

Night Bite

I worked in an electronics shop. A minimum wage job to pay for my education.

That fact is what led to my transformation.

With school during the day, the only shifts I could take were in the evenings and on weekends. And it wasn't the weekend.

I didn't have a car, nor was anyone able to pick me up and drive me home. So I had to walk. At night. Alone. It wasn't the first time, wouldn't be the last. But, right from the moment I signed off work, I could *feel* it. Something off. Like the night itself was trying to warn me.

One hand in my pocket, fingers wrapped around the small can of peeper-spray I always kept on me, I began the journey home.

It was always tense and uncomfortable, walking alone at night.

Every woman knows the feeling – the fear and dread. Every shadow could hide an attacker, every mildly loud noise could mask the sound of someone sneaking behind me. Whenever something moved in the corner of my eye, an empty candy-wrapper fluttering in the breeze, or a small cat running into an alleyway, my body flinched reflexively – eyes darting to the motion.

Nerve-wracking. Constantly on-edge. Fear prickling under my skin.

And what could I do, but continue walking?

Each step I took seemed to echo loudly down the empty, dark streets. Every stride felt slow, timid.

In the back of my mind, I berated myself. How many times had I made this walk before? How many countless times had I gone this exact same route and nothing happened? Why, every time, did I have to scare myself with dark thoughts and disturbing images?

It was fine. I'd be fine. This was totally, completely norm-
Crack.

The sound of a twig snapping right behind me.

Reflexively, I spun around, clutching my pepper-spray.

Nothing.

No-one was there.

The street was empty, just like it always was at this time. No creepy guy stalking me, nothing to be afraid of.

My eyes drifted down to the broken twig.

Two, maybe three steps behind me.

I hadn't stood on it. I knew that.

So why had it snapped?

No answers came to me. Not a single idea. I just stared dumbly at the broken twig for a long few moments, mind not fully able to comprehend what I was looking at.

A twig had broken behind me, but I hadn't been the one to stand on it. No-one had stood on it. Yet it'd broken all the same.

Why was that freaking me out so much?

My heart was racing in my chest, a wave of panic and foreboding flowing through my veins.

Who cared why the twig snapped? Why was I getting so worked up over it?

Why did it feel like I was being watched?

Nervously, I glanced around – searching for eyes that weren't there. Gaze darting left and right, up and down. Though there was nothing to see. No one was-

"Looking for something?" A male voice spoke behind me.

I jumped, spun around with pepper-spray in hand.

And froze in place at what I saw.

A man.

Handsome and elegant. Wearing a black and white suit, skin as pale as his white shirt and hair as dark as his coat. He was immaculate, flawless. His skin like porcelain, hair short and swept back neatly. Black and white, every part of him. Except his eyes. Those, perhaps due to a trick of the light, were blood-red.

He stood there indifferent, ignoring the pepper-spray aimed at his face. His eyes moved slowly over my body, taking in my face and my figure with relaxed confidence.

"Yes," he said to himself, lips curving into a smile. "I think you'll do just fine."

The man's voice was silky, somehow soft and powerful at the same time.

And, before I could react, before I even knew what was going in, the man leaned forward. At first, I thought he was moving to kiss me. But his head craned to the side at the last moment, face lowering slightly.

His lips met the soft skin of my neck, unbelievably cold to the touch.

And then he sank his teeth into me.

I entered my apartment in a dreamy haze, stumbling through the door and ambling to bed without a single thought. My body was hot, skin flushed and sweaty. The air was thick, difficult to breathe.

My walk home was a blur. Spotty and uncertain.

Why did my neck ache so much? When I raised my fingers to the painful area, they came back blotchy red. Blood. Dried, for the most part. Why was my neck bleeding?

There didn't seem to be much of it. An insect sting?

Why was I so hot? My skin felt like fire. My stomach churned with uncomfortable queasiness. I wanted to vomit.

Ill. I was ill.

Some rest. That's all I needed. Sleep.

I collapsed onto my bed, not bothering to strip out of my work clothes. As soon as my face and body came into contact with the soft blanket, I felt my mind slipping away into sleepy oblivion.

I dreamed in red.

Red streets, red skies. There was a man, a familiar looking man. Black and white and red. He stood smiling at me, eyeing me up and down. His skin was pale, his suit dark, lips and eyes bright red.

When I looked down at myself, I saw a naked body.

Mine, but not mine.

I had a pretty nice figure. Slim, an ample bust, but otherwise fairly average. Nothing overly special or amazing.

Yet the body I stared down at was more than special. More than amazing.

Pale white, shapely and firm. It could have been sculpted from marble for its pale flawlessness. Strong arms and legs, a toned and chiselled tummy. Though, despite the lean muscles, it was still feminine and beautiful. Large breasts that defied gravity with pale, little nipples.

A perfect body. And somehow, it was mine.

"Congratulations," the handsome man said, drawing my attention back to him. "You survived. Your body is being remade anew. When you wake up, you won't be the old Catherine any more."

