

Bloody Lovely

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By : [AemmaBella](#)

Although Clarissa has been dating her young handsome young beau, Aaric, for some time there are some things that he kept from her. Clarissa may be in for a bigger surprise than she bargained for.



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“I’ll see you tonight then, love?” he asked me.

Aaric, the love of my life.

“Of course,” I said, “I can’t wait.”

“Neither can I, Clarissa,” he said before hanging up.

I couldn’t help but shiver, despite the warmth in my bedroom, as I hung up as well. His voice was smooth and sensual. He spoke to me as if he only wanted me, all of me, and that thought made me shiver more. Even ache for him.

I’ve been dating him for two months, or rather “courting”, as he liked to call it, him. I never thought a guy could make me feel this way; feel such passion and lust and love simultaneously and not even question why I could only see him after sunset. I never thought it was odd, I just assumed he thought it was more romantic after sunset, and it was...God was it more romantic.

He looked beautiful in dimming light of the sunset. His golden eyes sparkled with the sun, and his hair looked all the more chocolatey. His skin even seemed to tan even though he was naturally pale; as if the sun’s rays never touched him.

I pulled myself away from the developing fantasy and hopped off of my bed to search my closet. My goal was to find the shortest, most revealing dress I could find. However, being only 16, my parents would not let their adolescent daughter buy such provocative attire. Such like the black lace mini my mother had in her closet. My mother was in the kitchen reading and my father was most likely in the basement watching baseball. It was a clear shot to their closet. I tip-toed down the short stuffy hallway to my parents’ room, towards their closet. I found the dress with ease and got the hell out of there.

“What are you doing?” said a deep pestering voice that could only be personified as my brother, Charles.

“Nothing!” I said my voice now high-pitched as it only does when I’m lying my tail off.

Sadly that is a well known fact about my personality to my family my brother caught it right away. He started towards me with an accusing look on his face, hands outstretched ready to snatch whatever it was he thought was behind my back.

The dress had been small enough for me to roll it up and hide it in the front of my pants before I left the room. Thank God he was my brother.

I put my hands in front of my to assure him nothing was in them.

He stopped a foot away from me and crossed his arms.

“What were you doing in mom and dad’s room?”

“Nothing I just needed some lotion.” I said, my voice still high-pitched.

“I don’t smell it-”

“Gosh! Will you back off!” I pushed past him and went back to my room and slammed the door.

I listened for him to call mom and tell on me, but he didn’t, he just went back to his own room and closed the door.

A sigh of relief escaped my breath, I didn’t want to get in trouble right before I was supposed to go out with Aaric.

My phone rang as soon as I got out of the shower, as if someone was watching to time the call precisely.

I glanced at the ID; it was Aaric.

“Hello?”

“There has been a change of plans Clarissa,” he said, his voice sounding dark and mysterious. “I want you to come to my place tonight, same time.”

“Uh...okay-”

But before I could finish my sentence he hung up and sent me a message with directions to his house.

Bloody Lovely

I dried off and slipped the little dress on, along with a longer, more appropriate dress, on top. I puffed on a little blush and lashed on some mascara with a little dark eye shadow, and for the final touch, I glided on some blood red lipstick.

I was ready to go.

I left the house with little difficulty, except for the little agreement that I take the umbrella with me I made with my parents, I was good to go. I tossed the umbrella into the bushes and followed the directions towards the love of my life's domicile.

It was windy and damp from a slight drizzle that had started some time ago, and the sky was getting darker. The stars were brighter than I had ever seen them, so bright in fact, I could easily spot the Big Dipper and what looked like Orion's Belt. I took off my "over-dress" and stuffed it in my purse and strutted on into the night towards the arms of my love.

He lived surprisingly close, only a ten minutes walk from my own home, but the house was much, much larger than mine.

It was a mansion.

And an Eerie one at that.

The windows were dark and ominous, and vines clutched the house in a loveless grip making it look strangled and even older than it probably already was. It was built out of gray stone with black shingles decorating the roof, there was a stone chimney perched atop the miraculous mansion as well, several, in fact.

The wind picked up, howling in the air, bending the trees dangerously far over near by phone lines, swooshing leaves in various directions, and chilling me to the bone.

I rushed up the walkway and rang the bell.

The door creaked open revealing darkness and foreboding prickles of hair upon my neck.

Aaric seemed to appear out of thin air.

"Hello, love," he said smiling down at me and pulling me into an affectionate hug.

For a second I had forgotten I was stepping into what looked like Satan's waiting room.

"I missed you," he said as he tenderly pressed his lips to mine, hungrily tasting my breath as he took it.

I pulled away breathless and he smiled more, I thought I caught a glimpse of what I can only describe as fangs, disappear into his mouth.

He notice my staring and looked away.

"Come," he said. "I have a surprise for you."

He led me into a bedroom, lit candles scattered over the floor with no bed, to my disappointment, and no mirror, just a coffin and a dresser.

