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Enchanted

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Every word, every sentence, and thought that spills through our lips are essentially casting a spell, it's magic. We do it every day to those we love with 'I love you', and 'drive safe'. Those are little protection spells that cast a thin layer of protection over those we love. Magic exists in every molecule, every atom, at every subatomic level. Those who know their power wield it, those who don't use it recklessly.

It's a curse to live so long that you don't remember your youth, how you were born into this existence and your origins. He had lived a thousand lives; most were savored and enjoyable. Most. Not all, there was a time when he was reckless, cruel and pure evil. Maybe he was still evil. Some might think so. He didn't. Was he dangerous? He could be, if push comes to shove. Age had calmed him, sedated him, castrated him in ways he wasn't expecting, starting with his fading memory.

"Lucien, darling did you see my glasses?"

"In the living room love."

"Thank you," Veronica came into the living room frowning. Looking around she found her glasses resting on the coffee table where she had left them last. "There they are," she crossed over and snatched them up. Placing them on her exquisite face. Smiling at him, "better." He nodded in agreement. She nodded.

"Are you off?"

"I am now. Are you sure you won't come?"

“You know I’m not a fan of those things.”

Frowning she nodded. “I know, but I’ll always ask.” “Have fun,” he smiled. “Be safe, I love you.”

“It won’t be the same without you,” she bent and kissed him on the forehead.

“Well hurry back,” he tilted his head up and she kissed his lips.

“Mmmm, I will.” She kissed his nose. He smiled. She grinned straightening up and turning. “Get some rest love.”

“Will do, boss lady.”

He waited for the soft clicking of the door closing. Her footsteps on the steps fading into the night as she left. Maybe that’s what happens with the old, the very old. You become complacent and your mind gets dull. Getting up he headed downstairs to his study. Sitting at his desk he made notes about Veronica. He didn’t want to forget about her in the years to come. There were a couple of shelves neatly tucking away his memories, the lives he had lived. Magic. So, it seemed. It was a curse. A curse. Vampire, that is what he was. Setting the pen down beside his notebook. Sitting back in his chair he looked at the wall with his other diaries. They mocked him. For the most part, he didn’t remember every detail of the lives he had lived. Some parts of them. Like 1507, December, it was a cool night. Elisa was his wife. She loved strawberries and when he would sing to her. Slow dances in the kitchen made her brown eyes light up. His eyes stopped at another notebook, Asha 1699 July loved sunflowers, sex and fresh baked bread. 1789 August Bianca had a love of red wine and sweets. There were so many amazing women that graced his life.

Did he deserve any of them? No, he was fortunate that they gave him the time of day. Each enriched his life. Made him feel human, even though he wasn’t human. Enchanting, they

were all enchanting like poetry that carried emotion and promises across parchment and through time. The notebooks were his only companion, reminding him that he did live those lives. He wasn't just a monster. He was a monster indeed, but he was more than just a monster. He was boyfriend, husband, lover and companion.

The best spell casters are those who look ordinary on the outside and hold a universe within. Veronica was one of those beings. Except those green eyes, shone bright, with mischief and wonder. She knew what he was. Veronica didn't see a monster she saw the man he was once, or the man that he could be. She was in love with a dream. A dream much like a spell that was cast upon her with his desire to please her, be with her while she lived in this life.

A knock on the front door pulled him from his fleeting thoughts. A visitor, he wasn't expecting anyone. Making his way upstairs, he reached for the doorknob and hesitated. Maybe it was a salesperson? A religious peddler? Or a neighbor with a request?

Opening the door, a young man stood there smiling at him.

"Can I help you?"

"I'm having trouble with my car and my cellphone is dead. May I borrow your phone to call for assistance?"

Lucien nodded and let the stranger in. "Let me get it for you."

Lucien went to the living room and found the phone by his chair.

"Prepare to die monster!"

Lucien spun around as the stranger tried to attack him. Jumping back and then side stepping to the left. A grin claimed his lips as he was energized and willful. The young man tried to stab him, then pulled out a gun and shot at him. Ducking and spinning out of the way. He couldn't remember the last time he felt so alive. The young man was relentless and kept coming

at him. Grabbing a fireplace poker and swinging it wildly at Lucien. With each swing, his grin grew wider. He felt so alive and playful. He wasn't even trying hard to escape. The young attacker brought his A game with him and tried to jump on Lucien but he side stepped out of the way with a belly laugh.

"Are you amused monster!" the young man was infuriated; his face was red with anger.

Lucien didn't want this to end. The young man lunged at him again. This continued until the young man grab the armchair for support as he gasped to catch his breath and regain some stamina.

Lucien was across the room but within a second, he stood in front of the young man gripping him around the neck and lifting him into the air. "Who are you?"

The young man gasped and tried to fight to free himself. Lucien's eyes narrowed. He lowered the young man into the armchair. "Speak human."

"I am Nick Freebar, Vampire killer." He tilted his head up glaring at Lucien. "Go ahead beast kill me, but there will be others!"

"Tonight?"

Nick blinked, "What?"

"Will there be any others coming for me tonight, Vampire Slayer?"

"Maybe," he glared with hatred.

"How did you find me?"

"That is on a need-to-know bases, you don't need to know."

"I beg to differ," Lucien grinned. Looking deeply into Nick's eyes, he probed.

"Will there be any others coming tonight?"

"No," Nick reluctantly replied.

“How many know you are here?”

Nick swallowed hard, “no one.”

“Well young one, that is a terrible plan. You do know I am going to have to kill you now, right?”

Nick nodded slowly.

Frowning, Lucien knew he should just kill the young man, but he didn’t want to make a mess in the living room. “Tell me who do you work for?”

“No one.”

“How did you find me?”

“I saw you at a party four months ago and noticed you didn’t have a reflection, I had tried to take your picture, but you didn’t show up. I thought it was odd. I thought maybe there was something wrong with my cell phone first then realized it was you. That you weren’t normal, that you were a monster.”

“Who did you tell?”

“I told no one. I have just been following you around.”

“Follow me,” Lucien commanded. The young man got up to his feet and followed Lucien downstairs to his office, where he took him to a storage room where he laid out heavy duty plastic on the floor and then slit Nick’s throat. He died on the cold floor. Lucien took a drink of his blood and then fed on the stranger. Then he wrapped him up in the plastic, lifted him up over his shoulder and carried him to the garage where he slipped the intruder into the trunk of his car.

He returned and made sure the place was spotless before Veronica came home. sitting in his favorite chair in the living room he dozed off reading a book.

“Darling!” Veronica came in and shook his shoulder. “Oh honey, come, get up. Let’s go to bed love.”

He nodded sleepily. After a feeding he did feel a little tired lately. “Did you have a good night?” he asked her.

“Yes, come I’ll tell you all about it as we get into bed.” She chuckled.