

Kidnapped My Heart

Chapter One

My name is Kourtney Lynn Akers. I'm sixteen and I have one younger sister. I live with my mother, who got remarried when I was fifteen. My father remarried when I was eight. I haven't talked to him since. I'm in the eleventh grade and I don't have a boyfriend. I am very athletic and I am on the track team. I'm the fastest runner on the team. I make pretty close to straight A's and I'd consider myself popular. I have a pretty large circle of friends. I was homecoming queen this year and helped with the float, I was on in the parade. My best friend is Charlette Amber Daniels. We've been friends since the seventh grade. She's like a sister to me. She was the one who talked me into taking creative writing class, so you all can thank her for that. She even helped me write this. She's a much better writer than me.

And so read my first assignment for my creative writing class. The assignment was to tell all about ourselves in a single paragraph. I have a slight problem writing about myself. I'm not good at crawling into my own brain and pulling out my history, my likes, my hobbies, and so on, but I managed a little something because the paper was due today and I had to read it in front of the class

"Kourtney," Miss Evans called.

I walked up to the front of the room, masked my nervous edge with a wonderful façade of confidence, and plowed through the fairly short paragraph with ease. "Very good, Ms. Akers" Miss Evans said. I nodded and handed her my paper.

This was my last class of the day and I was lucky enough to be the last person to present. There were about five minutes left until the final bell, so being the cool teacher she is, Miss Evans let us talk for the remainder of the period.

When the bell rang I was the first one out of my seat, I was the second out the door and the first to my section of lockers. I put up my notebook, which was all that was required for the class, that and a pencil, and got my bag. I checked my hair and makeup in my locker mirror before heading out to my paint splattered, bug.

I decided on taking a trip to the mall, my mother wouldn't mind, she had to work late anyway. I shopped around for a few hours before heading to the food court. It wasn't as crowded as normal, but when I got my food I snagged a table towards the back anyway.

I was just about finished with my meal, when a pale, blue eyed, boy sat down at my table, across from me. "Hello, there," I said studying him. He had long black hair that sort of hung in his eyes and his body type was long and lean. He had a small scar on his left cheek. He looked like a pretty average guy. No one I would ever look twice at.

"Hi, mind if I sit here?" He asked surprisingly polite.

"Do I have a choice?"

He laughed a dry almost humorless laugh, "No, you don't."

"Okay then." I eyed him suspiciously and finished eating.

He seemed really occupied with his phone until I stood up, my chair scraped across the floor hurting my, beyond, sensitive ears and his too apparently. He jumped up.

"Where are you going?" He asked sounding worried.

"Well, strange boy, as fun as this has been, I'm done eating and I am going home," I said picking up my tray.

"My name is Tyler. What is your name?"

"Listen, Tyler, did one of your buddies dare you, or did they make a bet that you had to talk to the prettiest girl in the food court?" I asked impatiently.

"Something like that," he said with a slight trace of a smirk, "I believe you did not answer my question."

"Kourtney," I said, walking away. I disposed of my tray and headed for the exit into the main parking lot.

When I was pulling out, I noticed Tyler leaned against a car, I'm assuming was his, watching me. He creeped me out, his bottomless blue eyes seemed to pierce right through me. I shuddered and turned onto the main road.

I stopped by Kroger to rent a movie that I would most likely watch alone. I stood waiting in the never ending line for the RedBox. Eventually, I got up to the machine and scrolled through the small selection twice before finding a suitable movie. I selected it then swiped my credit card. The machine was unusually slow at spitting out my movie and I began searching the parking lot, out of bored curiosity, mistake number one.

I saw those familiar pair of blue eyes were trained on me. I began to wonder if he was stalking me. A bone chilling shiver rolled down my spine and I quickly turned to face the machine. It spit my movie out finally and I snatched it out of the dispensing tray. I thought maybe if I went into Kroger long enough he would get the message and leave me alone.

Once inside, I went to the one isle I knew he wouldn't dare follow me into. No guy in their right mind would, the feminine isle. I pretended to browse there for a while and moved to the dog food isle, somewhere else I thought unlikely.

Finally, I went outside feeling it was safe and realized it was dark, mistake number two. I made it halfway to my bug when he approached me. I gave him a worried glance and kept walking. No one else was in the parking lot and I was terrified. That was mistake number three.

