

# **Crimson Desires**

**By Bix**

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*The demon inside me has awakened. It's time to feed. I am a monster. I never wanted my fate. Now I must banish the evil both inside of me and out... (Totally my own, already been copywritten)*

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# 1 - So It Begins

Crimson Desires



## **Crimson Desires**

The room seemed to become darker. The light was quickly dying just like everyone I knew and loved. Anyone I ever cared about. But the darkness was my friend. Perhaps my one true friend. It called to me, beckoning me. It was telling me that everything would be alright. It wrapped its soft arms around me and enveloped me in the night. I was forever alone in darkness. It never judged me for anything I ever said or did. Never.

But it wasn't darkness that was enveloping me at that moment. It was Tristin. He was embracing me, cooing softly words of comfort. None of them had ever seen me weep before. I rarely do it alone. How weak I felt at that moment can never be described by words, not because Tristin had encircled me in his arms, but because he saw me crying. How foolish I felt. I was the strong one. The one that nothing affected. And here I was, bawling as an infant.

Yet I kept weeping. I threw my arms around his neck, and sobs shook my body, and tears flooded over my face. He wrapped his arms around me tighter. I wanted to scream at him that he had to leave; that he had to get away from me. I wanted to but didn't. I couldn't find my voice. I had lost it to the sobs.

I wanted to pound at his chest and scream and push him away. I didn't want to hurt him. But more than that; I didn't want to *be* hurt. I didn't want to be there when he was killed. He would be if he stayed around me much longer.

I knew in my soul that I was craven and animalistic. It terrified me. I knew my other half was taking over. The demonic half. I had known all my life that I was evil. That's why everyone in the town shunned me. They stayed away from me for the most part, especially if I was alone. The only real people who

befriended me who were from the town were Tristian and Gar. Bliss, Torin, and Dream all came from off. That's the term around here for coming from some other part of the country. They didn't know me. They didn't know the monster that was inside me. But I knew. Lord, I knew. And it terrified me.

I was thirsty for blood. It was time. The smell of it excited me. The sight of it elicited hungry mewings. I couldn't escape it where we were. It was all around us. I wanted it. I needed it. I craved it. It was what gave me life. It sustained me when I could go on no longer. Yes, the demon inside was awake. It was awake and burning to get out.

I opened my mouth. Soft hissing sounds escaped as I inched closer to his neck with my fangs at the ready. I could feel my pulse racing. My wits were becoming stronger by the second. Then a sound, a mix between a hiss and a scream, escaped my lips, and I flung myself back, appalled at what I had almost done. Though unspoken, I knew that he was my beloved. And I had nearly killed him.

I covered my face with my hands. *MONSTER* my mind screamed; *DEMON! BEAST! YOU'RE NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL! NO ONE WOULD CARE IF YOU DIED. HE DOESN'T LOVE YOU IN RETURN. STOP PRETENDING!*

"No!" I shouted. "Shut-up! Stop it!" I fell to my knees. At that moment, the loathing I felt for myself was abundant. I felt like a common thief, but instead of stealing things of value, I stole lives and families. I stole freedom and made others like me. I'd make them prisoner to the lust of blood; something that I face nightly. I made them my partner in crime. I didn't want to do that to him. I couldn't.

This was the first that the others had seen me like this. I normally keep myself under control, but I had gone without blood for several weeks, and I was uncontrollable. *It was uncontrollable.* The demon inside me.

I looked down and saw my shaking hands clenched into fists. I felt dizzy; hungry. I wanted to run - needed to, but I couldn't. I should have, but I couldn't get up. My knees were too weak. I tried to swallow, but my throat was dry. This was no normal thirst. No water or tea could satisfy me. Deep pains settled in my stomach. I needed it now. I needed it. If I couldn't have the silky crimson liquid, I would die. But I knew if I died, the demon inside me would die too. Then the others would be safe. They would be safe, and that would be one less creature of the night they would have to fight.

I looked up at the moon in the raven sky. The stars were shining in the sky. It was a beautiful night by far. And it was the night I thought I would die. The pain was very intense now. The night was wearing on. It was my feeding time, and I was ever so hungry.

Three weeks. That is how long it has been since I last fed. Three long and grueling weeks. Three horrible weeks of pain.

