



The Last Vampire

Whitley Strieber

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The Number One New York Times bestselling author returns to the world of The Hunger with the long-awaited sequel to the cult classic. Whitley Strieber's vampire classic, The Hunger, reinvented the genre and created a truly eternal heroine in Miriam Blaylock. Now, after two decades of mounting anticipation, The Last Vampire finally steps back into Miriam's shadow and weaves a tale of stunning invention and mounting suspense. Miriam Blaylock's insatiable hunger has never ceased. Her incomparable beauty has made her a legend among the Keepers. She knows the secret of civilisation, and the mysteries of life. In the hollow soul of her mother she has witnessed the agony of undeath. For centuries she has gained the wisdom of God and the wit of the Devil. For centuries she has felt safe. Until now. For Miriam Blaylock, immortality is a thing of the past. He watches, Interpol agent Paul Ward knows of them. The undead. He has battled them, cleansed entire continents of their exquisite poison. He possesses their sacred Book of Names. He knows their weaknesses...and fears his own: Miriam Blaylock. Elusive and toxic, she has escaped his complex network of hunters for years. Seductive and cunning

The Last Vampire Details

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Author : Whitley Strieber

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From Reader Review The Last Vampire for online ebook

Sarah says

This one was much more smutty than the last one, and therefore more acceptable as a vampire novel.

Moony691 says

At least this one had a plot...up to some point.

Stephen says

The weakest of the three.

Too much attention given to new characters (who did not 'earn' such attention). I think the idea was to try and get younger readers for Strieber, and if he was given such advice it did not benefit him here.

The ending was rushed.

Eric Byrnes says

Having enjoyed The Hunger, I went ahead and read Strieber's The Last Vampire. Sophomorically entertaining at times, eye-rollingly ridiculous during other truly puerile and masturbatory interludes. With Strieber having suggested that his first-hand experiences with extraterrestrials (described in his "non-fiction" best seller, Communion) may have been induced by his heavy drinking; one might be inclined to think he wrote some of the more priapic prose under the influence of poppers and viagra, c.f.:

"Christ, he ought to ask for her driver's license. But he wouldn't, because if this was a minor, then God had made this kid to boogie and he was sorry, but she was gonna boogie tonight."

That sort of Fifty Shades of Gray stuff aside, I was really disappointed in the loss of continuity from the first, better and more organized novel. The nostalgic recollections from Miriam's vast historical past were some of the most enjoyable aspects of The Hunger, but they apparently were rendered non-canon by Strieber in this pornographic sequel. He apparently changed the story so that she didn't lose her father in the aftermath of the Santorini explosion, on a shipwreck in the ancient Mediterranean (but rather, despite not furthering the plot in any way, dying in the Hindenburg explosion), and her mother did not die in childbirth (something the would have made more sense to retain given the concern for vampire extinction and desire for having a vampire baby are central to this sequel's plot).

I'll probably read the final book in the series just to see how it ends, but I think Strieber wrote this one rather hastily as a somewhat poorly-plotted penny-catcher.

Holly Booms Walsh says

Surprisingly lush and a tiny bit archaic, which works for vampire novels as it seems to transport the reader into the foreign mind of a vampire. I likened this book to the writing of Anne Rice rather than to the recent glut of "modern" urban fantasy novels because it is in a more elegant timeless style, rather than a story that is hip and uses street slang and pop culture references - though it is set in modern day. It is surprisingly lovely, in a macabre way.

Fiona Shacklehack says

Couldn't wait to read it after the first one, but what an anti-climax heh! It's an unworthy sequel. Sad inconsistencies (just why? the background of our vampire differs A LOT from the first novel!) and bodysnatched characters (who were interesting and somewhat likable in the first novel, but in the follow up no such luck ... they do things which are very out of character and are incomprehensible) and a crazy plot which turns around 180 degrees in a very unlikely way. The description of events is rather random, there are scenes that should have been included or elaborated upon, like where we learn that the main goal of one of the protagonists is reached, but we don't find out what, when or how. All in all, there are still interesting ideas and descriptions here but the combination of the inconsistencies, the very out of character old characters, unengaging repulsive new ones and unimaginative plot devices to resolve problems make it a maddening book.

So ... might read the third one out of curiosity and love for the outrageous, but it's rather unlikely.

jlarellax says

Terrible sequel, the author obviously went crazy with all of his alien drivel between writing the original and then the sequel. The story makes little sense, and the characters are unlike what they were in the original. Don't waste your time.

Hertzan Chimera says

THE LAST VAMPIRE continues the story of THE HUNGER's vampire Miriam Blaylock. Her last husband, David, is still in the attic bedded into his coffin like a wrinkled old pot plant. A corpse that refuses to die, along side all her other husbands and wives from thousands of years of herding the human animal.