He ran in front of me and blocked any chance of escape. He then proceeded to jerk me up by my shirt and pin me to my bug. I had no idea what his plans were, but I knew I had no chance in fighting him, so I decided to let him do what was on his dirty agenda and maybe just maybe he wouldn't kill me. I should have screamed.

I waited for him to tear at my clothes, but all he did was rip the neck of my turtle neck. He dipped his head down and pressed his lips to my neck. 'What a sick-o' I thought, but he didn't kiss my neck. He searched up and down until he found the spot he was looking for and opened his mouth. He bit me and then it hit me.

He. Was. A. Vampire. And there was a good chance that. I. Would. Not. Survive.

It didn't feel like I thought it would. It didn't hurt; it wasn't really the greatest feeling ever either. Just numb. He latched on and began draining me of my precious blood. I just felt numb, my eyes rolled up into my head, and I sagged against him. He put one hand on the back of my neck to hold me head up and steadied the rest of my body with the other hand.

I heard a ding from far away and a voice that seemed even further away. I heard the voice shout "Hey mate, what are you doing?"

His head jerked slightly in the voice's direction, that motion ripping my skin. That stung. My neck felt warm and gooey as my blood seeped down my neck. "Leave her alone, mate!" The voice threatened, getting closer. The voice was running towards me. I heard the owner's feet slapping against the pavement.

He dropped me and ran. I collapsed to the ground. My head bounced off the cool pavement slightly causing my teeth to rattle and I shut my eyes tightly.

"Hey, Kourtney! Kourtney, are you okay?" the voice got closer and I recognized it, "Oh, my God, Kourtney, what did he do to you?"

It was Stephen, my very Australian, friend. I slurred, "I'll be okay just a little scratch. He pulled a knife on me. That's all."

He pulled me into his lap and pressed a torn piece of his shirt to my neck. "That is a big deal, Kourtney. That bloke could have killed you!"

"But he didn't," I said. I knew I couldn't tell Stephen he was a vampire because, well, he wouldn't believe me. No one would. Well, maybe my grandmother would but that

wouldn't help me now.

"You're right," He said knowing better to argue with me.

"Thank you for saving me," I said tiredly. I realized for the first time just how drained I felt.

"No problem, Kourt. Let me drive you to the hospital, okay?"

My eyes flew open, "No!" I shouted my eyes widening. I could not go to the hospital. I just could not.

"But-"

"No, no, no. Take me home," I said shaking my head. It hurt.

"Okay, calm down. I'll take you home and then your mum can decide whether you need to go. How's that?"

"Yeah, that's fine," I said shutting my eyes and I sagged in his lap, falling into a deep sleep. The last thing that passed through my mind was my creative writing paper.

My name is Kourtney Lynn Akers. I'm sixteen and I have one younger sister. I live with my mother...

Chapter Two

My eyes fluttered open and the first face I saw was my moms. "She's awake," she called over her shoulder to her husband, James.

"Can I have some water?" I asked in a small voice. I scanned the room. Kennedy, my little sister, was there and I was sprawled across the couch.

I heard James get some water from the fridge, and then he dug around in a drawer, to get a straw I assumed. Then he handed it to her. I was right, there was a bendy straw.

"Here you go honey. Feeling any better?" she asked handing me the glass. I took a long drink.

"Yes," I said my voice almost sounding normal. "How long have I been asleep?" I took another drink and did a quick body assessment. Nothing was broken, but I realized I had thick gauze taped to my neck. James' doing I'm sure, considering he is a nurse.

"Two days," Mom said softly. She brushed my damp hair out of my face.

"No wonder I was so thirsty," I thought out loud.

Mom gave a strained chuckle. "Are you hungry? Do you think you can eat?"

"Yes and, yes." My stomach growled in agreement. Kennedy bounded down the hall to her room and Mom got up to go to the kitchen with James on her heels. "I'm going to take a shower," I called to my mom as she started cooking.

I got up slowly, still feeling pretty weak from the blood loss and hunger. I padded carefully down the stairs, to my room. I grabbed my toiletries and headed into the bathroom. I pulled the curtain back, turned on the hot water, and stripped.

