

Grab yourself a snack and take a seat. It looks like it's time for another short story!



It had been an amazing legacy. Well, it had been a legacy that was certain at least. The time of Vampyres was always spoken of as if it had been marvelous. They were the true kings and queens of the world. Immortals ruling in a mortal realm. They were the night and all that came with it as humans were the day and all of its glories, but for all the richness of Vampyric culture, all the lavishly Gothic architecture and sprawling gardens of rare and old worldly flowers, there was one Vampyre who for the long life of him, wanted the time of his people to end. He was a grand Vampyre, a master of all he laid his eyes upon, elegant, quiet and revered. He only spoke when he was spoken to and had the intelligence of the gods. The Vampyre Caleb was born to be a king...yet this was not what he wanted.

His brothers and sisters never minded being creatures of the night.

"It's our lot in life Cal and if you really look at it, it's not any different from the humans and theirs. We have the night and are immortal, the humans have their short lives and are contented with food, wine, riches and song. It is that simple." a relative told him one night at a party.

"But believe me, those are where the similarities end." a female Vampyre haughtily chuckled. "We are much more kinder to them than they are to each other."

"You mean much more cunning." Caleb grunted. The smile never left the female's face.

"Oh dear Caleb, of course cunning has to play a dual role with kindness. After all, since when has it become a divine decree for one to be overly kind to their food?"

"I say, if you treat the cattle with kindness, you do reap much better rewards!" In conversations such as these, Caleb would always excuse himself and wander off to the first empty room he could find.

"Such a waste of kindness. It's bad enough true kindness is so damn hard to come by nowadays. Now it's acceptable to lie and bribe for it. Give the humans enough rope and they'll gladly hang themselves for our sakes." he threw himself in an armchair. Caleb was careful not to convey these feelings out loud. Not when the sharp ears and eyes of his family were always about. In his youth he had learned that lesson in the harshest of ways. When he was a boy, Caleb had accidentally befriended a human boy. He was a tall lanky thing with hair the color of golden wheat and eyes of ocean glass green. He would sneak into his mother's garden during the day just to lay among the rose bushes.

One day Caleb, while watching the teenager through his bedroom window, fought up the courage to approach the stranger.

"I see you come here everyday. Why? Aren't you afraid you'll get caught?" he had asked.

"I know I'll get caught one day, but until then, my luck'll hold out. Your garden reminds me of my father's...he use to grow wild roses from our windowsill. Man, I really loved the smell of them...but they never grew again after he died. So I

come here to smell the roses." the boy smiled. Much to Caleb's surprise, the boy knew he and his family were Vampyres, yet he wasn't afraid. He was a strong orphaned youth who knew he was weaker than his enemies, but risked his life chasing after the memories of what made him happy. Caleb didn't know whether the kid was being brave or just plain foolish, but overall he liked him. He met him everyday by the rose bushes for the rest of the year, but when December came around, the boy never appeared again. Hidden behind the house was a private cemetery the family kept for all the willing "donations" they received over the years. Caleb noticed a new one had been added at the beginning of Spring. Since then Caleb had despised anyone who'd use kindness as a means to get what they'd want, when he had experienced real compassion. His hatred only increased as the punishment given to him for befriending a human was the erasing of the boy's name from his memory. The name was gone, but the agony remained every time he'd partake of blood with his family. Each glass might as well had been from the boy's veins and the thought made Caleb sick to his stomach. As powerful as he had grown, he was nowhere near strong enough to take on the entire clan. If it were up to him, he'd wipe out any and all Vampyres from existence...alas he was alone in a sea of thousands. He went through his teenage years wondering what it would be like to die and join his friend in the afterlife, but as an adult, the thoughts often came back when he was alone. At least if he died, he could tell his one friend how truly sorry he was for not being strong enough to protect him. The boy would probably smile that wickedly adorable smile of his and shrug it off as his luck finally coming to an end. Caleb really wanted to see his friend again. He was the only human he knew who wasn't afraid of Vampyres because of their false modesty, but out of sheer fascination and innocent ignorance.

"You would've made a more honorable man than I old friend..." the noble sighed. This battle between depression and curiosity had gone on for far too long and on this night, Caleb made up his mind. He would meet his end where his one true friendship began. As the manor's halls cleared with the family turning in for the dawn, Caleb left the house and made his way toward the gardens. He brushed his hands against the soft petals of his mother's beloved flowers and laid down beside the rose bushes. Above him the sky turned a soft shade of pink and blue. The air was crisp and cold, yet for the first time in his century of life, the Vampyre Caleb felt at peace. He turned his head to a patch of grass beside him and pictured his friend laying there.

"I'm sorry I can't remember your name." Caleb whispered. The figment smiled and disappeared as the first rays of sunlight shown through. Pain washed over him as the bright light burned his delicate skin. It stung like a hive of bees and transformed into piercing torture. Caleb did his best not to scream and tried to take his death like the dignified noble that he was. He was finally vanishing. He could feel it. As much as pain, relief came to comfort him. He was gratefully dying.

"I shall see you soon my friend." he grinned. The process was almost complete, when he felt the familiar and unwelcomed shadow of shade blanket over him. Caleb's eyes shot opened. He was still alive and worse, healing.

"Who dares steal my death?!" he roared. He turned back to the patch of grass beside him to see a dirty little child holding an umbrella over him.

"Who are you and what do you think you're doing in here?" the Vampyre bared his fangs.

"My name's May and I came to look at the pretty roses."

The anger quickly faded away.

"What did you say?" Caleb's eyes grew wide.

"I said my name is May--"

"No, the other thing."

"Oh! I came here to look at the roses. They're the most prettiest around you know."

Caleb's searched over the child. She was a tiny little thing with hair of sunburnt golden wheat and had eyes not of sea glass green, but a soft shade of brown like milk chocolate pudding. Forget the sunlight, the resemblance alone was enough to make Caleb die of shock.

"Are you okay mister? You look pretty bad." the little girl worried. Caleb couldn't tear his eyes away.

"You...you came back to sneak into my mother's garden..." he murmured.

"Huh? I didn't mean to cause trouble. I just wanted to--"

"Smell the roses."

The little girl looked on, confused and scared.

"You're not mad at me, are you?" she whimpered.

"No...it's good to have you back."

**The end~**

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