

Short Story

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Short story, not much to it. Don't feel like finishing it quite yet.

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Chapter 1 - Beware of the Shadow Demon

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1 - Beware of the Shadow Demon

A gorgeous young girl, with enchanting emerald green eyes, long silky black curls around the frame of her pale face, pouty black-colored lips and gothic-style make-up. Her clothing could be considered odd, her style is of her own race, but to the human eye she is just another strange being. She wears a long black leather trench coat, a white poet shirt underneath it, tight black leather pants, and a pair of black boots.

She walks with grace and cat-like abilities as she moves through the shadows of a nearby alleyway, searching for something, but what? Brushing some of her curly locks from her face, she slowly looks around, her emerald eyes searching the very souls of the unaware humans. No one pays heed to his Maiden of Darkness, rarely does one even believe she does exist, they over look her without a care. She moves freely amongst the mortals, looking just like them with only a few differences that cannot be noticed by a mere mortal eye. They do not notice the shine of her nails, the fang teeth hidden under her luscious lips, how the temperature of her skin is icy, how her flesh is so pale, or her glowing deep eyes. Mortals to this woman are only a way to sustain her life, so she may live another night; she is not a human woman. She is cunning and quick, a real maverick, an immortal, which only means that one cannot die of age, She Is A Vampire.

She tries to leave her prey alive, to only take enough to sustain her and not to claim their life, though often it will fail. She suddenly stops, seeming frozen in her steps, she turns her head to the side, slowly, her emerald eyes locking onto a young mortal male, she hears the pounding in her head of his beating heart. In the depths of the shadows she takes her chance, catching her prey and entwining him quickly and tightly within her unusually strong grasp. In a flash that occurs, following that only seconds later, her fangs are seen, his neck is turned, and she bites down and starts draining his life. As his life starts to beat away she turns from him releasing him so he falls on the ground with a thud, the wound heals. As she walks away she knows that both shall survive the fate-filled night, he shall live to see another day, come and go. Dusk soon begins its crawling up, the night will be coming to an end, she retreats away to her home and into her dark windowless bedroom, where she lays down upon her bed to rest. This could prove, in fact, that not all vampires sleep in coffins, like the myths state to be true, not everything is what it seems.

The sun rises, causing the sky to turn crimson, her eyes close as she falls into a deep slumber, until night shall come again. She waits for the darkness, so that she may rise again, so she can go out and live once more in the shadows of her life.