

Breath of Silence

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Disclaimer: (PLEASE READ)... I was fourteen when I wrote this and even though there has been a bit of editing to it, it is still pretty much the same... I want opinions on if this should stay a short story or become a novel... please leave your thoughts in my comments please.



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Two caskets by the kitchen floor, soon my mother realizes I have the key that will open both of them. She went over to the first and blocked my view of it, she knew that nothing but pain lingered beyond those lids. I gently pushed her aside and placed the key in the first casket. As I opened the lid I looked in horror at the pale complexion torrid eyes that looked back at me, my own. As she rechain it and locked it with the key the second casket started to open, my eyes were drawn to the ebony black wood. With so much power were the chains ripped from the top that chunks of metal broke windows and got stuck in the walls. I was thrown across the room with the force of it all, that was when the memories started to return.

The day before was when he died, a horrible and haunting death that brought tears to my eyes, but still he came to us, not for food, but to claim the one he was to protect. As I walked up to him I saw the look in his bright red eyes. It was the look of longing, the one thing that separated us was no more, my fragile body was gone from this existence now and it was for that reason he came. He came for me, that much was true, he wanted me to live with him, to protect me from that which would have destroyed us both. He looked at me for a moment before he slowly got out of the coffin. He then went to mine and opened it. I felt a power draw me back into my body and I was frightened. He held out his hand and I felt his power draw me, lure me back to life. I took his hand as he helped me up, I gave my mother one last look before he started to walk out the door, me not far behind. As I left my home for a new one a thousand thoughts ran through my mind.

Not an angel was he, nor devil nor ghost, but the sweetest of all the living dead. He was my sole protector, my confidant, the one my heart longed for and we were closer than family. As we reached our new home he looked at me before he disappeared. I sighed and made my way around, exploring that which was my new home. As days and nights wore on, he still showed no emotion, he dared not come near me yet he watched me as I slept and ate, still no smile graced that flawless, ageless face.

One night I passed by a large room and saw he was practicing with swords. He was wearing his long baggy black robes as he worked with the sharp weapons. I moved into the room and watched silently as he moved with a fluidity that I didn't know was ever possible. As I watched I felt myself drawn to join him, to hear the swords ring through the air feel the adrenaline course through me, I was in the mood to dance with this devil's advocate. Still emotionless, he moved through the motions that looked like it took a lifetime to learn. I picked up two hooked swords from the stand on the far wall, took off my shoes and moved to the middle of the floor, his back to me as he worked through his routine. As he turned I put the blades up and deflected a blow that would have taken my head right off my shoulders. He looked at me for a moment before he nodded and came at me. As the game began we stalked each other, one sizing up the other. As it progressed we attacked each other with precision movements. After a while he threw down his weapons and rushed me trying to catch me off guard. As he grabbed for my arms, I turned on him pushing my arms away from his and hitting him right in the chest.

I didn't knock him over but I pushed him back a few steps. He was not even trying to use his strength, so as not to harm his beloved. I struck at him from the side and hit his ribs. The game was getting

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interesting when we both stripped some of our clothing off to get more comfortable. When he took off his robes he was wearing a pair of baggy black jeans and a muscle shirt. I was no longer in my long, heavy black shirt, but a small black mesh shirt and baggy black pants that I found easy to move in. He didn't wait for me to be prepared, but rushed me and started to strike.

Time went on with us not stopping, at times he would have me pinned, others I would have him against the walls. We went on with the game until we could no more, but that was days after we started. Whence we collapsed, it was in each others' arms with a joy we both could share, a secret smile played on his lips. It made me immensely happy, I had never seen him laugh before, it was a sight for me to see. I let myself be taken into his strong embrace and the tenseness of his arms. He grabbed me tight and held me close as to never let me go. His strength was amazing and his features were no longer ridged.

His face showed how protective he was and the pain of his failings. I watched as he held me as if to never let go, to try and forget the memories that caused him to do the one thing he swore he would not. When I was alive my body was riddled with disease and pain, more pain than anyone could have ever known. He didn't understand that he was my savior, the one I owed my existence to. I could spend my whole life with him, show him what it is that I really want out of my life. It was one moment of pain for a lifetime of love. As he held me he put his head on my chest and sighed, my heart no longer beat, my body cold with no life's touch, never the way he wanted me to be. He didn't seem to understand that it was what I wanted, what I needed to be with him forever, my impending death just seemed to bring the inevitable to the surface. So he gave it to me with one touch, one bite, one death.

As he held me the pain showed so clear in his eyes, I smiled at him and nestled closer to him. Even though he loved me enough to see that this made me happy, that it was what I wanted it still hurt him that he had to give me so much pain. What he did to me was the best thing that anyone ever could. He gave me eternal happiness, he gave me night and took away the putrid day, the pain, the sorrow and the sickness. Still embraced in each others arms, I began to suck on his neck, not bite but lightly suck. I then started to strip him of his clothes and kissed after I had removed my hands. He looked at me in shock and surprise, but I just smiled as I ran my hands over his sculpted chest. I felt him bring me closer to him as he worked his kisses up my arm and onto my chest. His disrobed me gently and rolled over on to me and started to run his hand down my smooth alabaster skin. Each touch was a thousand fireworks through my body as he nipped and kissed my skin, bringing my pleasure to new heights be for he pushed his hard erect penis into me. As he moved in and out of me languid at first, the fireworks exploded in me and my body was alight with a fire I had never felt before. He then began to pick up speed, his fingers creating divots in the floor with his strength as he moved faster and faster, harder and harder as I moaned with pleasure. Each movement was a new wave of ecstasy that I had never felt, pleasure I had never been allowed. He picked me up and pushed me against the wall, the cool surface of the metal a welcome relief from the fire that had started to consume me. My body pulsed around his hard quivering cock as he buried himself within me. Each movement build a fire within me that was going to explode and I wanted nothing more. As he thrust himself within me I could feel his movements getting harder and more erratic as his own pleasure build to the breaking point. Wave after wave of pleasure assaulted my senses and the volcano he had created in me erupted as he reached his own climax as my muscles spasmed around him. He fell to his knees with me straddling his lap and carefully placed me next to him, the floor a welcome relief for my spent body. We drifted into an exhausted sleep, our bodies entwined and pleasure spent.

