

vampire venom

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a girl is hunted by a vampire

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1 - a murderous vampire

"Lena!Lena try to pay attention! This clas is conducted in the classroom not the skys as your eyes seem to think." Lena immediately snapped to attention.

"Now class as I was saying before we had to bring Lena back from the skys..." Lena had already drifted. she had never been an excellent student like her brother. The only thing she excelled at was her Karate class that she taught to the younger kids in her neighborhood.

After class Lena gathered her books quickly trying to get home fast. If dinner wasn't on the table at six her dad would leave and get drunk and come home throwing things around the room screaming at her and her brother.

"Lena can I please speak to you?" Her teachers voice filtered into her head.

"Uhh i got to get home to cook dinner but i guess i could spare a moment.

"Lena where do you go when you zone out. I know your life hasn't been easy since your mom passed on but is something going on at home that i need to know about."

"No, nothing." Well except my dad gets drunk every night brings his drunken butt home for us to deal with, she thought. she finished packing up her books and left quickly. When she got home her brother was already fixing dinner in the kitchen. She gave him a kiss on the cheek, he was smart for an eight year old. Whenever she was late he would grab some Easy Mac and start dinner.

"Hows my favorite baby boy? Did you have a good day at school?"

"Your late again Dad's gonna be really mad. And I'm fine, school went well today."

"Well what Dad doesn't know won't hurt him now will it? By the way where is that wretched man?"

"I don't know haven't seen him since three."

"Well lets just eat I'll leave dinner in the freezer for him."

Two hours passed quickly with her little brother in his room all she had to worry about was finding her father. Even he didn't deserve to sleep in the bus benches as he had done so many times. She began to call all the bars and haunts her father had. Apparently he was nowhere. Well He'll turn up eventually, sh thought he always did.

Later that night Lena left to go to her job. It was a simple job that took little effort. She was often there from 8 to midnight. She was a waitress for a little bar that accepted young workers who were under 21. No one ever reported the people being too young to work there.

2 - A strange man and an angry father

To Lena her shifts at the local bar passed quickly and with ease. Not many people came for the drinks at this bar most for the food. And the manager had always taken special precaution with the underage workers to keep them extremely safe.

"Hey Lena." called her friend Erika.

"Whats up?" she replied.

But that was the only piece of conversation they could have before a fight broke out among the security and a man at the front door. The man was very tall and very heavy. Suddenly Lena recognized the man. It was her father, he was clearly wasted and swearing at the security saying my daughter works here. When he did finally manage to get through he walked up to Lena and smacked her hard across the face. "You should be at home taking care of your brother not at work trying to keep me out of this bar." he yelled.

Security immediately after seeing the fight between her father and her, calmly took him to the door and threw him out. Lena's face turned bright red from embarrassment. She hated when her father hit her in public or came to her work place but couldn't help it when he was drunk.

The rest of her shift passed quickly and uneventfully. And at 12:00 a.m. on the dot she left to go home. She walked quickly knowing that lots of troublemakers walked around at this hour. So when the hairs on her neck rose up she thought that it was just a creep looking for a drug buyer. The feeling didn't go away after several blocks, she turned to yell at the person who was following her and after looking at him her heart turned to ice and she began to run.

This man had been following her for weeks. He was tall and lanky but he was also very dangerous. He broke into a light run that seemed to be faster than anyone else's run. He easily caught up to her and put a knife blade to her throat. He drew it across her neck lightly but made sure to draw blood.

He told her "I'm going to make this very simple. Either you comply and live a day or two longer or you scream and die a slow and painful death. Your choice."

She nodded, and he threw a bag over her head that had a very sweet smell. then she lost consciousness.

3 - will i live to die another day?

when Lena awoke, she found herself in a small dark room but it was covered in glass and smashed paintings. her body felt sore all over but her neck hurt the worst. when she put her fingers to where it hurt she felt something wet and sticky. she cringed as she realized it was blood. but why was she bleeding on that side of her neck, it wasn't the side lying on the glass.

"Ahh so sleeping beauty awakes. feeling sore, nauseated?" his voice was like listening to screams of pain. Lena couldn't put her finger on it but it was painful to listen to. "well," he said "get used to it I'll be expecting my prey to, well how should i put this, easy to catch." but this time his voice sounded strangely like silk it was like a soft warm robe after being out in the cold all day.

for the next few days the man tortured her, putting her through hideous tests. like walking on red hot embers. He treated her like a punching bag, when he came home angry she was beaten to a pulp. for days on end she was not fed or fed barely enough to survive on. her hair was greasy and began to fall out because of malnutrition. if she ate anything to rich her body immediately rejected it. he took special joy in watching her body convulse in pain and agony. he was crueller and viler than any other human being on the planet.

then almost two weeks after all the "games" as he called them began, he started feeding off of her. she knew she was dying slowly but she didn't care. the agony when he drew blood was worse than death or so she thought. when he fed off her it felt like a trillion white hot swords were slashing her body. after he was finished he would watch her writhe in pain, calling her names saying that her death was necessary for him and the survival of his kind.

sometimes when he was tired of her, he would leave for days on end locking her in small closets or tying her to chair and setting a gun next to her. the gun had a trigger that could detect any movement and would shoot if any such movement was made.

one day after being beaten severely and fed off of he left her alone in the small room. he thought that she was not going to move but he was wrong. the window was slightly open enough so that she could get out and run for help. she was half way out when she heard the door creak open. a gunshot rocketed through the air. a body fell out the window. but no one cared, in this neighborhood you didn't care because if you did you were dead within a week