

Heartbitten Tale

By : rainy129

I couldn't move my body, I just laid there. My throat burned like someone had just poured acid down it. He pulled at the neck of my shirt, exposing my neck. Something cold touched my neck, numbing it almost. Then, a sharp pain, similar to two shots into the arm, stabbed into my neck. All I see was his back as he swallowed gulp after gulp, and then everything fadedâ When Caitali is bitten, her life turns upside down. She is dragged into a world of vampires, hunters, and the supernatural, but not is all as it seems, and around every corner, it seems as though the past is something that can never be left alone, even if Caitali would prefer it all to be buried and forgotten.

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Chapter 1: Prologe; First Bite

"Mom, your boyfriend is going to be here in five minutes!" I called. I was sitting in the comfy chair right next to the couch with my laptop resting on my legs. If you looked, it would seem like I was writing a paper for English or something, but actually, hidden behind the previously turned in paper, was a window open to nothing but comics and music. I could never get enough of them, though mom didn't approve.

"Oh, be quiet, I already know. Now help me pick out what shoes look best!" Mom sat on the couch, among a pile of shoeboxes. I just stared at her. I was almost completely fashion illiterate and she knew it. But from what she was wearing and how she wore her make up, I could tell it was just going to be another dinner plus a play.

"Why not just your black 3 inch ones?" I asked spotting them right next to her. She spotted them as well, put them out, and twirled around. I gave her the thumbs up right as a knock on the door made her jump. Mom always jumped when someone knocked on the door, and has been since I could remember. I don't really know why though, maybe it has something to do with the incident that happened when I was 5, but I can't remember.

"Achelous! Hi!" Achelous is our next-door neighbor of 5 years. He was nice and kind, though had a pretty dangerous job. Mom didn't quite know what it was, though I told her several times that it probably wise not to talk to him about the Incident. I knew that he worked with the people who were the ones who wouldn't leave us alone about it, to the point that Mom would be crying by the time they left, everytime.

"Hey, you look beautiful," he smiled at Mom. I watched as they looked like a couple of young kids in high school with their first love. I coughed slightly, reminding them I was still there. Achelous turned, slightly embarrassed. "Hey, Caitali, how is the book I lent you?"

I glanced down at it. It's tan cover with gold writing faced toward me, and looked so boring, almost no one asked me what it was about, which is kind of a good thing. *The Mythical World Around You, How to Protect Yourself* was sprawled in fancy writing. I really didn't want people to know that I enjoyed reading this kind of thing, and that it was related to my Mom's boyfriend's job. "It's really good, thanks!"

"We should probably be going," Achelous's attention was back on my mom. He turned so she could get out the door, then grabbed the door behind her. The door shut pretty quickly, but not before I caught a glimpse into the corner of the walls that hid the front door from view of the front lawn. *Good, still didn't get him. Mom's fine tooâ€* ;

I listened as Achelous's car pulled away. I glanced at the clock. It was only 5:45, way too early for dinner, so I just pulled Pandora up and switched to a comic. I giggled to myself when the female lead got so embarrassed when she was nearly kissed. Alright, I'll admit, the story was kind of bland, and I would have preferred a bit more action and adventure, but hey, I was a 13 year old girl, I needed somewhere to get my romantic fantasies, aside from my mom's love life.

It was just about 9 when I heard a knock on the door. I paused my music and got up. I was already in my pajamas, a pair pajama pants and my pe shirt, so I'd be safe in case it was mom forgetting something, though, normally, she would have noticed it by now, and she wouldn't have knocked. I checked through the window next to the door and opened the door quickly. There, leaning against the wall, holding his side, was one of the most popular guys in my school.

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"Eilam, are you ok?" I asked in complete shock. His face was pale and pained, his breath coming in pants. His hand was coated with blood while his shirt was stained. I was so worried about his condition that I failed to note the corner, which would only have held an image of one person, in her pajamas, bending over, horrified and panicking. I tried to get his free hand over my shoulder to drag him inside. When we were inside, I pulled him over the the couch, where he collapsed. I reached over and grabbed my cell phone and started dialing 911.