For those of you who have only seen the movie THE HUNGER, you will feel misled by this book. As good as that Tony Scott directed movie was, as atmospheric and stylish and riveting as it was, casting Catherine DeNeuve as Miriam Blaylock would not have been my first choice. Sure, you get the mystique of DeNeuve but at the time, she was no spring chicken and the fact of the matter is Miriam Blaylock is supposed to look like an eighteen year old. That's the allure of the vampire, they can make you see them let's say in a slightly better light than the one that's normally cast. Blaylock's vampires no longer skulk about in Bauhaus-haunted dingy goth nightclubs, it's all gone a bit up market. Blaylock's vampires are the ultra-chic, the penthouse

residents, rubbing shoulders with film stars, politicians and industrialists at her exclusive Manhattan nightclub called Veils.

The narrative has changed too, in fact mankind has changed too. And this is where the all-conquering action hero Paul Ward enters the game. Ward is employed by CIA as a vampire hunter. He kills these wretched creatures for a living. And is very good at his job. On a trip to Thailand to take part in the centennial Conclave, Miriam Blaylock discovers just how good a killer this Ward is and barely escapes with her life, let alone her skin or hair.

But that's enough narrative content, the meat of the book, the thing that really makes this work stand out from Strieber's earlier work is the pace and method of narrative disclosure.

The book segues clinically from cultural and historical vampire references in the early part to acts of vampire violence and sexual intensity later on. Imagine two books that have been written separately; one of the life and history of the Vampires and how they have been ruling human lives since the year dot - a purely journalistic piece; and the other book, the personal, intimate book of everyday encounter between predator and prey - pure skin of the teeth prose.

It's an odd way to approach the Vampire myth in a second book. To concentrate so much on the background and THEN get into the nitty gritty, the stuff that takes you by the throat and refuses to let you go until, hours and hours later you close the book with a gasp of mental and physical exhaustion. It's like Strieber was saying, "I should have done it like this in the first book. This will make it all the more believable." Well, it does. The constant reference to historical events and personages certainly pins the Vampire quite firmly within the evolution of humanity in a much more graphic fashion than did the monoliths of Arthur C Clarke's 2001. The vampires literally gave everything to the humans, their intellect, their taste, their technology. A technology (and a language, Prime) that is now lost to the world.

One wonders if Strieber ever considered writing this novel purely in the past, a historical unveiling of the vampire race, where it came from, where its technology went, the nuances of its language and the 'glory years' of world domination.

But these are no longer the glory years - now is the time for war, man has rebelled against his master.

As a reader, one is given the sensation that Strieber is a good guy, a historian. A story teller. But anyone who's read WOLFEN would know that this is a wolf under that sheepish exterior. When Strieber lets rip, when his sexual appetite is aroused or his malevolent mood is riled, the reader gets it full in the face and these are the best bits of the book, Strieber in full unexpurgated rant. Full on sensory and psychological and moral attack. The manner in which he allows the narrative to describe both parties, the vampire view of humanity and Ward's view of the vampires are well portrayed with just the right amount of difference in the written voice to convey the different psyches being portrayed in the third person. It's a very delicate juggling act with very delicate crockery but nothing is broken, chipped or cracked. No great passages come crashing to the floor.

So, back to this eighteen year old vampire, Miriam Blaylock. She is on her way to the Asian Conclave. She knows in her bones that this may be the last time she'll get to meet her increasingly reclusive kind this century. She needs to mate and vampires can only mate among their own kind - that's the purpose of these Conclaves, to bring the vampire sexes together so they can find their partners and father their offspring. But it all goes wrong. All the Asian vampires are dead. Fleeing to Paris is no help and her first brush with Paul Ward is nearly her last.

Back to New York, Miriam has a new lover. A female lover, Sarah - a technical bit part that holds no interest as a character (brought back from the edge of attempted suicide is no excuse for a primary character to be so dull). Luckily for the reader, there's a feisty understudy in the form of teenager Leonora.

So, in summary, it's a well-plotted, intellectually-stimulating, powerful book that's just a little too concerned with being trendy and 'au fait' with current global concerns.

Judah says

Finally, vampires who aren't tres chic. Well, actually, Miriam IS tres chic, but unfortunately she doesn't realize that her fashions are 20 years out-of-date...just one of many nice small touches.

Almost four stars....but not quite.

Steve says

With typical impulsivity, immediately upon finishing *The Hunger*, I ordered author Whitley Strieber's sequel. I understood that there was a long gap in between novels, but I figured that was all-the-more likely to ensure a well-planned follow-up. Wow, was I wrong. Since other reviewers have specified the totally inexcusable lack of consistency between the two novels, I'll skip that complaint.

