

TEA
TIME
TALES



By Charlotte L.R. Kane

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About The Author

Charlotte studied in Business Management in Swansea University, she left with a BA (hon) and a passion for writing.

It was during her time at Swansea University she started to jot down ideas for stories. Over the years that followed she developed her stories as she weaved her way through life and varied jobs.

Her true passions remain reading and writing. Charlotte's first book, *Whisper*, was published to Kindle on 15th September 2012.

Tea Time Tales is her second book and was published on 18 December 2012.

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Acknowledgments

Thanks to everyone who has continued to support me throughout my personal journey. Having you beside me has provided me with the support and encouragement to keep going when at times I have felt unable to continue.

To the usual suspects who know who they are for basically putting up with everything that I have thrown at them.

Thanks to my colleagues, who have encouraged and supported me even though it's my job to support them. Thanks to Joe, a newly discovered author for the support and advice he has given me these last few weeks.

And to you, the reader, for reading.

The Dancer

Ben couldn't help but stare as he watched Samantha dance on stage. He was bewildered by how she could move so swiftly and elegantly and yet have so much power and force in her moves. He couldn't take his eyes off her. He wanted to leave but he couldn't, it was like he was glued in the doorway.

Her dancing was like a drug from which he was powerless to escape. A drug that he couldn't live without. It was like an addiction, he didn't want to admit it but she was his addiction. He had fallen for the dancer and he had fallen hard. She was the drug that he needed to take daily. He wished that he was able to talk to her. He continued to stare, captivated by her beauty, by the way she owned the stage.

He felt the urge to talk to her but when he tried to step forward, to move closer he found himself unable to. He was stuck, his body only allowing him to watch the wonder on the stage. He folded his arms and held his breath when the finale came. He watched as she finished the routine and looked out over the stage. He hid behind the door, not wanting to be seen.

He couldn't face her, not even after the time he had spent watching her. He slunk away in the shadows as if he had never been there. But he would return, he always did.

We Belong

They belonged together just like two pieces of a puzzle that fitted together. They were two halves that, when together became complete. She was the Yin to his Yang. It was as simple as that. There was no science or mathematics involved. It was just pure heart and love, even though never of them had admitted it. Sure, they both knew it was wrong, unprofessional and horribly out of character; but that was the way of it.

Jason had made it clear that there was a line that they were never to cross. They had struggled for so long to keep it that way and for a while it had worked. But then something changed, something that severed that line, they had fallen in love with each other.

Love had hit them like a truck, it was there and it was acknowledged; by everyone but them. Sometimes they would nod at it, let it know they understood, but usually they walked right on by; pretending the skipping of a heartbeat and the tightening of nerves were just normal bodily functions and not because they were with the other.

It was written in the stars, it was penned into their hearts and known in their souls. They were meant to be together. Meant to complete each other. But for now, they would just stay friends.

Memories

Maria Hennessey looked at the picture of Lucas holding a sleeping Isabelle in his arms. He was smiling. It didn't seem like the picture had been taken three months ago, it had gone so quickly. They were happy but then the accident had happened. The accident had caused her to lose the love of her life and for Isabelle to lose her father. She remembered the day clearly. It would always be etched into her mind, something that she would never forget, not easily.

Lucas had been coming home early to spend some time with her and Isabelle but he had become involved in an accident near the family home. Lucas's car had collided with a lorry causing him to die instantly. Maria looked over at Isabelle, she reminded her so much of Lucas. She had the deep blue eyes that Lucas had had. She had the same floppy blonde hair and she had the same cheeky smile.

She couldn't help but smile as she thought of how excited Lucas had been when he learnt that he was going to be a father. Maria picked Isabelle up from the crib and cradled her gently. She smiled at her and took another look at the picture on Isabelle's unit. "He is always looking after you Izzy. Don't forget that" she placed a soft kiss upon Isabelle's forehead and smiled. Lucas was always watching the both of them. Always.

Truth

Where do I begin? I know we will never be together but that's not what I want - well I don't think that's what I want anyway. To be honest, I am not entirely sure what I want anymore, my mind is so confused by these thoughts and feelings that are swimming around inside my head. I am unable to think straight and I cannot focus on my work as my thoughts keep turning to you. My mind tells me different to what my heart is saying and it's causing me pain.

