

Dark Pleasures: Sleeping with a Vampire

Confessions of a girl dating a vampire.

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The Beginning

12/01/2010

I love him but I have to tell someone.

The Sighting

03/13/2011

Some days I wish I never met him. He's been the reason for so much hurt and pain. But I can't imagine my life without him.

I found myself at a club down in the valley, one night in March. Three years ago.

The entry to the club was via an unmarked door which led to a dark narrow stone path. Another heavy wooden door was a couple of metres down from the entranceway with an unmanned counter tucked in the corner. There were a number of security cameras mounted above the wooden door. As soon as we arrived a young attractive girl came to the counter and checked a security monitor before escorting us through.

The place was packed with ordinary young trendy people. The club had a large dance floor and two levels of exotic plush seating with private booths. The building hadn't seemed this big from the outside. From the second level you could look down onto the crowd from a glass function room which seemed to overhang the dance floor below. We ordered drinks and decided to check out what was upstairs.

I was walking up the stairs holding onto the railing with one hand, drink in the other, looking through the glass window of the function room. There was a private bar and a small group of people in the room. Standing close to the window was a tall, handsome man with dark unruly hair which came down to his jaw. In that second as I observed him, he looked up from the person he was talking to. He looked straight at me. Even though we were a fair distance apart I knew he had seen me. I smiled and continued walking up the stairs. I didn't see him for the rest of the night but for some reason I knew I would be seeing him again. Oh my, if only I had known.

The Encounter

05/21/2011

I saw him again. He is so beautiful. Beautiful is not a word I usually use to describe men. But he is beautiful.

Needless to say the club became our regular haunt. My friends came for the drinks while I was secretly hoping to see him again. We went a number of times but he didn't seem to be around. I don't know why he had made such an impression on me - I had only seen him for a couple of seconds.

Then finally one night we were standing chatting near the dance floor. I spotted him in the crowd walking towards us. I couldn't look away. He was looking down and his dark brown hair fell in unruly waves onto his face. All I remember was that he was wearing a dark casual jacket and jeans, looking effortlessly handsome. He was hurriedly weaving his way through the crowd without touching anybody. As he got within a metre of me he looked up and smiled. I only briefly noticed that he had light coloured eyes. I moved out of the way for him as he walked past. I turned around but he had already disappeared into the crowd.

My friend had noticed him too. She said that he looked familiar and he might be in a local band. Perfect. I had to meet him.

The Meeting

08/04/2011

Men usually pursue me, so this endeavour was a first. But maybe it wasn't all an accident ...

Several weeks later I was on my way home from college, walking past a local music venue called The Theatre. A small group of teenagers dressed in black were hanging about outside the side entrance. They were probably hoping to catch a glimpse of the band playing tonight. A white rental van had just entered the parking lot and three or four men got out of the van. I wondered who it was but I couldn't see through the gathering crowd. Curious, I moved closer. A girl near the fence shouted out to the band. One of the men near the van turned around, laughed and waved at us. It was him. I froze.

It took me a couple of seconds to compose myself. I didn't want him to see me so I walked back around to the main entrance of The Theatre. My mind was racing. Of all places I see him here just as I'm walking past?! What a strange coincidence. Should I go to the concert...on my own? The security guard at the entrance broke through my thoughts.

"Do you have your ticket?"

I shook my head. He pointed to the ticket counter inside and proceeded to usher me in. I guess my decision had been made.

The air was cool inside and the smell of alcohol and intermingling perfume hung in the air. I had been to The Theatre before. It was a beautiful, art deco style refurbished theatre. There was an old world charm to it with several chandeliers and a wrought iron mezzanine level. A crowd had already gathered at the front of the stage so I headed up to the mezzanine. It didn't take long for the lights to dim and the band came on stage. They were playing as first support tonight.

Surprise, surprise he was the lead singer. It was the first time I was able to take a better look at him, albeit from further away. The first thought that came to mind was "He is beautiful." I thought it was strange that I kept referring to him in that way. He was wearing black denim pants with a white long sleeved dress shirt unbuttoned at the top. The white shirt contrasted well with his dark curly hair. I tried to guess how old he was. It was far away but I thought he seemed in his late twenties. He was charming and fascinating to watch. The rest of his band sort of blended in the background.