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As I awoke from all of the pleasure he had given me. I saw that I was in a completely different place, if you could call it a place. Deep, dark, thick silence filled my body and my mind as fear started to replace the pleasure I had awoken with. I was at the Gates of Silence, a place known to be feared by all those damned to the darkest corners of existence. Why would he just leave me here, subjecting me to more pain than I had ever felt in life. As soon as I started to move, he appeared beside me, his lonely smile made me wonder what was going on. He bent down and kissed my forehead with cold dead lips. His voice was soft as he bent down and grasped my hand. As he held me close he told me that he brought me there to show me not to fear, but to hate those of the human kind.

He showed me that the Gates of Silence are not just nothing, but the center of nothing, what the weak return to when they die. The center of creation, death, life and all that could be. You could do and create anything you wanted only to see what you created disappear. Nothing ever stayed the same, and this place was his home, where he banished himself when he lost everything. He left it for the love of my dreams, for my love, the pull of my soul on his. He loved to love me in my dreams and I had loved him in his. Now I was real and completely there, but his soul was there and that was what he brought me there for. He wanted to show me that my love had helped him find his soul. No one would ever understand why I like to dance with the devil's advocate and spend my time with him, punished by what could never have been, but relishing in what we had together. He showed me I had nothing to fear, not even fear itself and I had nothing to hide but from myself. We lived together for eons and eons, never to part (but everyone knows that, and that is getting a little ahead of the story)

Little more than a few days had gone by, when we finally had to hunt. Food was scarce around the mansion because not a lot of people would come close to our manor. We went to the town that was twenty minutes from the mansion. It was full of people that probably tasted as sweet as they smelled. As we rounded the dark street corner we saw the makings of a festival, a Halloween festival at that. Just the perfect spot for us. If we worked together we could have many unexpected victims, more than we could imagine. The thought made me as happy as could be. As we rounded on some unexpected people, we pulled them aside to dance with us and gain their trust so as not to alarm them that we were different. As I danced with one of the men, he showed me he was also a vampire looking for his meal. We both went back to the party so as to find our morsels. The next person I danced with was a female, and was entranced by my eyes. As I neared she took off her mask and looked deep into my eyes. She pushed her hair behind one ear as if I was going to tell her a secret. As she got close enough I sank my fangs into the side of her neck and drew out all her blood. I didn't let her live to become one of us. And just to make sure I broke her neck. As I went back to the party I found my guardian waiting for me. He had already had his fill of blood and so had I. We went back to the mansion to get some sleep for day was soon to break. But to our surprise the dark season had come early in the sleepy Transylvanian town.

When the vampires had found this out they wanted a feast (and a feast they had, for they came into their own and began to feed. We went back to the mansion and rested after the kill. We laid on the big sofa in each other's arms till we fell asleep. We slept for days like that, tantalizing each other in our dreams while our bodies responded to our dreams. When we finally awoke we called two of the older servants from the mansion to us and fed off them. Soon he led me to our room and showed me into the closet, for he had gone shopping while I was hunting. New gowns and pants and shirts (but my favorite was a long tunic with

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slits up the sides. That pants were a baggy soft cotton. Embroidered on all of the clothes were blood drops and dragons. For the tunic and pants I wore that day. He wore something similar but his were of a heavier material. We walked out of the mansion and down a long dirt road. Then our road disappeared giving way to a beautiful spot in the middle of a heavily covered forest. In this dense forest there was a large lake with a small island in the middle of it. He Tran located us on to the small island. When we got there I saw a soft fur rug and looking over the water I saw candles materialize, many millions of them floating, red and white candles. I smiled at him and read his mind, but to my advantage. I lay him on the fur and began to slowly strip him of his clothes. When I had him undressed I got up and stripped for him, very slowly. I started with my tunic, slowly lifting it over my head and lay it on the ground. I then began to slip off my pants revealing a small leather thong. I slowly untie it and slide it away and stare at him with all the longing my eyes could show.

All of a sudden he reached for me, knocking me off of my feet and dragging me closer to him as he lay over me. He slowly ran his tongue over all parts of my body and then shoved his hard cock into me while kissing me sending me into blissful ecstasy. As he pumped into me we wrestled for control, soon he pulled out his full strength and won over me. Soon I found myself slowly led to the water. It came up to my shoulders and was deliciously warm. As he lowered himself down he kissed me gently and pulled me closer to him letting all the love he felt for me flow through us both. The intensity of his power pushed me even farther over the edge.

And in that night, under the stars, and in that water we consummated a union that would surpass time itself. A union that would be the everlasting love I thought it would be. You, you are always by my side even to this day. To this day our love grows and blossoms, a love that time itself could never stop.

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