



Eat Her Alive

By K.S. Stanley

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DEDICATION

For all of the rock and heavy metal artists and bands I listen to.

This one is for you.

QUOTE

I can hold my cold gaze and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping yours and maybe even sense our lifestyles are probably comparable:

I am simply not there.

-American Psycho (1991)

Bret Easton Ellis

CHAPTER ONE

Wait, what's the matter?

Why do you look so scared?

I'm not going to hurt you.

You're staring at my skin, I can see you examining me. You don't have to be startled, I want to share my experience with you.

What do you mean?

I'm not just going to blatantly tell you what it is. Then there wouldn't be any story.

When you realise you are dead, it's hard to process, even when you're clambering out of your grave.

All I could remember back then was the bittersweet taste of vodka and a strange clamping sensation pressing down on my neck.

I lay on the soggy grass of the graveyard with the big sparkling moon staring up at me after I'd climbed out. It was unusual to have the fresh air pulsing through my veins and lungs. Being buried alive was like being submerged under water.

People say that before you die, you see your life flash before your eyes.

I am here to tell you, that theory...is complete bollocks.

When I died there were no flashing pictures, it was just dark and cold as if I had been thrown into a deep never ending dug out.

I had to blink several times as my eyes were blurry from the falling soil. After a few moments, my eyesight sharpened to a clear focus.

I stood before my grave stone, and what I read shot out at me, screaming the truth:

**ERIC ROLLA
29TH MAY 1988 - 2ND OCTOBER 2006
We miss you.
You had stories told of stardom.
We all love you.**

I had to read it a few times to fully understand what the hell had happened to me. I was either seriously hung over or still dreaming. I pinched my wrist, I waited...I should have been looking up at my bedroom ceiling but that wasn't happening. I dug my fingernails into my arm feeling the sharp pain, noticing the pigment of my skin. It was grey, ice cold and lifeless.

On my grave were bouquets of flowers and a faded yellow football - the one my Dad bought me years ago. I picked it up, holding it in my hands. A sudden echo of memories swept through me, kicking the ball in the park with my family, laughing and playing with siblings. It was a bizarre experience which brought tears to my eyes. I had to wipe them on my suit, the one I'd been buried in.

I stared at my hands; the colour had been completely drained from them. I could see the faintest lines of blue veins and the tendons...

"Child?" a voice echoed from behind me.

I span round to meet the intruding thing that was spying on me. From one of the over grown bushes, a very lean and tall man was staring at me.

"Who are you?" I said.

"You don't remember me?" he asked.

"No."

He smirked at me.

My eyes swam over what he wore, a long velvet black coat, dark crumbled jeans, and huge black leather boots with silver buckles. He reminded of sleazy greasy Goths. The girls I used to see walking through town were hot clad in black but the guys to me looked fucking stupid. His hair was incredibly long and it met the lower part of his back. It clashed hideously with his ghost like complexion. His dark blank eyes swam over me and a small gleaming smile appeared on his face.

I watched him and stepped back in revulsion.

"Are you queer or something?" I asked loudly, as I did *not* swing that way. And I did not appreciate the way he was looking at me.

He ignored my question, stepping towards me. I moved backwards; if I'd gone any further I would be flat on my back in my grave. Again.

"Keep your distance, creep!" I exclaimed, stretching my hand in front of me to bid him from coming any nearer.

He smiled and shook his head. "Newborns are always like this," he whispered to himself.

"Are you on crack?!" I asked loudly, tensing my teeth and hissing as my arm fell down to my side.

A deep rumbling growl echoed from my chest. I stared down at the ground and looked around in confusion. "What was that?"

He laughed.

My teeth tensed again. "Excuse me, I'm being serious here. What was that noise?"

He looked at me, dead in the face. "It came from you, silly child."

"Bollocks!" I shouted.

He laughed again and shook his head, his pinching smile suddenly turned into a down pinning scowl. "You heard it yourself, child."

"Stop calling me that!" I shouted, the growl echoed again from my chest. I stared up at the man in confusion. "What the *hell* is going on? What the *hell* is happening to me?"

"If you would stop moaning for a minute. I'd be able to answer your question, Eric." I glared at him. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"It's normal, what's happening to you..."

"Tell me your name!"

He breathed and pinched his fingers between his eyes. "I'm Victor. Your sire."

"My *sire*? What the--."

