

Vampiress 2

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Again I enter the place of my birth in hopes of finding him there waiting for me. As each year passes, and as I return to this dead town, I feel more of a separation from my once life. This night marks the two-hundredth year in which I have returned.

As I enter, I find the lonesome hand of atrophy and fading memories I once shared . . . happily lived. Like in the many years past, loneliness guides me here in hopes of something miraculous. My hope wanes as, year after year, as I arrive, and just before the rising of the sun, I yearn to be reunited with him, my creator. Nearing my once home, I lay my hand upon the last standing wall of my family's inn. I recall growing up happy. I had to want, no needs. My parents worked hard to take care of me.

“Why, why did you take me into this eternal half-life? What did you mean by this deed you imposed upon me?” In silence, I wait for an answer. After half the night is spent in hopeful anticipation, I hear the slightest sound at my back, and feel a presence I instantly recognized.

“Is it you?” I whisper, closing my eyes and hoping. I feel outward with my polished and honed senses to detect no heartbeat, no rushing and throbbing of a living, beating heart – nothing. In this, I dare to hope. Slowly, I turn, and as I do, my eyes behold a dead town in scattered ruin.

“Why,” I whisper, my heart breaking as I behold only the withering carcasses of a once thriving township. “Why will you not come back to me? My once anger, my rage, has long since extinguished. Loneliness is now my constant companion.”

I hang my head, a profound sadness deepening within my stilled heart. Then I feel a breath wash over me from behind. As I freeze, I feel a hand rest upon my shoulder from behind. Into a chilled embrace I find myself pulled.

“My dear, I have traveled far and away, into distant regions across distant lands. I have returned. This night will mark an era in my existence, and shall this night taint me with eternal sadness, or fill me with joy unspeakable. Whatever path I now embark upon, I give you the power of choosing it for me.” Without fear, I smile, knowing that this night he is giving me the choice to be released from this unliving state, or to join him forever. Taking in a deep breath, I cannot help but laugh for joy, for the thrill of happiness welling up within my half soul. Turning, I behold him, finally!

“It’s you,” I breath in a quivering, emotional whisper as I take him in. Before me stands the man who gave me life. Even so, I perceive I also stand at a crossroad. If I reject him, he will attempt to destroy me. This holds no terror for me, for I have long since made this choice.

“You left me,” I accuse, to which he slowly smiles and releases me.

“I am so sorry, milady. You knew I had to leave. You know why.” Snaking my arms about his neck, I bite my lip, and then kiss him with passion indescribable. When we part, I smile, and then laugh for joy.

“Where will you take me now?” I whisper as a wolf begins a sad song somewhere out in the blackness of the night. “Don’t leave without me, as you did before. Take me with you.”

Slipping my hand into his, we both turn from the ghost-like wreckage of my birth place, and fade away into the night, never to return again.

In peace, I go with him.