

The Vampire's Slave

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Vampires often use human slaves for blood in this realm. One slave has always stood out from the rest, her name is Kaline. When vampire prince receives her as a gift from his father then the trouble truly begins.

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1 - Kalines arrival

Kaline was always different than other sixteen-year olds. She was beautiful, with luscious blond hair that tumbled in soft elegant waves down her back, and with heart stopping grey eyes that seemed to look straight through you. She was quiet, and gave off the impression she was mute when she wasn't. Also she was quite intelligent, knowing things that many people on earth have no clue about. Those things all set her apart from others, but what really set her apart was the fact that she was a slave, a vampire's slave.

I think it was all of those qualities that drove my father, the king of the Tassari vampires, to purchase her. He presented her to me on my seventeenth birthday, and then everything began.

"My son, I bless you on this fateful day, with a slave to replace the one that was killed in the Karrian raid," my father said at my birthday feast. He then turned to a young male servant and said, "Fetch the girl. I want my son to see her."

The servant nodded, turned quickly and walked out of the great hall. About five minutes later he came back followed by two horses with passengers. The first horse was a large brown mare who seemed quite agitated with the small black gelding that was reluctantly trailing behind her.

I looked at the passenger of the mare. It was a large man, most likely the slave owner. He had many scars and had chains in his hands. I followed the chains with my eyes and saw that they were connected to large iron bands on the wrists of the female behind him. The female, which I assumed was my slave, was small and had a hood drawn over her head. The hood covered her face as she looked down at her horse's mane.

The large mare stopped in front of me and said, "I present to you, your new slave, Kaline." He reached back and pulled the hood off of the girl's head. Then he forced her head up by putting his hands on her chin and pulling up.

The hatred in Kaline's eyes wasn't masked, she wanted me to see it and to feel its burn. I dismissed it and smiled. "Welcome to the castle Kaline, I am Thomas."

OK I know its boring right now, but I ran out of time. Please tell me how I did. The next chapter will be far more interesting, I promise

2 - Kalines arrival continued

Kaline's horse raised its head so it was even with mine. It snorted. I jerked my head back, the snort was really unexpected.

Kaline patted the horses large head and whispered something into its ear. The horse nickered in reply.

“Stop talking to that stupid horse, you little whore!” the slave owner snapped. The only response that Kaline gave in reply was an evil grin, and a warning “Call me a whore again, and I will show what happened to the rest of my owners.”

That brought laughter from the whole great hall, although I didn't laugh. The loudest being the slave owner, who retorted “You stupid wench, we took every weapon you owned. So be a good, silent whore, and MAYBE, just maybe, your master will be kind to you.” He laughed again, a deep evil laugh that made even me want to kill him.

How dare anyone talk to a person that way! Even though she is a slave, that doesn't mean that he can say those kinds of things to her, I thought, rage building up like a fire inside me.

Not even two seconds after he said that was he lying on the ground with a bloody dagger protruding from his large throat, while he lay there, gurgling and gasping for air.

I looked at Kaline, she had a satisfied smile on her face, but her eyes showed sorrow, as if killing him would do nothing for her troubles.

My father saved us all by saying, “Son, why don't you show Kaline to her room?” Although he said this calmly I could sense him panicking inside, I know I was. Everybody probably was, anyone who can through a dagger, in chains, and in less than two seconds, and make a fatal blow, was dangerous as hell.

I nodded, rose from my seat and went to Kaline's horse. I put my hand out to help her off her horse. It was an odd thing for a slave owner to do, but I really didn't like the idea of slaves in the first place. She refused my offer by jumping down next to me.

I handed the horse's reigns to a servant, thanked him, and led Kaline away.

The walk down the halls was eerily silent. I looked at Kaline, at first she met my eyes, but then turned away.

I stopped. Kaline looked at me, puzzled. “Kaline, just so you don't hate me, well hate me more than you apparently do, just know, I do not approve of slaves. I will always look at you as an equal. So do you

think we might actually be friends?”

That got a small smile out of her. She nodded and said, “Someday. I'm not like you though, so it will be hard.” The smile was replaced by a look of misery. She shivered. It was cold out, so I removed my jacket and draped it over her small, slender shoulders. She grabbed the jacket and pulled it tightly around herself.

“Thank you, it's been a long time since I met anyone who showed any compassion for others,” she said with a smile. I grinned, I made her smile. From the sound of it she hadn't smile or had any reason to smile, for a long time.

I led her towards my room. Her room was right off of my suite.

“Where are we going?” she asked puzzled.

I looked at her, “Your room is connected to mine. Don't ask why, but that's how it has always been.”

“Alright, lead away, *Milord*,” she said in a sarcastic tone. She then laughed a bit. I only smiled and shook my head.

We arrived at my room, and I led her through it to the door on the other side. My room was simple, especially considering that I was royalty.

Sorry for ending in a bad place, more coming soon.

3 - Adjusting

Kaline looked around her room in awe. It was furnished with a large black chair that looked so comfortable you could curl up and sleep in it. Her eyes gazed at that as if she was considering just that. Then she spotted the bed and did something I never thought I would see her do.

Throwing of my jacket and the cloak she was wearing she dove into the king size bed that was prepared for her. With her face snuggled in the red Chinese silk pillows she giggled. Then realizing I was still there she sat up and turned to me. That was the first time I saw her. She was wearing a beautiful red dress that matched her pillows and made her lovely grey eyes dance. Her hair was so soft looking it made me want to reach out and pet it. I smiled at her.

Kalines pov

I looked at the man who was now my owner. As much as I told myself I hated him I couldn't. I could tell that he made the room this way for my comfort, he also wanted to be my equal, my friend.