I just wish I could tell you the truth. I wish I was able to tell you how I felt about you. That you meant more to me than anyone else had. But I cannot, something stops me from spilling those words. I am afraid of the results, afraid of what you will think of me, scared it will ruin the friendship we have built.

So I will sit back and just act as if these feelings are not possessing my mind, that I don't wish I could just be honest. No, I will act as if nothing has changed between us, that these feelings don't exist. I know the pain will not ease and I am going to have to learn to deal with my feelings, but it's easier than admitting the truth.

Snoring

I roll over and place the pillow over my head trying to drown out the noise but it doesn't work. It never works. I put my hands over my ears and it's quieter although I still hear the familiar grunting. I've been told to try earplugs but I can even hear the noise through them.

I wish I could make the noise stop but that would cause you to become cranky if I woke you. The grunting turns into a snorting and I sigh heavily. I have been putting up with this for the past three years and you just won't do anything to help the problem, a problem that you deny having.

I groan as you roll onto your back and the noise becomes louder, I can see the drool running down your mouth onto your pillow. I get a tissue and wipe up the drool. It's a regular routine and you have no idea that I do it. You usually find me sleeping on the couch because I am unable to sleep in the same room as you. You don't think you have a problem even when I recorded you. You need to get help, I can't keep doing this. I love you but you need to sort out your snoring.

Scarf

It was chilly when they left The Diner and Helen wrapped her coat around her tighter to try and keep what little body heat she had conjured close to her. She shivered, her whole body shaking from the cold wind that was blowing gently in the night air. She looked over at her partner who was struggling to put on his gloves and was putting them on the wrong hands.

She let out a small giggle. "Here, let me help" she stopped and turned to her partner, gently placing his gloves on his hand, her own hands warm from the gloves that she had put on before leaving the diner. They smiled at each other as she did so "There we go".

She shivered again, the wind blowing around her neck, she pulled her coat collar around her neck, hoping it would help keep the chill off. David unwrapped his scarf and wrapped it around Helen's neck smoothly. He pulled her closer, wrapped his arms around her and placed a soft kiss on her lips before holding out his arm. She took it and the two walked home together, arms locked, together. The cold night suddenly being forgotten as the two lovers made their way home.

Love

Love. That four-letter word that means so much yet is just thrown around as if it didn't mean anything. Does anyone even mean it when they say it these days? Or do they just say it because it's such a common phrase to use? I love you, 'ik hou van jou', 'dwi'n caru ti'. No matter what language it's spoken in it is meant to have to the same meaning. It is meant to mean that your heart belongs to someone else, that you fully give yourself to another person. It's meant to mean that the other person is the only one that you will be with, that they are the only one with your heart, but that's not always the case.

There is a lot of heartache in this world, we experience it everyday. Sometimes it's easy to overcome but other times it can leave you devastated, feeling like something has just been ripped from inside you. Those are the times that make you feel as if you could never love again and often makes you feel that love is something that isn't sacred anymore. It can shatter your entire world and destroy any fantasies that you may have conjured.

But love can also bring you happiness; can cause you to feel something so strongly for another person, joins you with another person in body and soul. Love means that you will not be alone.

The Transformation

The familiar burning courses through his veins. The searing pain shot through his body. He doubled over in agony, clutching at his stomach as the pain surged throughout the muscles. The sound of his bones cracking echoed through the chamber as they shaped to his new form. He fell to the floor, the pain beginning to subside as the body adapted. He looked at his hands and feet as they transformed into paws and sprouted claws. Fur began to cover his body and a pile of shredded clothes lay beside him as they tore away from his newly shaped torso.

The creature arose from the floor and let out a low growl. He was finally free. Free to do what he was born to do. To hunt. To kill. He despised himself at first. Hated what he had become, hated the thing that was inside him. He tried to stop it from taking over but it was impossible. But over time he learnt to love the beast within. It was who he was, he wasn't meant to stop it, he was meant to embrace it. They weren't separate entities, they were one, they were bonded. He howled and scratched at the door, it eventually opened and he ran out into the woods. This was where he belonged. This was his world.