He held his hand up to stop me from shouting. "Give me five minutes. Then you'll understand."

So he told me.

CHAPTER TWO

It was too much to take in, at first. When he told me what I had become, what he'd transformed me into, I felt like ripping his head off. Another part of me, wanted to laugh hysterically. The story of my demise and sudden revival swam through my tainted memory as he told me.

It started with the celebration of finishing my college exams. I'd gone clubbing in town with my friends. Got seriously pissed on vodka mixers and I went outside to the grotty alleyway to throw up.

Victor was hiding in the shadows starving like a hungry hyena as he'd kindly put it, when he saw me, crouching by one of the walls chucking my guts up. He gave me a list of things about why he attacked me. That I was supposedly innocent, helpless and... I had potential.

I didn't understand that, at first.

The broken images of a dark figure loomed behind me as I retched against the slimy brick wall came into focus. A strong cold clamp grabbed my neck, these were his fingers and he only picked me up by one hand. He swung me around, laughing through his talk about how I swore to high heaven. Breathless, drunk and furious, I threatened to kick him in his *precious bits* if he didn't let me go.

A smile passed over my face as he told me this. I was proud of myself, knowing that I was legless, I still had energy to fight someone.

Victor's voice transformed into a low buzz and his brown eyes shimmered out of his face. He told me he had to choke me, so my body would stop fighting him, and then he leaned in...to bite me. That's when I blacked out, and the next thing I knew I was locked six feet under soggy ground.

"So...you just left me?" I asked.

I could feel anger surging through me.

"It was the only thing I could do, Eric."

I glared at him, smacking my hands against the tomb stone. "They found my body. They must have thought I got murdered! The police will be looking for you!"

"Look, what could I have done? Carried a bleeding body over my shoulder into the open street? Don't get hyped up, Eric. You haven't fed yet, you need your energy," he said, with a caring voice I hated.

"*What have you done to me?*" I growled.

"Okay, okay, listen to me carefully..." Victor said, with his hands out in defence. "When you blacked out, I made you, drink...from me. You have to drink from your maker to become what you are."

My tongue clicked and I felt the sharp pain of something in my mouth. "So when I was unconscious, I drank your blood?"

"Yes..." he hissed impatiently. "Don't you understand what you are, Eric?"

I shook my head.

"You're a vampire."

I stared at him. My mouth twitched, my lips trembled in a snarl and I began to laugh. His reaction was priceless; he looked so insulted.

"I'm not joking," Victor commented.

"Vampires are myth. They don't exist, only in films and romantic novels."

Victor's expression melted away revealing a hollow cold existence. "Then explain to me how you crawled out of your own grave? What was the cause of that?"

His words hit me like a hammer to the chest. I stared at the ground. "I don't know," I whispered.

"I watched you as I explained what I did. You were running your tongue against your teeth. You can feel *them* can't you?"

The sharp sensation hit my tongue again and I winced from it.

He laughed. "They are your fangs, Eric. Your weapon. Treat them with care."

I ran my finger around the front set of my teeth, my finger snagged on one of my "fangs" and it cut deep bleeding. I tapped the pointed fang, and I sucked my cut finger. My mouth seemed more enhanced when it came to sensations and tastes. My blood tasted revolting.

A watery and musty scent blew under my nose and I dipped my head up to the path leading to the other graves.

Victor watched me with curiosity. "You smell it too, don't you?"

I stopped sucking my finger. "What is it?"

He grinned and laughed heavily. "It's your food."

CHAPTER THREE

Victor led me to a huge set of bushes and pulled me down to the ground. The scent was weak like running water, but it sent the muscles in my throat crazy. I shoved Victor off my shoulder and crouched to see what he was looking at.

A withered old man in a cream anorak was putting flowers by a grave under one of the huge trees opposite the church. He was one of those people that talked to the graves, I used to do that. After my granddad passed, I would always tell him about my football games and the bullies at school. I remembered the sense of wanting to cry at that moment.

I sniffed the air, lapping up the flavour and I knew the scent came from the old man. I turned to Victor. "You want me to eat him?"

He placed a thin finger to his lips. "Listen, you know what to do. You need blood or you'll die. It's what we live on, what we live for. Now...do it."

Victor shoved me forwards and I swallowed hard. My throat ached for this old man. A curdling snarl echoed from my mouth and the wind cooled behind me.