I doubled over, whimpering softly, wishing for the pain to just stop; wishing that I was normal. Wishing that I wasn't a monster.

Suddenly, the night lit up -turned to day, then right back to night. Lightening cut the sky again and again followed by the deafening crash of thunder. The rain fell in pounding sheets. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Bliss reach for Torin. If the storm was the least of her worries, then she had it good.

Tristin knelt beside me. He wrapped his arms around me and made a move to lift me up. I pushed him away. Why couldn't he understand? I loved him so much; loved him enough to know that I had to push him away to keep him alive. I had to push all of them away. If I didn't, they would all run with the rats, ravaging the city in search of blood.

"Please," I whispered. "Please just leave me. Get away. Don't you understand?" The rain stuck my hair to my body, ran in my eyes, stinging them slightly. It mixed with my tears.

"At least let me get you out of the rain!"

"NO!" I shouted.

"You'll die!" he shouted in return. "You'll die," he said again, softer this time. I realized he was pleading with me. I was tempted to let him. I wanted to. I almost did, but then my good-sense took over again.

"NO!" I screamed this time. "NO! Just get away from me!"

"I'm not!" he insisted. Then it all happened so fast. I'm not sure of what happened verily. All I know is that I lunged at him. I felt my fangs sink into his neck. I heard him gasp out of surprise and pain. And then I felt his hands on my shoulders as he pushed me away.

I fell back, and so did he. His hand flew to his neck where a soft trickle of blood ran. I had bitten him. I tasted his salty blood in my mouth. I ran my tongue over my fangs, lapping it from my lips.

At first I didn't realize that I had bitten him. I was glad that I had gotten blood. The pain in my stomach was releasing, as was the pain in my head. I was not quite so dizzy any longer. I felt physically stronger. And I wanted more.

But then I grasped exactly what I had done. I looked at Tristin in the pale moon light. His long brown hair was doused with rain, sticking to his face in long wisps. His white dress-shirt was all but translucent, showing the physic that I had secretly fallen in love with. But it was more than just what he looked like that mattered to me. He treated me like a real lady, always remembered my birthday, the anniversary of the deaths of my parents. He made me laugh and was so kind to me. In return to his kindness, I had made him an addict to blood. I had made him a vampire.

Not all legends about vampires are true. I can go out in the sunlight. It doesn't burn me alive. I can eat garlic - in fact, it's one of my favorite spices. I love white roses and I have been anointed with Holy Water. All those things are just myths to scare stupid townspeople into a false sense of security. The only real curse about being a vampire is that you have to have blood. It is a necessity. There are some perks of course - if you'd call them perks. You can stay young and beautiful forever.

But the need for blood out-weighs any eternal youth. I have taken blood for all sixteen years of my life. I am still repulsed by what I must do. By the beast that I become.

"Tristin," I whispered softly. "Oh, God, I'm so sorry. I..." I stopped. Rain splashed my face, making it so you couldn't tell I was crying. I knew in my heart that you couldn't undo what had been done. I knew that

he would be a vampire for the rest of his life, and he would be miserable. It would all be my fault. He wouldn't love me now for sure. I screamed out of anger and frustration. I screamed because of what I had done. I screamed because I was a monster.

I had to get away. I had to leave before the others tried to help me - or worse, kill me. So I turned and fled into the darkness. I fled into my cloak, my friend. My salvation. My sanctuary.

I was a fiend. I fie the day that I was begot. What a cursed day it was! Sixteen years I ran this earth. Sixteen years I killed.

I ran past people and cars. I ran past buildings. I ran past homes and shops. I couldn't trust myself. I would run into the forest or the mountains. At least there I could protect others from myself.

My chest burned, but I kept running. Rain water intruded into my mouth, causing me to sputter. I was weeping fiercely, the tears and the rain blurring my vision. I had to stop, if only for a moment. I coughed and used a bit of my shirt to clear the rain from my face and eyes.

It was then I heard footsteps coming up rapidly behind me. Fear tore at my heart and clenched at my stomach. I couldn't breathe. I thought they were coming to get me. I thought they were coming to kill me. I knew that had to be it. I knew it had to be.

