

Consequences of a kiss

-Welcome to Wonderland-

Von MissLunatic

- The Awakening - Pure confusion -

As I woke t'was still dark outside. Damn and I still felt as if the whole building had crushed down on me just before the tank which was responsible for this chaos had overrun me. But as I looked around everything seemed to be as it always was: tidy and quiet.

As I glimpsed at the alarm-clock it told me in its glaring neon-letters that I had just slept for an hour. Well, nobody could have slept for long with those strange dreams I luckily hardly remembered by now haunting his mind. If I told Van she would surely tease me. Say something like if she was making me feel queasy we needn't share a bed. Or that it was sweet that I couldn't get enough of her but had a strange taste for fantasies.

But where was she by the way?... I could still smell her scent on the pillow beside me. But somehow it didn't taste as sweet as it used to be. Something was different. Beside my headache. Somehow it contained an unspoken threat and something else... a feeling of decay?

I shook my head. What was going on? I had always had a vivid imagination but this -was- strange. As my eyes focused again on the alarm-clock I felt as if I saw its colours for the first time. Had they always been this penetrating and shrill?

But ... the date... this couldn't be.. A strange kinda joke. If it was true I would have slept through a whole day instead of an hour...

Totally confused I set up still unsure what to make of it. Finally I took the glorious decision to pay a toll to the bathroom. A decision I was to regret later on. I was not only unable to relieve nature in a most human way but got the shock of my life or rather, uuhm, not-life as I took a look into the mirror. I had already sensed that something was queer, that something quite important had changed and somehow something else was missing entirely. But that which was missing now completely was my reflection. Even touching the glass with my trembling fingers didn't make it appear. Utterly shocked I staggered back to bed. Was I still dreaming? I don't know why but all my senses disproved this thought at once. Everything was far too real. Like the thin red stain on my pillow. Flash. This was the moment when all my memories of what I had thought of as a dream rushed down on me in a disheveled tangle leaving only one thought in my mind: What have you done?

My memories after this crucial instant are less but fragmentary. Like a sleep-walker I stumbled through the rooms (that had been ours). Until I discovered a CD on the bedside table marked in her neat slightly old-fashioned writing. On impulse I fed it to the player and listened. It was one of her favourite songs. And now I had a suspicion why...
[...]

Siren's Song

Nighttime's creeping, when you're sleeping
I ('ll) be with you.
Daylights stalking, when you're walkig [out of my door]
I ('ll) dream of you.

Sun is burning when you are turning around
You can't help but think of me.
Rain is falling you still hear the calling
Feel the affliction taking you back to me.

Cold as the grave, a summer-child
It's far from wrong, we'll just be alright. [t'gether]
I share your warmth, your overflowing energy
Feed it to me...

The CD was one of the few things, no rather the only one, I took from our former life when I finally strode into the night. From time to time I still listen to it and try to understand. Still unable.

- The Following - Pure like snow -

The previous night he had wandered through the streets like a stray dog seeking for the lost affection of its owner. Poor Alec. But it had to be like this. A tame one was useless and unable to survive out in the dschungle. It was the only way I reminded myself strictly. Besides I had to win a bet. I was just watching him from my hideout out of a glassless window two stories above when I suddenly had to duck myself behind the windowsill. Had he really just looked this way? I had to be careful. – Mustn't underestimate him. Now he belongs to us. Even if he doesn't know his abilities he might use one or another instinctively.- It already cost all my skill to mask the bond just as much that he didn't find me but was still drawn. When I cautiously glanced down at him again he was already nearly down the street. - Well, not as intuitiv as I thought. But it makes things less complicated for now. It might also be just the hunger.- Yes, I could sense it, feel it creeping slowly towards me as if it were mine. Sooner or later he had to drink. He was on the brink of losing control or I wouldn't sense it as strongly. I asked myself if he was just stubborn or if he really could be this unknowing.

Lost in these idle thoughts I didn't become aware of her until it was too late and Alec had already stumbled into her. Another. "Look, what we have got here: A newborn. How pure and untouched like freshly fallen snow." Luckily he only glared at her.