I scrubbed away the dried blood from my neck and hair watching it pool up in sadistic little puddles before swirling down the drain. I hated the smell of dried blood it made my empty stomach turn. After I was clean I dried off and wrapped towel around my head before inspecting my wounds. I pulled the tape back carefully fearing it would hurt, and let out a shocked gasp. There were fading large angry pink lines, from where his teeth tore my skin. But that's just it, they were just lines. It looked as though it happened weeks ago and not two days ago.

"Kourtney," Mom called from the top of the stairs, "Your food is ready."

"I'll be right there," I said barely loud enough for her to hear. Distractedly, I stared at the

lines for a few more seconds and then fastened the gauze-and-tape Band-Aid back.

I walked into my room and rummaged through my drawers until I found a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. Then went upstairs, quietly thinking about my wounds, and guessing it must be the venom.

I ate as much as I could without gorging myself and asked to be excused. I told my mom I was going to tell all my friends that I was okay and awake, but I really just turned on music and tried to block out the horrific events of the last few days.

* * * * *

I checked my wounds periodically over the next few days and they were completely healed. I decided to pay Grandma a visit. She had told me stories when I was little and not your average stories either. They were stories about the women in our family and in other families. Stories I disregarded until now, because if vampires are real then what she said has to be true.

"Hola, cachorro," My grandma greeted me in her native tongue. I remembered something I forgot to add to my creative writing paper, that I was Hispanic and that my nickname was cachorro which means cub.

"Hola, Abuela," I replied. "I need to talk to you."

"About what, novio?" She asked, noticing the gauze I wore as a pretense. "What happened?" She asked concerned.

"I'll explain in a minute. Do you have a fire going?" I asked slipping my jacket off and hanging it on the coat rack.

"Yes, I do, novio. Come in, come in"

I took a seat on the rug in front of the fire and she sat in the rocking chair beside me.

"Abuela, you're going to think I'm crazy," I began. She shook her head and signaled for me to continue.

She listened to what I had to say without interrupting and when I was done she said, "Well, cachorro, do you remember the stories I told you when you were little?"

"Vaguely," I admitted.

"Every other generation of women in our family turns into a powerful werewolf. There are about five families that do too. The women do because they are strong willed, brave, think things out, and don't pick petty fights- when it matters -like men do," She told me bluntly with no preamble.

"Oh, yeah, now I remember. Are you saying those stories are true, Grandma?"

She nodded.

"I'm guessing I'm the next one?"

She nodded.

"Does Mom know?"

"No, Teresa doesn't know."

"How does this apply to my bite? And how fast it's healing? Isn't it the vampire's venom?"

"No, cachorro, it's the werewolf in you. The Vampires venom should have no effect on you."

"Oh. When will I change?"

"Your next birthday."

"Which is Christmas!" I realized gulping. Realizing what she said, my head started spinning. I had a million questions and no idea how to ask them. "Will I be a werewolf all the time?"

"No, only for three reasons: If you're outside at night during a Full Moon, when you're absolutely furious, and when the temperature is below freezing."

"Will I be able to have children?"

"Yes, when you haven't changed in at least one month you will be able to conceive, but if you change, while you're pregnant, you will lose the child. But you won't be pregnant any time soon, will you?" She asked me seriously.

I shook my head, "Of course not, Grandma. I'm only sixteen going on seventeen and besides I don't even have a boyfriend."

"Good. Any more questions?"

"Not that I can think of at the moment."

"Well of you think of anything I'll be in the kitchen, I'm going to make some hot chocolate. I bet you feel like you can't warm your bones up, don't you?"

"Exactly, is that part of being a werewolf?"

"It means the Change is upon you," she explained getting up and walking in the kitchen.

I turned towards the fire, pulled my legs up, and wrapped my arms around my knees. I laid my head on my knees and shut my eyes thinking. I thought of my paper and wondered where I could fit in that I was about to turn into a werewolf. Maybe after I said I was sixteen. I could have said; I'm sixteen going on seventeen going on werewolf. I'm sure Miss Evans would thoroughly enjoy that. It sounds pretty creative to me.

Me a werewolf. Who would have thought it? A pretty, smart, girl who was homecoming queen her junior year, will be werewolf her senior year. I'm usually lucky, obviously. I win all kinds of things so why did I lose? Why did I suddenly get dealt a crappy hand?

