

Nightmares of the Night

written by

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Stephen king's house

The Starving Vampire

Hey...I'm new at this. I mean, I didn't gosh dang ask for this madness either. So what? I suck at being a **Vampire**. Pardon the pun. I can't say 'suck' anymore either. This SUCKS! Aw, and I'm so hungry!

I'm gonna die. No really, I'm going to *die*. Or I'm dead already... I guess. I am the damned, yeah whatever. My soul may be damned for all of eternity- not my effin choice, by the way. I found some reddit articles that were full of incels and conspiracy theorists, but my symptoms check out and I'm totally a vampire. The classic kind too. Not one of those telepathic energy types. The real biting necks and hiding from the sunlight kind of vampire. I kind of dig it. But dude, if I don't find someone else's blood to suck, I'm ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

I got bit 3 weeks ago and I haven't got one kill since my hellish transformation.

I have so many questions about vampires and I'll never get the answer. Forget ever getting interviewed. *Is Dracula even real? What about Buffy? Is Blade black?* Doesn't matter unless I find a neck to drain.

It's gotta be real hot fresh human blood. Those steaks at the supermarket won't cut it. Neither will tacos or crispy bacon or anything else I used to love. I just puke it all right back up. I know what I want, and it's **human blood**. I crave it. I just suck at attacking people.

That first night I was flying.

I was like Neo in the matrix after that chick bit me. I mean literally *flying* above the city buildings and up in the clouds. Soaring all around. Being a Vampire is cool. Whatever high in life you ever chased in your life- believe me, it felt like that. Pure euphoric weightlessness. My vampiric destiny came out of nowhere.

Once minute, I was at the bar watching this awesomely terrible metal band- the next, some hot goth girl takes me outside to make-out. I quickly found out that she wasn't that into me. This succubus just wanted me for my type-A. It didn't hurt at all when she sunk her fangs in my neck. Quite the contrary. Probably the best feeling I've ever had in my life.

Like all my pain from thriving and trying was released and there was no objective left in life.

My list of things to do had been sucked dry. I was just existing, lifeless, stressless. My feet floated off the ground in ecstasy. I just soared all night, not worrying about anything I ever cared about in life.

But then the sun came up.

And I could feel my skin starting to sizzle. When I landed on the ground and found some shade, my stomach began to growl. Actually...my...*the inside of my skin started to tremble in hunger.*

There was no more stomach, no digestive tract, just the apparition of my human vessel that still ran on hemoglobin.

My first attack was pathetic. It wasn't premeditated at all. I found cover in a dark drug den with three meth addicts, which oddly enough, happen to resemble hungry vampires quite a bit in complexion and behavior. *Poor fellas really tried helping me with illicit materials before I started lunging at them with my teeth.* **They stabbed me with enough syringes to fight me off before we all mutually decided on abandoning our friendship.**

When the sun went down, I could feel my skin lower to a manageable temperature, and in my damned soul I just knew I needed to suck somebody's blood to survive.

First, I went to the grocery store and tore into every beef cut I could find. **Just shoving them in my mouth right there in the aisle, freaking everyone out.** Tasted like crap. Wasn't right. I needed it hot. I required fresh, newly acquired blood.

So I went after the first juice-headed powerlifter at the gym I could find. Might as well dig into a real steroid freak. Maybe I can suck on one strong dude and never have to do it again. That didn't sound right.

And it didn't work either. In my attempt to perpetuate the power lifter, he didn't fight back. He didn't rip my limbs my body or detach my head from my torso (not even sure if that's possible). **All he did was pull out a little Crucifix and I was on my knees suffering for all of eternity.** That cross trick really does work. I couldn't freaking move. Nothing like getting your soul snatched by the devil that will make you believe in Jesus.

The devout defender drove away, and I returned to my endless hunt.

At this point I was getting weak and desperate. I even tried chasing a few dogs, but it was no use. I was getting slower by the minute. I thought to myself. *Need something slow, like target practice.* So, I found a nursing home. It might not be prime rib, but it could tie me over until the next dreaded night.

But those jerks wouldn't let me in. Yeah, you have to be *let* in. You can't just walk in there. Nope. **And I'm not fully sure if that's a Vampire thing or not. But the security there is tight.** Like a little overkill, right? You think someone's gonna break in there and harm some old people sitting in piss? Well besides a vampire like me. Bad time for me to complain. I'm sorry.

