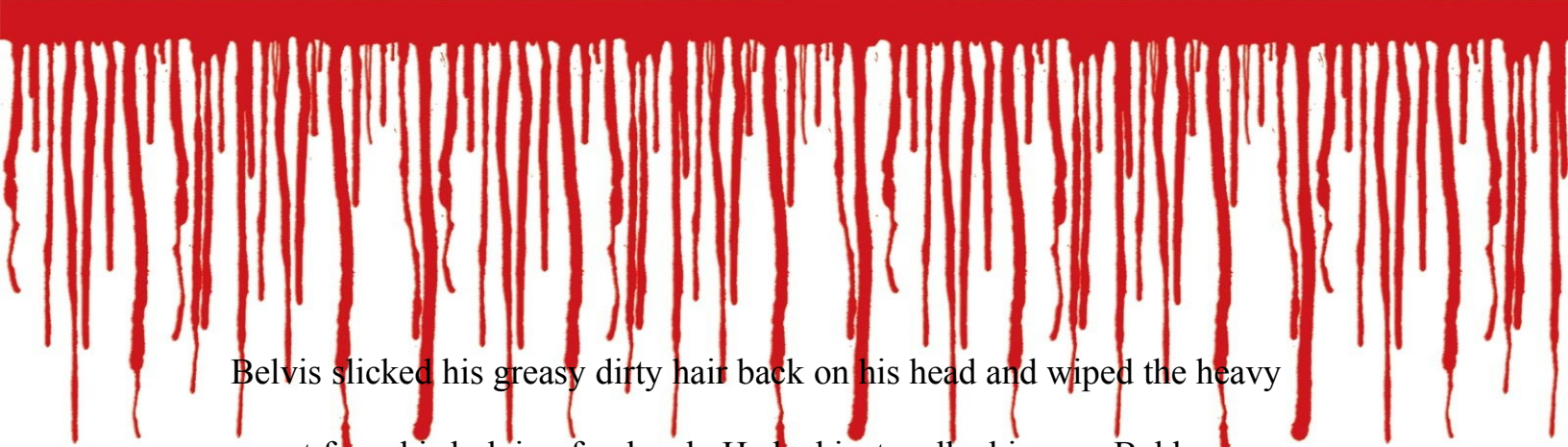


"Liverwurst can be firm enough to slice or creamy enough to spread." said Bobby with a mouth full of Bobby's cock

"Liverwurst comes in large links, loaves and slices." said the gay cop from CHIPS. "Hey does any one have salsa to dip in me?" he wondered out loud clever as the day is horny from all of this hot man on man action.

Just then a sore filled penguin waddled in to the scene of the crime.

"Anybody seen my virginity?" the penguin exclaimed! This sure was a conversation heavy book thus far. This bored everyone, even the mime the police hired when the bomb sniffing dog was shot. They reasoned that the budget allowed it and the mime gave super good foot rubs. Everyone was for it except for Belvis the undercover and incredibly sexy (only to Indians) cop. Belvis was known around the world for his uncomfortably long text messages.



Belvis slicked his greasy dirty hair back on his head and wiped the heavy sweat from his bulging forehead. He had just walked in on a Bobby,

Bobby, and the gay cop from chips orgy, and he was craving a quesadilla.

Hopefully this time they bring the sour cream, he thought. Belvis looked up at the clock,

The time was

Nine

Fifty

Nine.

And

Ten



Seconds.

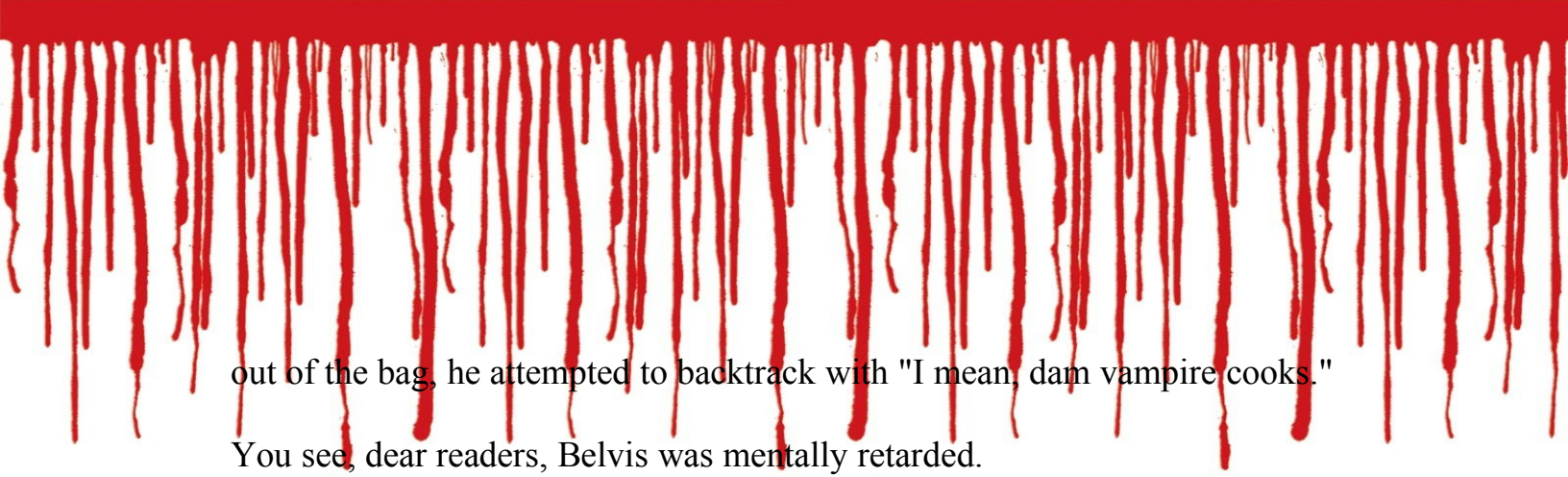
Just then Belvis' quesadilla came out. He noticed with sensual interest that they had changed the way they prepare it. It seemed much more sensual, much more erotically sensual. Belvis wanted to put his crooked spotted man cock deep in the cheese deliciousness sensually and wipe it in that weird salad shit they give you on the side.

"Should have ordered the nachos", Bobby whispered, way to close to Belvis's half chewed off ear.

"Why is that", stuttered Belvis.

"Because they forgot your sour cream, " Bobby shrieked, way to close to Belvis' cleft lip.

"Dam vampire cooks." Belvis chortled, then realizing he had let the cat



out of the bag, he attempted to backtrack with "I mean, dam vampire cooks."
You see, dear readers, Belvis was mentally retarded.

"Quack. Quack. Quack." noted Bobby who for some reason now thought he was a duck.

"Quack" said Bobby who, although he did not think he was a duck was sympathetic to Bobby's new found disorder.

"Dam vampire cooks." said Belvis because enough talking had not been done yet. And then Belvis shit himself, and he totally smelled better than normal. Everybody noted this, and agreed silently. That Belvis just smells bad. Period.