I kept on thinking like this until Grandma tapped me on the shoulder and handed me a steaming mug of hot chocolate. I took a drink and felt it seep through my bones, warming them. I now realized how thirsty I was. After I finished the cup I was still thirsty.

I made up a bogus excuse that she bought and went home. I don't know why thought, I was safer at Grandmas. She knew things.

I drank three bottles of water and my thirst subsided a bit so I went to bed, thinking about my creative writing paper.

My name is Kourtney Lynn Akers. I'm sixteen.. Going on seventeen going on the mystical creature known as oh I don't know a werewolf..

Chapter Three

My senses were growing more and more acute during the week. Being thirsty all the time hadn't improved either. I just pinned it on being werewolf because my birthday was so close, but on Friday I recognized something strange.

I had been able to hear my heart beat since the third day, but Friday my heart seemed to get weak. It stuttered and stopped for a moment and then it was barely audible and it beat few times per minute. I was sure this was not normal.

I texted grandma knowing she would have the answer.

No novio that's not normal ur heart should b strong as a horse and beating even faster than b4. Is there ne thing else odd going on?

Yeah, I've been really thirsty. What is going on abuela?

How long ago were u bitten by that vamp?

It was a week ago, last Friday why?

U have 2 find that vamp. I think ur becoming 1

Are you serious?

Yes Kourtney I wouldn't joke about these kinds of things.

She called me Kourtney, she must be serious. Well great now not only am I werewolf, but now I'm turning into a vampire. I guess I won't be going to the Winter Formal this weekend. I'll be vampire hunting.

Chapter Four

I decided on Saturday to go to the places I saw the vampire. If only I could remember his name. The piercing blue eyes and the pale skin, I remember, but not his name. Tyrone, no, he wasn't black. Taylor, no, that's not it. Tyler, yes, it was Tyler alright.

I got in my car and drove warily to the mall. Once I was inside, I took a deep breath and went to the food court. I went to the middle of the large, square room and looked around. Even in my hearts weak state it thudded and went into over drive when I saw a boy from behind. He was about the same height and I think the hair color was right.

I wove through people and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and my heart stopped briefly, but returned to normal when I saw it wasn't him.

His face twitched into a smile. "Well, hello, there. How can I help you?"

I shook my head, "Sorry, I thought you were someone else."

"I can be whoever you want me to be."

"Wow, that's the cheesiest line I've heard in a long time," I said to his face and headed back to the parking lot.

He wasn't at the mall so maybe he would be at Kroger. I wished I knew more about him like where he hangs out, or even where he lives would be helpful. It would be beyond helpful actually, but I've never seen him at school and I don't have his last name.

I circled the parking lot. I was unsuccessful. I parked to return my majorly late RedBox movie. I hadn't been out of the house, except to see Grandma, since I had my encounter with Tyler. Even his name made my gut twist and plunge.

I walked into Kroger and browsed around trying to find him, but I still had no luck. I decided to try going to the park tomorrow to search for him.

* * * * *

When I arrived at the park it was unusually early, and I was loaded up on coffee. I sat on a bench and wore dark sunglasses and a nice, warm, puffy parka and my hair was slicked back in a neat ponytail. I felt like a P. I.

I scanned through the random crowds of people. There was an elderly man sitting on the bench opposite me, feeding the birds with wonder bread. They surrounded him in flocks, looking like a scene straight out of a movie. There was a couple laying on a blanket

making out hard core. And there were old people with their arms linked walking on the path.

After a few hours I was losing my buzz so I began walking down the path through the park. I stared up at the trees, mostly, but had my ears on full alert. I loved how they were barren and snow covered. Central Park is always such a beautiful place in the winter.

It started getting dark and if you're a fan of movies you know what goes on after dark in this lovely park. The difference is like black and white.

It was getting darker and darker with every passing minute and I saw two figures moving towards me. This I did not like. I kept my head down and kept my pace. I thought about turning tail and running, but I knew I wouldn't be fast enough.

We started getting closer to one another and I knew that they weren't going to leave me alone. This might end with me bloody and broken. That's a grim outlook, but what can I say I'm a romantic.

They were now just a few foot steps away from me and I could now make out that one was tall and blonde, the other was shorter with a reddish tint to his hair. Then all of a sudden the tall blonde one rushed me as quickly as Tyler had and pinned me down. My head banged against the concrete and my eyes shut briefly, but then they flashed open and I was on my feet in a low crouch, my teeth bared, before Blondie could react. I let a low feral growl out. Blondie jumped back a few paces.

