

Cont.

the vampire

A love. A life. A worship, an embrace. I live with him now, the love. I've told him that immortality is no option for him, which leaves him with college and studies and a future as a mortal. I'm drinking from the bloodbank, and sometimes from him. My eyes turn blue and my teeth grow and sadly, this is what I am. He comes at night, turning me into a lovecraving silly immortal.:) I have a friend, Cal, and his friends, one of them full blown AIDS. I'm not chased by gremlins, that should not a crapfest in your pants make, right? My other friend is Cals brother who also is a vampire which makes them creepy crawlies and bloodsucking brady bunch siblings. My friends face me at night and we drink, hunt and chase together. The night is ours, isn't it? Huh?

Look at me, Cal muses as he pulls me to him. Blue eyes, fangs-the full monty, just ordinary vampy traits basicly. Beautiful, sexy, handsome. We've flirted forever and thought we'd make it official, except for the mortal I have, Cal is my one true love...vampire love mess? You bet. I can't have children and neither can Cal and we are both suffering from the same ailment from where there is no escape.

And I looked. Cal looked back and smiled, razorsmile, evil, luscious, enigmatic halfsmile. I smiled back. -I love you I whispered to his face. He looked at my mouth, parted, two silverfangs. Hows evyerthing I asked. its fine Cal answered, pulling himself up, floating in the air with me. Love, thats what we felt for eachother, pain and selflove. Mean son of a gun, thats what he was, Caliban. Monster, egotrip, bastard. I need blood. I said. Cal smiled again and shook his arms. Plenty of that out there he claimed, showing me with a wave of his arm the works. Hot meals, blood Mc Plasma...lets go out and make it legal.

And we did, some victims, some deaths, blood and cravings. Fangs entering flesh, sinking down, deep down. I could hardly keep my blood down, as it ran into my veins. Cal kept an eye on me, not sucking any blood, he had allready done that for tonight, no need for any more. Not now. And then it was over. I left the victim and fled. Were we about to be discovered? Maybe not. Maybe.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Kristina Hellgren med Poeter.se id #35832 innehar upphovsrätten