

Ladies of the Night

By K. E. Ward

This is the story of four female vampires. Vera, Ava, Moira, and Penelope each became vampires in different ways, and have different stories to tell. Their first initials spelling, "V-A-M-P," they are intertwined by similarities and separated by differences. Creeping through the night, they go on a search for new victims and devour the blood of men. The females, all of them gorgeous, are seductive mistresses, for whom there are no limits to the amount of terror they can inflict. Read and you will see that the female is the most seductive of them all..

Vera

The woman was rather tall. She had curly, brown hair, which fell to the small of her back, sable brown eyes, a pale complexion, and was wearing a long, white nightgown. Vera had been called a gorgeous woman when she had been merely a human being. She was the leader of the four female vampires, the oldest, and the most intimidating.

Once she became immortal, victim to the bloodthirsty undead, she could also see in her own victims' eyes how beautiful they thought she was, how alluring, how intoxicating, how irresistible.

The vampire who had taken her into the immortal life in the beginning had been an attractive young man, whose name was Elliot. She awoke one night to hear the rustling of the wind blowing her curtains, late at night, and she could see the moonlight spilling into her bedroom, as the shadows of swaying branches outside seemed to reach towards her with grasping fingers. It was rather quiet, with only the sounds of the wind and crickets as a background orchestra to her surprise awakening.

She heard him before she saw him. There was someone outside her window climbing the wall. And then he pulled himself up onto her balcony, and stepped into her bedroom.

Vera gasped. He tip-toed towards her bed as though she did not realize he was there in the first place. "Who... ever are you?" she whispered quietly, fear making her weak.

"I am nothing you should fear," he said. And his eyes lay on her face. He began to stroke her hair, as soon as he came near enough to touch her.

"But how can you be certain? I have never seen you, not once in my life. You are a perfect stranger. You have broken into my bedroom in the middle of the night. You must tell me your name, and what you want with me!"

"My name is Elliot," he replied. "And what I want with you is also nothing to fear, but you must give it to me, and if you are not willing I will take it, but madam, I want your blood."

So it was then that he bared his fangs and dug them deep into the arch of her neck. She felt a pain, and as he drank the blood, she felt herself becoming weaker and weaker. Finally, before she closed her eyes and passed out, she could see him running away, back through the open window.

She had been a vampire for fourteen years now. She had had many women and men, mostly young men, although the pretty females she desired the most.

It was on a night close to the end of September when she found herself in a grand house, which she thought, must belong to a very rich family.

She walked through the hallway, listening for any sound which might indicate a human being. She heard such a sound, and followed it into a bedroom towards the back of the hall. In it was the prettiest young girl she had ever seen. She had long, blonde hair, with innocent blue eyes, a pale complexion with pink at her cheeks, and very red lips.

The girl squealed when she came close. "No! Who are you?!"

"I am nothing you should be concerned about," she soothed. "I am here to drink your blood." So she took her, and when she was finished, she went through the rest of the house. She got rather greedy that night. She took two other girls, and started to go into a fourth bedroom.

This one she could barely see. What is a male? Or a female?

She did not know, but she took a chance, bared her fangs, and bit into flesh she assumed was there.

Immediately she began to choke. "What? What is this?" she asked. The blood tasted poisonous. She began to spit it out, coughing. She opened the curtain to the bed and saw a man there. He was not a horribly old man. He must have been in his early forties. She looked beside his bed and hissed. She noticed a small crucifix.

The man, who had awakened by now, was holding his neck in agony, reaching for the crucifix. He must have just taken Holy Communion, she thought.

Assuming her guess was correct, she turned and ran. She ran to meet Elliot, who was standing near the door. Together they walked back into the night, Vera injured, Elliot escorting her.

Ava

Ava was the prettiest one of the four vampires, the four women. She had nearly white-blond hair, which also fell to the small of her back, and topaz blue eyes. She had met Vera only in passing. Vera was a little older than her. Ava had been a vampire for ten years, and she was taken in her early twenties; Vera was taken in her late twenties.

She had two male vampires who followed her everywhere, because they adored her. Often a human would come to her because she was so

pretty and appeared so innocent. A human man, older than her, approached her one night as he found her in the corner of a bedroom with mischief in his eyes. Her male vampire friends were nearby, and so were a couple of females. The man was tall with dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, and a hardened, leathery complexion. He had muscles which could see even beneath his shirt. He looked almost as villainous as they did. Nevertheless, she did not fear the man so much as she was surprised by him.

She called out to her two male friends, George and Henry. They both came quickly. George was the first.

“Oh, I see you have an admirer, Ava.” He said this while leaning with one arm against the bed post.

Henry was snickering. “Why don’t you let him kiss you?” He said this as a female vampire came into the room, wanting to see the passing of events.

“As you would like,” Ava said, and he came closer to her.

“What a darling you are, he said.” She let him kiss her. She found him handsome. He owned a demanding presence and was very masculine.

Meanwhile, George and Henry stayed at her side, guarding her and watching, and the other female, Florence, laughed in delight.

“How romantic,” she said in a high voice.