The shorter red-haired one said, "This must be the girl that Tyler left. She wasn't dead like he thought."

"I think you're right, Micah. She looked so tasty too," He said licking his lips getting a good laugh from Micah.

I just stared at them blankly. "I guess I am. Tyler sure thought so. Too bad he didn't finish me off," I spat not even thinking about it.

He snarled, "You've got a mouth on you don't you? Have you figured out what you are, yet?" He asked slumping into a loose crouch.

"That I'm a vampire! Did your precious Tyler also know that on Christmas I will change into a werewolf?" I immediately regretted giving out that tad bit of information.

He knocked me down with a swift kick to the gut. "You're a what?"

I swallowed, not taking it back now. "Werewolf! It's in my blood."

"Impossible," He said holding me down with his foot on my rib cage. That felt amazing, not.

"Obviously not. I bet if you smell my blood carefully you can smell it!" I grabbed his ankle and twisted hard in an attempt to get him off me.

He, apparently, did not like that and delivered a crushing blow to the rib cage again. I gasped for air and coughed up a little blood, apparently I was still a little human. "That wasn't smart little girl. I do smell a strange quality to it," he said looking at the red-haired boy.

"I told you," I said looking over at the red-haired boy, Micah, and tried giving him a pleading look. My adrenaline was wearing off I guess and I wanted this to be over.

"Let up, Vance. We don't want her dead! I can hold restrain her and you can ask questions."

"Good point," he said to Micah then he turned back to me, "Lucky for you girl."

I let a low growl, from my belly, seep out. He just jerked me up and threw me at Micah. I was not as strong as them, yet, and I felt hurt and tired. I just wanted this to be over. Micah wrapped his strong arms around my wrists, careful to steer clear of my, surely bruised, rib cage. I was thankful for that. He didn't seem as hot tempered which was odd with him being a red head and all.

I leaned against Micah tiredly and tilted my head back. "Do you know where I can find Tyler? I need to talk to him."

He just snorted, "Did you really think we were going to let you go just like that?" He asked harshly.

"I didn't know what you were going to do with me, jerk."

"Easy," Micah whispered just barely loud enough for me to hear, even with my heightened senses.

"We are going to take you to Tyler," he said through his teeth. He waved his hand dismissively. "Micah, you take her to the car I'm still getting my meal."

"Okay." He picked me up and I could tell he was thinking about slinging me over his shoulder for a second and then remembered my, probably fractured, ribs and carried me bridal style to the car. I just leaned against his chest.

"Why don't you put up a fight?"

"I wanted to see Tyler any way and I don't have it in me at the moment. I'm feeling a little drained."

"You are getting bags under your eyes have you hunted yet?"

I blinked at him, "Hunted?"

"You're a changing into a vampire, honey, you need to hunt."

"Hunt what? Humans?"

"Yes, well, if you're not comfortable with that you can live off of animals. Don't say anything, but that's what I do sometimes."

"I have no idea how to hunt."

"Either Tyler or I will teach you. I think it will be fun having a girl in our coven. "

"Coven?" I asked him confused.

"That's a name for a group of vampires. Don't you know anything about vampires at all?"

I felt stupid, "Not really, just that they drink blood, can't be in sunlight, and sleep in coffins." I admitted.

He laughed so hard he almost dropped me. "Have you been reading you're Bram Stoker?"

"No, I'm guessing you guys are different?"

"Good guess, we can go out in light. Has your eyes been bothering you while you were in the sun?"

I remembered my dark glasses. They weren't just to keep me semi-disguised, the sun killed my head. I nodded.

"It just makes us really uncomfortable and while we are still changing it gives us headaches. I suppose it still does once we do, but you feel pain in a different way once you change."

"Oh."

"We only sleep for a few hours, so no crazy coffins or anything like that. We obviously need blood to survive, but it doesn't have to be fresh or human. We don't have to kill our prey. We also have a toxin in our tongues that if we lick the wound the venom won't spread through the body and make them a vampire. I guess Tyler didn't get to do that?"

"No, my friend saw what he was doing, well what he thought he was doing, and came running."