I was standing near the railing above the stage near an upstairs bar. It was a good vantage point. I realized I was one of the few people in the audience wearing a pale pink tshirt which stood out against all the black. At one point a girl bumped into me and managed to spill her drink down the front of my shirt. I found myself looking down my top trying to dry up the mess. Right then I knew he was watching me. I looked up and he was smirking at me. He had one hand on the mic stand and his head tilted to the side, his wavy hair falling onto his face. He looked breathtaking under the stage lights. He was singing the song up to me. We didn't break eye contact for a couple of seconds until I finally looked away. I grinned. Up until that point he hadn't acknowledged me - but just at that moment he did. Had he seen me all along? Sneaky bastard!

They didn't play for very long and most of the patrons weren't there to see them which is a shame. His voice was amazing...it was so liquid, silky and seductive. It almost felt real; touchable and intimate. Before they walked off stage he said, "We will be sticking around for the rest of the show. Come and say hi to us." I didn't know if I wanted to talk to him. I didn't even know why I had come here in the first place! I decided to head to the bathrooms to freshen up and then head home. This had already become a long enough detour and I needed to finish working on a paper that was due the next day.

This time I was walking down the stairs from the mezzanine level heading towards the exit. He was standing near the doorway with a drink in hand, talking to a male fan. He casually looked up from the conversation and saw me before coolly looking back down. Fine. This was all a glorious waste of time. I moved towards the door. He was suddenly standing alongside me. He turned in front of me and smiled warmly, his body language open. "Hi."

I was looking up at him. He was only slightly taller than me but I was wearing high heel boots. The first thing that struck me were his eyes. They were a dark vivid shining blue. So blue that when I finally managed

to look away it felt like that blue had been burned into my retinas the way the sun does when you stare directly at it. I looked back up at him. His face was young and handsome but he somehow looked a lot older up close than I thought he should be. I couldn't quite figure out why but it was those eyes. I could sense that he felt me scrutinising him and there was a hint of sorrow to it.

I finally said "Hi."

"Are you leaving so soon?" His voice was just as smooth and seductive as when he sang. But it had a hint of that well travelled European accent.

"Yeah. I have a busy schedule tonight. Great performance though."

I then realised that made me look like a super stalker as I'd only come to see his band/him.

"Thank you," he said smiling flirtatiously. I found myself smiling back.

"Will I see you at our next show?" he asked, his incredible blue eyes lighting up. "When is your next gig?"

"Well, we are actually taking a break for a while. We plan to tour again next year."

"Oh." I tried to hide my disappointment. He sensed it and moved a little closer towards me. The energy between us was intense. He leaned in and whispered, "I hope to see you at our next show." I looked back up into his eyes. To my surprise they seemed different, darker and more wilful. I suddenly felt warm and my heart began to race. It scared me. I mentally shook myself free and pushed backwards. "Thanks. I've got to go." I felt like I had just snapped out of a trance and for some reason it hurt. He looked away and then looked back. His face was normal, pleasant and friendly. "See you soon," he said with a charming smile. "Bye" and with that I walked out the door and into the night. I didn't look back.

I wasn't sure what had just happened. Had I imagined it? The thought "vampire" did cross my mind. But vampires don't exist and vampires aren't real - right?

The Sabbatical

10/05/2011

I didn't see him again for a long time but his deep blue eyes kept haunting me.

I would have dreams of meeting him somewhere exotic and gazing into those shining beautiful eyes. The dreams affected me deeply when I woke up. They usually felt so real and I couldn't stop thinking about it. The other thing I noticed was that he also had some strange familiarity to him that I couldn't pinpoint. A familiarity ... not because I'd seen him before but I felt like I knew him from somewhere ... a really long time ago. But that was impossible. I would have been a child and he would have been around the same age as he is now.

I kept researching into déjà vu, but it didn't seem to fit. I wasn't reliving a certain event ... it was 'him' that felt so familiar to me. But the familiarity

feeling only started after that conversation. Plus the hypnotic attraction was still left unexplained.