And a little girl chained to the wall in the far left corner.

"Help...m-m-m-me," she whispered. She was sweating and her clothes were torn, her hair was frizzed and and splotched with...BLOOD!

I stopped abruptly as he tried to lead me into the room, and I stared at the little girl then at him.

He looked at me too, but there was no fear in his eyes as I'm sure were in mine.

"What is this?" I asked.

A smile slowly curled his mouth when he said, "this is for you, my love."

I looked at him, shocked, and slowly backed out of the room.

"I don't want a little girl chained to a wall, Aaric!"

His smile grew.

"Not yet.."

He lunged at me and wrapped his arms around my waist and, to my slight delight, albeit the disturbing state of affairs, put his lips to my neck. He kissed my neck, and moved his hands over my chest to pull me closer.

His tongue glided in little circles on my neck as he kissed and nibbled seductively.

A moan escaped my lips when the little girl let out an ear shattering scream.

I turned to look at her but something pierced my neck and I screamed just as loud as she did.

He bit me!

Was the one of the things that was going through my head, that and a developing thirst.

Bloody Lovely

And as he sucked the blood from my neck my thirst only grew, and grew to a point that was only impossible to ignore.

The pain on the roof of my mouth was excruciating and it only made my thirst all the more unbearable!

Aaric unlatched himself from my neck and grinned with blood, my blood, dripping from his mouth onto his shirt.

â HOW DARE YOU!â I screamed at him.

He only laughed at me.

â You will thank me for this, love.â he purred. He walked over the little girl, and motioned me to follow.

I did, reluctantly, and I kneel next to him as he was next to the little girl.

I felt the girls heartbeat and I could hear the blood run through her veins. It recovered the thirst I had momentarily forgotten about when I was screaming at Aaric.

â I know you feel that.â he said to me. â You feel the beat of her little heart. You need to feed, Clarissa. Now.â

I stared at him, my eyes wide with horror, and nearly got up and ran-until I heard it again, her heartbeat.

I looked at him again and I see that he has carved a little cut across her neck, and little tendrils of blood glided down her neck.

I breathed in the scent and it took no time for me to latch my fangs onto her soft pale neck. She struggled a little until she went still. I fed on her, a little girl, yet she didn't satisfy my thirst. I was still so thirsty.

â I know, love.â he said when he saw the look on my face.

He took my shaking hand in his and led me out of the room, leaving the dead girl on the floor, her glassy eyes staring daggers at me. I looked away.

He led me down the now well lit hallway.

â Why did you do this?â

â Because I love you.â

â You could have asked me, Aaric!â

â Would you have believed me if I told you what I was?â he said this so calmly. No anger, no irritation.

â W-well...â

He stopped, and made me face him.

â I love you so much, Clarissa, I want to spend an eternity with you, and this was the only way I can do that.â He pressed his lips to mine and wrapped his arms around me in a passionate embrace, his hands were everywhere, and my fangs wouldn't stay in. He chuckled in my mouth and pulled away.

â Come.â

He led me to a bathroom, two candle bras were lit and in the middle of the room was a bathtub, the tub was not big but it was a beautiful porcelain with gold designs etched on the side and gold paws to steady the heavy bowl.

Though the tub was exquisite, the liquid sitting in the tub was what took my breath away.

It was filled to the brim with blood, warm sweet blood...

â Oh, Aaric!â I squealed jumping up and down like a child in a candy shop.

He laughed a little and shook his head.

â Do you want to take a bath with me, Clarissa?â he whispered seductively into my ear.

I smiled.

â What are you waiting for?â

Back in the candle lit bedroom there lay a little girl, sucked to the bone of most of her blood, but not enough to kill her.

Her eyes snapped open as she scans the room. Not finding what she wanted she left the room, and searched the halls, for blood.

Her senses had not yet developed properly and so she left the mansion not know that there was a tub filled with blood just down the hall in the opposite direction she had gone in. She also did not know that in the blood filled tub soaked two lovers laughing and loving without a care in the world, not a care for her or what they did to her.

Bloody Lovely

But little did they know that just because they had forgotten about her... that did not mean she forgot about them.

Little Talia Summers was thirsting for blood...and revenge.

Talia haunted the neighborhood in her ripped clothes and blood coated hair, a cut neck and ghostly pale skin, searching for blood to satisfy her thirst... and she did not care where it came from.

There was a teenage boy smoking a cigarette by a young willow tree, he looked run-down and poor in the girls eyes, and she approached him for that reason, exactly.

â Hi!â said Talia amiably.

â Piss off bratâ said the teen druggy not looking in her direction.

â That's not nice..â said Talia. Suddenly seeming older to the boy he looked at her for the first time. He dropped his cigar and stared at her, he was dumbfounded.

She smiled at him, her fangs fully exposed.

â I-I-I..My Go-â

Talia lunged at the boy before he could say â Godâ .

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