"What exactly does he think happened?"

"That Tyler was trying to rape me and I wouldn't cooperate so he pulled a knife on me."

"Oh, why didn't you tell the truth?" We were at the car and he opened the door with one hand and set me down.

"I had to. He would think I was crazy. I thought I was crazy. I also sort of wanted.. wanted to protect him from knowing that these things really exist," I said slipping in the back seat.

"Did you know before?" He asked, slipping in beside me and shutting the door.

"My grandma told me stories about werewolves, but I disregarded them until I realized Tyler was a vampire."

"Oh."

I was very tired. I laid my head in his lap and went to sleep. My mind drifted on my paper.

Sixteen going on seventeen going on werewolf going on vampire

Chapter Five

The ride wasn't that long, but maybe that's because I slept the whole way. I woke up in Micah's strong arms, feeling a little more rested; he was carrying me down a long dark tunnel.

"Where are we going?" I asked barely above a whisper.

"To our home." He said it like I was an idiot, but how was I supposed to know it would be underground?

"I can walk."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah."

He sat me down carefully and I staggered at first because I was stiff from sleep, but I was fine after a few steps.

Vance didn't seem to notice me, which I was thankful for, so I kept close my Micah's side. The tunnel seemed stretch on forever and then finally we came upon downward steps. Vance jumped down gracefully landing on the balls of his feet, in a low crouch. Micah followed him in the same manor.

"You can jump and I'll catch you," Micah hollered up to me.

"Okay," I said unsure. I took a few steps backward and then ran forward, pulling my legs up underneath me. He caught me with an oof and set me on my feet.

"Why are you so nice to the girl?" Vance hissed.

"Because she never did anything to me to deserve otherwise," Micah hissed back. Vance growled at him and pushed forward.

We walked a little further, then we took a left and the tunnel opened up into a huge, dimly lit room. Tyler was lounging on a black sofa watching a movie of some sort. "Ah, so nice of you to join us, Kourtney," he greeted without looking away from the TV.

"I needed to talk to you," I stated aggressively. I knew that's the only way I'd be able to do this.

"Oh, is that so? Well, I am all ears," he said standing up and walking over to me.

"Did you know that I'll be a werewolf?" I asked in a rush.

"What?" He said his calm manor shifted.

"I haven't changed yet, but it's in my blood. I will change on Christmas."

"I can't believe it.."

"Well, I am."

He sniffed around causing his eyes widened. He obviously smelled it. "Tell me what I need to know about being a vampire, if or when I change all the way I need to know what's going on. Micah filled me in on the sun and sleep and a touch on hunting."

He took a few steps backwards creating a normal speaking distance. "There's not much else, except we have super speed, super strength, and excellent vision and hearing."

"When do I finish changing?"

"In another week."

"What will happen when I do?"

"I have no idea," he admitted. His cool demeanor was reforming, but not as confident as before.

I sighed. "That's crap."

"No one's ever been so careless to bite a werewolf before," Vance spat.

Tyler was on Vance in a second flat. He slammed him onto the hard ground. Then in a flash Vance had Tyler in a chokehold up against the wall. They fought it out at a super human pace, too fast for human eyes; I was barely able to keep up. And as quickly as it started it ended. Tyler straightened into a normal stance and adjusted his shirt, "I am truly sorry for our barbaric behavior, it was terribly rude."

"I think I have all the information I need, and I know where to find you if I need anything else. So I'll be going now," I said backing towards the door.

"Ah, ah, ah, my dear, you aren't leaving. You are a part of our coven now."

"I can't just leave my family, my friends, my school! I might be part vampire and maybe werewolf, but I can't leave all that! I still need my education! I'm not planning on living in shadows my whole life I want to be out there in the world!"

"We will give you until you fully change into a vampire to be with your family and friends, but then you will have to come live with us. If you turn into a wolf then you are free to leave."

"Fair enough," I said crossing my fingers behind my back.

"See you Friday, Kourtney," he said bowing and then returning to his movie. Vance was licking his wounds in the corner of the room, figuratively of course.

I booked it out of there and then I was running through the tunnel, up the stairs, through the next tunnel, and finally outside. I hailed a cab and arrived home around midnight.

Everyone was asleep by that time so I, grabbed a bottle of water, and crept down to my room and crawled into bed.

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