# The Curse

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*A Vampire story...a bit odd...DARN IT i cant explain it well,just check it out*

# 1 - Tristan, a cursed one

Maro glanced around her dark room. She knew someone was watching her. Her short brown hair swept over her shoulders with each turn of her head. Her eyes gleamed menacingly seeming to have drawn all the light in the room to them. Her skin almost deathly pale brought her into stark contrast with all that was around her.

"W-where are you?" she tried to hide the fear in her voice "Show yourself!"

A grinning face appeared before her, "`Ello!" His eyes were so close to her own, and bright grey-green. His long hair, hanging partially in front of his lightly tanned lively face, was dark brown, nearly black. His lips, an odd shade of blood red and looking very full and young, were parted in his mocking smirk around sharp, hard looking teeth. Maro's face turned a dangerous shade of red as the blood rushed to her face, but only for an instant. Then she glared at him.

"Hello Tristan" she said coldly "nice to see you again. How long has it been? Two? Three years?"

Tristan looked a little taken aback "Well, I uh…had things to do. You know how busy I am."

"Quite"

"Yep!"

There was a long pause, then, "What do you want?" she said at last.

"Merely to visit my favorite mortal! Oh how much you've grown!"

"Yeh, we mortals do that." She said harshly.

He smiled half-heartedly "Oh come now, you can't actually think you can convince me you aren't glad to see me!" He moved his head in a way that made his hair dance almost tauntingly. Maro bit her lip. Her hands ached to feel that hair again, to run her fingers through its silky layers. She wanted to feel the odd haunting heat emanating from his hands. She clenched her fists.

"I hate you."

"No you don't" he smirked mockingly "I know what you whisper into the dark, when you think no one is listening…"

"NO"

"But the darkness IS listening, **I** am listening, always. You say my hair would lure you into the night, that my eyes bewitch you. Yes, I know these thoughts. THAT is why I have returned I suppose."

Maro glared at him, he was right, she didn't want to admit it but he was. He leaned in as if to kiss her. Maro turned crimson, and he just laughed. It was a while before he stopped laughing and was able to speak again.

"You thought that…"

"Shut up" she said through clenched teeth. She grabbed at him, her hands ended up closing around some of his hair. Uh oh her plan had backfired. His hair, so soft, so alluring. She tried to let go, but didn't truly want to. Tristan's eyes caught Maro's and wouldn't let them go. He pulled her towards him in an embrace. So very warm, so dreadfully, excitingly warm. Maro tried to pull away but had suddenly lost all her strength. No, no she couldn't like him, she was angry with him. Suddenly there was a horribly wonderful, agonizing pain in her neck. She could barely breathe, her heart was beating fast. She grew weaker and weaker with every second. She knew by her instincts that she had to get Tristan away, but oh…she didn't want to. It was just so easy to give in. As her heart was beating its last, he pulled away from her. Tristan set her down on her bed, and kissed her just for a moment, and then wiped her blood from his mouth.

"I'm sorry my love." He said as he departed into the darkness from which he had appeared. Had he not rushed this because of his feelings for Maro, he would have noticed that she didn't die. In her weakened state Maro laid taking ragged breaths.

"T-traitor" she managed to whisper hoarsely before sleep stole her consciousness from her, against all her attempts to elude it.