

# Vampire girl

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*This is a short story about this girl and this guy. More will come.*

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# 1 - Tearing up, letting go the adiction

*Vampire girl*

*A story about love, occult, and murder*

*By Monica Greawolph*

## **&.Prologue&.**

Aura was a Vampire and hated being one; living in her coven was a punishment. Every day she would detest eating an innocent child's blood. The nights went on, killing men, women, and children. Then, she decided to get out. Suicide was her only option, until she met Kael, a vampire like herself. He detested the thought of killing innocent humans and lived from recycling blood from a nearby morgue, where he worked. Kael offered her a job and Aura took it, finally leaving the coven. Aura was thrilled at the thought of leading a semi normal life.

## **Chapter One**

Kael opened the door of the small apartment the two shared, sighing and setting down a shopping bag that he had gotten when he ran down to the clothing shop. He yelled, "Aura, I brought you back something!" and walked to the kitchen. As he smiled he looked out of opened window-or was it opened!?

He leaned over the kitchen sink, glass shards protruding from the metallic surface of it. He rubbed his hand down the toothy mouth of the broken glass on the edge. Was it them? Did they take their child back? He didn't know. But he was going to find out, no matter what.

Dashing through the door and out on the street, first packing a thermos containing an IV. He bolted down the street, ignoring the innocents in his way. The 22 year old made quick pace through the crowds, a particularly big one coming up. He ran past without a second thought, but then he heard the word, "vampire". He stopped, one foot stretched sideways, the other in back. He turned around a young woman red eyes; she looked at him like he was crazy. "What? What did you say?" He said, trying to sound nonchalant but urgent.

Ya, what's it to you?

I have a friend, she is missing. She has a Problem with her mind and I am to be her charge.

Oh, well, are you sure that beast in there isn't her? She asked, Pointing to the bloody bookshop. A young lady flying was around crazily, no clothes (though it didn't matter for she had scales, no showy body parts) and covered in a scarlet casing of blood. He moved some men aside, picking up a few books and checking pulses of sixteen front line kills she had tasted and let rot. He sighed, then looking up at her. She saw him, tears suddenly streamed down her cheeks, washing a few drops of crimson liquid away in their wake. She changed then, taking on the form of a younger woman, if only by a year, with blue black hair and grayish green eyes. She ran to him, the blood suddenly gone. He held her as she sobbed, crying in his arms like the night they met in the rainy graveyard. He picked her up, legs dangling from his arm, and took her to the apartment, the crowd dispersing as they went through, mostly of fear, and somewhat of respect.

He opened the door of the apartment, lying to sleep the small, rather too skinny woman in their queen sized bed. He took off her soaking coat, revealing her pink, tight fitting, dry t shirt. He removed her pants; she was wearing his underwear again. He smiled, and then went into the kitchen to make some soup for when she awoke. He put on the Italian wedding soup from the pantry, closing the wooden shuttered door with white peeling paint. He stirred, sat down, waited, stirred, poured, and turned off stove, adding blood. Done.

Scooping the last of the glass from the sink to the garbage can, he heard the remorseful grunts of aches and sleep arising in the bedroom. Right on time. She came out without bothering to put on pants, like it mattered since they were his undergarments. She yawned, then smiled up at the 7'4" man which had helped her so many times and hadn't asked for a single favor in return. His emerald eyes danced over her body, wondering if she was thinking about him. He gave her some soup, then going and sitting down with his own. They ate, barely talking and then were to go out to the book store to see if the covenant had done its duties and killed or turned the witnesses of the scene, surely that woman with the red eyes was the watcher of the area.

They rushed off to the scene of the event. She looked without seeing as she remembered looking here from the window of the apartment. It felt as though something was calling her, wait& Was there? She looked back on the moment she sprang out on the window. A woman, it was a blond woman with red eyes. She was with a smaller girl. Or was it a boy? Well, by anything, the two were just standing there. They were in the middle of the sidewalk, just& standing. Were they looking at her?

She snapped back as a brunette came up to them, trembling and shaking. She looked about 34. Her lips were quivering as she approached. I, I can't do it --- She lurched forward at Kael. He simply took the palm of his hand and showed it to the vampiric mortal. The inverted cross of mammon was upon it. The woman stopped in a dangerously horizontal position, staring at the cross. She peered from it, to Kael, and again to the cross. Her mouth was still open and her claws were in a stern position headed for Kael. She morphed then, apologizing for the mistake and backing off. Her hair turned blonde, her eyes blue from a yellow orange.

