

Crimson Moon

By Dark_AngelXX

Submitted: February 2, 2006

Updated: February 2, 2006

Vampire Kaii (My original character from my 'Blood Brothers' series) muses over the activities of a vampire ^_^. A short piece written for a University, had to be between 300-500 words. Hope you like ;)

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dark_AngelXX/27555/Crimson-Moon

Chapter 1 - Crimson Moon

2

1 - Crimson Moon

Crimson Moon

`Red moon, crimson moon

Let your light guide me'

A red glow emits from the round silhouette of the moon, bathing me in an unseen state of comfort and security. A small delicate breeze escapes through the mountains in the distance, purposely brushing through locks of my dark blond hair. I frown slightly but nevertheless I part my lips and allow them to curl into a grateful smile. Tonight I shall feed, there's no question about it.

The lake before me stretches out for miles beyond, reaching up to the borderline of the mountains. It's a beautiful deep vast pool of blue sparkling water, though when lit up in the crimson light from the moon it looks like a shimmering dark red pool of blood.

My tongue instinctively slides along my lower lip. I can almost taste the metallic red liquid I sought for.

The beauty of the colour red has never ceased to fascinate me.

It's the colour of love and romance.

It's the colour of anger and hatred.

It's clearly the colour of life itself, representing the very life source that runs through the narrow veins in our bodies, like water running through worn copper pipes. Once pierced, an almost endless flow of liquid will leak out partially satisfying an everlasting thirst, that dry lips crave for.

Hypnotized by the moon's abnormal sublime glow, I will fall into a bloodthirsty trance to perform a far from spectacular act.

The wide eyes of an unsuspecting volunteer, and then sharp teeth sink into a promising meal. Slowly, the bleeding crimson moon shall fade and will be drained of its blushing face, once again becoming replaced with a pale yellow shine. I shall casually wipe my stained mouth dry and will return to the cursed Kingdom I'm forced to live in.

The dull empty moon will soon be refilled up to its rim, beckoning for me to sip sweet red wine from its chalice once again.