

My Vampire Life

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Prologue.

Fear and pain.

That's what you're *supposed* to feel when you're face to face with a creature of the night. A vampire. It wasn't the same for me.

A *normal* reaction would be fear for your life as the thirsty creature's teeth bared themselves, moving slowly towards your neck to pierce the skin. Eyes, growing wide, betraying your fear. It's said that, when you're facing such a creature, that you freeze. Scared for your life. It's at this killer's whim whether you live or die.

For *normal* humans it becomes overwhelming. However, *I'm* not normal. I welcomed death.

Apparently, you're supposed to feel pain as all the blood that courses through your veins is slowly drawn out of your body. Drained through punctures created by fangs. Long, slender, ivory needles. Gleaming weapons that can delicately pierce the skin of a human or slice into the hide of a bull.

But there was no pain only a pure euphoria as my soul began to float out of my body while my body began to die.

You know that this creature, this monster, in human form could kill you in seconds or drag your death out as a long, slow torture. Then the true fear creeps in, the terror slowly engulfs you; Do you face death... or a whole new existence, an eternity as a tortured soul? It grows so strong that you become glued to the spot, unable to look away from their strangely enticing, gleaming eyes. Those eyes that can see into the deepest, hidden depths of your soul. Eyes that hold you transfixed. Helpless.

They pull you close. Their touch has neither the icy cold of death nor the comforting warmth of life. The soft touch so threatening, yet at the same time comforting and inviting. Those vice-like hands gripping your neck as that pale face with those sensual lips and penetrating stare move toward you and its fangs toward your unguarded throat.

I was unable to stop the rapid pounding of my heart, but I refused to allow fear to take over my body. I convinced myself that the nerves I felt were not from fear but excitement in anticipation of getting what I wanted.

As the euphoria grew, I felt my life slipping away from me. My body started to tingle all over followed pins and needles. Soon a numbness set in, until my heart finally stopped and I felt nothing.

The last thing I saw, before darkness took me, was the colour that I once possessed had become his. I was as pale as he had once been.

My world had been torn apart. My family had all turned their backs on me, believing the lies that had been spread around town. Their lack of understanding in my mentality had also been a factor in this. Tragedy had taken over my life. So, the difference between myself and *normal* people - I *wanted* to die and stay that way. But it turns out, that was not meant to be... I had indeed 'died' but it was more of a *beginning* than an end.

Chapter 1.

I immediately realised my wish hadn't come true when I heard the sound of ducks and the sound of a motorboat cruising on water. I slowly became aware of the overloud chittering of a squirrel and the piercing call of a blackbird to its mate. I remember that I'd been miles from the lake when the creature had his hands on me, in a cabin in the middle of a forest, hidden away in the Lake District. Was I still there? As I came round, I realised that I could feel a wooden floor beneath me, the texture felt like sandpaper. I flinched as it creaked when I moved. The creak was so loud it was more like the floorboards were breaking underneath me.

When I tried to open my eyes, I found the light was too bright. So bright I got shooting pains through my retinas into my brain, as if someone had stabbed my eyes with needles. Surely it was nighttime before. How long had I been out? I had to open my eyes very slowly to allow my eyes to adjust. My whole body ached. I felt battered and bruised even though there wasn't a mark on me. That soon eased as I started to pull myself into a sitting position, propping myself back-to-back with the sofa.

Looking around I realised the light, was in fact, sunlight shining through closed curtains. *I don't remember closing them*, I thought.

I felt weird. Like my whole body was vibrating, tingling with electricity.

I double checked my surroundings and was relieved to find that I was still in the cabin at least. I'd come here to escape the stress of everyday life, to escape the heartbreak. I'd come here to clear my mind and start healing. Instead, I'd decided to take a dive down the proverbial rabbit hole, to end everything.

“Are you going to hide all day, Princess?” The sound of the voice coming from the other side of the sofa startled me. That voice... velvety soft with a roughness behind it.

Nervously, I turned, and using the sofa as leverage, I pulled myself up onto my feet. I didn’t see him until I looked down. There he was. The vampire who’d turned me.

I looked at the man stretched out comfortably on the couch, smiling up at me and, for a moment, I hadn’t recognised him. Then I realised who he was. I’d chosen him the night before, drawn in by the hunger I’d sensed in him. Now, in the light of day, I saw a lean, fit man, slightly older than me, maybe, dressed in a tank top, combats and steel toe cap boots. His dusty blonde hair was styled into a crew cut and his eyes were an almost hypnotic blue. He had a couple of tattoos. One in particular stood out, a U.S. Army Rangers tattoo. He was definitely not my usual type, but I found myself thinking how very attractive he was.

“There you are,” he said with a hint of a tease in his voice.

Realising I’d been staring; I turned my head away and, out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of myself in the bathroom mirror and my eyes went wide with shock. “This can’t be real!” I thought. My normally pale skin was almost translucent. “What the fuck?!” I whispered to myself.

“You need to drink,” came the man’s voice beside me.

I’d forgotten he was there, so the sudden sound of his voice made me jump and spin to face him. He was so close that his scent engulfed my senses. Bergamot? The essential oil gave him a woody smell, reminding me of the forest outside.

“Drink? Erm... yeah... ok,” was all I could say. I walked over to the kitchen sink, shaking slightly with nerves, to pour myself a glass of water. I didn’t turn my back to him. He was a beautiful stranger after all, but a stranger none the less.

