

A Vampire Encounter

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A vampire encountering.

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1 - First Sighting (Beginning)

I sit here...I write this story. Why? Because I've held it in for too long. You probably wonder what I speak of, yes? I speak of my encounter with a vampire. I wouldn't and shouldn't expect you to believe me, now should I? But, so many people believe in vampires. I guess I'm going to take a chance to explain it.

I open the oak door to the room which will now be my new bedroom. I peer inside the blank, bleach white room and turn on the light. The light adds more brightness to the room than it had before. I look around the room, picturing where which piece of furniture will go where. I notice, the room is larger than any of the other rooms. Why this is, I still haven't figured out because most houses of this time have the same sized bedrooms. I turn off the light, shut the door and walk down the hallway to the staircase. Turning around, I stare down the empty and dark hallway to only see it is empty as it was before, yet I get the feeling someone was watching me.

Once downstairs, I walk out the door to help my mother and brother carry furniture into the house. We did this for a few good hours. We got all of the furniture into the house and into the right rooms. It was now 5:00 in the evening, we started at 12 o'clock in the afternoon. I walk upstairs, and peer into my bedroom once again. Sitting down on my bed, I look out the window at the pale gray sky. It's daylight savings time, this means the sun will start going down around 4 o'clock. I just sit there...gazing out the window...watching...waiting for the sun to finally leave the star stricken sky and let the luna rise to light the eyes of the night walkers as they use it to guide their way through the world.

I fall sideways, sleeping. I can feel the night creep upon me in my slumber. I wake to hear a tapping on the window by my bed. I look at the clock. 12 midnight. I sit up and rub my eyes, attempting to rid of the bit of tiredness. I stand up from my bed to tend to the clattering at my window. I look out the window. To my fright, I see two...piercing...crystal like...ice blue eyes peering in the window at me. Startled and horrified, I scream falling backwards and hitting my head off the floor.

The next morning I wake to see my mother and brother at my side. At once they ask me what had happened and why I had screamed. I couldn't tell them what I saw, there's no way that they'd believe me. They'd reassure me that I was seeing things... or I saw a reflection of a light...or something or another. So...I told them the only thing that came to mind. I saw a spider. Silly yes, but they fell for it! I said it startled me so I screamed and that I had tripped and fell backwards.

We didn't do much for the rest of the day. Just put accessories and items where they belonged. For the whole day I was terrified to go into any rooms without a light on. My brother taunted me for this. I only sneered at him, and mocked him right back. My brother was 18 at the time. There was only a 3 year difference in between our ages, but it seemed so much larger, it more or less seemed as if I was the older one and he was

even younger than my true age. Immature, yes! But, I still loved him. I had to...he was my brother! He helped when I needed him to although he could be very.....rude.

It was night time again. The whole day not one thought of the night before came into mind. But now it did...since I entered my bedroom. I had the chills, and I couldnt stay calm. My bedroom, for some reason, was colder than any room in the house. I lay down on my bed, wondering what it was that was at my window the night before. I lay there...for hours and hours thinking about it. Finally, I fell asleep. That night I was not woken by anything.

2 - Discovery

In the middle of the night, I woke up and walked downstairs to get a drink. Coming back up, I checked in on my Mother and my Brother, they were sound asleep. Slowly opening the door, I

stepped back into my bedroom and shut the door behind me. I turned around and there stood the face, now with a body, standing before me. Before I could scream they put their hand over my mouth and spoke to me "Don't scream, I do not intend to harm you in any way". They took my cup, setting it down on my dresser and slowly moved their hand off of my mouth...and kissed me. All of the sudden the synapse fired and my thoughts of being scared and thinking of being harmed went away, and I completely forgot everything around me.

I looked up at them, their eyes as beautiful as the first time I had seen them. They spoke again "I've come to rid you of your troubles, I know about everything...your father leaving you, your mother an alcoholic, everything". You see, my Father had left us when I was 9, my brother 12. My Mother went into depression and decided to take the pain away by drinking. She became an alcoholic.

Astonished I said, although not frightened, in a shaken voice "How do you know of this...?". They refused to tell me. They then put one hand on the back of my head, and I felt a sharp

and painful sting on the side of my neck. The last thing I remember seeing was His beautiful crystal blue eyes. I woke, in a room of darkness...red, black, orange, and blue...the room was full of items of this color. I wondered, frightened and confused, where I was. No one was in the room. My neck sore, stinging, warm. I felt sickened.

I screamed. Why? Because I had nothing else to do. I just screamed...and screamed.

I curled up into a ball in a corner, paranoid, scared. I could feel my body going numb and my neck stung, still. I could feel my blood thinning and boiling. It was horrible...I burst into tears, putting my head down on my knees. I cried, and screamed. Nothing else to do but sit there...

helpless...frightened...in pain. Suddenly I felt something touch my head softly and I heard their soothing voice, familiar, "The pain may go on for days...or it may go on for 5 minutes...your body

cannot control the transformation there for you have alternations on when the pain may stop. Most people take but an hour or two, but your a female and I've never bitten one before... although I think I rather start biting them more often...their blood is much sweeter and thicker than that of a male's."

It was him. I despised him now...he's the one whom is putting me through this great pain. And for what? To "rid me of my pain and troubles". Well, to me, the pain and troubles just remain and I have nothing to do about it. It's not really that I don't want to become a vampire...but, the pain is difficult for a mere 16 year old, let alone female, to take on. At that second, I felt no more pain... except for in my mouth. He knelt down in front of me and gently pushed my upper lip up, just a tad. He spoke to me again, "Congradulations...you've just made your first step into Vampyrism."