

# Infinity

By Haru\_the\_Cow

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*Ask.*

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## 0 - 0

June 22, 1804, Some where in the forests of New England

I died yesterday. I'm among the living, but I'm not. I'm among the dead, but I'm not. I need the blood of others; I wish I didn't. It's so painful to watch my victims die. I wish there was a way that they could live. I wish I knew who he was. He was so beautiful, so regal. Dressed like a king, but in black, blue, and red. It seems I've aged centuries when I'm only a day over seventeen. Before today, people kept telling me *'Maria, you really need to grow up.'* If only they could see me now. I wish I knew yesterday what I know now. But, I know they can't, I'm hundreds of miles away from there. I couldn't have stayed. They would have killed me, but then again I'm already dead. If I could go back, I wouldn't have left the party with that man.

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June 22, 2004, Subdivision in suburban Chicago

It's been two hundred years since that day and I haven't died. I now know who that man is. What is more like it... I really wish I could go back. Immortality is I great for the first few decades then it gets old real fast. I do know who that man is. He is the one that turned me into this... beast, this awful being. That man is Christopher. The man I thought I loved. When in reality it was just the spell of a very powerful vampire. The very same spell I have now. Man can't be around me five minutes without going crazy. It's strange I am both the hunter and the hunted: hunting the humans and being hunted by the witches and the humans stupid enough to try. Many people I've considered friends have died because of slayers. Alexander, one of my favorite acquaintances, has been nearly killed at least three different times. I'm not sure if we are just friends or something more. I wish for the later.

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Maria set the pencil down on the desk and closed her book. She then stood, turned and shut the drapes. The sun would be up soon. Enough exposure to it could cause a pretty serious coma.

**She moved effortlessly about the room. Her dark gown flowing behind her. It seemed like she wasn't walking but gliding like a ghost. She moved over to the bed and sat down. A graceful arm reached up and turned off the small lamp. Her feet went under the covers and she fell into a deep sleep**

**\*\***

**It was nearly sunset when she woke from a dreamless sleep. The hunger woke her. The hunger for blood: warm, red human blood. But first, she had to get out of bed.**

**Maria pushed the covers off her and swung her feet over the edge of the bed. Her feet hit the hardwood floor with a soft thud. She was rather muscular for her slim frame. She was of average height some where around five foot four.**

**She walked to her bureau drawer and chose her outfit for the night. She picked out a pair of dark pants and a dark green Victorian-Gothic style and was already wearing the jewelry for the evening; a silver pendent on a silver chain, the infinity symbol.**

**Maria walked down the stairs to the first floor and put on her favorite black boots. She opened the door and saw what was left of the pink sunset.**

**Her feet made no sound as she walked across the porch and down the stairs. Her heels clicked as she moved down the curvy sidewalk that led to the garage. Within that garage was a single car: a dark blue Lamborghini Diablo convertible with a black leather top.**

**She pulled out of the garage and into the main part of the subdivision. She took a left and a right and then stopped briefly for another car. Her tires squealed as she took a final left onto the main road.**

**Within five minutes she was in town. But, that was only because she was going 110 in a forty-five mile zone. Once the Lamborghini reached the center of town it turned left. To what was known as the 'not-so-good' part of the city to most. It was mainly bars, dark allies and underground clubs. Maria was known in those parts by reputation rather than by sight.**

**Maria pulled into a party store and parked around back. The heels of her boots made a sharp click when she hit the uneven pavement of the parking lot. She locked the door, but before she left she traced a symbol around the lock. The same symbol that lay around her neck and tattooed on her left arm: Infinity. A purple aura of sorts erupted from the symbol and made its way across the surface of the vehicle.**

**When she left the car glowed a soft purple that only a vampire could see. To a normal mortal the car wasn't even there; the parking lot was empty.**

**She walked the last block and a half to where Club Z was. Most people who knew about the club know so only through rumor. Truth is, most of the people there were vampires. Maria noticed that as soon as she walked in. Many of them were no stronger than mere mortals.**

**Within seconds after she brushed the club five young men were standing around her slender form. Maria examined each of them respectively. And chose one. She went into his mind with her power and told him to stay. She kept her eyes on the boy “Go,” she said, her voice soft but stern. The one stayed and the four others left with their heads bowed.**

**“Where?” he began to ask but Maria pressed a finger to his pale lips.**

**“No, don’t talk,” her voice was soft and misleading. She did lead him to a secluded part of the upper balcony. It was actually surprising that he heard her. The music was so loud.**

**They walked about halfway down the balcony and Maria stopped. Again, she traced infinity, but, on part of the wall at the height of a doorknob, not around a lock that was already there.**