"Mys!" I heard a male voice call. "Mys!" This time it was female. "Mystery!" This time it was both male and female, a chorus yelling after me.

I turned around and saw the others running up behind me, Tristin at the lead. "Mystery, wait!" he called. I started to dart, then stopped.

"Don't follow me!" I said. "It'll be safer if you don't. You'll be safer if you just leave me alone."

"No, Mystery, wait," Tristin said. He was close enough now to grab my hand, and he did. "Please, don't go." I tried to pull my arm away from him, but he held firm.

"How could you not want me to go?!" I demanded. "I turned you into a monster. I... I bit you, Tristin. I bit you. And now you're cursed to walk the earth as a monster for the rest of time. Or until someone decides to kill you."

"I'd expect you to do the same for me," he said.

"I don't understand."

"If I were in your place, I would want you to let me bite you. So I let you bite me. I know that if our roles were switched, you would let me. I know, because you love me."

His words burned through me. Somehow he had found out that I loved him. I tried vainly to cover the shock that fell upon my face. He laughed.

"Do you think this is funny!" I demanded. He only laughed more. "I can't believe you!" I fumed. "You're

laughing and I've cursed you to a life of hell. I don't know what you find funny in all of this.”

“You,” he said simply. I must admit that I was a little taken aback by that.

“How dare you!” I said. I tried again to yank my hand away from him, but still he held on to me.

I saw the others behind him. They kept a respectable distance. I couldn't say I blame them. If I were one of them, I'd be all the way on the other side of town.

“Now, don't misunderstand me,” he said. “I didn't mean it like that. I meant that you're overreacting. That's all. It's not really all that bad.”

“Not all that bad,” I echoed. “Not all that bad?! You're crazy. You are now a monster. A demon. A beast. Need I go on? And all you can say is that it's not that bad?”

“*Amore*,” he said, “please, listen. I love you. And no matter what you do or what you think you are will ever change that. Do you understand me?”

“How could you love a monster?!” I screamed. “It's a dangerous thing to play with a demon. And that's just what I am. That's just what vampires are. That's just what you'll become.”

“A demon?” he said. “No. A monster? No. A beast? No.”

“You-”

“Please, don't interrupt, *Amore*. You are none of those things. All you are is beautiful, beautiful both inside and out.”

It was then I saw it. Another creature. Another demon. Another like me. This one was far more hideous and much more lethal than I.

Tristin saw the look on my face and turned around. He stood in front of me to try to block me from the creature. He was trying to keep me safe. But I knew that if I could kill them without trying, this one could do much, much worse.

His face will forever haunt my dreams. It was all white, like a pearl. His eyes were blood red. His hair fell in his face in long, icy sprawls. He had a smile on his face that bared his long bloodstained fangs.

“I've been watching you,” he said in a raspy voice.

“Who are you?” Torin demanded. Bliss cowered behind him. I didn't blame her.

“I am called Affinity. I come from a long way off.”

“Who are you?” I asked, stepping out from behind Tristin.

“Why, I am your creator, child.”



"That's not so," I said. "I was born a vampire and a witch. I was never bitten. I was born this way."

"That you were," Affinity said. "That you were. But if it were not for me, child, you would not be the great being that you are."

"Great being," I snorted.

"You do not know the power which you hold inside of you," he said stepping closer. "You were destined for great things."

"What would those great things be?" I asked mordantly. "Destroying the human race?"

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact." I glared at him. Underneath that searing glare, fear shook my body. I thought about fighting him, but second guessed whether or not I could beat him. I put the thought aside for now, but kept it in mind. If I had to, I would.

"You said you were my creator," I said, trying to buy some time. "What did you mean?"

"Thousands of years ago I became what I am. A simple spell turned me into this. A spell that no one knows the origins of, even then. I became beautiful, for once I was ugly; however, I could only show my beauty at night. In the darkness. And to keep my beauty, I had to have blood.

"I feasted for many nights on the blood of the townspeople. I killed them all, but they did not stay dead. They came back as things like me.

"My full name is Affinity Ambrose Vampiero. I called them my children. I called them Vampieros. Of course this was long, long ago. Over the years, my children have been come to be known as Vampires. The name changed around the time of Atlantis."

