

[Go to Dreyg Homepage](#)

BLODSULTEN CLAN

BY REQUIEMARTS

- History
- Culture
- Features
- Blood Slaves
- Blood Lust
- Transference
- Traits
- Offspring
- Warlord
- Outer Land's
- Worship

HISTORY

Long ago, the forefathers of the Blodsulten clan had tired of their mundane ways of life, food, sex, and war that was their way, but some had thought that something was missing. That there was more to their life than dragging away parts of their conquests for a prize. It was by no means a forgotten thought, the prize they sought was still the main accomplishment, the desire to hold a piece of those they have torn down, but something inside their minds was truly missing. That's when it set in, the idea of a normally sickening act came, to start consuming the blood of those who they slain, their prize shall not only be the parts of the body they would salvage from their battles, but the blood that seemed waisted upon the ground and splashed across their bodies. It was with that a new way of life was brought into their clan, they started slowly gathering the blood of their enemies, of their prey, of their loved ones, anyone who would stand in their new way of life.

Slowly the process had taken over their way of life, each day they would try to drink the blood of those who were slain. The metallic tasting liquid had often made their stomachs revolt, causing them to fall upon their hands and knees, mouths parted as they would soon spew the contents to the ground. Often it was an ugly or grotesque sight as most would often proceed to run their long tongue against the ground to re-consume the lost scarlet liquid mixed with whatever bile had risen with it. The sight often sickened those who did not wish to partake in their new way of life, but that did not disway those who were deeply devoted to their new practices.

Years passed, possibly centuries of this process, each generation growing more adept to intaking the metallic liquid, some enjoying it straight from the source, while others drained their victims' scarlet toned life force into a chalice to drink from. It was a mystery to see and watch as those who consumed blood grew stronger, a genetic disease to outsiders, but to those who remained close to the clan? It was a new way of life that was slowly starting to take effect while driving most to the very brink of insanity. Which did not spare this generation, the ones that could live with the constant intake of blood, enough to live off. There were days on end where they did not consume normal foods, for now the flowing life source was working inside their body serving as a new way of substance. Certain one craved or desired different blood types from others, it was interesting for the older generations who strived for this outcome to watch, but it often did not save them when they attempted to see what would happen if they were to starve them of their main food source.

Soon a day of tragedy stuck, a fatality to their clan as many were lost... It was a disaster, a select few that seemed to revel in devouring blood to the point they would often be seen covered in it if not assumed to have bathed in a pool of scarlet were gathered, a large sum of blood promised if they followed along with their plans. Pulled aside, they were pushed into the depths of a cavern with only one way out to see what would happen while they remained cut off from the one thing they seemed to truly enjoy. From a distance, they would watch those who would need a drake devolve their stances sway to where it seemed they would walk on all fours in a contoured way, giving menacing growls bearing their teeth, and almost attacking one another. It often seemed as if they could communicate, something that puzzled those who studied them. At times, they seemed on edge, ready to snap another's neck to feast. Other times, it seemed as if they would be lulled into a sort of peace. That was until their ire was gained by those who were observing, watching, and waiting to see what would happen, and too soon they would find out. It was on that day a hand or leg was sliced open by a sharp jagged rock pulling out a luscious scarlet stream from the first victim, the liquid they had all but craved drawn out into the open. Mouths parched, they watched waiting to see if they were noticed. At first they assumed they were safe or at least that was until the first vampiric [Rhakoti](#) moved, a lone female who was smaller than most, a feal that only made her movements swifter, would burst into action. Soon to follow a large male who often stood taller than the rest, a pair that seemed to be inseparable, to those that observed them, and soon the rest of the blood hungry pack would follow, working together to pin down and tear apart those who were insane enough to linger behind to watch what would happen. Blood spattered against the walls almost like paint, screams distorted with pains, and sickening snaps could be heard echoing out before low hungry growls and moans of pleasure would soon follow. The ones starved were feasting, consuming all that they could before they emerged, their bodies bathed in blood with limbs being held or dragged behind, some chewing the flesh of those they had slain. The sight made most flee in fear. They did not wish for their own demise.

For those that had remained that day well, they knew they were living with those they would deem clinically insane. Most would even state they were completely psychotic, by bounds past the curse that was placed upon their kind eons ago. The generation of vampiric [Dreygin](#) had been born, thrown into a world that would one day see what monsters now lay within their clan.

CULTURE

The Blodsulten are thought to be like most of the Rhakoti. Often, they are seen fighting to claim a piece of their opponent's body as their eternal prize, like the rest of their kind. Though, if one was to linger behind to watch those of the Blodsulten clan, they would see bottles of various shapes and sizes being filled with the blood of the fallen. A secondary prize for those who needed the substance to thrive.

Those who are blessed with the vampiric genealogy livid a relatively normal life, going out and about like most others. Something that was strange for those who chose to join the clan after they were old enough to leave their mothers side. Rumors of the vampiric lineage had all but seemed as such a rumor meant to scare the young ones into a slumber. It made the scarce few who were allowed to join become on edge.

FEATURES

Items that make the Blodsulten stand apart from the rest of the Rhakoti, are often their elongated canines. Used to break the skin if feeding directly from the source. Doubled fangs, behind the first set, would lay another a few inches shorter. Mostly present to insure their grasp will not stray from wherever they are sunken. It makes for a cleaner feeding cycle and to an unknown degree offers less pain to the original bite location. The eyes are often seen glowing when a hunger or lust sits in, a hint of red appears around their cross hatches. Making them almost appear as if they were ethereal. Alluring in most cases, often serving to lure in one's prey of choice as they could not help but to be mesmerized.