"Don't know what you are talking about." And just tried to shove her aside out of his way. "No? I wonder. You look hungry. Eager." This bitch. I wanted to reap out her amused look. I was about to get down on her and end this silly play, when I suddenly sensed another wellknown presence. "Don't." "But..." He studied me in this exhorting knowing way of his. "Remember your word, sister." While I was just toying with the bond annoyingly Saleel was a master of masking it. I was about to argue. It was far too early to really let him run loose. And whatever he would respond one is not really of the kindred before he has tasted his first blood. But he just interrupted me: "Look, it's just unnecessary." As I watched Alec was already on his way again. "Now, leave him be." "Not before his first taste. It's crucial. Remember my part of our arrangement." He sighed. In the end I followed him for the rest of the night Saleel on my coat-tails to look after me and finally I was able to shape events to my liking.

- The Realisation – Pure Hatred -

It was much like a fever-dream. Alice might have felt like this, a cracked and stoned Alice on a bad trip in a perverted Wonderland. Even the white rabbit I encountered though it was blond had hazelnut-eyes and studied me like a predator looks at its prey.

A strange creature I was glad to forget eventually as everything got more and more blurry. But other impressions weren't as easily to neglect. All the time I felt watched, felt the longing to find her and took it as a strange certainty that she seemed to be just out of sight wherever I went. But above all I felt... -What did she call it? Who? Fuck don't care!- "Hungry." My whole world focused on this single word until I didn't even understand its meaning anymore. I only knew that it was important. But I dared not give it just its way. There was something, a reason, I had to hold it at bay. Every step took more and more effort like it never had before. Not even after the most exhausting of matches...

I woke to sensations I never had expected. My mind was clear again and the fever was gone it seemed. I was nearly bursting of energy. My hands freshly washed. Only what I had thought of as cooling water was shockingly red.

Stained like the body beside me, which lay limp and already rotting in this empty narrow alley. Sudden panick rushed through me like the blood of someone else which was now flooding through my vains. Thunderstruck I stood there for a while. What a monster had I become?

And then after a long time I did the only thing that was right. I knew I had to remember this, to face my deed personified in this corpse and looked straight in its blind eyes. Its peaceful look disgusted me. But I bucked up. Finally I searched its coat pockets and brought forward nothing but some pennies, a packet of cigarets and a thoroughly folded note with a number on it. The small cross around its neck was a better hint I guessed though. I was surprised that I was afterall able to touch and pocket it. But perhaps it was just due to the fact that I had never believed in it. Who knew what a monster like me could do or couldn't. But nonetheless I knew now what I had to do as the old saying "An eye for an eye." was haunting my mind. I was to repent for this life but Vanity was to repent for mine.

- The Testing – Profound Proof -

Some days later:

"Gave us quite a struggle, this little blighter." As if he really had a chance. The princess wanted to see the stray one and you gave her what she wanted if you was wise. If not you better not stay long enough to regret it. But the cub was greener than green. How should he know? Prolly abandoned right after the kiss. Lucky to know that he was a vampire. If that.

The princess just glanced at me. "Then bring him before me now. We have to exchange a few words." After we'd brought him in the princess signified me t'wait at the door, the rest outside. The cub showed courage. Maybe more than was good fer him. He glared at the princess. "What do you want of me? I guess you're the one who runs this freak-show." he snapped. But the princess just smiled. Her green cat's eyes shimmered dangerously but not annoyed, yet. "Well, first within the kindred we prefer the title princess. Second I just wanted to have a talk. And third if you don't mind it would be a pleasure if you could turn down your voice a little, Mr?" The cub ignorried the unspoken question. "And therefore you had to send out your bullies to grab me?" "How brave of you. Whatever you are." he added in a lower voice. "As you didn't follow my outspoken invitation there was no other choice. You must know I'm very interested in all of the kindred." He still tried to stare her down but less sure now. "Interested in me? Don't believe that a bit. But however what's this kindred-business?"

Now she had him. "Well, you must know you belong to a very exclusive society now. But as every society it has its rules." "And if I don't want to be part of it?" Still stubborn he was. "Unfortunately you have no choice. But you may decide if you conform or... not. The latter I would regret." Silence. He seemed to check his options. His next look showed frustration. He sniffed the trap. "Then first of all tell me about all this stuff." She shook her head. "You will get your answers in time but first I have some questions for you. A good one to begin with would be your name." Silence. She scanned him. "Alexej Rubinstein. Was it not?" His eyes glistened. He took up a defensive stance. "Why do you ask if you already know?" "Because I didn't mean this name. Many kindred don't keep their old name after the "embrace". I just wanted to know how you want to be addressed to make business easier." "Call me whatever you want. It doesn't matter." "Well, Mr Whatever-you-want my next question for you is an easier one. I hope you will have less difficulty to answer it..."

to be continued...