**Each vampire had a different symbol. No two ever alike. They were a fingerprint. Maria’s was infinity. Alex had ankh. Christopher: the dagger.**

**Maria pulled him in behind her. And just about threw him onto the bed. The door glowed purple, if any other vampire were to walk by; they wouldn’t be able to get through.**

**She started pacing back and forth waiting for midnight to come and he was in the spell of her aura. His brown eyes followed her around the room like a cat watching a bird on the other side of a windowpane. His blonde hair rippled as his head moved. Slowly time crept by.**

**The midnight hour was just minutes away. She stopped pacing and sat down in the big, black leather chair near the door. His eyes looked glazed. When someone was under the spell of an aura, they didn’t know what they are doing. All they want is for the vampire to drink.**

**Finally, it came. The moment they’d both been waiting for. A small clock went off on the other side of the room. She moved swiftly towards the boy. His eyes following her every move.**

**She slid onto the bed next to him. The aura made him tilt his head back, automatically, revealing his jugular. She placed a hand behind his neck, pulling him towards her, with fangs bared. Shining brightly in the moonlight that came in from a lone window in the small room.**

**Maria pulled him still closer, her fangs almost touching his neck. The boy would feel no pain because of her aura and her saliva had a slight anesthetic in it. Finally, they made contact. First, they barely touched his skin. A light enough touch to make your skin crawl. She increased the pressure a little at a time. Taking as long as she pleased piercing the young man’s neck.**

**There was a sploosh type sound as the vein popped. A sound comparable to that of an over filled water balloon dropped on uneven cement in the middle of summer. Her mouth was flushed with life’s sweet nectar. She knew she couldn’t take too much or she’d have a dead body on her**

hands. She took as much as he would donate. He would leave here in a daze but alive.

Maria stood licking the remaining blood of her lips, her canines slowly resuming normal size and shape. She moved, tucking the limp body underneath the soft covers of the bed. He'd be out for a couple hours but he'd remember nothing of the incident. The only evidence that something took place would be two needle-prick-sized marks on his neck.

"Thank you," she whispered as she kissed him on the cheek.

She turned on her heel and walked out the door. Her purple seal wouldn't lift until he followed suit. Until then no one could get in.

The music was loud after being in the quiet of the room for so long. She walked slowly across the balcony watching the dancers below and she saw him. The man she has been infatuated with for some time now.

She made it down the stairs and weaved in and out of people on the dance floor. She could feel his familiar aura getting stronger the closer she got to him. He had recently fed. She could sense the human in his aura. Alex could probably sense her, too, because he was looking right at her as she reached the bar.

"Hello," he said as he took her hand and brought it to his lips. She felt her skin tingle at his touch. Who said that chivalry was dead?

"Hello," she repeated her voice sultry and seducing.

The bartender came up to them. "What would you like?"

Alex looked at Maria. He needn't ask, "Two Bloody Mary's if you please."

Maria didn't look away from him, "Make mine extra hot."

Alexander looked at her necklace chain, the meaning of the attached was known to him and the rest of his kind. His own laid under his dark shirt, glowing with every intense emotion, whether it be pain, sadness, happiness or love. Right now, both of their necklaces were glowing but neither knew the others' was aglow. Hers was purple; his was red.

She looked over at his beautiful face. Her eyes traced his prominent jaw-line. He must have felt her stare because he turned to face her. Maria's cheeks flushed with that boy's blood. Alexander smiled at the girl. A hint of his fangs showed with his grin.

The sound of glass hitting the bar broke their trance. Alex took out a ten-dollar bill to pay for the drinks. Maria's hand moved to her glass. She brought it to her lips. The cool, spicy liquid flowed over them. His eyes watched a lone drop seep from the corner of her mouth.

He leaned forward, his tongue parting his lips as he licked the spicy drink away. She smiled, liking the feeling of his lips on her flesh.

He moved from her cheek to her ear. He whispered softly into it, "We should go somewhere more," he blew softly into her ear sending a shiver down her spine, "Quiet."

Maria smiled again. She set the drink on the bar. She spun on the stool and stood. Turning just barely, she took his hand. He started at her sudden... urgency. As they made their way across the dance floor, she realized for only the second time just how loud the music actually was.

After they wove in and out of what was left of the club's crowd, they met the cool early morning air.

She looked at him for the first time since they left the bar, "My car or yours?" At first he just wanted to go some where quiet with the girl he was in love with. But, when he got outside that changed. The sun would be up in less than an hour.

He stopped thinking and just spoke, "Yours is closer."