"How old are you?" Gar asked.

"I am very, very old."

"Then when did all this happen? When did you transform yourself?"

"I was a small boy who lived on the south shores of Avalon in a town called Midian."

"That's over ten thousand years ago," Gar said. Affinity nodded slowly.

"I told you I was old," he said.

"Then you shouldn't be hard for me to get rid of!" I yelled, darting out from behind Tristin. I ran my shoulder into his stomach. It felt like hitting rock.

Affinity stumbled back a step or two, but otherwise stayed on his feet. He laughed.

"Many have tired to rid themselves of me, child," he said, stripping off his gloves and cloak, "but as you see, I'm still here. With age comes wisdom, and with wisdom, strength."

I stared at him from where I was. He was an opposing man. He stood at least six and a half feet. The breadth of his shoulders was very, very wide. Up close, I could see that his eyes weren't the blood red I had thought them to be. They were a beautiful shade of green; one that I haven't seen before. He had high cheekbones and fine lips. He would have been attractive if he wasn't trying to kill me.

"But with youth comes energy." It sounded stupid the second I said it, but I needed a comeback and that was the best I could think of on short notice. None of my old ones would work too well.

Three weeks without blood had taken its toll on me. I was weak already. But the blood I took from Tristin helped some. It might not be enough, though. It was only a couple drops.

I couldn't let this freak win. I had to save my friends. It was the least I could do.

I lunged at him again. Affinity picked me up by the neck and threw me against the building. I gasped in pain. Tristin and the others called my name. I looked for them, but everything was black for a second.

I regained my sight just in time to see Affinity coming at me again. Someone should have told him that you shouldn't come at them when they're down. It's not courteous.

Or smart. I rolled to my left, leapt to my feet, and, just when he was close enough, I pushed him with all my strength into the ground.

He went down, but he didn't stay. I had barely enough time to back up when he rose to his feet. He didn't hurry. He didn't have to. Even if we tried to run, he would find us.

Affinity was nearly a foot and a half taller than I. He could have easily broken every bone in my body if he had wanted. But he laughed.

"Very good," he said. "Very good." He mocked me further by pretending to clap his hands. "Now, it's my turn."

I backed up. He drew from his sheath a sword.

"That's not fair!" I heard Dream call.

"She has nothing to defend herself with," said Bliss. Affinity turned to them.

"That's the idea, beautiful," he said. I knew that this was it. This was the end for me.

Affinity opened his mouth as if to say something else to the girls, but flung around with the sword. I wasn't ready. Thankfully, Tristin knew what was happening. He rammed into Affinity's side causing him to miss his mark.

The blade of the sword nicked my arm. My sleeve was soaked with blood in a matter of seconds. We

later found out that it bled worse than it really was.

I inhaled sharply when the blade made contact and jumped back.

Affinity spun around on Tristin.

“You insolent bane!” he shouted.

“I won't let you hurt her!”

Affinity laughed.

“She's your lover, yes?” he asked. “Your *Amore*, as you call her. Very well, then. I shall make you watch her die!”

“Run, Mystery!” Tristin yelled. “Run! We'll keep him busy.” I ran. I shouldn't have, but I did. I left them alone to face that beast.

As I left, I heard metal scrape the cement on the side walk. I shivered but didn't look back. I was too scared to.

The scratch on my arm was burning. I was gasping air into my hungry lungs not seeming to get any. My legs were throbbing, my head pounding. I couldn't think straight. What exactly did Affinity want with me? How could I destroy the entire human race?

I could smell the pungent sent of the ocean. I was nearing the beach. I remembered coming here just earlier that same day with the others. The girls skipped and turned summersaults in the water while the boys and I walked more on the sand. I remember Bliss trying to get me to come closer to the water, but I refused. I didn't want to get all wet, I had said. Now I wish I had gone in the water. I didn't know if I'd have another chance.

I fell to my knees in the water. It felt nice and cool on my burning body. I rinsed the cut on my arm out the best I could. Salt water wasn't the best thing for it, but it had to be cleaned. It couldn't wait.