But after a long time, Ava grew tired of the romance. Kissing was very entertaining, and she did not mind being kissed by such an attractive man, but such a distraction could only please her for a short while. She smelled his scent of pine soap and smoke and said, "Sir, I would wish for you not to kiss me any longer."

"Why is that, my sweet?"

She could tell that all four of the vampires were tired of the game, too, because all they really wanted was the blood. So, she lost her temper and bared her fangs.

He yelled out in fear and shock.

Before he had a chance to say anything or flee, she bit him. "That'll teach you to try to seduce me."

She looked the most innocent of the four female vampires, but she was perhaps the most vicious. The man lay limp in her arms as she eagerly drank his blood. And thus, he was taken into the eternal life of the night, never to irritate her again.

Moira

Her hair was black, her eyes ice blue. She traveled the night alone, having been taken by a man whose face and name she did not remember. That was a long time ago. She did not need companions, because she found the other vampires boring. Moira liked herself for

being a woman of darkness, who often hid in caves, abandoned homes, and shadowed rooms.

When she found a victim, she devoured him or her with such insane brutality that even creatures of the night feared her.

One night she came upon a couple of young men who were walking home in the dark from a party. She followed them, and then a third young man caught up to them, also from the party.

The other guests had dispersed and were not with them; she listened to hear what they had to say to each other:

“Bradley, I assume you have met a lady tonight. I saw you speaking with the girl who wore the long, light blue dress.”

“That is true, Alexander. I think I have very much fallen in love with her. I would like to speak with her mother tomorrow and visit with Henrietta—that is her name.”

“Well, I have met a lady, myself,” the third one said.

“Have you, Christopher?”

“She was the girl with the best figure at the party!”

Alexander looked sadly down at the dirt path upon which they were traveling. “Well, I suppose I have not met one tonight—but good for the two of you.”

At that moment Moira came up in front of them and bared her fangs. Two of the young men ran away... she assumed they were Bradley

and Christopher. Alexander, a slender young boy with a sensitive face and red lips remained before her, and he wore an expression of fear when he saw her. His terror became evident by a sharp gasp.

She came to him quickly, grabbed him, and sank her fangs deep into his neck. What a pretty one, she thought.

But no sooner had she almost completely had her fill of his blood than the two other young men came back bearing torches and crucifixes.

She hissed, withdrawing backwards a little bit.

“God will place his judgement upon you, and Christ our Lord will defeat you with his sword of truth, woman, as I present my crucifix in good faith that love will reign over darkness.” He raised the crucifix and pulled out a vial of holy water.

Not wanting to be doused with it, as it would have burned her, she ran into the night. She was livid with anger, and it made her want to brutalize as many humans as possible. She had five other young, male victims that night. Satiated, she went and hid in a dark cave as it drew closer to the morning. But she was so furious that she had not been able to have the prettiest one that she vowed she would always look for him, no matter how far she had to travel, and somehow, she would get revenge against the young men and become the most fearsome of female vampires.

Penelope

She had long, curly, red hair and green eyes. She had lots of female friends. Penelope was known for her generous, kind nature. Penelope had been an Irishwoman when she was a human. But one night, when she was traveling into England on her father's business, a vampire came into her bedroom during the night, as she left the large window open.

"Oh, my!" she had said. And the man with black hair ran away as soon as he had had enough of her blood.

She felt limp and passed out. The next thing she remembered was being a vampire.

Days passed and she was confused. Who was this new person that she had become? She wandered through streets, learning that she could not be out during the daytime, so she found dark homes.

Soon, though, she found herself hungry, hungry for blood. It was more of an instinct, rather than something someone would have told her to do to survive. She smelled blood from a distance, and followed it to her first victim, who was also a male.

"Good day," she said. And then she reached for him and ravaged his neck.

The following years were happy for her. She found many friends and was popular. Together they dined on human beings, but did not become greedy about it. They would only take the ones which were absolutely necessary to their survival, as they were a tame pack.

One night, after awaking from her darkened spot in an abandoned brewery, she went to look for her friends and found them, when another pack of people came up before them, and they were humans.

They were armed with torches, crucifixes, holy water, garlic, rose water, stakes, and silver guns. It seemed as though they had every method of killing a vampire possible. Losing all hope, the vampires huddled together in fear, themselves.

“Please,” they cried. “Do not kill us. We only take what we need to survive.”

“But you are from the darkness, and evil. We cannot allow you to pass when you drink the blood of well-meaning Christians!”

“Here, here! He said it correctly!” one heft man yelled.

A girl, who was off to the side of the group, pulled from her pocket a rosary and began to pray it, kneeling and looking up towards heaven. She appeared to be pleading with the Father for an answer to her prayer. Penelope looked at her, in fact stared at her, and as the mob came closer.

But more of her friends came, and there was an all-out brawl. The vampires in the center of the circle hissed, while the ones on the outside used their supernatural powers to divide the humans so that the vampires could escape.

Finally, Penelope looked back at the girl as she was running away. "Pretty one," she said. "Did your Bible studies never teach you that one never ought to pray for a vampire?"
