

vampire

By orianajones

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Chapter 1 - the dream

2

1 - the dream

This is not Bram Stoker's Dracula and most definitely not Joss Whedon's Buffy The Vampire Slayer. This is a story of

It was a cold dark night. She walked alone. Her short red hair pulled, loosely, into a braid. Her vibrant green eyes were shaking, not only from the cold but also by the fear. Her skin was white and her nose was speckled by the lightly dusted freckles.

It was early 18th century and she was alone in the night. She was soon to wed and desperately couldn't wait. She found who she had discovered to be the man she wanted with love and lust. He was surely the man for her. He was handsome, strong. And she, a duchess, believed him to be the one.

But the night was so eerie, and with that feeling, came a sense of vulnerability. She walked past the woods and out of the shadows came a young man. He could be not much older than she. He appeared seven-teen&or maybe eighteen. And I shall repeat, appears.

His eyes were as dark as can be. His skin pail and soft looking. His hair was as dark as ebony. He had an impure sense to him, as if he was tainted by the devil himself. Not dead, nor alive. His teeth were white as could be, pointed at the fangs. He stood there smiling.

The fog that surrounded the forest made the scene seem, in more ways than one, uncanny. The girl continued to walk past. The boy moved stealthily behind her. As she was walking she hadn't noticed that he was in the wake of her.

In a solitary second he seized her shoulder, curved her cranium to the side and enforced his fangs into her neckline. He began to drain her blood. Her fearful screams of pain were no more than heard by the sinister ravens of the darkness. The birds began to call and chant. They took to the air to leave the mysterious sight that even they were afraid of. The vampire.

She laid sleeping. Her eyes afraid to open from her dream. What if it hadn't been a dream, but a nightmare& a vision& a prediction. She was frightened. She was unsure, anxious..