

The Unexpected Guest

By edf

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What happens to a family of vacatioers when a storm hits, and some one comes knocking on thier door?

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Chapter 1 - The Unexpected Guest

2

1 - The Unexpected Guest

The howling wind pounded against the glass of the little vacation quarters. The Maui Island in Hawaii was being slammed by what people called the biggest storm of the year. Vacationers were forced to stay in their dwellings instead of enjoying the beautiful Hawaiian culture. Mary sat by the window as the lightning flashed wishing they had gone to the Bahamas instead, at least they would not have been trapped in the house by the weather.

Meanwhile, the other three family members were passing the time by playing Uno. Mary had quit playing nearly an hour ago after what seemed to be fifty hands. The boredom really began to sink in, and soon even watching the wind batter the palm trees became dull.

"Why don't you join us in another hand Mary," Mrs. Wrinkle said in attempt to ease the boredom. "I am sick of playing that game," Mary whined. "Why couldn't we have gone someplace else that wasn't in the middle of a tropical storm?"

"Mary, it's not our fault the storm hit in the middle of our vacation," Mr. Wrinkle sternly said as his sixteen-year-old daughters complaints were annoying him. "If you don't want to play, that is fine, but I don't want to hear another complaint out of you."

Mrs. Wrinkle gave a hint of a frown as she dealt the nine cards to her husband and their fifteen-year-old son Kenny. Mary resumed her gaze out the rattling window watching as small debris flown across. She imagined what the scenery looked like when they first arrived. She saw so many people walking about, and now the place looked as deserted as a school playground in the middle of winter.

A moving object had caught her eye. Pressing her forehead against the glass, Mary tried to make out what it was. Surely no one would dare to venture out in this weather, and it did not look like any animal she seen.

"I think somebody is out side Mom," Mary stated as she cupped her hands around her face in an attempt to see outside clearer.

"It's just your imagination Mary," Mr. Wrinkle said in a dull voice.

The figure moved closer, and Mary instantly knew it was indeed a person. He was wearing dark colors and a cowboy hat, but nothing else could be made due to the weather. "Seriously Dad!" Mary said as she jumped up from the chair in alarm. "Some one is walking in this direction!"

"I am not going to fall for one of your tricks Mary. Now let us play cards in peace."

"Erik," Mrs. Wrinkle said in a concerned tone. "Maybe she is right." Mrs. Wrinkle looked at the worry on her daughter's face.

"This stunt has been pulled off by her before Susan," Mr. Wrinkle said as he ran his hands through his brown hair.

"Well, if you won't have a look, then I will." Mrs. Wrinkle said as she placed her cards down on the table and walked to the window. Mary followed close behind her and looked out the window with her mother.

"Erik," Mrs. Wrinkle said with a startle. "Someone is out there, and he is heading right towards our cabin!" Her concerned mother pulled Mary back as a loud knock was heard on the door.

"What the devil?" Mr. Wrinkle asked rather startled. "Who would be knocking on our cabin door during this kind of weather?" He got up from the table and went to the door. "Go back behind the table with Kenny, and all three of you stay calm."

Mr. Wrinkle approached the door with caution. He glanced back to make sure the rest of his family was a distance back, he slowly opened the door a crack.

"May I help you?" Mr. Wrinkle asked as politely as he could. Mary tried to hear what the person was saying, but the voice was lost in the howling wind.

Soon the door was opened and the guest was let in. He was completely drenched to the core and water dripped off of him as if he was causing the rain. Mr. Wrinkle took his coat and offered the man a chair by the fire.

"Thank you for your hospitality," the man said in a deep voice as he removed his black boots. Mrs. Wrinkle still wore a face of worry upon viewing the unexpected guest. He had pale skin and bony arms. His hair was a tangled mess underneath the tattered hat.

"So, what made you go out wondering in this kind of weather, Mr....?" Mr. Wrinkle asked as he pulled up a chair.

"Mano," The man said. "I was returning from my fishing vessel. My ship was washed up on the wrong dock with no hopes of reaching the correct destination." Mr. Wrinkle nodded his head.

"My name is Erik," Mr. Wrinkle addressed, then mentioned to the three behind him. "And this is my wife Susan, my daughter Mary and my son Kenny." The weary guest gave a polite nod to them. Mary clung to her mother's arm. Something did not seem right about this guy. She felt an awful twist in her stomach that told her that this man should not be trusted.

"You'll have to forgive my appearance," Mano spoke to the frightened teenager. Mrs. Wrinkle freed her arm from her daughter and gave Mary a glare to behave herself.

"Mom, I don't trust him," Mary whispered to her mother. Her only response was her mother's stern look. "But mom!" Mary whined again, this time louder. Mrs. Wrinkle excused herself, grabbed Mary's hand, and dragged her daughter into the kitchen. Faint yells were heard behind the closed door. With a bit of embarrassment, Mr. Wrinkle apologized to Mano, and went into the kitchen as well. Kenny had taken to sitting on the couch in silence while Mano warmed his bony hands by the fire.

"This is inexcusable behavior!" Mr. Wrinkle said trying his best not to yell. "There is no excuse for your rude behavior towards our guest!"

"But he doesn't look right!" Mary pleaded. "Did you see how pale he was? He looks like he is dying!"