Sizing, the Blodsulten are quite diverse in the height the clans produce, or procure. No one shall be turned for being too low to the ground nor for their heads being too high in the sky. The ruling warlord likes to collect those of various types for they all have their own strengths and weaknesses one could improve on of pair with the right partner in battle, or in the production of viable offspring.

BLOOD SLAVES

The vampiric Rhakoti are quite new, yet are the pride of the Blodsulten colony. So much so that they are allowed to take blood slaves from those who lack a certain genetic trait. Most blood slaves are captured species, such as the [Xally](#) or [Zan-ak](#), though there are the willing Rhakoti that would open a vein anytime one of the Vampiric Dreygsins are hungry.

In the case of a Rhakoti blood slave, most are willing to take up the title, the world of pleasure and pain, an often sought out desire. Though that is not the only way blood slaves are gained. For everyone has their own tastes in blood, certain types are tested. When this happens, it's mainly as a prize for one of the top warriors, or a gift of gratitude from the elder of the clan.

BLOOD LUST

When a Vampiric Rhakoti finds themselves feeding, they often enter into a blood lust. A haze takes over their mind, often enhancing their sex drive, which would force their blood slaves to copulate more frequently. A haze would overtake their mind, hands that would often pull their blood slave or victim in would soon be pulling them in for something more. A blood lust is not only for breeding purposes, most times it has been activated whilst in the throws of a fight, or potential war. The haze would cloud their judgment much like a berserker, often making them a fearful opponent. Those opposed to them would find their bodies strewn with claw marks, torn fangs holes, deep bites, and lacerations.

TRANSFERENCE

While most are seen being born into the vampiric bloodline, there is a rare chance of one's being given the trait. Often it is thought that only a bite could force this change in them. That is not completely true, for one to start the process there would have to be saliva containing a certain pathogen to allow such a trait to spread. This way is highly unlikely to have a positive outcome in those who wish to hold a vampiric gene.

The only other known way is through direct blood transference. Either biting and intaking the blood of a born vampiric dreyg. This does not always happen, sometimes blood is shed in battle and transferred that way. The other method would include being forced to go through a grueling process of draining the scarlet liquid inside the veins or the willing and slowly being replaced.

TRAITS

Strength

- Unlike normal Rhakotis, the ones who possess this ability seem to be far more dangerous. Their strength unfolds and seems to be that of 5-10 of their breed mixed into one. With fresh blood in their system, they are erratic and far more unpredictable.

Speed

- Most Rhakoti are large and seem to be slow in a certain sense, but the ones who possess this certain boost come in a smaller variety, allowing them a quicker pace.

Mind Control

- Only a rare few have possessed this ability, for those have perished because they were deemed too frightful. Rumors though do float about that this ability still exists, it may take eons to appear, or just the right trick to open one's mind to have an attempt at such a feat.

OFFSPRING

If by chance one of the vampiric Rhakoti would impregnate or be sired, the chance of another like themselves is uncertain. The chances currently are 60% out of 100% that the child or children will become like their sire or progenitor.

The vampiric trait will appear between their 6 to 13th year. The earlier it becomes apparent, the more likely they will be able to stay with the Blodsulten colony and be a prized member. If the trait does not appear in that time frame, then like the rest they are casted out, their embarkation for survival soon to begin. If by chance they live, those born to the vampiric parents will be welcomed back. A chance at the treasured genealogy lingered in their blood for 3 generations.

While their genetics are a highly sought after prize in the Blodsulten colony, it will not excuse their eon old traditions.

With the chance of offspring there is a higher risk to those that are not of the vampiric lineage, the female who has fallen pregnant due to copulation have a high risk of fatality. Their bodies are not meant to bear these children. Often the children will survive but the mother will suffer or perish.

WARLORD

Within the Blodsulten clan, there resides a warlord, one that remains unknown to outer clans, as well as colonies from their own race to the others who find themselves trekking the Rhakoti territories. The identity of the ruling lord is kept safe within their walls. Each member seems to wish to protect their lord even in their blood hungry, or deranged state of mind. For those within the clan knew them by one name, Drágó. A Rhakoti that had overcome the curse placed upon all of their breed eons ago. Not much is known about this male, other than the fact that he is rather ruthless.

OUTER LAND'S

The vampiric trait is a relatively new development brought to life, but not something that was uncommon once others are made aware. Instances have been documented by the warlord of the Blodsulten, or by the few elders that remained under his thumb. Known specimens are thought to be connected to annihilation of the [Falkidha](#), due to the great betrayal of the [Goerth](#). Though the connection remains unknown for now.

WORSHIP

The clan worship's [Anuneph](#) to this day, many are found offering the blood they drain from the victims to them in hopes to appease the God of death, or lure him back to the living world. Most wished to be blessed by their gift, to be as if death themselves was ensnared within their body, or to the Blodsulten's belief they would potentially become death themselves.

In the times where they would offer their prayers or worship the carved statues of Anuneph, they would often splash the blood of their victims from hard fought battles. Sometimes even a limb would be offered by those who did not wish to part with their substance. Though for those that have yet to taste the blood of the battle field they would bleed their own veins upon the statues.

Rhakoti ↑

[ADD TO READING LIST](#) [UNFOLLOW](#) [Metadata](#)

Metadata