I was just about to hit the second 1 when he grabbed my hand. "Don't bother, I'm fineâ!" he panted.

"What are you talking about?! You are bleeding, you can barely even stand!" I shouted at him. He just stared at me, panting. Sweat was rolling down his face. He looked me in the eyes with a pleading look, as if asking me to trust him. Sighing, I closed my phone and put it down. "Listen, my mom's going to be home in about an hour. You can either sleep here on the couch until she gets here, or you can use my brother's old room." *Not like he can use it, being buried next to Dad and allâ!*

"I'll just sleep here. You sure she won't mind me being here?" the color in his face was slowly coming back, and the blood had stopped spreading.

"She won't mind. She'll probably be happy just to see I have a guy friend," I laughed. Mom thought I really had no life aside from looking into our neighbors' personal lives, which I haven't done since my trip into Achelous's house a few years back nearly cost me my life, not that Mom believed my story. Achelous made me keep quiet about what he had in his house after that.

Eliam's lips pulled back into a slight smile. I looked into his eyes, and they seemed dark, hungry, drawing me in. I shook my head, trying to snap myself out of it. We were only 13, not old enough for that sort of thing, and sides, it's not like we liked each other and all, right?

"Well, I'm going to turn in. Make sure to disinfect that and bandage it up, 'kay?" I smiled and got up. I walked out of the room, hitting the lights on my way out. I walked down the hallway, to my bedroom, right next to the forever abyss that used to be my brother's room. I looked at the doorknob, longingly, wishing I could hear his laughter again, just like when we were kids. His smiling face flashed in my mind, and I felt my throat tighten, almost as if the memory wanted to strangle me. "Night, big bro," I whispered, before opening my door and collapsing on my bed. I started to drift off as soon as the soft blankets were wrapped all around my body.

Some noise stirred me from my slumber later. The clock blinked 9:45, a little too early for Mom to be back just yet. I sat up, a little groggy. There, at my bedroom door, leaned a shadow. I was confused, but then I remembered that Eliam was sleeping on the couch. "Hey, Eliam, this isn't the bathroom. It's down the hall a bit more on your left," I mumbled, rubbing my eye. But he didn't turn to leave. Instead, he stood up and started walking over to my bed. When his caught in the light of the street lamp outside, I noticed he was slightly different.

His face boasted a confident smile, and his eyes looked as if he just found a juicy piece of prey. They were even darker than earlier, and sent shivers down my spine. "Eliam," my voice shook as he came closer, "you okay? You need anything?"

"Your too noisy. You should really learn when to keep quiet, though the look on your face isn't that bad. I kind of like that scared look, it really suits you, Caitaliâ!" My heart skipped a beat as we said my name. I was frozen with fear, unable to move, just a little rabbit waiting to be killed by the fox in front of me. He got to my bed and started to crawl until he was right on top of me. He reached up with one hand and tucked a stray lock of hair behind my ear.

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"Eliam, what are you doing?" I whimpered, actually shivering just from him being so close. He started to chuckle and hooked his hand under my chin. He pulled me in closer and then leaned in until our lips met. I was in shock, frozen and at his mercy. He pushed me down so I was lying again, head on my pillow. I felt some saliva slip from his mouth into mine and he started stroking my throat. I gulped, wondering what was happening, and realized what a mistake it was. I felt him smile and my throat started to burn. The rest of my body went numb, as if all my strength was sapped out of me by him.

He broke off the kiss and leaned back, leaving me lying there, unable to move, completely numb. My mind was becoming more and more of a blur as he leaned in. He was so close that I could smell him. Just the smell made my throat burn even worse. He tilted my head to the right, exposing the whole left side of my neck. He pulled back the neck of my shirt. I felt something cold and wet slide over the area where my neck turned and became shoulder. Suddenly, a sharp piercing pain shot from there, and I couldn't hold in my gasp. The pain quickly disappeared, and I started to feel light headed. All I could hear was him gulping down my blood, swallow after swallow as darkness started to envelop me. The only thing that never went away was the burning in my throat, even when I was so far gone I didn't notice him throw himself off the bed in shock when he realized what had just happened.

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