

Captive

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very strange. thought up durring class last year

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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It was about an hour before dawn. Dew settled on the grass and flowers. Spain would soon glow. But for now, it was dark and still. A figure ran through the gates of a large garden. No one could see over the stone walls that surrounded the old 12th century mansion. The figure held a smaller, more fragile figure to him and walked in side.

He set the smaller figure, a girl, on an old couch and threw back the thick velvet curtains. This girl would need light when she wakes up. As he walked to leave the room, the girl opened her mouth just slightly. "Monsters," she breathed as she slept on. He walked out of the room and locked the door. Monsters. He laughed to himself. She dreamed of monsters. He smiled. She would be just what his mansion needed. He walked up a flight of stairs to his room. A king sized bed stood against the wall. Thick black curtains covered the only window in the room. He lay in his bed and went to sleep. Coffins were so out of style. He had gone through a lot that night.

The girl's smell drifted through the mansion. He sniffed and tried to sort out the different smells coming from the girl. Perfume, shampoo, soap, lotion, sweat, hormones, and blood.

He licked his lips and smiled. No mere mortal could ever smell that from a distance. He would have to fix her wounds. His mouth started to water from hunger. He didn't feed all night. He soon fell asleep as the sun began to rise.

The girl stirred as sunlight hit her eyes. She rolled over and reached for Jason. Nothing. She opened her eyes. "Jason?" She whispered. She couldn't find him. She looked around the room. She didn't know where she was.

It didn't bother her; she was used to waking up in odd places. She was about to lay back down when the

events of last night came back to her. She screamed and ran towards the door, only to find it locked. She pounded on the door and screamed for someone to let her out. When no one came, she slid down to the floor and started crying. This had to be some kind of sick joke. That was the only way to explain everything that happened.

Yes, that had to be it. Maybe her friends set this whole thing up to teach her a lesson. Just because she didn't want to go to college didn't mean they could do this to her.

She stayed on the floor for hours. Around noon time her needs as a human began to make themselves known. She was bored, hungry and thirsty. She lay by the door thinking about what had happened.

She remembered riding with her friend to the airport for a trip they had planned for after graduation. She stopped thinking. She thought she heard footsteps. She listened quietly as the sound seemed to fill the room. It sounded in perfect rhythm. It never seemed to be coming or going; it just seemed to stay still.

Click, click, click, click.

The sound never stopped. She tried to drown out the sound with her own thoughts. But the only thought going through her head was 'Monsters!'.

She was starting to remember that part. There had been a monster.

Time went by slowly. Around six, the sun was about to set. He stretched and got out of bed. There were only a few more minutes of sunlight left before it would be completely dark. He took his time walking down the hall. He walked down the stairs. He needed to go out.

One more minute till it would be dark. He walked by the room where he had locked the girl in. He could hear her breathing. He would get her something to eat after he came back. He went outside into the garden. He frowned. Everything but the roses were dead. He'd have to fix that.

He breathed in the fresh night air. He would work fast if he wanted to get to know his guest. He moved quickly as he spotted his prey for the night. He would make it quick. He closed in on a teen age boy, a runaway perhaps, grabbed the boy by his hair and yanked him back.

The boy screamed and flung his arms around attempting to shake off whoever grabbed him. The boy screamed louder as his head jerked back and his throat sliced open.

He lowered the boy to the ground while he sunk his fangs into the boy's soft flesh. He lapped up the boy's blood. He closed his eyes and savored the taste.

The boy died slowly. He would be a lost soul among his fellow dead. After the last drop of blood was drained from the boy, he began snapping the boy's weak bones in half. Each snap had a sickening sound of soft tissue being ripped apart.

When he was done, the boy looked like he had been attacked by wolves or something. He quickly left the body and headed towards the closest farm. He knew he could get human food there. He looked around. `What do humans eat?' He thought.

He remembered someone talking about rabbit stew. "Now to find a rabbit."

The girl stared out the window. She had thought about breaking the glass and getting out of there, but there were bars on the window. It was completely dark out side. She could just barely make out a tall figure walking towards the mansion. Her insides twisted. Something didn't seem right.

He opened the door to the mansion and walked inside. He walked toward the room he had left the girl in. He unlocked the door and walked inside. The small bundle in his arms twitched.

The girl stopped looking out the window. The figure was gone. The sound of the lock clicking made her look towards the door. A tall shadowy figure stood at the door.

She stayed still as the figure walked closer to her. There was no light in the room, and the figure's eyes seemed to glow with some unholy light, as if he knew something that should never be told. That was the word for the figure, "Unholy." Her insides squeezed tight as the figure got closer, and closer. This was not right. Why couldn't she run? What if this unholy being killed her? Her heart beat sped up with each foot step. Cold eyes looked in to fearful eyes. The sound of the clock filled the room. She wished that she could just wake up.