He chuckled. Fuck! The sound of his laugh sent tingles down my spine. “Not water. *This*,” he said, handing me a glass of something red.

Blood. I could smell the sweetness and the underlying scent of rusty iron. The taste was metallic at first, followed by a strange sweetness. One sip and my whole body felt electric again. It was amazing. It made me feel alive. I hadn't realised how hungry I was until that point. Shaking with adrenaline, I drained the glass. The pint of blood was gone in seconds.

I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. It finally dawned on me, as I looked back at the man, I had been in the cabin with someone I didn't know, and I didn't care. I felt calm. That isn't normal. I should have been freaking out, but I wasn't.

"Good. Feel better, Princess?"

"Yes... erm... thank you," I replied. "Look... I don't want to sound rude, but... who are you?"

"I'm sorry, Princess. I'm Jay," he replied with a slight nod of his head, as he moved to top up my glass. "Please. Drink," he urged me.

"But I..."

"Shh," he interrupted me. "Get your strength first."

As I drank the blood, I started to notice the changes in me. I started to feel stronger; my sight became sharper; the smells, not just inside the cabin, but the ones that drifted in from outside too, became more enhanced.

But, as silly, as ridiculous as it sounds... it was the ducks. They grew louder, as if they were coming closer. It was odd how the sound was so magnified, so intense, that it became almost threatening. That, mixed with all the sounds of the surrounding forest, even the creaking and rustling of the trees themselves in the faint breeze, became too much.

I dropped the glass, and it shattered, spilling the rest of my drink all over the stone kitchen floor. My senses were overwhelmed. I wanted to curl up into the foetal position and cover my ears to block out the ever-growing sounds.

It finally hit me that my plan hadn't worked. My brain was going into overdrive. My emotions became pure confusion and pain.

I'm usually good at reading people. Why hadn't my instincts about this stranger been right?

I'd always believed that vampires and other creatures existed. My family and friends hadn't.

It seemed the more proof I had provided them with, the more rumours were spread of me being crazy, the more they had pulled away. Eventually, one by one, they had turned their backs on me. They had believed me to be slowly losing my sanity. I was all alone in this world now.

For months I had researched vampire hangouts, watched them coming and going. I'd studied their body language to gauge when they were hungry enough to kill. I'd got this guy *so* wrong. I didn't know what he'd been through. I hadn't seen his tattoo as it had been covered. His control was better than I'd expected.

I'd gone into the bar the night before, dressed in tight jeans and a gothic tank top. I'd picked him out at random and approached him. The hunger in his eyes was unmistakeable. He had looked me up and down and the hunger had grown. He was famished.

"Want to get out of here? Maybe... grab a bite?" I'd said, while seductively running my fingers down my neck.

He hadn't said a thing, merely nodded.

"I have a cabin nearby," I'd told him. Nothing else needed to be said.

I had driven us back, blasting Hailstorm's 'Misery' on Spotify. My determination had me blinded. I'd thought he was hungry enough to drain and drop.

That was until I had felt the floorboards beneath me and saw it was daylight.

Coming back to the moment, the anger began to bubble over. "Why the Hell didn't you just drain me and leave?" I screamed at him. "Why turn me? You were supposed to *kill* me! I had nothing in my life and, now... its fucking *eternal*! What the fuck is *wrong* with you?"

While I screamed at him, he leaned against the counter behind him, arms folded across his chest, with a flirtatious half smile on his face.

He let me go on a tirade about how my life wasn't worth living and there was no way I'd be able to off myself because I was a coward. Then as I fizzled out and my anger turned to sobs, he stepped over the broken glass that was still on the floor and put his arms around me. I would have pushed him away, but at that moment I needed the comfort.

The next thing I knew, Jay had effortlessly picked me up into his arms and placed me on the sofa. He had wrapped a blanket round my shoulders, leaving me there, as he went to clean up the mess I'd made.

Chapter 2.

As Jay was busy cleaning up, I started to take in my surroundings. This helped me to calm down. Concentrating on things I could see I noticed, even with the room dimly lit from the drawn curtains, the colours were sharper.

The oil painting above the fireplace seemed more beautiful. The still, blue lake seemed to shimmer in the afternoon sunlight of the idyllic scene it depicted. The trees seemed almost haunting, and the mountains looked ominous. From the opposite side of the room, I could see, and almost feel, the texture of every single brush stroke. It was as if the artist had created it following the rhythm of their breathing.

I looked to my left, and through the open bedroom door, I could see every fibre that was woven together in the blanket draped across the bed. The bedside rug was just as stunning, but I could see where some of the dye was coming out of the thread from years of use. The intricate design, handmade in India, was created with such precision that I could tell the attention and care to detail had been kept throughout its creation.

Turning so that I could look through to the bathroom door to the left of that, I could see the limescale that had started to gather on the shower head in the furthest corner. There was also mould starting to form in the corner from lack of ventilation. *I must sort that out* I thought to myself.

The tiniest of movements caught my attention and I looked up at the living room ceiling. I could see every detail of the cobweb in the top corner, the eyes of the spider resting there glistened at me. Each of its hairs sticking out from its body and legs, it was missing one. Spiders are so patient, waiting for its prey to land in its web. I have never been that patient but sitting there watching that spider, somehow brought me calm and made feel like I was waiting patiently with it.