The Vampire

He slinks around in the dark, his footsteps weightless. Quiet. His body moves gracefully as he fades with the surroundings. He looks around for his next victim, searching the woods for his next meal. His senses are heightened as he hears something moving around in the vicinity. He looks around cautiously, his nose picking up the scent.

He follows the scent and carefully stalks his prey. The meal quickens its' pace and the vampire keeps on his trail. His fangs have extended, ready to take the victim's essence. To take in its life force. The victim takes a second to look around and the vampire stops - thankful that he doesn't have a breath, or a heart beat, that would give him away. The vampire continues his way through the trees, knowing its time to claim his prize. He quickens his pace and overpowers his victim.

Once within his grasp, he holds the victim in his arms, punctures the skin and feeds hungrily and noisily. He is careful not to spill any blood and wipes his mouth once he has finished. He drops the body to the floor and thanks it for giving him life. He walks away, slinking back into the darkness, the body of the dead deer left to rot in the autumn air.

Notebook

She had always had a notebook. Ever since she could remember she had carried one around with her. It was what she was known for, she had never had many friends, always preferring to sit and write in her notebook than to socialise with her peers. It hadn't bothered her - as long as she had her notebook she was happy.

And now at age twenty six things had not changed. She had recently celebrated her birthday and instead of going out like most people would do she stayed in, hunched over her desk scribbling away. She had a room dedicated to housing the notebook she had written in over the years. She estimated that she had over three hundred notebooks stored in the room. She would soon need to find more storage for them because she was not going to be stopping writing anytime soon.

She knew it was a weird obsession but writing was her escape, her way to leave reality behind and go to a place where the characters could not hurt her. She would never give up writing, not for anything, not for anyone. Writing was the one thing that she could always rely on, the one thing that was always there for her when she needed it. Yes, her notebooks meant the world to her and nothing was going to change that. Not yet.

The Corpse

The body lay stiff on the metal bed, growing colder by the minute. Jeff sat beside the corpse and stared. He had never seen a dead body before and he was intrigued by the one in front of him. He put his hand out and cautiously touched the body's face. A slight shiver ran through his spine but he continued to run his fingers across the cheek and neck.

He was surprised at how quickly the body seemed to be cooling down. He picked up the chart and read that person, apparently called Lisa, had only passed away five hours earlier. Placing the chart back into the holder he continued to look at the body. He wasn't disgusted or nauseous by the sight before him. Instead, he was fascinated. He wished he was able to see inside the body, to determine how she had died.

He wanted to check all the remains in the morgue to determine the deaths and to understand how they had all died. The thought was racing through his mind, he wasn't put off by the bodies, he wanted to work with them, wanted to touch them. He put the sheet back over the body and left the morgue before the nurse started to wonder where he was. As he made his way back to his room he realised what he wanted to do with his life. He wanted to work with dead people, he wanted to be the one that discovered how they died.

The Fish

It isn't easy being a goldfish you know. It is not all about swimming around the tank all day and waiting for you to feed us. No, there are a lot of things that go on and a lot of thought that goes into these things. We have to decide where to swim and how. You have probably noticed that we like to swim upside down, or we like to swim around the tank quickly. But that is our way of curing boredom, you see swimming around in a tank becomes increasingly dull, especially as it is all we do for twenty four hours a day, seven days a week. It would be nice if our owners changed the objects around in our tank once in a while, just for us to be kept on our toes, or in our cases, fins!

We have to deal with people staring at us all day. I am not entirely sure what people find so fascinating about us, it's not like we are the most exciting animals on the planet. We always seem to be eating or foraging for food at the bottom of the tank and it is not because we have forgotten that we have eaten, it is merely because we are exerting so much energy swimming we are hungry. So being a fish is not as easy as you humans seem to think it is. It can be exhausting.

Flowers

Harriet liked flowers, it was why she had become a florist. She had joined the boutique six years ago and still loved every moment working there. She was fascinated by the thousands of varieties that existed and the hundreds of colours and shades that were available. She loved the odours that each flower emanated and the way they blossomed into something so attractive, something so magnificent.

