

## *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 it 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.*

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