"Is someone there?" the old man asked. "I can see you, come out of there. You're not fooling anyone."

I breathed out and turned round to face him. "I'm sorry I scared you," I said, walking towards him. "I was on my way home...could I borrow a few you to get the bus?" He watched me, with caution. I had to improvise. "My bus pass only runs till 5pm. So it's not valid now and I didn't bring money with me."

"Mmmm...sure, I'll just get my bag," he said and turned to crouch on the ground.

"Now!" Victor yelled in a harsh whisper.

My throat ached and hissed with hunger. I licked my lips, lunging forward. My fingers grasped the back of the man's neck. His face was distorted as my fingers dented his skin. I could tell he couldn't breathe.

It made me sick and I had to look away. The pennies jangled from his shuddering palm, I wanted to drop him and leg it. His lips grew to a dull blue and with my other hand I shoved his head to the side exposing his wrinkled neck. With my new strength, I could have snapped his neck or decapitated him so easily.

His scent was sharper now. I could see his veins, pulsing with warm blood. I opened my mouth and pushed my face closer to his neck.

The chalk of his skin flaked away and it sent the throbbing in my throat over the edge. My mouth opened and I plunged my teeth into his skin, the fangs puncturing the tendons and veins. The man let out a bone chilling scream of agony; it was a sound I'll never forget.

The blood hit the back of my throat, warm but thin, like water. My teeth had torn through his skin as if it was made out of tissue paper. I shut my eyes and kept my mouth on his neck, my body tensed and ached with pleasure.

The old man whimpered and started to plead with me to get off him, this got my attention. But it made me dig my teeth into his neck even more. His pleads turned into

deep gurgles and splutters. My cheeks were damp, it only took me time that I realised the tears came from me.

I pulled back from the body and stepped away. The man went limp and clattered to the ground, not breathing or moving. My hands raked into my hair and I felt like screaming.

Victor emerged from the bushes with a proud smile fixed on his expression. I couldn't look anymore. I paced away from the tree and stood by the bushes. From the corner of my eye, I saw Victor pick the old man up by the arm. I had a fleeting vision of a hyena dragging a wounded animal, using its teeth. Without effort, he threw the man into the bushes. I ducked just in time. I heard the bones crack and the wind stroke my face as the body flew over my head.

Victor clapped his hands together, dusting himself off like he'd done a session of spring cleaning. Tears cooled my cheeks and the growl shuddered from my chest.

I leaped towards him. Our bodies collided together. Victor threw me up into the air, his fingers clasp around my throat. My blood stained mouth screamed and I pushed him away from me. Victor stumbled backwards and I zoomed around to attack him. My fist smashed into his face and he crashed against a gravestone.

I paced towards him, my hands crunched together. I wasn't finished with him yet. Victor began to laugh. My back straightened up and I pushed my heels into the ground with enough leverage. He was still laughing; it was annoying me. I growled and ran into him, using my skills when I went to rugby club. He doubled over and I pinned him against the wall that was covered in dark green ivy.

"Stop it!" I growled as he laughed. "Stop fucking laughing!"

I grabbed his face, squeezed it in my palm. His chuckles became incoherent gurgles, just like the old man's. His wrist snaked up to my hand and he pushed me away.

Victor glared and rubbed his cheek. "What the hell do you think you're doing, Eric? Strangling me won't work!" He shook the debris from his coat. "Look, it's normal for you newborns to feel sympathy for your victims at first, it will pass soon."

"So you don't have emotions anymore?"

"I have some. When you've lived as long as I have, you lose patience and a connection with your victims."

"You're disgusting," I hissed.

"Listen Eric! It's survival, that's what matters! It's either they die or you starve. Your stupid petty emotions will get in the way when you need to hunt."

"How many people have you killed?"

Victor took a deep breath. "I don't know, Eric. I can't remember. It's not important."

My teeth grinded together, my fist clenched again but he didn't notice this. He just studied my face carefully. That old man was mourning for his wife or his brother and I'd taken his life for my own greed.

I started to cry, again. I always thought vampires were dark deceitful creatures, they were, and Victor had transformed me into one. I had emotion, I was crying, mourning for the life of the innocent man I never knew existed until this evening.

Victor leant on my shoulder; my hand snapped up to his wrist. I scratched him and he swiped his hand back to his chest.

"Stay...away...from me," I hissed, my voice was filled with venom and hatred.