Her favourite flower was the Oriental Lily, also known as the Asiatic Lily. They are grown in the United States and Canada for outdoor cut flowers and appear in a variety of colours including yellow, pink, orange and red. Harriet had the bulbs specially imported from the Netherlands in order for her to grow them at home. She loved going home and smelling them as soon as the door was opened and being able to smell them in her tiny one bedroom London apartment that she shared with her silver tabby Jensen.

She regularly talked to the flowers as she tended to them. She would tell them about her day and her life and what she had planned for the week. They were the only friends that she had in her life but it wasn't an inconvenience to her, they would never hurt her. Would never cheat on her, but she realised that one day the flower would die and once again she would be alone.

Sun

Lucy loved the sun. she loved everything it represented. The way that everyone would go outside The way children would scream and giggle as they played together. Teenagers lounging around in the grass together snuggled up or reading. The smells of barbeque would waft around in the air and the local pools would open themselves up for pool parties.

Herself, she liked nothing more than going down the beach with a blanket and a book and enjoying the feeling of sand between her toes and the smell of the sea air. At the beach, she makes herself comfortable on the blanket and pulls the shades over her eyes. She places headphones into her ears and listens to the gentle beats of the music. She feels her eyes getting heavy and decides to close them for a few minutes.

She wakes and can feel a peculiar burning sensation to her skin. She doesn't understand, she had only fallen asleep for a few moments. She pulls her phone from her pocket and looks at the time. 14:35. She has been asleep for almost two hours. Looking at her skin she realises that she has blistered. She stands up slowly but her skin aches with searing pain. Painfully she makes her way home. On the way she decides to rethink her fondness of the sun.

Pillow

Don't you just love the feeling of your pillow at night? When the rest your head on it and it's swallowed by the softness? No? really? Well I do. There is nothing more satisfying to me than placing my head on my pillow and enjoying the comfort and support that it provides.

I particularly love being able to turn the pillow over on a warm summer's night and having the coldness against my skin. I sleep with my arms wrapped around the pillow, as if I need to protect it from something bigger that could take it away from me.

My pillow is my one luxury in life. The one thing that I look forward to coming home too. I paid a large sum for that comfort at night and I will keep it around. I walk upstairs, ready to climb into bed and rest my head.

But something is wrong, I see a trail of feathers outside my bedroom door. No, no, no I think to myself as I walk into the room. I let out a small scream as a pile of feathers is scattered around the room. The cat runs past me, in horror at being disturbed, feathers stuck to his fur. I always hated that damn cat!

Letter

It sits on the fireplace where it has sat for the past three weeks because I am terrified to send it. Too afraid to walk those few steps to her house to post it. I sit and watch her everyday but I am unable to tell her how I feel. She asks if I am dating anyone, I say no. she says anyone would be lucky to have me. That is the perfect moment for me to tell her how I feel, that the reason I wasn't dating anyone was because she was the one I was holding out for.

I've written my feelings down in the letter, explained that for the past year she has been the only person that I have had my eyes on. But I am not able to post it to her. It's like it's stuck inside the house and it cannot leave. I try and take it to her but it will not go. So it sits on my fireplace, sealed with "*Emily*" written neatly on the front.

Maybe one day I will find the courage to take the envelope past the front door. Maybe I will be able to post it. Maybe we could be happy together. Maybe.

Ghost

She is beautiful. I watch her from my garden as she bounds up and down the pathway. She radiates beauty, there is nothing more beautiful in this world than she. Her long blonde hair flows around her shoulders and bounces when she walks and there is a bounce in her step that makes the right parts of her body jiggle.

She disappears into the house and I watch as the front door closes gently behind her. I feel my heart sink as I realise that I do not know when I will see her next. She is an allusive person, she is rarely outside the house and when I do see her it is only for a few minutes at a time. But those few minutes are the highlights of my day.

I tried to find out more about her but no one seemed to know who she was. When I asked the neighbours they told me that nobody had lived in that house for two years, not since the last occupant had died. I told them that they were crazy. But the more I researched into the property the more I realised they weren't crazy. I was. In March 2010 a woman, named Lauren, died in the house opposite me. I found a picture and it resembled my girl. My girl. A ghost.

Job

I never liked my job. For years I sat at the same desk everyday, talking to the same people, typing the same information. Day in. Day out. I couldn't stand the job and I couldn't stand the people that worked there. And do not even get me started on my boss. Everyday she would walk past my desk without knowing who I am or even acknowledging me or what I do.