Was he a vampire? Curiosity got the better of me and I started reading about vampirism, the countless types of vampires and stories of those professing to be vampires/vampyres. But I didn't remember him having any canine teeth plus he was drinking alcohol - it was alcohol, right?? It was all getting a little surreal. All I knew was that he had affected me deeply and I didn't know why. But I didn't see him again for another eight months. And in the mean time I kept having those vivid dreams.

The Dreams

10/22/2011

The dreams kept coming at least once every couple of weeks. It was strange and real. I could even feel and touch objects in these dreams.

I normally didn't dream so vividly and clearly but all of a sudden in these dreams I could see my surroundings in detail. The carvings in the wooden furniture, the heavy golden chandeliers and silk bedding ... I don't know why but there always seemed to be a bedroom in the dream.

In one particular recurrent set of dreams the sun was beginning to set and I was lying on my back on a large bed with cream colored silk sheets. I was looking up at the ceiling at the golden crystal lights hanging down above me. The crystals broke the evening sun into beautiful colors reflecting the light spectrum across the large bedroom. I felt happy and content. I looked to my right. He was lying on the bed along side me, casually propped up on one elbow. His wavy hair spilling over one shoulder of his expensive looking white dress shirt which was unbuttoned at the top...very similar to how I had last seen him. The evening sun filtered through the window of the bedroom and made his naturally dark curls reflect auburn and golden highlights. It was striking to look at. He was gazing at me with those dark tanzanite blue eyes.

Although the bed was large, he was lying close enough for me to reach out and touch him. I didn't seem to mind his company and didn't feel threatened being so close to him.

Strangely, although I can remember the setting in detail our conversations have become a blur. I would usually ask why I was here with him. He would answer that he wanted the company or I didn't object to it. I would often also ask where we were. He would say an apartment in Stockholm and there were important matters for him to attend to which seemed to trouble him. For some reason I didn't question or find his answers odd. One time we were lying on the bed in silence, when he propped himself up on both arms and moved closer towards me. He was looking down at me, his hair falling round his face and onto his cheek. I wanted to reach out and touch it but I got caught up looking into his shining blue eyes. He smiled down at me and told me he had to go.

I would wake up clearly remembering the dream. As if it had just happened. I now wish I had taken better notes. For the first couple of hours I would feel dazed and in a dream like state but with strong feelings and connection towards him. I didn't know why I cared so much; I hadn't seen him in a long time.

It was after all just a dream.

The Aura

11/05/2011

My life was getting hectic and the dreams had stopped for some time. I was slowly beginning to forget him and our strange encounters...

It was a glary sunny summer day and everyone except college students were at work. I was sitting at a table in the shade outside in a cafe down in the valley, waiting to meet a friend for coffee. She was running late so I was people watching. Bored. There were a number of office buildings opposite the cafe - which was also close to the club with the unmarked door we began visiting early last year. I looked at my phone again. My friend was now really late. I was just about to call her when someone came out of that office building.

I knew it was him. He seemed disorientated, adjusting to the glaring brightness and shielding his face from the sun. I immediately thought 'vampire' and smiled at the silly thought. He stood on the pavement for a short while before heading towards the cafe. He walked straight past where I was sitting. I thought he might see me but he seemed preoccupied. Though to say he 'walked' was incorrect. He seemed to stride past with a regal, authoritative flair...not simply arrogance but you could feel a strong powerful presence. It was almost like you could see shimmering energy radiating from him. I had never seen anything like that before. I was awestruck. He also looked so much more attractive than I remembered. His hair was longer and straighter, touching his shoulders. It also looked lighter with auburn highlights contrasting his dark roots. He glided past looking like a model on a catwalk. I remember his lips were parted in a smouldering pout and those breathtaking blue eyes were shining... He was simply beautiful.

My phone rang. I looked down to pick up the call and when I looked back up he was gone. My heart was racing. There was something about him that was magnetic. I needed to find out why I kept seeing him so randomly.

This is only the beginning, read more at:

www.sleepingwithavampire.com