He sniggered. "What are you going to do, Eric? Run?"

I thought about that, but an instinct came over me. I stepped back and sent my shunting fist into Victor's chest. It didn't hurt. My hand cracked his ribcage. I felt something cold, then something squelch between my fingers.

A smile swarmed over my mouth as I ripped his heart from his chest. The shock and despair on Victor's face was precious. My maker fell to his knees, gurgling and spluttering. He stared up at me, his eyes rolling back into his head.

I held his dead black heart in my hand. Victor's final moments were passing and I threw it to the ground, in front of his lifeless face. "Goodbye, *my sire.*"

CHAPTER FOUR

Are you still paying attention? You haven't fallen asleep on me, have you?

I'll skip some parts if you have. Better not bore you with the non essentials.

Yes, so I killed Victor. The urge just came over me and frankly, he was asking for it.

After that, I left the graveyard. I didn't care how he was found or who found him. So I headed over to my family home.

If you're wondering, I didn't hurt them. I'm a monster, but I'm not that evil inclined. But then again, after what I'm going to confess to you. You'll probably disagree with me. Haha. And that's okay.

Anyway, back to my death – from the looks of things, it seemed no hassle to my family. They were selling anything of mine as quickly as they could. While I watched the house, I saw my cousin cruise off in my car. The one that rightfully belonged to *me*. But I guess when your heart stops beating; anybody can just rightfully take your belongings.

After that I headed into town feeling pretty crap. It sounds bizarre, don't you think? A vampire feeling washed up and spat out...

It was evening by the time I got there. Everyone was drinking in the bars and clubs. So I decided to head to the Carling Academy, it was Rock Night and guaranteed free entry. The queue for the academy had already gone down by time I got there. I could feel the vibrations of the drums and guitars even from outside.

The bouncer gave me the once over. I didn't look like a freak. Though, inside I knew I was one. I could sense my teeth clenching together as the guard stared at me. My annoying fangs stung my tongue as I tried to keep my cool. I held his gaze; he cocked his head and let me pass. Good boy, that's the way...or you'll regret it.

People were going nuts when I got inside. The mosh pit was cracking. I closed my eyes, listening to the beat, letting it engulf me.

A scent of lilies wafted under my nose, my nostrils flared. Energy pulsed through my veins, warming my arms and shuddering down my toes, tingling my feet.

"Okay...who's going to hang the coats up?" I heard a feminine voice say so close to me.

My eyes snapped open and I stared at the source of the voice.

It actually came from across the room. A bunch of girls lounged on a series of tacky purple sofas. My monster abilities were more enhanced than I expected. The music was clearer and I could hear people's conversations, though only those I took an interest in. I was able to zone people out. It was amazing.

"I think *you* should go," I heard the girl say, the ring leader. I shifted my eyes to the girl she was talking to...

It all happened so fast, it nearly spun my head around. My mouth trembled, I blinked several times. The scent came from a girl opposite the ring leader. Her scent drowned out the sound of the music. It pumped in my ears, dancing down my neck. My throat felt rough, ragged like a rusty pipe.

The girl wore a white dress. I found it very peculiar for a rock gig. All of her other friends were dressed to fit the scene of the music, black tops, chokers, heavy eyeliner and so forth.

Her scent was dazing me, so much...I had to hold onto the pillar to keep my composure. The girl stuck out like a sore thumb - to creatures like me. The shade of her dress with our digital enhanced eyesight would grab our attention, even if she was standing in a packed crowd of a music festival.

The girl knelt against one of the sofas, she didn't look pleased. Her deep blue eyes stared at the floor and her long fair hair hid half of her face. I noticed that all shy people did this - thinking if they covered their face and stared at the ground, they would get out of being stuck in the spotlight. It wasn't working in *this* case, all eyes were on her. Especially mine.

"Why me?" she asked quietly.

"You don't have a coat with you and plus you're not exactly joining in the conversation. You might as well," the bitch replied back, throwing a piece of her dark hair over her shoulder.

The girl breathed in. "Fine." She opened her arms and the girls passed their coats over, some even chucked them at her. When she was half across the room. I could hear her "friends", bringing her into conversation.

"Why the hell did you invite her?"

"Why are you asking me? Helena came with her!"

"Don't blame me!"

"She just tagged along..."

