

A STRANGER I MET

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After a long day of travelling in the scouring wind, I had finally arrived in the gloomy town of Brookhaven. Upon arrival I was met by a landlady offering shelter, a safe haven from the vampire that was rumoured to plague the town.

The stranger was Aphrodite incarnate. She was a tall, splendidly curved woman with an age difficult to judge. A waterfall of long jet-black hair graced the sides of her long diamond shaped face. Her luminescent ghastly pale skin glowed in contrast to my dull mulatto skin. The blood red full lips and striking black orbs graced her face remarkably, adding a sense of mystery and danger. Her face was void of laugh lines, skin stretched tightly over her defined cheekbones. She looked hard, her accent cold while her teeth lay in a rictus-like parody of a grin. As the stranger moved, her body swayed her hips in sinuous grace in the ruffled black mermaid dress. I was caught in a trance and forgot that my ogling would be frowned upon. "If you keep undressing me with your eyes, dear, I'll catch a cold," a mellifluous voice filled the air jolting me harshly out of my reverie. My eyes focused as my gaze was met by fierce black orbs. The comment left me in a white heat of embarrassment.

I followed the stranger past dark pockets of wood tastefully separating neighbours. Anaemic shrubs straggled near the front porch as the front garden of the house displayed a scattering of dandelions amid dry grass, a few bushes and patches of earth that lay overturned. We entered the lodging, one bedroom, one bath, a dirty kitchen, a chirped wooden table in the midst of a dilapidating living room and tiles that had suffered the encroachment of grit and decay.

I grew worrisome. No one could live in such a place. Before I could turn the white leaf, the lady suddenly stopped and hunched over. Her body writhed and contorted in a gut-wrenching manner as it grew larger. The once long smooth fingers elongated into sharp claws. Her set of pearly whites wrenched into jagged razor-sharp teeth, fangs bulging and protruding out of her mouth. An earth-shattering howl piercing the night air. Realisation finally dawned on me. She was the rumoured vampire.

The stranger's body lunged forward, her sharp claws stretched forth. I felt fear that drained me of my blush and pinned me in the knees, so that on the flat ground I stood on, I stumbled and fell with a loud crashing thud. Bright blinding bolts flashed before me, accompanied by a warm wet sensation that soaking my shirt as a searing, excruciating pain engulfed my abdomen. The strong smell of metal hit me like a bag of bricks. My vision blurred as the sounds around me buzzed like static. Pain surged throughout my whole upper body like a current. The vampire's body plunged swiftly onto my trembling form, pinning me down. Amidst the pandemonium I held tightly onto my crucifix when a thought struck me suddenly like a lightning bolt.

"Stay back!" I yelled, my voice cracking as I thrust my crucifix forward with all my might. My heart threatened to rip past my ribcage. The stranger shifted forward, her claws gently tapping the crucifix. Her blood shot glinted with amusement as she chuckled darkly, before murmuring close to my ear, "Nice try, but I'm a few centuries older than the religion this trinket represents!"