"Wake up?" I found myself asking.

"The transformation is upon you," the man stated. His features began to distort, the whole world morphing and fading around us. "When it's done, I'll come to you my new bride."

"Bride?" The word felt strange on my lips. Wrong.

The man smiled, vanished from my sight.
And then blackness.

When I woke, it was dark. Night time.

I felt strange. New. Stronger and more powerful than I'd ever felt before. And cold. I felt really cold.

In the darkness, I reached into a pocket for my phone and checked the time, noticed I had several new messages and missed calls. And, when I saw the date on the phone's screen, I did a double-take.

No, that wasn't possible. How could I have slept for three days straight? It must be some kind of mistake.

Except it wasn't.

The messages were all from people asking where I was – not in classes or work, no sign of me anywhere. My friends were worried, thought something might've happened to me. My boss was pissed and threatening to fire me. And all I could do was stare at my phone in disbelief.

How had I managed to sleep for *three* whole days?

I glanced around my room, amazing at how clearly I could see everything. It was night, everything almost pitch-black. Yet I could see my room as clearly and in as much detail as if it were the middle of the day. More so, even. Every spec of dust, every mark on the wall, every scuff and dent and imperfection.

Slowly, I rose out of bed.

I wasn't tired. Why would I be, after my short coma?

I was, however, hungry. Or, more accurately, thirsty.

Very, very thirsty.

My throat felt dry, parched.

As I walked to my fridge, intent on grabbing a chilled bottle of water from it, a loud sound stopped me.

Three neat knocks. A fist tapping on a wooden surface.

My apartment door.

It was well past midnight. Who'd be visiting at this time of night?

My first instinct was to ignore it. Then I thought about my worried friends. What if it was one of them, come to check in on me after I'd been silent for three days? Was I really going to leave them worry over me after coming all this way?

I let out a light sigh, turned away from my fridge and went to answer the door.

When I opened it, though, it wasn't a friend stood there.

A pale man in a black suit, with crimson eyes and a small smile.

"Hello, my bride," he said, voice powerful. His eyes twinkled in the darkness. "May I come in?"

"Vampire." I stated, repeating the word he'd just used. "You think I'm a *vampire*?"

"I don't think," the man smiled. "I know. I did, after all, make you. My child of the night. My bride. I understand it's not an easy thing to hear. But it is the truth."

Why had I let this lunatic into my apartment?

He was handsome, voice alluring. And those strange, red eyes of his were mesmerising. But, as good-looking as he might be, the man was obviously batshit insane. I should kick him out, make up some excuse or reason why he had to leave – maybe tell him I was about to go to bed.

"Uh-huh..." I said, scepticism lacing my voice.

"You don't believe me," the man said, tilting his head. "You don't remember. Look at the bite mark on your neck. Two little scars from sharp teeth. Look in the mirror at your own teeth, at your entire body. You're not the same Catherine as before. Deep down, you

know it's true."

Something stirred inside me. A deep unease.

What he said couldn't be true. It just couldn't. Vampires weren't real. It wasn't possible.

Yet...

"You know," I said, feigning a yawn. "I think I'm gonna call it a day. Getting really tired. Tell you what, why don't you come around tomorrow and you can tell me all about this vampire stuff then, okay?"

If he did come by, I'd make sure not to answer the door or let him in.

The man smirked.

"Believe me," he stated, eyes glittering.

And suddenly, I did.

He was a vampire. I was a vampire. It was all true.

The revelation hit my like a tidal wave.

"H-how-"

"I made you," the man smiled. "You are mine. You can not deny me anything I wish for. If I command you to believe something, you will believe it. If I command you do to something, you'll do it. For example - you are my bride, I am your master."

Yes. Yes, I was his bride. He was my master.

I didn't even know his name. Yet I was his, utterly and completely.

The man took a step towards me, flashing sharp white teeth in a wicked grin. His hands reached out, grasped my sides. He leaned forward, whispered into my ear.

"Now, my pet, why don't you show me to your bed?"

I cuddled into my master's chest, listening for a heartbeat and hearing nothing. His body was cold, just like mine. His cock, always hard, felt icy inside me.

It felt good, though.

Before, sex had always felt like hot-chocolate, or spicy chicken wings. All warmth and heat and intensity. Lots of sweat. Now, it was more like ice-cream. Enjoyable, relaxing, a pleasant coolness filling you up from the inside. It made me want to cuddle and snuggle and hold my master as close as possible.

Adapting to my new life wasn't easy. There was lots that needed changing.

No more job, no more school. I couldn't go out during the day.

And the thirst. Sating it, at first, had been terrifying.

But the hunt, I quickly learned, was amazing. Feeling the warmth of someone else entering my body – filling me up. A part of them becoming a part of me. It was intense, erotic.

I always seduced my prey before the feast.

And they always loved the feel of me – right up until the moment my teeth sank into their neck.

Some, I found, enjoyed that part too.