"Shut up guys," the bitch announced, projecting her voice. "What do we do? Should we ditch her?"

"I dunno..."

"Ugh. She'll just sniff us out. The desperate ones always come back."

The bitch smiled. "Come on girls, let's just go. We'll just sneak around, keep moving and then she won't notice us."

My fists tightened, so much I could have run over and ripped the bitch's head clean off. The monster in me deeply wanted to teach those girls a gory lesson in respect.

The girl in the white dress calmed me down from that attraction as she walked passed me. I decided to follow.

The girl in the white dress headed up the stairs, to the upper half of the academy. It was far more relaxed compared to down below. She moved swiftly to the cloak room, she gave out money and the person in charge took them from her.

Instead of going back down the steps, she moved towards the balcony looking out at the crowd. I kept myself concealed against one of the walls, she leaned against the railings. I could hear her breathing, her voice tightening and she whispered something to herself, so personal and quiet. "Those bitches...I knew they would leave..."

My tongue curled, my mouth was bone dry.

Cool wind blew from the fire exit not far from where she stood. It tossed her hair, the scent rushing me, driving me crazy. The shiver caught her body and she wrapped her arms about herself. Momentarily, she turned without thought and headed out to the dark dank desolate fire exit.

Haha.

Perfect.

CHAPTER FIVE

I waited for a few minutes and followed concealing myself in the darkness. It was raining outside, the slight pattering relaxed me, the human side of course. It set the scene. Mirroring how the girl probably felt...alone, an outcast, her pride completely violated.

Like me...in some sorts.

I leant my back against the cold slabs of the walls. The girl walked away from where I was. Her scent diminishing, whilst my greed tightened and screamed.

Slowly, never taking my eyes from her. I ran my fingers across the stubby rails of the bridge as we headed into the night, predator and prey.

She froze, her arms clutched at her shoulders as she shivered from the cold. Her now rapid heartbeat pulsed through my ears, I breathed out, keeping my composure. Then she turned.

I knew she couldn't see me from where I was standing. I was too far away for her to notice.

The girl swiftly turned on her heels and walked hastily, her pace and her heartbeat quickened. I emerged but she kept on walking, so did I, faster than her...my footsteps could be heard. Her back froze again, and she stared over her shoulder...I darted into the darkness.

Her heartbeat skipped, she was scared. The thought of her being frightened, excited me, turning me on.

I bolted out of the darkness to see that she was running. I took off after her. Quicker...and faster than ever. She ran around the corner...towards me. A dusty ladder leading to the offices of the academy stood there, like some spare life line.

The girl in the white dress stopped dead at the sight of me in the shadows. I let the moonlight reveal my face, a deep smirk warmly made its way onto my mouth.

"Boo..." I whispered, my eyes widened in an expression of optimistic insanity.

Her blue eyes opened in fear, she breathed faster, backing up so she fell against the wall. I stepped out so the girl could see what Victor had turned me into.

My goal was to survive. That is what he told me, either they live or I die.

Her weak hands trembled and gripped at the walls. Seeing, smelling her fear, sent euphoric tingles up and down my body. Half of these pleasurable shivers came from the breast line of her dress.

She just stared at me. I smiled, bigger, so she could see my teeth. The girl yelped, twisting her body. She clamped her hands onto the rusty ladder. The way she held onto it was as if she was lost out at sea.

Surprisingly, she was a good little sprinter. It was hilarious just watching her gasp and splutter as she clawed her way upwards. I stood at the bottom of the ladder giggling, and then a thought came to me, like a click in my neck.

I placed a hand on the step; just resting my palm on it caused it to shake. I kept my eyes fixed on her and I rocked the ladder violently. The girl almost lost her grip. She

reached the top of the ladder, groaning as she rolled onto the ledge. Then she disappeared.

I leant back on my heels. I hadn't tested all my strength yet. Within seconds, I landed on my own two feet on the ledge.

The girl was nowhere to be seen, except the wondrous trail of her scent. In front of me, the window of the offices had been hauled open; the smell of her blood coaxed me to follow.

I stepped into the corridors of the offices. The muffled music from down below seeped through the floor. I let my monster abilities lead the way; my magnified hearing detected her heartbeat. It was still heightened. I saw a glimpse of her white dress, it was sending me wild.

"What do you want?!" her voice rang out, cracked and scared.

I ignored her. I wasn't here for chit-chatting.