He looked into her eyes; they seemed to hold some kind of fear. Fear of him, he knew. She had every right to be afraid of him. He knew plenty of reasons to be afraid of him. If she had known what he had done, she would have even more of a reason to fear him. He put his thoughts aside and came closer to the couch. He watched as the girl shrunk back. He smirked and dropped a baby bunny into her lap. He watched her face, it was confused.

She looked down at the small animal in her lap. It was about the size of a kitten, black white with red eyes. For an instant, she thought it was cute. But that thought was destroyed by what happened next. The man grabbed the bunny by it's ears and quickly sliced it's neck open. The poor animal let out a shrill cry before dying on the girl's lap.

The girl looked horrified. Why would anyone do that to a poor animal? She looked up to ask the strange man as if to say something about his cruel deed, but he had already left the room. Now she had another problem to deal with; she was lost in another country, in some stranger's home, with a dead animal on her lap. This was just great.

He walked into a chamber full of books. He had taken most form his victims. Ever since the nineteen eighties, lost teenagers in black had showed up looking for his kind, wanting to be one of his own. They carried with them the written text of Anne Rice (very good humored with her ideal vampires) Poppy Z.

Brite (an odd point of view on his kind) and other books such as Dracula, and other odd tales of fiction. So far, the Vampire Chronicles over ruled his collection, for most of his victims read Anne Rice.

He pulled out some paper and began to write his own story of vampires. He and any other vampire he knew would be the coven, and his captive's nightmares would be the base ground of the tale. He realized that he only knew his half of the tale. He would need all five sides of the story to get it right. He walked down the stairs quietly with a pen and paper and made his way toward the girl's holding place.

He opened the door and watched as the girl was still trying to figure out what to do with the dead bunny on her lap. He walked in and sat down before she could look up. He set the paper on the table and cleared his throat.

The girl looked up at the man again. She didn't know how long he had been sitting there, or what he wanted, all she could do was stare at his dark figure. He tapped his finger on the table before saying anything to her. His voice was icy and sounded like a recording of pain and want. As if the years held inside of him were too many to count.

"So, tell me, what is your name?" He said, his voice trying to be kind. The girl thought for a moment, could she really trust this man? After a moment, she gave in and told. "My name is Cheri. Can you tell me how I got here?" She asked, her voice sounding a little shaky.

"My name is Phliep, and you are here to tell me what happened before the attack," He said and turned on a lamp.

Cheri thought about it for a moment. Maybe if she told her story, he would let her go. She looked at Phliep. He was waiting for her to begin. She took a deep breath, and began.

"It all started two weeks before graduation. Three of my friends and I had been saving up money so that we may come to Europe after we had graduated. One of my friends, Christian, had an uncle who lived in Seville. He told us that we could stay with him for about a month before we left for Portugal. My other friends, Jason and Randy thought it was a great idea, so I went along with it." She stopped and looked

at Phliep. He was writing everything she had said. When he wrote her last sentence, He looked up at her and nodded for her to continue.

She let her mind open and think of the rest. “We left an hour after graduation. We never even said good bye to our mothers or fathers. The airport had been very crowded. We almost lost each other five times. We almost didn't get on the plane, but we made it at the last second. We got to our sets and attempted to be good for the nine hour flight. Christian and Randy wouldn't shut up through out the entire flight about murders and kidnapers, about people gone missing without a trace. They talked of how people who had been hated would just vanish and no one would care. I began to feel a panic attack come from inside me. I almost wanted to get off that plane and lock myself in my bedroom where it was safe. But the plane had taken off and we were about to land in Spain.” She stopped again to let Phliep finish writing.

Phliep looked up at her. “Continue.”

“There had been a problem with our flight. They had taken us to Bejar instead of Seville. We went to the front desk and demanded that we get our money back. They told us that they couldn't do that, that we had to either stay there and wait for a month, or find our own way to Seville. Being that I was stuck with three guys, I didn't want to wait in an airport for a month. We walked out of the airport with fear that we'd get lost in this land.

We didn't know where to start. The guys claimed to know where they were going, but, it was all just an attempt to sound manly.

We had only been in Bejar for a day when we found an old man who was selling an old black van. We each paid him two thousand dollars, which left us with very little money to live off of until we got to Seville. To my pleasure, there was a map in the glove box. We made a plan before we drove off; we would only eat one small meal a day, we would sleep in the van, and we would only buy gas for the van. The plan sounded good at the moment.