Things started smoothly enough, and the sampling I had at the end of my e-reader copy of *The Hunger* whetted my appetite sufficiently. Indeed, the first half of the book is pretty good. It's after that point, particularly when things start to get wild in Paris and the action moves to NYC that it fell apart. It's almost as if the author wrote two books, so remarkable was the difference.

One of the better characters in vampire culture is Miriam Blaylock, a cold-blooded killer who romances and loves humans, treating them as both sexual slaves and spoiled pets. She is a refined, elegant, seductress whose every move was carefully calculated and foolproof, methods gleaned from thousands of years living as a powerful and passionate "Keeper," the race of super-beings who were essentially responsible for everything mankind has ever done. Throughout *The Hunger* and the first half of *The Last Vampire*, Strieber stayed true to his creation. There were some chinks in her armor, but I took these as small tweaks to Miriam, giving her extra depth and vulnerability. Inexplicably, she goes from a smart and sexy puppet master of human beings to a scared, emotional, impulsive, and weak woman. Strieber had strung his readers along the thin line between hatred of this monstrous character and a hypnotic attraction, much like Miriam did to her lovers. By the end of *The Last Vampire*, however, I no longer cared what happened to her.

The secondary character (as Sarah and John were in *The Hunger*) is a CIA operative working on the international eradication of vampires by the name of Paul Ward. He starts off as a strong willed and obsessive character, again, not unlike Sarah, who suffers from the same second half collapse of consistency as Miriam. By the end of the book, he's a stock character straight out of a Raymond Chandler wannabe detective novel, spouting ridiculous dialogue and acting like a cartoon character. Expecting the reader to believe such a clown was an equal match for vampires was a leap of faith I was unable to take, even with the weak and predictable "surprise" revelation. Factor in the excessive levels of sex (just how many "explosive" climaxes can you stuff into a novel?), and *The Last Vampire* might just be the last Strieber novel I ever read.

What a sad waste of such a great fictional character. I'll give it two stars merely because of the first half, but otherwise it's a huge disappointment.

M— says

Drivel. God, so bad. The whole thing is a series of puerile man-boy sex fantasies splashed up on the page, luridly written and poorly plotted to boot.

I read this book in its entirety as an ARC when it was first published, and circumstances have recently caused me to revisit it. At the time I read it, I was unaware it was part of a series and so I came to the book without any inherent affection for the characters. Reading the book did not endear them to me. Miriam in particular started off as a character too stupid to live and gained utterly no intelligence throughout the remainder of the book. It was well after I read this that I learned it was a sequel to an earlier book, *The Hunger*, and that a film had been made from it some years earlier. As critically panned as *The Hunger* (film) was, it was at least a visually *pretty* movie and enormously more coherent than this example of Strieber's masturbatory writing.

It is worthwhile to mention that even in coming cold to this series, I did not, however, feel at sea in following the character histories as Strieber kindly reiterated them every third page.

ETA July 2011:

After writing the above review, I was challenged by a friend of mine — himself a fledgling author and in that sensitive time when a bad review of *any* book makes him clutch his own pages protectively — to prove my claims on *The Last Vampire*. I think this was a poke at my reviewing a book based on 10-year-old memories and an attempt to force me to reread the book entire, but the extensive text preview up on Google Books excuses me from that obligation. Here are some quotes to support my review, and basically my opinion that the plot of this book can be summarized in the statement: *One woman's quest for a man and his gift of masterful sex that will allow her to conceive by satisfying her quirk of biology in which her eggs must first descend.*

She tightened her vaginal muscles, over which she had complete control. When she began undulating them, he yelped with surprised pleasure. He'd probably never felt anything like it before, not even in Asia. [...]

Her strength was so great that it felt to her human lovers as if they were being encased in iron, or so they had always told her.

The penis, on the other hand, would feel as if it were being massaged by thousands of tiny, careful fingers. One man described it as the most divine sensation he had ever known. He begged her for it, even while he was dying. [p. 33]

This was a damned thing, a very damned, damned thing! Because she was feeling a fire blazing inside her, and she knew what the fire was.

No Keeper [vampire] woman who had ever felt it ever forgot it, the alarming, painful, delicious heat that told her she was about to conceive. But her egg wouldn't drop for a human! And it

mustn't!