My colleagues treat me like dirt. They give me work and expect me to do it like I am some kind of machine. They don't ask me if I can do it, they automatically assume that I will do it. And being low on the ladder and bottom of the food chain I have no choice but to do it.

I say I am going to leave as they have had me for five years and it is time that I moved on. Found a place that appreciated me and the work that I do. I stare as my colleagues laugh and joke with each other and I can feel my hatred for them increasing. I needed to get away from this place.

My boss walks upto my desk. "Hi Richard" I'm shocked that she even knows my name. "I've heard what a great job you are doing. Keep it up" she smiles and walks back to her office.

I definitely hate my job.

Firework

The entire night sky filled up with brightly coloured sparks. The bang frightened her a little but she tries not to show it. She feels awe towards the fireworks. It was her first time seeing a professional display and she wished that it didn't have to end. Another firework was lit and cascaded into the sky.

Olivia claps and laughs with glee. Her parents smile at her as they watch the enjoyment on her face. Another bang and Olivia jumps slightly but continues to smile. A guy selling sparklers approaches them and Olivia asks her parents to buy her one. They tell her to be careful and to hold it correctly. She waves it around in the air and spells her name. The sparkler fizzes out and they show her where to dispose of it safely.

The finale of the firework display starts and Olivia makes her parents hold her up so she can see the ones on the ground. A large firework shoots into the sky and explodes into a hundred sparks of different colours.

Olivia cheers as the display ended. She tells her parents how much she enjoyed it and that she loved all the colours of the fireworks and that she wanted to watch it again. Her parents informed her that she would have to wait until the following year to watch them again. She feels her heart sink with disappointment, she doesn't want to have to wait a year.

Snow

The crisp white snow crunched beneath his feet. It was cold but he didn't have a jacket. He told himself that he didn't want one, that he wouldn't need one. It wasn't like he would be coming back anyway. He trudged along in the snow and thought about how he had allowed his life to become the way it had. His wife had left with his best friend, saying that he wasn't providing her with what she needed anymore. And he hated his job.

He wished that he could turn back time and change the things that his wife had said she couldn't deal with anymore. The snow settled on his clothes and started to melt causing it to soak through his clothes and making him shiver slightly. He wrapped his arms around himself but he continued to walk. He knew what he had to do and nothing was going to change his mind.

He bent down and scooped up some of the snow. Running his fingers through it he realised how much he was going to miss something so simple as snow. He reached his destination and stared at the ice cold water running stream. All he had to do was jump. Jump, and all his problems would disappear. He stepped closer to the edge, did he really want this? Was this really the answer? He could fix things, he wouldn't just give up. He turned to step away but tripped and plunged into the river.

Comics

My wife Hannah is unreasonable. Every night she gives me the same ultimatum before we go to sleep. Me or the comics. You see, I am obsessed (according to Hannah) with comic books. I love to collect them, no matter what they are. Most of my money goes towards purchasing comics and our garage (again Hannah) is filled with them, packed neatly in boxes and stored safely.

Hannah was beginning to become annoyed with my so-called obsession. We had been married for three years, together for five, and she had known about my comics when we had gotten together. I asked her why had she married me when she knew about the comics. She told me that she hoped I would have grown out of them by now. I explained it was nothing to do with age, it was more to do with the concept of them. I needed to buy them, it was a compulsion.

The final straw came when I used some of our savings to purchase a limited edition signed copy of Batman #147. An argument ensued when she found out I had spent £500 on it. "How could you Peter? We were saving that to start a family". She always wanted to start a family. "It's an addiction" I replied

"One that I have had enough of" she screamed "It's me or the comics".

Needless to say the comics are now back in the house and there is a lot more space in the bed.

Birthday

Steven hated birthdays, he had for a long time now. He avoided telling people when it was his birthday and hated it when they discovered it. He wasn't sure why he detested the day, maybe he was getting scared of growing old or he didn't like the fuss that people made, he wasn't sure. Just something about the day frightened him.

His birthday was the following day and he was dreading the party that he knew his mother was going to throw for him. She always did even though he begged and pleaded with her over and over not to throw him one and that he just wanted something quiet with the family.