We left within an hour and headed south. We took turns driving. When it wasn't my turn, I would lay on the floor of the van, which didn't have any back seats, and sing all the songs I knew to keep the others entertained (the radio was broken). I think about it now and wish that we could all be in that van. No one was left out, and none of us were fighting. The sun warmed the van, which wasn't pleasant. It was too hot outside, and the van had no AC. The guys would hang around the van without shirts, and if they

weren't driving, they hung around in their boxers. I hung around in my bra and panties, or a tank top and shorts.

Our first night in the van had been scary at first; the guys had been telling ghost stories till dawn. I was afraid that they would come true. I curled up next to Jason in hopes of getting some sweet dreams that night. They never came.

The next few nights were the same; we would stop on the side of the road around midnight, and lay in the back until six thirty in the morning. Sometimes we would stop at some random place with a water hose and rinse ourselves off. The guys had to force me to do it the first time. Randy and Christian held me still, while Jason removed my clothes and scrubbed me in front of total strangers.” Cheri stopped to look at Phliep's face. His face had a look of amusement. “Did they ever rape you?” He asked, his voice hinting pleasure.

Cheri shook her head, “No! They would never do that!” She couldn't believe that someone would think that about her friends. Phliep got her attention back when he slammed his hand on the table in front of her. “Please, tell the story,” He said.

Cheri let her thoughts settle before going on. “It was the third night when everything happened. That morning, we were in Merida and were to be in Seville by midnight. Everything was fine. We had a great time driving around. But by sunset, something went wrong. One of our tires blew out in the middle of nowhere. I was afraid again. There were no lights and we couldn't go anywhere. We sat there for hours. We had no phone, no nothing. Randy and Christian had started up their stories again. I was scared and wanted out.

“Soon I had to pee really badly. I didn't say anything to the guys; I just ran out of the van and ran into the darkness. I couldn't see, but I made sure I was a short ways from the van. I let out my waste and stood up. I heard the guys screaming about vampires. I smiled inwardly; I thought they were going to try to scare me. I stood where I was and screamed out, “Give me monsters!!!!.” I laughed and walked towards the van. I saw movements in the darkness and worried about what happened. As I got closer, I saw a bloody mess and no one was there. I was scared and was about to scream again. That's when everything went black.”

Cheri stopped. She looked at Phliep. Phliep stopped writing and looked at Cheri. He stood up and walked out and locked her in again.

Phliep walked down the hall to his study. For hours he sat at his desk correcting the words he misspelled and Cheri's grammar. Her side of the story was bland, and needed to be livened up a bit. He sighed as he looked at the clock. Sun rise was in half an hour. He would finish up his work and get the other half of the story at night fall.

As he lay in bed, he thought of a few things..... `What did we do with the other's bodies?' Such things crossed his mind when dealing with more then one victim.

Cheri paced frantically about the small room. Surly there had to be some way out. She stopped pacing and looked at the couch; the dead bunny was still lying in a bloody heap where she had left it. She didn't know what Phliep's problem was, but whatever it was, she wanted no part of it.

She knew she had to get out of this strange house. Voices flooded her head, telling her that demons awaited her. She sighed and slumped to the floor. Her mind drifted to the last thing she had said to her friends..... "GIVE ME MONSTERS!!"

Nope, the monsters weren't giver to her, she was given to them.

Forty miles past the manor, a figure wearing a hooded black robe was rushing through the woods in hopes that he would make it to his resting place before the sun rose.

His lungs burned as he breathed in and out and his legs threatened to give way any moment. He couldn't let that happen, he wouldn't let himself be burned to death by Mother Nature.

He kept running until he spotted a rope lying in the fallen leaves. He grabbed the rope and yanked it hard, opening a hidden door in the ground. He lowered himself unsteadily into the hole and let the door drop shut again. He had made it by mere seconds.

The sun rose beautifully.

Two hundred miles away, a girl got up to take a shower. Her head was filled with the last shreds of her dreams from that past night. She smiled warmly as she turned off the water. The dream had been so real. A man, no, a boy, was calling out to her from out side her window.

She got dressed and walked into her little brother's room to get him up for school. She bulled back the curtains to let the sunlight in. She kept humming some random tune in her head. She turned to her brother's bed. He had the covers pulled over his head.

The girl smiled and tugged the covers off of him. At the same moment, she wished she hadn't.

Her brother lay on his back. His eyes were wide and clouded. His mouth was wide open as if he had tried to suck in air. His body was twisted into a painful angle. His throat and chest had been ripped open. Blood caked the sheets.

The girl's scream filled the morning air.