Immediately, they started moving again.

It seemed as if they were only walking down the uneven sidewalk seconds when they made it to where the car was. Alex moved automatically to the passenger side, Maria to the driver's. She reached her left hand towards the lock. A purple light gathered faintly at the tip of her index finger and, again, traced infinity.

The blue car returned to the eyes of mortals. The purple aura disappeared and the doors made a quiet click as they unlocked. Maria opened her door and got in. Alex opened the door. He didn't get in. he just stood there, not sure what to do. She solved his dilemma for him.

"Do you need an invitation? Get in," she urged. He did as he was told, rather quickly.

She turned the ignition and the engine roared to life. The tires squealed as she pulled out of the parking lot.

Maria ran a red light and was going 110 miles per hour when they turned onto her main road.

They pulled the car into the garage. Moving about a million miles a minute, they got out of the car. The sun was due up within the half-hour. Almost running, they left through the side door and into the mud room. She stopped. So abruptly that Alex ran into her. He blushed but Maria didn't seem to notice. Now that she was home she relaxed.

She kicked off her boots and walked into her modest kitchen that was barely used. Alex just stood in the entryway not moving. For the second time tonight, (and his life, which includes some 400 years as a vampire) he couldn't move. It's not as though he didn't want to. He just couldn't make his feet move.

Maria turned and looked at him. She put her hands on her hips and tapped a stocking foot. "Are you going to come in or not? We don't have all day," she paused "Err well night rather." She

revealed a smile from trying not to laugh.

Alex's cheeks flushed with blood that wasn't his. He took off his own boots and stepped into the kitchen. He turned a full 360 degrees taking in all that was the central part of the house. She watched him trying not to laugh.

"Have you never seen a normal house before?"

He stopped moving and looked at her. "You don't seem the type to live like a mortal."

She didn't answer. He was standing about five feet away from her, waiting for her to do something. She turned to the microwave and read the time.

"We should go," she turned towards the entryway that led to the living room. Alex didn't move for a minute, watching her walk. His little trance ended when she turned the corner.

Maria looked back and saw that he wasn't there. She stopped at the foot of the stairs. About five seconds later he turned into the room and nearly collided with her. The blood of another filled his cheeks yet again. Why or how is she doing this to me? He thought as they began their ascent up the single, interrupted flight of stairs. They should have been moving faster, the sun as due up at any time.

When they both reached the top of the stairs, she turned to face him. "Go down to the end of the hallway and start shutting curtains," she turned towards the master suite, "And don't go into my room." Slowly, she moved towards the heavy door. She then traced infinity on the large brass handle. A purple aura erupted from the seams.

He watched from the other end of the hall. Deep down he knew why she did this to him. He didn't want to know how she'd react if she knew too.

Maria looked back at him. He was putting blackout curtains on the eastern facing windows. She looked away from him, went to the closet and grabbed a thick blanket from the bottom shelf. She walked over to the staircase.

Still moving slowly, Maria draped the thick blanket over the stairwell preventing any light from seeping through.

After about five minutes, they finished and the whole upstairs was dark. Both of them could still see despite the darkness. It was if they were in a time just before dusk.

"You can have that room," Maria pointed to the door to the right of hers.

She walked up to her own door and turned the handle. For a moment the aura disappeared. She stepped inside. When she shut the door, she leaned against it and let out a long sigh. The man she loved was just inches away.

On the other side of the thin wall between the two rooms was the same way. He traced his own

symbol on the large brass handle. He walked in; the room was simple. It had everything you need: a comfy bed, a dresser and an attached bath.

In the next room, Maria changed into her dark red silk nightgown. She walked out her door and in the hall. She stopped in front of his door, which currently glowed red. She raised her hand to knock, but couldn't.

She turned to walk away when the door opened. He stood there smiling. She turned back to face him and took a step forward.

"I just wanted to say good night... uh morning. Whichever you prefer." She took another step forward and kissed. Not on the cheek though. She stepped back. Her cheeks were pink.

"Wha...What was that for?"

She looked down, afraid to look into his eyes.

"I don't know," her cheeks were still red.

Maria turned to walk away but Alex stopped her. He pulled her close to him and locked their lips once again. He pulled back slightly but his arms were still draped around her waist.

"You know, I've been silently in love with you since we met some time back," he whispered softly. Her head was resting against his shoulder and his chin was sitting on top of her head. "I was just never able to work up the courage to tell you so."

She smiled. It was really ironic, their feelings for one another.

They stood there; not moving for what seemed like minutes to them when it had been just over an hour.

