

Meeting the Vampire

Once I washed, shaved, brushed, and dressed myself, I was ready to go. I went back to the living room as my mother was opening the door. My stomach twisted and I bit my lips together. I really hated feeding vampires.

"What's your name?" She asked.

"Victor." He answered.

"Please come in, Victor. I'm Verity. We've been expecting you." Mom replied with a smile as if he were just coming to visit.

"Thank you." He bowed and entered the house.

When he stepped into the living room I could see him more clearly. I was right, he looked like he was in his early twenties. He was a little shorter than my dad, so just about six feet.

His hair was a little long on the top and so dark it looked black, but I could see the brownish gleam from the overhead light. His skin was pale, but not as pale as most of my clients. That meant he had a darker skin tone before he died. His shoulders were broad and his waist a little narrow. I couldn't see his eyes, because he was wearing sunglasses.

That probably meant he was starving. A couple times, I'd had clients come with glasses. They were hiding the red tint to their eyes that came when they hadn't eaten in a while. When they came to me like that, they were always rougher and less likely to numb the area they would bite.

I fought the shiver of fear. When they were rough I had to wear high necked shirts and long sleeves. Feeding a starving vampire was not how I wanted to spend my evening. What if he got carried away?

Mr. Springer said no one tasted as good as I did and it was hard to feed on anyone else after seeing me. I was sure he meant it as a compliment, but it only scared me more. He was wearing glasses the last few times he'd come.

It was happening more and more often with my regular clients. I was afraid someone would drain me one night because of that. That was one of my biggest fears.

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"This is my husband Thom." Mom introduced Dad.

"Nice to meet you, Victor." Dad smiled.

"Indeed." The vampire replied coolly. "Where are we having our feeding, Ms. Verity?"

Mom hadn't fed a vampire in ten years. Whenever they came, it was usually because they wanted me. I had to bite my lips together to not laugh at the look on her face. Laughing would lose my chance at dinner tomorrow night.

"Oh... umm... I thought you were referred to us. Were you not? Goodness, this is awkward." Mom hummed.

"What is awkward? I haven't eaten in a while and I need something. Getting off the waitlist for a rare type like you was a relief. Now, where shall we do this? Will your husband be watching?" He asked.

"No. Umm... the thing is, most people order me, but then pay extra for her." Mom pointed to me.

The vampire turned. He was probably looking at me, but his expression didn't change at all. I walked closer to them. My dad pulled me by my arm once I was close enough and pushed me nearer to the vampire.

"Why would I want a child?" He inquired.

I was practically eighteen. Not a child in a lot of ways. Almost an adult in the eyes of the law. It offended me a little.

"She's seventeen. And she's a virgin." My mom said.

He scoffed. "You honestly believe the old wives tale that we prefer virgin blood?"

"No. But she scares easy because of it. She'd be terrified if you slipped your hand up her skirt while feeding. Imagine the avor of her fear. It would be much better than an old woman's blood." Mom insisted.

My stomach twisted at her suggestion. His st clenched for a moment. I didn't think Mom or Dad saw. I had no clue what was going on, but this man was a hard sell. Nothing my parents had ever experienced before. Usually they stopped pushing back once I was close enough for them to smell.

I was practically bouncing inside. He didn't want me! I might not have to get bitten tonight!

"And you feel that's worth me paying more than I've already paid for you? Why would you register with a blood broker if you didn't want to sell your blood, Ms. Verity?" He asked.

"All of my clients were more interested in her. They say she's sweet and addictive. We've already had three offers to buy her when she turns eighteen." Mom told him.

My eyes widened and I turned to stare at my parents. They didn't even look ashamed. They looked pleased. Like that would convince him.

I hoped they were lying, but couldn't say anything. I wasn't allowed to speak unless spoken to. How could they sell me, like sell me, not just my blood?

Of course, they said I was evil, so it was probably always meant to be the plan. That's why they never talked to me about where I'd go. After Valor and Harmony went off to school, Echo fades away.

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"How much were they offering?" He asked, bringing me out of my pity party.

"The current high offer is one and a half million. If you want to try and out bid, we could be persuaded to give you your rst taste of her free." My mom replied.

"Two million, if she's everything you say she is, and I take her tonight." The vampire stated.

"Agreed. Thom please show him to the study. I need to have a word with Echo." Mom directed.

"Yes, dear. Right this way." Dad said and turned to guide the vampire down the hall.

My mom stepped in front of me and grabbed me roughly by the shoulders. I wanted to beg her not to sell me, but I knew she'd just hit me and sell me anyway.

No matter what I said or did, I would be sold by the time I was eighteen. Now that I knew their plan, they'd probably be locking me in at night so I couldn't run.

Not that it mattered. I knew where this was going. He would taste my blood and know what the others did. He would buy me and I would never see my sister and brother again.

"This money will help Harmony and Valor. They'll each get ve hundred thousand to cover any extra schooling they want and start their lives when they're done. If you actually love them, like you say you do, you'll do this. I don't think anyone will pay as much. I lied to him. The highest anyone offered was seven hundred thousand." She hissed at me.

I was frozen. Tomorrow, Mom was making my favorite Sunday dinner. Next month was prom and Harmony would need help with her hair and makeup. Val wanted me to help him with his math.

Our birthdays were in May. They always saved me some cake from theirs and gave me a little present. I couldn't leave.

Tears started lling my eyes. I felt like I couldn't breathe. Harmony said I wasn't evil like Mom and Dad insisted I was. She said I was better than everyone in the house. She wouldn't want me to leave. I make her pretty.

"Don't try your teary eyed crap with me, young lady. All you've done, since the moment you were created, was take from them! Take from us! Now you have the chance to give and you're going to be selsh, again!? It gures an evil brat like you would think you were entitled to keep living off of us. Or do you think you're somehow worth more than he offered? Answer me!" Mom growled.

She was right. I wasn't worth that much. I only took.

We'd spent the rst few months of our lives in the NICU because of me. Mom's body couldn't carry us as long as we all needed. The doctors said she would have been able to carry Harmony and Valor for longer if I weren't there. Harmony almost died because of me.

"I was only thinking of how much I'd miss everyone, ma'am. I know I'm not worth nearly as much as he offered. I'll go feed him now." I murmured.

"Good. Get out of my sight." She sneered, and I turned to the hall.

As I neared the study, I felt like I was going to be sick. He would drain me. This vampire would buy me and drain me before I turned eighteen.

No one was ever expecting to see me again. He wouldn't have to leave anything behind for them. My life was ending tonight. I could feel it.