The storm made the water choppy. The waves white capped. It was not a good night to be at sea, I thought to myself. Thunder cracked again. It had that whip sound and then it let out its full boom. I fancied the ground around me shook. It probably did, but I was just too tired to really realize it. The storm was right over top of the town now. The lightening flashed before I had a chance to count to two. It would be over soon, the storm. I just hoped that the night would be over soon. I hoped the nightmare would be done.

I could feel death's feather-light kiss on the back of my neck. It was then I started to pray for my friends. I prayed that they would be ok and that I would see them again. I prayed that Tristian would be ok.

“Did you really think that you would get away from me that easily?” Affinity had found me. I scrambled to my feet.

“Get away from me!” I screamed. My voice cracked. I found that I had more or less trapped myself. I really had no where to go. There were miles of ocean behind me and beach on either side of me. The few shops that were on the shore were on the far north end. Too far for me to sprint to. Anyway, he'd find me. There weren't many shops to check.

I fell to my knees. I gave up. It was a useless fight that I couldn't win. I knew I couldn't when I had started it. Thinking of it then, as I was kneeling there, I couldn't remember why I had started it. I should have just said, “yeah, sure. I'll kill the humans. Then everyone will be like me.” but I didn't. I couldn't even remember if he had given me the option of joining him or not.

“Go on,” I said. “Kill me.”

“That's it, child?” he asked. “You're just giving up?”

I nodded.

“I wasn't ready for the fall. I didn't see the writing. Tristin wasn't the blind one, Affinity, I was. Just tell him... tell him that I love him. And that I'm sorry, sorry for everything. And that I...I wish him only the best and happiest times.” The tears made it hard for me to talk. “Tell him thank-you for everything, and that he'll never know how much I valued it all.”

“I shall grant you this wish,” he said.

“Thank-you,” I said, lowering my head again. I sensed more than saw him raise the sword. This was it. I clenched my hands into fists and waited for it to stop.

Instead I heard a grunt and the sound of the sword slipping into the sand to my left. I threw my head up and saw Affinity doubled over, crimson spilling over his shirt.

Tristin came over the dune to my right. The others followed.

He came to me and helped me up. “I love you too,” he said. “There's nothing to be sorry about and my best and happiest times are with you. You're welcome for everything, but you need not thank me, for being with you are thanks enough.”

“You...you heard that?” I asked. He nodded.

“Hey, sorry to break up you two love birds,” Torin called, “but I think we have a slight problem here.” We turned to see Affinity struggling to his feet. The steak had just missed his heart. He pulled it out and threw it to the side.

“Like I said, many have tried and many have failed. I am too weak to try to fight you now. One day soon I shall return, and I shall be stronger,” he said darkly. “Count your blessings, rats, for you do not have many left.” With that, he turned toward the storm tossed ocean and walked off over the water.

As he faded from view, the rain began to subside and the night began to lift. The dark purples and teals of night became the bright yellows and oranges of morning. The night was over. We had all made it. We

had fought the beast and we had won.

But my victory was short lived. I was still a demon- a beast like Affinity. The fact that we had beaten him didn't change that.

"*Amore*," Tristin said seeming to read my mind, "don't. Don't treat yourself like that. You're not like him. There's nothing beautiful about him. But you," he said, tilting my head towards with a finger, "you are beautiful." I smiled for the first time in the span of three weeks with my friends standing beside me and the warm morning sun bathing my face and the night away.

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It's been almost a month since that fateful summer night in our little sea-side town. Affinity hasn't come back, but that doesn't mean we've given up on him. We wait, but we don't dwell. If we could beat him like that before, we were sure we could kill him next time.

Bliss and Torin started dating; Gar has tried to get the courage up to ask Dream out. And me? Well, I'm good.

We found that I hadn't turned Tristin into a vampire. I didn't take enough of his blood. That's great. At least he won't be subject to what I must face.

The cut on my arm is healing nicely. It shouldn't leave a scar.

I do summersaults in the water with the girls now. I laugh and skip and have tons of fun. But more importantly, I've stopped caring what the other people in the town think about me. Tristin is right; I'm not a monster or a demon or a beast. I'm me; a sixteen-year-old girl with long raven hair, dark eyes, pale skin, and friends who love me. There's nothing more that I could want.

Well, alright. There is something else. But I think Tristin knows what that is and will be taking care of it very, very soon.