She lifted her head and looked into his eyes, "We should go to bed...uh separate beds." She smiled seeing the disappointed look on his face.

He looked down at her. "You're right. We need sleep."

She leaned forward and hugged him.

Moving slowly, she went to kiss him on the cheek, but instead, she whispered "I love you," into his ear.

Alex smiled and let her go. He watched her until she turned into her room. The purple glow resumed its place around her door.

June 23, 2004, Her room



**I can't believe what just happened. I never knew Alex felt the same way I did. But I feel kind of weird now that he knows. The fact that it's off my chest takes the burden with it. I really am in love with that man. This time I'm sure.**

**\*\***

**Alex stood against his door. Replaying the last few minutes over and over again in his head. The fact that someone he loved, loved him back was a big surprise. And for that one person to be Maria was even more surprising. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.**

**He was afraid that it hadn't happened: the most wonderful moment of his 400 plus year existence. He moved slowly about the room. Knowing that she was just a few feet away made him happy and uneasy at the same time.**

**He found a pair of pajama bottoms. They were red, his best color. He went to bed, choosing to lie on top of the covers rather than underneath them. His chest was bare. Pale, but well toned. Slowly, he fell into a dreamless sleep.**

**\*\***

**Maria was in a dream. At least she thought it was a dream. She pinched herself to make sure. The twinge of pain felt nice as it rushed down her spine. She realized what she thought happened, did actually happen. Slowly, she too, fell into a dreamless sleep.**

**\*\***

**When Maria woke up the sun had just gone down. She moved over to her window and drew back the blackout curtains. The dusk light crept into her room. She smiled. A hint of fangs shone through her parted lips.**

**There was a slight stirring in the next room. She felt it.**

**“I think I’ll come visit you,” she thought aloud quietly to herself, smiling still.**

**She went to her chest of drawers. Again, she chose a pair of black slacks but this time. For a shirt she picked a dark blue blouse with a black thread criss-crossed on the chest and draping bell sleeves. She changed into them and walked towards the door. Slowly, she pulled it open and walked down the hall.**

**\*\***

**Alex sensed Maria moving slowly towards him. He figures since she was up; the sun was down. Taking his time he got out of bed and walked towards the door. He didn’t bother to change back into his clothes from the night before.**

**Alex opened the door to find her standing there, smiling.**

**“Good... morning my love,” he said to the beautiful woman standing before him.**

**Maria smiled again. Her outline and necklace were the only things seen in the darkness of the hallway. She took a step forward and threw her arms around his neck. He lips caught his in a quick kiss. She pulled back, looking into his dark eyes.**

**He smiled. There were no words for what he felt then. His heart was racing like he had just run a marathon. Since they told each other their true feelings yesterday, they have been wearing their pendants in the open. At the moment they were both glowing brightly. They lit up the end of the hallway with a red-violet light.**

**She spoke first, “What should we do tonight?”**

**He thought about it for a moment. There really wasn’t anything he couldn’t do with her and not enjoy himself.**

**“What do you want to do tonight?”**

**“We could go to a new club I heard about,” she answered, “It’s not too far from here. We could easily make it there in half an hour.”**

**“Ok,” he replied. He knew she loved to party. There was no way to stop her. You just had to go with the flow around her.**

**She broke off and started towards the staircase.**

**“Are you coming?”**

**“You wait downstairs. In case you didn’t notice, I need to change.” He smirked at her.**

**“Ok,” she returned a grin, “You have five minutes.”**

**Maria reached the staircase and threw the thick blanket over the banister. She descended the stairs to wait in the living room. Alex went to change.**

**\*\***

**Alex found that the chest of drawers was full of clothes. To his surprise, they were all his size.**

**He chose a red dress shirt and black slacks. He opened the closet and saw that all the shoes were his size, too. Of them, he picked a pair of clack ankle boots with a small heel and a silver buckle.**

**Alex went down the stairs and met Maria. Together they walked to her expensive car. She started it up. You could hear the squeal of the tires on the other side of the subdivision.**

**\*\***

**Maria was right; it didn’t take long to get there. It was in the same general area as the last club they visited the night before.**

**She drove the car to the same party store that she did before.**

**She looked over at him, “Sorry. We have to walk the rest of the way. I don’t want to risk my car. Come on. Let’s go.”**

**They both got out. Maria traced infinity again. Making the car invisible to mortal eyes another time.**

**The only thing that was heard in the dark parking lot was the click-clack of their heels on the damp cement. They walked in front of the store but instead of turning left to go to Club Z, they walked straight across to another dark alley. If possible, I was danker and darker than Club Z.**

**They continued walking until the alleyway stopped**