"You heard what the man said!" Mrs. Wrinkle said. "He was stuck on his hip in this terrible weather! Do you expect him to look like he was about to attend a fancy dinner after that?"

Mary wanted to continue on. She wanted to explain the threatening feeling she got when the guest entered. However, her parents would not listen, instead, they demanded that she behave herself unless she wanted to remain in her room for the rest of the vacation, rain or shine.

The three of them soon returned out to the main room of their cabin. Mano sat rather still in his chair with his arms gently folded across his chest. Mr. Wrinkle returned to his chair as Mrs. Wrinkle walked over to her sleeping son. Mary took a seat at the table of discarded Uno cards and sulked.

"Oh dear," Mrs. Wrinkle said as she felt her son's forehead. "He is cold! Where did you say the blanket was dear?"

"I put it behind that chair," Mr. Wrinkle answered as he pointed to the lazy boy recliner. Mrs. Wrinkle retrieved the green fuzzy blanket and draped it over her son's body. Mano watched her with little concern. He did not appear to be so pale now, and actually looked to be in better shape than when he first entered.

"So, Mano, are you a local?" Mr. Wrinkle said in an attempt to strike up some conversation.

"Yes," He replied. "I have lived here all my life. My family has a long history here on this island. I see that you are on vacation?"

"Yes," Mr. Wrinkle said. "I just been promoted at work, and decided to take a vacation to the beautiful islands to celebrate."

"Very nice," Mano replied. "I only wish the weather was more cooperative for you."

"To true. Perhaps the storm will lighten up soon." Mr. Wrinkle said.

The storm continued to batter the island through out the evening with no signs of slowing. Kenny remained sleeping on the couch as Mary lazily built a card tower with the forgotten Uno cards. The time soon passed and the clock struck ten.

"Well, it is time for me to turn in," Mrs. wrinkle said as she stood up and gave out a yawn. "Should I carry Kenny up or let him sleep where he is?"

"He can sleep on the couch," Mr. Wrinkle said. "You know what happens once he wakes up. He'll be up for hours." Mrs. Wrinkle nodded and retreated upstairs.

Mano shifted in his seat as if something was bothering him, and within a few minutes, he licked his lips and spoke. "May I use the restroom?"

"Of course, it's up stairs, second door to the right." Mano excused himself and walked upstairs.

Mary seized the opportunity to speak with her father without Mano there. She left the card tower and walked next to her father's chair.

"Dad, is he going to spend the night?" Mary asked.

"If need be," Mr. Wrinkle replied.

"I don't think he should!"

"I very well can't send him back out in that weather Mary." Mr. Wrinkle said as he saw the look of complaint in his daughter's eyes. "Don't start with me Mary. You and I are going to have a nice talk about this when the storm is gone."

"But where is he going to sleep?"

"He could use Kenny's bed." Mr. Wrinkle explained as he grabbed for a newspaper. "I don't want to hear another word about this."

"But dad!" Mary whined.

"No buts!" Mr. Wrinkle shouted as the sound of the toilet flushing was heard. "You just earned yourself a week's worth of punishments, now go to bed!"

Mary knew that pushing her father any more would result in a spanking. She let out a weary sigh and once Mano descended the stairs, she headed up to bed.

Mary slammed the door closed and tossed herself on her bed. Parents were so unfair at times. She was well aware of how to act in the presence of company, but something about this Mano guy just made her at ease. Mary buried her face in her pillow and let out some soft sobs as she wished that her parents would listen to her once in a while. The feeling of dread did not ease any even when Mano was not in the same room as her. Mary was too scared to stay in her room alone. Wiping the tears that rolled down her face, Mary got out of bed and quietly ventured into her mother's room.

"Mom?" Mary whispered out at the foot of the bed. "Mom? I'm scared." Her mother did not reply. "Can I sleep in bed with you?" Her mother did not stir in her sleep. Mary gently nudged her shoulder, and her mother still did not wake. "Mom? Wake up," Mary said in a rather loud voice and shook her mom's shoulder. Mary turned on the light on the night stand and to her surprise, her mother laid there with her eyes open and mouth open as if in a silent scream.

"Mom?" Mary shouted as tears began to fill her eyes. Mary took a closer look and saw blood on the sheets. In pure terror, Mary ran out of the room and downstairs as fast as her feet could carry her. She had to tell her dad what she has seen.

A loud scream escaped from Mary's mouth as she saw her father in Mano's arms. Her father took deep gasps as he tried to break free from the man's grip, but was obviously too weak.

Mano soon dropped the dead body and licked the blood that ran from his mouth. He gave a scornful smile that revealed his sharp canines to the frightened girl. Mary did not know what to make of the situation, and turned to make a run for it.

She felt Mano's icy hands grab her by the shoulders and soon she was lifted off the ground. Mary gave out a scream as she felt the fangs penetrate deep within her neck. All her attempts to break free failed,

and the feeling of sleepiness overcame her till she could no longer keep her eyes open. Mano placed Mary's body back into the chair, and closed her eyes. He cleaned himself of what little blood was spilt, and grabbed his coat and hat. Once he put his boots back on, Mano opened the door and went out into the storm. The next cabin was only about a mile away, and he knew he could find more blood there. That was the one great thing about living in a heavily vacationed spot; plenty of food traveled in, and made it very convenient for a vampire to survive.