I'm going to perish. I didn't make it past part two. Didn't break dawn. No sequel. Nosferatu? More like *NO! WORSE! HA! YOU!* **Worst vampire of all time.**

So I did what any regular man would do on a Saturday Night...

I targeted a woman that was all alone in a dark alley.

Worst case scenario: she's a slayer and will swiftly stab me in the heart with a wooden stake, saving me from this hellish hungry sensation. Best case: she's still a slayer, however, we duke it out, and then fall in love like Angel and Miss Summers.

"Hey Girl, RAWR!"

I jump at her neck with my mouth.

"GET OFF OF ME, CREEP!"

She smacks me with her purse and maces me. The mace doesn't do anything as I keep helplessly lunging at her with my face.

"Are you trying to freakin bite me?"

"I'm a vampire. I need to feed"

She looks at me inquisitively.

"Oh man you really are aren't you?"

"Yeah. And I suck at it"

"More like you don't suck HAHA"

"Very very funny. Just stab me in the heart, please. I quit."

"I read about you. I knew vampires were real. Just look at the government. I knew half those presidents were blood suckers."

"Well take a picture. Because if I don't feed, I fear I will disintegrate, I can feel it."

"Yeah let me take a picture, I wanna see if you got a reflection or anything"

She holds up her phone camera. There's no image of me.

"Dude you're really not there. AWESOME!"

"Okay are you done with me?"

"Wait.. you need to feed? I have an idea."

Before I knew it, we were in her Jeep, headed over to kill some dude.

"This is your ex-boyfriend?"

"He's a total fucking asshole and deserves it. He beat me within an inch of my life, and he's a cop, so he got away with it."

"Works for me"

I hid under the bushes while she grabbed a baseball bat and rang the doorbell.

"COME OUT, BRIAN! YOU WORTHLESS, WOMAN BEATING JERK!"

The door swings open. It's Brian. He looks like a real piece of work.

"Look who comes crawling back to papa!"

SMACK!

She slams the metal slugger into his temple and Brian falls lifeless onto the porch- blood pouring out his ear.

"Got Him!"

I look at the lifeless corpse of this loser.

"Oh, crap. You killed him?"

"He's all yours."

I knelt down to take a bite, but nothing about this dude was appetizing. Nothing. I don't know if it's because he was such a dweeb, but he's was definitely dead. And I'm about to pass out.

"Aw man. I think I gotta be the one to make the kill"

"This won't work?"

"I really appreciate it but.. sorry, no. I gotta suck the blood while he's still alive."

"Damn. I'm really sorry. Thanks for coming with me to kill him though. I think it really just helped being able to talk it through with you."

"Dude, no problem... I really don't feel good though. I think... I think I might be... fading..."

I drop to the ground next to the dead guy. My senses are numbed and my seconds are numbered.

I feel so cold and empty, and bound for a dreadful eternity of pain and suffering.

The woman squats down next to me, concerned. I look at her with desperation.

"I'm scared"

"I'm so sorry this happened to you. I wish I could help you."

"It's my own fault. I like such crappy music. I shouldn't have went to that bar in Indiana. I told myself years ago, that place is haunted. Don't do it. You live and you learn."

She looks over at dead Brian, face up, all dead.

"Maybe if I..."

She leans over and starts doing CPR to her ex boyfriend at a rapid pace.

"C'mon, Brian. Live! Live! Live dammit!"

She keeps performing it profusely.

"1-2-3-"

She keeps putting her mouth to his and breathing **LIFE** into him-

"LIVE BRIAN! C'mon, Baby! C'mon Baby!"

"...hunny!"

Suddenly BRIAN GASPS for AIR and RISES! He lives! Brian lives!

"Oh baby! You're alive!"

"I'm alive, baby. You saved me."

"And now you're gonna burn in hell for what you did! GET HIM!"

With my last ounce of life- I sink my teeth into BRIAN!

And once again--- I feel ALIVE!

I look at her with my bloody mouth.

"I'm sorry for you to see me like this"

"Honestly... let's do it again sometime"

The End.

For Brian.