

The Theft of an Untainted Kiss - Poppy, Year 10, WA

Vampires. Creatures of the night. A terrifying, sadistic, bloodthirsty species. You've heard of vampires, I assume? Black slicked-back hair, dark eyes, pale and pasty skin... Typical scary monsters.

But I was not typical.

I was born with exquisite silver hair, like a river of delicate moonlight. My eyes were crystal blue in colour, and would catch the sunlight like stained glass.

My mother was a fallen angel. Falling from Heaven, she landed in my father's arms. He, a young vampire, nursed her back to health and cared for her lovingly. My father loved my mother with all of his heart, and she loved him just as much. And one day, he pulled her into a gentle embrace and stole a kiss from her heaven-blessed lips. It was an untainted kiss, a kiss that held no dominance, a kiss that was full of pure, unadulterated love.

That was the day my mother's wings spread for the first time, enveloping them in a warm, comforting light. When the gentle light dissipated, a tiny infant appeared in the arms of my mother. She had beautiful, soft white hair, big blue eyes, and stubby little fangs.

That was the day I was born. An Angel-Vampire hybrid. They named me Aksinya, meaning "pure" or "innocent". Oh, how I loved sitting on the rug in front of my parents, listening to them tell their story for hours and hours.

I longed for a love like that.

When I grew into a young woman, I decided to go out and journey by myself, hoping to find a love as untainted as my parents'. I wandered for days, searching for a place to live. After a particularly rough storm one night, I came across a small yet secluded cave. I hid in it, and when the storm cleared, I noticed that the cave was hidden in a field near a charming little religious village called Mistwood.

The rain cleared, yet it was still the dead of night; I was starving and unable to think clearly. I had been drinking animal blood to survive before arriving in the village. Nasty stuff, that is. I needed something clean, something fresh. Animal blood is dirty. It tastes of mud, thick and congealed. Extremely unpalatable.

My eyes fell on some fresh tomatoes still on the vine, ripe and juicy and dripping from the cool night dew. I couldn't resist. I took a vine, sinking my fangs into the supple flesh of the fruit. It was the closest thing to something palatable that I had had in a long time. Tomato juice works similarly to blood, you see. Red, sweet, quenching... It helps keep me distracted from my cravings.

As I was born as an angelic hybrid, my thirst for blood was far more muted than regular vampires. I was more drawn to one's delicious soul rather than blood. The blood I tasted had to be from someone pure, with an untainted soul and a gorgeous, ripe heart.

But I could never drink from any human in this village. I always felt bad while stealing from these God-loving people, but I had no choice. Honestly, I feared humans. But these people were pure, and their minds weren't clouded with revenge or violence.

Being awoken in the early afternoon by the sweet giggles of the children never annoyed me. On sleepless days, I often sat and watched them play, longing for that innocence. In the dead of night, I would emerge from the cave and take a few fruits or vegetables, and sneak back into the cave. The children began making up folk stories; saying that there was a beautiful Fruit Fairy that came along to take their produce for her supper. It was always so sweet to hear their little conspiracies as I hid my presence from them.

One sleepless morning, I sat in the cave and ate a fresh tomato as the children began running into the field as usual. A group of girls, it was. Gossiping and chattering like little songbirds.

"Did you hear?" one cried.

"Hear what?" the others would echo.

"There's a new priest in town since the old guy carked it! A young one!"

"I heard that he makes every woman in the area swoon! Especially the old cougars who run the mills!"

The girls giggled and blushed, forming their own little circles to talk about this beautiful new priest. I couldn't help but chuckle under my breath in quiet disbelief. Such posh young ladies speaking in that manner! I half expected the old nun to rush out with her trusty spanking stick to reprimand them for not speaking in a 'ladylike' fashion.

I had also heard of the priest they spoke of. Silky raven hair, deep fuchsia eyes, and a slender, pale figure. The man was gorgeous, to say the least. Every night when I caught a glimpse of him, I just stared at him from the shadows, feeling an unfamiliar warmth spread to my cheeks. I was frozen, immobilised. I felt my heart throbbing deafeningly in my ears, my gaze locked on this beautiful human. He would always catch a glimpse of me, our eyes locking for a split second before I fled.

I spent many sleepless days thinking of him, asking myself unanswered questions. Why was my heart beating so fast... Why am I sweating... Why did I freeze...? Why are my cheeks so warm and red? Everything was so confusing. I felt sick, like my heart was going to jump out of my chest. Such a foreign feeling...

Could this be... Love?

Soft sleet pattered down as the night sky littered with small grey clouds. Standing up and donning my warm silk coat, I walked into the night, letting out a soft sigh as the cool rain sprinkled on my face. I took a short stroll into the forest to clear my mind and soothe my raging heart.

I heard a soft crunching sound, my head whipping around. I immediately hid up a tree, seeing who – or what – was there. I looked down, my eyes falling on a man with mid length raven hair, donned in a purple robe. He was holding a large wicker basket, collecting herbs in the moonlight. When he turned to pick another, my heart skipped a beat. Fuchsia eyes. It was the priest. He looked so ethereal, his hair falling in front of his face as he bent to pick another herb.

As I continued watching, I felt my heart begin to speed up, my breathing getting heavier. I began shaking so much that I lost my balance, letting out a soft yelp of surprise as I tumbled out of the tree. I felt myself being caught, the soft, rhythmic thumping of a heart against my shoulder.

Opening my eyes, I gasped. He had caught me... and his face was even more exquisite up close.

“Oh dear, are you– O-Oh, my... It’s you,” he whispered breathlessly. “T-Tell me... are you alright?”

My heart leapt into my throat. I swallowed thickly, feeling dizzy from the deafening thudding.

“Y-Yes... I am fine... Thank you for catching me.”

“O-Oh-! I-It's no problem at all...”

He struggled to maintain eye contact, a faint pink dusting over his cheeks. He seemed to be just as flustered as I was. He placed me down; his body close to mine.

“I’ve seen glimpses of you every night... But now I finally have the opportunity to look at you from up close...”

He tucked a lock of disheveled silver hair behind my ear, leaning in closer.

“You’re breathtaking...” he whispered. “Like an angel of death, come to sweep me away to Heaven.”

Never had such words been spoken to me. Was this... the love my mother felt that fateful day?

“Good sir...” I whispered in return, “Your beauty is beyond compare. I have so much to say to you that I am afraid I shall tell you nothing...”

“Then let our lips say it all, my darling...”

Without another word, he slowly leaned forward and stole a kiss from my warm, angelic lips. It was an untainted kiss, a kiss that held no dominance, a kiss that was full of pure, unadulterated love.

The truest of all love.