"I've got money if you want it," she inhaled a huge breath. "Just tell me what you want - and I'll give it you. I promise I won't tell the police or anybody!"

Listening to her persuading to reason with me, just made me chuckle. I found it pathetic and adorable. Someone or something was after her, why wasn't she running or screaming to the heavens?

She waited for my response. It wouldn't come.

"Just tell me!" the girl shrieked.

I smiled and I peered around the corner. Her back faced me, but she was looking down at another corridor. The scent was knocking me over the place. I had to make it stop.

I zoomed forwards, she felt the cool air of me advancing and she yelled running into the opposite corridor ahead of her. She was never going to get away. My fingers dug at her arm and I threw her around to face me.

The girl in the white dress was so captivated in fear, she never made a sound.

Wrapping my arm around her waist, I lifted her up to my face, weightless. She stared at me, taking everything in. The scent pulsed through me, her heartbeat had slowed. I ran my other hand through her hair, her blue eyes were open wide. My pale fingers pressed down on the side of her sweet creamy neck. My eyes lingered at her breasts, the white dress emphasised them so much.

I looked up at her, her mouth wailed with a distorted scream. I gritted my teeth to make her shut up. I placed my free hand over her lips, where she continued to scream and bite me. I didn't feel much of her attacks.

I wanted to stare into her eyes, and I did. All was quiet as she stared back, just the thumping music of her heartbeat remained in this moment.

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, I must have held too much pressure. Her head flopped backwards; swiftly I drew my hand away from her mouth.

Her chest rose, as her back slanted in my arms. My lips trembled with thirst; I yanked the front of her dress down, revealing the top half of her breast. Drawing my mouth, anchoring my head...letting the monster take over every crevice of my being.

I plunged my teeth into her skin, her body jumped but I held her tight. I let the warm salty blood swim around my mouth. My new body groaned, hunching forwards. I drank for as long as I could, weaving my fingers into her luscious hair as I did so.

Then I heard it.

Dud dun...

Dud dun...

Dud...dun...

Dud...dun...

Dud...

...

I pushed her away, ripping my fangs from her breast. The blood trickled down my chin. I let her go and her body fell to the dusty floor.

Lifeless.

The music of her heart had been cut off. Her scent disappeared, but the last remaining beads of it were all over me, on my fingers, where I had raked them through her hair.

What had I done?

I hadn't realised that I had to get rid of the body. What should I have done? Left it lying on the floor to rot?

Then, an idea hit me.

Seeing the picture in my head and the possible result just increased my curiosity of it. Softly, I knelt by the girl. Her long fair hair was cast over her face; it just looked as if she had too many drinks. Weirdly enough, the girl seemed...peaceful.

Picking the body was up no problem; my movements were incredibly fluent. I just waltzed her off the ground. My hands cradled her head and I moved away from the spot. I was now in the part of the academy where the lights and speakers were mounted. My eyes flashed to see nobody was up there.

Jiggling the girl in my arms, I held the back of her neck between my thumb and forefinger. I smiled, glancing down at her breast. The crimson stain of my addiction had stained her pretty white dress. I cleared the strands away from her eyes; the flesh of her cheeks had lost that warmth. But as I moved her head, her eyes drooped open. She stared back at me. For a moment, I was almost sympathetic. I peered down at her, flicking my tongue over the wound, savouring that taste and placed a hungry kiss on her forehead.

I let my arms hold her close and I let the darkness wash over the both of us. A smile smouldered over my lips, with a laugh; I let the girl in the white dress fly from my arms. Her body hit the ground below.

There was a beat of silence.

Voices and music were cut short. I peered over the bars, to find people staring star struck at the body lying on the floor. A girl with short spiky hair grasped her face with both hands and then the chaos began.

CHAPTER SIX

People ran haywire, grabbing onto each other. They fell over themselves, running away from the body.

As I stared out, there was something pleasant, joyful just watching the mayhem. This was something I'd created and the monstrous side of myself was proud, beamingly happy.

I cocked my head; the dead girl in the white dress seemed asleep, locked in deep slumber. Her hair was away from her face and the spotlight from above shone on her. She was my muse in this chaos.

New music poured through my ears, screams entangled with the sirens of ambulances and police cars. I walked back out through the offices, licking and savouring the remnants of the girl's blood.

