

My Secret

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A story about a girl called Anahera. After a night on the town Anahera is too drunk to drive home and is driven home by a polite man by the name of Braeden. She invites him inside for a drink. Never invite vampires into your house, will they ever leave?

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1 - It's only the beginning

Water dripped down the uneven bricked walls of the alleyway. There was a unnerving splash as a drop of water landed on the pavement. The air seemed dense and cold, it sent a shiver down my spine. I walked down the alley adorned in my new black corseted dress with knee high boots. I came to the end of the alley and was faced with a thick wooden door with a small square peep hole on hinges. I knocked three times and the door opened revealing a large man with a lip piercing and black lipstick. He let out a small chuckle then waved his hand gesturing me to enter.

Oh My God... Act cool. Act cool. Don't screw it up.

I slide past him and entered the dark room, it was colder then outside. Strobe lights started flashing. I could see a bar in the far corner and a dance floor in the center.

I cant believe I got in.

The music pulsed through me and I walked over to the bar. I ordered a drink that I couldn't pronounce.

"I'll have what he's having," I said pointing to a guy with a red Mohawk holding a black glass.

"I'm going to have to see your 'stamp' miss." He said.

"Stamp? "

"Yes your stamp. Why don't I just get you a Virgin Mary miss?"

"Um, sure, can you put 2 shots in that?"

Way to play it cool...

"Virgin Mary's have no alcohol miss."

"Okay, I will just have what ever does."

They are so going to notice that I'm under age.

The bartender reached under the table and pulled out a dusty bottle and a glass and poured me a drink.

I took a sip of the drink, it tasted like acid as it dripped down my throat.

I coughed. "Went down the wrong hole."

The bartender just looked at me and laughed a little.

I pushed a 20 and him and he just looked at me, "On the house miss." He said then passed me the bottle and the money back.

I picked them both up and put the money in my pocket and spun around on the chair so I was facing the dance floor, bottle in hand.

I took swig after swig till the bottle felt light and fell from my hand. I felt light and all the colours were a little blurry.

"Care to dance?"

The guy standing in front of me looked like Matt Tuck from Bullet for my valentine only hotter.

"Sure," I slurred while trying to stand up.

He lead me to the dance floor where I tried unsuccessfully to dance. It looked more like an octopus killing its prey, what with my arms gripping him for dear life.