"Why would you do this for a simple slave?" I asked meeting his emerald green eyes with my shocking grey ones. "I'm not one of those simple court girls, I can't be wooed by nice things and fake kind words." My eyes grew cold and heartless as I sat staring at him, challenging him with all my restrained power. *

His eyes filled with shock at my statement. I could tell as much as he wanted to be my equal he still wanted to be in control. He didn't want to be questioned or stared down. He looked me in the eyes and a mask of no emotions seemed to cover his flawless face. "I don't expect you to be like them," he said reflecting my tone. "I expect you to be here, nothing more. I know you are only here because you are forced to, and I'm sorry but you must behave. I always treat everyone as an equal, and you shall be no exception." With that said he turned on his heel and exited my chambers. But a few minutes later, with me still sitting on the bed with a look of shock on my face he said, "I will wake you for breakfast."

I nodded stupidly then got up as he exited again, and closed the adjoining door.

I began to search for something to wear, he had packed the drawers thoroughly with luxurious clothing. *This must have cost a fortune, I thought.*

I finally found the pajamas. "There are so many!" I exclaimed. I eventually picked a pair of black silk pajama pants with dragons dancing along the sides, and a matching top that clung to my starved body.

As soon as my head hit the pillows I was out, and for the first time in many years I had pleasant dreams, no blood or gore in sight.

"Kaline!" a voice whispered into my ear. "Wake up, Kaline." In reply I grunted and rolled over pulling the covers over my head, as if that would make the voice go away.

"Kaline, I have food," the persistent voice said. "FOOD!!!!!" I sat up and exclaimed. Now I was wide awake and turned to see Thomas on the floor laughing extremely hard.

"What?" I said my look of happiness turning to one of slight confusion. "What's so funny, *Master?*"

Thomas stopped laughing abruptly and looked at me. "Don't call me master, please," he said. "I would prefer it if you called me Thomas."

I nodded. Then realizing who I was talking to I replaced the look of joy on my face with the one I had worn last night. This handsome man may try to be my friend, but he is a vampire. Vampires, in my mind, were one of the world's greatest evils. Nothing good ever came from them.

Realizing that my attitude had changed Thomas said, "Why don't we see about getting you something to eat. Then I can show you around your new home. You might want to change first." He then got up and left my room.

I started to search again. This time I found a lovely black dress. The dress was of the finest materials and looked like it cost as much as the palace. I put the dress on and made sure that it covered my wrists. I didn't want anyone to see the golden bands decorated with demons drawn in with blood. These bands could never be removed. As I looked at them I started to remember, my past, my life, all the things that were taken from my mind.

"Sissy, please be careful," a small blond girl was saying. "Brother may be evil but he still is your twin." She started playing with her small golden ringlets. Beside her and young boy, her twin perhaps was playing. He looked up at me and said "Kalienna, please be careful. Lylessa and I can survive on our own. Don't try to protect us from Lucifer anymore."

The little girl looked at her brother, and then turned back to me. "Kaircain is right sissy. We'll be fine on our own."

That vision disappeared only to be replaced by another more gruesome one.

A small hand lying limp on the ground was all I could see. As I looked at the hand I realized that it was

connected to a small limp body. The body was coated in blood, and it had gashes all over. Wearing nothing but tattered clothing, it was a wonder that I recognized it. The curls, stained red from the blood gave it away. I ran closer to the body. I was right, it was my sister. Lylessa was dead.

Lylessa had always looked so peaceful, but laying here, coated in blood, looking as though she fought for her life, she looked distressed. I had seen her fight before and the only time she had ever looked like that was when Karicain got hurt. I covered her body with my cloak. Then I stood up and surveyed my surroundings. I couldn't see karicain at first but then I spotted him.

Lying in the middle of a gigantic pool of blood, my little brother was dead. I ran over to his body, not even caring about the blood that splashed everywhere. His body was pale, and what was left of it was blood stained. I lost my temper and a flood of fire surrounded the area, cremating my family's bodies.

Thomas' pov

Kaline seemed to be in a trance. Her grey eyes were glazed over. They seemed to be turning red. She was staring at a beautiful bracelet. As I moved closer I realized that it was no bracelet, it was a golden band. The type of band that was used to bind the powers of the strongest demons.

I looked at her one last time and slowly backed out of the room. A few minutes later I heard her gasp and I went to knock on her door.

"Come in." I heard her mumble. I walked into the room. She was sitting on the gigantic chair, curled up as though if she moved she would be hurt. "Kaline, let me take you to breakfast," I said, still wondering what had happened.

"I'm not hungry." With that she pulled her long blond locks so her eyes were seemingly invisible.

"Fine, then I will have to show you around the palace. You can't refuse, you know," I said grabbing her pale hand and pulling her off the couch. "Come on, let's go." Without giving her a chance to protest, I dragged her out of her room, through my adjoining room and the main hall of the palace.

My brother was there. I looked at him and tried to get out of the room before he saw Kaline. But I was too slow. In an instant my brother, Kohaku, was in front of Kaline.

"Well, well, well. Dear brother, who is the new wench?" he asked smoothly. Kaline didn't look happy. Before I could answer he pulled Kaline into a kiss. Before he had the chance to do more to her she had punched him in the face.

“Stay the hell away from me,” she growled. For a second I thought I saw her eyes turn red. I shook my head mentally, *I must be seeing things.*

* His brother is based on a movie I saw recently ^_^ the guy was hot! Anyway, I will explain Kaline's history gradually. I'm too lazy to make a separate chapter of it. I think this might be my longest yet. Hurray for me. 2/5/06 ---yes that is the date I finished this, I was just grounded...again...so I couldn't put it on. And people think I'm such an innocent girl. *eyes glow red and fire shoots out from nowhere* see aren't I an angel^^