No, no that must not— not— [p. 247]

Paul was on fire with the sweet fire of the angels. Look at her pure, dear face — she *was* an angel! Oh, look at those eyes, those gray pools of innocence — she was the maid of Solomon's fancy. He pressed himself hard against her, thrust harder, and then as if molten gold were speeding in his shaft, he came roaring and yelling and laughing; he came as he had never come before or thought you could ever come. He came in pleasure and in love, in dear *love*, which has caught his soul afire. [p. 248]

I can't, I can't take any more. This book is so rife with inexplicable descriptions that it begs MST3King. I want to pull phrases from this book and inject them in conversation as random proclamations, "Sweet fire of the angels!" ; "Tiny, careful fingers" ; "Not even *in Asia*." As I reassured my writer friend, as long as he never pens a paragraph that uses a variant of the word 'fire' thrice, a single old-fashioned and relatively rare term of endearment twice, adds in a nonsequential biblical reference, and describes the moment of ejaculation in 48 words, his writing will be freaking Pulitzer quality compared to compared to Strieber's and he will never, ever have worry about his book receiving this sort of vitriolic review.

I think Strieber's intended genre was Erotic Horror but he fails completely and utterly at both the eroticism and the horror. Even trying to classifying this as a lighter Paranormal Thriller is inaccurate. *The Last Vampire* is the very worst sort of mash-up between bodice-ripping romance and Clancy-type formalistic military/espionage fiction, and it does nothing but besmirch the good names of those genres. I cannot read this book without thinking of the author typing it one-handed, the other hand down his pants. And have you *seen* the author's photo on his Goodreads Author page? I want to douse myself in brain bleach.

"I'm in love," Miriam shouted. She raced back to the bed, threw herself at Paul, kissed him hard, then flounced back on the bed, pulling him with her. She said, "He's the best lover in the world." [p. 250]

Please be advised that I do not recommend this book.

Quotes pulled from ISBN 0743417208.

Best review of the opposite opinion:

<http://www.goodreads.com/review/show/...>

Kate T. says

For starters, I was thrilled by the idea of a sequel to *The Hunger*. The mythology of the story is fascinating, with vampires as their own species rather than undead humans. That being said, what the heck did they do with Strieber and who the heck wrote this book? All the back stories of Miriam's have been changed completely! The new ideas aren't even as good as the original ones. It makes no sense. That alone killed the book for me. Although not a bad read, the incongruities really hurt my over all perception as the book. Taken

aside from the Hunger, it can be enjoyed. But don't compare the two, because you will be disappointed.

Collette says

I read a lot of vampire paranormal romance and though I really enjoyed this book, you should not confuse it with paranormal romance. Even though there is a bit of romance and it's definately paranormal it's more horror, IMHO. I love horror though so it worked for me.

This is the second book in the trilogy and it was rating a 5 star for me until the end which I thought was pretty lame. It does set things up for another book but that was about it.

In The Hunger we have Miriam and Sarah's story of Sarah's seduction and turning by Miriam. This book continues wit that but we end up with more of Miriam's story and learn about her past. I loved this part! I thought Strieber did a great job with the historical descriptions and it was fascinating to read about how far back Miriam and her mother actually went. She is an old broad! lol Anyway, along with trying to find another Keeper (like herself) to breed with, Miriam is also being hunted by Paul Ward who is an old CIA (not that old really) agent who's life mission it is to stamp out all vampires. For some reason though they have a very strong physical reaction to each other the couple of times they cross paths, unlike any either has known before.

There are some silly parts that didn't really fit like Leo who was a girl that Miriam turns in this story and most of time I just wanted to slap her. We also get more into the master/slave dynamics with Miriam and Sarah and are given some pretty hot sex scenes. I'll definately be reading #3.

Haroudo Xavier says

Whitley Strieber get the action and the world building right, but few things beside that. The idea about retconning his previous book (The Hunger, 1981) did not worked well at all, even if the world building is interesting on itself, is a constant reminder of a far superior book, with a background as good as this one.

The prejudices on the book are also abundant, and get an all around letdown. Mostly transmitted by Paul Ward, the human/keeper hybrid, the views on asians, europeans, goths, and all kinds of ways to tag people on a simple way, are presented in a heavy handed and disturbing way.

But what is more disappointing is how shallow are the characters. Going against all the expectations where The Hunger is a great example of character building and developing on the story, the characters on The Last Vampire are flimsy, obvious stereotypes, who, no matter how long the author tries develop their personalities, it just exaggerate how simple they are. A great letdown.

Ray says

This is the sequel to Whitley Strieber's successful book "The Hunger." For any reader who is fascinated by vampire lore will surely love these books. I'm an avid fan of Anne Rice and thought that I would never again be able to read or think about vampires without comparing them to her, however, I was pleasantly surprised to find that Strieber's take on vampire culture was altogether different, and interesting.

At the heart of this novel is a love story told from different points of view: a slave to her master, a master to

her child, a master to her lover, and finally a man to his work. It becomes very rapid pace halfway through leaving you turning page after page before you realize that you have finished. Lucky for you, there is one final volume called "Lilith's Dream" that you can sink your teeth in...