Going up the side walk to a local night club, which was littered with sleazy vendors and a few street bands here and there. They came upon a sign, the same they always looked up at before entering, portraying a bat transforming to a man. Back and forth as if it were as easy as that to take on the form of a sacred animal such as that. The pair walked in, a loud, rhythmic trans-like beat as from an Egyptian movie. The club, as exclaimed from a huge poster over the entrance way, which Kael usually brushed his head against when they went in, was called the Fire Bat. It wasn't as grand as a ballroom, but it did offer a retreat for the uptight vampire. Kael sat in at the bar counter, ordering two bloody maries, extra plasma and pushed a creeping goblin from the seat next to him for Aura, who had had trouble from a crowd asking how the police didn't notice her earlier escapade in the bookstore. The creeping goblin exclaimed, Oh, bloody hell mate! I am coming afta ya all in the night! with a wobbly, high pitched, Australian voice as he ran off to wash the nova stains from his goblins' smock. Aura sat next to him, smiling and looking around at all the neon lighting and differentials of the night life there. She felt the creeping feeling of being watched upon her suddenly. She mopped the floor with her feet, trying to turn herself on the tape like bar stool. The feeling was still there as she looked through the crowd.

Hello! said an English voice from behind. Aura jumped, and, seeing Kael smiling, she knew it was fine.

Looking behind her she saw that it was the blonde woman with blue eyes from the street, and let out a breath she hadn't known she had been keeping in. She smiled distantly and sat in the bar stool that was empty next to her. The first words to come out of the blue and purple dressed woman were, "Oh, I am so sorry for an hour ago, I didn't think you two were&uh, you know. It is just that s its so hard to find doubles that are in love! You see, I am a Trans respondent ananoctillius, a two face, if you will. We pray on a pair, a truly in love couple who will be together forever& True love is so hard to find with the ease of dating and one night stands. And then ordered a mix of six or seven drinks in separate glasses at different heights.

Aura eased a little, though still feeling that something was out of place. She soon forgot it as the night went on with an assortment of different flavors of tequila, margarita, and a few others she couldn't guess since her taste buds were numb from alcohol and blood. Her eyes slurred the lights from the neon signs, and her hearing was addled, making things sound rather enjoyable and giddy. The night went on like this, then finally slowing to a stop with a thud to the floor, submitted by a small, rather too skinny woman.

## **Chapter two**

Aura awoke with a raging head ache. It was probably from the binging and also from the unconscious thump to the floor. Her head pounded as she started to say, "Kael, I need some as---& she stopped short, opening her eyes and seeing the open lid with a friendly red and yellow label. She smiled, but stopped as the blood rushed from her head as she sat up under the comforter, sheet, and a furry blanket they got at the flea market. She saw a glass standing beneath the built in light fixture above the nightstand, half full of water. She took the pain pill and drank a bit of it to wash the pill down.

Her head split in two as she went to the kitchen, making quick work of the bacon and oatmeal he had left out for her on the breakfast nook. He had only gone about ten minutes ago, leaving for the morgue. She sighed, wishing he would have woken her up so she could say goodbye. The young woman ate a slice of dry toast, which was left over without butter since he had been in a hurry. She could tell this by the state of the kitchen; bowls were spewed everywhere, some still half full, pancake batter was left dangerously close to the stove, only enough for one, for she did not like them, only he did. The biggest object left behind was a rather odd shaped bag, maybe filled with garbage, or of the likes. She walked over to it, and saw a small scribble on the bottom. She peered closely at it. It read, This is for you, if you can not read the rest of this, ask me when I get home and closer to the edge, This is for you, because we both know each others hopes and dreams.

She shoved her hand into the bag, feeling around for the thing he was giving her. She felt sudden brush from a solid object with her fingertips. She picked up a square object, a bow attached to it. She looked at it carefully. It was a small, white leather, rectangular cube with a green bow, which were her two favourite colours. It was wrapped carefully around the center in an eight loop flower. Her hand trembled and she tapped it down onto the countertop. Her hand went to her heart, which, if it had ever worked, would have skipped a beat. Her palms got sweaty and she decided to get some wine.

The black and white cat clock ticked loudly as the pendulum tail swung back and forth. Her grey green eyes concentrated on the white and green parcel. Her fist was placed firmly under her chin in an unanswerable question. She played over the features of the box on the kitchen table in front of her. It was fine scaly leather, pearly white. The green bow had a shiny appearance, and was hand made from a ribbon. The hinges on the back even more affected her urge to see what she thought to be in it. A hand snapped out, and, almost grabbing it, stopped. She grabbed the wreathing appendage back as though an invisible force made the gift too hot to the touch.

She bit her lip tightly. Her hands did what they needed to, pulling aside the green glinting bow and then putting it to the side. Her finger flitted on top, thumping the top half and making an *almost* empty sound. She swallowed a lump on her throat, twice. She floated about the apartment, doing her daily routine of showering, making lunch, emptying her bladder. Chilling out and watching TV and snacking, then using the facilities on the commercial of her favourite cartoon. The Cat clock meowed at 9:00. She once again drifted into the kitchen to stare at the white leather parcel.

She ran over with a victory screech inside her head blaring like a siren. She opened the godforsaken package and read on a tiny note Happy April fools .

A smash came from the Tv and awoke her. She was sitting on the couch, her hand in a box of twinkies, squeezing the fluffy white stuff out of the innocent little treat. She rubbed her eyes with her palms, yawning at the exertion of lifting her arms.