"Don't be silly Steven, of course you want a party, all your friends will be there, it will be fun" Fun? What fun was there in playing childish games and eating too much food?

The time came for his birthday party and Steven took a deep breath as he made his way there. Everyone wished him happy birthday and passed him cards and presents, they played childish games and ate cake and danced to songs that Steven wished hadn't been made. To make things worse his mother kissed him in front of everyone.

"I cannot believe my big boy is seven today"

Wedding

This was it. Our big day. It had finally arrived. We had been planning it for such a long time, I couldn't believe that it was finally time. I couldn't wait to make you my bride. I love you so much and I wanted to prove that by spending the rest of my life with you.

I straightened up my suit. I had to make sure that I looked my best for you. You deserved the best and that was what I was going to give you. I couldn't wait to see you in your dress. Leaving the house, I made the way to the place where we would be getting married. Nerves began to shoot through my body. Pulling up outside I parked and took a deep breath as I made my way to you.

I wanted to see you, I needed to hold you in my arms. To make you mine forever. I knew you were the one for me as soon as I laid eyes on you and I knew that someday I was going to be marrying you. I took the dress out of the bag. I gently placed the bag on the floor and neatly put the dress on it. I picked it out for you and knew it would be perfect for you.

Reaching into the bag I pulled out the spade and began to dig. It wouldn't be long before I saw you again and could make you my wife.

Clowns

They surrounded her, mocking her and laughing. Janie screamed and tried to get away but she couldn't. She was unable to breathe as they were sucking the air from her. They pushed her down, their hands holding her down as she struggled.

"No, please don't" the tears were running down her cheeks "Why are you doing this to me?" Laughter was the response. They continued to hold her down whilst they muttered amongst themselves. They started to reach into their pockets and pulled out their makeup. They grinned and started to apply the makeup to her face. She squirmed and wriggled "Please stop"

"Don't move, it will be easier" they continued to draw on her. Janie gave up struggling, she was now theirs, there was nothing that she could do anymore. She laid still as the clowns continued to work on her. Once they had finished they pulled away and smiled.

"Welcome" one of the clowns smiled. The lead clown approached her and looked her over. He ran his fingers over her face "she's perfect" They escorted her to the closet and found her the perfect clothes. They pushed a mirror to her and allowed her to see her reflection. She would be their star attraction. The elusive female clown.

Home

Cold. Shiver. Wind.
Quiet. Nothing moves.
No rustling, no howling.
Darkness. Dim light.
Light reflects off car windows.

Silence. The fox snakes through the grass.
Cautious. Careful.
Ripping. Dragging.
Cans lay still on the road.
The bag's ripped open.
Fox leaves. Proudly.

Screeching. Slamming. Thudding.
Beeping as the door open.
Banging as it closes.
Thumping as he ascends.
Clunking as he fumbles with the key.
Clink as metal meets frame.

Cha-chunk, cha-chunk, cha-chunk.
Horns blare. Whizzes by.
Silence. Darkness.
Home.

Just A Dream

Why? If it means nothing then why?
Why do you give me that smile?
Why do you wrap me in your arms to say hello?
Why do we share glances from across the room?

You've told me no but I hear yes
You still give me those looks
You still hug me
We still share glances

I need you more than you know
I want to be in your arms
I want to feel your touch
I want to feel your lips

I need to move on
I cannot keep waiting
But then why do I always come back?
Why can't I find myself moving on?

You're etched on my mind
You won't go away
I can't get rid of you
You're always there
But you're never mine
You never will be

Just a dream
Always a dream
Never a reality

Untitled

Heart beats faster
Blood pumps quicker
Mouth goes dry
Knees go weak

Butterflies appear
Stomach goes empty
Legs shake
Skipped breaths

Eyes glaze
Lips shake
Tears fall
Nose runs

Body convulses
Fists ball
Tears sting
Knees collapse

Lying on floor
Tears rolling
Body shaking
Feeling empty

Hurt. Pain. Anger
Love. Happiness. Joy.
More hurt. More pain. More anger

Hand reaches out
Smiling
Tears stop

The Victim

Skin like mocha
Soft like silk
Warm like summer
Smell like lavender

He glides closer
Silent footsteps
Hunger building
Pain overwhelming

Fingers brush against her skin
She shudders
She cannot see
Pushes hair back
Neck is exposed