I jumped out of the window and I walked into the crowd, mingling myself into the hysteric crowd of people. I began to pant and look panicked, mimicking some of the other people around me. I had to bite my fangs deep into my tongue to stop myself from laughing.

I ran over to the nearest person I could see, funny enough - it was the bitch. I placed my hand on her shoulder; she shivered and jumped out of her skin at the sight of me.

"W-what's happened?" I asked, trying to sound disorientated. "What's going on? E-everyone was screaming and running."

"My friend - she's dead," the bitch replied.

She'd lied blatantly to my face and I wanted to laugh. Then I felt a deep urgency to hurt her.

"Did you know her?" I asked, my voice tightened.

She knew the victim alright and she treated her like dog shit. I savoured her scent, the monster in me screamed and churned. She did not smell nice at all; she'd showered herself in cheap perfume. To other people she was gorgeous, not to me.

Her dark eyes watered with guilt. "No...not too well."

"I'm sorry for your loss," I replied, then I disappeared through the frantic crowd.

She'd said something but I was far too out of range to hear. I didn't want to know what that bitch had to say.

From afar, I could see the paramedics moving into the academy and the police with their flashing cherry lights. My senses heightened as the cold air blew against me. The girl in the white dress's blood had filled me with new energy. I could feel it pulse down into every fibre of my being. I wanted to run and I hungered to. So I let the ground disappear from under my feet.

CHAPTER SEVEN

You've seen the news, right? The academy murder?

I can't go back there as it's been taped off because of the investigation. Well, now you know who it was.

So what did you think of my story?

You can talk you know.

Why am I telling you all this?

Well, I thought we'd hit it off - plus I like you. And you smell incredible.

Haha, you look scared now.

Remember, I'm not going to hurt you. If I did, you'd be dead by now.

By the way, nobody would believe it if you decided to share my story with anyone. Just saying. I wouldn't waste your time gossiping. But it's nice to talk to someone about this though, rather than having it locked in my twisted head. You've been a very good therapist; it's nice to share my thoughts with somebody else.

Being a vampire is rather a lonely life. I've thought about doing what Victor did. Creating a companion or a child to sire. But if I were to go down that route, I would have to pick the right person and that was why I initially spoke to you.

Don't be afraid.

As I've got to know you, I no longer wish to make you like me. You see, you remind me of the girl in the white dress. You have a fragile beauty and if I were to change you - it would no longer be there. It would upset me knowing I got rid of something so pure as you.

There is a part of me that laments when I think about what I did to the girl in the white dress. And there is a part of me that frankly doesn't care. I know I took something innocent away from someone. She was somebody's daughter, maybe somebody's sister or auntie. And those thoughts rush my mind when I look in your face.

But if you were interested in becoming like me, let me tell you - nobody would hurt you. I wouldn't let anyone lay a finger on you. You would be safe and you'd be mine. Is that something you'd want?

Haha, I can see by the look in your eyes.

Wise decision. To be honest, I don't blame you. Sometimes I wonder what would've happened if Victor had put the proposition to me. Would I have accepted to be like this?

Yeah...

Well...

I'd better let you go...

So, will I ever see you again?

I recommend you don't leave your bedroom window open at night. You don't want a monster like me lurking around searching for a bite, or a kiss. Ha.

Maybe, I'll see you around then and if you have any trouble with anyone or anything - let me know. Or your problems might just vanish all together, haha.

Anyway, be careful.

Take care.

A NOTE FROM THE WRITER

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reaching the end of *Eat Her Alive*.

Why did you choose such an explicit title? I've been asked this several times whenever I mention this story (especially the title) and I normally receive a mixed reaction. Some are grossed out and some are intrigued. Certain readers thought the title expressed a sexual meaning, others guessed a violent one, but nobody replied with: the supernatural. When I was online dating, this book actually scared a potential suitor. Haha! The title is interpretative, it's key to Eric's animalistic personality and what he becomes.

I've been fascinated with vampires from a young age. *Bram Stoker's Dracula* is one of my favourite movies and I cried heavily when Buffy Summers killed Angel, sending him to Hell for all eternity. I wanted to put my own spin on the vampire mythology, create something dark and twisted. At the time of I conceived the idea for this project, vampires were associated with the romance genre in the modern world/present day.

I would love to know your thoughts on this piece. What did you think? Would you have let Eric sire you?

Kind regards,

Kateri x (written in January 2021)

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