Smile graces his lips
Teeth protruding
Feels the pain
Feels the hunger

Kisses her neck
Blood flows
Feeding

She weakens
She drops, lifeless
Licks blood from lips
Escapes into darkness

This Is The Last Time

The nights are long
The days are short
You're always creeping
Inside my thoughts

Day and night
Night and day
I just wish they would
Go away

I need you gone
From my life
Seeing you cuts me
Like a knife

You cause me hurt
You cause me pain
This is the last time
Never Again!

I've gone away
To another place
Where I will not have
To see your face

The world is not easy
To live inside
This is the last time
That I have cried

Everything

Your skin like ice
Mine like fire
You're all I want
My hearts desire

Cold to touch
Skin like stone
Feels like electricity
Through all my bones

You're the predator
I'm the prey
Seeing you struggle
Kills me everyday

I love you
Even though you're a monster
But to me, you are everything
That I need
And more

What I Call Home

Trees Blowing
Winds Howling
Leaves Rustling

Cats Sleeking
Birds Flapping
Dogs Barking

Cars Roaring
Babies Crying
Music Playing

Starry Night
Full Moon
Streetlamps Glowing

This is what I call home

The Hunted

I'm the predator, you're the prey
I'm the hunter, you're the kill
You sustain me
Fill my hunger

Your blood runs through my veins
I feel your heart beating
As I lean closer
And press my lips
Against your neck

Your pulse races
Your breath increases
You become still, your body stiffens
My lips caress your neck
Feel the blood flowing
My teeth ache, I need to taste

I smell your hair. Strawberries
And your body smells of apples
My teeth gently pierce your skin
You gasp but you do not move

I bite harder, deeper
Feel your body relaxing against mine
Your blood flows through me
Making me feel alive

I hold you gently as I feed
Feel your body weaken
Hear your thoughts
Share my thoughts
We are one, we feed each other
Without you I am nothing
Without me you are powerless

I slowly retract, the blood seeps
Down your arm
You look but are not scared
There's no need to be afraid
You know I do not harm
I wipe my mouth
Need to stay clean
For the next process

I open my wrist
My blood seeps
Watch your mouth lower
Wrap around the wound

I hear you drink
Hear each gulp you take
Watch as you take my life
My essence, my being

You pull away, blood coats your lips
You wipe it away
Feel your body strengthening
Awaken with my blood
You feel strong
You feel powerful

You smile at me
I smile back
You won't remember me
No one does, no one can

I am invisible, I am your nightmare
I am hunted, I am death
I run my fingers down your arm
You shudder, your skin reacts
It knows my touch
It knows my scent
Though you cannot remember me

You will always feel me
Always sense me
I am here
I am there
I can watch you
I can taste you

You ask me not to go
But I must
I fade into the darkness
Where I am safe
You look for me
Try to feel me
But you cannot
You touch your neck

Your eyes widen

From the darkness you hear thank you

But do not know why

But I will always remember you

Will always feel you

You gave me life

Gave me essence

So for that

I thank you

Jealousy

I watch you with her from across the room
Watch you wrap your arms around her
Watch you place a soft kiss upon her lips
Watch as she giggles at your jokes
Watch as she smiles back when you smile at her

I sit and watch from across the room
As she runs her finger across your skin
As you whisper something into her ear
Causing her to blush

I watch as the two of you get up
You help her with her coat
You take her hand
You leave the room

A small tear runs down my cheek
I fight them back
I know I am better for you than her
But you don't even know me
You don't know my name
Or that I even exist
So I just sit back
And watch you with her

Nobody

He sat in the corner of the room.

No one noticed him.

No one saw him crying.

No one cared that he held a sharp piece of glass to his wrist.

No one stopped him as he ran glass over the vein in his wrist

No one helped him as he began to bleed.

No one noticed that he began to slip away.

No one heard his last plea for help.

No one noticed as he slipped away.

He was a nobody.

Just someone that people could hurt, abuse, beat, spit on as they walked by.

But no more.

He had finally become somebody